

"Oh, God forgive me; but 'tis only a heart-broken man like me that would do it—only a man that seldom calls on his God, except wickledly, as I have done now," said the wretched man.

When Ellen recovered from the swoon, her agitation at seeing Mrs. Noonan and Sally was not as much as they feared. The shock of what she suffered that night had deadened her to lesser excitement. She entreated their forgiveness, and tried to explain, as well as her feeble accents would permit, the blind delusion which had led her to estrange herself from them, and had caused her ruin. They remained for an hour with her, praying and consoling her. When Sally pressed her livid lips for the last time, she whispered—

"Tell William to pray for me. I know he won't curse me; tell him I suffered a great deal; but not so much as I deserved."

Early next morning William and Sally left the home of their childhood, never to return to it more. That one night of sorrow left ravages on William's countenance which the sufferings of years may be supposed only to effect. There was no appearance of weeping in his bloodshot eyes. "Alas! there are troubles too grievous for such signs. On parting from his mother he entreated her to carry Ellen his forgiveness, and to be kind to her, if only for his sake. She needed not the injunction; her heart bled for the poor girl, and even had she not loved her, her charity would have led her to the bedside of that poor erring child, who was worse than motherless. Mrs. Noonan scarcely left Ellen till she died, which she had the comfort of doing in her arms. She made a dying request, which her father gladly granted, that there should be no wake, and that she should be buried at the earliest hour possible. The sun had not risen on the dewy May morning when the little lonesome procession moved from the orchard to the churchyard—the coffin on a donkey-cart, led by Richard Mannix, and followed by a clergyman, Mrs. Noonan, and Norry Cremin and her husband. A small stone without a name marked the last resting-place of Ellen Mannix, the victim of an intemperate mother, an idle, gossiping neighbor, and a companion.

Shortly after Ellen's funeral Mrs. Noonan gave up her cottage and joined her son in the north of Ireland. Ere she went her charity was again exerted in assuaging the sorrows of a death-bed. Sophy Buckley's husband was indebted to her for the spiritual and bodily comforts of his last hours. Of late years, enervated by the stimulants to which he became daily more attached, he had become almost wholly unable to work at his trade; as his earnings became less and less, of course his position in his family became daily more unhappy; his sons were night-walkers, and any wages they obtained were spent with bad companions. His daughter scarcely earned sufficient to keep them in finery. The mother, deprived of her accustomed feasting, grew crosser and crosser and more unreasonable, and that unfortunate home was hourly a scene of discord and contention. When the father was taken ill he was all but deserted by his bad family. Sophy gossiped about the neighborhood, deploring her grievances; in short, but for the charity of Mrs. Noonan, Buckley would have died wanting the merest necessities, and worse still, without the consolations of religion. After his death one of his sons was transported, charged with having part in an affray in which a man was killed; the other, after sundry imprisonments, followed his brother; and Sophy ended her career a street beggar, her two daughters having left the city several years before, taking with them very tarnished reputations. Sally Noonan was not long in the North when she was well provided for. She became the wife of an independent flax-grower. It was several years before William recovered ordinary cheerfulness, or could turn to his former happy, healthful occupation, with any relish; indeed, it was one which gave him more leisure for thinking than was good for him; he could not see a drooping flower or blighted bud that it did not remind him of lost Ellen. For a time his mind was so unsettled by the shock it had sustained, that only he would not leave his fond good mother, or grieve her by the act, he felt a strong inclination to enlist and leave the country. She continued to live with him in the pretty gardener's cottage on the demesne, though she had given up her employment of laundress. She was not idle—she could never bear to be that—the management of a small dairy and looking after her son's comforts, gave her the active occupation she always loved.

William died that rare phenomenon in his rank, an old bachelor; but not an uncared-for one.—Nephews and nieces were never so happy as when doing some kindly office for uncle Willie. And now, ere we conclude, we have a few words to say of the unfortunate inmates of the Orchard Cottage. Two or three years after her daughter's decease, Mrs. Mannix was found nearly burnt to death. It was said that the clergyman arrived before she expired; but what reflecting Christian could hope that contrition for the past, or even a single appeal for God's mercy would be thought of, with the pangs of fire in every nerve, and her senses deadened in intoxication? Richard Mannix sold the orchard after her death, and went to live with his brother in the country.

THE END.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS

Assembled in Dublin, on the 23rd April, 1861, TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND LAITY OF IRELAND. Very Rev. and Beloved Brethren—Having assembled to deliberate on the interest of the immortal souls committed to our charge, we feel it our duty, before we separate, to make you participants of our joys and sorrows, of our hopes and our fears, and to communicate to you paternal words of consolation and instruction. And in the first place, we cannot but congratulate you on the progress which our holy religion has made among you, on your spirit of piety, and the works of charity in which you abound. Not many years ago we were without churches and schools in Ireland; the sacred rites of our religion were banished to the caves and the recesses of the mountains; there were no colleges or religious establishments; Catholic education was severely proscribed; penal laws pressed heavily upon the peo-

ple, and utter desolation was spread far and wide over the land. Severe, then, indeed, were the trials of our fathers in the faith; they had to bear the weight of the day, and the heat; they had to suffer the confiscation of their property, exile, and trials most incredible, and oftentimes death itself. Of them we may say, in the words of the Apostle—"They had trial of mockeries, and stripes, moreover also of bonds and prisons; they were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword." (Heb. xi. 36.) Oh, how precious did they consider the true faith! It was by it and for it they overcame the world, and secured for their descendants the blessings of religion which they now enjoy.

But thanks to the protection of Heaven, how different is the state of things in our days! How many subjects of consolation do we not find on every side! Our fathers went and wept casting their seeds; we have to reap in joy and exultation the fruit of their labours. Our Church has thrown off the garments of her widowhood, the stones of the sanctuary have been gathered, and its ruins repaired. Your zeal for religion, and your love for the decorum of God's house, have covered the land with magnificent churches; and the glories of the present temples make us forget the days of sorrow and ruin that are gone by. What shall we say of your exertions to restore and promote Catholic education, or of your institutions of charity, destined to alleviate every sort of human misery? What of your conventional establishments, which shed such lustre on the country, and so admirably promote its best interests?—How can we sufficiently praise that spirit of charity which manifests itself on every occasion, and that attachment to the See of Peter which you have displayed in your public meetings, and your generous contributions during the course of the last few months? When we consider all these things, must we not be filled with gratitude to God who has poured out on you the treasures of His faith and His charity; and as your spiritual fathers, considering you as our joy and our crown, must we not exult exceedingly in your merits and good works? May the giver of all good gifts continue to increase and strengthen that faith which He has given you, and to make it produce, through charity, an abundance of good works unto the salvation of your souls.

But whilst we have so many reasons to rejoice with you, if, as our feelings and affections continually impel us to do, we turn our thoughts to the centre of Christianity, and consider the sufferings of the Holy City, and of our Holy Father the Pope, shall we not find much to fill us with sorrow and affliction and to excite fear and alarm within us? Indeed the word stands in suspense at the present moment, and every Catholic heart thrills with dismay while awaiting the final development of those designs which aim at depriving the Sovereign Pontiff of his temporal power. For more than half a century that power has tempted the ambition, or excited the jealousy of unprincipled sovereigns, or the insane or reckless abettors of revolution; and three Sovereign Pontiffs have, within the last twenty years, been either violently dragged into exile, or forced to fly from the metropolis of the Christian world. That great Pontiff, Pius VI., assailed by the republican army of France, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte was torn from his capital, and his death was hastened by the violence and barbarity with which he was treated. Pius VII., whose meekness and humility were only rivalled by his firmness and constancy, was carried into France, and detained for years in captivity by the same Napoleon. And we all recollect how only some few years ago our present illustrious Supreme Pastor, Pius IX., saw all his benevolent projects of reform and his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his subjects defeated by a party of which another Bonaparte, and some of the present promoters of spoliation and anarchy, were the sacrilegious leaders, and how he was obliged to save himself by flight from the designs of his wicked enemies, and to take refuge in Gaeta. Even at present his Holiness is completely in the hands of a Napoleon, whilst the excommunicated King of Sardinia is anxiously waiting for the moment in which he may seize on the sanctuaries of Rome, and lay his hands on the anointed of the Lord. Will the French Ruler now prove to the world that the protection accorded for the past to the Holy Pontiff has been only a mask to conceal ambitious designs?—Will he allow Victor Emmanuel to consummate the mystery of iniquity, by dragging Christ's Vicar from his throne, after having robbed him of his states?—Some few months will reveal the thought and design of many.

In the meantime, the demon of revolution has combined with the ambition of princes and statesmen, and urges it forward in the work of spoliation and sacrilege; the spirit of heresy has allied itself to both, and an unholy league has been formed of the enemies of the See of Rome. Once more can the words of holy David be applied to the condition of the Church of God, assailed by those who conspire for her injury or ruin, and with that royal prophet we may ask—"Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ." (Ps. ii. 1.)

The prophet demands "why have the Gentiles raged?" and by the unusual interrogation seems to admonish us to seek for the mysterious cause. The human motives which actuated the enemies of the Redeemer are obvious to all—Pilate was influenced by ambition and intimidated by the fears of Caesar's displeasure; the Jewish rulers were instigated by their malice and their hatred of the truth; the crowds were carried away by ignorance and passion to shout "Crucify him, crucify him;" yet the true reason of the death of our Lord was the decree of the Eternal Father for the redemption of mankind. This we learn from the same Divine Spirit who inspired the sacred words that have been quoted.—"For a truth there assembled together in this city against Thy holy child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, Herod and Pontius Pilot, with the Gentiles and the people of Israel, To do what Thy hand and Thy counsel decreed to be done." (Acts iv. 27.) So is it with the Church at the present moment. The rulers of Sardinia and their colleagues and abettors are urged forward by their ambitious views and their dread of the assassin's murderous hand; the agents of revolution have for their object the levelling of existing institutions, plunder and spoliation; the abettors of heresy seek the destruction or injury of Catholic truth; an ignorant and infuriated rabble excited by a licentious press, cries out, not Christ, but Barrabbas, and prefers the brutality of a Sardinian ruler to the meekness and benevolence of Pius IX.

All the enemies of religion are seeking to serve their interests or gratify their vile passions in the course which they are following. But the providence of God which "recreth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly." [Wisdom viii. 4], turns all their designs to its own purposes, and if sin and iniquity be successful for a moment, their triumph is only allowed in order that the children of the household may be purified in the crucible of affliction, and that the power and innate vigour of the Church militant may shine forth more brightly in the days of affliction, when she is abandoned, betrayed, or persecuted by the powers of the earth.

The Church, beloved brethren, like our Divine Head and Spouse is doomed to combat and to triumph by the cross. To be feared and hated by the rulers of this world of darkness, to be persecuted by their emissaries, as the Redeemer was, and like Him, to be betrayed by her weak and timid members, is her destiny on earth. For this unceasing condition of tribulation, danger, and alarm, she has been prepared from her infancy by her Divine Head and Protector. "If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love you, because you are not of the world. . . . the world hateth you. . . . If they have persecuted me, they

will also persecute you." (John, xv. 18, &c.) And again—"These things have I spoken to you, that you may not be scandalized. . . . the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he hath done a service to God. And these things will they do to you, because they have not known the Father nor Me. But these things have I told you, that when the hour shall come, you may remember that I told you of them. (Jv. xi. 1, &c.)—Do not these Divine words, beloved brethren, shed a celestial light on our souls, as if they were spoken but yesterday, and as if they were pronounced by the sacred lips from which they fell, in reference to the events which are in progress or impending?—And do they not infuse into our hearts a balm of heavenly consolation, and impart to them that Christian fortitude, in the days of trials and affliction, and that confidence in his omnipotent protection which they were intended by our Redeemer to inspire?

Whilst to suffer is the destiny of the Church, persecution is to be her source of benediction and consolation, of triumph and glory: "Blessed are you when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake: Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." [Matt. v. 11.] "Blessed are ye that weep." "Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you." [Luc. vi. 21.] There is not a word of these divine oracles which may not truly be applied to the glorious Pontiff who has been appointed by heaven to rule and guide the Church in her present trial. He is reviled while he is persecuted; his benign intentions of reform and improvement for the temporal well-being of his people have been questioned, his acts have been misrepresented, he has been held up to the world as the enemy of peace and social progress, untruly, for the sake of that Divine Being whom he represents and whose cause he defends, and he is hated by those who have conspired to despoil him. He is compelled to weep for the injuries done to religion, for the profanation of sacred things, and for the desolation of the Spouse of Jesus Christ; yet while overwhelmed with so many and such varied evils, he can confide in the Divine and consoling words which assure him that he is blessed in his afflictions; and we, beloved brethren, can share in his consolation, while we sympathize in his sorrows. We can unite with him in saying, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforters in all our tribulations. . . . for as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also by Christ doth our comfort abound."—[2 Cor. i. 3, &c.]

Yes, beloved brethren, our consolation is abundant even now, although the storm which rages around the Church has not as yet reached its height and though the clouds of evil, raised by the powers of darkness, assume each day a gloom more profound and terrific. For it is not consoling to observe how clearly it is made manifest before the world, that the contest which now rages is that to which St. Paul alludes: a contest of the true Church "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in high places." (Ephes. vi. 12.) Is it not consoling to see it made evident before the possibility of doubt or error who they are who are clothed in the armour of darkness and sin; and who they are that wear "the armour of God;" who they are that belong to the army of light—"their lions' girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice." (1b. vi. 14.)

What are the weapons employed by the enemies of the Holy See? The dagger of the assassin, systematic falsehood and misrepresentation, unjust aggression, and sacrilegious spoliation. They call evil good and good evil: they put darkness for light and light for darkness (Isa. v. 20.) With words of liberty and toleration on their lips, they have introduced a system of the direst slavery; professing to uphold the rights of religion, they have dispersed communities of men and women, stripped them of their property and reduced them to the greatest misery; pretending to promote literature and the arts they have suppressed schools and colleges; proclaiming their respect for the ministers of God, they have persecuted the clergy, and thrown the highest and most venerable dignitaries of the Church into prison; with hypocritical declarations of religious feeling, they have profaned the houses and altars of God, and have laid sacrilegious hands upon all that is sacred. Thus in their reckless career, the enemies of the Pope have shown themselves the enemies of society, of property, and religion; and under their sway, countries highly prosperous and happy have been, in a short time, reduced to that state of anarchy and bloodshed which our own country had to suffer for its attachment to the faith in the days of an Elizabeth or a Cromwell. Verily, the seeds sown by the enemies of Rome are those of darkness and sin—heresy, blasphemy, immorality, impiety, and infidelity are the fruits they have produced.

What are the weapons of the afflicted Pontiff?—Prayer to Heaven, truthful and just remonstrances unbending fortitude, united to the meekness taught by the Redeemer. When he is summoned to surrender to his enemies the eternal city—the depository of the relics of the saints, and of the blood of the martyrs, the inheritance of his Fathers—he replies that the preservation of his states is necessary for the free exercise of his spiritual authority and that conscience will not allow him to sacrifice the property of the Church, and to become himself the subject of a temporal prince, who at any moment might interrupt the Pontiff's intercourse with his children through the world, and deprive them of the favours and privileges so often required for the quiet of their consciences and the welfare of their souls "non possumus."

His patience, his resignation, his charity towards his enemies, and his calm firmness in defending the rights of God's Church, have made him a spectacle worthy of the world, of angels and of man. His arms are the arms of light, his cause is that of truth and justice; upholding the rights of the Holy See, he is defending the inviolability of property, the foundations of society, and that spirit of subordination to authority prescribed in the inspired pages, without which the world would be abandoned to anarchy and destruction.

It has, indeed, been made a matter of reproach to the Pope that he has defended his territories with arms of the flesh. But why should not a sovereign endeavour to protect his states against an unjust invasion, worthy only of robbers and highwaymen? Why should he not protect his subjects from the ruin and demoralization with which they were menaced? Why should not a father call on his children to stand forward and repel the injustice to which he was subjected? Why should not the owner of a house repel the nocturnal robber seeking to plunder it, and to place its inmates in peril of their lives?—If the sword, then, was drawn, it was in the cause of God, and in defence of rights which conscience and justice prohibited the Pontiff to betray.

But, turning again to the perils of the Church, and the agency by which she is assailed, how appalling to contemplate, beloved brethren, the future reign of that power which, at present, seems to sway the destinies of Europe! Dangerous secret societies have long grown and extended their ramifications beneath the surface of society. Like the destructive elements which produce the volcano and the earthquake, they had occasionally manifested their terrific power in partial eruptions, and in past times thrones had been overturned or shaken, dynasties had been laid in ruins, and the Supreme Pontiff had been expelled and exiled from the Capital of the Christian world. Still, until the present period, there was a power that could control and hold them in check. That power is no longer effective. They have triumphed by intimidation over that arm that had repressed them, and sovereigns of powerful kingdoms, with the fear of the secret dagger before their eyes, are confessedly obedient to their dictation.

The destructive works of these societies have been dignified with the name of revolution; they now openly exercise their terrific sway, and Europe may long have to lament in tears of blood their sanguinary reign. Dread must be the responsibility of that government, whose policy has cherished their growth and in the metropolis of which their leaders were long protected. And what shall we say of those statesmen who have publicly encouraged these societies, and to assist their machinations have proclaimed principles subversive of order and destructive of society—principles which, if acted on, would banish peace and happiness from the world. Unhappily, some of those who now sway the destinies of England, in their anxiety to wound the Church of God, have acted in this way. God grant that, having sown the wind, they may not reap the whirlwind, and that their teaching may not sap the foundations and weaken the authority of the great empire to which we belong, and in whose welfare we are so deeply interested.

Dear loved brethren, though our ministers and statesmen proclaim principles of sedition, we are not to adopt them. However iksome to flesh and blood obedience may be, it is our duty to adhere to the teaching of the apostle of the nations, "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, but there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God: and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii. 1.) Moreover, from the misfortunes now afflicting the fairest regions of Europe, let us learn the great evils of secret societies; which, undoubtedly, are the scourge of humanity and the bane of religion. On account of such evils all who are sworn in as freemasons or ribbonmen, or join in any other similar illegal combinations, have been excommunicated by the Popes, and cut off as rotten branches from the church. If any designing men endeavour to promote such societies among you, continue as for the past to be on your guard against them, and preserve yourselves and your country from the dangers to which any participation in those designs of darkness would involve you. If any invite you to bind yourselves by oath to engagements of which you do not know the nature, and which, if lawful, ought not to fear the light—you may answer in the words of the apostle: "What fellowship hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what hath the faithful with the unbeliever?" (2. Cor. vi. 15.)

As for the Church dearly beloved brethren, it is evident that, through the occult agency of secret societies, and the malicious designs of perfidious statesmen, it is now threatened with great trials and persecutions. In Austria, where the present Emperor, wishing to repair the evils occasioned by some of his predecessors, and animated by a true spirit of religion, had broken the fetters with which the priesthood and the episcopacy were bound, every effort is made to bring back the Josephine code again, and to deprive Catholics of the liberty which was lately restored to them. In other states of Germany the solemn treatise entered into with the Holy See for the protection of religion, have been publicly violated; and whilst every privilege is granted to impiety and licentiousness, truth and justice are subjected to the severest measure of restraint. In Catholic Belgium also, an enormous power is wielded by freemasonry and secret societies, and incessant efforts are made to fetter that liberty to which Catholic institutions, Catholic education, and Catholic charity have the fullest right. This, however, is not to surprise us, for the struggle which commenced in the beginning of the world, between light and darkness, virtue and vice, will continue until the end of time, and the followers of Christ shall always have to suffer from the malice and perfidy of the votaries of Belial.

But what shall we say of France, that great and Catholic country, whose ruler was styled the eldest son of the Church? Truly her religious establishments, her wonderful works of charity, the missionary zeal and apostolic labours of her children, fill us with admiration; and since the days of earliest Christianity more zealous, more holy, and more eloquent bishops never fed the flock of Christ than those who now preside over the destinies of the Church of France. Their learning and erudition, their labours for the salvation of souls, their courage and constancy in defending the rights of Christ's Spouse and the Apostolic See, will render them illustrious till time shall be no more.

But their virtues and their merits have not exempted them from troubles and afflictions; some of the most distinguished among them have had already to suffer, and, probably, others of their illustrious colleagues will have to drink deeply of the bitter cup of persecution. Edicts have lately appeared restricting the liberty of bishops, menacing them with penalties if they raise their voice in favour of Christ's Vicar on earth, and subjecting them to the vilest espionage. But there are still Ambroses prepared to compel even a Theodosius to do penance for his sins; there are Leos to resist an Attila; there are Hilaries ready to reveal the iniquities of a Constantine; and though when a struggle commences human fears may rise within our breast, yet we may be confident that the cause of truth will prevail. Tyranny, ambition, oppression, hostility to religion, may have the triumph of a day, but they lead only to the abyss of perdition in which they are soon lost.

While insults are heaped on the person of Christ's Vicar on earth, and his dominions torn from him; whilst the liberty and the rights of our venerable colleagues are assailed in a thousand shapes, should we not be wanting to our duty were we not to raise our voices in defence of justice and religion, and to protest before heaven and earth against the persecution to which the successor of St. Peter and his brethren in the episcopacy, are subjected? We, therefore, dearly beloved protest against the iniquitous and violent occupation of the Pope's dominions which were the common property of all Catholics; we protest against the attempts to set up at Rome an authority that has elsewhere trampled on all the rights of religion; we protest against the machinations of statesmen who would make the Holy Father the subject of a King, whose policy it has been to disregard the liberty of the Church, to destroy religious houses, and to confiscate their property, and to cast into prison, or drive into exile, many Bishops and Cardinals of the states which he now occupies. What liberty, what independence in the discharge of his sublime spiritual functions could the Pope enjoy were he the subject of such a man?

We also protest against the various attempts lately made to fetter the independence of the episcopacy, and we invite you and all Catholics to unite in condemning such deeds of darkness, and in holding them up to the reprobation of mankind. Moreover, we reject, reprobate, and condemn, the various pamphlets and publications, apparently issued against the Pope's temporal power, but which are in reality directed against all spiritual authority, and tend to sap the very foundation of the Church.

At the same time we exhort you to raise your hands and hearts to heaven, and to implore, by fervent prayer, the Saviour of our souls to look down on the vineyard which he has planted, to preserve it from the devastations of the wild beasts of the forest, and in his mercy to dissipate the storms and tempests by which the Apostolic See, and so many faithful labourers in the field of the Lord, are menaced or assailed. Besides offering your prayers to Heaven, we call upon to manifest, in union with the Catholic nations of the world, your devotion to the Holy See, and your solicitude for its temporal independence, by forming in every parish associations for the collection of Peter's penny. Whilst small contributions, raised in this way, do not press heavily on any one, they will help to relieve the Holy Father in his present difficulties, and enable him the more freely to administer the affairs of the Universal Church.

As to the final result of the warfare now raging, we need entertain no fears. The long experience of eighteen centuries shows that the Church may

indeed suffer, and be persecuted, but that "all the malice of man, and the powers of darkness are impotent for her destruction. She is the tower of David, around which hang a thousand shields. The Lord of Heaven and the God of battles protects her, and she must prevail and triumph: Our Divine Redeemer has promised to be with her even to the end of time; she is the pillar and ground of truth that can never be shaken or destroyed. If any one terrified by the violence and fury of the storms and surging waves, were to doubt about this great truth, we would address him in the words of the Redeemer, "O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt? Medice fidei quare dubitasti?" (Mat. xiv. 31.)

As for the apostolic See, it is as necessarily connected with the existence of the Church, as the foundation is with the permanence of a building. Hence though the Holy Father may have to suffer like many of his predecessors, yet his authority cannot be destroyed.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi. 18.) Such are the infallible words of the Redeemer, the words of eternal truth. The sun may cease to shine, the heavens may pass away; but God's promise to Peter shall not fail. The hand of God will always preserve the Apostolic See, ever imparting to it that life and vigour which are necessary to check the growth of heresy and error, to watch over the deposit of the faith, to bind together and connect in Christian union and charity the members of the vast fold of Christ, and to spread the blessings not only of religion, but of social happiness, enlightenment, and civilisation to the remotest regions of the earth.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

OBITUARY.—The public, without distinction of denomination, will learn with deep regret that a clergyman, much distinguished as a preacher and a scholar, the Very Rev. Dr. Miley, has passed from among us. He had been an attached friend of O'Connell, and accompanied him in his last illness to Italy, and watched with affectionate solicitude by his bedside at the closing hour of death. The funeral oration of O'Connell preached by Dr. Miley in Dublin, will be long remembered as a masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. Amongst the able works of Dr. Miley in Dublin was "Rome under Paganism and the Popes," the result of a residence in Rome, where he had paid the most anxious attention to its history and antiquities. Dr. Miley had been for some years rector of the Irish college at Paris, from whence he returned to this country on his appointment by his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Guilleen to the extensive parish of Bray, where, short as had been his connection with that district, he had endeared himself to all classes of the people by his charity, zeal and exemplary life; and where his death is now mourned as a severe affliction. The earthly career of Dr. Miley terminated on Thursday evening, April 18th, after an illness of some duration, from a severe and obstinate attack of bronchitis.—*Requestet in pace.*—Dublin Post.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOMINATIONS.—It is rumored that Dean Butler is likely to be appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Limerick, and that it is not improbable that Dr. Tate, of Hazelwood, may obtain the Bishopric of Beverley. It is also stated that Monsignor Woodcock has been appointed by the Bishops of Ireland, at their meeting in Dublin this week, to the Rectorship of the Catholic University. Monsignore Howard is also said to have been appointed Vice-President of St. Mary's, Oscott.

Poor Miss Aylward, who was incarcerated for contempt of the Court of Queen's Bench, in not producing the body of the child Mary Mathews, of whom she knew nothing, her nearly expired his offence against British Protestant law. Her period of imprisonment will expire in a few days, and she will come forth a free woman, to resume that mission of charity which caused her to be an object of hatred to Protestant proselytisers.

Great preparations are making for the opening of the Exhibition of arts in this city, and it is thought that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will honour us with a visit, for the purpose of inaugurating it. If he comes to our shores, he may depend on receiving a right royal welcome, and I promise him that the loyalty of Irish Catholics will be a wall of protection to him against the furious violence of the Orangemen who will not be allowed the same impunity as their brethren in Canada. Perhaps his Royal Highness will grow so fond of us that he will send Lord Carlisle back to England, and will come and take up his residence as Viceroy in the Castle of Dublin.

EMIGRATION FROM KERRY.—The tide of emigration from this county is daily on the increase. On Wednesday morning, about 120 emigrants left the Killarney terminus for Queenstown, accompanied by Mr. Daniel Shea, agent at Killarney for the Inman line. Many of these were from the south of the county, and a considerable portion from Ardara; and Ballyheigue, some booked by Mr. Hannifin, agent at Tralee, and more by Mr. D. Shea. It is evident that the exodus is not confined to this county, from the rapidity with which the vessels are filled. On Tuesday, Mr. Shea received the following telegram from the Messrs. Sheynour and Co., Queenstown:—"Tuesday, one o'clock—Stop looking for the Washington; she is quite full. Book for the Manchester."—*Tralee Chronicle.*

I regret to say that emigration from the shores of Ireland never appeared to be greater than at the present moment. Apart from the large numbers who take shipping from Galway, hundreds of well-clad penitents of both sexes are to be seen in the streets of this city hastening with their luggage to the quays to secure their passages. Though it is not a month since the Census was taken, I am strongly of opinion that even in that short interval there has been a sensible diminution in the population.—*Dublin cor. of Weekly Register.*

DUBLIN, MAY 1.—The Board of Superintendence of Dublin Prisons, says the Times, having dismissed Mr. Rawlins, the Deputy-Governor, for alleged violation of duty, they were informed by order of the Lord-Lieutenant that the dismissal was illegal. A few days since they met to consider this communication, and by a majority of one they resolved that Mr. Rawlins should not be reinstated in his office.—In consequence of this the Under-Secretary has addressed a letter to the Board containing a peremptory order from his Excellency, which concludes thus:—"I am now directed to inform you that Mr. Rawlins, the Deputy-Governor, still holds his office; that the order for his dismissal is inoperative, and that the Board of Superintendence, as well as the governor of the prison, is bound to see that he discharges the duties of that office as if such order had never been pronounced."

A case was before the Master of the Rolls on Tuesday, the 30th ult., (Johnston v. Coban) in which an officer in the Hussars, entitled to estates in the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, got contracted during the war to the extent of £1,500 for debts contracted during his minority. He gave a promissory note for £25, for which he alleges the value he received was £2 in cash and £23 worth of jewelry.—The whole amount of consideration for the mortgage was £30 in cash and £120 in jewelry, the debt being increased by renewals and interest.—*Times cor.*

The Sisters of Mercy have established a juvenile reformatory for girls at Goldenbridge, where they have erected extensive laundry buildings, &c., at a cost of £4,000. The building also contains spacious sewing-rooms. This branch reformatory is now in full operation.—*Jb.*