

late reverend Father Ignatius:—"He said, he valued the prayers of the Irish more than of all the continent put together; these were good, those were heroic. And he got them. The writer happens to know of Irish families where the custom was kept up, at least till a few years ago, of adding to night prayers Father Spencer's *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for England." But it is to be hoped that the custom has not as yet died out, and that it never will die out until the prayer has been answered. It may be heroic, as Father Spencer said, for Ireland to pray for England at whose hands she has received such bitter suffering, but, in the answer to be expected to her prayers lies Ireland's best hope for the future. It is impossible that, were the English people a nation of sincere and fervent Catholics, as we believe that, were they converted at the present day, they would be, close bonds of sympathy and affection would not unite them to their Irish brothers in religion. It is true that in the old Catholic days the English in Ireland were cruel tyrants, but Catholic England during those ages was in many instances, false to the faith. We know what the reign of Henry II. was and what was the reign of King John. In the reign of Henry III., the country was in rebellion against the Pope. Both clergy and laity, for example, were joined in a conspiracy having for its end the ill treatment, and even the murder, of foreign ecclesiastics. In the reign of Henry VI., was committed the great national sacrilege of the burning of Joan of Arc, and then followed,—as we may reasonably believe, in punishment for that deed of infamy,—the Wars of the Roses, preparing some English Catholic writers explain, the way for the great national apostasy—a due penalty for many crimes. But were England now to be converted, we are convinced she would prove purified by trial, and that her faith and fervour would be sincere and deep.—And we are justified in our expectations as to the close bonds of union that would exist between the people returned to the fold and those who had never left it by what we have already seen. There are, it is true among the English Catholics who despise the Irish people, and belie and blacken their character and cause, a few who have been converted from Protestantism. But we must not judge of the whole body from these pestilent and noisy units. The English Catholic enemies of Ireland, as a rule, are the descendants of the old Catholic families, and their enmity arises in all probability from a cause for which they are greatly to be excused. They were for centuries a people living in the midst of dangers, subjected to suspicions which they knew to be unjust, and in many respects so situated as that nothing short of a miracle could save them from forming on some point or another a morbid frame of mind. They were, for example, constantly suspected and accused of disloyalty, and, therefore, it was but natural that in resenting and repelling this charge, which they knew to be false, they should fall into a nervous disposition. From morbid loyalty, then, we believe the animosity of the old English Catholic party to proceed. They see facts with impaired vision, and judge of them on their perverted views. But, let us not forget to honour those whose eyes are clear, and who are not afraid to speak of things as they truly see them. There is, for instance, the noble Bishop of Nottingham, there is Mr. Weld Blundell, and there, we believe, is Mr. W. S. Lilly, the famous writer, who, so far as we know, is not a convert. But Ireland's friends are chiefly to be found among the converted ranks. Father Ignatius was a convert—and by the value alone he placed upon Irish prayers for the conversion of England, esteeming them heroic, we understand his mind. Were he alive to-day we may firmly believe he would be the advocate of the Irish people,—and perhaps although he is not alive he may still more powerfully be so. The great convert, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was the ardent friend of the Irish people. "How glad I am not to be Irish," she wrote to Mr. Greville, "I should hate England too much." Cardinal Newman is the friend of Ireland. So, very notably, is Cardinal Manning. So is Lord Ripon, and Lord Ashburnham, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Mr. Orby Shipley. So was the truly great Frederick Lucas, and so is his brother Mr. Edward Lucas. Ireland, then, has a very deep interest in the conversion of England—even apart from the charity which should make it the desire of every Catholic heart. The most eminent among the converts are her firm and devoted friends, and she may rationally believe that their standard would be that at attaining to which the converted masses would aim in everything. They could certainly have no more noble models. Father Ignatius' prayer for the conversion of England, therefore, should still be repeated in Irish homes and never laid aside until it has been answered. And the writer in the *Month* shows that there are good grounds to hope for such a glorious consummation.

THE IMPRESSION produced by reading in Monday's *Daily Times* the report of the exploration of the NEW COUNTRY. country between Milford Sound and Lake Te Anau is, first of all, that it was very wet. Teeming rain, varied by thunder showers, and floods, trimmed round about by avalanches and snow in all its shapes, seem to be the most common characteristics of the country. It required no small share of pluck and resolute endurance to accomplish the task, and the pioneers who went through with it are well entitled to admiration and applause.

New Zealand, moreover, and especially the southern districts, are to be congratulated on the success of an undertaking that must result in opening up a country of magnificent scenery and rich mineral deposits. And, after all, is not umbrella-making an important branch of industry? not to speak of waterproof garments of various descriptions with which tourists in these newly-discovered places must, according to all appearances, be abundantly supplied. We do not know whether it will afford any marked consolation to the settlers in the province of Auckland to learn that if their beautiful lakes district has been disfigured by a volcanic eruption and their unique terraces annihilated, a district of as great, though of a different kind of beauty bids fair to be brought within access of the settled parts of the South—a land of fine forests, and towering mountains, and rushing streams abounding in waterfalls. These waterfalls reach their culmination in that—the highest, they say, in all the world—which carries down the waters of the Arthur river, from the snow-capped mountains still 2000ft. above its summit, in three great leaps, amounting in all to 1904ft. in height, and which is named from its discoverer the Sutherland falls. The dampness of the surroundings may well be braved by the lovers of the fair face of nature who hear of these marvels. And, as we are told the explorers return from their bold and arduous undertaking in better health than when they set out, a visit to the country in question should prove advantageous as well as agreeable.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a copy of the *Oban BANK NONSENSE*. *Times* with a request that we should give our opinion of a letter that it contains. The letter is from a certain Rev. John Moore, of Boston, U.S., and relates to the recent pilgrimage to Iona. But has our correspondent ever heard the old story of that good man who, wishing to know what kind of weather it was, and mistaking a cupboard for a window, poked in his head.—"The night is close," quoth he, "and smells of cheese." The Rev. John Moore has been investigating ecclesiastical history in a somewhat similar manner, and with similar results. The Rev. John, however, only differs in degree, and not in kind from many other controversialists, and the difference is that he is rather more profound than the average. The Rev. John tells us that St. Columba was no Roman Catholic, that, in fact, there was no Roman Catholic Church in St. Columba's day; that the supremacy of the Pope was only claimed some centuries after, and that Pope St. Gregory the Great had declared that whoever called himself universal bishop was an Anti-Christ. The Rev. John also asserts that St. Patrick knew nothing of Rome, and that the Pope came over to Ireland only with King Henry II. As an argument all his own he assures us, moreover, that in a penny to be levied on each house in Ireland for the benefit of the Pope by King Henry II. we have the origin of Peter's Pence—and this is a brilliant controversial effort that we do not recollect before to have met with. Such, then, are the great truths that the Rev. John Moore has perceived in his cupboard, as he stared out into the dark, and all of which, with the exception as we said, of the origin of the Peter's pence, we have heard over and over again. But something we are obliged to give up to this learned divine. The late Father Tom Burke, for instance, in controversy with a certain preacher, admitted that St. Patrick and Oliver Cromwell came over to Ireland in company, or something to this effect, and how shall we contradict the eminent Dominican. And if St. Patrick was a follower of Oliver Cromwell's, it is clear he heard nothing good of the Pope. If he was not, it remains as clearly proved as any fact in history that he received his commission from Pope Celestine, and as the missionary of Rome converted Ireland. As to his not mentioning in the brief writings left by him his connection with Rome, the argument is not to the point. The matter did not enter into the subject of which he wrote, and full historical evidence otherwise remains as to what his teaching was. No argument can be deduced from such silence. St. John, for example, in his Gospel is silent as to certain occurrences at the Crucifixion narrated by the other Evangelists, and yet St. John was himself an eye-witness. As to St. Columba, the ancient Irish history of his life, testifying, also, to the custom of the ancient Irish Church, recounts his pilgrimage to Rome, and further narrates how he afterwards received in his island the messengers of Pope St. Gregory, who brought him Latin hymns and other bounteous gifts. As to Pope St. Gregory the Great, and his repudiation of the title of Universal Bishop, the sense in which he condemned the title was that wherein it was understood to signify that he who bore it was alone bishop, to the exclusion of all other bishops, and not that in which it may signify bishop of bishops. St. Gregory in every respect exercised the office of the Pope, not only claimed but made constant use in every country of the Papal authority, and declared that he knew not what bishop was not subject to the Bishop of Rome. As to Peter's pence, the payment originated with a Saxon king, Offa of Mercia, who, in gratitude for a victory attributed by him to the aid of St. Peter, vowed an annual gift to the Pope. The payment had become regular and recognised as a national institution in the time of King Edward the Confessor. So much, then, for the salient points of the arguments which the Rev. John Moore has dis-