as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

While Theobald and Clarita were thus drawing from the source of truth the only principles which can render us happy in this world or in the next; while these young hearts were opening to the love of God and their neighbor, like the calyx of the flowers to the invigorating dew, the trial followed the usual march of affairs in Corsica, and intrigues multiplied around the tribunal of justice. The brothers Fabiano had been transferred from Corte to Bastia.

For three months they were detained in an unwholesome prison, situated within the enclosure of the citadel, the interior of which was as disgusting as the exterior was repulsive. But their family had had not been idle. They had much influence in the country, where they possessed numerous friends, and devoted partisans. an alibi; and nothing was forgotten that could in any way promote this end. Several very doubtful witnesses were summoned; they aphad picked it up close to the Sabianos' house, or violent intermittent fever, so common in many either presumptuous or impertinent. parts of Corsica.

At the news she bounded from her couch like a tigress robbed of her young, and dressing her- from a conviction that even Napoleon the Third, sell in haste she set out in search of the shep- the genius of the coup de main of December, herd. It required three days of walking and the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly intense fatigue to find the man. At length how- blind to the "vagaries, the headlong impulses. ever, guided by Burcica, she discovered the mi- and the conflicting decisions of his Italian serable hovel, constructed by branches, and tenanted by poor Santa Crux.

handkerchief; ' you know me well and are aware that Annunciata never broke her word; well, then, it you have the inisfortune to conceal the your lofty consuming path, may perchance have truth, or hide any circumstance, by not declaring the power to change your direction. the exact spot where you found the pocket-book fongue.

Annunciata returned home much worse; and way he would, secretly sold off his goats and embarked for Sardinia.

as witness before the jury assembled to promy of our salvation was working to undermine Christian Church. the foundation of piety in his soul-pure as yet; however it might be, the youth walked for a long time in the garden, his head bowed down and his heart full of grief. It was one of those magwith us. The waves sparkled with a thousand rich perfume, the fish were sporting in the bilhastened to meet him.

ressing voice. I have been looking every where of sincerity, a cruel family despotism under the for you during the last hour,' and the young girl raised her eyes, blue as the azure of the sky .-Theobaid looked at her in silence, and passing his hand through his sister's fair curls-' You are very like your poor mother,' said he fondly.

And you, Theobald, resemble Annunciata particularly at this moment.

What, I am like Annunciata, who made our

dear mother weep.? Yes, my Clarita, you are right, I resemble Annunciata.'

· But what is the matter, Theobald !' asked the young girl, alarmed, without knowing why, at these words so simple in themselves.

Nothing; nothing that you ought to know, my Clarita; but, if you love me, come with me and pray to the Almighty for your poor brother; your prayers must be heard, you are so good and innocent; and taking her hand he led her into a kind of oratory placed in the garden. It was there that the baroness found them both on their knees and praying with much fervor; she looked of the Papacy. at them for some time with that meffable joy which we may imagine the guardian angel of a convert must experience when he sees the soul confided to his care advancing with a firm step in the way of salvation, and prostrating herself she prayed also. Some time afterwards Madame D- called the young girl to take her writing lesson, and turning to Theobald, " My child" said she, 'to-morrow you will have to appear before the tribunal. I need not tell you that if laisehood is hateful to both God and man, a false deposition would be of all kinds of falsehood the most execrable; truth alone should proceed from the lips of a Christian, even if truth should cost him his life." The youth only replied by an inclination of the head, and taking the hand of his protectress he kissed it respectfully and retired into his own room.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE CHORSES -As a general thing, it may be expected that all Christians will find themselves able to bear the great crosses of life, because they come with observation; they attract notice by their very magnitude, and, by putting the soul on its guard, oaths before God and man. give it strength to meet them. But happy, thrice happy is he who can bear the little crosses which ever lie in wait, and which attack us secretly, and without giving warning, like a thief in the night.

CAHILL, D.D.,

Rome, Oneida Co., United States,

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS.

America, Dec. 3, 1860. O wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us. It wad from monie a blunder free us. And foolish notion,

What sirs in dress and gait wad lea'e us, And e'en devotion. -BCRNS

IMPERIAL SIRE-As your Majesty is a Catholic monarch holding the garrison of Rome by your army, it is not out of place if a minister of the gospel, and a devoted child of the Church to address a letter to you in the present disastrous persecution of the Pope. Besides, I am not un-Above all things it was most important to prove known to you: and it is not from any silly conceit I say that I am intimately acquainted with some of the eminent statesmen of your nation .-Neither am I a stranger to your cousin of "the prized the shepherd who had found the pocket- Palais Royal:" and when I recall to your recolbook, that he was to swear at the trial that he lection the time when you were the accomplished guest of Sir John Gerrard, of England, when I that a contrary declaration should cost him his was in correspondence with French cabinet life. The bandit Burcica was informed of all ministers, I humbly hope that, under all these these proceedings, and lost no time in apprizing circumstances, this communication from me to Annunciata. She was ill in bed, laid up by a your Imperial Majesty will not be considered

I have quoted the pastoral stanza of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but policy." Although it is not likely that an Irish priest can stop Mapoleon in his course, yet as · Listen to me, said she, drawing forth the the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest stiletto which she always were underneath her the wildest leap of the lightening, it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, carnest, argumentative voice, reashing

How can your Majesty know the Catholic with my own hand I will cut out your lying popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You the poor shepherd fully aware of the fate that have singularly silenced your former warmest awaited him, let him make his deposition which friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious license of your deadliest mappeasable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the The following week Theobald had to appear | children of Bossuet, and Saint Louis in the fiendish how! of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring nounce the fate of him whom the youth had of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor really relieved to be the murderer of his father. | Spain, nor Belgium, dures publish the tears of Annunciata, in spite of all her desires, was un- the Pope, or the grief of the Church in your Imable to leave her bed. The evening before the perial domain; while you grant a willing auditrial she sent the following note to Theobold by ence to the thrilling infidelities of Geneva, and a certain messenger-Burcica had written the the bleeding sacrileges of Great Britain. As note from her dictation, it ran thus :- You are far as present appearances go, you are the friend now the head of the family; your father's blood of Garibaldi, while you chain the head of the cries aloud for vengeance, and this vengeance Church. You seem to oppress virtue, and to can only proceed from your mouth or from your encourage vice. Your language and premises arm, so choose between the two.' The contents are all bland and assuring, while your conduct of this missive filled the poor boy with bitterness; and conclusions are cruelty and plunder. One the preindices of his childhood returned, per- step farther and you are the most perfidious of haps, with renewed strength; perhaps the ene- civil rulers, the hitterest modern enemy of the

Let us understand you. How can you rule long over the French Church if you persecute or oppose the Hierarchy? How can you demand allegiance from hearts that must soon abhor nificent days of winter, milder than in this de-lightful climate than the finest days of spring with us. The waves sparkled with a thousand to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of the apprehence of the local agreement of all Catholic Europe.—

Your name? How can the persecutor of Pius family of Pepin, in the ninth century, succeeding princes gave additional provinces with the consent, to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of the apprehence of the apprehence of the enemy of the apprehence fires in the sun's rays; the air was filled with Peter? How can you listen without fear to the Te Deum in the Church of Notre Dame, lows, the insects were humming in the air; but chaunted by voices that would sooner entone all the beauties of this rich nature had no power your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the calin the agitation of his mind; the light the Catholic children of France, will not long breeze played in his bair without cooling his endure the hypocrisy that would thus degrade burning forehead. Clarita saw her brother and and oppress the nation for self-aggrandizement. This was the fault of the rule of Louis Philippe, What detains you here? said she in her ca- namely, an organised bypocrisy under the name aspect of universal popular liberty. Your Majesty knows the result of this policy. Like your uncle, bound in English chains, and lingering slowly on a deserted rock towards a premature grave, the late King of France died a mendicant exile at the gates of London. Let the nations know who you are, and do not insult the feeling of mankind by assuming the appearance of a follower of Christ, while you put the rinegar sponge to his burning lips. In this honest, frank language of mine, I have, not impertmently ascended to your place, it is you who have insultingly come down to mine. The friend of Cavour, the Champion of Exeter Hall, the correspondent of Garibaldi, you can no longer claim kindred with Catholicity; you are on the eve (unless you change your course) of taking your historic rank with Henry of England, with Frederick of Prussia, and with the most treacherous leaders of the ancient Lombard oppressors

> And I pray your Majesty not to take lightly these remarks of mine. I have been, in my humble way, up to the present, amongst your most ardent admirers, your warmest friends. I am read every week by millions of men; and I am read all over the civilized world. This is press has, with remonstrances and tears, addressed no silly boast. If I cannot restore the Pone to his ancient patriniony, I can beyond all doubt raise a shout of horror against the robber. If I cannot myself take my place amongst a faithful is (in the case under consideration) a cruel mockery; army in his defence, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every Catholic soil, more valiant than your Zouaves, to hunt down with execration the perjurer who, with honor and truth on word and your writing, you have cancelled the his lips, has stolen the sacred vessels from the united bargain of seven Catholic Monarchs; you temple, and has drunk sacrilege. I am amongst those who trusted to the last point of belief, your verbal promises, your written declarations, your solemn averments, made in repeated, and repeated, and repeated sworn allegations. You breach at Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermoare pledged by documents (copies of which I pyle. These convageous children of Ireland did not hold in my possession) which would convict you defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, as the veriest moral criminal before any jury in Europe, if you now swerve from these your has, therefore, spilled the blood of unoffending fre-

> There is time, yet time, Sire, for the fulfilment of these, your solemn engagements. I pray God force of eight thousand blood-thirsty assausing atthat you may return to the feeling which has tack, unexpectedly, the garison of Spoleto; Ire-

lime of all prayers- Forgive us our trespasses LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL WM. | raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of our blood was dazzled by a family alliance with ancient Savoy; and above all, before you conceived the idea of levelling the kingly killed to the last man! Ireland will remember this titles of all the neighbouring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a City Mayor: in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican Lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present de-mocrat Emperor of France higher than all the ancient Monarchs of Europe. Even the Pope must yield to this new idea; all laws, human and You know better than I do his former sway. Your Divine, must be changed, in order to give effect uncle Joseph was King of Spain, your uncle by mar-Divine, must be changed, in order to give effect to this new theory, of disenobling Royalty, and of crowning Democracy. The laws of Nature, too, must, I dare say, yield to this Imperial decree of the younger Napoleon-

> When the loose rock trembles from on high, Must gravitation cease when he goes by?

When corporals and city nailors can aid in making Emperors in these days, it is nothing surprising if ordinary scholars can become statesmen, and can know the policy, the schemes, the stratagems, and the decent of their rulers .--Things are changed in these days; and Emperors in modern times can break their word, violate their oaths, and become more demoralised than the lowest of their subjects. Do not mistake me, Sire, I am fonder of liberty than you are. I have long borne the galling yoke of oppression, and I have been trained in the school of the immortal O'Connell. And I have often with my whole heart and soul, put forth and advocated the glorious proposition, namely-

"The People, the source of all legitimate power." But I have never urged the doctrine of modern fashion, namely-that violated oaths, plunder of the Sanctuary, robbery of neutral states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries, the adjuncts, or the results of the pure, spotless, heaven-born ethical principle of true liberty. When Judas is canonised by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when murder, and sacrilege, and robbery are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is very brief :-

Firstly-You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia -In the victory which your brilliant genius and noble adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See, viz :you removed Austria, the Protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the City or Rome, Sardinia, the arowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have opened the gates to the enemy. Under the pretence of defending the citadel, you have, beyond doubt,

betrayed the principal entrance.
Secondly—The next count of your perfidy is, when you executed the mock peace articles of Villafranca. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and appointing the Pope the honorary head of the five dynastics, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written ap-pointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of your ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and of the Duchies is this-viz., the kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by local conquest; and by individual rule; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the united agreement of all Catholic Europe .the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common political, legal, and constitutional document. Therefore neither you, Sire, nor any individual of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others to alienate this European Catholic bequest, Your individual duty might be to invite a congress of the contracting parties and to alter or modify or annul the political laws of these districts or these provinces; but you have no right to alienate or take away the leasehold property of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the provinces already usurped you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of your own nation in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Fourthly -- The state trick, of giving liberty to peoples, to select their rulers, is an argument to give legality and permanence to your own modern thrones-Time will tell. Such a liberty granted to the people of the Papal States under the protection of Sardinian bayonets! is the same kind of liberty as the vote of the lambs under the protection of the wolves in the absence of the shepherd! But, Sire, there is a more apt illustration of this your scheme of universal suffrage, in the Papal States, than the example just quoted. This scheme in Ancona, Ferrara, and the Bologna is so old, as its cognate plan of popular suffrage in the hall of Pilate. This Pilate the imperial officer of Tiberius, addressed the Jewish mob, holding Jesus, and said, "Whom will you that I release to you, Barabhas, or Christ? Whom will you have, but the said Burabhas." Hah, Sirc, here is your plan, your policy, in reference to Papal Italy carried out by your Lieutenant Cavour. Again, Sire, do you remember that on the awful occasion of this universal suffrage in the hall of Pilate, it is stated, that as "Pilate was sitting in the judgment seat, his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Sire, take care what your are doing. In order to make the bistorical reference complete, it is said that a winning woman, an angelic creature, a lovely Emyour heart to language like the warning given to Pilate by his wife! Sire, take care lest you be found fighting against God in your Roman policy. The universal suffrage surrounded by Sardinian bayonets opening the floodgates of licenced infidelity, and throwing down all the barriers of civil government. Sire, you have by the clearest testimeny of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your have betrayed the Pope ; you have robbed the Church. and you have evinced a want of principle unknown in the lowest courts of jurisprudence.

I hold you responsible, too, for the murder, the assassination of my brave countrymen in the make war on Sardinia; they went legitimately to was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally land. You are an accomplice in this crime, and you can never wipe away this foul stain of the assassination of my beloved countrymen. An overwhelming

land's children mounted the walls, and with proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of . surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves in the breach and without flinching were act to the Bonapart race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your Imperial yacht, I hope the wailing mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colours float in the murmuring breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbour. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sire, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. riage was King of Naples ; your more immediate relative was the King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome, appointed by your uncle, in place of the Pope, King of Rome! Alas! appointed by a Bonapart to sit in the sanctuary, to wear the Pope's crown! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing an early shroud, and sunk in his premature grave before his father's insane ambition placed the Kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny fated head! Pray, Sire, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown, to be King of Rome! Ah, Sire, spare the beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother! do not so soon, Sire, make his early grave; not so soon build his infant tomb !-Spare the beauteous child, the pure blood of charming Spain, proud Catholic Spain. Ab, ire, do not name him King of Rome!

In that same hour and hall The fingers of a hand Came forth against the wall, And wrote as if on sand. The fingers of a man. A solitary hand, Along the letters ran. And traced them like a wand. Balabazzar's grave is made,

His kingdom past away, He in the balance weighed Is light and worthless clay. The shroud, his robe of state. His canopy, the stone, The Mede is at his gate, The Persian on his throne.

Pray, Sire, have you ever reflected on the mean language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-'o-war, the "Bellerophon," after Waterloo? Oh, God, his retreat, his defeat at Waterloo! I shall repeat these craven words of your uncle!-" Like Themistocles of old, I throw myself on the honour, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sire, have you ever heard of the words which (it is said) were addressed by Pope Pius the Seventh to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on the little table at the fireplace; where your uncle offered him, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol and as compliment! The Pope replied-" Sire, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me-namely, the pastoral staff (which he held in his hand) and this little crown on my head. And remember, Sire, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproof the tombs of the dead, you will be soon confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crook and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race and power will be forgotten amongst men." Sir, do you near these words, and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian canpaign ! he entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men! and he returned to France with only seventry-two thousand broken invalids! On his retreat over the bridge of the Beresina the river was choked with the slain and the drowned; it overflowed the banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months .--Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men sitting erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow to their waists in line of battle, dead and stiff in in terrible death. It was a more thrilling awful case than the angry vengeauce on Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the

When the blue waves rolls nightly on deep Galilee Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green. That host with their banners at sunset were seen : Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the

blast. And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd : And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils wide, But through it there roll'd not the breath of his

pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-heating surf. And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the cust on his mail And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword Hath melted like snow at the glance of the Lord.

Sire, you shall here from me occasionally. You cannot gag my mouth here as you have silenced your French hierarchy. I am in free America, where we can address Kings and Emperors as being like other men. I shall, when necessary, tell you secrets perhaps not known to those nearest your person. And I am no unfriendly writer. You may perhaps change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But if Russia join you enemies another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume in concluding this letter to bandy compliments in the ordinary way with an Emperor, I shall finish by quoting a few lines from Lord Byron, on your uncle being sent to St. Helena, and then merely sign my name :--

'Tis done, but yesterday a king. And armed with kings to strive, And now thou art a nameless thing So abject, yet alive; Is this the man of thousand thrones Who strewed our earth with bostile bones. And can be thus survive, Since he was called the morning star, Nor man nor fiend bad fallen so far. Ill-minded man, why scourge thy kind

Who bowed so low the knee. By gazing on thyself grown blind Thou taughtest the rest to see With might unquestioned, power to save, Thine only gift buth been the grave

To those that worshipped thee Nor till they fall could mortals guess Ambition's less than littleness.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower, Thy still Imperial bride How bears her breast the torturing hour Still clings she to thy side, Must she too bend, must she to share, Thy late repentance, thy long despair, Thou throneless homicide. If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

LETTER OF THE MOST REV. DR. DIXON. TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN. - Peace be to you. Our motive for addressing you at present is the anxiety which we feel to make you sharers, without delay, in the joy, whereof our visit to the Eternal City has been the occasion to ourselves. For we know that the deep interest which you take in everything that relates to the glory of the Church, and the happiness of its Supreme Paster on earth, will make you rejoice in the things which we have to say to you. It may appear strange to many that coming here in those days of sorrow and affliction, in many respects for the Church, we should find a cause of joy rather than of sorrow in what we have seen and heard in this chief city of Christendom .-We trust, however, that after hearing our reasons for rejoicing, those to whom we refer will cease to wonder at our words.

1. Our first reason, then, for rejoicing is found in the happiness which it gave us to see the Holy Father once more -- to receive the cordial welcome which he gave us-to hear the words of kindness which he addressed to us-to receive, not for ourselves only, but for you all in like manner, the blessing of that supreme visible Pastor of the Church, the Vicar and representative on earth of our Lord Jesus Christ. How it rejoiced our bearts to see this beloved father in the enjoyment of excellent health. and not cast down by the wrongs which he has had to endure but rising above them by the abundant consolation which it has given him to witness that spirit of fervour in his cause, which has been munifested throughout the entire Church-stirred up as it has been by the sight of the cruel outrages that have been heaped upon bim! His Holiness, when speaking to us, dwelt especially on the part which Ireland has taken in this great Catholic demonstration-Ireland which, to use his own words, came to his assistance, not only by its prayers, but also, "by its words, by its money, and by its arms."

2. We rejoiced to find ourselves once more at the shrines of the glorious Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, the liminu apostolorum. There, in the presence of those tombs, far more glorious than the thrones of the greatest monarchs of the universe, we poured out our supplications for you also, dearly beloved brethren, as well as for ourselves; begging of our good God, that through the intercession of those glorious apostles, and having regard not to our unworthiness, but to His own mercy and goodness, He would send down His blessing abundantly on us all.

3. We rejoice to learn that the great manifesta-tion of Catholic feeling, to which we have already referred, is nowhere more visible than in the illustrious French nation, on which, humanly speaking, the fate of the temporal power of the Pope may be said, at this moment, to depend. The heart of that great nation beats unmistakeably for the cause of his Holiness; and it is now manifest that it will never allow itself to be made an instrument in the hands of any man for breaking down the bulwark of the independence of the Church. This attitude of the great Catholic nation will render perfectly harmless that bitter hostility to the temporal power of the Pope, with which the leading members of the present government of England are animated. In particular, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been so carried away by this feeling, as to have addressed a note to the English Ambassador at Turin, which has shocked every friend of order in Europe; and is only worthy of the advocate of universal revolution and anarchy. In fact, this man's epistolary career-if we may so speak-from the date of the famous Durham letter, down to this crowning effort of his pen, can only be accounted for by that insanc hostility to the Holy See, which appears to be an in-Church. It is surely a disgraceful thing for the British empire, which was so long known as the patron and defender of order in Europe, to have its views on foreign policy represented by such a minister. Let us hope that this disgrace will not survive for many months the commencement of the new

4. We rejoice to learn in this centre of Catholic

intelligence that the admirable association of Peter's pence is making rapid progress, and taking deep root throughout Europe. It will not be confined to Europe, but will advance, we have no doubt, until it will embrace the whole Catholic world within the sphere of its operation; and not like the Peter's pence of which we rend in history, the Peter's pence of recent institution will continue for all time to come. The boasted liberty of the present day will have this good effect at least, that it will secure to the people the right of sending, without fear of hindrance from any power on earth, their voluntary of-ferings to the Head of the Church. The smallness of the sum expected from each will prevent it from being considered a burden by any one. Who is there with the heart of a Catholic, and not suffering from actual destitution, that would refuse to contribute one penny monthly as a token of his attachment to the Holy See-of his love and gratitude towards the great pastor on earth of that Church of Christ, of which it is his glory to be a member? Yes, we are persuaded, dearly beloved brethren, that you all long for the moment when this work of the Peter's pence will be organised in the diocese of Armaghwhen the poer will find a special consolation in knowing that they, too, can contribute their mite to relieve the wants of their Father, and that this good Father will not disdain to receive it; but like his Divine Master, will value it even more than the offerings of the rich. We said that this institution of the Peter's pence will be permanent, because even after the restitution of his states, which, please God, the world will soon witness, the Holy Father will have still need of such an offering, to enable him to carry on adequately his administration of the universal Church. Vorcover, the faithful would regret in any circumstances to give up an institution that would afford them the consolation of proving by means of so easy a sacrifice, their love and homage towards the Sec of Peter And then, dearly beloved brethren, behold what will be the coasequence of that conspiracy of wicked men, by means of which the Holy Father has been deprived for a season of the greater part of his states - the consequence will be the establishment of an institution rendered necessary by this transitory success of the evil doers, but which will persevere when the necessity that created it shall have ceased to exist. The independence of the Holy Father will be secured against all future danger, by the voluntary offerings of his children. For we may fairly suppose that, in the course of some time, not less than one hundred millions of pence will find their way monthly into the Pope's exchequer. How his enemies will then gnash their teeth with rage, when they will behold all his States restored to him; and when, over and above the revenues available from them, they will see this vast accession to his income, to which their vain attempts to deprive him of his just rights gave occasion. They will then discover that they made a mistake like to that which was made by those princes of this world, of whom St. Paul speaks in the second chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, where

be intimates that if those princes had known the