

The undertaker was the only one who ventured to touch her remains, and perform towards her the last duties of respect. Yet, even so hastily and carelessly was his task discharged, that on finding the coffin too short, he had recourse to the barbarous expedient of cutting off the head, to find room for the remainder of the body in the coffin. The head was placed in a dish,—clotted blood upon it,—the teeth were firmly set, and the lips drawn back, as if she had expired in great agony,—her features, once beautiful, were now disfigured by the ravages of the horrible disease,—the face was turned towards the door of the apartment, and was the first thing that presented itself to De Rance as he entered. There on that clotted dish, and on her neglected mutilated bier, lay the lifeless Mary of Bretagne. Where was her loveliness now? where the group of admired worshippers? where the votaries of fashion? What did it avail her to have been loved and esteemed? or the gaieties and amusements of life, what now did they profit her? De Rance hurried away to his green fields and sunny lawns at Veretz. He wished to bury himself in the shade of his forest trees, and recover his peace of mind, in silence and alone. He took long walks in the woods and fields about him, to try to get rid of the weight that was pressing upon his heart. He wandered about in his gardens amid sweet smelling flowers, and shrubs fragrant with the odours of far-off lands, hoping that his mind would be diverted thereby from the horrible thought that was pressing upon his brain, and goading him well nigh to madness. He wandered by running streams on the surrounding hills, and watched their chrysal waters as they run in murmuring whispers along their pebbly bed, and wished to forget the world and the world's cares; but there was a harrowing remembrance that followed him even there. He reclined upon the green sward, or sat in some shady arbour of his own princely domain, or gazed upon the many forms of sculptured beauty, which for years had been collected within its walls, and asked himself why he should not be happy and at ease? But a spirit was evoked which would not suffer him to be at rest, and whithersoever he turned, or to what dissipation soever he applied himself,—whether in his hours of forced occupation, or sullen loneliness in the silence of his chamber, or the world's noise, in the midnight darkness, or the glare of noon,—that countenance so sad, so horrible, cast its reproachful look upon him, and, calling up many a remembrance of other days, seemed to accuse him as the author of its ruin. He had recourse to the wizard's skill and dark pretensions, to penetrate the secrets of the tomb; but the summoned spirit refused to answer. He spread before him the book of the heavens, and attempted to read in its mystic

page the doom of the departed; but he found there no intelligible sound; all was void and empty, and there was darkness upon the face of the abyss. In the rush of confused and distracting thought that pressed upon his mind, he would at times turn back upon the lessons of his early years, and found some clue to hope and certainty in the promises of religion. It is said, that he once left his bed, after a sleepless night, and went out to cool his fevered brow in the fresh morning air. After a short walk he was returning by the avenue which approached the front of the house, when he fancied he saw the basement story in flames. A ruddy glow lit up the entire front of the building, as if a considerable portion were already consumed. Alarmed and surprised, he rushed towards the house. The blaze, by some strange influence, seemed to sink and die as he approached, and, at a short distance, assumed the appearance of a pool of fire, on which a female form lay floating, half enveloped in the liquid flame. It needed but one glance to tell who that female was. Could this have been the creation of his own disturbed imagination, excited to a high degree of tension by the thoughts of the preceding days? or could it really have been a salutary warning given him, as to many holy men of other times, by God, for his own wise purposes? That De Rance himself was firmly convinced of its reality, we have his own express and written declaration. Whatever its nature may have been, it exercised a salutary influence upon his mind. Terrified at the judgments of God, his soul was at length humbled before Him, and he resolved to return to Him by a sincere repentance, knowing that a contrite and humble heart God will never despise. He had often preached that truth to others, but he never felt it himself till then; and it became in his breast an active element in his existence, which never lost its power or its activity during the remaining portion of his life.—*Dublin Review.*

AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY.—On Tuesday, the 10th of September, and two following days, the first Catholic synod ever held in the southern hemisphere, assembled, by order of Archbishop Polding, who was present, with the bishop of Hobarton and Adelaide, the Prior of the Cathedral of Sydney, the bishops, consulting theologians and twenty-five parochial clergymen. The doctrinal exercises were striking, the discourses eloquent, and the choir included the musical talent of the colony.