

trially arrayed, crowned with glory, and bearing in her arms a beautiful infant. The more he looked the more he felt the wish that he had a mother like that, for she seemed actually to turn her eyes and smile upon him. Oh could he know whom it represented; he felt sure he would love her as a child, and her dear infant as a brother! And the crucifix too! what a light that threw on what he had learnt by rote, that our Lord had been crucified for his sins! But what this meant he never had known, and consequently never properly felt. Now indeed he saw it, and shuddered at what it suggested.

To be continued.

[From the Catholic Library]

### THOUGHTS DURING MOMENTS OF LONELINESS.

Whilst we praise the glory of God, and admire the heroic fortitude He has exhibited in those glorious martyrs who have purpled the distant lands of China with their blood, in testimony of the truth of the doctrines they have preached to those benighted millions; whilst we observe, with a laudable pride, the unceasing and successful exertions of our Missionaries, who are extending the kingdom of Christ in the most distant regions of the globe, the perhaps less brilliant, but equally meritorious, labours of our poor, persecuted, and faithful Priesthood at home who exert themselves continually against so many formidable obstacles, to preserve the holy faith of our forefathers, are forgotten or escape observation. We justly extol the virtue and perpetuate the memory of the holy martyrs, who shed their blood and fearlessly sacrificed their lives for the faith of Christ in foreign countries; but how many young, gifted, and fervent ecclesiastics sunk under the heavy weight of the accumulated and harassing duties of the Irish Mission, and their names forgotten, and memory buried in the obscure graves that enclose their mortal remains! The devoted spirit of sacrifice was equal in both; their end, which was the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures, was the same. The sufferings of the one, 'tis true, were sharp, but they were momentary; the sufferings of the other were indeed milder, but they were protracted. The Just Judge confers upon them equally glorious rewards in the kingdom of heaven, but how differently do we treat their memory and remains upon earth! The bones and ashes of the holy foreigner are translated to some cathedral of celebrity, and encased in some beautiful and costly shrine; whilst, not even the sign of that glorious cross, whose doctrines he had preached and practised during life, marks the sequestered spot that is hallowed by the relics of the holy Irish Priest. The name of the one is echoed from pole to pole—the name of the other can only be discovered when we enter heaven, and read its records. We laud, with

justice, the virtues of those who sacrifice their dear native country and friends, to plant the standard of the cross in infidel countries; but the distressing duty of instructing our poor and ignorant in the mysteries of faith, and the other essential points of our religion, is regarded with indifference. We envy the merits of the foreign Missionaries, who journey through the parching climes of India, cross the ocean—penetrate the boundless forests of America—ascend the steepest cliffs and highest mountains, in search of the lost children of the house of Israel, to bring back the strayed sheep into the fold—we are deeply affected by reading an account of their lives; but we feel but little interest for the Priests of our own parish, who, at our doors, are working incessantly for our salvation, and those who are committed to their care.

The poor Irish Missioner, whilst resting his weary bones, after a day of painful labour, is often summoned, at the dead hour of night, to the bedside of some one of his departing children, to administer the last consolations, to support him on his dread journey from time to eternity. He is thus hurried from the heat of his chamber into the open air, and exposed to all the inclemency of the weather during the wet and cold, and wintry seasons. He has often to travel many miles in the dark, through bad and dreary roads, to a miserable hut, at the foot of some uncultivated mountain, or in the centre of some extensive bog, in the country districts; or, perhaps, to ascend the creaking staircase of some antiquated building, whose mouldering and tottering walls threaten instant destruction to its inmates. On his return, his daily Mass renders him unable to take any refreshment; but, after snatching a few moments more of sleep, rises again to engage in the same routine of duties, unaided by any cheering sympathy or support beyond what the love of God and his neighbour, and the hope of heaven, inspires in the heroic soul of the poor Irish Priest! Travel where you will, examine every country, be the celebrity of its Clergy what it may, you will find none more virtuous, more enlightened, more zealous, or more worthy the esteem of the virtuous, and the glory of heaven, than the poor Irish Priest.

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark: and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

Nothing is so positive as ignorance.

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