

ty in July last. Notwithstanding the more than maternal care with which he was attended when restored to his family, the germ of the destroying disease contracted in the College soon began to show itself. Consumption, alas! the despoiler of so many fair flowers, and youthful prospects, soon manifested itself, in the daily decay of our late friend's already most attenuated frame.

Owing to the pious training, particularly religious, under which he was reared from boyhood, the transition, so dreadful to many from ideas of worldly prosperity and fame, to thoughts of the dreadful pass, to which he was now rapidly approaching, was to him most easy. "Let the will of God be done" were the edifying words with which he bade adieu to the world with all its vanities.

Being fortified on the 18th by all the spiritual aids of the Catholic Church, not unlike the gradual extinction of the lamp's flickering flame, "al mancar dell' alimento," he placidly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. His mortal remains were followed to the grave on the ensuing Sunday by hundreds of his sympathising friends, when the tumulus was formed, and the vast multitude devoutly knelt down to respond to the last requiem over their departed friend. The idea naturally occurred to us that many, if not all, who were present, would reap no small advantage from the striking instance before them of the frailty and instability of all human things. Requiescat in pace.

THE PENITENT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, mother church! within thy porch,
A Suppliant poor, I bend,
I seek for consolation,
And the peace that has no end.—
The peace of God that passeth all
That man can comprehend.

With contrite heart and humble,
I seek thy open door,
As some storm-beaten mariner
A safe and tranquil shore.
Where winds can drive and billows toss,
His fragile bark no more.

In the fair days gone forever,
The holy hope was mine
To guard among thy priesthood,
The worship of thy shrine,
To break the sacramental bread,
And pour the blessed wine.

But the world's gay face allured me,
To devious paths afar,

And I left thy quiet precincts
For life's incessant jar,
And followed false and fickle flames,
And not thy deathless star!

O mother Church receive me
In mercy to thy breast,
That I may look with tearful eyes
On my eternal rest—
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

For tired of gauds and follies,
My heart repentant turns—
As an infant for its mother
In wailing sorrows yearns—
To the light which on thy altar
With heavenly lustre burns.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Rt Rev. Dr. Ryan presided at a reception in the Sisters of Mercy Convent, Peter's Cell on Wednesday morning, when Barbara, daughter of the late Michael Ryan, Esq., and sister of E. F. Ryan, Esq., ex-Mayor, and Anne, daughter of J. Ryan, Esq., of Fedamore received the white veil.—*Americk Chronicle.*

On the 16th Aug. senior Ensign James E. Leahy, of the 84th regt., laid the foundation stone of a new Catholic church, at Secunderabad, Madras. The ceremony was performed amidst the loud acclamation of the large assembly present on the occasion. The above gallant young officer is third son of Daniel Leahy, Esq., of Shanakill House, deputy lieutenant of the county Cork.—*Id.*

Charles Creagh, of Dangan, Esq., has given a site for a new Catholic Chapel at Lisdoonvarna.

"We learn from the last number of the *Melanges Religieux*, that Messieurs Clement, vicar of St. Pie, and Moreau, Curate of Les Cedres, are also sick with typhus, contracted at the sheds in Montreal.

"To the above list we regret to add the name of Dr. Racey, one of the medical attendants of the Marine Hospital, where he has given his services gratuitously throughout this arduous and deadly season.

BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

October 28—Mrs McKeown of a daughter. 30—Mrs O'Brien of a daughter—

November 1—Mrs Phillips of a daughter, Mrs Sullivan of a daughter, Mrs Pender of a son, Mrs Merchant of a daughter, Mrs McCarthy of a daughter. 2—Mrs Cleary of a son. 3—Mrs Brown of a son. 4—Mrs Glenn of a daughter.

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