

truth—his service is this only true way to holiness, happiness, and heaven!" This sermon converted him at once. "Oh, I have found truth," he cried, "I will never leave it more." True to his word, he from that instant devoted himself entirely to God. He was just nine and twenty. Had he not been married, he would probably have become a priest; as it was he did, perhaps, more good than even priests themselves—he found his way where they would never have been admitted—he preached to his worldly friends, and converted many of them. He loved to penetrate the wretched abodes of misery and despair; and while emptying his purse among them, talked of the consolation of religion, and the reward attached to suffering, if only borne with the proper dispositions. His liberalities were so great that his estimable wife with all her piety, found it necessary to insist upon a certain stipend secured to herself and his children, for fear that his zeal should leave them quite out of provision for their necessary household expenses. His great devotion was to visit the prison. He changed their linen once or twice a week with his own hands he preached to them love and repentance; he procured them good books and materials for painting emblems and other little works, which he sold to obtain them comforts. The first excursion he took me was to visit this prison. A young English Protestant, confined there for debt was dying. He thought the very sight of a countrywoman, who was a convert, must convert him. An English Benedictine priest accompanied us—his arguments were all controversy, M. Fievet all love. Alas! neither did any good: the young sinner hardened by a bad life died as he had lived without any apparent religion of any sort. Even then M. Fievet's fervent charity exclaimed, "Let us not judge him; perhaps God touched his heart in the last moment and we know it not." He communicated every day. To see him in the church was enough to inspire fervour; but to hear him talk of God, and his happiness at having found him, no time can efface the impression which it made upon me. "J'ai trouve, mon Dieu!—I have found my God—what is the world to me? His love, his mercy, his heaven, is never out of my thoughts.—Oh, if the worldlings knew my happiness, how they would envy me!" Every good work at Lille was set on foot or aided by M. Fievet. The sick of every rank thought no comfort equal to his visits. His amiable gaiety was the delight of all he frequented. So far is true virtue from being morose or repulsive! An old lady of my acquaintance, whom I had engaged purposely to meet M. Fievet, told me that if I would only make her pass ten evenings in his company, she would be a Catholic. An English gentleman told me almost the same thing, and could not cease wondering

how a devotee could be so cheerful and so engaging. One only crown seemed wanting to this most perfect christian—that Cross which saints say God sends to those he loves best! And God failed not to send it before he took him to himself. He, hitherto so robust was attacked with a lingering illness, which began some years before his death. He was confined for months each year to his bed or to his room, but his serenity and his cheerfulness never left him. A very few months ago I saw him for the last time. I was quite shocked at the change I saw in him. He received me with the same placid smile as ever—told me he had been just thinking of me—that very morning—"for what can I do now," he said, "but think of you all that can work for God, my time is ended—I can only suffer for him!" and he looked up to heaven. He gave me an "Ecce Homo!" and the Litanies of the Love of God. I was so struck I could scarcely speak.—His wife hurried me away and I never saw him more. I received a letter from Lille only last month, saying "The excellent M. Fievet has gone to receive the crown of Saints in Heaven. What a beautiful death! How many regrets! how many praises! how many tears! The memory of the just shall be blessed, says the Scripture. Such is certainly the memory of M. Fievet!" Oh, peace be to his memory! The stranger whom he came to welcome so kindly, who was so long edified with his virtues, who owes to him one of the greatest blessings that are yet preserved to her, will never—never forget him!"—*Correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

FRENCH NOTIONS OF ENGLISH BIGOTRY.

The *Journal des debats* of Saturday publishes an article, severely criticizing the majority who voted against Mr Watson's bill in the House of Commons for removing the existing Roman Catholic disabilities.

"Last month," it says, "a bill was presented to the House of Commons to abolish certain antiquated penalties which still press upon the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Great Britain. This bill had passed the second reading, which, according to established usage, was equivalent to its adoption. But it appears that holy week produced reflection. The zealous Protestants became more firm in this annual period of penance. They returned into Parliament with increased orthodoxy, and their first act was to reject by a large majority the bill which every one considered to have been adopted? Those charitable Christians could not it seems imagine a better mode of expiating their own faults than to rage against heretics, and they commenced a hue and cry against the Catholics!