

ments—it has robbed the poor of one of their best and most kindly protectors, and it has taken from the Catholic priesthood one whom his clerical brethren respected and loved, on account of the many virtues and amiable qualities of which they knew him to be possessed. The Rev. Edmond Kier, one of the Catholic curates of Trinity Within, is no more. He died on Monday last, at one o'clock, of malignant fever, caught in the discharge of his duties. When the report of his demise, which may be said to be almost sudden, was spread through the city, an universal gloom at once pervaded the entire community. The charities which he was in the habit of dispensing—the readiness with which he assisted at the bed of sickness—the patience with which he sought and courted the reclamation of the sinner, who came under his care—these and his numberless other acts of charity and active benevolence, were the topics of universal conversation. He was indeed a most excellent and exemplary priest. He was in the prime of life, not having, we believe, reached his 30th year, and to all appearance he had as yet many a year to live.

The remains of this much lamented clergyman were interred, on Wednesday, in the yard of the Great Chapel. An immense concourse attended the funeral.—*Waterford Freeman.*

#### RELIGION IN DUBLIN.

Some time ago the Catholics of Dublin were driven by persecution to hold divine worship in obscure hovels—in bye-lanes of this city. On one occasion an old house in which they had gathered together for the purpose fell, burying many beneath the ruins. This calamity raised a blush on the face of persecution itself, and the law by which Catholic chapels was closed up was in some degree relaxed, by permission of the authorities. But it was not till the administration of Lord Chesterfield, one hundred years ago, that its enforcement was at last discontinued. Now, however, thanks to the patience and perseverance of the good and true of those times, to their prayers and the prayers of the saints, and to the Almighty's crowning blessing upon all, the most distinguished and prominent edifices in the second capital of the British empire are the churches of the Catholics.

Comparing the situation of the Catholics of Ireland in the dark seventeenth century with their position at present—not exempt, though it be, from dangers, we have an encouraging instance of the blessed fruits of piety and patience, and humbly trust, that God will one day visit us in mercy, if we have but the fortitude to struggle through trials without fainting. When the old house—in Back-lane, we believe—fell upon the timid worshippers within, who would have imagined that the children of that despised community should, a few genera-

tions farther on, be worshipping in, and still rearing new temples to their God on the very ground where the proud and the cruel trampled them to the dust?

There are several chapels now in the course of erection in and around Dublin.

The new chapel at Blackrock has just been consecrated.

A very elegant Presbytery has been erected in connexion with St Peter's Church at Phibsborough.

The new Church of St Lawrence, North Wall, is steadily progressing to completion.

The new Church of St James, James's-street, is in the same situation.

The new Church of Chapelizod, which adds most picturesque feature to the view of the town from the Phoenix Park, has just been completed.

A new chapel, on the site of the old one, is in course of erection at Malahide.

The new Church of St Mary's, Haddington Terrace, on the South Canal, within the parish of Donnybrook, has been open for service a considerable time.

There are other localities, particularly Sandy-mount and Cullenswood, where, in consequence of the daily increasing extent of the city, and number of the Catholic population, new churches will ere long be required, and will show themselves, no doubt, when the want is felt.

The figures of the Blessed Virgin, St Laurence O'Tuathal, and St Kevin (Caombghein) Bishop of Glendalough, intended for the great church in Marlborough-street, are all three nearly completed. The figure of St Kevin is that of a handsome young man, mitred. The spectator remarking the beauty of the face, will call to mind the legend of Kathleen, and think, perhaps, it had some foundation in fact. It is, we need hardly say, the subject of one of Moore's delightful melodies—"By that lake whose gloomy shore"—which has been rendered into the vernacular by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. We have been assured by good judges that the Irish version surpasses the original in sweetness. The lamented Griffin also tried his truly Irish genius on the same theme:

Old acquaintances are better than new friends.

What a delight to discover in the works of nature, the benevolent intention of the Creator.

A modest air is much more becoming than what is called a genteel air.

He who praises us is never a fool in our estimation.