CHURCH BUILDING IN IRELAND.

THE following eloquent sentences are from a sermon preached recently by the Rev. James M'Laughliu, P.P., Lavey, County Derry, at the dedication of the new Catholic church at Killyclogher,

Omagh:
Standing on an Irish altar, and addressing an audience of Irishmen, on the occasion of a solemn dedication of a new church, would be unmindful of my duty, and ungrateful too, were I not to make at least a few allusions to the history of our own dear isle, and the offerth. and the efforts her people have always made in erecting churches. and the efforts her people have always made in erecting churches. What history does not mention the long roll of holy prelates and learned men whom Ireland has produced? What a brilliant galaxy of illustrious names! From Patrick to Brigid, from Brigid to Columba, from Columba to Malachy, and even to our own times, our fathers had a lively perception of the sublime and the beautiful; they knew well those causes which operate on the human heart and appeal to the religious sensibilities of the people. Some of the old churches were built on the rocky mountains; some in neart and appeal to the religious sensibilities of the people. Some of the old churches were built on the rocky mountains; some in the quiet sequestered glen, apart from the thronged haunts of men and the bustle of the city; some stood by the little streamlet that threads its way through the rich pasture lands and fields of yellow waving corn. In the history of the Church a century is not a lengthened period; still, during that time the Catholic church has nassed through more religious sensibilities of the people. Some lengthened period; still, during that time the Catholic church has passed through many phases, and nowhere is the change for the better more remarkable than in our own diocese, and in the neighboring diocese of Down and Connor. We had at first the little altar in the glen or mountain side; it has disappeared, never, I hope to return. We had next the plain, unpretending, barn-like structure—it, also, has disappeared in most places. No ivy clad walls, no mouldering ruins remain to testify the spot where the old Cathedral of St. Eugene, at Ardstraw, once stood; but now again, after the lapse of so many centuries, another cathedral superior to any edifice that ever existed in the diocese of Derry, has been built on the banks of the Foyle, and overlooks the grand old city hallowed by the memories and residence of the great St. Columba. It is a noble undertaking to rebuild the fallen temple. Columba. It is a noble undertaking to rebuild the fallen temple, to restore the ruined cloister, and renew the rified shrine; but it is an arduous undertaking. It requires sacrifices of time and of money, and involves much mental anxiety. Before the work is completed, the priest may succumb, the victim of his zeal. If he survive the labor, he will often receive little gratitude and less reward from the public he has served. He will excite jealousies, because small minds will depreciate the merit they cannot imitate, and ridicule the zeal and success which they envy. But the faith-Columba. It is a noble undertaking to rebuild the fallen temple, because small minds will depreciate the merit they cannot imitate, and ridicule the zeal and success which they envy. But the faithful priest labors for a higher motive, regardless of the jealousies of men or rewards in this life. When the Angelus bell will be heard from hill and valley, as in the days of faith; when new cathedrals will ring with the peals of powerful organs; when learned professors will teach sciences as yet undiscovered, in the spacious halls of new colleges; when our spirits shall have passed to the God that made them, and our bones shall commingle with the bones of our fathers, our children's children shall chant a mean, and pray a prayer—the our children's children shall chant a pæan, and pray a prayer—the pæan shall be in our praise, and the prayer shall be for those who restored the temples and the shrines of our fathers.

SCOTCH AND IRISH CRIME.

It is highly probable in an important debate on the Irish land question, which may be looked for early in the coming session, an question, which may be looked for early in the coming session, an attempt will be made to repeat the outrageous slanders of the Irish people in which Mr. M'Laren, the member for Edinburgh, and others at regular intervals indulge. I am informed that the most elaborate preparations are being made—statistics examined, and official reports copied—the sole object being, so far as I can discover, to make out a case against Irishmen of all classes and creeds, stamping them as behind the other peoples of the United Kingdom in social morality, in regard for public order, and decorum, and in intelligence. With an anxious desire to help the gentlemen who are conducting this pleasing inquiry in finding out the truth, I have with some pains collected from official records a few statistics, which I commend to their countrymen. For the present I deal with Scotch and Irish crime simply. The English and Welsh attend to their own business, and discreetly avoid comparisons. To which I commend to their countrymen. For the present I deal with Scotch and Irish crime simply. The English and Welsh attend to their own business, and discreetly avoid comparisons. To compare the crime of the populations of either Leinster, Munster, or Connaught with the crime of a strictly Scotch population equal to the populations of any of the three provinces would be unfair to Scotland, for the simple reason that the conditions are not equal. There is no manufacturing district in any of the provinces named. But Ulster affords a perfect test. There the population in many ways—in descent, in social arrangement, and to some extent in religion—corresponds with the population of Scotland more closely. religion—corresponds with the population of Scotland more closely perhaps than any other portion of the United Kingdom. How, then, do offences in Ulster compare with offences in a portion of Scotland equal in population to that of Ulster? Let the following Scotland equal in population to that of Ulster? Let the following terrible record answer. Offences against property—Ulster, 3,184; Scotland, 12,274. Offences against morals—Ulster, 47; Scotland, 87. Murder and attempts at murder, offences against the lives of infants and children—Ulster, 92; Scotland, 99. Offences against veracity—Ulster, 6; Scotland, 9. Manslaughter—Ulster, 20; Scotland, 23. Police offences—i.e., smaller charges, such as brawls, drunkenness—Ulster, 59,008; Scotland, 56,465. As to this latter feature, I need not point how much more strict the Irish police are than the Scotch in the matter of drunk and disorderly offences. With these official returns before them I shall watch with some curiosity the answer which the Ulster members will give to the attack which will be made on Ireland next session But if your space permitted I could show that the other provinces of Ireland bear a better comparison even than Ulster, with strictly Scotch populations. The figures show conclusively that in every station of life the Irishman is a purer-lifed, more law-abiding citizen than

his Scotch neighbor. He commits fewer murders and he steals less; he is more truthful than the Scotchman. In one point he seems to be more guilty. He is more quarrelsome in his cups than the Scot, but, as I have already said, the Scotch police allow a brawling toper to roll home where an Irish policeman would direct his steps to the nearest station. Statistics of the kind I have given cannot be too widely known, and with your permission I shall return again to the subject. For the present, however, I may say generally that taking the crime of Ulster it is all round 9 per cent. less than the crime of Scotland, and taking specially vicious offences, it is 47 per cent. less.—London Letter. it is 47 per cent. less.—London Letter.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S WIFE.

On the 19th November, 1838, a disastrous fire broke out in one of the convents of the old town of Limoges, on the banks of the Vienne in France. As is the case with most of the French convents a large boarding school for children was attached to the establishment at Limoges. The instant the fire was discovered, the most ment at Limoges. The instant the fire was discovered, the most urgent measures were adopted for the safety of the inmates and children of the convent, and nearly all the inhabitants of the town gathered in consternation before the blazing building. It was thought that all were safe, when suddenly it was remembered that all the safety of the safety of the inhabitants of the town gathered in consternation before the blazing building. It was a little shill who was lying ill in a distant room, had been unthought of in the appalling confusion of the hour. The fire was raging with ungovernable fury, and the doomed edifice seemed wrapped in the devastating flames. There was a piteous cry from wrapped in the devastating flames. There was a piteous cry from the nuns for the poor child who had been left behind, but it looked the very summit of madness to dare her rescue. When despair was setting down on the vast throng, a young woman stepped from out the front of it, and with calm but courageous voice exclaimed that she would try to save the child. Despite the efforts of the fremen to stop her, she plunged into the midst of the crackling flames, and disappeared from the sight of the bewildered gaze of the spectators. peared from the sight of the boundary of Seconds seemed hours in that awful moment, and Seconds seemed hours in the crowd. The the spectators. Seconds seemed hours in that awful moment, and as they passed there was a fearful stillness in the crowd. The brave girl was absent for a couple of minutes, and as she failed to reappear, it was feared that she had perished a victim to her heroic charity. At length her figure was seen passing again from amidst She was welcomed with a frantic burst of joy by all who stood around, and with thousands upon thousands of blessings for the unexampled deed she had done. A few days after King Louis Philippe sent her a gold medal for her noble and successful effort, and her hand was colod in marriers by hand was asked in marriage by a young captain of the French army, who had witnessed the act at the convent at Limoges. The offer was accepted, and the captain and the heroine are alive and well to-day. The captain is now the Marshal-President of the French Republic, and the brave-hearted young girl of the incident of 19th November, 1838, is his amiable, devoted, and beneficent wife.—'Dublin Freeman,' November 23.

THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

KIT CARSON, an eye-witness of the execution of Maximilian at Queretaro, describes it as follows:—"I was under General Corrona for several years, and was present when Maximilian and his two generals were shot.

I was within ten yards of him during the last half-hour of his life.

History says that his last words were 'Poor Carlett' History says that his last words were 'Poor Carlotta!' History is wrong. A report was prevalent, apparently from authentic sources, that his wife had died two weeks before, and Maximilian believed it. When he was brought out for execution he was accompanied by two Mexican priests, whom he carbraced and kissed repeatedly. He then took from the hands of one of the priests a crucifix, and kissed it twelve or thirteen times. The sergeant of the squad appointed to shoot him then came for ward, and, kneeling, asked pardon for having to perform the navigation. ward, and, kneeling, asked purdon for having to perform the aw'ul task of taking his life. Mazimilian took a medal (a gift from Victor task of taking his life. Mazimilian took a medal (a gift from Victor Emanuel) from his breast and gave it to the sergeant, with the remark that 'if he obeyed orders he was a good soldier.' The two generals knelt down with their backs to the firing squad. Maximilian stood up facing his executioners. Placing his hand on his heart, he looked at the soldiers firmly and said, in English: 'Boys, aim here.' A sheet of firme and smoke came from the levelled muskets, and Maximilian fell to the ground. The two generals died instantly, but the ex-king still lived. As he writhed in agony, he moaned out in Spanish, 'O, man! O, man!' The soldiers then drew nearer, and gave the fallen monarch the coup de grace."

The many improvements that are being carried out in George-street, bid fair to render that thoroughfare the rival to South Princes street in the matter of increased architectural adornments. Amongst other houses of business that have enlarged their pre-mises, that of Mr. T. S. Kerr has completed extensive alterations. In addition to the trade hitherto carried on by this establishment in