

him, and the poor pre-occupied mother who cannot care for or control him, he rushes out into the streets, and so amongst the sights and sounds of everything will he grow towards the time when his heart will respond to the first call of passion, and neither mind nor heart have received the instruction which will enable him to guide or control his feelings. Who will save that young soul from the pollution of the world's example, that young heart from the destruction of sin? Yes, the Christian Brother comes; the consecrated nun comes. He is taken from those poisonous streets, where the very atmosphere is filled with corruption, and brought into the house of God; there his young eye is taught to look upon the beauty of Jesus and Mary, and his tongue becomes accustomed to the language of faith until educated—a Christian man—he is enabled to take his place in society, to become the blessing to the nation, and the glory and pride of the Church of God. The young girl who has received the fatal dower of beauty, the young maiden, the perfect image of all that should be most pure, and immaculate, and innocent, the young maiden breathing around her the fragrance and aroma of her virtue, in the judgment of God more sinned against than sinning; driven—forced into the paths of destruction by the vile, relentless, accursed action of some demon that meets her, she has given herself to sin; and now because she was the best of earth's children, she becomes the worst; because she was the purest, she becomes the most abandoned; the involuntary glance at her is sin, the very thought of her flashing across the mind is sin; the air she breathes she converts into sin; the touch of her hand is pollution; the approach to her is destruction and the curse of God. But touched by divine grace, she turns, as Magdalen turned to Jesus Christ, and coming to the confession of the Catholic Church, she lifts up her despairing hands and voice, and cries out, "Can there be mercy for one so forgotten; can there be purity for one so defiled as I?" All that the world can do for her is what the Pharisees did when they gathered up their robes and said, "Go away; touch me not, for I am pure;" and well would it be for the world if it had so much grace. No, there is no remedy for her—no hand can touch her without pollution, save one, and that is the hand of the Church. There was only one in all the world to whom the Magdalen could come without defiling Him; and that was Jesus Christ. The Pharisees were right; they could do nothing for her. But the moment she came to Him,—the moment she touched His immaculate flesh,—the moment her first tear fell upon the foot of Jesus Christ,—the moment her lips touched it, that moment Michael, the Archangel, before the throne of God, was not purer than that woman. One power alone can meet the stricken and abandoned one; one hand alone can lift her weary head; one hand alone can receive her tears, and that one hand in that which touches her through the Holy Mary, the Virgin; the only one that can touch the Magdalen, and in that touch purify. When the Magdalen arose, He sent her to the Virgin Mary; and she, the accepted one of God, the embodiment of all purity, took upon her sacred bosom and embraced the penitent. So it is in the Church. No matter what the form of misery, no matter what the form of wretchedness or sin, it finds its remedy awaiting it in the sanctifying power which God has given to His Church.

Behold the four great attributes of Christian charity. Now, one word and I have done. This charity that is constant, that is compassionate, that is efficacious, that is universal, this charity you must all make your own; and if you do not make it your own, I can give you no promise of Heaven. I can hold out no hope of God's everlasting mercy unless you make that mercy and charity your own. You cannot make them your own by yourselves. You cannot devote yourselves constantly to the poor. Nay more, you are not worthy to enter into the ministrations directly and personally of the Church's mercy; you are not holy enough, you are not grand enough. There (pointing to the Sisters who were present), there are the priestesses of the mercy of the Church of God. Fill their hands in pity, and receive them at all times as Lot received the three angels of God at the door of his temple; receive them as angels of God; for they are the angels of your soul, who will secure the attributes of mercy for you. Fill their hands, I charge you, that you may get credit before God; that you may get credit for the constancy and the universality of their mercy. Then, when the day of your judgment comes, you shall be astonished, as the Gospel tells us, at the suddenness of your unexpected salvation; you shall be astonished when you find that you have been clothing, helping, feeding, visiting Jesus Christ all your life; and every single act those nuns performed through you, and in your charity, and in your mercy, will be recorded as a crown of glory to rest upon your brows forever.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

BENEDICTION OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, RATHFRY, LIMERICK, SUNDAY, 17th AUG.—The handsome new Catholic Church of St. Mary was solemnly dedicated this (Sunday) morning, the officiating prelates being the Bishops of Limerick, Ross, and Galway, who were assisted by a large number of the clergy of the diocese. The Church stands on rising ground on the north side of the town, and adjoins the new and beautiful cemetery. The site of both church and cemetery is part of the munificent donation of the Magnor family. It is generally admitted that it is one of the most highly finished churches in the South of Ireland. The style of architecture is Gothic, of the 13th century, French in character. The door is surmounted by a bold and striking pediment, over which stands a pedestal supporting a life-size statue of the Virgin, the gift of the founder of the church, the Venerable Archbishop O'Shea, P. P., V. G. The statue is surmounted by a canopy, and stands against the central pier of the great west window of nave. In a recess immediately opposite the entrance door of tower are large white marble slabs, containing the names of donors of special gifts to the church—the Magnor family, the late Earl of Dunraven, Viscount Southwell, Mr. Monsell, the O'Hanlon, Unthank, Reeves, Ferguson, Pigott, Moylan, and other families. The interior of the church is singularly beautiful, and the ensemble most striking and harmonious.

The thousands of people who crowded into the town yesterday evening and this morning, were greatly disappointed on learning that Archbishop Manning was prevented, owing to important business in his diocese, from attending the ceremonies of to-day. The ceremonies of consecration was gone through in exact accordance with the formulae prescribed for the occasion. The Church and High Altar were consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, the Altar of the Lady Chapel by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea, and the Altar of the Chapel of the Sacred Heart by the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly. The ceremony of High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Limerick, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Downes and the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, the Rev. Michael Malone acting as assisting priest at the Throne. Amongst the other Bishops present were—the prelates who officiated at the consecration, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor; and the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry.

Dr. O'Hea gave a banquet in the evening to about two hundred and fifty gentlemen. The Mayor and Corporation of Limerick in their official robes, and attended by their officers, occupied reserved places at the High Mass. There was a display of fireworks in the vicinity of the church at night.—*Irish Times.*

DOWN AND CONNOR.—The following changes and appointments amongst the priests of the Diocese of Down and Connor have been made by his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian:—Rev. Laurence McKenna, C.C., Ballycastle, to Clough, County Down. Rev. James McArdle, C.C., Randalstown, to Ballycastle. Rev. Patrick McAuliffe, C.C., Fertenglenoe, to Randalstown. Rev. Joseph Connor, C.C., Killybeg, to Clough, County Down. Rev. John Canavan, C.C., Loughinisland, to Downpatrick. Rev. Bernard McKenna, C.C., Newtownards, to Killybeg. Rev. Edward Watterson, C.C., Clough, to S. Peter's Belfast. Rev. Father Ring, Irish College, Paris, to Newtownards. Rev. John Conway, Maynooth College, to Loughinisland. Rev. Thomas McAlea, Maynooth College, to Whitehouse. Rev. Father McAvoe, late C.C., Lurgan, to Cushendall. Rev. Peter Gallagher, C.C., Downpatrick, and the Rev. Thomas Tynan, C.C., Cushendall, to missions in the Diocese of Meath. Rev. David Moyes, C.C., Whitehouse, has left for the United States.

KILNEY HILL.—This famous hill, we understand, has been purchased by the Jesuit Fathers as a site for a new college, which will be on a most extensive scale.—*Freeman.*

CLERICAL CHANGES.—We understand that his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Furlong, has been pleased to make the following changes in this Diocese:—The Rev. John Codd, from the curacy of the Moor to Crossabeg; the Rev. James Ryan from Wexford to Killaneeran; the Rev. Thomas Power from Crossabeg to Wexford; the Rev. John Boice from Wexford to Sutton's Parish; Rev. Thos. Cahill from Ballygarret to the Moor; Rev. Patrick Murphy from Killaneeran to Ballygarret; Rev. James Keating from Camolin to Wexford; Rev. Thomas Kehoe from Courtmacuddy to Camolin; Rev. James Waddick from Gorey to Ballymitty; Rev. N. Hore from Carrig to Gorey; Rev. John Doyle from Taghmon to St. Peter's College; and the Rev. Matthew Sinnott from Coolfaugh to Taghmon.—*Wexford People.*

SALES OF LAND IN IRELAND TO TENANTS.—In the financial year 1872-73 there were 280 applications for loans to aid the applicants in the purchase of their holdings under the Landlord and Tenants Acts of 1870 and 1872; of these 183 were sanctioned by the Treasury, and in 137 of these cases the sums allocated amounting to £78,000, were advanced in the course of that year. Advances of this nature have been made (to 31st March, 1873) to 225 tenants. The holdings purchased by them comprised, in all, 15,941 acres; the annual rents amounted to £12,304; the tenement valuation £8,000. The amount of the purchase-money was £222,146, and the amount advanced by the Board was £134,549. The holdings thus purchased by the tenants comprised 3,091 acres in the province of Leinster, 4,247 acres in Munster, 937 acres in Connaught, 7,666 acres in Ulster.

CENSUS OF COUNTIES WICKLOW AND WEXFORD.—The census for the province of Leinster is now completed, the volumes for Wexford and Wicklow having been issued on Saturday. They tell pretty much the same tale as the ten preceding volumes. The population of Wicklow declined from 126,143 in 1841 to 78,697 in 1871; the inhabited houses from 19,210 to 14,111. The number of houses uninhabited was nearly the same at both epochs, being 664 and 625, while the number in progress of erection was 67 and 47. In Wexford the population has declined from 262,033 to 132,666, and the inhabited houses from 29,524 to 24,982. The uninhabited houses at the two selected epochs were 1,168 and 495; the houses in course of erection 103 and 38. The number of people to each house was 6 in 1841, and a fraction above 5 in 1871.—*Irishman.*

DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE NORTH.—“A Home Rule meeting,” says the *Freeman*, “of very considerable dimensions has been held in Ballyjamesduff, and from all we can learn from our advices from the North the great popular movement is making rapid progress in the foremost province in Ireland. The gathering in Ballyjamesduff was exceedingly large, the speeches were fervent and effective, and the meeting was, on the whole, such a one as lasts in the memory and stirs the energy of future purpose. The Home Rule movement is more than prospering—it is the theme of the people of Ireland. For a native Parliament the farmer, the artisan, the merchant are in earnest, and the day is not far distant when proof will be given of the pre-eminence of the national movement.”

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—Writing from Castletown Geoghegan, a correspondent of the *Weekly News* says: “There was a very wonderful discovery at Lough Ennel on Friday evening last. A boat, certainly of a very remote age, and, perhaps, once the property of one of our faithful kings of old, was discovered lying at about two-and-a-half perches from Chro Ennis, remarkable in history as being the place where many a warrior bold and many a royal hero breathed his last. Here it was that Malachi, after the death of Brian, resided, and died in December, A.D. 1022. The boat is fully thirty-eight feet in length; its greatest width being two feet four inches. It is beautifully carved from one great beam of Irish black oak, there being not even a gunwale attached, and is of an elegant shape. The boat was evidently scuttled, as there are four square holes in her bottom; might it not be in this boat that Targuis was drowned? The oak is still very sound. Mr. M. Keena takes the greatest care of her, as she may be associated with the good time of a thousand years ago.”

SINGULAR ACCIDENT ON A RAILWAY.—An extraordinary railway accident has occurred at the village of Newtownforbes, about three miles from Longford. It appears that a man named Gallagher became inebriated, and was returning home at night along the railway line towards Carrickmore, or Currabawn, where he resides. He had apparently fallen asleep with one of his arms stretched across the line, when a train passed over it, severing it across from the elbow. The arm, with a small parcel grasped in the hand, was found by one of the milksmen the next morning when proceeding to his work, but no trace of anything further was found on the line. Strangers to relate after the accident Gallagher walked home, and remained there until Sunday morning, when he was conveyed to the county infirmary here. He remains in a precarious condition.

THE REPRESENTATION OF GALWAY.—It is rumored in Killarney that it is the intention of Sir Rowland Bleuerhasset, M.P. for Galway, to resign his seat for that town. His object in doing so is attributed to solicit the suffrages of the electors of his native county of Kerry on the principles of the predominant cry of the day, that of Home Rule.—*Cork Examiner.*

A return, showing the extent under flax in each county and province, in 1872 and 1873; also the number of scutching mills in each county and province in 1872 has been published. 129,534 acres were under flax in '73. This exhibits an increase of 7,542 acres in the total area under flax in 1873, compared with 1872. In the Province of Ulster alone the increase is 8,782 acres. Of the entire number (1,482), of scutching mills in 1872, 1,375 were in Ulster; 36 in Leinster; 39 in Munster, and 32 in Connaught.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—In an able article on the “Liberal Ministry” the *Nation* says, “The ‘great leader’ of the Liberal party—who, we are told, is ‘weary in brain and sore at heart’—would, thanks to the Irish Nemesis, be defeated ignominiously did he to-morrow face the constituency that enthusiastically returned him at the last election, after his defeat in Lancashire. His lieutenants, we are told, are in a chronic state of mutual hate, and two of them ‘seem bent on mutual extermination,’ being

only powerful in ‘inflicting annoyance and doing mischief.’ Thus far for the condition and cohesion of the party. A declaration as to the action of its outer section, which while possessing disgusted and disaffected all the power, shows what may be the Ministerial chances in case of a dissolution of Parliament. Here is sound political doctrine—doctrine which we ourselves have repeatedly taught:—‘There is no place in politics for such gratitude as would fetter action. We are bound to press on to the mark that we see, and we cannot continue to accept the leadership of those who cannot see with us.’ And so the ‘Liberal party,’ by mutual repulsion, resolves itself into its elements and the sham known as ‘Liberalism’ dissolves and melts into this air. In this condition of affairs consists Ireland's opportunity. The dis-organization of English parties, the break-up of ministerial majorities, and the close balance of parties, are all in our favour. It is in the midst of such conditions that a united body of Irish representatives can wield the greatest power, and produce the most important results. For us, therefore, all the circumstances are full of encouragement. The aspect of affairs, not only in the enemy's camp but in our own country, presents many presages of victory. Only let our countrymen be true to themselves, and charge resolutely under the national banner which now flies proudly in the breeze, and ere long they will hear, shouted through the ranks, the joyful announcement that ‘the field is fought and won.’”

GREAT BRITAIN.

GALASHIELS.—The Church of Our Lady and St. Andrews was re-opened on Sunday, the 3rd Aug., for public worship after being extended and completed. The church is now a very noble and beautiful structure, and perhaps the finest specimen of modern architecture in the south of Scotland. The greater portion of the building was erected in 1856, from designs by Mr. W. Wardell, and was built by the late Mr. Smith, of Darnick. It remained in an unfinished state until the beginning of last year, when, through the munificence of the late Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, it was resolved to have the church finished. Plans, in harmony with the original design, were prepared by Mr. Goldie, architect, London, and Messrs. R. Hall and Sons, builders, Galashiels, have finished the building contract. Under the first plan, a heavy pediment and buttresses were carried along the sides, which, while relieving the unbroken continuity of the walls, imparted strength and security to the whole building. Advantage was taken of the space between the buttresses for the formation of a series of small side chapels, which are used for confessionals, baptistries, and lesser altars. These chapels are lighted up by circular triflights, and a series of pointed windows over the buttresses lighted the main body of the church.—Octagonal towers rise from each corner to the same height as the church itself. The towers are built in beautiful proportions, and form a pleasing feature of the elevation. As a whole it is imposing, and facing as it does across the river and along Market-street, it is a very striking object indeed. The front elevation and all along the sides is decorated with a series of beautiful sculptured figures. The new addition internally contains a fine organ gallery supported across the breadth of the church. It is of white stone and supported on three arches, with a stone railing of tracery work and substantial coping. The high altar is a magnificent work of art, as are also some of the lesser altars in the side chapels.—The high altar railing is a work of beautiful design and excellent workmanship. The sculptures inside the church are beautifully executed. The roof is of open wood and very lofty. Mr. Erp, of London, executed the latter sculpture, and Mr. Currie, of Darnick, did some of the altar and pulpit work.—The opening services were conducted with all the solemnity and circumstances of the Catholic ritual by the Right Rev. Dr. Strain, Bishop of Abila and Vicar Apostolic of the eastern district; assisted by Fathers Thomas Williamson, S. J., of Edinburgh, and by Father Foxwell, who preached in the morning and afternoon. At High Mass Baydu's Imperial Mass, No. 3, was performed, and Beethoven's *Alluia Chorus*. Vespers were sung at four o'clock by the choir of the Sacred Heart Church, Lauriston-street, Edinburgh, assisted by a full orchestra. We may add that a valuable painting by Westall, of the Adoration of the Shepherds, hangs over the side entrance. The congregation here has not as yet succeeded in getting an organ, and the front elevation is, in the interim, filled in with common glass, but the acquisition of a suitable organ and an appropriate stained window are both contemplated.

There appears to be just a grain of truth in the belief of the French people that, amongst other insular and grotesque customs, we still indulge in the cruel and barbarous practice of selling our wives, dispensing, however, with Smithfield Market and the traditional halter in transacting such baseless “bargains.” Such aspersions on the civilization of Britons were being unsparingly ridiculed by our smartest writers; but just another case has cropped up to show that “men”—there is no other name for the genus—do transfer their wives, for a momentary consideration, to the keeping of their fellows, low and brutal as themselves. The leading facts of this savage usage may be traced in the case of Robert Earle, a labourer, at the ripe age of 53 years, who has been sentenced by Mr. Baron Cleasby “for aiding and abetting his wife, Mary Anne, a woman of 42, in the commission of the crime of bigamy.” The prisoner was present at the second “marriage” of his wife, in a registrar's office, and actually performed the ceremony of giving her away. The spurious husband contrived to escape apprehension, but the spiritless boor, Earle, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor. The practice dates from Pagan Saxony times, when almost every crime could be commuted by a fine, and no doubt, the passing of money is regarded as a guarantee that no legal proceedings will be taken against the bigamists. In pre-“Reformation” times much was done towards raising up the abject and brutal class, to which Earle belongs, to the purity of Christian life. This case might serve to remind the demonstrators of Exeter Hall and elsewhere how utterly neglected that duty now is. They need not go to Africa in search of heathens; and they would seek in vain in Popish Ireland, which they subscribe to “evangelize,” for such outrages on Christian civilization as this which has just been unearthed in the respectable town of Norwich. If future French essayists will only condescend to leave out such mean accessories as Smithfield, “porter-bier,” the eternal “bouledegue,” and the halter round the wife's neck, they may claim that the present exception proves the old rule in the lowest section of the rural population, despite the one or more well endowed “churches” whose architectural proportions adorn each parish, without attracting the people to cross their threshold.—*Catholic Opinion.*

Sunday, the 10th August, will be long remembered by the Catholics of Poplar as a day of special devotion and solemnity, and Catholics generally will rejoice that their holy Faith is making such progress at that extremity of London. In Poplar (as in fact throughout the entire metropolis) the natives of Erin act as missionary laborers under the leadership of their priests, and to these exiles may be attributed the extension of the Old Faith amongst the English people. An edifying sight was witnessed at the Catholic Church of Poplar during early Mass when the members of the Holy Family Confraternity approached the Lord's Table to the number of 250 men and 300 women, evincing in their demeanor the utmost devotion and reverence. The band of communicants comprised the most influential as well as the poorest inhabitants of Poplar. At eleven o'clock High Mass was offered up with a beautiful orchestral accompaniment. The celebrant was the

Rev. James Lawless, the Very Rev. Dr. Duckett (Vice-President of the English College, Lisbon), acted as deacon, and the Rev. Thomas Davis as sub-deacon. After the first gospel, the Very Rev. Dr. Duckett preached to the crowded congregation present. He said that it was remarkable how different were the ways of God from those of man. When men wanted to induce their fellow men to form in some scheme, or to become their partisans, they tell them that by doing so they will attain worldly prosperity and honor. Christ, the Eternal Wisdom, made a very different promise to those whom He invited to follow Him, viz., “He that will be My disciple must deny himself, must suffer persecution. I came not to bring peace, but the sword—follow Me and you will have to encounter suffering, persecution, even death itself.” Great God! and were these the promises which the Saviour holds forth to induce mankind to tread in His steps—to follow His doctrine? Again, it is strange that no matter how attractive may be the promises of men, no matter how wisely construed all human schemes may be, invariably do they all fall through; men fail and their systems die away; but Christianity in the present day, after 1800 years of persecution, stands as firm as the Rock on which it is built. In spite of the sword or persecution to death, the religion of Christ still reigns upon this earth. Oh, how different are the ways of God from the ways of men! In the early ages whilst the Church was weak, whilst the Apostles were few, and the power of the world was strong, one would have expected that the Almighty would have preserved His Disciples from bodily harm, at least at so untried a period of the Church's history. But such was not the wisdom of God. For the first 300 years the Apostles and their successors were hunted like wild beasts, and compelled to hide themselves from the light of day, as if they were not fit to mix with their fellow men; they were taken to the Roman Amphitheatre, and savage animals were set upon them, and tore them to pieces, and every torture that a fiendish ingenuity could devise was inflicted on them. But with all this, the Church still kept on gaining ground, and, as Tertullian says: “The blood of the martyrs was the seed of Saints.” To-day the Church called before them one of the noblest heroes of these primitive times. The name of St. Lawrence was suggestive of a heroism, such as the world knew not. It was found in the Church alone, and it was only God who could give power to suffer as St. Lawrence did. Nero persecuted the early Christians, and its two pillars SS. Peter and Paul sealed and cemented the infant Church with their blood. Trajan persecuted the Church, and S. Felicitas offered her seven little children as martyrs for the Faith. Ducius came next as the author of the Seventh Persecution of the Christians, and their blood flowed like water in civilized Rome and Lyons. It was thought that a breathing-time of peace came under Valerian, but Macrinus, a wicked man, told Valerian, who had professed a friendly disposition towards the Christians, that he would not prosper in his war against the Persians unless he persecuted the Church. Valerian followed the wicked advice, and S. Sixtus II., who was then Pope, was led to martyrdom. A wall of sorrow was heard from the Pope's faithful deacon, S. Lawrence, and Sixtus prophesied that his beloved friend would follow him in three days. The event verified the prediction, for three days after the death of Christ's Vicar, S. Lawrence was martyred. He was most inhumanly roasted alive upon a gridiron. I will not, said the very Rev. preacher, harrow up your feelings with a minute description of the terrible torments intended to be inflicted on S. Lawrence by the enemies of Christ. During those sufferings, as the Church historian relates, the martyr's countenance beamed with heavenly serenity, while the smoke of his burning body ascended as an odoriferous perfume towards heaven. The heroism of S. Lawrence and the other holy martyrs, who considered all their torments as nothing if they might thereby gain their immortal crown of glory in heaven, teaches us forcibly to be in earnest in working out our own salvation. Three things we should ever keep in view: The importance of this work; its difficulty; and, lastly, the fact that, failing herein, the failure is without remedy. Having powerfully enforced these considerations, the preacher concluded by invoking the help of Jesus Christ Our Lord, through the prayers of S. Lawrence, to make his words effective to the conversion of all his hearers. At the evening devotions the church was again crowded, chiefly by the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and Dr. Duckett preached a second sermon.—*London Exchange, August 16th.*

THE NAPOLEONIC FEET AT CHURCHBRIGHT.—On Friday week (15 August) was celebrated in the now famous Mid-Kent village the “Fete Napoleon,” shorn of its gaiety but intensified by a semi-religious feeling pertaining to the five hundred followers whose faith in a fallen dynasty brought them to Camden House to pay their homage to Prince Louis Napoleon and the ex-Empress. The ceremony was simple—viz., the performance at High Mass in the Church of St. Mary, where Napoleon III. is entombed, followed by a reception of those Frenchmen who felt inclined to pay their respects to the young Prince and the ex-Empress in exile. A procession was formed in the village, which though weak numerically, was of strange composition. It was headed by three old soldiers who had served under the First Empire, walking abreast, one of them, within three years of a centenarian, bearing the French tricolor; then followed another of the Invalides taking two children by the hand; and lastly came about 40 youths with armbands inscribed “La Jeunesse Française,” preceded by a banner of green watered silk, with gold fringe, and an inscription, “La Jeunesse Française au Prince Louis Napoleon, 15th Aout, 1873.” The first demonstration was made when the young Prince and the Empress, accompanied by Duc d'Alba and General Ney, drove on to the common. Here they were received with cries of “Vive l'Empereur!” and the young Prince acknowledged the compliment by lifting his hat and bowing to the crowd. The little church was crowded with about 150 occupants, and a similar number stood out in the churchyard listening to the service, for which a special mass had been composed by Mr. Griffiths, the organist. The sermon was preached by Father Goddard, in French. Slowly the congregation dispersed, giving a long look to the tomb of Napoleon III., on which were laid garlands of flowers and appropriate mottoes.—“A Napoleon le magnanime,” “Homage a Napoleon,” “L'Empereur non pere—Fontainebleau,” &c. The young Prince and the ex-Empress bowed to the uncovered crowd assembled outside, and then took their seats, driving off to Camden-house, where the reception was to be held. The assemblage in front of Camden-house, was composed of well-dressed Frenchmen, many in mourning, some in evening dress, and a very few in light summer costume. A circle was made to give the young Prince and the Empress an opportunity of shaking hands with each one of the visitors; and this was done in a genial and kindly manner, the Prince stopping every now and again to converse with those who were presented to him, that it was a real pleasure to witness the ceremony. On the Prince retiring into the house loud shouts were raised of “Vive l'Empereur!” and these were continued till the Prince again made his appearance. The circle was reformed, and the Prince began to make a short speech, which he delivered in tremulous tones, being much moved by the enthusiastic reception accorded to him. He said:—“I thank you, in the name of the Empress and myself, for having come here to associate your prayers with ours, and for not having forgotten the road which you have already followed for some months. I thank also my faithful friends who have sent hither from afar the numerous testimonials of their affection and their devotion. As for myself, being an exile and

near the tomb of the Emperor, I represent the teachings which he has left me. I find in my paternal heritage the principle of national sovereignty and of the flag which consecrates it (cheers). This principle, the foundation of our dynasty, is summed up in this motto, to which I shall be always faithful ‘Govern for the people and by the people’ (cheers). Those who stood nearest to the Prince again shook hands with him warmly, and the Prince, taking the tricolor from the old soldier, waved it over his head and gently handed it back again, amid cries of “Vive l'Empereur!” The Prince is looking remarkably well; and the Empress, in the deepest mourning attire, bore her trying part in the ceremony of yesterday with her wonted grace and cheerfulness.—*Times.*

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK: S. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH.—The Fathers of the Society of Jesus attached to S. Francis Xavier's Church have long experienced the need of greater accommodation than is afforded by the present building. Its large congregation has had to suffer for years from inconveniences which would not exist in a more spacious edifice. In the administration of the Sacraments of Penance, both confessors and penitents labour under the greatest disadvantages; and at no devotional exercise can more than a moderate number of persons be gathered together at one time. But the want of room is especially felt at the Masses on Sundays. The closeness of the hours of Divine Service renders it impossible to empty the church at the end of one Mass, in time to give admittance to the throng waiting in the street to hear the next one. This comes from the number of Masses which it is necessary to celebrate in order to give all the congregation an opportunity of being present at the holy Sacrifice.

BROOKLYN.—Two churches hitherto almost unknown in the diocese were the scene of an interesting and well-attended ceremony on Sunday, July 27th. It is now about eight months since Father Sheridan went to Roslyn, and since then his district seems to have sprung into a new and most active spiritual existence. The best proof of this fact is to be seen in the account of the ceremony of Sunday, July 27th. It was Confirmation Day at Roslyn and Manhasset. Forty-one at one place and seventy-four at the other received the faith-strengthening Sacrament. Bishop Loughlin addressed the children in both places. He was assisted in the administration by Rev. O. J. O'Brien and W. O'Neill.—The Religious of the Visitation Order have had for years an Academy at Bath, but a few miles from Brooklyn, and the Sisters of S. Joseph, who have a large and flourishing boarding-school at Flushing, are about to open another in a fine location near the coast. This is Catholicity progressing from year to year with ever-increasing rapidity, striking its foundations deeper and broader in the fertile soil of rich and beautiful Long Island.

AN ANGEL'S TRUMPET.—The editor of the *Albany Evening Journal* tells the following story: “Two years ago, during a short afternoon, I landed from a deep pool in Cold Brook fifty splendid trout, and fished three hours for one. It was in this wise: For an hour or more before sunset a trout, which I estimated to weigh more than three pounds, kept the water in constant agitation and myself in a fever of excitement. I cast for him a hundred times at least. With almost every cast he would rise but he would not strike. He would come up with a rush, leap his full length out of the water, shake his broad tail at me as if in derision, and retire to repeat his aggravating exploits as often as the fly struck the water. Other trout rose, almost his equal in dimensions, and were taken, but their capture soon ceased to afford me the slightest pleasure. The sun was rapidly declining. We had eight miles to row, and prudence dictated a speedy departure. But I was bound to land that trout if it took a week to accomplish it. I tried almost every fly in my book in vain. I simply witnessed the same provoking gyrations at every cast. If, however, I threw him a grasshopper, disconnected from my line, he would take it with a gulp. But the moment I affixed one to the hook, and cast it ever so gently, up he came and down he went, unhooked, with the grasshopper intact. I was puzzled and, as a last resort, I sat quietly down, hopeless of achieving success so long as light enough remained for the wary fellow to detect the shadow of rod or line. The sun soon set. Twilight gently began its work of obscuration; and in due time just the shadow I desired fell upon the surface of the pool. I then disrobed my leader of its quartette of flies, put on a large miller, and with as much caution as if commissioned to surprise a rebel camp, and with like terpidation, I chose my position. Then, with a sudden undefinable twist of the wrist, which experts will comprehend, I dropped my fly as gently as a zephyr just where the monster had made his last tantalizing leap, when, with the ferocity of a mad-bull and with a quick dash which fairly startled me in the dim twilight, he rose to my miller, and with another twist of the wrist, as quick and as sudden as his rise, I struck him! I have been present in crowds when grand victories have been suddenly announced, and when my blood has rushed, like electric currents, through my veins as I joined in the shout of the multitude; but I have passed through no moment of more intense exhilaration than when I knew, by the graceful curve of my rod, and by the steady tension of my trusted line, that I was master of the situation. He pulled like a Castagna stallion, and “gave me all I knew” to hold him within the restricted circle of the deep pool, whose edges were lined with roots and stumps and things equivalent. It was an half-hour's stirring contest; and the hooting of the owl in the midst of the darkness which enveloped us was the trout's requiem. When I had landed him, and had him fairly in quod, will it be deemed silly for me to say that I made the old woods ring with such a shout as one can only give when conscious of having achieved a great victory.”

WHAT PUBLIC MEN OWE TO NEWSPAPERS.—Colonel Forney complains, in a well-written article in the *Philadelphia Press*, that public men are, as a class, ungrateful to the newspapers and the journalists to whom they, in many instances, owe their position. Nobody is more competent to speak on this subject than Colonel Forney himself. He has made more statements out of small material than any man in America. He has taken a more active part in the personnel of American politics in the last twenty years than almost any other man. Much of his work has been that of a politician rather than that of a journalist; but in either capacity, he has always been able to serve his friends well, and he has always served them faithfully. His reward has been very small. If he had let politics alone, and devoted himself exclusively to journalism, he might have made a greater name than Greeley's, and a greater fortune than Bennett's. But he was always fond of helping some friend to an office, and always had a taste for political intrigue with a purpose of this kind. His experience has, no doubt, been that of a hundred others who have opened in the same way on a smaller scale. Make a Governor out of an Alderman to-day, and to-morrow he'll tell you that he owes his elevation to his own superior merits. Forney made a President of the United States out of James Buchanan; but before the old public functionary had taken his seat, he repudiated his patronage and manufacturer in a most ungrateful manner. Congressmen are made by country newspapers; yet when they go to Washington, it wouldn't be safe to tell them so.—*St. Louis Republic.*

“Next to old Bourbon whiskey” says a Chicago paper, “the thing that a Kentuckian is proudest of is that he is a Kentuckian.” “This is not true,” says the *Courier Journal*, “a Kentuckian's chief pride is that he is not a Chicagoan.”