welcome to Agnes; and she determined that it should not be her fault if Grace was not as happy as she could be, separated from her hus-

Just at the time she expected her sister-inlaw, her mother wanted a commission executed, and she did not dare to ask her mother to wait until after Grace's arrival, lest she should retort with, "Ah, you see! just what I said; everything is to be put out by this little madam's arrival." So she went to perform her mother's wish, very annoyed to leave the house that afternoon. She hurried home, and even then ran up to her mother first, before she went to welcome her new sister. "Come up as soon as you can, Agnes, and tell me what she is like. I hope to goodness that she is presentable. The foolish boy!" again harped poor Mrs. Nocl.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Agnes stood for a moment with the handle of the door in her hand-her heart beat so fast at the thought of the stranger-Robert's wife!

She need not have been so fluttered, for when she entered Grace was on the sofa, fast asleep; her bonnet, which she had taken off, lay on her lap: her hair had become unfastened, and she looked "a perfect picture." Her maid was seated on the floor, leaning her head against the end of the sofa, asleep also. Poor souls! their sleepless night before, and their long coach journey, had completely overpowered them, and they had both forgotten care and fatigue in a calm and heavy sleep.

Agnes stood over her new sister for a few glad that she is so beautiful! Mamma must moved; and it seemed hours before Maruth like her. She will be sure to do so. She likes came in to her. everything that is beautiful. Poor dear child (for Grace looked so very young asleep), I will mamma, otherwise she will think me too long the floor in a faint.

And she shut the door, gently as it was done, it startled Grace, who looked up for a moment, but seeing no one, relapsed again into sleep, but this time not so profoundly, so when Agnes returned, and stood for a moment over Grace, again admiring, and taking the new relation into her heart, Grace opened her eyes, stared for a moment, and recollection coming all at once, she darted up, saying, "Are you Agnes?
—but I am sure you are," she flung her arms round Agnes' neck, and wept uncontrollably.

Of course Agnes was unaccustomed to such strong demonstrations of feeling; but she did not repulse it, but held the weeping girl tenderly in her arms; for the short time that she in, let her come in at once." had beforehand seen Grace, whilst she slept, seemed to have melted the ice of her English touching appeal, "Oh, love me, for poor Robert's sake!

"Indeed, indeed I will, for your own sake, as well as for Robert's, you poor dear thing .-How tired you are! But come up stairs to your room, and whilst you bathe your face and take off your things, I will order tea. Oh, you dear little Grace!" and she kissed her again; "how glad I am that you have come to me. You will excuse seeing mamma to night, dear. She will be up to-morrow."

So they went up to the room next to Agnes' her rescue, and always strove to lessen the and suffering to her. accepity of her mother's temper towards Grace. That Agnes was the first to welcome the little girl which in due course made its appearance, and which increased rather than diminished Mrs. Nocl's annoyance at having her daughter-in-law in her house. "She was past," she said, "liking the noise of infants." So, when her husband came home, Grace chose a residence near Mrs. Noel's, but left Beechwood Lodge. She was glad to remain near Agnes, as she enjoyed her friendship and society.

CAAPTER XXXVI.

As this is the story of Grace's life, I need not enter on the subject of the exciting times in which she lived, except inasmuch as they home comforts.

Occasionally, Robert came home for two or three months-sometimes only for as many weeks; and so the next two years of Grace's life passed, and found her still living near Mrs.

Nocl at Heath Cottage.

Her life had been diversified by two more children, a boy and girl being added to their family, and by one or two visits from the O'Shawnessys; and once she had the great joy of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell to her home, as with them she had always kept up a continuous correspondence.

Robert Noel had by this time become a postcaptain, and his ship was sent out to join the small fleet that was hovering about the coast of did seem cruel to re-open these wounds, es-Italy; and which sometimes went down as fur

as Trieste. It was one summer's evening, when Grace (after seeing her little ones to bed, a task she always shared with her faithful Maruth), sitting by the open window, observed a woman walking up and down the house, and constantly looking in, seemingly undecided as to whether she should pull the bell at the entrance gate or

She had acted in this manner so often, as to make Grace observe her; and to feel so strangely wrought upon by the woman's peculiar manner, as to begin to feel very nervous. Moreover, there seemed to come to her mind every now and then a remembrance of the woman's features which puzzled her.

So she rose hastily to ring the bell, and to desire that Maruth might be sent to her imme- to what she had to relate. diately.

The woman had turned her back, and was continuing her walk, when Maruth answered her mistress's summons.

"Maruth, stand here, and tell me, do you see that women walking slowly up there?"
"Yes, mam."

"Well, wait until she turns, and tell me if you know who it is?" And Grace related to Maruth what she had observed peculiar in the woman's proceedings.

By this time the stranger was coming towards them, when Maruth, suddenly crimsoning to the very roots of her hair, said, "I think I do know her, dear mistress; I will go out and speak to her, and see if I am not right;" but, she added turning affectionately to her mistress, "don't be uneasy, it may only be my fancy."

Why she was to be uneasy, Grace could not divine; and, as is usually the case, the very precaution taken to prevent her being anxious, was the very means to make her see that there was a something that she had to apprehend, though what, she could not tell.

In the meantime, Maruth was at the gate; and as soon as the strange woman saw her looking towards her, she hastened up to her. Grace, who was watching the two women, saw them shake hands, then both came towards the house. As they neared the window, the same vague sense of having seen the face before stole over her; and, as a sudden thought struck her, the blood rushed to her face, and then as quickly receded, and she had to lay her hand on her heart to still its quick beating. Was it not moments, saying, "Poor girl, she is utterly Katey-Nurse O'Birn's daughter, the fosterworn out; but how levely! I do not wonder mother of her lost boy? Oh! surely it was; at Robert's giving his heart to her. I am so but for the very life of her, she could not have

When Maruth came, the troubled and frightened expression of the woman's face, confirmed sit down and wait until she awakes. But, no; Grace's suspicions, and she could barely articuperhaps I had better go out quietly, and tell late, "my child! my child!" when she fell on

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tenderly and anxiously did her faithful maid lift her on the sofa, and apply remedies to restore her to consciousness. When sufficiently recovered, she heard that it was indeed Katey, who had sought her out to tell her all about her long lost child.

"Oh, Maruth, send her in directly to me; I cannot wait."

"But do you think that you are equal to see her, mam? Had you not better wait a

"Oh? no, no; I cannot wait. Oh, Maruth, think how long I have waited; let her come

"Well, then, mistress dear, drink this glass of wine;" and Maruth poured out a glass of reserve, and she was ready to respond to the sherry that was standing on the sideboard. To satisfy her, Grace did take the proffered stimulant, and repeated her wish to see Katey im-

mediately. "Stop, Maruth, is he alive?"

"Dear mistress, she would not tell me; she said that it was to you, and you only, that she would speak."

"Then bring her directly."

She had not many minutes to wait. At first, Grace's impulse was to cover her face with her hands, as if she could not bear the sight of one who had brought so much misery own, which she had prepared for Grace with to her; but the sound of Katey's footstep When some of the early Christians complained of everything she could think of to make it pleanerved her, and the longing to hear what she the strength of their passions, of the presence of sin sant and pretty. And I will say at once that had to tell her, braced her sufficiently to drive nothing ever interrupted the friendship that back the welling tears that fain would come, as had begun in that one warm embrace, and that she one more beheld the foster-mother of her in all the disagreeables which Grace had to bear | first-born, whose face recalled the first phase, from her mother-in-law, Agnes always came to in her life—one that had been so full of tria

The first thing Katey did was to throw herself on her knees, and violently clasp her hands, erying out-

"Oh, then, mistress, forgive me for all the pain and distress my mother put you to; and that I did not prevent!

"Tell me, does my child live? Oh! tell me at once. Get up Katey (for the woman knelt sobbing violently), get up; and there, there, I forgive you; if you will but tell me that he lives!"

"He does mam, to the best of my know-

"Then you are not sure. Oh! why did you come, if you could not tell me? What was affected her. It was a time when neither a the use of tearing open the wounds so long naval nor military man had much peace or closed? Woman what has brought you to for she felt as if these people were pursuing her with cruelty—as if they could not leave her in peace; the peace she had striven so hard to attain. For, although she had never forgotten her little Edward-nay, often talked to Robert about him, to make him love the memory of her cherished little one-still time, fifteen years, had done its work, and softened the poignancy of her grief; and she could think and talk of that dreadful time, as if it was a page out of a story, long ago read. Happy as she was now, she could hardly realize that that page was out of the story of her own life, and that she had suffered all these pangs! So it pecially if she could give her no satisfaction on the vital question of her darling's ultimate fate!

Some time elapsed before either of the women could begin—the one to question, the other to relate, with any coherence. At last, fully understanding that Katey had had no hand-at least, no direct hand-in inflicting such a trouble on her, she besought her to tell her from the beginning to the end the story, and then she should be able to make out whether her son still lived; for she found to all her questions on that point, she got the same answer-" To the best of my knowledge. I hope so, mam; but you shall judge for yourself." Maruth had discreetly withdrawn to her nursery, for she wisely concluded that Katey would be more communicative if Grace was alone with her, than if one of her own class was listening

(To be Continued.)

ON

"Prayer, - Its Necessity and Importance."

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrers, New York City, May 5th:— "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My

name; ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full."

You are aware, dear brethren, that next Thursday will be the Feast of the Ascension, consequently we are drawing near that mystical moment when the earth lost sight of the visible presence of the Saviour. We may therefore say that these are the last words that we shall hear from Him in His bodily presence,—the last Gospel that the Church puts before us, while she commemorates His presence before His ascension. And it is worthy of remark that she selects for this last utterance of our divine Lord precisely that which was the subject matter of His first atterance. He was thirty years upon the earth before He spoke to man: before He preached: before He announced Himself to man: and when, at the end of thirty years, He opened His mouth to preach His first sermon, the Gospel tells us that the subject-matter of that sermon was Prayer: for He went up into the mountain and taught the people to pray-(so says the Evangelist)—saying: "Thus shall you pray;" and He delivered the "Lord's Prayer" as it is called which was the first sermon of Christ.

Now we come to His last utterance before He ascended into Heaven. He said to His Apostles: "I am about to leave you, and you shall see Me no longer. Mark, therefore, the words I have to say to you. Pray in My name. Hitherto you have not may be full."

Behold then, dearly beloved brethren, the importance that Christ our Lord and His holy Church attach to the act and to the exercise of prayer. It is the first word and the last; the first teaching and the last; the first precept and the last injunction of our divine Saviour. Why all this? Because of the absolute necessity and the immense advantage and privilege of prayer. The absolute necessity of prayer arises, dearly beloved, from its inherent and intrinsic connection with divine grace, You know that without the grace of God no man can be saved By the grace of God," says St. Paul, "I am what I am. Of myself alone I am nothing, I can do nothing; but I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me by His divine grace." The whole question, therefore, of man's salvation depends upon the grace of Almighty God. He that has it and treasures it, shall be saved, and he who, not having it, seeks it and finds it, shall find salvation. He that is without it shall be lost inevitably. We cannot so much as even mention the name of Jesus as He ought to be spoken of, except in the spirit and in the grace of God.

Such being the absolute necessity of divine grace, it was in order that we might have this,-in order to obtain it for us,-that the Eternal God came down from Heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and was made man, "that where sin previously abounded grace should abound still more." That Grace of God which was denied to man could only be obtained by the blood of Christ; and, therefore, generously, lavishly did He pour forth His blood that all men might find grace, and find it in abundance. Such was the price which was paid, that the sacred and saving blood that was shed upon Calvary might open the whole treasury of Heaven to man. Nor is there a grace in the Father's gift too high, too great, too magnificent to be out of

the reach of the humblest among us. But to the graces thus absolutely necessary to salvation, our Lord Himselt has attached one essential and indispensible condition; and that condition is prayer. "Do you stand in need of grace?" He says: "ask and you shall receive it; seek and you shall find it; knock at the door of the treasury of God's graces; and, My infallible word for it, that door shall be opened unto you." On the other hand, we have the authority of the Scriptures, that the man who prays not for grace, shall not obtain grace. and misery in the midst of them, St. Paul told them emphatically that all these things were to be accounted for by the absence of grace. But he added: "therefore you have not received it, because you have not asked it." What follows from all this? Simply this chain of reasoning:-Without grace there is no salvation. Without prayer there is no grace; therefore, without prayer there is no salvation for man. Wherefore, the wisest and the greatest of theologians. St. Thomas Aquinas, says it is impossible for a Christian to be saved without prayer.

Behold, then, the necessity of prayer. It is necessary as a means; it is necessary as an indispensable condition to salvation; and, if you wish to know whether you are in the way of God, or in the way of salvation, ask yourself: "Do I pray; do I know how to pray; do I practice prayer; do I love prayer!"
And the answer to that question will be the answer to the more important question, "Am I in the way of salvation, or am I not?"

But, dearly beloved, a thing may be necessary not only as a means, but it may be necessary as a command of God. There are many things that are not necessary in themselves to salvation; and yet they are necessary, because Almighty God commands them. For instance, to hear Mass on Sunday, to sanctify that particular day, is not in itself necessary to salvation; it is necessary, however, because God me?" Grace said this in a stern cold manner; laid His precept upon it. And so, in like manner, prayer is not only necessary as a means in its own nature indispensible, but it is also necessary as a precept, distinct and emphatic, that is imposed upon us by Almighty God. So that,—even if prayer were not connected with grace, even if God gave His graces without being asked, even if He had never bound up the giving of His graces with the condition of prayer, -yet, still, because of the emphatic precept of Christ, prayer would be necessary, on account of that precept, for man's salvation. Where in the Scriptures do we find a precept more frequently and emphatically laid down than that in which the Saviour say: "You must pray always." "Watch and pray," He says, elsewhere, "that you may not enter into temptation." "I say to you, be instant in prayer." And so the Apostle repeats the command of his Lord, when He says: "Pray at all times, lifting up your hands to the Father of grace." Thus do we behold the precept enforcing its own necessity, and enjoing that which, if it were not commanded, would still be necessary as a means, because of its indispensable and intrinsic connection with divine grace.

I need not tell you, dearly beloved, that, in this, as in every other precept of Christ, He first gave the example before Ho laid down the command. Before He told the people that they should pray, He gave them the example of his own prayer. He who stood in need of no grace,—for He was the fountain of all grace Himself,—yet, for our example, He was emphatically a man of prayer; and when He had labored all day preaching in the Temple, or teaching; when He had journeyed all day, healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, raising the dead; when evening came, and every other tired laborer sought his place of rest whereon to lay His head, we read in the Gospel that our Lord went, then, into the lonely places, or that He ascended the mountain side, or that He went into the depths of Gethsemane's shade, or that He went out into the desert,

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON His prayer, as another man from his bed of rest, refreshed and renewed in all His divine strength, to pursue the same work of man's redemption for which He came.

Consider, secondly, the excellence,—the importance of prayer. What is prayer? "It is," says St. Augustine, "an elevation or an uplifting of the soul to God: it is an act of personal communication with God; it an interview between the soul and Almighty God; it is an audience that the King of Heaven vouchsafes to give to every individual man, when that man lifts up his voice and opens his lips to pray." Now, what greater privilege can we have, as the creatures of God, as the children of God, than to be thus able at any moment to enter into the penetralia, the inner chambers of our Father's heavenly palace, and there, kneeling down before Him, speak to Him, while He, all attention to our words, lends His ear and inclines His heart to us; as if there were no other creature in existence, save and except that one man who prays. What higher privilege can a subject have than to have the right of entry at all times to his soverign? What greater privilege can a statesman, even of the first order, or a great general, have, than that the head of the State, or emperor or great king, should permit him to come in at all times, to command the monarch's attention. and to communicate with him freely. Even so this privilege was given to us by our divine Lord, when He gave us the power and the precept of prayer. Consider again our special privilege. "Hitherto,"

He said to His Apostles, " you have not asked anything in My name. You have prayed, indeed; but you have not asked in My name." "Hitherto;" and when He said that word, His thoughts went out into the dreary past of four thousand years when man invoked Almighty God, as "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob," but they could not appeal to Him as their own immediate Father through the adoption by which we were made His sons in Jesus Christ, Many names, indeed, did they done so; ask and you shall receive, that your joy put before God; but the magic name, the omnipotent he full." yet upon their lips. Many pleas did they put before God,—the faith of Abraham, the love of Jacob, the devotion of Israel, the meckness of Daniel and Moses; but the transcendant, omnipotent, grace-creating merits of Jesus Christ were not yet thiers; nor had they hitherto been able to ask in His name, at whose sound "every knee must bend, of those that are in Heaven, upon the earth, and even in hell." This is our privillege. Now he said to them. "You can ask in My name; and whatever you ask in My name, the Father will grant to you." For how can the Father refuse the Christian man that which he demanus in prayer, when that prayer comes up to the Father's throne enshrined in the merits and enriched by the name of Jesus Christ.

And when in this prayer of which I speak necessary? . My brethren, it is necessary at all times. According to the word of our Lord, you must always pray; but there are certain moments when that which is at all times necessary becomes a matter of vital importance, and it is a question of life or death whether we pray or neglect to pray. There are moments in the lives of every man amongst us,-nay, moments in every day of our lives,-when it is a question of life and death to pray or to neglect to pray. When are these moments; they are moments of temptation, moments when nature, corrupt in us all, will rise in defiance of God; moments when the temptation of pride, of revenge, or some other glittering temptation, presents itself before our eyes moments when the senses speak to the soul, and say: Now, now is your moment for enjoyment, forget That moment it is a question of life or death for all eternity, whether a man prays or not. Christ appeared upon the waters walking. He walked upon them, naturally, because He was the Lord and Creator of them. There was no fear for Him that those treacherous waves would separate and swallow Him up. Peter saw his Master; and he threw himself out of the boat; and, with fearful and uncertain steps still keeping his eye on Christ, he followed his Lord That which was so easy for Christ was a perilous undertaking for Peter. According to every law of nature the mere man should have gone down into the depths, while the God-man walked upon His own creation. After a time, Peter felt that the water, which before was as solid as the adamantine rock beneath his feet, was waving to and fro; he fult the unsteady foundation upon which he walked; he cast his eyes down and he saw that the treacherous waves were giving way, and that he was sinking rapidly, to a certain death. Then he lifted up his voice, his great danger promoting him to the action of prayer—"Lord, save me, or I perish!" The next moment Peter's hand was in the hand of Christ; the man was raised from out his danger; and the moving waters beneath him became again as solid as the firm earth or the rock upon the mountain side. A bright example of the power and the necessity of prayer!

Christ in his God-like nature stands before us: and to every man amongst us He says: "Follow me. If any man wishes to be saved, let him come after Me. Follow Me." "Whither wilt thou lead us, O! Son of God?" Over the troubled waters, over the treacherous waves of our own nature; in paths of purity and of power; in paths of divine virtue must we follow Christ, triumphing over all the baser instincts and vile passions of our corporeal nature; triumphing over our pride and our passions; or walking upon these waters of humanity, treacherous, death-dealing to all who sink beneath them; over these, with the firm trend of the man of faith, must we walk and follow the Son of God.-But, my friends, whenever that rebellious nature stirs us, whenever, in moments of temptation, we find the ground beneath us trembling;—whenever we find we are sinking;—rapidly, rapidly losing sight of Christ,—sinking into some hideous form of sin,—then, oh, young man, cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" If that cry escapes from your heart or your lips, the next moment will find you with your hand in the strong hand of the Son of God.

If Peter had been silent in that hour-if Peter had not prayed in that hour,—the next moment the waters would have closed over his head, and the eyes of Christ would have beheld him no longer; he would have sunk out of his Master's sight. Oh, dearly beloved, how often has the young soul sunk out of the Master's sight, because that soul was silent! Well, may each and every one of us, looking back to some black, terrible spot in our past life;-recalling some recollection that brings shame to our faces, and, perhaps, if God grants it, a tear of bitter regret to our eyes;—looking back upon those moments when temptation assailed us, and when we yielded,—well may we exclaim, "Woe is me, oh God, because I kept my peace and was silent."

But it is not only for the man who is walking upon the waves, in sight of his Muster;—it is not only for the man who is treading the dangerous path of Christian morality,—walking and trampling upon the elements of his own passions and his own selfishness: it is not only for such a one that prayer is necessary, and is at once his comfort, his assurance and his highest privilege. It is also necessary for, and the only privilege of, the man who has sunk beneath the waves. Peter cried from the surface, Lord, save me or I perish!" He cried in time.-But, dearly beloved brethren, for our comfort there is another cry recorded in the Scriptures; and that is the cry of him who said, "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord hear my voice." Over David's head had closed the angry, terrible, deadly sea of impurity and injustice; upon David's soul had fallen the warm drops of Uriah's blood, unjustly shed; down into the depths of malediction, down into the depths of God's anger, went this man: nothing remained to him but the last and

the only privilege of the sinner. "Oh God!" exclaimed Holy Job, in his deepest

above my teeth." "Much is left to thee, oh Job," exclaimed the great St. Gregory; "much is left to thee in thy misery, because there is left to thee the power of using thy lips in prayer." And so, out of the depths of his misery, of his sins, of his degradation, came the voice, and it reached Almighty God. "If Thou, oh Lord, observest iniquity, Lord, who shall sustain it?" The same voice that thus spoke commemorated afterwards in loyful accents the spoke commemorated afterwards in joyful accents the answer to the prayer, "Blessed be God!" exclaimed David, "who did not remove my prayer nor His mercy from me."

mercy from me."

It is the last and the only privilege of the sinner.

All is gone except prayer. His works are gone; for, in his sin, if he give all that he hath to the poor, and deliver his body to be burned, if he has not charity, it profits him nothing. His talents are gone.
"If I speak as with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." The merits of his life are gone. "If the just man shall turn away from his ustice, so as to work iniquity, I shall not remember the justice which he has wrought," says the Lord,-His future, therefore, seems to be gone. There is no peace, no comfort, no joy, either in time or eternity, for the sinner. All is gone except the power to cry, even from within the very depths, and to send forth a prayer for mercy to Almighty God. And so we see that, in His mercy and goodness, He left one thing, even to the sinner. And the sinner can never be said to be utterly abandoned, until he despises and utterly ignores the virtue of prayer.

Ask yourselves, then, dearly beloved, are we men of prayer? How many there are, Catholics even;—good men, apparently, who content themselves with a hurried prayer in the morning after rising: and a hurried prayer at night before they go to bed; scarcely thinking of what they say; never raising their souls to God; never humbling themselves before God. There is neither carnestness and fixedness of purpose, neither humility nor confidence in their prayer. What do the Scriptures say of such prayer? "Thee people call upon Me with their lips; but their hearts are far from Me." And if we find that, hitherto, we have not asked the Father in the name of His Divine Son, as we should, then let us, in God's name, recognize the necessity, the importance, and the privilege of prayer. And blessed shall we be if, at the hour of our death, even with our dying lips, we are able to say in the words of David: "Blessed be God, who removed not my prayer, nor His mercy from me."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE,

Dublin, Aug. 17.—The events of the last few days in Belfast and its vicinity prove, unhappily, that the repeal of the Party Processions Act last Session was a dangerous experiment. The generous confidence which the Government reposed in the orderly and peaceable spirit of all classes has not been justified by the conduct of at least one of the two great factions into which the population is divided. After a long period of tranquility, which, it was fondly hoped, would be perpetual, the elements of civil strife are again in violent commotion, and the thriving capital of Ulster, lately praised for its good conduct, and held up as a pattern of industry and quietness, is now a scene of riot and disorder. Since Thursday the excitement among the lower classes of the peo-ple has been unabated, and the old hostility between the two parties, which it was thought was dying out, broke forth with all the fierceness which some years ago it was wont to exhibit. The revival can be traced directly to the removal of the restrictions which experience had shown to be necessary for the preservation of the public peace. Both parties complained of them, and the Orangemen especially cried out incessantly against them; but the result of this year's indulgence shows that the policy of repression was the safer for the community and the more benevolent towards the parties themselves, who required to be restrained by a firm hand from abusing their liberty and committing excesses which brought calamity upon themselves. It was generally supposed that as the Catholics had shown forbearance towards the Orange processionists and offered no obstruction to them in their celebrations, the "brethren" would in return evince a grateful toleration towards them, and allow them to commemorate "Lady Day" by demonstrations of a "national" character. This notion was founded upon a total misconception of the spirit of the lower ranks of the views which they entertain. While they claim a right to make a display of their attachment to England, and perpetuate the memory of certain events to which alone they attribute the establishment of the "glorious Constitution of 1688," they repudiate the idea that their opponents are entitled to corresponding privileges. They cannot admit that impartial justice requires that if one party be allowed to flourish Orange flags and play "The Protestant Boys," the other party ought to be allowed to flangt the "Green Flag of Erin" and play "Garryown" and "God save Ireland." They see the widest possible difference between the two classes of demonstrations, and their notion, plainly stated, is, that the Government ought to encourage the one, and be grateful to the loyal men who sustain the otservance with heroic fidelity by wearing Orange sashes and drinking Her Majesty's health, but that the other displays ought to be put down with a strong hand as disloyal and seditious. Hence, those who expected a generous toleration towards the processionists on Lady Day were disappointed. It is stated in justification of the Orangemen that on the 2th of July they scrupulously avoided the districts in which the mass of the population were Catholic, lest they should give offence, but that their opponents selected as a rendezvous in Belfast a place which they knew to be a Protestant stronghold, and that they did so by way of bravado and challenge. The broad fact, however, remains that on the 12th of July and 12th of August the Orange party were allowed to have their demonstrations without interruption, and on the 15th of August the Catholic party were obstructed and attacked. However, the Belfast News-Letter, the organ of the Orangemen, may seek or excuse them on the ground of excessive loyalty, the dispassionate public must strongly condemn their conduct in not extending to their opponeuts the same toleration as they experienced themselves. The sacrifice of feeling was greater on the part of the Catholics, who were reminded of their past humiliation and defeat, while the Orange party, who claim to be considered loyal par excellence, protess to be under no apprehension that the rights which their ancestors won will be wrested from them, but boast of their ability to hold their own against all odds .- Cor. of Times.

THE CREED OF MODERN SCIENCE.—The Protestant Bishop of Derry, in his recent book, The Leading Ideas of the Gospels, pithily disposes of modern science by saying that " while the Church is looking for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come, outside there comes the response, half-sneer, half-sigh, of the zoologist (mis-named anthropologist), I look for the fessilized bones of pithecoid man, and the everlasting death in a world which is the only world that ever has been, or ever shall be.

ORANGE RUFFIANISM.—The London Times, in its editorial comments on the Orange outrages at Belfast, puts the saddle on the right horse:—"Unhappily, it is the party which most professes to be the party of Order that, on the face of it, is the first and worst offender. The Orangemen have been allowed to have their processions without interruption. They allege, indeed, that they took great pains not to offend the susceptibilities of the other faction; but they forget, or choose to put aside, that their processions themselves are the commemorations of triand spent the night in prayer with God. Prayer to

"Oh God!" exclaimed Holy Job, in his deepest umphs over a people, their own neighbors conquerHim, was the repose of His soul; and He arose from misery, "nothing is left to me but the lips that are ed, humiliated, subjugated, and debased. It is im-