

Catholic matter till they show that they possess power, constitutionally speaking, and that they know how to use power. For that end they must be united and vote together at the poll. By doing so, on many occasions they may turn the scale when parties are pretty evenly balanced, as was probably the case at the late election for our Superintendent. Above all, they must be true to their religion practically, without which they do not deserve justice; nor can they expect to secure the good will and the respect of their opponents.

I am not surprised that all politicians of despotic proclivities—whether Protestants or nominally Catholics—should have an instinctive hatred and terror of the Catholic Church. She is the enemy of all tyrants and imposters; she is the real "people's friend." Power she will have, and power she will use wherever she is free. The enemies of the people are her enemies, and the true friends of the people are her friends. Despotic and crafty liberals and movers of resolutions would fain push her on one side and silence her, but they cannot. In very free countries her power is always the greatest. England becomes Catholic in proportion as her people become free—free from antiquated prejudices; and more especially popular ignorance is her worst enemy. If she had her will she would cover this Colony with splendid schools and colleges to supply the highest and the humblest in the land with education—as she did in days of yore for England and all the other states in Europe when she had the power. But her chief object always is to educate the people in the principles of holiness, honesty, purity of life, self-denial, and charity—principles which have gone much out of fashion in modern times, both among Catholics and Protestants. I am persuaded that the Catholic laymen of this as of other countries will never take their proper place in the social scale will never possess the political power as Catholics, which of right belong to them, until they take all the destitute and neglected members of the community under their special care by some special organization. Look at the Sisters of Mercy in this place. If the Catholic laity generally had only a very very small portion of their public spirit and charity, the work I have indicated would not remain long undone.

J. WOOD.

ORIGIN OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART —ENGLISH PILGRIMS IN THE 19TH CENTURY— CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

(An Auckland Contribution.)

SOME time ago Archbishop Manning formally consecrated his diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "Next after the devotions of the Holy Sacraments," says His Grace, "which are closely akin to it and explanatory of it, comes the devotion of the Sacred Heart, spread east and west throughout the Catholic church. For two centuries it has been established in the hearts of generation after generation. Whence did it arise? From Paray-le-Monial in France. In the history of a poor despised Sister of the Visitation, Margaret Mary of that place, we read that in a vision she saw Christ suffused by an intensity of light. She beheld His sacred heart enveloped, as it were, in flame, girdled with thorns and surmounted with a cross; and these words came to her: "Behold the heart that has loved men so much and has been loved so little." His Grace argues that we must ascribe the rise of this devotion to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, because the Catholic church, so jealous of its truth, so jealous of its piety, so jealous of the devotion of its children, has admitted, sanctioned, and taught it and spread it abroad. If we believe in the visions recorded in the New Testament—that seen by Saul on his way to Damascus—by Stephen at his martyrdom—and by John, as he records it in the Apocalypse, when he saw the Son of Man clothed in a white garment and girdled about; His hair white as the light, His feet like pure brass, and His countenance as the sun in its strength—why may we not believe that vision recorded to have been seen by the holy Margaret Mary, of Paray-le-Monial, as above related, and which has been so well authenticated? May He who has manifested Himself to his servants in the beginning not also manifest Himself in divers ways to His servants and friends in all time, and even in these latter days? True, we are not bound to believe in the vision of Margaret Mary as a dogma of faith; but how are we to reject it on any rational principle, and still retain a belief in the visions recorded in the New Testament? The archbishop proudly believes that the unlooked-for and almost miraculous success which has attended his labors in London, especially for the education of the Catholic poor, may be attributed to his devotion to the Sacred Heart. Under his auspices a pilgrimage to the holy shrine at Paray-le-Monial has been organised, and about 500 pilgrims set out in a body from London in September last to visit the tomb of St. Margaret Mary, for the purpose of there praying to God for many blessings, spiritual and temporal, for themselves and others, and more especially to pray "for the Catholic church in England, revealed but the other day and springing into manhood before anyone could expect it." The pilgrims mustered in the Cathedral at Kensington before setting out, and were addressed by the Archbishop. They were under the conduct of the Duke of Norfolk, with other noblemen, gentlemen, and bishops, priests, and several ladies of rank as a committee. His grace the Archbishop earnestly urged them all to preserve order, and be obedient to those who were to lead them from the time of their departure till their return. This was the first requisite. He also solemnly exhorted them "to lay aside all state, dignity and inequality of this world, and to account themselves happy if they shared with the least, and had their portion with the last, in that spirit of humility which was the perfection of the Sacred Heart." The scene in the cathedral was solemn, grand, and imposing, in the extreme. The Protestant press treated the subject—as your contemporary, the Otago 'Times,' no doubt will do—with jeers and derision. Let them. "We bless God for it. It is a poor serving of the cross that has not some shame," as the Archbishop said.

The 'San Francisco Chronicle' is very severe on Californian chieftains. It says they "equal our Congress men, and are the greatest scoundrels of the civilized world."

EXTRACTS FROM THE SERMON PREACHED BY FATHER BURKE ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.

THE distinguished preacher having taken the following for his text—"The just man lives by faith," proceeded to deliver an eloquent and most impressive sermon. He said—These words, dearly beloved brethren, are from the writings of Saint Paul. May it please your eminence, most rev. lords, and dearly beloved brethren, the Apostle of the Gentiles, divinely inspired by the Holy Ghost, laid down in these words one of the grandest and most consoling principles that can fall upon the ear of man. He says men live for various objects—some live to enrich themselves, some to gain power; but among the various ends, objects for which men can live, the Apostle selects one, and he says—"There is something else which a man can live for." My just man—that is to say, the just man in my estimation—is the man who lives by faith. As it is with individuals, dearly beloved brethren, so it is with a nation. A nation may live for this object or for that; a nation may live for the purposes of war or gain; a nation may live for the purposes of commerce; but a nation or a people may also live the higher life of which the Apostle speaks. A nation may live by faith. Now, dearly beloved brethren, what do these words mean—to live by faith? Whether we consider it in the individual or the nation it means simply this, that the Almighty God condescends to offer Himself as the object and purpose of man's life. He places Himself in the category of objects for which a man may live. He takes His place as it were, amongst created things, and he says "You may live to obtain riches, you may live to obtain power; you may live for political influence; but there is one grand object you can live for, and that is faith. And this, according to the Apostle, is the highest form of justice, the highest, noblest nobility of man—for a man or a nation who lives by faith, first of all, arises to the dignity of realising the unseen. We cannot see Him and yet we can live for Him: Nearly 1500 years have passed away since that most memorable event in the annals of the world and of the Church when a stranger landed upon the shores of Ireland, and in an old Celtic town proclaimed to the princes and to the kings of the ancient land the name and the glories of Jesus Christ the Son of God. St. Patrick was fortunate in his apostleship, for he came to a people who seemed naturally created for a life of divine faith. He found amongst the Irish race, the men to whom he preached, a strange faculty of realising the unseen and realising the truth of the apostle's words; no difficulties crossed him; he had only to proclaim the name of God and the true God, the name of Jesus, the name of Mary the mother of our Lord, when instantly, as if it came to them naturally, the whole people all like one man arose, and without asking from their apostle the testimony of one tear of sorrow or one drop of blood, the Irish nation, the Irish people sprang to the truth which came to them from St. Patrick's lips, and if the apostle was fortunate in the people to whom he preached, Ireland was also fortunate in the apostle whom Almighty God sent to her. He brought with him not merely the unction of his episcopal consecration, not merely the authority of the holy Church of God, not only commission from Celestine, the Pope of Rome, but brought with him a kindly, loving heart, so like the hearts of the people to whom he preached. He brought also with him immense learning, and yet a simplicity of character most childlike because most Christian. He brought with him a becoming love for the nation and for the people, and a deep appreciation of all that is most beautiful in the natural character of the Irish race. At once, and with a divine instinct, Ireland took her apostle to her bosom, and Patrick clasped the young Church in the embrace of his apostolic love. He remained thirteen years in Ireland as a Bishop preaching the Gospel in the midland portion of the country, and in the far west towards the western ocean. Then in the thirteenth year of his ministry, when he already had converted a great part of the island, when he had already built churches and established missions throughout the land, St. Patrick bethought himself that the time had come when he should establish a primate's see and the metropolitan jurisdiction of an archbishop over the newly converted country. Divine Providence guided the Apostle's steps until he came among these hills, and here obtained possession of a piece of land, and there Patrick, the Apostle, founded the Church and city of Armagh. Now it is that we observe how the Irish race lived by faith. Amongst the annals of nations, dearly beloved brethren, we find that until a people are first converted to Christianity it requires a long delay of years before that people can produce the matured harvest of a national priesthood. The only exception to this rule was the Irish nation. No sooner were they converted than they instantly rose to the sanctity and grandeur of a national priesthood. No sooner were they converted than they became instantly a monastic nation, and the great centre of Ireland's monasticism and of her early success was the very spot on which you stand, the cathedral of the city of St. Patrick in Armagh. Here for three hundred years, from the 5th until the close of the 8th century, scholars came from every part of the known world that they might derive from the successor of St. Peter that great knowledge which they were to bring back to their own people and to their own nation, so that Ireland became through her scholars, through these three centuries, the very light of the world for great learning, the very light of the world for the brightness of her sanctity. From St. Patrick's See, from Patrick's Cathedral of Armagh, as from a centre came all that life, that life of faith by which the nation consecrated itself in the highest form of monastic sanctity to God; that life of apostolic zeal by which our fathers became the apostles of the whole world; that life of supreme sanctity by which the island itself was made to be the mother of the brightest and the greatest saints of the Church of God. The next great feature in the life of faith of any people is power, the aggressive power, and this also, the Irish race inherited from God through the ministry of St. Patrick. He made them not only a holy people, not only a faithful people, but He made our fathers to be a strong people, and the secret of their strength was their faith. After 800 years of monastic sanctity, it was in the design of God that the Irish race were not only the holiest, but were the