

example of Him who gave the Highest Mystery of Love to us in a double form sensibly,—first, in the Incarnation, from the cradle of Bethlehem to the altar of Calvary,—and since, in his veiled humanity, under which he daily and hourly dwells in his Church, under the semblance of supersubstantial bread, on the fruits of which two mysteries we are nourished, and fed, and guided, from the cradle, through baptism, to the grave, through the last viaticum in the administration of which comfort is poured on the soul, when the light of the world is closing, but the brighter light of a better day is dawning.

WHY HAVE YOU BECOME A CATHOLIC ?

The following extract is from a tract entitled “A further answer to the Inquiry, Why have you become a Catholic ?

“The Catholic Church is the friend of the human race. With one hand she points to heaven, and with the other strews largely the charities of God on the earth. None can attend to her steps and not perceive it to be her daily office, to remind the children of men of the vanity of this life, of judgment, of eternity, of the evil of vice, and the beauty of piety, of God and his works and laws, and above all, of the inestimable price paid on the Cross for human redemption. Her special lesson to the great and rich is, poverty of spirit as to themselves, humility as to God, beneficence to their fellow-creatures, to the poor and mean she opens out the riches that are of faith, and the nobility of the sons of God. The patroness of the fine arts, they wither where she comes not. The nurse of science, she leads it forward, while she restrains its natural tendency to go alone and forget God.—The spouse of Christ, she seems alone to understand how to keep his earthly dwelling in discipline and due order ; and how to deck the chamber of his presence with the adorning meet for his Majesty. Her feasts and holy services gladden the most oppressed, while her vigils and fasts subdue the proudest heart. While her large and liberal almsdeeds approve her the friend of the poor, not in name only, but in deed, her advice in the privacy of the confessional assures her to be the wise and holy guide of every character and every class of life. Her religious houses afford to aged piety a retreat from the world, and a lodging at the very gate of heaven ere they are called to enter ; to mature zeal, and early singleness of dedication to God to female virtue, shrinking from the contagion of frivolous and vicious age, they give scope for the most ardent love of God to be exercised, in union with

every charity that the wants and woes of man require at the hand of the gentle and the good.

“Oh, land of our fathers, torn with political strife, yet lifted up into proud confidence of thy own strength ; impatient of any restraints, yet ready to interfere with all other nations ; burdened with an excessive, unemployed, dissatisfied population, where ignorance almost heathenish pervades the rural districts, and infidelity, disloyalty, and vice lurk in the crowded cities and manufacturing towns : what shall preserve thee safe and unscathed in these times of change and trouble,—of distress of nations with perplexity ; what restore thy beauty among the people of the earth, and give peace, plenty, cheerfulness, and contentment to thine own people ? That Church, still upheld amid thee, it may be for thy final, as it was given thee for thy earliest blessing. Thy best laws, thy free constitution, thy splendid though restricted monarchy, thy noblest fame for deeds of arms, thy most splendid edifices, thy most hospitable usages, thy thickly strewed churches thou oweest to her. What shall restrain the bold license of anarchy mingled with infidelity, that threaten, like a flood, to lay thee waste, and thy children within thee ? What shall remove from thy labouring population the thickening gloom of discontent ? or shut up the haunts of drunkenness and low vice, and open instead thereof, all day long, the houses of God ?—What shall rear again the Cross and the Crucified, through thy length and breadth, triumphant over revilers ? What and who but she, who first raised thee upon thy soil ; through whom God of old time smiled on thee ; she whose devotions made hill and valley vocal with his praise, and with whose well-being He has connected all his choicest favours ? Let England become again a portion of the Lord's own heritage, be knit again in sincere godliness into the Catholic family, and He will bless us !—*He will exchange for us the garment of praise for the spirit of grief ; when they shall build the places that have been waste from of old, and shall raise up ancient ruins, and shall repair the desolate cities that were destroyed from generation and generation.*”

CHRYSOStOM'S DEATH.

Early in the summer of the year A. D. 407, in the sixtieth year of his age, Chrysostom was forced to set out on foot for a new place of exile, called Pytius, upon the Euxine Sea, “the last frontier of the Roman world.” His journey was intended to be as long as the whole breadth of Asia Minor.—He had come to cross already the snowy heights and parched plains, and to traverse regions where the comforts of civilization were unknown even by name. The soldiers who had him in charge, had been promised promotion if he died on the road.—