

two tender saplings interweave their tendrils, and supported by this mutual embrace, day by day, the devastating hurricane which bows their frail heads, to us mourning and sorrow as a hurricane, whose life breath chills the life and wastes the life of our souls, and brings down our heads untimely to the grave, as though each year of unhappiness were reckoned as two.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—V.

The record of Russian persecutions fills many volumes. It is not yet closed. From the reign of Peter I. to that of Alexander II. their character has never varied. Long before either, when Russia was as yet only the barbarous Khanate of Muscovy, its inhabitants, perverted by emissaries of the Greek schism, displayed such religion as they had, not by acts of faith or virtue, but with savage enmity against Catholics, and by atrocities of rapine and violence worthy of Tartar or Mongolian brigands. They are at this day what they ever were. Their attitude towards the Roman religion, was exactly that of the Jews towards St. Paul, when they found that he reproached a national one. Already the maxim avowed by modern Russians, "orthodoxy and nationalism are the same thing," was adopted by their Chinese fathers in Muscovy and the Ukraine. Like the Jews, they wanted to have a religion of their own, and soon ceased to have any religion at all. It was replaced by a brutal fanaticism, which the Turks in their worst excesses hardly equalled. In 1664, Susza, the apostolic bishop of the Catholic see of Chelm, gave this report of them. "Not an episcopal residence, not a church, not a monastery, has been left standing by the Cossacks and Muscovites. The cathedrals have been burned, the dwellings of bishops destroyed, the villages ravaged by fire and sword, the peasants on the Church domains dragged away into captivity, the treasures pillaged, the monasteries consumed by fire; many priests, both secular and regular, and even many of the laity, have been wounded, stripped, or put to death, solely out of hatred to Catholic unity. We know more than a hundred secular priests who have perished by various torments for the faith, and yet we cannot at present reckon all the victims, many provinces being still in the hands of the enemy. As to the Uniat monks (Basilians), who have been destroyed, some shot, others decapitated, and the rest burned or slain by various tortures, their number is forty." [1] Russia has not changed since that day, nor the Greek schism, either. Both produce always the same fruits. The only difference is that the Cossacks, once independent, have fallen in their turn under the Muscovite yoke, and are now, in Poland and Lithuania, the ferocious instruments of Russian despotism. The so-called Orthodox Church has taught them no virtue, and dissuaded them from no crime. Their religion, like hers, is purely one of forms and ceremonies, which neither enlarges the mind, nor purifies the heart, nor sanctifies the soul. In 1667, weary of the Muscovite domination, and foreseeing that the Tsar would crush them under a yoke of iron, as soon as he no longer needed their services against Poland, they massacred the ambassadors of the Tsar Alexis, and united themselves with Turkey. [2] But Muscovy was too strong for them, and these unchanged barbarians, whose caricature of religion is only an incentive to crime, are now the willing instruments of the cruelty of the Russian Tsar, as they once were of their own.

From the first hour to the last the conflict between Russian nationalism and the Universal Church has been a struggle between despotism, sectarianism, and barbarism on the one side, and liberty, holiness, and civilisation on the other. The combatants in the two camps have differed more widely, in gifts, in character, and in purpose, than "the armies of the God of Israel," whom David led to victory, differed from the impure rabble of the Philistines. The only weapons of the Muscovites have been perfidy, hypocrisy, and murder; those of the Catholics, prayer, resignation, and martyrdom. The one have fought for God and Christian unity, the others for Satan and nationalism. Both were worthy of the masters whom they followed, as we shall now see by examples chosen from either camp. In 1709, by the decisive campaign of Pultawa, in which the power of Sweden was crushed, Peter the Great became the patron and arbiter of Poland. Savage as he was, in spite of his genius and energy, he always spoke of his own subjects as "my barbarians." Incapable of religious motive, all his acts were determined by policy. "Before Europe," says the learned author of the *Life of the Martyr St. Josephat*, who has studied Russian history in all its aspects, "Peter the Great wished to pass for a wise and tolerant prince." He saw in the beginning of his career that communion with the West, and the influence of Latin Christianity, were essential to the civilisation of his chaotic empire. "He made no difficulty in permitting some of his subjects to profess the Catholic religion. He artfully encouraged the hope of the conversion of Muscovy, which nothing could tear from the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff. Peter was above all jealous of his own glory. The admiration of Europe would not have consoled him for the disdain of the Roman Court. For this reason he refrained from all hostility against the Latin Church. What could he have done in Poland, if he had wounded the religious sentiments of the nobility? Sanguinary victories would not have won for him the influence over them which he had already required almost without striking a blow. The Polish Bishops received from him, therefore, only reverence and respect, and whenever he met the representatives of the Holy See in Poland, in Italy, or in Germany, he treated them with more distinction than they received even from Catholic sovereigns." (3) It would have been still more advantageous to Russia than to Poland if he had persevered in this policy. Russia would have been civilised, and Poland would not have been overwhelmed by the horrors of barbarism. But Peter, whose ambition was insatiable, had formed the project of transferring his capital to Constantinople a hope which was imprudently flattered by the schismatic patriarchs of Oriental sees, who would have found him a more tyrannical master than the Caliph. He had already throttled his own national sect, and planted his foot firmly upon it. "Tsarodoxy" had bound the Muscovite church in fetters, and its bishops obsequious vassals of the State. The astute barbarian was able to admire the liberty of Catholics and the apostolic dignity of their prelates, but only on condition that they created no obstacle to his policy. The Latin Church of Poland was no offence to him, because it was composed mainly of nobles, but the Greek Catholic Church of Ruthenia, to which the peasants belonged, barred the way to the further extension of his empire. If he could make it schismatical, it would soon be united to Moscow, the limits of the Dvina, and the Dnieper would be passed, and Muscovy would advance at one stride to the banks of the Vistula. To be welcomed at Constantinople as a liberator, it was not only essential to the triumph of the Tsar that the Greeks of Bosphorus and the Slavs of the Danube should remain schismatical, but that the twelve million Ruthenian Catholics of the Greekrite should be rendered incapable of arresting onward march, and of revealing to Wallachians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Bosnians, the real designs of this pretended heir of Constantine. "Hatred of the Ruthenian Union was in the mind of Peter

the Great the necessary consequence of his policy. That Union barred against him on one side the road to Europe, and on the other paralysed the action by which he designed to stir up the East. And therefore he employed the savage horde who did his will to carry the banners of schism into Catholic Ruthenia, and promote Russian policy by the same atrocities which his heir at this day still repeats. Already in 1705 he had entered the city of Polock, of which this martyred Archbishop Saint Josephat had died nearly a century earlier for the rights of the Holy See and Catholic unity, and his first act was a fitting prelude to the barbarities of his successors, Catherine, Nicholas, and Alexander II. Feasted by the Palatine of Lithuania on his arrival, he spent the whole night in furious intoxication, and in the early morning hurried to the Basilian Monastery. He was met in the cloister by the Superior, Father Kozikowski, to whom his visit was to prove fatal. Seizing the statue of Saint Josephat, with the axe buried in his head, Peter asked: "who is this Saint, and who martyred him?" "They were schismatics of your rite," was the fearless reply of Kozikowski. "Ah! we are tyrants then," shouted Peter in a transport of drunken rage, and the next moment the Basilian was lying at the foot of the statue with his head cleft asunder, and as he still breathed Peter plunged his sword into him a second time, and the choirs of heaven received another martyr. "Other monks were killed by his soldiers, and when the massacre was completed, Peter triumphantly observed: 'The Uniat will have henceforth several Josephats.' The monastery was pillaged and the cathedral devastated. The next day, dining at the College of the Jesuits, for whose labours and successes Peter always expressed unbounded admiration, the now sober Tsar affected to be in despair, and exclaimed: 'Yesterday I was drunk, I was a brute without reason rather than a man.' As he was drunk every day, and a brute every hour, his repentance did not last long; but he desired one of his clergy to give him absolution, and begged the Catholic Bishop of Wilna not to excommunicate him! This horrible compound of an unprofitable religious sentiment with the passions of a beast and the malice of a demon was always a characteristic of Russian Tsars. In our own day they still lie, torture, and murder in the name of religion and the Orthodox Church.

In spite of his wild and turbulent passions and the pagan excesses of his disorderly life, Peter was able to appreciate both intellectual greatness and the majesty of a true spiritual authority. The Rector of the Jesuits in Polock advised him to visit Rome. "I wished to do so," he replied, "when I was at Venice, but I was obliged to return home in great haste because my barbarians had revolted. I hope to go there later, and have a great desire to see that most famous city and the supreme Pope—the health of Clement XI., the reigning Pontiff." "May God punish me," he added, "and not suffer me to see my kingdom again, if I entered the church of the Basilians with the intention of doing evil," and then he swore that he would never again injure Catholics, and would respect the liberties of the Greek Uniat. Some of his successors have made the same promises, and have kept them as well as he did. He continued his savage persecutions, avowed himself the protector of all Polish schismatics, and almost every year supported their seditious complaints to the Government of Warsaw against both the Uniat and the Latin clergy. They were instruments of his barbarous policy, and no law of God or man, no suggestion of truth, justice, or mercy could make him swerve from it. He has been exactly imitated, both in hypocrisy and cruelty by later Tsars, whose crimes have all been committed, like his, in defiance of reiterated treaties and pledges, and whose sole aim has been to substitute "tsarodoxy" for the Gospel, and to crush in other lands the liberties which they had destroyed in their own. In the *Spiritual Regulation*, inserted afterwards in the Russian Code, are contained the words in which Peter is designated "the guardian of orthodoxy"—that is, of Russian policy—"and of all things relating to good order in the holy Church." He was about as well qualified for such an office as Pontius Pilate was to be an apostle. His chief counsellor in ecclesiastical matters was, first his own arrogance, and then the Swiss Calvinist, Lefort. Tondini observes that any one reading the *Spiritual Regulation*, text and notes, "would have no difficulty in understanding with what good reason Protestants can and must look upon Peter as one of themselves. . . . The priests, the monks, and the Bishops of the Orthodox Church, treated as they were by Peter, were made to appear simply contemptible" while the ridicule he cast upon holy things by his infamous orgies can hardly be reconciled with the idea of the fulfilment of his first duty as a Christian prince." (6) The influence of Peter, which is still all powerful in Russia, has been as fatal, Tondini remarks, to "orthodoxy" as to liberty. The religious zeal of Russia is displayed only in connection with cruelty, ignorance, and superstition. One hundred thousand Russians are said to die every year from the abuse of alcohol. Pietrowski relates, in 1863, that during a voyage on the Dvina, all his companions being religious pilgrims of the orthodox church, visiting what they considered sacred places, "every soul on board, from the master to the poorest of the *bohomolets*, threw a piece of copper money into the stream, to render the Dvina propitious to their course along its breast." (7) "The Russians themselves," says Colonel Lach Szymra, in a book published with the sanction of the Russian censure, "do not refuse belief in the prognostications of the Shamans"—devil worshippers—and Russians of all religious sects frequently consult them about what is to happen to them in the most important proceedings of life, and never doubt the truth of the revelations made to them." (8) Such are the fruits of "tsarodoxy" and of the brutalising despotism in spiritual things inaugurated by Peter the Great.

[1] See Saint Josephat, t. II., pp. 426-8. [2] Thelner, *Relazione di Muscovia*, anno 1707; Saint Josephat, t. II., p. 432. [3] *The Future of the Russian Church*. (P. II.) [4] *Story of a Siberian Exile*, by Rafin Pietrowski. (Ch. viii., pp. 160-161.) [5] *Revelations of Siberia*. (Vol. I., pp. 147, 262; Vol. II., pp. 20-27.)

the pure sunshine that only blesses the mountain tops in early morning, till it overpours the whole earth with its saving shadow of Divine grace. A holy father says of this mustard seed: "It is sown in faith; it strikes its roots in hope; it grows and produces all the richness and fullness of its virtue in charity. Now, how small is this mustard seed which the Son of God planted! What was it? What great difference was there in this world after His coming from what it was before? His coming? There was this: He left a single word behind Him! *Verbum fidei*, as St. Paul calls it—the word of faith, the word of Divine truth that was unheard and unknown till His coming! That word, the sound of His voice, the invocation of His cry of agony in His death hour, our Lord Jesus Christ gave us as the mustard seed, the beginning of His Church. Then, dearly beloved brethren, when He had planted that word in the soil of the souls of men, when He had put forth His prayer, and shed His saving blood and wiped out the handwriting of the awful decree that was registered against man, He arose from death and speedily ascended unto heaven, and the mortal eye of man saw Him no more in human shape. But the mustard seed began to sprout and send forth leaves unto grace; the little stem of the holy Church of God appeared and the Son of God took good care to leave one hand behind Him to tend and care for the little sapling, that it might grow great and beautiful, that it might fulfil its Divine destiny, and grow into a mighty tree. What hand was this to tend the young sapling of the growing Church? Oh! it was the hand of a woman—it was the hand the most holy after that of God that has been ever outstretched to man—it was the hand of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ. For twelve years after His ascension into heaven she remained on earth. For what purpose did she remain? Was not the measure of her grace already filled? Most assuredly. Was she not already fit for heaven? No angel in heaven was so fit as Mary. It was not to mature her sanctity—it was not to fill up the measure of her graces—that she remained twelve years on the earth, living in thought and love and heart in heaven, and sighing for heaven, yet destined still to linger here; but, as a holy father wisely remarks, it was that the young Church might have the benefit of her presence, of her prayer, and of her counsel—that the apostles might have the encouragement of the sight of her, and that that mind, more fully than any other, had communicated with God and entered into His Divine counsels (for those counsels were matured in her very stainless body) that that mind might be there to instruct, to enlighten, to encourage and sanctify. Then, after twelve years, when the Church had grown robust, when the blood of many a martyr had watered its roots, Mary's office on earth was over, and by a painless death and a glorious assumption into heaven she was carried body and soul to that high throne where she sits at the footstool of her Son, who is God.

FATHER BURKE IN MAYO.

Father Burke preached at Ballaghaderreen, County Mayo, on Sunday, Nov. 19. His appeal went to lessen the debt which the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Achonry, has taken on his own shoulders in founding the convent of the Sisters of Charity, which he has just set, in almost finished beauty on a quiet hillside over the capital of his ancient see—a massive graystone hill, combining a cheerful house of residence, with airy school-rooms, and a chapel which is a little gem of wood carving and stained glass. Ballaghaderreen put on its best festive garb to bid the renowned Dominican a genuine Western welcome. Four arches of flags and evergreens twined across the streets, blazoned with mottoes like "Cede mille falthe, Father Tom," "Happy homes and altars free," and "We live for God and country." Darkness and the rain came down to drizzle the emblems before they could be brought into use. For hours troops of people stood on the Castleroa road in the dripping rain in waiting for the carriage. When at last it was signalled by a shout the whole population poured into the streets with cheers wild enough to be yells of enthusiasm, and, with the Sligo brass band at their head, tramped out through torrents of rain to the episcopal residence at the abbey, where a few fervent words of thanks from Father Burke were then sufficient recompense. Nearly every window in the town was by this time illuminated after fashions ranging from the ambitious devices in gay shop windows to the single candle glimmering in the pane of the hovel, and with bonfires, fireworks, cheers and rattling music the market place was to a late hour a very furnace of enthusiasm. A few hours' sunshine on Sunday forenoon enabled an enormous congregation to get together from wide districts of the three surrounding counties, and those were swelled by the freight of a special train from Sligo. The cathedral of St. Nathy—the proudest memorial of the present beloved bishop's fruitful and grand in its Gothic outlines and arches, and wanting only its towering spire to rise a miracle of palatial beauty from the surrounding poverty—was packed to overflowing. High Mass was celebrated *Coram Episcopo* by the Rev. T. Lottus, the Rev. T. Doyle officiating as deacon, Rev. D. O'Hara subdeacon, and Rev. A. O'Donoghue (Curry) master of ceremonies. After the first Gospel Father Burke preached from the text of the Gospel of the day Matthew xiii. 31, 35:

"At that time Jesus preached to the multitude this parable: The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown up it is greater than all other herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof." "May I please your Lordship—dearly beloved brethren—You know for what purpose we are assembled and met here to-day. A convent of the Sisters of Charity has been built and founded in the midst of you. Of necessity this building involved great and heavy expense, and a considerable weight of debt still hangs over it. Now it is nearly ready to receive its sainted inmates, and the Bishop, the pastor of your souls, appeals to you to-day to enable him to clear off the outstanding debt and to finish the house, that it may be fit and worthy of those who are to dwell in it. For this purpose he expects large and generous contributions from all of you—from the rich, that they will give largely, and from even the poorest of the poor, that they will write their names in the book of this charity by the liberality of their donations to-day. Such being the purpose for which we are here, now consider the Gospel which I have just read for you. The Son of God declared that the kingdom of heaven was like unto a grain of mustard seed which a man took and planted in the soil, and then he watched it, and he cared it until it sprouted and grew up. But, unlike all other herbs, it grew apace, it shot its head high to heaven, it spread out its branches, it became a glorious and beautiful tree, overshadowing the ground for many a fad, and the birds of the air came from the four parts of heaven, and they were happy to make their nests in its luxuriant branches. The kingdom of heaven, He says, is like unto this. Now, the peculiarity of this likeness is that the mustard seed our Saviour declared to be the smallest of all seeds—smaller than the head of a pin, scarcely perceptible in the palm of a man's hand, but yet having within that little circumference so much power, so much hidden strength, so much virtue, that the moment it found a congenial soil in which to break and send forth the hidden power within it, down it put forth its stem and branches and foliage, until it sprung into the goodly proportions of a magnificent tree. That kingdom of God is the Holy Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for it is of His Church He always speaks in the Gospel under the name of the kingdom of God, as when He said to His apostles, 'Amen, I say unto you, the kingdom of God is within you,' and the grain of mustard seed is the seedling of Divine grace. This earth was without it once, dearly beloved brethren. Many a specious and beautiful flower did the bosom of the earth, even accursed, yield forth and produce. The seasons were as fair then as they are now; but no Divine seedling of Divine grace was in that accursed soil until the Word Eternal was incarnate of the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man; and then, with His own hand, did our Divine Lord and Saviour plant the seedling of Divine grace in the soil of this earth. It had to be opened up, this soil, by His sufferings; it had to be nurtured and nourished by His blood; even with blood-stained hand did the Redeemer plant His Divine grace on this earth as a mustard seed, which was to grow, which was to put forth branches and lift its head high

(9) See the proofs of the fact, attested by Gregory XVI., in *Lecturæ*, t. i., p. 135.

the pure sunshine that only blesses the mountain tops in early morning, till it overpours the whole earth with its saving shadow of Divine grace. A holy father says of this mustard seed: "It is sown in faith; it strikes its roots in hope; it grows and produces all the richness and fullness of its virtue in charity. Now, how small is this mustard seed which the Son of God planted! What was it? What great difference was there in this world after His coming from what it was before? His coming? There was this: He left a single word behind Him! *Verbum fidei*, as St. Paul calls it—the word of faith, the word of Divine truth that was unheard and unknown till His coming! That word, the sound of His voice, the invocation of His cry of agony in His death hour, our Lord Jesus Christ gave us as the mustard seed, the beginning of His Church. Then, dearly beloved brethren, when He had planted that word in the soil of the souls of men, when He had put forth His prayer, and shed His saving blood and wiped out the handwriting of the awful decree that was registered against man, He arose from death and speedily ascended unto heaven, and the mortal eye of man saw Him no more in human shape. But the mustard seed began to sprout and send forth leaves unto grace; the little stem of the holy Church of God appeared and the Son of God took good care to leave one hand behind Him to tend and care for the little sapling, that it might grow great and beautiful, that it might fulfil its Divine destiny, and grow into a mighty tree. What hand was this to tend the young sapling of the growing Church? Oh! it was the hand of a woman—it was the hand the most holy after that of God that has been ever outstretched to man—it was the hand of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ. For twelve years after His ascension into heaven she remained on earth. For what purpose did she remain? Was not the measure of her grace already filled? Most assuredly. Was she not already fit for heaven? No angel in heaven was so fit as Mary. It was not to mature her sanctity—it was not to fill up the measure of her graces—that she remained twelve years on the earth, living in thought and love and heart in heaven, and sighing for heaven, yet destined still to linger here; but, as a holy father wisely remarks, it was that the young Church might have the benefit of her presence, of her prayer, and of her counsel—that the apostles might have the encouragement of the sight of her, and that that mind, more fully than any other, had communicated with God and entered into His Divine counsels (for those counsels were matured in her very stainless body) that that mind might be there to instruct, to enlighten, to encourage and sanctify. Then, after twelve years, when the Church had grown robust, when the blood of many a martyr had watered its roots, Mary's office on earth was over, and by a painless death and a glorious assumption into heaven she was carried body and soul to that high throne where she sits at the footstool of her Son, who is God.

PROGRESS IN EDINBURGH.

RE-OPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On Sunday last, a ceremony of a very interesting character was witnessed in the church of the very flourishing congregation of St. Patrick's, Edinburgh. During the past ten years or so, there has been going on in this Scottish metropolis, radiating from this parish as its centre-point, a great and eminently successful work of Catholic organisation and elevation. At the commencement of the present decade the Catholics of Edinburgh occupied much the same low social position from which the more active minds and hearts among us are now everywhere earnestly engaged in raising them; and, at the present moment, they occupy a position on the road of improvement, which has already extorted the hearty acknowledgment of their Protestant fellow-artisans and which bids fair to make the position and condition of the Edinburgh Catholic matters for the imitation of his co-religionists in the rest of the large towns. The moving and sustaining spirit in this high work, the Rev. E. J. Hannan, is the priest of the parish, and is a clergyman of the type that is found only in the bosom of the Catholic Church. With untiring zeal, and with parallel ability, Father Hannan, on his appointment to the pastoral charge of the parish, at once proceeded to implant in it the fruitful seed of religious lay association, and expended an amount of energy and labour upon the nourishing and development of the new work to which he had laid his hands which can be appreciated only by those almost equally zealous co-labourers whom he drew into his schemes. What has been the success of these labours is amply evidenced by the good work that has been brought about in the city by his Young Men's Society and its many kindred and affiliated associations, of which one of the most powerful for good, socially speaking, is the Total Abstinence Society connected with it. But however zealous and untiring in this particular work of his ministry, Father Hannan is to the full as active and successful in the discharge of the more essential pastoral duties of his charge; and the ceremony of Sunday last was in celebration of one of the latest works of this kind to which he and his assistant priests have put their hands—that, namely, of beautifying the Church. The decorations, which has so far been carried out only in the sanctuary and a small portion of the body of the church, cannot of course be said to be yet complete, but so far as they have gone, they give good proof of the existence of the spirit which loves to make the earthly and material temples of the Eucharist, as far as may be, fitting abodes for Him who abides in them, as well as suitable places for the carrying out of that beautiful mystic ceremonial which symbolises the faith and worship of the Church. While serving to raise the hearts of the children of the Church who assisted at the services on Sunday last to a purer and more fervent contemplation of the divine mysteries, this adornment of God's sanctuary must at the same time have brought home forcibly to the minds of those Protestants—of whom there was a large number—the strength and reality of the religious conviction which impels our admittedly poor congregations to the generous self-sacrifice which is necessary to secure the beauty of the house of God, which is so truly and so exclusively Catholic.

Solemn Pontifical High Mass was sung at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Mass being celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop of the Eastern District (Right Rev. Dr. Strain); the Rev. E. J. Hannan being assistant priest; the Rev. Dr. MacFarlane, the secretary of Archbishop Eyre, deacon; the Rev. Matthew Brady, sub-deacon; and the Rev. William Turner, master of ceremonies. His Grace, Archbishop Eyre, Administrator Apostolic of the Western District, also assisted at the service, and preached. At this Mass, as well as at the other services of the day both morning and evening, the church was densely crowded. The choir of the parish, assisted by a full orchestra, gave an excellent rendering of the music of Haydn's 4th Mass; the chorus, "And the Glory of the Lord," from Handel's "Messiah" being given previously, and Zingarelli's *Laudate* after the conclusion of the Mass. The Archbishop took, as the text of his sermon the Third Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, 16th and 17th verses: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" For the temple of God is holy, which in you are? No; doubt he said; you

have felt what the zeal of God's house is, because you have been so anxious that your parish church shall be decorated and adorned in a manner suitable for the adorable mysteries that are now offered up. And now you can glory in that you have a large and beautiful church—perhaps the largest within the city of Edinburgh—and this spot will be to you the dearest and sweetest spot of earth, because it is your parish church, and because you will remember that, in this building, and because you will constantly bring into direct contact with our Blessed Lord. In the first place, He dwells here in your midst, in order that you may come, from time to time, to adore Him, to converse with Him and to place your souls before Him. In the second place, in this church He bestows upon you, with a liberal hand, the rich treasures of His Holy Grace. In the third place, in this church He hears your prayers and grants your petitions. Whenever there is anything that you have much at heart, whenever there is anything that oppresses you, or anything that you desire to ask from Him, you come here and pour out your souls before Him; and here, as He promised Himself, He hears your prayer and grants your petition. And then, in the fourth place, within this church, you offer up to Him the adoration which you owe Him, and which can only be offered up within the walls of a church within which the adorable mysteries are offered. And hence, you must always very much value the building in which these relations exist between you and God, and you will feel that you have done more than your duty when you made sacrifice of your substance in order to show your love for the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth. His grace went on to remind the congregation of another temple, of another building that is still more holy and still more acceptable to God than the material buildings which are set aside for this service. In the passage of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul laid down this beautiful moral lesson, which they should do well to consider. He said that we are God's building, and we must be fully alive to this great privilege. They were each and every one of them the temple of God; "for the spirit of God dwelleth in you." And, in order to make their breasts, their hearts, their souls fitting places for the dwelling of the Holy Ghost, St. Paul said the temple must be holy, "for the temple of God is holy, which you are." Now, it is very important they should try fully to realise and bring home to themselves this great truth. "God dwelt in the soul of the just man as in a temple. He dwelt in the breasts of every one by virtue of His omnipresence; yet He dwelt only in the breast of the just man in the particular way He spoke of through His Apostle. It was no wonder St. Paul asked if he had realised it, and thought fully of it, and had brought really home to themselves. Then, in order that they should understand this still better, he pointed out the way in which this spiritual temple was built up—he said the foundation of it was faith. It was laid when they first received the gift of faith. Then it was to be the duty of their whole lifetime to build up the walls of this temple by constant practice of the different Christian virtues.

In the evening, the Rev. Father Lawson, S. J., preached an eloquent sermon upon the text:—"Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus que retribuit mihi?" (What shall I return to the Lord for all the things that He hath given unto me?) The church was again crowded; and the collections for the day, after clearing all expenses, realised over £50.—*Corr. of Catholic Times, Dec. 1.*

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The third lecture for the season of St. Kevin's Branch of the Catholic Union was delivered at the lecture hall, Camden Street, Dublin, on the 21st ult., by Michael Carter O'Meara, Mr. O'Meara apologized for the necessary incompleteness of the sketch which he intended to give. He had rather selected this subject in order to bring before them the education and surroundings of the youth and early manhood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to show he never could have organized or consented to take part in the insurrectionary movement with which his name was inseparably connected if it had really been the wild and impossible scheme it had been too often represented [hear, hear]; and that fact of his, a man of position and family, having thrown himself into the agitation was complete proof, if such proof were wanted, that by reason of the policy adopted towards this country by the British Ministry it was an impossibility that Ireland could have escaped passing through the ordeal of an insurrection [hear, hear]. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was born on October 15th, 1763, being the fifth son of the Duke of Leinster. In the latter part of 1780 a lieutenancy was purchased for him in the 96th Regiment, and in a year after, at the age of 18, he was first introduced to the horrors of war at a battle fought in the American War of Independence, where he received a severe wound, and was left for dead on the field. A negro found him and carried him off to Charleston. In after life Lord Edward regretted the part he had taken in this war, and said on one occasion that he had been fighting against liberty. Of him Major Doyle wrote about this time—"I never knew a more lovable person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. . . . He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valor sui generis" [hear, hear]. In 1783 he returned from America, and was returned member for Athy. In October, 1792, while in Paris, he attended a meeting to celebrate the victories of the French armies, and among the toasts were—"The armies of France: may the example of its citizen soldiers be followed by all enslaved countries, till tyranny be extinct," and another, still more republican—"The speedy abolition of all hereditary and feudal distinctions." For this he was dismissed from the army. In 1793, when a vote of thanks was being moved for the Viceroy for a proclamation for dispersing all unlawful assemblies. Lord Edward rose and said, "I give my most hearty disapprobation to that address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the King has." A perfect tumult followed, and when called on for an explanation he said—"I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this house the worst subjects the King has—I said so, it is true, and I am sorry for it" [laughter]. It was needless to say this explanation was rejected. In the summer of 1796 the United Irishmen determined on appealing to arms; it was then Lord Edward joined the society, and was elected Commander-in-Chief. The lecturer then detailed the events connected with the rising of '98, so familiar to every reader of Irish history, down to the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, on May 19th, 1798, at the house of Mr. Murray, in Thomas Street, when, after a gallant resistance, he was captured by Major Swan and Captain Ryan, of infamous memory, and conveyed to the Castle. There he was subjected to unnumbered, barbarous, and disgraceful cruelties; as were fully stated in a letter from Lord Henry Fitzgerald, his brother, to Lord Camden; and on June 14th, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald died. Reviewing generally the state of things at that period, the lecturer concluded—"Forming myself, I may say, I would echo the words of Wolfe Tone, 'I would rather be a Fitzgerald in his rebel grave, than an Elk at the head of