

Eyriac, Chaldean, Armenian, Coptic, &c.; all the churches of America, Canada, Australia, Africa; and in Europe,—Ireland, England, Scotland, Gibraltar, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Poland, Georgia, Illyria, Bosnia, &c.; India, China, Japan, and the islands of the ocean. There are under its jurisdiction, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars, Prefects, Delegates and Missionaries-Apostolic, &c.

In the establishment of new missions in countries sparsely inhabited, or inhabited by heretics, infidels and pagans, the Propaganda at first merely sends a missionary, then after a time appoints a *prefect*, with two or three or more missionaries under him. Sometimes it is a bishop in *partibus*, sometimes a prelate of higher or lower degree with the title of *Monsignor*, but without episcopal consecration, and sometimes merely a simple priest. But in all cases he is endowed with the most ample faculties and powers, varying according to the distance or other circumstances of the place, but always equal to, and often more extensive than those given to ordinary bishops of dioceses. A Prefect Apostolic can perform all episcopal functions, such as the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation (without, however, episcopal vestments,) the consecration of altars, chalices, churches, cemeteries, &c., the erection, division, union, &c., of parishes; the *visitation pastoralis*, and all that regards the administration of the Prefecture, reservation of cases, &c., in fact all that a bishop can do except those acts which arise from episcopal consecration, viz., the consecration of the Holy Oils and ordination of priests.

As, however, these Missions may be disturbed by the incursions of hostile tribes, or are not capable of maintaining in proper style the episcopal dignity, and are at first merely tentative, hence the Prefect does not, as a rule, receive episcopal consecration. They are not permanently appointed but only *ad libitum Sancti Patrie*. They are maintained principally by the charitable donations of that noble institute, the *Propagation de la Foi*, of Lyons, which must not be confounded with the Propaganda.

The Prefects Apostolic are not appointed in a permanent manner, nor obliged to take the oath as in episcopal consecration, in which the new bishop swears to perform the visit *ad Limina Apostolorum*. Nevertheless they are bound to make this visitation in the same manner as bishops.

The Prefect Apostolic in saying Mass omits the words, "*et Antistite Nostro N.*," nor can he substitute for them, as bishops do, "*et me indigno sumulo tuo,*" but after the name of the Pope he immediately adds, "*et omnibus, &c.,*" as in the canon. The same is also to be done by the priests of his Prefecture, who must not insert the name of the Prefect in the canon. According as the Faith begins to spread, and the Mission to flourish and become more secure and well established, the Propaganda, still proceeding cautiously, advances another step and elevates it to a Vicariate Apostolic, and it is given in charge to a bishop with a title *in partibus midelium*.

M. F. HOWLEY.

### THE O'DWYER.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

#### III.

Daisy then sought out again the object of her interest, and leaned upon his arm. She complained of the heat, and made him conduct her through room after room, until they came into one which was deserted. Up to this time they had been speaking in French, and she had not intimated in any way her knowledge of his identity.

The moment they were alone she began in English:

"Oh, sir, why are you here? I am speaking to The O'Dwyer, am I not?"

Her companion started. But he came of a proud old stock, whom danger was not supposed to startle out of composure. He smiled, and calmly replied:

"Yes, Miss Eastwood, I am The O'Dwyer. I did not, I confess, expect to be recognized by you. But I am in my right place, at once as a French officer and an Irish rebel."

"You know your danger? You know you are not like the others?"

"Certainly; I am a rebel against your gracious sovereign, and if I am recognized I shall be sent to death. I knew the risk, Miss Eastwood, before I made the venture, and I am prepared to pay the penalty."

"You shan't pay the penalty! You shall be saved!"

He looked down with a smile of admiration at the enthusiastic girl, who looked up into his face with sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks. Then he shook his head.

"I don't mean to proclaim myself, Miss Eastwood, I am not Quixotic enough for that. I appear here as a French officer, and a French officer I am. But I say, frankly I don't think it could be possible for me to remain many days in this part of the country without being recognized."

"You shan't remain! You shall escape this very night."

"Impossible. Miss Eastwood, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel your generous interest; but the thing is impossible."

"Not a bit of it. Listen to me—and there is no time to be lost. Give me your arm again. Come boldly out into the shrubbery with me—to look at the stars. Mamma will warn me against cold, and you shall take one of the cloaks of the soldiers in the hall as if to wrap round me. I'll bring you to the stables; you shall mount the best horse there. I know the password and countersign, and all the rest of it; you shall ride to the coast—any cottage there will shelter you until you can find a fisherman willing to put to sea and land you on the shore of France. The first fisherman will do it with delight when you tell him you are The O'Dwyer escaping Sassenach law. Come—don't waste a word—come, come!"

She was actually dragging him on.

"Miss Eastwood, I shall never forget your generous kindness. But it is useless. I am here on parole. My word of honour was given to Captain Lockhart that I would not attempt to escape."

"That was as a French officer."

"And I am a French officer."

"Yes, but you did not give your parole as The O'Dwyer."

"No; and if The O'Dwyer could escape without taking the French officer along with him, it would be all right. But I don't see how that can be done." No, Miss Eastwood, neither The O'Dwyer nor the French officer can break his word of honour or trifle with it in any way."

"Hush, here is some one coming."

The O'Dwyer became a French officer, unskilled in English, again.

This difficulty about the parole had not occurred to poor Daisy. Now that it was presented to her, she had sense and spirit enough to see that it was insurmountable. So, instead of giving in at once, she set herself to work to think of some other plan; and before supper was half over she had devised and communicated to her devoted Nora a scheme as wild and apparently as chimerical as even two enthusiastic women ever attempted to put into practical operation.

Before the company separated Daisy had filled the minds of her mother, her sister, and Captain Lockhart with projects for entertaining the foreign captives next day. She was herself all for a row down the river, a beautiful broad stream, or rather estuary, of seven or eight miles, with the sea at the other end of it; her mother and sister were for riding and driving; the French officers seemed rather inclined to avoid the water. Daisy pouted.

Would no one take her for a row on the water? She had set her heart upon it. Surely *M. le Capitaine*—she bungled over the name—would not refuse to go with her? She looked to The O'Dwyer. His face brightened with delight at the prospect of being her companion. Mrs. Eastwood made no objection. Dermot and Owen, the boatmen, would row; Daisy would take Nora, her maid, with her. It would be delightful. Although it was daybreak when the guests departed, the boat lay at the little quay by nine o'clock, and The O'Dwyer handed in Daisy, who looked fresh and bright as the morning itself. Nora came with her. Dermot and Owen stretched to their oars, and the boat went swiftly down the river. The O'Dwyer was in an ecstasy which left him little thought of past or present danger except perhaps a sort of pride and delight in the peril which had awakened even a momentary interest in the heart of the girl who sat beside him.

Alas! a dreadful discovery was made, the boat had sprung a terrible leak somehow and was filling fast with water. The