

We find a similar pretension put forward by the present Ministry as regards Canada—for it has been officially declared that the laws made in London override the acts of the Canadian Legislature—which, consequently, is only a mock Parliament!

In a very brief space we shall hear this pretension rejected by Canada with indignation. The inhabitants of that country will undoubtedly imitate the conduct of Ireland on the occasion. For it was this act of high-handed usurpation which Ireland answered in Eighty-two, when she proclaimed the independence of the Irish Parliament.

The question of jurisdiction preceded the question of independence then—perhaps it may now once more be the herald of greater things. Irish traders have already been dragged over to London. But one Irish trader has taken the manful resolution of refusing to obey the order of the English Court. He has determined to try the question, and we think his conduct and case deserve the most earnest and most active attention of Irish representatives, who should have guarded against this encroachment, and are now bound to endeavor to withstand it.

"I admire that public-spirited merchant" (Alderman Horan), said Grattan, on a somewhat similar occasion, "who spread consternation at the Custom House, and, despising the example which great men afforded, determined to try the question, and tendered for entry what the British Parliament prohibits the subject to export, some articles of silk, and sought at his private risk the liberty of his country; with him, I am convinced, it is necessary to agitate the question of right. In vain will you endeavor to keep it back—the passion is too natural, the sentiment is too irresistible; the question comes of its own vitality—you must reinstate the laws." —'Irishman.'

THE PERPETUAL OBLATION.

HAVE our young Catholics ever thought that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives?

When it is midnight in New York, Mass is beginning in the churches in Italy. Their ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands to heaven. Think of the hundreds of quiet chapels,

Jesus there,
And Mary's image meek and fair,
And the dim light, with rich and poor,
Scattered round the chapel floor,
With the tinkling beads they tell,
And whispers scarcely audible.

A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds, and in every city, town and hamlet the Divine Host is uplifted amid the radiance of lamps and the incense of flowers, to stay the anger of God from the land of His choicest favors, and kneeling crowds adore his chastening hand, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and, when it was one, in New York offers the great Sacrifice in countless splendid churches.

And then Catholic Ireland, the island of Saints, which has suffered so many centuries for the faith, rallies anew round the altars it would never forsake.

At 2 o'clock and after, the priests of the island of the Atlantic—perhaps Cape Verde—white-robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their shoulders, bend before the tabernacle.

An hour later, a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half-past 4 the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland; and at 5, Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian churches and chapels grow radiant as the faithful people, the inhabitants of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun, and the innocent child hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them.

At 6, how many souls are flocking to the churches in New York, eager to begin their day of labour with the holiest act of religion. Many young people, too, gather round the altar then, or at a later hour, like the fresh flowers which open with the morning, and offer their dewy fragrance to Heaven.

An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing; and at 8, Mexico, true to the faith, bends before its glittering altars.

At 9, the devout tribes of Oregon follow their loved blackgown to their gay chapels, and California for a while loosens its grasp on its gold to think of the treasures that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unbloody sacrifice is being offered in the islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord.

And so the bells go ringing on, on, over the waters, and one taper after another lights up, as one soul after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At 2, the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of our Lord, *Introibo ad altare Dei*. And all the spicy islands of the East catch up the same sweet sound, one after another, till, at 4 in the afternoon, China proves there are many souls who are worthy of the name of Celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite. Then in Thibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry souls.

At 6, the altars of Hindoostan, where St. Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him who is their Life and Strength.

At 9, in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the Bread of Heaven. God help him!

During the hours New York is gay with parties and balls and

theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour, who once died for all, and who is now daily offered by all.

At 11, in Jerusalem, the holy city over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where He suffered and offered Himself a sacrifice for the whole world.

When midnight sounds again in New York, the silver bells are tinkling again in every chancel in Rome, and so it goes on; the Divine Host is constantly rising, like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachi; "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Every hour we can and should unite ourselves to the Masses going on in some part of the world, thus adding new brightness to God's glory, atoning for the neglect of others, and promoting our own sanctification.—'The Young Catholic.'

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

INTELLIGENCE has reached us of an extraordinary discovery in the shape of several large caves containing fossil remains supposed to be those of some extinct animals, having been made in the limestone country between Cowra and Canowindra. We have at present before us a letter written by one of the party of four by whom the discovery was made. From that letter we take the following information:—

The entrance to cave No. 1 was accidentally discovered by the party above referred to, when engaged in work in the bush, and, as already stated is in country of limestone formation. The mouth of the cave is very large, but the roof gradually falls, and progress can only be made upon the hands and knees for the space of about twenty feet, when there is another abrupt rise, and a very large cavern is entered. The astonishment of the exploring party on discovering this cave was great, but more astonishing discoveries were before them. Entering the roomy space and searching for further openings they came across a large deposit of bones—about five feet in width—embedded in a layer of different colored soil, between two layers of limestone. The writer says:—"This strange deposit is about fifty feet from the surface, but I cannot give you a description of the bones just yet as we did not like to disturb them. There was one bone, however, which we could not help observing above the others, as it was larger than any exposed to view. It is about twelve or thirteen inches in length, and about an inch and a half in diameter. There are thousands of bones in the heap, and I am sure they are not those of a kangaroo. We intend to forward some of them to Sydney by and bye, in order to ascertain what animal they belonged to. Below the spot where there remains were found, the writer says, there is another cavity about twenty feet deep, where other bones are to be seen. He also says that there are many other caves leading from the one described, and he promises to give a full description when he and his party have made further researches.

Cave No. 2 is described as being in the same hill and about 100 yards distant from Cave No. 1. To this cave there is a splendid entrance, which extends some fifty or sixty feet inwards, when it narrows down, as in the first mentioned cave, the explorers being under the necessity of crawling for some distance on their elbows and knees. A roomy cave is then entered, but nothing very striking appears. Satisfied that there were other compartments further on the party made a careful search, but for a long time could find no outlet. At last one of the four discovered a small hole in the back wall of the cave—a hole "just about large enough to put your hand through." That hole was after some trouble made larger, and cautiously and tremblingly one after another of the party crawled through the newly made aperture, and then found themselves in a cave of narrow dimensions. A descent of several feet upon a narrow ledge of rock brought them to an opening "just large enough for a man to get down through"—and down the plucky fellows went, and again crawling for twenty feet with their faces near the ground, they found themselves in a cave of large dimensions and grandeur. The writer says:—"This is the principal cave, as far as we have yet discovered. The scenery is truly magnificent: the stalactites, &c., forming a very grand sight. The height from the floor is eighty or ninety feet; and there are some twelve or fourteen different openings leading into other cavities. Into some of these we ventured, but from others we were driven by the foul air. The sights in some of them are beautiful to behold. Strange to say, in the deepest part of the large cave there is the same sort of strata as we found in the first cave, and, stranger still, there are many bones here also. These bones are lying 300 or 400 feet lower in the earth than were the bones we saw in No. 1 cave."

The writer then proceeds to say that he and his mates intend to explore numerous other underground palaces, the entrances to which they had discovered, mentioning that on their next expedition they will enter a cave "about 100 feet perpendicular before there is any bottom." He also promises to send fuller particulars at a future time.

The names of this venturesome exploring party are T. J. Peters, A. Potts, T. O'Shaughnessy, and J. O'Shaughnessy.

It is somewhat remarkable that the discovery of these subterranean caverns has not been made before this, for we are informed by the recipient of the letter from which we have taken the above extracts that the spot is not isolated, and the caves must have been passed and re-passed by numerous travellers. We shall await with some interest the analysis of the bones discovered in such an unusual place, and will not fail to give our readers the benefit of information relating thereto which may come to us in the future. —'Bathurst Free Press.'