

face and neck, her delicately cut features, and small white hands generally crossed on her breast, rendered her a fit study for a painter to copy.

The visits of Monsieur la Cure gave her much a consolation; it was, indeed, a sweet thing to see creature so young, so well prepared, so ready to quit this earth of ours, which to her had been so troublesome a scene, but which, humanly speaking, now presented only a long career of happy and pleasant days. But God claimed that young heart early, the fruit was already ripe, the golden grain ready to be gathered in, and the lamp of the wise virgin was ready trimmed, and burning in her hand; she was waiting for the coming of the bridegroom.

One evening, while she slept, and I, with eyes suffused with tears sat watching over the closing hours of that pure young life, Madame St. Aubert softly opened the door, and beckoned me into an adjoining room.

I wish to speak with you, dear Mademoiselle Herbert, she said, while yet our poor Eulalie lives. When you were at church this morning, she sent for myself and her uncle; she said she wished to speak with us, and it was of you that she was thinking. Mademoiselle, to be brief, she wished to settle on you out of her own ample fortune, a sum which should procure you what I may term the enjoyment of some of the luxuries of life, in addition to its comforts.

Oh, madame, madame, speak not of such a thing as this; I said. I have enough to satisfy my unambitious wants; I seek for nothing more.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

PAUL, by the Mercy of God of the Title of St. Peter in Montorio, of the Holy Roman Church Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, etc., etc., to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Dublin.

When S. Patrick, deputed by S. Celestine to bring the glad tidings of salvation to Ireland, reached our shores, our forefathers were immersed in idolatry and superstition, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Happily for our Apostle, he was sent to cast the seed of the Gospel in a grateful soil, and before he terminated his mortal career, it must have afforded him sincere consolation to have been able to contemplate the wonderful results produced by his labors and sufferings. The kingdom of God was established throughout the whole island; the true faith was planted, and had taken deep root in the soil; our crucified Redeemer was adored, and the cross raised in triumph on every hill and in every dale. At the same time canticles of praise were continually chanted in honor of the Lord of Heaven, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the pure oblation foretold by the prophet, was solemnly offered up in places which had been previously polluted by idolatrous prayers and impure rites.

Thus were fulfilled the words of the prophet: 'The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise: The glory of Lebanon is given to it; the beauty of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God' for the waters (of life) are broken out in the desert, and streams (of truth) in the wilderness.

When passing in review the times that are gone, we cannot but observe that whilst our political and civil history presents many sad and afflicting scenes of misfortune and calamity, and only little that can cheer and gratify the reader, our ecclesiastical annals, from the cradle of our Church to the present time, are replete with everything edifying and instructive, and afford just grounds for holy pride, and for gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good gifts.

In early times the schools, and colleges, and monasteries, which had their origin in the days of S. Patrick, were seats of literature and seminaries of sanctity, and many of the holy men who were trained in them, filled with zeal for the Glory of God, announced the mysterious and sublime doctrines of the Gospel to the principal countries of Europe, converted great nations to the true faith, and in many instances suffered a glorious martyrdom, sealing the truth of their teaching with their blood. In later times our country has had to pass through centuries of misfortune, of persecution, and penal laws, and has been made a land of martyrs; yet her ecclesiastical history, even in such evil times, is most calculated to edify; it shows how truth may be oppressed and persecuted, but cannot be destroyed; it shows how vain are the efforts of the powers of darkness to overthrow that Church which Christ built upon the rock of Peter; and it suggests the strongest reasons why we should be thankful to God for having defeated the powerful enemies who were panting for our destruction, and for having broken the snares which they had set for our feet, not only preserving our faith in the worst times, but giving it a glorious triumph over all the powers of darkness, and gradually restoring it to its original splendor.

It is much to be regretted that the history of the holy Catholic Church in Ireland, both ancient and modern, is not better known and more zealously cultivated, as the examples of virtue and of perfection which it supplies could not fail to produce the deepest impression on our minds, stimulating us to imitate the good works of those whose faith and blood we have inherited, and who being a weak and frail by nature as we are, by the grace of God, overcame the world, and gained an imperishable crown. Many, indeed, scoff at the veneration which we pay to the blessed souls reigning in Heaven, to those who planted the faith amongst us and preserved it by their labors; but they should reflect that when we honor the saints, we do honor to God, who was the author of their sanctity—and besides that when we honor and invoke our own native saints we not only pay a tribute to the Divine Majesty, and secure His assistance by their intercession, but we are inspired with love of our country, which produced such fruits of sanctity, and with a pure spirit of patriotism.

It is also to be regretted that systematic attempts have been made to prevent the study of our history, and that the late Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop, and some of his colleagues, forced a series of elementary books upon the country for the use of National Schools, from which everything Catholic, and even a mere reference to the Catholic Church is excluded, and in which you would search in vain for the name of S. Patrick or S. Brigid, of S. Columbkille or S. Columbanus, S. Gall or S. Kevin, S. Malachy or S. Laurence, or any other Irish saint, martyr, or missionary. Indeed such books, and they are the only books supplied at the public expense, are well calculated to leave Irish Catholic children, not only without a knowledge of their religion, and of the great men who illustrated it, not only without being acquainted with our religious traditions, so well adapted to bind them to the past, and operate most beneficially upon their minds, but also to doom them to ignorance of everything connected with the civil history of their country and with its orators, poets, philosophers, and literature.

That all this was done in a spirit of hostility to the Catholic faith, and for the purpose of making Irishmen forget the religion and the Church of their forefathers cannot now be denied. The prelate just

mentioned pointed out the two last charges which he delivered in Kildare and Dublin, to his clergy a short time before his death, and the author of his life lately published, who had access to the most authentic sources, preserved the following words, which he addressed to a friend in 1859.—The education (these are Dr. Whately's words), supplied by the National Board is gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight the battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me.

You will recollect that Dr. Whately always professed great liberality, and was extolled by his party as a model of just dealing, impartiality, and integrity, in whom the Irish Catholics might put implicit confidence in everything connected with that most important of all matters, the education of their children. Yet, this straightforward, liberal, high-minded man, was supporting national education with the view of undermining our religion, of supplanting what he calls the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and of weaning, as he says, the Irish from the abuses of Popery; and he was doing all this covertly and insidiously, professing, at the same time, to be the enemy of proselytism in the schools, and to be anxious to give fair play to Catholics. Now, this being the case, is it not our duty to watch over the education of the rising generation with a jealous eye?—should we not look with great suspicion, and even with fear on the mixed system declared by Dr. Whately, one of the most acute reasoners of our times, to be the fittest engine for supplanting the true faith, and undermining the true Church?—and should we not insist on having Catholic schools, Catholic colleges, and a Catholic University, in order that we may not fall into the pit prepared for us by men of boasted liberality, who pretend to be fighting for us with one hand, but who are laboring for our destruction with the other and the better hand, and perfidiously assailing us with their poisoned shafts, when we are least prepared to repel them: Should we not, in fine, make every sacrifice to preserve our youth from that spirit of radicalism and infidelity which is now so prevalent in many public colleges, and of which we have proofs in the works of Protestant bishops, in essays and reviews, and in the writings of University professors upon the eternity of the pains of hell, and other fundamental truths of the Christian religion.

And here let us add that though the open enemies of Catholic education are powerful and dangerous, yet pretended friends, with hypocritical declarations on their lips, but with enmity and hatred in their hearts, are more to be dreaded, because they lull many into a fatal security, are more to be dreaded, because they lull many into a fatal security, and excite divisions amongst us. However, as we have just cause, seeking for nothing but to be placed on a footing of equality with others, and not interfering with their just claims or opposing them; neither the violence of fanaticism and bigotry, nor fraud and hypocrisy of false friends, will prevail against us, and we may be confident that, provided we act with firmness and perseverance, and be guided in all things by the spirit of justice and charity, we shall obtain all we require.

To render our success quite certain, we must recommend our cause to Heaven, and we cannot do anything better calculated to make our prayers efficacious, than by putting them under the protection of our own saints, and begging of our patrons to present them at the throne of the Almighty, and to support them by their powerful intercession.

We shall have an opportunity of acting in this way on one of our great national festivals in a few days, when the Church invites us to commemorate the virtues and good works of the Patroness of Ireland, the glory and ornament of our nation, S. Brigid of Kildare, whose sanctity illustrated our country, even whilst S. Patrick was still engaged in banishing idolatry and superstition from its shores. I shall not, on the present occasion, refer to any length to the history of S. Brigid; suffice it to say, that she was born of a noble family of Leinster, about the year 455, and that during her whole life, from youth to old age, she shed the lustre of the brightest virtues around her, edifying all those who approached her by humility, patience, obedience, contempt of earthly things, love of the angelical virtue of purity, faith, charity, and zeal for the salvation of souls. In all things she was a model of perfection; she knew nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and her only desire was to promote the glory of God among men. Being animated with so pure a spirit, our saint was blessed in a special manner by Heaven; all her undertakings prospered. She founded monasteries in every part of Ireland. Innumerable virgins followed her in the profession of the evangelical counsels of poverty, obedience, and chastity; she was like a fruitful vine that covered the land with the exuberance of its branches, and refreshed it with its shade; in fine, by her teaching and example she so moulded the character of the females of Ireland that they have ever been remarkable for the purity of their lives, and anxiety in every age to devote themselves to a religious life, and the service of God in the cloister.

Having spent a long life in the practice of virtues and good works, S. Brigid terminated her mortal career in Kildare, her principal monastery, and the place where she generally resided, about the year 525, in the seventieth year of her age. Her death was that of the just; her memory has been always in benediction; and our forefathers were so filled with admiration of her virtues and good works, and formed so exalted an idea of her dignity, that in their writings they frequently compared her to the great Virgin Mother of God, whom they were accustomed to invoke as the glory of Jerusalem, the beauty of the world, the powerful mistress of heaven and earth; and they did not hesitate to call Brigid the Mary of Ireland, and to invoke her jointly with the Mother of God in their prayers. We have an example of this in an old poem preserved in the Leabhar Breac:—'Every one that bears, every one that repeats this hymn, the Blessing of Brigid be on him, the blessing of Brigid and of God be upon them who recite it together. There are two virgins in Heaven who will not give me a forgetful protection, Mary and Brigid; under their protection may we remain.'

The name of Brigid, after she had terminated her mortal career, soon became celebrated not only in Ireland but in England and Scotland; in many parts of the Continent you will meet with ancient and splendid churches erected in her honor—they are met with in the islands of the north, on the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, in many provinces of France, and in the valleys of the Apennines.

On account of her residence in Kildare, and because her relics were there preserved, that town became a place of pilgrimage, continually visited by strangers from other districts of Ireland, and from the remotest parts of Europe, anxious to merit the prayers and the protection of our great saint. A very ancient Irish historian, Cogitosus, in his life of our patroness, gives a long description of the Church of that once flourishing city, and of the relics it contained, which were preserved with the greatest care and veneration. There, says the writer, the bodies of Bishop Conleth and the holy virgin S. Brigid reposed, on the right and left of the decorated altar, deposited in monuments adorned with various embellishments of gold and silver hanging from above—a custom that prevailed from early times in many churches of Italy and of other parts of Europe.

The church occupied a spacious area; its height was very great; it was adorned with pictures; there were within it three large oratories, separated from each other by partitions, decorated with figures or

covered with hangings. At the extremity there were two doors; through that at the right hand the chief prelate was wont to enter the sanctuary, accompanied by his attendants, and by those who were set apart to offer up the sacred and domical sacrifices; through the other door, at the left, the abbess, with her virgins and faithful widows, entered when they were about to participate in the banquet of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Cogitosus also informs us that the men had a portion of the church set aside for themselves, whilst the females also worshipped apart, and separated from all others, an edifying practice still commonly preserved in Ireland.

Thus, says our author, 'in one very great temple a multitude of people, in different orders, and ranks, and sex, and situation, separated by partitions, in different order, but with one mind, worshipped the Omnipotent Lord.'

Among the treasures of Kildare Giraldus Cambrensis describes a manuscript of the 'Gospels, supposed to have been written in the time of S. Brigid.' Among all the marvels of Kildare, says that writer, 'to my mind none is more marvellous than the wonderful book written (at the angel's bidding it is said) during the lifetime of the virgin herself. This book contains a concordance of the four Evangelists, according to Jerome, and almost every page is enriched with figures of divers forms, and variously brilliant with brightest colors. Here you may behold the Divine countenance itself, imaged in awful majesty; there the Evangelists' mystic shapes, now with six wings, now with two; in one place the eagle, in another the ox; here the man's face, there the lion, and other figures almost infinite in their variety. If you glance at them but lightly they appear rather an unmeaning blot than an elaborate tracing. But if you bend your gaze more fixedly upon them, and pierce the secrets so skillfully veiled by the artist's craft, you will discover interlacings so delicate and subtle, so finished and slender, wound together, and tied in a maze of knots so intricate, and withal so clearly traced in colors, still fresh, that you are moved to attribute the entire work to the industry of angels rather than to that of men.' So far Giraldus. The manuscripts of which he writes are a proof of the advanced state of the arts at an early period in Ireland, whilst they bear testimony to the piety and zeal with which our forefathers adorned, preserved, and studied the sacred volumes.

The ravages of time, and still more the fury of heresy and error, have swept away almost every vestige of the ancient grandeur of the church described by Cogitosus, and S. Brigid's beautiful copy of the Gospel has been lost or destroyed; but, thanks be to God, to the protection of our holy patroness, the people of Kildare, and of all Ireland, have preserved the most precious of all treasures—the true faith, and an undying attachment to the Catholic Church; they still know how to venerate the relics of departed sanctity; they still glory in being able to participate in the mystical banquet of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; and they still reverence and respect the sacred words of revelation, and without following the deceitful phantoms of private judgment.

In the life of our saint several facts are recorded which cannot fail to edify those who meditate on them. It appears that, such was her zeal for the decorum of the house of God, she sent to Rome for rich vestments to be used in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But her biographer tells us, that she followed the example of the most blessed Job, and never suffered the needy to pass without a gift. Hence, in a season of great distress, he adds, that she gave to the poor the transmarine and rare vestments of Bishop Conleth, of glorious light, which he was accustomed to use when offering the sacred mysteries at the altar, on the festivals of our Lord and the vigils of the Apostles. What a noble exercise of charity! what an encouragement to the practice of that virtue in days of misery and distress, such as those in which our lot is cast!

At a period like the present, when the Holy See is assailed on every side by enemies, and nothing is left undone to shake the solid foundation on which Christ built His Church, it will not be out of place to refer to the devotion which E. Brigid entertained for the successors of S. Peter, and to her veneration for the city which was purged by the blood of the Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul, and of innumerable martyrs. In a metrical life of our saint, written in the seventh century, by S. Coolan, of Inniskeltra, we find it recorded that S. Brigid was desirous to proceed to the city of Rome, but that as this journey was impossible for her, she was blessed by God with a heavenly vision, in which she was present in spirit at the Apostles' shrines, and assisted at the Holy Sacrifice which was offered up over their hallowed remains. Wishing that the rites seen in the vision should be observed in her convent, she sent a priest to visit the Pontiff in her name, and to be instructed, at the same time, in the practices and ceremonies of the holy city; and this delegate of our saint having tarried some time in Rome, brought back to S. Brigid and her holy nuns of Kildare many gifts from the Vicar of Christ, and with them the liturgical books and sacred chant, according to the rites practised in the centre of Christianity, which rites S. Brigid handed down to her followers, with injunctions that they should be always studied and observed. Thus was maintained the uniformity of the Irish liturgy with that of Rome, whence Saint Patrick had received the doctrines and practices of religion. Having read this account, may we not ask, would S. Brigid have acted as she did, had she not been animated with the same feelings of respect and devotion towards the Holy See which all the Catholics of Ireland entertain at the present day?

In the same metrical life of S. Brigid, by S. Coolan of Inniskeltra, just quoted, there is a passage referring to the Blessed Eucharist, which shows the profound veneration of our saint for that holy sacrament. 'One night,' says the biographer, 'whilst the Sisters were engaged in prayer, S. Brigid was rapt in ecstasy, and saw the earth and heaven filled with youths, who were dressed in garments of angelical whiteness. Christ, the King of kings, was enthroned on high, whilst the assembled multitude gathered round His throne, and intoned the sacred canticle—'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.' Heavenly music accompanied this hymn of praise, and the angelical choir re-echoed the respective alleluias.—This vision filled our saints with spiritual joy, though at the moment she did not understand the scenes that passed before her. But at dawn of day the mystery was unfolded to her; for then the holy bishop Iba came to her cell to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in which the King of kings surrounded by myriads of angels, condescends to come and dwell on our altars, and those scenes are renewed on earth, which were presented to our saint as occurring in Heaven.'

In connexion with this vision, we shall add that another ancient biographer of S. Brigid commemorates on the prophetic announcement made by her to S. Nennid, that on her deathbed she was to receive from his hand 'the communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and that in the same text her last communion is called the divine viaticum. It is added, that immediately before her death she received the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, from the most pure hand of S. Nennid, as she herself had predicted. When we read such passages in the life of our saint, must we not look with pity on the folly or infatuation of some modern writers, who pretend that the ancient Church of Ireland was Protestant, and that its doctrines were identical with those held by the modern Anglican Establishment.

We shall now add one more incident in the life of S. Brigid. On one occasion, rapt in ecstasy, she thought she was standing alone in a meadow, enamelled with sweet-scented and beautiful flowers, when she saw a wand of men coming from the east, all clad in white garments, with countenances bright and benevolent. Those strangers immediately commenced to turn up the field with four ploughs, drawn by white oxen, and to cast good seed in abundance upon the land. The furrows then appeared to flow with pure milk, and a rich and golden harvest was soon spread around. S. Brigid was gazing on these things with wonder and delight, when, on a sudden, the scene was changed. She saw another troop coming from the north, men with fierce and menacing looks, who ploughed the same field with black oxen, and almost totally destroyed the rich harvest with which the first labourers had covered the land. Not being able to penetrate the sense of these mysterious appearances, she consulted S. Patrick, who immediately explained the two visions. The first, said he, refers to the preaching of the Gospel in Ireland, when missionaries, coming from the south and east, and casting the seed of the Gospel, gathered a rich harvest of sanctity and good works, and filled the granaries of Christ with an angelical population. But, alas! said he, evil times will ensue; the people will be no longer instructed in the truth; avarice and envy will prevail; almost all the labours of the first missionaries will be forgotten; and the field, once so fertile, will be sown with tares and cockle, and covered with thistles and briars. History teaches us that what was revealed to S. Brigid, has been fulfilled. For centuries after she had been called to an eternal crown, virtue, piety, sanctity, and religious perfection, as well as the arts and sciences, fixed their abode in this remote corner of the earth, and found it in a refuge from the convulsions with which the Continent of Europe was then agitated. But after that golden era of our history, Ireland had to undergo many sad vicissitudes of fortune, such as the Danish and Norman invasions, the devastations of the sixteenth century, penal laws and persecutions, which swept away our convents and institutions, and covered the land with ruin and devastation. The fierce and barbarous men, who ploughed with the black oxen, were too successful in laying waste the rich harvest which had sprung up under the fostering care of our early saints. Kildare once sanctified by the presence and virtue of S. Brigid, was reduced, in the course of ages, to a heap of ruins. The relics of our saints were taken from their last resting-places, and sacrilegiously scattered to the winds by the Vandals of the Reformation, and everything was done to root out from the hearts of our people that faith which S. Patrick had preached, and our saint had illustrated by her piety and good works. But thanks to the Almighty, all the efforts of the powers of darkness were vain; the good seed was not totally eradicated; the faith of Ireland was not destroyed. S. Brigid and S. Patrick have watched over it, and preserved the sacred fire through ages of desolation; and now that better days have returned, though the sad effects of the past are still felt, the same faith is working through charity, producing the noblest fruits of every virtue, and covering the country with convents, monasteries, colleges, schools, and asylums for the relief of every sort of human misery, and doing everything to make Ireland again what it had been made by the benevolent men clothed in white garments, who were seen by S. Brigid in her first vision.

On the recurrence of the approaching festival of our patroness, I request of you all to approach the throne of the Almighty with humble and contrite hearts, and to beg of him to raise our poor country from her fallen state, to preserve us from the cattle plague, the cholera inundations, war, famine, and other scourges of the Divine anger with which so many nations have been severely afflicted during the last year. We have just grounds for fearing that those scourges will be continued or increased unless the Divine anger be appeased by works of penance, and sinners be converted from their wicked ways to the paths of justice.

I request of you also to pray for the holy Catholic Church, and our Holy Father the Pope. You all know how severely persecuted the Church has been in the far east, where bishops and priests have been barbarously put to death for the faith—in Poland, where Russian fraud and violence are endeavouring to exterminate every vestige of Catholicity; and in Italy, once the great centre of religion, in which infidelity is now rampant, and a violent war is carried on against priests and bishops, religious men and women, and all the faithful children of God. All convents and seminaries have been suppressed, colleges and universities have been closed, and the education of youth in the public schools and Universities handed over to revolutionists and socialists, the worst enemies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is not necessary to remind you of what our glorious Pontiff has had to suffer from his enemies. For many years secret societies, infidelity, heresy, and the spirit of anarchy and revolution have been leagued against him; he has been assailed in all his rights; the patrimony bequeathed to him by his venerable predecessors has been violently wrested from him, and he has been left without the means necessary to support the solicitude of all the churches with which he is burdened. In the midst of all these trials his Holiness has remained calm and resigned, but, at the same time, firm and filled with courage from above; whilst his enemies assail him with fraud and calumny, and violate all the principles of justice and morality to compass their wicked ends, he wields against them no arms but those of light and truth—he rests upon the goodness of his cause—nothing can induce him to make a compromise with the powers of darkness; and his only hope for safety is in the protection of that God who watches over and raises up the humble and oppressed, and brings down the haughty and the proud in the conceits of their heart.

In his Allocution of the 29th of October last, having described the violence and malice of the war now carried on against himself and the Apostolic See, his Holiness exhorts all the faithful to have recourse to fervent prayer, in order to obtain protection for the Church from the Most High. His words are:—'And since, in so dreadful a tempest, our sole and securest help is prayer, we again and again most earnestly beseech all our venerable brothers the bishops of the Catholic world, the entire Catholic clergy, who have always given such striking proofs of love and attachment towards us, and have never failed to aid us and this Apostolic See in our deep distresses:—we beseech them, we repeat, to offer up, in all faith, and hope, and charity, without ceasing, prayers and supplications to God, that the enemies of the Church may be vanquished and brought back to the paths of salvation. For prayer is, as S. John Chrysostom says, 'a mighty weapon, a great security, a rich treasure, a broad harbour, a place of greatest safety, if only in sobriety and watchfulness, we approach the Lord with a heart called away from every distraction, and completely closed against the enemy of our salvation.'

In conformity with this paternal exhortation, let us all pray with fervour, humility, and perseverance for the protection of our Holy Father, who sheds so much lustre on our holy religion by his virtues and good works, and who seeks for nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let us pray that the designs of heresy and infidelity may be brought to nought, and that the Church may have a glorious triumph over all her enemies, so that we may walk in sanctity and justice all our days before the Lord, enjoying peace in the observance of His holy law.

Our prayers will not fail to obtain their desired effect if we recommend them to S. Brigid and S. Patrick; and if we place them under the patronage and protection of the glorious Queen of Heaven, who is ever ready to assist her children, if they invoke her in their trials and afflictions. Pray to her, on the approaching festival of the Purification, with great fervour, and render your prayers efficacious by the practice of charity and good works. If you do so, you may be confident that, as she humbled the Crescent, and defeated the Turks at Lepanto and Vienna, so she will stretch out her arm in our days, and put to flight the rationalist, the infidel, the socialist, the revolutionist

The wretched peasant in Partree or Connemara, who driven to desperations by the cries of his children for food which he is unable to supply, accepts the proffered largess of the 'Soup,' and pretends to conform to the Established Church, in order to save those he loves from starvation, so far from becoming a Protestant, hates the very name of Protestant, and abhors all that pertains to the State Establishment. So, also, with the unhappy man who is threatened with eviction in the depth of winter unless he send his children to schools founded for their perversion. He submits to the oppression, but he hates the oppressor. He is a convert, not a convert; for persecution fails to produce conviction, and its victims first become hypocrites, and generally end in entire unbelief. These were the missionary agencies—bribery and intimidation—established by Bishop Plunket in West Connaught.—Weekly Register.

and all those who have conspired against the stability of society and the welfare of religion.—Your devoted servant in Christ, PAUL CARDINAL CULLEN. Dublin, 21st January 1867.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.—The pastoral of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, on the Festival of St. Brigid, contains matter for grave consideration. Apart from the purely devotional topics which it embraces, there is another question of surpassing interest to which the Archbishop advert—the dangers of State education in Ireland. The Archbishop of Westminster, in his great and noble address at Birmingham, notices, in a forcible manner, the revelations in Miss Whately's recently published life of her father, respecting the use that he made of his position as Chairman of the National Board to subvert the faith of the Irish people. His Eminence deals incidentally in his Pastoral with the same subject. To few of the readers or hearers of the address, or of the Pastoral, are the full facts known in relation to Archbishop Whately and Irish national education. Dr. Whately, an English Anglican, Dr. Carlisle, a Scotch Presbyterian, and a host of satellites equally un-Irish and anti-Catholic, drew up the common reading class books from the primer upwards, of the National Board. It is to be remembered that these were in no sense whatever mere secular books. Every volume, every section, almost every page, was leavened with Scriptural, devotional, and religious matter. And besides the ten ordinary reading or class books, there were four volumes of Scripture Lessons, a translation de novo, by Rev. Dr. Carlisle, Archbishop Whately and Rev. Dr. Arnold, of the Books of Genesis and Exodus from the Old, and of St. Luke and Acts from the New Testaments, with explanatory notes and questions for examination. A small volume of Protestant hymns chiefly from Dr. Watts, under the name of 'Sacred Poetry,' supplemented the religious element, whilst Archbishop Whately's own special pet works, 'Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidence,' and 'Lessons on the Truth of Christianity,' completed the juvenile cyclopaedia of the theology of what is called our 'common Christianity.' The Rev. Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford, the late secretary, Maurice Cross, an Englishman, and Dr. McArthur, Mr. Rentoul, and Mr. Spalding, Scotchmen, were the other chief compilers of these manuals for the Catholic youth of Ireland. Dr. Whately's daughters assisted their father in the compilation, and the following circular, addressed by Miss Blanche to your correspondent, soliciting as hon. secretary, subscriptions for the proselytising Ragged Schools of the Coombe, &c. is sufficient evidence of the fitness of the family to write and compile moral, historical, scriptural, and devotional school books for Irish Catholics.

The Palace, Dublin, Feb. 26, 1867. Sir,—The members of the Committee for the Towns and Lake street Ragged Schools and Female Dormitory beg to lay before you the enclosed report, and to solicit your kind assistance.

The difficulty of supplying these valuable institutions is very great, and the thought that, under God's blessing, they are the means of rescuing hundreds of children from a life of idleness and misery, and bringing them into the light of the Gospel, and under the best instruction, will, I trust, plead my excuse in addressing you.—I remain, sir, yours faithfully, B. WEAZLEY, Hon. Sec.

Please address, Miss E. Whately, Palace, Dublin.

How the Irish nation, how the bishops, how the clergy, could ever have submitted to such an outrage, for it was nothing less, upon their every feeling, religious and national, as to accept and use for their children class books so composed will, hereafter, be one of the greatest puzzles to posterity. Yet, a Parliamentary return of 1853, moved for by Mr. Russell, M.P., established the precise authorship of each work of the National Board, as above indicated.

The revelation made by Miss Whately from the private diary of Nassau, senior, as to her late father's boast, while yet Chairman of the National Board, in 1853, that by means of this system and those books they were 'gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church,' must startle the most indifferent, when it is recollected that Dr. Whately had then been twenty-one years teacher, earnestly shaping this system to that end, and mainly through the books which he and his family composed. No daughter ever before recorded a much more dishonourable incident in the life of a father than the following given by Miss Whately:—'The education (these are Dr. Whately's words) supplied by the National Board is gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.'

I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight the battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me. This is the system that the Presbyterians would perpetuate upon Irish Catholics, to sustain which they have had several meetings recently in Belfast, and a deputation from whom waited, last week, upon Lord Derby, praying him to resist the changes directed by the late Cabinet. The eyes of Catholics are however, well opened and, made wise by bitter experience, compromise is now impossible; the Irish people will have Catholic education, and no other, from the village school to the university.

The estimation in which the Primate Elect, the Very Rev. Dean Kiernan, is held by his flock in Dundalk received striking proof in the spontaneous meeting of the laity of the borough, on last Sunday to present him with a carriage, a pair of horses, and other suitable testimonials, as a tribute of respect and gratitude on the occasion of his elevation to the Primacy of all Ireland. Upwards of £200 was subscribed in a few minutes, and it is expected that the amount will exceed £1,000. The consecration will take place on Sunday next in Dundalk, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, who was introduced to the Irish Episcopate as Primate of Armagh, presiding; and the Most Rev. Dr. Leashy, Bishop of Dromore, will preach the consecration sermon. It is expected that the solemn occasion will attract a vast concourse, lay and clerical.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Dr. McEvilly, Catholic Bishop of Galway, along with nearly all the Irish Catholic bishops has joined a society for bringing about the closing of public-houses on Sunday by Act of Parliament, and petitions are being signed in Dublin on the subject. Sir H. W. Barends, M.P. for Waterford together with several other members of Parliament, decline however to support the movement, though pressed by a portion of their constituents, on the ground that 'it has signally failed in Scotland,' and that 'no Act of Parliament can make men sober or religious.'

The wretched peasant in Partree or Connemara, who driven to desperations by the cries of his children for food which he is unable to supply, accepts the proffered largess of the 'Soup,' and pretends to conform to the Established Church, in order to save those he loves from starvation, so far from becoming a Protestant, hates the very name of Protestant, and abhors all that pertains to the State Establishment. So, also, with the unhappy man who is threatened with eviction in the depth of winter unless he send his children to schools founded for their perversion. He submits to the oppression, but he hates the oppressor. He is a convert, not a convert; for persecution fails to produce conviction, and its victims first become hypocrites, and generally end in entire unbelief. These were the missionary agencies—bribery and intimidation—established by Bishop Plunket in West Connaught.—Weekly Register.