

"Nam vos de honore iocumini, de victoria, de triumphis, de mercedo; Ergo vobis de agonibus, et laboribus disputo; non enim hoc praemiorum tempus, sed occisionis, praeliorum, et periculorum."—*Sti. Johan Chrysostomi.*

Ye prate of honours, of victory, of triumphs, of rewards; but I speak rather of strife, and of toil; for this is not the day of reward, but the season of death, of conflict, and of danger.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Boast of thine honours, wealth, and power.
Thy triumphs vast, and victory's dower,—
Prate of thy gains, thy sensual ease,
Thy mirth, and thy festivities,—
Fill thy heart big with subtle pride,
By rustling dignity supplied;—
Yet hear the words of wisdom plead,
"Amen, thou hast received thy meed."

But, as for me, I will not seek
For aught but this—a conscience meek.
This is the season God hath given,
To rise from earth, to work for Heaven.
This is the time, by mortal strife,
To win an entrance into life.—
Here we must labour, toil, and weep,
Here we must nurse contrition deep.

Here must we labour, war, and fight,—
This is no time for triumph bright.
Here we are in the battle-field,
Here watch lest we should fail and yield.
It is no time to speak of gains,
While struggling with our iron chains.
When death is come, and battle done,
Then may we rest,—and then alone!

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

"There's a joy for my soul,
Tho' its hopes have grown cold,
More dear than the future
Will ever unfold;
There's a bloom in my heart,
Tho' its summer fades fast
And its winter comes on—
'Tis a dream of the past.

There's a halo that softens
The mind's darkest gloom.
Like moonbeams caressing
The ivy-wreathed tomb;
And tho' sorrow's midnight
Around me is cast,
A lovely light smiles
When I dream of the past.

Tho' the rainbow of promise
Has faded away,
And to-morrow has long ceased
To bless me to-day,
Yet sad disappointment
In vain spends his blast,
While memory still lingers
Round dreams of the past.

When the coldness of loved ones
With anguish I mourn,
To the days when I trusted
Their warm vows I turn:
I thought then they'd love me
While being should last,
And I now fondly cling
To that dream of the past.

Not the memories that throng
Around pleasure's gay hall,
Nor the rich thrill that trembles
At glory's loud call,
Can o'er my chill'd spirit
Such sweet sunlight cast
As the kind words that sparkle
Mid dreams of the past.

I ask not again
For the dew drops that above
Mid the garland of hope
That bedeck'd my life's dawn;
But still the last drop
Of my being is past
May my bosom be cheered
By sweet dreams of the past.

And oh! when in heaven
My spirit finds rest,
And I bask in the smiles
Of the pure and the blest,
May those fond ties now risen
Be blended at last,
And our souls again mingle
In dreams of the past.

THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER.

It was a spring evening in the year 17—. The little bosky of a Catholic chapel in the county of Sligo, slowly sounded for evening prayer, and already the transparent lake of R— reflected on its bosom the first stars, while the ruined abbey of S— appeared like a phantom on the slope of the mountain, with its grisly walls and long draperies of ivy and eglantine.

It was the eve of the first of May, and the fires burned on the surrounding mountains as they were wont to do when the Druids kindled them in honour of their god Bel. A young traveller was seen wending his way towards the ruins of the abbey, which he had to pass before reaching his mother's cottage. He wore a dragoon uniform, and his accoutrements glittered in the beams of the rising moon, as he stood in front of the old abbey thoughtfully gazing on the ruins, under which his ancestors lay mouldering in the dust.

He was not a Protestant, for he reverently raised his helmet in passing a mutilated statue of the Mother of God. He was not an Englishman, for a sprig of shamrock was stuck in his helmet, and he sung the favourite air of Erin go bragh. The sound of his voice aroused a female who had been sitting on a fallen monument, sunk in a profound and painful reverie. She was clad in deep mourning, and her age might be about fifty. As soon as she saw him she sprang forward, caught the young soldier in her arms, and dragged him under the sombre vaults of the gothic church.

"We are better here, my son," she said, as she slowly passed her hand across his forehead, "the sight of those fires is painful to me, and the sounds of human joy jar discordantly on my widowed heart, now that thou, my son, my only one, my last earthly hope, are about to quit me."

"Mother," said the young soldier with profound emotion, "you are come here to bless me before we part—is it not so, my mother?"

"Yes, Patrick Fitzgerald, I have come hither to see thee for the last time, to bless thee in the midst of these ruined columns, blackened by the fire of the persecutor, in the midst of these deserted cloisters, built by thy ancestors. It is before this altar where thy fathers have prayed; on these stones under which the chieftains of thy country repose; under these falling arches, in ruins like thy fortunes and thy father's house, that I have come to exact from thee a solemn promise."

"Speak, my mother, you shall be obeyed."

"Swear to me, then, never to blush for thy religion or thy country."

At this moment the echoes of the mountains resounded with the cries of Erin go bragh, as the peasantry joyfully danced round the red fires. Patrick threw himself on his knees at the foot of a crumbling altar, on which the pale rays of the moon played through a crevice in the wall. Under the feet of the young soldier lay ten generations of his ancestors, and around him were strewed the broken statues of saints and kings. He pronounced the vow with clasped hands and bended head.

On a sudden the distant roll of a drum was heard. "Listen," said Patrick, becoming deadly pale.

"I hear it," said the poor widow, and advancing to the entrance of the vault, she continued, "I see the signal flying from the mast—thou must go—I know it, I feel it hear," pressing her hand on her heart.—"Oh! that I were in that land where the word 'farewell' is unknown; but God's will be done. She had to part from her son," pointing to the statue of the Blessed Virgin; "and shall I refuse to suffer with her? Go, Patrick—go while I have strength to say adieu."

They rushed into each other's arms—a long embrace, and then—he was seen rapidly descending the hill, and she lay fainting among the ruins.

At day break a frigate was quitting the Irish coast; on the deck stood a young man of noble bearing, but with a countenance of deep melancholy. He leaned against the mast and waved a last adieu to the green shores of Erin, as they slowly faded in the distance. His eye was fixed on the spot where stood the ruins of the monastery; he contemplated the scene with a breaking heart, and it was not until the shades of evening descended that he tore himself from gazing on what was now but the horizon where sky and ocean seem to meet. The eyelids of the young

soldier were wet with tears when sleep came to his relief.

Before two months had elapsed the frigate anchored in a bay of America, and Patrick went to join his regiment in Carolina.

It was commanded by Lord R—, a young Irish nobleman, who was not long in distinguishing his countryman, whose coolness and bravery in more than one engagement was observed by the whole corps. On one of those occasions, Fitzgerald was made corporal on the field; but notwithstanding his extraordinary merits, religious bigotry showed itself in its usual dark color, and the Presbyterians of the regiment loudly murmured at his promotion.

"It is an abuse of power, my lord," said an old Scotch lieutenant, "you have no right to advance a papist."

"It is an insult to the glorious memory of King William," growled an Orangeman who held the rank of captain.

"Silence!" said Lord R—, "the young man has bravely won his honours," and then advancing to Patrick, he said in a low voice, "how can you be so foolish as to continue a Roman Catholic?"

"My lord," replied Fitzgerald, "you would not have ventured to ask me that question in the old church of R—, where the bones of your ancestors, who founded it, are reposing! I am what your forefathers were, and what every man in Great Britain and Ireland would now be, had it not been for the lust of a tyrant, and the ambition of an infamous woman born in adultery."

Lord R—trembled, but he continued, "Listen to me, Patrick, reflect on your position; you are young, you are well born, you might attain the highest rank in the army if you would change your religion."

"My lord," replied Patrick proudly, drawing himself up, "I am content to remain a common soldier."

A tear glistened in Lord R—'s eye, for he could admire what he would not imitate; then shaking the young man cordially by the hand, he said, "I cannot give you golden epaulettes, Patrick, but I can give you opportunities of distinguishing yourself, and proving to your comrades that the man who is faithful to his God must necessarily be faithful to all other trusts.—This very night I must forward most important despatches to the commander-in-chief; it would be ruinous should they fall into the hands of the Americans. The country is covered with insurgents, I must choose a messenger in whom I can implicitly trust; but it is an office of imminent danger. I choose you—will you undertake it?"

"Most willingly do I accept it," replied Fitzgerald, "and by the help of God I shall succeed."

At midnight the young soldier, with a companion, quitted the English camp. The night was calm and serene, the moon shone brightly through the trees, not a cloud obscured the horizon, all nature was in unison with the calm and pure conscience of the youth who cheerfully sacrificed worldly advancement for the crown of glory which faith showed him in the distance.

And was the distance great? We shall see. "In the midst of life we are in death."

His Indian guide directed their course now by the stars, now by the moss of the old oaks, that they might keep a direct line in crossing the forest. Patrick's thoughts wandered to his country—he was walking in spirit along the banks of his native river—he was climbing the hill that led to his mother's cottage—he heard the blithe croon of his native airs—all the happiest moments of his young life passed before his mental vision; he bounded through the forest with elastic step; the crackling of the branches awoke the mocking bird; he smiled; he felt so very happy. At this moment, "Who goes there?" was shouted by an American patrol. Patrick and his guide retreated into the thicket. "Qui vive" was heard in the distance; "we are safe," he whispered to his companion, when a discharge of musketry laid the Indian dead at his feet.

Patrick grasped the despatches and buried himself deeper in the forest; the rustling he made was overheard, and a now discharge followed. Still he struggled to escape, but he was wounded, and the blood flowed in a stream from his side; he became sick and faint; he fell at the foot of a moss-covered tree. My despatches, thought the dying soldier, must not fall into the power of the enemy. Sweet mother Mary, my angel guardian, inspire me what to do. Life was ebbing fast; the young hero, with his own

hand, enlarged the wound in his side, and thrust in the important letter. "My country! my mother! my God! was all he could utter before he sank back senseless on the ground.

At daybreak an English patrol found him bathed in his blood; he was still living, and was pressing to his heart a little black crucifix, the gift of his mother. They poured some water into his parched mouth, and he was able to tell them what had happened, and to point out the place where the despatches were hid.

Lord R— hastened to the death scene: he raised the head of the dying soldier, and supported it on his breast. "My lord," said the young man, "I give you this crucifix, may it be to you at the hour of death what it is to me, the standard of victory, the sure and certain hope." His voice faltered—all was over.

Lord R— preserved the crucifix. Many long years after, when on his dying bed, he sent for a Catholic priest.

CONVERSIONS.

JAMAICA.—Our readers will recollect that in December last we announced the conversion of the Hon. T. T. Bernard, one of her Majesty's Judges in the Island of Jamaica, and a member of the most Hon. Privy Council. We have now to record the conversion of the Hon. Edward Chitty, another of her Majesty's Judges of the same island, and a son of the late celebrated lawyer of that name, who made his first communion on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. We are rejoiced to hear from the correspondent who furnishes us with this welcome intelligence that, besides the above, several other inhabitants of Jamaica, both in the higher and more humble walks of life, have been lately received into the Holy Catholic Church.

On Thursday the 26th ult, Miss Clara Tipper, of Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, was received into the Catholic Church, at Spanish Place, by the Rev. W. Hunt.

Mr. Herbert Wardell, a younger brother of W. Wardell, Esq., architect, was received into the Catholic Church, on Tuesday last, the Eve of All Saints by the Rev. J. Hearnep.—*Lon. Tablet.*

The *Freeman's Journal* announces the conversion, to the Roman Catholic Church, of Robert A. Bakewell, Esq., student of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York, and son to the Rev. W. S. Bakewell, Episcopal Rector, of Genesee. He has united with the Catholic Church at Buffalo.

DISTRESSING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The facts of a most afflicting case of hydrophobia have been communicated to us, having occurred in Camden, N. J. The sufferer is Mrs Burroughs, the wife of Edward Burroughs, and daughter of Francis Cooper, the tobaccoist, of Market street. She was bitten in the hand by a dog in August last, while endeavouring to protect one of her children, and had suffered the wound to heal up without applying any of the preventives of hydrophobia, not deeming the wound at the time of sufficient importance.—Since then, however, from certain symptoms attending it, she has felt some degree of anxiety, and about ten days ago the hand commenced to swell, and soon after festered. On Friday night, the first symptoms of this appalling malady became apparent, and since then she has suffered as many as fifty spasms. The sight of water has invariably produced convulsions, and even looking at the glass in the windows of her room has produced the same results. Dr. Jackson, of this city, and Drs. Fisher and Cooper, of Camden, have been in attendance. Chloroform has been frequently administered to her with beneficial results, and yesterday the patient expressed herself easier, having only experienced two spasms up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She is perfectly sensible, after the spasms has subsided, and when she feels another coming on, asks that the chloroform shall be administered, declaring that it greatly mitigates her sufferings. The sufferer is a lady of much respectability, and her illness has occasioned great anxiety to her family, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances. She is about 25 years of age, and the mother of three children.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Bishop Mullock administered Confirmation to 241 children at the Roman Catholic chapel here on Thursday last, and subsequently to 321 children at Carbonear. His Lordship also announced that by a recent dispensation from Rome the Catholics in this island are now privileged to eat meat on Saturdays.—*Horlow's Grace, Herald.*