

Enters with all his captive spoils—the fruit
 Of His undying victory, and sits
 Beside His Father, throned in Majesty.
 His dear, bereav'd disciples, orphans now,
 Unite in prayer, invoke the hallow'd Spirit
 Of grace and love, who o'erpassion'd Mary,
 And rendered her the living Tabernacle
 Of holiness itself, to fill their hearts.
 The mystic Eucharist they offer'd not;
 But when the heav'nly source of truth, and light,
 The Spir't of Peace and Bond of Love descends
 And graves his Law in characters of fire
 Upon their soften'd hearts, behold! at once,
 They sigh with ardour for this strengthening Food.
 And, as the bridegroom will no more return,
 Sweet solace for his loss—they daily feed
 On Bread of Angels, and their Hidden God
 Receive, adore, in sacramental veils.

—The infant Church increased, the multitude
 Of true believers spread throughout the realms
 Of wide, Imperial Rome. Now madden'd hell
 Lights up the lurid flame of vengeful hate
 In tyrant-breasts, and Christian blood is pour'd
 Through the red streets like water; ruthless man
 Pursues his kind with more than savage ire.
 The hungry lion, or the rabid tiger
 Tame in the Coliseum mid the shouts
 Of herds in human form devour'd their prey,
 Were meeker far, more merciful than man,
 Whose cruelty had feasted but in blood
 And banquetted in agony:

Oh! what pow'r
 Shall nerve the timid Christian for the fight
 Shall teach him to despise the rack, the gibbet
 And calmly smile at the grim face of death?
 No more beneath the light of day are seen
 The awful mysteries—no more dispens'd
 The bread of life—the preacher's voice is still
 Felt from the busy world to darksome caves
 Religion trembling flies, and there, in gloom
 Of ages, kindles her undying Lamp.
 Her children follow, and their notes of praise
 Break the mysterious stillness; double night
 Enwraps them. But what vigilance can save
 From hell's own satellites? The pagan band
 Thirsting for blood, pursue the lowly Christian
 Who, taken, bound, and scourg'd, proclaims his
 Faith,
 Blesses his God, and cheerfully resigns
 His life: But whence this more than human
 strength?
 Ah! he was fed with heav'nly Manna; he
 Was nerv'd for combat by that strength'ning bread
 Which giveth life eternal. Here he toun.
 A patron, friend and father; here he reared
 In a secure asylum. Thus he triumph'd

And thus those gloomy caves became the schools
 In which the King of Martyrs train'd his soldiers
 For death and victory; thus no more, nor chains,
 Nor galling stripes, nor fire, nor sword, equal'd aunt,
 Those generous souls who bore within their bosom
 That Lamb, for love of whom, they courted death.
 The glorious levite, sainted Lawrence, thus
 Endur'd his horrid torment; than his soul
 No iron more inflexible; the fire
 Of heav'nly love which glow'd within his heart
 Burn'd with intenser heat his noble breast
 Than that weak, earthly flame, which slow con-
 sum'd
 His innocent flesh. The Eucharistic God
 Sustain'd him; he had drunk that strength'ning
 cup
 Which, with supernal force, inebriates
 The martyr's soul, and thus he feels no more
 The impious persecutor's feeble efforts:
 In this ecstatic ocean pain is drown'd!

General Intelligence.

MONASTERIES AND UNION WORK-
HOUSES.

There appears to be a growing suspicion, even
 amongst Protestants, that the so-called Reformation,
 however acceptable to those who were, or
 who desired to become rich, was not a very aus-
 picious event for the poor. It would be difficult
 for the most enthusiastic disciple of the new reli-
 gion to show what they have gained by that disas-
 trous revolution. To appreciate the full intensity
 of the calamity which has befallen this class of our
 fellow-countrymen by the subversion of the Holy
 Church, it is only necessary to compare their pre-
 sent state, both as to the things of this world and
 of the next, with their condition previous to the
 change of religion. And this is now a very easy
 task. We have but to examine, on the one hand,
 the multitudinous "Reports" of the various Com-
 missioners who have investigated and disclosed
 the formidable secrets of their woful penury and
 demoralization—the speeches of statesmen who
 have hitherto confessed their inability to remedy
 either, or the querulous admissions of Protestant
 divines, as the Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Pusey,
 of whom the former acknowledges the "intense
 hatred of the Christian Faith raging in many parts
 of England," and the latter that "we have allowed
 a large nation of heathens to spring up among our-
 selves, unconverted, unnoticed, uncared for;" and
 to call to mind, on the other side, the copious and
 inexhaustible charities, both corporal and spiritual,
 of our Catholic forefathers, especially of the reli-
 gious communities, which are attested not only by
 the records of their own times, and the scanty
 memorials of them which still survive amid the
 general wreck, but even by the jealous and pee-