

Deep was her sorrow for her naughty son, and many were her counsels to bring his footstep back, but all in vain. He not only scandalized the world by his false misrepresentations of her sacred character, but he even entered into her holiest sanctuary, and darkened with dishonour its virgin brightness. Religion, for years untold, had myriads of snow-clad vestals who followed constantly in her train, and who listened lovingly to her converse sweet. One of these did the traitor woo from her arbour of peace—one of these did he perjure in her first vows—one of these did he wed with a heart, not of love, but of passion dark and withering as the red Simoom. O thou wise and white-haired Hans! hadst thou a vision of thy shield's sin, not to be revealed, on that evening of glee when sitting amidst thy son's congratulations, thou wert an ominous form that would not join the choir.

VI.

Ruin was the false boy's dower. He doffed his suit, and formed a fell army against his mistress, piercing her, all heartless, in every part, and rejoicing at every groan which their missiles caused. He was lauded by the world's wicked ones, and raised to eminence, unenviable eminence like Lucifer's by the wild, reckless passions of revolutionary lovers. He became, full soon, a shameless Blasphemer, haughty and overbearing, and at last, like all who love not the true path, died, aged and unrepenting—a curse to his land and to the world. Ye who would learn his name! I have given it you—look and discover.

LITERATURE.

ALL SAINTS.

* These are they which came out of great tribulation.*

What more befits the church's name
Than to uphold the saintly fame
Of those who, in the Saviour's might,
Fought for his sake the Christian fight?

Through perils they, and toil and strife,
Held fast the way, the truth, the life,
Weigh'd heavenly gain with earthly loss,
And chose and bore their Saviour's cross

Taught by thy church, be ours, O God,
To tread the path thy servants trod;
Ourselves with thine elect acquaint,
And love the master in the saint.

All blessing, honor, glory, power,
To thee, whom all thy saints adore,
Thy church on earth, thy heavenly host,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

* BISHOP MANT.

HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Following Jesus; and other Poems."

Holy sign of our salvation,
Blessed in Jesus' sacred name;

Take no more ignoble station,
Rise, with glory and with fame;
Tell the earth's remotest nation,
By the Cross redemption came.

Holy cross? the dread emotion
Of the sinner's heart allay.
As the morning star of ocean
Guides the seamen when astray,
Let thy light, 'mid life's commotion,
Show the safe, celestial way.

Holy Cross? thy worth confessing,
We the Lamb of God adore?
Be to us the seal of blessing,
As to all the saints of yore.
Next our soul, when foes are pressing,
Aid us that we sin no more.

THE MEMOIRS OF MISS NANO NAGLE.

BY THE REV. DOMINICK MURPHY.

We have read, with much pleasure, this interesting memoir. To those acquainted with the attainments of the Rev. author, more particularly with the admirable articles which, from time to time, have appeared from his pen in the Dublin Review, it is unnecessary to point out the literary merits of the work to which we now direct attention. In criticising the writings of a respected fellow-citizen, we feel ourselves, as it were, speaking in his presence, and, therefore, ordinary delicacy will prevent us dwelling on the excellencies of arrangement and style which struck us in the perusal of these memoirs. Associations and family traditions of the dearest and tenderest nature, would throw an interest over the biography of Miss Nagle, no matter how poorly written, or how unvaried the details. How many are there in this city, nay, in Ireland, that bless the memory of that noble and saintly lady; for to her are they indebted for the first introduction into this country, of that system of religious education, which has spread amongst the Catholic community so much of domestic happiness. How many families are there who preserve and cherish the tradition of the services rendered them by Nano Nagle. To these, and they are numerous, the present memoirs, however executed, would be interesting. But the life of a religious lady, who endeavours to work out her high, yet toilsome vocation in retirement and almost secrecy, would seem to present nothing attractive to the general reader.

In the present day, when literary novelty and excitement are necessary to still the almost palled appetite for reading, the success with the public of a work like this, depends wholly on the manner in which it is executed, and the dexterity and judgment with which matters of general interest are interwoven with the main subject. In this the Rev. author has admirably succeeded. Nothing could be more ably executed than his account of