

comfort and respectability, erecting colleges, schools, hospitals, houses of refuge, and without Government aid or countenance from the great walking, I may say, in the van of Christian civilisation, and sustaining the great cause of Christian progress and enlightenment in this island. And oh! brethren, is it not sweet, is it not passing sweet, to see the homes of our forefathers thus built up, their memories vindicated, and the faith for which they fought and bled rising from off the ground on which it was trodden down—ay, and rising with renewed vigor and endowed with marvellous fecundity? Catholicity, you see, cannot die. The long lists of saints who professed and practised it; the million martyrs who died in its defence; the host of scholars who sprang up under its auspices and did battle in its cause; the virtue that it fosters, as well as the civilisation that it has scattered, even to the ends of the earth, attest beyond dispute the divinity of its origin. Error, brethren, is not lasting—fiction fades away, even arts, most glorious monuments, must perish; but truth is not subject to diminution or decay, and what is built on it is enduring as the heavens. Cleave closely, then, brethren, to this fine old faith of yours. Be proud of it; profess it fearlessly; practice it; live in it; and as the last and most precious remnant of your mutilated inheritance, forfeit it not even in death. It is no new fangled faith framed and fabricated but a while ago. It is the faith which Christ taught upon earth and wherewith he enriched his Church. It is the faith of his Apostles and of the elect even from the beginning. It is the faith for which the martyrs suffered, and the just were persecuted in every age. It is a faith which the proud philosophy of Rome vainly sought to overthrow—a faith, therefore, at once pure, consoling, and apostolical; a faith unaltered by time, untainted by error, indestructible by sword, or sage, or sophist; a faith, in short, which, as it preceded, so shall it survive, every modern innovation, and yet resume that empire over the world which truth has never forfeited but for a while. Such, brethren, is the faith of our fathers, the faith of which his Holiness the Pope is the fearless and infallible expounder. May it be to you an active faith, as it will be a lasting and cherished one, influencing your thoughts, and deeds, and words, and giving value to them all. And, as you do now praise, and bless, and pray for those who in bright days built up, and in evil days defended, the time-honored edifice of your native Church, so may generations yet to come praise you and bless you, telling to their children, and to the children of them again, that you of the present age were well worthy of the saints that preceded you, that you "were zealous for the law, and prepared to give your lives for the covenants of your fathers; that you called to remembrance the works of your fathers which they had done in their generations, and that you deserved great glory and an everlasting name."—1. Mac., c. ii., 50, 51.

It was considerably after two o'clock when the ceremony concluded and the congregation separated, after having assisted at a memorable act. At the termination of the High Mass the Cardinal celebrant bestowed the Pontifical blessing.

HOW THE GREAT NAPOLEON DIED.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER.

THE following incident from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Abbe Roubbacher, is one which has been seldom seen by the general reader, and will prove of great interest to Catholics, as it at once contradicts the absurd and irreligious stories that have been circulated with reference to the death of Napoleon Bonaparte by a certain class of historians:

"We have seen a man who, in the history of the world, walked in the footsteps of Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. We have seen Napoleon, the modern incarnation of military and political genius. We have seen him turn his dying eyes towards Rome, and ask of her a Catholic priest to receive his last confessions, and to sanctify his last moments on the rock of St. Helena. On the 27th of April, 1821, he found himself irremediably attacked by the malady of which his father died. From this moment, says the universal biographer, he only occupied himself with the duties of piety, and the priest Vignali was almost constantly with him. 'I was born in the Catholic religion,' he said at different times, 'I wish to fulfil all the duties which it imposes, and receive all the consolations, all the assistance which I hope for from it.' One of the companions of his captivity, the Count Montholon, adds: 'On the 20th April, I had passed thirty-nine nights at the bed-side of the Emperor, without his allowing me to be replaced in this pious and filial service; when in the night between the 29th and 30th of April, he appeared to be concerned on account of the fatigue I was suffering, and begged me to let Abbe Vignali take my place. His persistence proved to me that he spoke under a pre-occupation foreign to the thought he expressed to me. He permitted me to speak to him as a father. I dared to say what I comprehended; he answered without any hesitation, 'Yes, it is the priest I ask for; take care that I am left alone, and say nothing.' I obeyed, and brought directly the Abbe Vignali, whom I warned of the holy ministry he was about to exercise. Introduced to Napoleon, the priest fulfilled all the duties of his office. After having humbly confessed, the Emperor formerly so proud, received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and passed the whole of the night in prayer, and in touching and sincere acts of piety. In the morning, when General Montholon arrived, he said to him in an affectionate tone of voice, and full of satisfaction: 'General, I am happy: I have fulfilled all my religious duties; I wish you, at your death, the same happiness. I had need of it; I am an Italian; a child of rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell affects me—the sight of a priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of this, but that would not be right; I ought, I will render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health, but give your orders, General, let an altar be prepared in the next room; let the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, and let the Forty Hours' Prayer be said.' The General was going out to execute the order, when Napoleon called him back. 'No,' he said, 'you have many enemies; as a noble they will impute the arrangement of this to you, and they will say that my

senses were wandering. I will give the orders myself.' And from the orders given by Napoleon himself, an altar was arranged in the adjoining room, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Emperor had still some lucid moments, and he called to mind the good he had done in his life for religion. 'At least,' he said, 'I have re-established religion. It is a service of which no one can calculate the consequences; for what would man become without religion?' Then he added, 'There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow for the last three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing on me forever. I should have been glad to see my wife and son again: Let the will of God be done.' On the 3d of May he received the Viaticum the second time, and having said adieu to his Generals, he pronounced these words, 'I am at peace with all mankind.' He then joined his hands, saying, 'My God!' and expired on the 5th of May, at six o'clock at night."

THE GOOD FELLOW.

WE wonder if "the good fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realises how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his own family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy phases of his selfish life. The good fellow is notoriously careless of his family. A good outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and regardless of wife, mother, or sister, who may be shortened in their sources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand—regardless of honor, of father, and brother—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for his painful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a good fellow, with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh at his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "after all he was a good fellow." The feature of the good fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless is, that he thinks he is a good fellow. He thinks his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor, and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise, is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interest and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character, he carries an unruffled or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man, who, for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, make his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, if, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker and more thoroughly he realises it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced. Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravoes of boon companions, is just no man at all.—Scribner's.

The Dublin correspondent of the Philadelphia 'Standard,' has the following with reference to Dublin improvements:—"As regards the good city of Dublin, it is also improving, and can bear favorable comparison with a great many cities in the matter of architectural beauty. In all our principal streets are numerous splendid stone buildings, not thought of twenty years ago. Our post office has been greatly improved in outward appearance, and inside are increased conveniences for the transit of mails. Trinity College looks young with its new railings and handsome stone walls. In the more important matter of commerce, too, Dublin will shortly vie with many ports in the sister isle. New docks have been recently opened, which bring the ships far into the northern side of the city. A railway tunnel has been commenced, which will run from the different railway stations to the water's edge. Some of your readers who have not visited Dublin for years, would be really surprised at the stir business has got. Once our coal fields commence to be properly worked, we will be pretty independent of England. It is, I understand, in contemplation to deepen the entrance to the Liffey, so that ships of any tonnage can safely enter it."