

One of his conductors secretly showed him not a little kindness, but they all agreed that their orders obliged them to make all possible haste. Their leader hurried away from every place where Chrysostom would fain refresh himself by a bath; paid no attention to the entreaties of those he met, that he would deal gently with his captive; and took a fiendish delight when he saw the bald head of his victim exposed to rain and mid-day suns. This pilgrimage had already according to Palladius, lasted three months, when the soldiers finding their prisoner unable to proceed, were one day obliged to return to a hamlet at the tomb of a martyr, where he had lodged the night before. The spot was near the city of Coman, in Pontus, and well nigh the same place where, fourteen hundred years after, Henry Martyn was to welcome death in circumstances not altogether dissimilar. The time was the 14th of September, A. D. 407. Then, and there, this much-enduring servant of Christ, having been, in conformity to the customs of the time, dressed in white robes, and uttering for the last time his favorite motto, *Doxo to Theo panton heneka*, closed his eyes in the sleep. Thus vanished from the firmament the evening star of spiritual Christianity, while so dark a night ensued, that Popery was hailed at its first appearance as an auroral radiance.

His remains were at first interred near the place of his death. Thirty-one years afterwards they were transferred to Constantinople, with almost as much *eclat* as marked the recent removal of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena to Paris. The young Emperor Theodosius kissed the coffin, and prayed for his parents that the *manes* of the saint would forgive them, and accept these late honors as the only possible atonement for his sufferings at their hands. At a later period, the bones of Chrysostom were carried as relics to Rome, and about two centuries ago were deposited by Pope Urban VIII in their present resting-place, within the walls of St. Peter's.

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

We find the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly; while without the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains, as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain top! I felt its beauty as I listened to those deep organ notes, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass, and I honored in my heart these holy men, who

devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life, in order to do good, in the spirit of their master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honor them the less that they were Romanists, and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds they were doing, and that when none else could do them.—A man must be blinded, indeed, by prejudice, or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue, and the evidence of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be who will not acknowledge and honor them when he does see them.—*Dr. Durbin's Observations in Europe.*

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH.

By this phrase we mean, of course, the earthly or visible state of prosperity or depression, in which the great Catholic Communion finds itself, on the arrival of a new era in the long dominion of time. There has never been more Catholics on earth, at any one time, than there now is. There was seldom so active a spirit animating their missionaries, or so determined an opposition manifested by their opponents, as there is at this day. We behold the most anomalous combination; Italian Revolutionists and French Conservatives, the government of Russia and the clerical ministers of the United States; all, are equally bent on arresting the re-establishment of Christendom on a basis of order, durability, and harmony. The Greek church, an old species of Protestantism, has joined with our modern Puritanism in a priest-hunting game amongst the mountains of northern Persia. The unjust and reckless spirits of Italy have combined in puny presumption to strike at the head, while others maim the members. In France, infidelity blended with the first lesson of youth, is the weapon of attack, most in use. In Ireland, a sly, sycophantic and serpent-like attempt is made to turn mitre against mitre, and thus to spread confusion amongst the tenacious hierarchy of western Europe.

'Forty-four has been a busy year not only with the foes, but also with the friends of Catholicism, and the future historian will record, many great successes of the latter, within the twelve months we have just passed.

Within the past year, the annals of Catholic Propagation are wonderful, varied, and extensive records. For every portion of this vast sphere, something of importance has been effected. The African Missions are, for the first time within several centuries, replaced on a basis inevitably prosperous, and that ancient, venerable continent, on which Augustine preached and Anthony and Paul meditated, promises ere long to be entirely