

ANIMA CHRISTI.

Soul of Jesus,—once for me,
Offer'd on the shameful tree;
Heal, and make me by that cure
Pure as Thou Thyself art pure;
Thou of life the fountain fair,
Draw me in, and keep me there.

Form of Jesus,—one with God,
Who the dreadful vinepress trod.
Man of Sorrows, drown'd in grief,
Thou of sin the sole relief.
By Thy sacramental power
Present at my dying hour!

Blood of Jesus.—crimson sea!
Glorious as eternity!
Pathless—alone—sublime,
Boundless Bath of human crime—
Mo the leper, vile and mean.
Plunge me there, and make me clean!

Water—from that sacred side
Of a God, who groan'd and died,—
Bleeding with the purple gore
When His agony was o'er;
Flow in mercy, full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy Jesus! Great I AM!
Shining in a spotless Lamb!
Gentle as the Heavenly Dove,
Thou the Lord of light and love!
By Thy passion, by Thy prayer,
Snatch me from my own despair!

Hide me where that wound was given,
Piercing to the heart of heaven:
Hide me where those nails anmeet
Rent Thy hands, and fix'd Thy feet:
Hide me where red drops ran down
From that sad acanthus crown!

Holy Jesus!—Let me be
Never separate from Thee:
From the malice of the foe
Ward me in the Vale of wee.
Let me, yielding up my breath,
Find a Paradise in death!

There no more shall night be known,
Safely prostrate at Thy throne;
Call'd by Thee to realms of day
Where all tears are wip'd away.
Jesus!—Thou my rest shall be—
Faith hath found her home in Thee!

[From the Dublin Freeman]

TEMPERANCE—CHOLERA.

In our second page will be found two most important documents on the subject of temperance. To them forty-nine Catholic clergymen of Meath request us to solicit the marked attention of the Irish people. The first is a medal certificate, signed by upwards of two thousand of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the three kingdoms. It states to be the opinion of these two thousand experienced men, eminent alike for ability and integrity, that 'a very large proportion of human misery, including *paraly*, *disease*, and *crime* is induced by the use of 'alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverage;' that 'the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider;' that 'persons accustomed to such drinks, may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once or gradually, and that the total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.' This medical testimony merits the utmost respect. It is given in direct opposition to the pecuniary interests of the medical profession. It gives a prescription intended to supersede all prescription. The opinion of these two thousand learned, experienced, able, and disinterested men is at once, complete, and unconditional variance with the use of fermented liquors of any kind. To the mere use—not abuse—of such drinks they unhesitatingly attribute—

'A VERY LARGE PORTION OF HUMAN MISERY,'
'POVERTY,'
'DISEASE,'
'AND CRIME.'

On the other hand, the effects of temperance are represented by this eminent body as no less cheering than the fruits of the opposite vice are

gloomy in the extreme.—'Total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would, say these two thousand eminent medical authorities, 'greatly contribute,' not to human misery, 'not to poverty,' not to 'disease,' not to 'crime,' but to—

'THE HEALTH,'
'THE PROSPERITY,'
'THE MORALITY,'
'AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE HUMAN RACE.'

And, what is most cheering of all, this great national revolution from human misery, poverty, disease, and crime, to health, prosperity, morality, and happiness of the human race can be effected by the people themselves without loss or injury. 'Persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually.' This is a point which cannot be too urgently pressed. This is the supposed difficulty that baffles all efforts to extend temperance. Men persuade themselves drunkards cannot change the habit of their constitution at once without peril. Those accustomed to drink cannot, it is said, give up stimulants all on a sudden with safety to their health. This is the testimony of the appetite—a very biased witness. Opposed to it is the testimony of over two thousand men whose whole life has been devoted to the study of what is useful and what is injurious to the human constitution under all the ills that can befall it.

The second document to which we and the clergy of Meath wish to draw the especial attention of the public, is an extract from a circular issued from Dublin on the first of last September by the Commissioners of Health. It contains precautions and instructions respecting the dreaded approach of the cholera.—'Abstain,' say the Commissioners of Health, 'from stimulants unless prescribed as remedies under medical advice. In former visitations of cholera many persons, both rich and poor, resorted to the use of stimulants, wine, whiskey, brandy, &c. under the false impression that what was sometimes useful as a cure, was also as a preventive. This is a great error; stimulants, frequently taken, or taken in excess, are followed by collapse, which predisposes to the disease, and the general health, moreover, is seriously and permanently injured by the practice.'

This is another proof that stimulants, far from preventing disease, predispose the constitution to be the prey of its ravages. It is notorious that in every locality where the cholera set in on its former dreadful visit to this country, the drunkards, were its first victims. The families of the drunkards, whose frame had been previously broken down by want of the necessaries of life, were commonly the next to fall. This consideration, alone, is enough to satisfy the public that the clergy of Meath have acted a most important and opportune part in raising once more the standard of temperance at this particular time. Cholera is impending, like a cloud charged with death over the country, and no one knows where the fell destroyer will commence to scatter dismay and desolation. The house on which is rained the standard of temperance is the most likely to be spared by the desultory angel.

There are other arguments to show that temperance never was more necessary than at present. Famine is coming, and it, too, will first strike down those whose dissipation has undermined their strength, and left them poor of food, and poor of character to earn it. This is not the time to speak to the drunkard of loss of character, of domestic misery, of the heart's best affections blighted, of pining wife, and squalid children.—We have arrived at a time when life itself is at stake. In ordinary times the drunkard may live long enough to witness all the hideous misery he has wrought, and to increase it, both to himself and to all who are concerned with him; but, now, with cholera and famine both at hand, intemperance may almost be said to be death.

How many will die of want during the coming winter? We know not; but we know that more money will be criminally spent on intoxicating drinks than would provide ample sustenance for thousands who will be hurried into a premature grave.

There is an argument—a national argument—on which we have not yet touched. It is just now of peculiar force. We are in the collapse of an universal excitement.—Great hopes have been suddenly blighted—at least for a time.—There is just now danger that some will seek to drown their disappointments in intoxicating drinks, and then the spy is abroad lying in wait

for those who have permitted themselves to become the victims of intoxication, and who are thereby prepared to become the victims of his artifice and crime.

Every class are called upon in an especial manner to practice temperance this year—the rich that they may have more to spend in saving life—and the poor that they may escape the cholera, and what is little less to be dreaded, the hooded spy.

If the voice raised in Meath will be re-echoed all over the country, these great and important ends cannot fail to be extensively accomplished.

THE BIBLE.

ITS LITERARY CHARACTER.

Dr. Franklin, it is said, was once in the company of several ladies of the English nobility, when the conversation turned on pastoral poetry, in which the ladies took a conspicuous part. After hearing their criticisms on various authors, he proposed to read the translation of a pastoral after his own alteration, the Book of Ruth. They were enraptured with the pastoral, and pronounced it the finest they had ever seen in any language. The doctor then gravely told them that he had read it from the Bible.

Whether these ladies were professed infidels, or had considered the scriptures beneath their notice, I am unable to say. I cannot even vouch for the truth of the anecdote. I am persuaded, however, that an occurrence of that nature might have happened daily, at a time when infidelity was in vogue, and the Bible ridiculed and despised. Even in our day, how little attention do the sacred oracles command!

While the shelf, groans with elegant literature, and the mind revolts amid the flowery fields of Johnson, Addison and Shakspeare, or the later more fascinating groves of Sir Walter Scott—the sublimities of the Pentateuch and the Prophecies; the tender, touching, simple narrations of Christ, the sublime, devotional strains of Israel's king; the wisdom of the wisest man who ever lived; are regarded as dry and uninteresting. I cannot allow that man or woman to possess even a cultivated or discriminating taste, who thus judges. I have read Homer and Milton; but when I compare their poetry to the lofty strains of David, Habakkuk and Isaiah, it is the flickering light of a taper to the coruscations of a thunder cloud, or to the full orb's splendors of a noon-day sun. I have read the pathetic story of Sterne on the incarcerated criminal, and the melting appeal which Sir Walter puts into the mouth of a favorite heroine, when pleading in the royal presence for the life of her sister; but they are tame when compared with the struggling emotions of a Joseph, and the short but heart-rending plea of his brother Judah.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY AND THE ANTI STATE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the members of the British Anti-state church Association, held at York, on Wednesday, December 27, 1848, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That the members of the British Anti-state church Association, resident in York, having watched, with considerable interest, the recent contest in the West Riding of this county, have read with much surprise the following sentiments in the last address of Sir Culling E. Eardley to the electors:—'I have repeatedly stated my belief that public opinion is not ripe for a separation, an event which can never be consummated so long as the establishment retains its hold on the affections of the people;' and that this meeting, confidently believing that the established church finds no sympathy among the masses of the people, and that the immediate separation of the church from the state would be hailed as a great national boon, desires that this expression of its opinion shall be conveyed to Sir Culling E. Eardley."

ARRIVAL.—Five members of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer have just arrived in Baltimore, from Europe; Very Rev. Bernard Haskenscheid, D. D., Provincial of the Redemptorists in the United States, Rev. Dr. Poesel, Messrs. Baunach and Kaltenbach, and a French priest. These were accompanied from Europe by ten sisters of Notre Dame, who will employ themselves in the different schools at Baltimore and also where, under the direction of the Redeemptorist fathers. Their chaplain, Rev. Dr. Schmid, is a nephew of the celebrated Canon Von Schmid, author of the interesting and instructive stories for youth.

CONVERTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—A quiet, but most interesting and consoling ceremony took place last Sunday, before Vespers, in the Cathedral. A grand-niece of Gen. Washington, who was herself received into the Church, in this city last Easter, presented her five intelligent and amiable children to the Bishop as candidates for admission into the true Church of Christ. We have seldom listened to a sweeter concert than the voices of these children joined, when they repeated aloud, with one accord, the "I believe," and "Our Father."—*Catholic Telegraph (Cincinnati paper.)*

On the 27th ult. a touching ceremony took place at the chapel of the *jeune femme* of St. Nicholas of Courtrai, an English lady who had for some time resided in that excellent educational establishment, was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, to which she already belonged by conviction. Mgr. Munget, Bishop of Pella in partibus, and Vicar apostolic of Madagascar, had the kindness to journey from Paris to Courtrai to officiate, and to administer baptism to the neophyte.—*Journal des Villes et des Convergences.*

John Gregory a Jesu Maria was a missionary priest, and preached both to heretics and to Catholics. He was greatly struck at the sight he observed; he found the heretics frequently at their prayers, living modestly, never blaspheming, nor reviling their neighbors; while Catholics cursed and abused each other, misbehaved in church, and in many ways scandalized the simple-hearted priest; in short, he found the heretics outwardly Catholic and the Catholics outwardly heretics. After much consideration of these phenomena, he says that he found in St. Bernard and St. Anselm the true cause, which was this: the devil did not tempt the heretics to sin, because he was sure of them; through their abandonment of the faith; but Catholics, retaining the faith, must be tempted, lest they, by living as they ought, should escape him and be saved.—*U. S. Catholic Magazine.*

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

- A handsaw is a good thing, but not to share with.
- A good word is as easily said as a bad one.
- An inch is not much, but in a man's nose it's the deal.
- A glacier is small amends for a broken head.
- A little poison hurt.
- A runaway monk never praises his convent.
- A sorrowing bairn was never fat.
- An old naught will never be aught.
- A wild goose never laid a tame egg.
- A word before is worth two behind.
- Better come at the end of a feast than at the beginning of a fray.
- Be not a baker if your head be of butter.
- Better keep the devil out than turn him out.
- Empty vessels make the most noise.
- Feather by feather the gosse is plucked.
- An old knave is no babe.
- Better late thrive than never do well.
- Better an empty house than a bad tenant.
- A fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.
- Have wide ears and a short tongue.

Died.

- February 12—Mary, daughter of John and Catherine Corkrey, native of Ferry, Ireland, aged 19 years.
- " 12—Patrick, son of Patrick and Ellen Bresnihan, aged 3 years.
- " 20—John, son of Patrick and Jane Kelly, aged 3 years.
- " 21—James Driscoll, native of Cork, Ireland, aged 25 years.
- " 21—John, son of John and Mary Heenan, aged 6 months.
- " 22—William Larracy, aged 12 years.
- " 23—Ann, daughter of W. L. and Eleanor White, aged 12 years.
- " 24—John Reddy, native County Cork, aged 45 years.
- " 25—John Joseph, son of John J. and Elizabeth Horne, aged 11 months.
- " 28—Sarah, wife of John Dayle, aged 67 years.
- " 29—Duncan, son of Patrick and Jane Kelly, aged 13 months.
- " 28—Daniel, infant son of Jeremiah and Mary Murphy, aged 1 month and 3 days.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

The Directory for 1849—just Published, Price 7d—can be obtained at this Office.