

of God be saved the miserable, sinful lot of those who, continuing to refine, and balance objections, at length provoke him to withdraw his gracious inspirations, and make it impossible for them to obtain peace of conscience, or to preserve even such faith as they once possessed. Friends respected and regretted, brothers beloved, souls immortal for whom Christ died, who waste the time? for what are you seeking? One of your own rulers* has told you that when you have accomplished all your desires, and perfected your system to the utmost, you will but have raised a semblance and a shadow of that reality which your communion boasts to have abandoned and repudiated. "Why seek the living among the dead?"—*Tablet*.

THE ABBE DE FIRMONT.

(Translated from *Le Propagateur Catholique*.)

It is well known that the unfortunate Louis XVI at the moment of ascending the scaffold, obtained from his executioners, by a kindness so inexplicable as might be called almost miraculous, the permission to be assisted by a Catholic Priest. It was the Abbe Edgeworth de Firmont, an ecclesiastic of English origin, who was charged with the dolorous ministry. It may be asked how the Abbe de Firmont came to be established in France at the time of the revolution. We find in the *Mélanges Religieux* some interesting details on that subject, taken from a sermon of the late Bishop of Cork.

Mr. Edgeworth, father of the Abbe de Firmont was an Englishman by birth, and a minister of that Church. Having been sent as rector to a parish near Longford, in Ireland, he became acquainted with a Protestant lady, who though still young was mistress of a considerable fortune. That young person, pious and charitable, was sincerely desirous to know the truth; she sought it with simplicity of heart; and she prayed to God constantly and fervently, that if he should call her to marriage, her husband might belong to that faith in which she could obtain rest and peace of mind.

In the meantime, Mr. Edgeworth, whose good qualities had recommended him to her, requested the hand of the young heiress, who consented without difficulty, hoping to have found what she desired of God with so much earnestness.

Some time after their happy union, Mr Edgeworth was one day at the table of his Bishop.—the conversation turned on the miracles of the Roman Catholic church; and all present declared them fables and absurdities. The Bishop alone was silent—till, having been urged to express his

sentiments, he declined giving any opinion, but related the following:—

"I was at Naples," said he, "with a young English nobleman. I was curious to see the pomp of a midnight Mass on the Feast of the Nativity. We went, then, my friend and I, to one of the principal churches, the magnificence of which I could hardly describe. It was illuminated so brilliantly as to outshine, one might have almost thought, the splendor of the sun; everything that taste and piety could invent was brought to form a display of surpassing grandeur. Nothing remarkable happened us till the elevation.

"In that moment when all the people were prostrate and adoring in silence, my companion and I remained standing to observe the movements of the priest. All at once I beheld rays of light, the most brilliant and most pure, which seemed to be emitted in groups from the Host as the Priest held it up in his hands. The emission of light was so strong that the numerous flambeaux distributed in the Church were dimmed. That extraordinary light disappeared when the priest had lowered the Host, and the Church assumed its former aspect; the same phenomena presented again, in like manner at the elevation of the chalice.

"I was stupified with astonishment so was my companion; as for the people they exhibited no surprise; and we were certainly the only persons who had witnessed the astounding fact. We made great efforts to explain to ourselves the double apparition of the light; but neither the manner in which the tapers were placed on the altar and in the church, nor of the position of the host, or of the chalice could offer us any physical solution.—We could imagine no optical illusion; there was no object in sight which could make such a reflection. Besides, the nature of the light itself, its astonishing brightness, and its emanation so visible from the body of an object so small, and which seemed so little adapted to produce it, did not permit us to admit for an instant the hypothesis of an artificial illumination. Gentlemen," added the Bishop, "I do not say that there was a miracle, but it is a fact which I have never been able to explain."

Having said these words, the Bishop rose, silently, saluted the company and retired. The recital made an impression upon the mind of Edgeworth; he could not doubt the good faith of the Bishop, good faith which was also demonstrated by the seriousness and emotion which accompanied his last words; he began to study the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. His researches necessarily conducted him from that dogma to the examination of others and as he sought sincerely for truth he had not much trouble to find it,

*The Bishop of Ripon in a letter lately addressed to the Clergy of Leeds and its neighborhood.