

since the invasion of Ireland. We think they are fated to endure for ever. Our own creed on the subject is, that God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, makes use of England's persecution for Ireland's spiritual welfare and glory—that more Saints are going to Heaven from Ireland, than from any country on earth—that through the exiled Irish, He is extending the true Faith throughout the universe—that He chastises Ireland because He loves her—that He permits the temporal prosperity of England as the greatest curse that could befall her, for there will be no chance of her conversion or salvation until she is humbled to the dust by misfortune—that when the designs of Heaven respecting the diffusion of the Gospel are completed, England will be punished temporally as well as spiritually; that her fall will be the most dreadful and ignominious the world has ever seen, and that when that solemn moment of God's vengeance and justice shall arrive, IRELAND, her long-suffering victim, will be the instrument chosen by Providence to scourge that haughty nation and to vindicate the ways of God to man. England herself seems to have an instinctive dread of this. She seems ever haunted by the ghost of her Irish victim—Ireland is the night-mare that oppresses her—Ireland is the hand-writing on the wall, that points to her inevitable doom.

The United States Catholic Magazine has been discontinued, and we think wisely. A Weekly Catholic Journal in Baltimore, which is to be substituted for the Magazine, will be much more useful to the cause, than a badly-supported Magazine. We join in the eulogy of the Observer, on the article headed *Christmas*, in the last number of the Magazine; but our praise is chiefly given to Viscount Walsh, the distinguished author of the article in question (see *Tableau des Fetes Chretiennes* art. Noel. p. 51). In fact, there has been scarcely any original matter for a long time past in the Magazine.

The New York Nation of the 6th, which has just come to hand, gives clearer indications than before of an anti-Catholic, anti-clerical, and—let us say it openly—Infidel spirit. The eulogist of the red barricaders of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the calumniator of the Irish clergy, the vilifier of the Pope, has now completely thrown off the mask. It now advocates the confiscation of the Pope's temporal dominions, and his instalment at Rome as a simple Bishop. It behoves the friends of Religion and of rational liberty in the United States to look to this subject in time; and we humbly think that every Catholic Journal in the Union should at once proclaim its opinion on this wicked and abominable attempt to prostitute the principles of genuine freedom, and to stab the Catholic Religion to the heart, in a cool, calculating, mercenary crusade. For we hold, that whatever doubts might have been hitherto entertained as to the patriotism of the Nation, they must now be dispelled. It is a regular business of Dollars and Cents—a cold blooded resolution of the question: "Shall we gain more in America by attacking the Catholic Clergy or not?"

If the spirit of the Irish people be not long since extinguished—if there be an Irish nation, or an Irish people at all, it is entirely owing to the Catholic Clergy. Both at home and in exile they fostered, encouraged and promoted the national feeling. Without them O'Connell's magic voice would have died away as the idle wind. Without them England would have long since trampled out every vestige of Irish nationality; and surely it is too bad that a few raw, inexperienced, and headlong men, who appeared on the public stage only three or four years ago, and whose appearance has excited only the ridicule of the world, should presume to calumniate that venerable body of men, the real guides and saviours of the Irish people—that inestimable Clergy whose warning and prophetic voice they despised, and whose well-known devotion to Irish interests has been proved in every trial. Who that reads the true and graphic letter lately published by Mr Dillon, in which he describes the miserably armed band of followers that surrounded Smith O'Brien, as being unable at any time to cope with a single company of the Queen's troops—who that reads this honest letter, we say, will not admit that the Irish Clergy would have been lost to every sense of humanity and duty, if they did not save their beloved people from wholesale massacre and ruin?

Our remarks, however, are intended to apply to only a few of the Young Irelanders—for we believe, nay we know, that there were very many amongst them of sterling, lofty principle,

and pure patriotism, whose conduct and motives would do honor to any cause. We know there were amongst them men who would rather lay down their lives than injure the cause of religion or morality. They meant well, but they were deceived, their honest enthusiasm got the better of their cooler judgment; they loved Ireland not wisely, but too well; through love of her they staked their all. Of such Irishmen we are proud, for such we feel unbounded admiration, sympathy and respect. Their very enemies must respect them. From the very beginning we disapproved of their violent attempts—not because we had any doubts of the justice of their cause, but we knew too well they were unable to cope with the formidable power of their gigantic antagonist. We often expressed our regret, in this Journal, that they should even unconsciously play the game of the crafty enemy. For such men, even after their failure, we have no word of bitterness or reproach. Our heart could indulge in no accents but those of sympathy and sorrow. But your trading Patriots we abominate; your Infidel Irishmen we loathe and fear more than we do the "Hyrcanian tigers" of Orangeland itself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Academicus on the Colledge question has been received. We say in reply, *Pas encore mon ami*! The time has not yet come, and your argument will keep. We must rest on our oars until we see in what direction the Executive bark will steer. We fully admit with you that in the popular cry raised, on the subject there has been a pretty considerable sprinkling of Bunkum and delusion. We could say the same regarding the cry about the Common Schools. It is not an increase in the number of those schools that is so much wanted, as an increase in the efficiency of their management and the competency of their teachers. In some parts of the Province which we happen to know, the Common Schools have become a common nuisance, and the occasion of low disreputable jobbing, before which even the Road Money jobs are honesty itself. But of this, and other matters germane, more anon.

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS.

HYMN FOR THE EPIPHANY.

O ye who now would seek your God!
Lift up your eyes and look on high;
His sign of glory beams abroad
In radiant lustre through the sky.

Lovelier and brighter than the morn,
That Star announces to the Wise,
That the Redeemer Christ is born,
Appearing low in mortal guise.

Unlike the changeful moon, that light
Pours not, o'er midnight skies, its ray;
But far and wide it glitters bright,
And ever rules the gladsome day.

Though the clear orbs that beam aloft
Do never altogether fade,
Yet, is their shadowy light full oft
Obscured by many a gloomy shade.

But this one stands for evermore,
It never sinks beneath the cloud,
Not e'en a shadow spreads it o'er,
To dim its glow with misty shroud.

Now flies away each comet, far;
Now every baneful planet's glare,
Before the Infant Saviour's Star,
Is banished from the healthful air.

And lo! approaching from that part
Where first the day begins to shine,
Men, skilled in many a mystic art,
Behold in joy the heav'nly sign.

And when That sings its blaze about,
All others hide their fitful gleams,
Not e'en the Star of Morn shines out
With all the beauty of his beams.

"Who is this mighty King?" they said,
"Extending o'er the stars his sway,
Whom heav'nly things behold with dread,
Whom skies and light and all obey?"

"A wondrous sight do we descry,
Which lives beyond the bounds of time,
Older than chaos and the sky,
Mighty—unspeakable—sublime!"

This is the king of Juda's trust,
Whom all the Gentiles shall adore,
Promised to Abraham the Just,
And to his seed for evermore.

That first-born son of faith and grace,
By whom was Isaac freely given,
Knew well that his predestined race
Would number e'en the stars of heaven.

Now blossoms forth that wondrous flower,
Which from the Root of Jesse springs,
Extending far its wondrous power,
Above all earthly, heavenly things.

Amazed the Magi followed on,
With eager eyes to heaven upturned,
Whil'er that sacred starlight shone,
Making their path where'er it burned.

At length, that beam, so fairly bright,
Above the Infant Saviour stayed,
And showed the place, with slanting light,
In which his lovely form was laid.

And when their eyes beheld him now,
Their store of riches they unrolled.
And offered him, with many a vow,
Myrrh, frankincense, and sparkling gold!

Receive, Sweet Babe, those marks of love,
Which shadow forth thy power, thy fame,
Thou, whom thy mighty Sire above,
Hath honored with a three-fold name.

The glitter of that golden hoard—
That Sabine incense, sweet perfume,
Proclaim thee glorious King and Lord—
The myrrh pours trays the darksome tomb!

It speaks of that where Christ should lay,
His mortal form deprived of breath,
Whence rising soon he spurned the clay
Add scatter'd far the bonds of death.

O Bethlehem! thou favored spot!
Thou pride and glory of the earth,
To day, behold! it is thy lot
To claim the great Messiah's birth.

Ay—thine is the maternal sod
That gives the Sire his only Son—
A man who cometh down from God—
A God who puts man's nature on.

The same whom that almighty Sire
Had destined to possess a throne,
Foretold by the prophetic choir,
By other voices, too, made known;

Whose sceptre should extend its sway
Above the sea, the shore, the sky,
The rising and the setting day,
And Hell below, and Heaven on high.

But envious Herod finds, with pain,
The mighty King of Kings, at hand,
Who comes, o'er David's throne to reign,
And over Israel hold command.

Raging he gives his slaves the word—
"The foe is come we are no more!
Ye satellites! unsheathe the sword,
And make the cradles float in gore.

"Go seek those nursing bosoms all,
To which an infant-man is pressed;
Let every child beneath you fall,
Slain on the suckling matron's breast.

"For Bethlehem I do not love;
There fraudulent mothers dwell, I know,
That would, by stealthy means, remove
The hateful person of my foe."

With blades of death and breasts of ire,
Then flew those slaves to deeds of blood.
The new-born babes, transpierced, expire,
And widely rolls the purple flood.

O scene of horror unsurpassed!
The little head all cloven lies;
The brain is o'er the pavement cast,
And from their sockets start the eyes.

Or, while their hearts still quivering beat,
Into the dreadful deep they're thrown,
Where, soon as breath and water meet,
In death they sink with scoble moan.

Hail! First-fruits of that fair array!
Whom, in Religion's earliest hours,
The foe of Jesus snatched away,
As blasts the gale the budding flowers!

First victims of your Lord divine!
The tenderest of his martyr'd band!
Ye stand, enwreathed, before his shrine,
And sing his praise with palms in hand.

But what avails that fearful deed?
Ah, Herod! where is now thy joy?
A thousand babes too truly bleed,
But not for thee the Heavenly Boy.

The offspring of that Virgin-maid,
Was all among his slaughtered kind,
Who fled the fury of that 'ado
Which left such broken hearts behind.

Thus Moses, chief of Israel's train,—
The figure of th' incarnate God,—
Frustrated all that edict vain,
Which wicked Pharaoh spread abroad.

A cruel law did he ordain
To seal unhappy Juda's doom,
For, every man-child must be slain,
Soon as it issues from the womb.

There was one matron, full of love,
Who disobeyed the tyrant's will,
And, trusting in that Arm above,
By stealth preserved her children still.

And soon the glorious King of Heav'n,
Did make that holy child his own;
Through him the law of God was given,
Engraved on monuments of stone.

In such a one who may not see
Our gracious Lord prefigured plain!
He bade the bravo of Egypt flee,
And freed his race from slavery's chain.

Our leader triumphed o'er hell,
And brought us from death's dismal shade,
To fearful bondage doomed as well
Beneath the chains which sin hath made.

That led, through Ocean's dark retreat,
The people hallowed by the stream,
And purged them with the waters sweet,
While o'er them shone the pillar's beam.

Before the army's dread array†
He lifts his sacred hands on high,
And lo! proud Amalec gives way—
Type of the Cross's victory,

But the true Josua now is here,
Who leads his own beloved band,
After full many a weary year,
Triumphant to the promised land.

Who, deep beneath the Jordan's bed,‡
Doth lay the twelve stones firmly down,
In which the Apostles' names are read,
Whose glory is the Christian's crown.

With justice, then, those ancient Wise,
Believed they looked on Juda's Lord,
When we behold the prophecies
With Jesus' deeds so well accord.

He is the King of all those, who,
In olden times ruled Jacob's fold;
He is the mighty High Priest, too,
Of the new Temple and the old.

Before him Ephraim's children fall,
Him doth Manasse's house adore,
The twelve tribes hasten forth and all
Proclaim his praise from shore to shore.

Yea—o'en the Heathen's godless line
Devoted to their orgies dire,
No more shall light the demon's shrine,
With sacrifice of impious fires

The famous gods of former day,
Of wood—of metal—and of stone—
Shall pass, e'en like a dream, away,
While Jesu's faith shall stand alone.

Then sing, ye nations! joy and sing
Judea—Egypt—Persia—Thrace—
Rome—Scythia—Greece—lo! one great King,
Now rules earth's universal race!

Ye saints and sinners! lift your voice,
And sound your Prince's praise on high,
Living and dead, and all! rejoice,
For no one shall hereafter die.

M. A. W.
Now Brunswick, Jan. 5, 1849.

* Moses.
† Exodus xvii. 11.
‡ Josua iv. 9.

THE CHOLERA.—The Clergy of the County of Meath have published a document, recommending that the people should respect and observe a medical declaration, by over 2,600 doctors in England, Ireland, and Scotland, that intemperance is the surest and most deadly ally of Cholera. We hope their influential recommendation will be acted on all over Ireland, ay, and all over Irish America too!