

tenance seemed for the time marvellously beautiful by reason of the superhuman expression by which it was animated, as she said, with her splendid eyes lifted up to heaven:

"There is a King above all earthly kings, before whom the greatest of earthly monarchs is but as the dust of the earth. Bear up, Madam, this marriage will not, shall not be."

I felt touched, and in spite of myself it seemed as if the spirit of prophecy which animated those of old had descended on this extraordinary being, in whom, though about my person ever since I had come to the palace, I had discerned nothing beyond the most rigorous punctuality in the discharge of her duties; respect, without the slightest tinge of subservience; humility, without any approach to abjection, and so careful a performance of her employments that it would have been impossible for the most exacting person to discover neglect. If Grace was required at a certain time there she was; if she was wanted to execute a certain task, it was done without delay. In short, I recognized in the exact fidelity of my handmaiden that which, until now, I had not observed or noticed in the light in which I now regarded them. She had all the qualities of one who studies to embody into her life the holy maxims of the Gospel, reduced to that practical performance which lead to perfection and which constitute sanctity.

All proud reserve between Grace and myself was now crushed beneath my feet. I had yearned for sympathy ever since the day my feet had first crossed the threshold of the queen's court. I now possessed it. I had met a kindred mind, in a quarter in which one would least have expected to find it. Moreover, that mind was intelligent and cultivated; above all else, it was educated in the highest sense of the word, in what Father Lawson termed the science of the saints, and had held forward to me as the most useful knowledge first to be gained, without which all else was vain and hurtful.

We knelt together in prayer, above all else we prayed for resignation in the inevitable. Then when I had lain down, Grace, as usual, came to draw around my bed the heavy, satin curtains, and wished me her customary "good-night."

Impelled by a sudden impulse, I threw aside the curtain and called her back. I arose, and drawing her reluctant face to mine, I kissed her brow, saying:

"Grace, dear Grace, be my friend." She bent down and kissed the hand which still rested on the curtain. Her humility humbled me, and her answer was worthy of herself.

"Grace, Madam, feels honored by the friendship of her mistress, and it shall not cause her to forget the lowliness of her own position."

I laid my head upon the pillow resigned, I might almost say happy, such is the influence of a virtuous example.

I resolved before many days were over to ask Grace to tell me the story of her life. Outwardly there was no change in our respective positions. We each seemed, without saying a word about the matter, instinctively to understand that there must be no alteration. Indeed, when together, but very little passed between us, and yet her influence bore upon every word and action of my present life.

The queen must have observed the change, and doubtless attributed it to the fear of her threat of incarceration, and acting upon the change, gave me to understand that my marriage would not take place till the time she had first stated, and would be solemnized in the Chapel at Windsor Castle, the king intending to recruit his health in the country for a few weeks before his visit to Holland. Of course the Count's visits were frequent, and his odious attentions became daily more and more obtrusive. He naturally gave himself more latitude on account of the passiveness with which I received them.

January 27th, 1692.

Last night I was more particularly molested by the Count than has hitherto been the case. I entered my own chamber with the old weary feeling of depression at my heart. Perhaps it was increased by the terror I felt when the queen described to me the bridal robe she had ordered to be sent to Windsor for my wedding day.

Of course, Grace observed my languid look, enforced by spirits out of tone. It is only at times like these that she steps, as it were, prominently forward to bear me up, as a mother extends her hand to save her child from falling when making his first steps.

"Madam, you are forgetting the lesson you have been trying to learn; that is why you are sorrowful to-night," said she, as she unfastened the bandeau of pearls which bound back my hair.

"My bridal dress is ordered, Grace; we leave for Windsor early in the week," I said, half vexed just now, that there had been no look of sympathy in the expression of those hard, grim features of hers.

"Well, Madam, and what then?"

"And what then," said I, reiterating her words. "Do you forget that the queen means this for the beginning of the end?"

There was displeasure in the tones of my voice; I knew it, I had spoken half in anger.

"Only in so far as God wills to let His creatures have their way for some inscrutable purpose of His own; if so, vain is your rebellion to His will. I have told you you have nothing to do but to pray, and be patient and resigned, leaning on God alone. Madam, you have but very little faith."

The proud spirit within me was chafing as I sat beneath the hands of Grace, at the plainness of her words, conveying, as they did, a sharp rebuke. I changed color I knew, for I felt the warm blood tingling my cheeks, but I held my peace. She saw the flushed temples, too, but spoke no word. I inwardly admired her courage.

Dear Mrs. Whitely was present to my remembrance. When had I ever heard her murmur? I have no doubt Grace knows the amount of influence she now exercises over

me; for my good she uses it unsparringly. Perfect passiveness and resignation, these are the weapons she would have me use; nothing short of this contents her.

I made an exertion to shake off my depression, during her temporary absence on some little duty for me. When she returned I was in better spirits.

"Grace," I said, "I am going to ask a favor of you."

"I will do whatever you wish, Madam."

"I want you to tell me the story of your life."

A painful expression flitted across her hard, rugged features, tears filled her eyes, she made me no reply.

"Does my request give you pain, Grace? I long to know how it is you are here attending upon me, filling so humble a position; how you became acquainted with my dear dead uncle's friend, Father Lawson, and—in fact, I want to know all about you, Grace."

"I cannot refuse you any request, Madam; it is my duty to obey you."

I felt annoyed, and answered:

"But I do not want you to make a duty of what I ask as a favor, Grace: simply forget that I ever asked the question."

No, Madam; the lady who has sufficient virtue to listen to the admonitions of her servant, and allow her to become her mistress, surely should not find her inferior too proud to narrate her painful story."

"I do not attend the queen to-night," I replied; "we have several hours before us; be seated, Grace."

She pushed away the chair opposite to my own, which I had motioned for her to use, and placing an ottoman at my feet, seated herself thereon. Thus her face was partly in the shadow, still the fire-light revealed to me that she was moved by some strong emotion; her usually pale countenance was flushed, and I observed tears trickle slowly down her cheeks.

(To be Continued.)

#### REVEREND FATHER BURKE'S SERMON

ON

#### "The Peace of God."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following beautiful discourse was delivered by Father Burke, in the chapel of the "Xavier Alumni Sodality," on Sunday, the 7th of April. The Very Rev. preacher took his text from the Gospel of the day (John, twentieth chapter, 19th to 31st verses):—

"Now, when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you. . . . The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord, and He said to them again: 'Peace be to you.' Now, Thomas, the son of Didymus, was not with them. . . . Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, and said: 'Peace be to you.'"

This mode of salutation was adopted by our Divine Lord after His resurrection and not before. Invariably, for the forty days that He remained with His own, after He had risen unto His glory, He saluted them with the words "Peace be to you," as He had said elsewhere, "My peace I leave unto you: My peace I give unto you." After His resurrection, I say, He said these words. Before His passion He could scarcely say them with truth; for up to the moment that he sent forth his last cry upon the Cross, saying us, there was war between God and man; and how could the Son of God say "peace be to you?" But now, when He has reconciled all in Himself—omnia reconciliavit et in semet ipso pacem faciens—creating peace—that which He Himself produced, He gave to His Apostles in the words which I have just read for you.

And now, my friends, let us consider what is that peace of which our Saviour speaks—what is that peace which He declares to be the inheritance of the elect—the great legacy that He left to the world—"the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding." In what does it consist? Do you know the meaning—the very definition—of it? It is a simple word, and familiar to us, is this word peace; but I venture to say that it is one of these simple words that men do not take the trouble to seek to interpret or to understand. In order, then, that we may understand what is this "peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," and in order that in our understanding of it, by the light of faith, we may discover our own mission as Christian men, I ask you to consider what the mission of the Divine Son of God was, when he came and was incarnate in the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. What did He come for? What work did He have to do? I answer in the words of Scripture: "He came to effect many works of peace and reconciliation." In the day that man sinned and rebelled against God, He declared war against the Almighty; and God took up the challenge and declared war against sinners. This war involved separation between God and man; and in this state of warfare did Christ our Lord find the world. He found the world separated from God, first of all, by error and ignorance. "There is no truth and there is no knowledge of God in the land," was the complaint of the Prophet Isaiah. "Truth is diminished amongst the children of men," exclaimed, with sorrow, the royal Psalmist. "Nowhere is God known."

Before the Son of God came upon the earth, the nations had wandered away into a thousand forms of idolatry and of error. Every man called his own form of error by the name of "Religion." Some were "Epicureans"—sensualists,—benests—were made Gods by them. They canonized the principle of impurity, and they called it by the name of a goddess; and they declared that this was their religion! Others there were, brutalized in mind, who worshipped their own passions of strife; and they canonized the principle of revenge, and bloodshed, and they worshipped it under the name of Mars. This thing went so far that even thieves, robbers, the dishonest, had their own god;—and the principle of dishonesty and thievery was canonized, or, rather, deified, and called religion, and embodied under the name of the god Mercury! It is a trick of the devil,—and it is a trick of the world,—to take up some form of error—some form of unbelief—and to call that "Religion." When He came that was "the way, the truth, and the life," there was darkness over the whole earth. The world was "civilized" enough. Arts and sciences flourished. It was the "Augustan Era," which has given a name to the very highest civilization amongst the nations, from that day to this. But what was the awful want of their civilization. They ignored God; they took no account of God in their knowledge. They thought they could be wise without God. God nullified their wisdom and abandoned them to the reprobate sense! Thus did mankind declare war against the God of Truth and of Wisdom. What followed from this? Another kind of war, more terrible, if you will,—the effect—the natural and necessary effect—of that separation of the human intellect from God. What was this? Every form of sin—nay, the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable sin—was found amongst men.—Not as an exception; not as a thing to be hidden, but as a thing to be acknowledged, as a matter of

course. The husband was not faithful to the wife, nor the wife to the husband. Juvenal tells us that in that flourishing society of paganism, as a man saw his wife growing old—and, accordingly, as the bloom of her youth passed away from her,—he began to despise her, until, in the words of the satirist, the day came when she saw a fair, blooming maiden come into the house, and herself, the mother of children, summoned to go out; because her eyes had lost their luster, and her features the roses and the lilies of beauty; and a stranger was there to take her place. There was no principle of fidelity.—There was no principle of honesty. No man could trust his fellow-man. No man knew who was to be trusted. Even the ancient, rugged virtues that the early Republics of Greece and Rome produced, had passed away. The world was over-civilized for them. They were the rough forms, with some semblance of that virtue upon them that the rugged half-civilized man possessed, and were utterly laughed at, and scorned, and scoffed at by the civilized pagan, who was the very embodiment of sensuality and impurity.

Thus did the world declare war against God, and for sensuality. The God of Purity,—they knew Him not,—and, therefore, they could not believe in Him. "There is no truth, and there is no knowledge of God in the land," says the prophet. Then, he immediately adds: "Cursing, lying, theft, and adultery have overthrown and blotted out much love,—because my people, saith the Lord, have no grace."

The second kind of war which our Lord found upon the earth, was the war between men; for they who had ceased to know God, had ceased to love or respect one another. Split up into a multitude of sects—nation against nation, province against province, the very history of our race was nothing but the history of war, and strife, and bloodshed. Then came the Son of God Incarnate, with healing hand, and powerful touch to restore the world, and to renew the face of our earth. How did He do this? It could only be done by Him, and by Him could it be only done by His instituting, and leaving, and declaring the truth of God. Himself—and leaving it in the midst of men, the unchangeable truth, the eternal truth, the pure, unmixed bright light of truth as it beamed forth from the eternal wisdom of God. It was only thus that He could restore mankind to peace with the God of eternal truth. Then it was necessary that having thus established the truth He should wipe out the sin, by the shedding of His own blood, as a victim, and that He should leave behind Him, for ever, in the world the running stream of that sanctifying blood unto the cleansing of the sinner, and the unclean,—unto the strengthening of the weak, unto the encouraging of the strong, unto the revivifying of the dead. Did Christ do this? Yes. He lifted up His voice and spoke and the voice of the Saviour was the voice of the Eternal God. And mark, that, before He saved the world by the shedding of His blood, before He redeemed the sin, for three long years, night and day, in season, and out of season, He was preaching and teaching; dispelling, error, letting in the light; for mankind would not be prepared for redemption except through the light and through the truth of God. Wherefore we find Him, now on the mountain side, now on the lake; now among the Pharisees, now in the desert; now in the temple of Jerusalem, now in the by-ways of Judea; now in the little towns and villages—but everywhere—"quodid docens," teaching every day; for three years preparing the world for its redemption; reconciling the human intelligence with the light of God's truth; opening up the minds, and letting the stream of the pure light from God into the intellect. Then, when the three years preparation were over, then, when men began to understand what the truth was—then when He had formed His disciples, and established His Apostolic College;—then, did the Eternal Victim go upon the Cross, and pour out His blood; and the shedding of that blood washed away the sin of the world,—and left open those streams from His sacred wounds that were to flow through the sacramental channels, and that were to find every human soul, with all its spiritual wants, here, there and everywhere, until the end of time,—according to that promise relating to the Church of the Lord: "You shall draw waters of joy from the fountains of sorrow!" He purified the world by the shedding of His blood. But well did He know our nature. "Et naturam nostram ipse cognovit." He made us, and He knew us. Well did He know that the stream that He poured forth from His wounds on Calvary, should flow for ever, because the sins which that blood alone could wipe away, would be renewed, and renewed again, as long as mankind should be upon this earth. "For,"—and He said it with sorrowing voice—"It needs must be that scandal cometh."

Thus, in the Divine truth and the sacramental grace which He gave, did He reconcile mankind to His heavenly Father, and restore peace between God and man. Then, touching the other great warfare, He proclaimed the principle of universal charity—declared that no injuries, no insult, must obstruct it, or destroy it—declared that we must do good for evil,—declared that we must live for souls; take an interest in all men, try to gain the souls of all men; and that this love, this fraternity, this charity must reign in our hearts at the very same time that we are upholding, with every power of our mind—and, if necessary, of body, the sacred principles of Divine truth, and of Divine grace.

Behold, my dear friends, "the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding," the peace that He came to leave and to give. Peace means union. When nations are at war, they are separated from each other into two hostile camps, and they look upon each other with scowling eyes of hatred and anger;—and when the war is over, they come forth,—they meet—and they join hands in peace. So, the meeting of the intellect of man with the truth of God—the admission of that divine truth into the mind—the opening of the heart to the admission of the grace of God, and of our Lord Himself, by the sacraments, establishes the meeting of peace between God and man. The charity of which I have spoken—the nobleness of Christian forgiveness, which is the complement of Christian humility—the grandeur of Christian patience and forbearance—establishes peace amongst all mankind. It was the design of Christ that that eternal peace of which I speak should also be represented by unity—that all men should be one by the unity of thought in one common faith, by the unity of heart in one common charity. And it is worthy of remark that just as our Lord saluted His Apostles with the words: "My peace be with you"—after His resurrection,—so, before His passion—on the night before He suffered—He put up His prayer to God—and, over and over again to the Father in Heaven—that all men might be one, even as He and the Father were one. "Father," He says, "Keep them one, even as Thou and I are one." That is to say: a union of faith—a recognition of one undivided and unchanging truth,—a bowing down of all before one idea—and then, a union of hearts springing from that union of faith. This was the design of Christ, and for this He labored. And this the Church has labored to effect. For this she has labored two thousand years. She has succeeded, in a great measure, in doing it;—but the work has been upset and destroyed in many lands by the hands of those who were the enemies of God, in spilling and breaking up the fair design of our Lord and Saviour.

Now, in this eternal and immutable truth, preached to all men—recognized by all men—gathered in every intelligence—respecting all honest deviations—yet uniting all in faith—in this truth and in this sanctifying peace which is in the Catholic Church, lies the salvation of the world—the salvation of society—the salvation of every principle which forms this highly-commended and often-praised civilization of ours. The moment we step one inch out of the

Catholic Church and look around us, what do we find? Is there any agency on earth,—even though it may call itself a religion,—that will answer the purposes of society? Is there any of these sects—or religions (as they call themselves) that can make a man pure? No. They are unable to probe and sound the depths of the human heart. They do not pretend to legislate for purity of thought. Practically, they reduce the idea of purity to a mere saving of appearances before the world,—to a mere external respect and decorum. Are they able to shake a man out of his sins? No; there is no reality about them. They have no tribunal of conscience, even, to which they oblige a man to come, after careful self-examination. They have no standard of judgment to put before him. They have no agency, divinely appointed, to crush a man,—to humble a man, to break the pride in him,—to make him confess and avow his sin,—and then, lifting the sacramental hand over him, by reason of his humility, his sorrow, and his confession—to send him forth renewed and converted by the grace of God. There is no such thing. There is nothing so calculated to enable a man to keep his word faithfully. No. The first principle of fidelity—lying at the root of all society—the great fundamental principle of fidelity—is the sacrament which makes the sanctity of marriage,—by which those whom it unites are sealed with the seal of God and sanctified with the truth of God's church. The man is saved from the treachery of his own passions. The woman is saved from the inconstancy of the heart of man. The family is saved in the assertion of the mother's rights,—in the placing on her head the crown that no hand on earth can touch or take away. The future of the world is saved by enabling the Christian woman and wife, and mother, with something of the purity of the Virgin Mother of God? Do they do this? Oh, I feel the heart within me indignant—the blood almost boiling in my veins when I think of it!—when I see under the shadow of the crucifix, nineteen hundred years after He had sanctified the world,—when I see men deliberately rooting up the very foundations of society—loosening the key-stone in the arch, and pulling it down, in the day when they went back to their paganism—in the day when they threatened that the bond that God had tied should be unloosed by the hands of men,—in the day when they gave the lie to the Lord Himself, who declared—"What God hath joined let no man separate,"—in the day when man is so hung out into his own temptations; and the woman, no matter who she may be,—crowned queen or lowly peasant; the first or the last in the land,—is waiting in trepidation, not knowing the hour when, upon some infamous accusation, the writ of divorce may be put into her hand, and the mother of children be ordered to go forth, that her place may be given to another!

Is there any agency to make men honest? No; they cannot do it. A man plunders to-day; steals with privy hand; enriches himself unlawfully, unjustly, shamefully,—and to-morrow he goes to some revival, or some camp meeting, and there he blesses the Lord in a loud voice, proclaiming to his admiring friends that "he has found the Lord!" But is there any agency to stop him, and say: "Hold my friend, wait for a moment! Have you made restitution to the last farthing for what you unjustly acquired? Have you shaken out that Judas purse of yours, until the last dime—the very last piece of silver for which you sold your soul to hell, has gone back again to those from whom it was taken? If not, speak not of finding Christ!—speak not of leaning upon the Lord! Blaspheme not the God of Justice!" Is there any agency outside of the Catholic Church to sift a man like this? Is there any such agency at all? No; we live in an age of shams—of pretences; and the worst shams of all—the vilest—the fondest pretences of all—are those we find in the so-called "religious world." Take up your religious newspapers—take up your religious publications outside of the Catholic Church! I protest it is more than common sense or human patience can bear! If the great Church of the living God were not in the midst of you, unchanging in truth—ever faithful in every commission—clothed in the freshness of her first sanctity, and sanctifying all who come within her sacramental influence—if she were not here as the city of God, this so-called "religious world" would bring down the wrath of God,—calculated as its antics are, to bring the Lord, Himself, into contempt, exciting the pity of angels, the anger of heaven, and the joy of hell.

A recent writer who has devoted some attention to the consideration of the question of religious indifference asks—"Why are the churches empty? How is it that the intellectual men of the day don't like to listen to sermons? How is it that they take no interest in the things of the Church? How is it that they have no belief?" And a wise voice—a pious voice—answers: "Because, my friend, you do not know how to preach to them. If you want to captivate the intellect of the men of our day—if you want to warp them,—if you want to convince them—don't be clinging to antiquated traditions;—don't rest upon these so-called doctrines of a by-gone time. Read scientific books. Find there the problems that are bursting up continually from modern science, and try to reconcile your ideas of religion with those;—and then preach them! Then will you show yourself a man of the age—a man of progress!" And so, henceforth, the subject matter of our sermons is to be electric telegraphs, submarine cables, and flying ships. "If you want to learn how, most effectively to preach," adds this wise and able voice, "read the latest novels, and try to learn from them all the bye-ways and highways of the human heart." See how delicately they follow all the chit-chat of society,—all the little gossipings, and love-makings and the thousand-and-one influences that act upon the adulterous and depraved heart of man—the wicked passions of man. This is the text from which the preacher of to-day is to preach, if he wishes to attract the intellect of the world. And all this in the very sight, and under the shadow of the Cross of Christ, who died for man! Was ever blasphemy so terrible? And this is what is called "religion" by the world. Not a word about Divine truth—not a word about Divine grace! In one of the leading journals of New York—an able paper—a well written paper—in a leading article of that paper—this very morning,—I read a long dissertation on this very question of preaching and preachers;—and the word "truth" appeared only once in that article,—and then it came in under the title of "scientific truth." The word "grace" did not occur even once. But never, even once, did simple "truth" occur—or even "religious truth," flash across the mind of the able, temperate-minded, judicious man that wrote it! And I don't blame him,—for he was writing for the age! He was giving a very fair idea of what the world is, and what the world is sure to come to, if the Almighty God, in His mercy, does not touch the hearts of men, and give them enough of sense to turn to the Catholic Church and hear the voice of God—the Divine Spouse of Christ in her teachings. Without this voice they cannot hear the voice of God. Without her teaching, this hardened, dried-up heart of man will never grow into purity or love.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, April 13.—The invitation to Mr. Gladstone to visit Belfast and be entertained at a public banquet has furnished a political text to different sections of the press, upon which they discourse in the spirit of their respective parties. The *Northern Whig*, the organ of the enlightened and independent Liberals of Ulster, bespeaks a hearty welcome for the Premier, and points out with satisfaction to the respectable requisition, signed by 3,000 persons, representing the intelligence, social rank, and moral

worth of different creeds, as a significant tribute to the beneficial character of his Irish policy. An opposite view is presented by the *Belfast News-Letter*, the champion of the Conservative and Orange party. It disparages the representative influence of the deputation who waited upon Mr. Gladstone, and denies that the invitation expresses the feelings having "turned his back on the professions of his life," and being "at the head of a party which is not him into the midst of that 'Protestant community grade' will be regarded as a direct insult to the community," and professes to apprehend "unsatisfactory results." It does not intimate their nature, but trusts perhaps to the shrewdness of the ship-journalists review the Irish policy of the Government, and contend that it has proved a failure. The necessity for coercive measures, the rejection of Ministerial candidates at elections, and the Home Rule agitation are referred to as conclusive proofs in support of the assertion. The tone of the National papers is also hostile. In the *Nation* Mr. Gladstone's speech is commented upon in a vein of humorous satire. It says:—"Mr. Gladstone made one of his most characteristic speeches in reply. It was only towards the close of it that the deputation could guess what he was at. Generally speaking, one has to perform a process somewhat resembling the unwrapping of an Egyptian mummy in the endeavour to get at the meaning of one of Mr. Gladstone's orations, and on this occasion there were reasons why he should envelope his answer with a huge quantity of bandage. Mainly put up an invention to him 'from Ireland.' He perceives that to visit a remote corner of this kingdom, and be obliged to avoid the metropolis, would be, to say the least of it, awkward. The right hon. gentleman thanks the deputation for inviting him to a small tea-party in the attic, but could they not 'by hook or by crook' get him an invitation to the drawing-room? The lady of the house has not asked him just yet; could they not manage to get him a line from her? In such a case, indeed, he would be most happy to give the deputations a look into also; but he put it to them forcibly whether they ought not to return home and procure for him the sort of invitation which he wished for. He advises 'the managers of the great Liberal party' not to bring Mr. Gladstone to Dublin just at present, suggests that he might receive a pretty fair ovation at Carrickfergus, Bangor, Strangford, or a number of other small places which it names, but that any place further inland or southward 'would assuredly prove anything but salutary for the eminent gentleman just now'; the 'people might happen to see the end of a Coercion Bill sticking out of his pocket or a handcuff or leg-iron of the unfortunate political prisoners might happen to protrude from his caput bag, and the results might be unpleasant.' In short it says that 'any attempt of the Castle party to hawk Mr. Gladstone through our country for an ovation will not be tolerated.' The *Irishman* writes in a strain of coarse and caustic sarcasm. It is 'curious to see how the people of Ulster will put up with the singular effrontery of the ten gentlemen who took upon themselves to invite Mr. Gladstone,' treats with contemptuous ridicule the speech of Mr. McClure, and states that if that gentleman desired to defend his own object he could not have taken a better means of doing so than in representing the invitation as expressing the satisfaction of the people of Ulster with the policy of Mr. Gladstone. On this point it observes:—"Now it so happens that there are two parties in Ulster who abhor the policy of the Premier. The Orangemen are certainly not his friends. The Nationalists will not forgive the Westminster Coercion Act—we might add, that the Roman Catholics will not soon or easily forget his deception on the subject of education." There is, we admit, a party in Ulster respectable in character but small in numbers, and utterly deficient in popular support, who are the thick-and-thin supporters of the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone. With the exception of Mr. McClure and Mr. Dowse that party have not a single representative among the Ulster members." It denounces as a slander on the Irish nation the statement of Mr. McClure that if Mr. Gladstone came he would "find a rich reward in the renewed affections and confidence of the Irish people," and says it is a challenge to them to abandon that tacit toleration which hitherto they have observed, and "to make it manifest that their real feelings are directly the reverse." Before the Premier sets foot in Ireland he must, according to this organ of "national" opinions, complete the amnesty of the political prisoners.—*Times* Cor.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE ON PARTY PROCESSIONS IN THE NORTH.—Amongst the speeches delivered in the House of Commons on the debate which arose out of the motion of Mr. Johnston, with respect to the Derry celebrations, was one by Mr. John Francis Maguire, the member for Cork. The speech we would earnestly recommend to the careful study of that class of our readers who are provoked to recent the insults offered to them by the recurring commemorations of the civic anniversaries. Mr. Maguire speaks words of wisdom, as an Irish Catholic representative, trusted by his co-religionists above, perhaps, any other Catholic layman in Ireland. His position as a man of large and tolerant views, with a wide experience of the world and unimpaired by the political considerations which must weigh with Ulster members in speaking on this question, entitles him to be heard with respect, on the subject of party processions in the north of Ireland. Like every other sensible and enlightened man, Mr. Maguire regards them as a meaningless cause of irritation, and a danger to the peace and prosperity of any district where they are accustomed to be held. Admitting all this, and looking at the question as a man anxious to promote the welfare of his country, and jealous of the rights and feelings of his co-religionists, he offers some salutary advice to his Catholic fellow-country men in the north of Ireland. The member for Cork counsels his co-religionists in Ulster to abstain altogether from interference with these periodical causes of strife and dissension, and to trust to the influences of time and the growth of more tolerant feelings amongst those who encourage party exhibitions, for the disappearance of this black spot from our social life. An earnest speaker of this kind pervades the entire spirit of the member for Cork. No doubt such advice is admirable, but those sanguine people who counsel peace and charity in the midst of tumult and provocation, should consider how far their suggestions are practicable in a heated political and religious atmosphere like ours. It is a matter of very grave doubt whether party processions and exhibitions would cause if these Catholics who really loved their country would leave the Orangemen and Apprentice Boys for two or three years to a perfect freedom of their own will in vindicating what they erroneously consider to be constitutional liberty, and forgive any offence, whether intended or otherwise. This would, indeed, be a magnanimous and great honor and glory would accrue from pursuing such a course, more particularly if it should prove successful in healing a deadly breach, and removing a stumbling block to the cordial union of Irishmen. It cannot be doubted for an instant,—and this should not be forgotten in any consideration of the question,—that an active opposition to these displays has only begotten a more offensive development of the party spirit animating them. The advice of the member for Cork unquestionably is excellent, and if those Catholics of Ulster who are provoked to retaliation could only reconcile themselves to abide by it for a few years, a better and more tolerant spirit might show itself amongst those who now so needlessly give offence. We can well understand how strongly Irishmen