

heart overflowing with gratitude and love. All was well; they had landed in America, and now she must expect to hear from him more frequently...

You will live to see, Kathleen, all my plans succeed, and all my dreams, as you call them, realized. I cannot fail, for my heart is in the work...

There was a letter, too, for Father Paul, not less cheerful, and Kathleen turned to her duties again with a light heart. She received them regularly now; some were written by the bivouac fire, others in the tent...

It was the first that spoke of death; she kept it in her hand, as though fearing to let it be out of her sight, as though her faint grasp upon the paper could save him. God help her, it was the last!

There was an account of a small expedition led by the brave young officer; it was simply to deliver some important papers into the hands of the commanding officer, who, with a large detachment of men, was at some distance from the body of the army...

Walk in, in reverence, I will send the young mistress to ye. God help her; I see what it is.

Father Paul would have faced a party of Orangemen armed, with more courage than he met that pale, trembling girl.

You are early this morning, Father Paul. Ah! you have a paper. Is there any news?

Yes, at last, Kathleen. God be praised; but why do you look so grave? Is there anything the matter?

Kathleen, I ——— And the Father would have proceeded, but his voice faltered, and he ended with something like a burst of tears.

Father Paul, you alarm me. What is the matter? Is he wounded?

No; worse? A prisoner, perhaps? And her lips quivered at the word 'No,' and the priest regarded her with a glance so sorrowful...

Tell me the worst, Father; I can bear it. I have borne too much to shrink now.

Kathleen, God's holy will be done. He is dead; I know it.

And a cry that haunted the good Father for many long days ran through the house. She sank on her knees, and buried her face in her hands...

many long days ran through the house. She sank on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. What passed in those moments between her soul and God, none will ever know...

There was a Requiem Mass sung in the chapel, and many a wreath of flowers hung upon Redmond's Cross; but Kathleen never visited it again. Time did not blunt the edge of her sorrow...

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED—WHY IT SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED.

On the 22d ult., the annual distribution of prizes, honors, medals, &c., to the students of the Catholic University, took place in the chapel of the institution, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

My Lords and Gentlemen—During the last session there were 350 students attending lectures in the University. There were also 333 matriculated students in various schools and colleges throughout Ireland...

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land, forsooth, were a Protestant nation; again, theoretically, not practically, was this certain degree of equality proclaimed; no power on earth could adequately repair in one day the injustice of centuries.

And here I am met by another consideration. What is the position which Ireland ought to take—what is the position which, at a period more or less distant she is likely to take among the nations?

There has not been even one man distinguished in literature, in science, as a magistrate or as a clergyman, who had not made an exceedingly good course of liberal studies. Ireland's probable destiny on some future day, perhaps on no very distant day is to be a great Catholic people, among the foremost Catholic nations of the earth...

we ought to surrender our rights, and the rights of those who come after us, to the keeping of enemies? Surely not. It only proves that we have lived, and that we live in a corrupt atmosphere...

is it not time to teach the rising generation how to become prized without betraying, distinguished without bringing shame on their fathers? And how is this to be done but by that education based on religion and true religious love of country which a Catholic University alone can give to Catholics?

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To forgive provocation is one of the many proofs of a great mind. We often hear of a man being in advance of his age; but who heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The recent deaths of the Rev. Messrs. Timmo, P.P. Duleek; and Walter Lynch, P.P. Frankford, King's County, is chronicled with regret by the Catholic press.

A poor man named Charley Legget, the other day, while wandering on Ballymadder Strand, Bannow, in search of "wintees" thrown up by the tide...

The Dublin Evening Post has had news of the harvest in the county of Kilkenny. It says:—"In many parts of the county Kilkenny, at least one-sixth of the entire crop of barley and oats now is yet out in the fields, either uncut, in stacks, or lying in swaths on the wet ground."

A most singular phenomenon recently occurred at Rockmills near Fermoy. An aurore had some time since attracted much attention, and at the time of its disappearance there also vanished the life of a valuable mare belonging to a farmer belonging to a farmer named Daniel Hannan.

In the greater number of the parishes of Ireland there is a comparatively spacious and well-built church, in very fair order; there is a clergyman with an income which is generally a competence, and often a good deal more.

The Irish and the Negro.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a letter to the Star, asserts that the negro owes his degradation to the Irish settlers, that no Yankee, but only the Irish, despise the negro or oppress him.

Some Irishmen may be rowdies, and opposed to the negro—but, are they always led on by the Yankees? Mr. Beecher is an Abolitionist; wants intermarriages between white and black. Why did not he and his friends show the example?

In the present state of politics and of political parties in Ireland, there is not much inducement for Irish politicians to come before the public with their suggestions. And accordingly we hear of no public meetings, or banquets, or speeches, or pamphlets from influential Irishmen.