

"It is too much! It is too much!" cried Frederic: "I have not merited all this, the Prince is deceived." He blushed at receiving so many marks of friendship for his modesty did not permit him to know his own merit. He reflected a moment, whether he should not go to the Prince, and return him the title of nobility and his ornament but he knew how improper that step would be; then kneeling before his crucifix, he thus prayed his eyes filled with tears of gratitude:—"My God I could never have expected so many marks of kindness! It is you who have directed all these events; you led me this way, the day on which the Count of Lowe escaped from the castle; you permitted the souvenir of my father to become the instrument of my happiness. Eternal thanks to you for those favors. I shall ever be grateful for them. Yes, I will always declare your mercies towards me. I will never cease to love you."

St. Francis of Sales was often reproved by his friends, because they did not approve of his manner of going on; they used to tell him that he ought to defend himself with more ardour from the calumnies of evil minded people, and to maintain his dignity: on which occasions he used to answer that mildness ought to be the peculiar characteristic of bishops; and that, therefore, though the world of self-love might establish maxims of another kind, he at least would not doubt them, because they were contrary to those of Jesus Christ, to which he had always deemed it a glory to conform himself.

St. Gregory relates of the Abbot Stephen, that he had conceived so great a love for injuries, and calumnies, and torments, that whenever he suffered any, he imagined he had made a great gain, and returned heartfelt thanks to the person from whom he had suffered them: and thus it was that he attained so great a reputation for sanctity, that whoever injured him felt certain he had made him his friend.

When Joseph was tempted to commit sin, "How can I do this," said he, "and in the sight of God?" and the chaste Susannah, "It is better that I fall into your hands without fault, than that I should sin in the presence of God."

As without faith it is impossible to please God, so without mildness it is impossible to please men, or to gain influence over them.—*St. Bernard.*

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A. J. RITCHIE.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- NOVEMBER 7—Mrs. Conachton of a Son.
7—Mrs. Keefe of a Son.
7—Mrs. Darine of a Daughter.
12—Mrs. Walsh of a Daughter.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- NOVEMBER 7—George, infant Son of John and Mary Ann Arthur, aged 12 months.
8—Denis, infant Son of Michael and Johanna McDonnell, aged 4 months.
8—Mary, Wife of Thomas Maher, a native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 35 years.
10—Edward, infant Son of Edward and Mary Keefe, aged 10 days.
13—Barbara, wife of Henry Clark, native of Scotland, aged 70 years.

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