

"Sicily for Sicilians," the 'Saturday Review' tells us, "means Sicily for the Ultramontanes." We are very glad to hear it, especially as we have reason to believe that the latter, in spite of their "preposterous creed," and inexplicable dislike to the "civilisation," which owes its existence to the Catholic Church, are not responsible for the present state of Italy. That country has produced, no doubt, a good many brigands, being geographically adapted to their particular calling. Sixtus V., who was an Ultramontane but very much attached to civilisation, rooted them out in his day, and sent not a few of them to the gallows. If they are swarming again now, the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' though it takes almost the same view of Christianity as the 'Saturday Review,' assigns their multiplication to quite other causes. "Scarcity and privation are general just now," it says, since the country fell into the beneficent government of Liberals and Freethinkers, and Ultramontane ideas were proscribed in high places. "Public security in Italy"—we quote the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of the 26th of June—"is just now far from complete. It is literally impossible to open a newspaper without being struck by the report of some murder"—it gives a frightful catalogue of recent ones—but "people are so *blasés* of assassination that they scarcely pay any attention to such atrocities." But the 'Pall Mall Gazette' is not quite so frantic in its malice against Ultramontanes as the 'Saturday Review,' and candidly admits that any effective suppression of the evil "is a step to be expected in vain from Government and Parliament"—who are certainly not in league with Ultramontanes—and that the state of Italy is due to the appointment of an influential Radical member of Parliament, whom the Government thought to reconcile by appointing him Prefect of Palermo." Yet we have no doubt that when the conscientious writer in the 'Saturday Review' had finished his veracious article, he despatched the intemperate nonsense to his employers with an agreeable sense of wages earned and duty accomplished.

He has, however, a formidable rival in the 'Church Review.' "The man who does not, from the bottom of his heart, and with his inmost conscience," we are told in that valuable print, "believe that Pius IX. has a Divine right to declare Queen Victoria deposed, to assign her kingdom to the Duke of Modena or any one else"—a less blundering zealot would have been content with the Duke—"and to declare that she may be lawfully taken and slain by her subjects," &c., &c., &c., "is no true Roman Catholic." We did not know we were such desperate people. Yet it is not we who sneer every week at her Majesty, nor propose to insult her by building at her gates what it is supposed she would regard with disapproval. We leave that to the 'Church Times' and 'Church Review.' But these people are incurable. There was one to whom it was said of old, "What hast thou to do with peace?" When we read the Ritualistic papers, with their furious libels on the Holy See, and their scandalous connivance with every form of heresy, we are tempted to say to each of them, "What hast thou to do with the truth?"—"Tablet."

BEAUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

ONE of the Divine characteristics of the Catholic Church is her fidelity to the cause of her Divine Lord. She never forgets the eternal glory of her heavenly Founder. In her holy offices, every hour is made subservient to the praise and adoration of the everlasting God. Every day in the year has its peculiar prayers, which elevate the souls of her children to heaven, and bring to mind the mighty attributes and heavenly majesty of the Omnipotent Father of the Faithful. Every week has its religious devotions, which are appropriate to the several seasons of the year, and even the months, as they roll around, are dedicated to special services, by which their recurrence marks in the Christian year the homage, devotion, and adoration of the Catholic world to that Almighty from whose omnipotent wisdom the Catholic Church has sprung.

Thus we find the seasons, the months, the weeks, the days, and even the hours divided into religious cycles, in which the prayers of the universal Church ascend before the throne of grace, carrying with them on the wings of the morning the aspirations of millions of the faithful for peace and good-will among all men.

The pious practice of dedicating the several days of the week to special devotions is still held in great favor by the Catholic world. Thus, on Sunday, devout Catholics commence the week by offering their prayers in honor of the Holy Trinity; on Monday the Holy Ghost is duly honored in the same way; on Tuesday we honor the majesty of God through His holy angels; on Wednesday we implore the intercession of the celestial patriarch, St. Joseph; on Thursday, "the day of love," as St. Mary of Pazzi delighted to call it, we are reminded of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament; on Friday, with fasting and prayer, we call to our mental vision the sorrows, the sufferings, and agonising death of our Divine Redeemer; and on Saturday, the Catholic world closes its devotions by honoring the Immaculate Mother of the Son of God.

In the same manner, the months of the year are devoted in a special manner to bring to the minds of the children of the Church the ever living and consoling beauties of the holy faith.

In January, the youngest month of the year, the faithful are reminded of the Holy Infancy of our Divine Saviour; in February we meditate upon the passion of our Blessed Redeemer; in March we place ourselves under the patronage of St. Joseph, the foster father of Him whose death gave life to the Christian faith; in April we are reminded of the glorious Resurrection of our Lord, which is a type of the resurrection of the souls of the just from the grave of sin; in May, the month of floral beauties, our devotions are specially placed beneath the patronage of the Queen of Heaven, to whom our prayers are so many garlands of flowers presented through the Mother of God to the Eternal Father of all the faithful; in June the faithful invoke the Sacred Heart to receive

their humble prayers, and to keep their affections placed upon the celestial beauties of heaven; in July we appeal to the precious blood to wash away the sins of the world; in August the Christian souls are led to the Heart of Mary, and through the Mother of Sorrows to obtain from God the grace necessary to secure our eternal happiness; September is known as the month of Religious Orders, during which the faithful contemplate the charity of God in bestowing upon the world such soldiers of the Cross as St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, St. Camillus, St. Vincent de Paul, and the other founders of Religious Orders in the Church of God; in October the Christian mind reverts to the angelic choirs of Holy Angels who minister around the throne of God, and to whom is committed the guardianship and guidance of every soul that is formed by the Hand of Omnipotence; in November the devotions of the faithful are dedicated to the service of the souls of the suffering, as the Church clings to her children, not only in this life, but when they have passed beyond the portals of death, and when the world has forgotten that they ever existed, the Church still bears grateful memory of their fidelity, and devotes her prayers and holy offices to securing their eternal repose; December marks the Nativity of our Lord with indelible distinctness upon the soul of every Catholic, and the most sublime spectacle of the Christian year is reserved for the annual adoration of the Divine Infant in the crib at Bethlehem. Thus it is that the Church keeps before the minds of her children the ever-recurring events of the institution of the Christian religion, and thus aids us in continuing in the narrow path that leads to eternal life.

How sublime those features of our holy faith are, we can conceive, if we compare them with the cold and sterile sects by which the Catholic Church is surrounded. With us every day marks our love and veneration for the God of our holy faith; with them, no festival marks the sanctity of the season, no occasion is hallowed by abstinence and prayer; no pious custom marks the memory of the glorious Saints of God. Their ecclesiastical calendar is blank their churches are mere meeting houses, and they render unto Caesar the homage due to God.—'Sentinel.'

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

A COUSIN TO THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

THE Count de Jarnac, who has just been appointed French Minister to the Court of St. James, formerly occupied the same post under the Government of Louis Philippe. He belongs to an ancient and distinguished family, and is regarded as one of the most enlightened statesmen and writers of the day. He was intrusted, under the monarchy, with matters of the gravest importance, in managing which he displayed ability of the highest order. The Count de Jarnac is the son of the Marquis de Rohanchabot, by Lady Grace Geraldine Fitzgerald, his wife, and is consequently first cousin of the present Duke of Leinster. After completing his education, and before attaining his majority, he was sent, in 1838, to Ireland, where he resided several years in Thomastown Castle, county Tipperary, the seat of the Llandaff family. While here, and while visiting England, he became acquainted with the most eminent statesmen of Great Britain, including the late Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, with whom he maintained the most familiar intercourse. In 1843 he was appointed First Secretary to the French Legation in London, and was subsequently placed at its head. The Count enjoyed in a special manner the confidence of Louis Philippe and his Minister, M. Guizot, and he seems to have been also in an especial manner acceptable to the English Government. In 1845, Lord Aberdeen's Ministry fell from power, and there had been on several occasions during its continuance very serious questions of dispute between the two Governments. At this time the King wrote to his representative in London as follows:—

"MY DEAR PHILIPPE,—I thank you very much for both your letters and the information they afforded me. I beg of you to be my interpreter to your uncle, the Duke of Leinster, and tell him how sensible I am of the expressions of his letter, which you have transmitted me. But I have to charge you with another message, which, however, I have charged M. Guizot, but which I desire to repeat in every possible way, since it comes not alone from my heart, but also from my moral convictions. It is to tell Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen how much I am afflicted by their resignation of the Ministry, and also the more so since I was flattering myself with the hope of seeing their Cabinet long in harmony with mine in the support and perpetuation of that *entente cordiale* which has been so well cemented through the personal relations and affections it has afforded me to establish, and I have, and I ought to have, confidence that these sentiments will be preserved, whatever may be the fluctuations of the future. They will ever be a powerful means of repairing such evil accidents as we may not have the good fortune to foresee. Be good enough to tell Lord Aberdeen that I shall ever retain for him the sentiment which I professed at the Chateau d'Eau, and that I shall always be glad to testify that nothing can efface them. Reckon always, my dear Philippe, on those that I entertain for yourself.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

Three years later the citizen-King was a refugee in England, and it has recently transpired that he was in such needy circumstances that Sir Robert Peel wrote to the Count de Jarnac enclosing £1000 for the benefit of the fallen monarch. Of course the letter containing the money was couched in the most delicate terms, and the request made that the Count apply it in such a manner that Louis Philippe should never know from whom it came, even if he suspected that De Jarnac was disbursing funds beyond his means; but Sir Robert did not suppose that such a question could arise. The new Minister to England has adhered to the fortunes of the Orleans family, and MacMahon has now placed him in perhaps the most responsible and honorable places in his gift.—'New York Herald.'