

adds—

"As priz'd as is the blessing
From an aged father's lips—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the brigade.

"See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed hue!—
See, England, what brave laurels,
For your brow, to-day we twine!
Oh! thrice blessed the hour that witness'd
The Briton turned to flee,
From the chivalry of Erin
And France's fleur-de-lis!"

"As we lay beside our camp fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren,
That had perished in the fray,
We pray'd to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land,
Like this of Fontenoy."

Such was the conduct of the Irish at Fontenoy, where, including of course that of the able and gallant Lally, it is evident, as at Cremona, forty-three years before, what they did to gain the day was of such consequence, that, but for them, it would have been lost.

CATHOLICITY IN NORTH AMERICA.

Two hundred years ago, the Catholics in Canada and the United States numbered two hundred; while in Nova Scotia there were no hopes of gaining any converts at all. One hundred years ago there was only one Bishop north of New Mexico and only 1,000 Catholics in Canada and along the country bordering on the Mississippi. In 1790 was appointed the first Bishop in the United States—Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore. In 1800 there was still only one Bishop in Canada and the United States. In the year 1842 we find the Bishops in Canada increased from one to nine; in the United States from one to sixteen. From 1842 till the present time they have increased in Canada from nine to twenty-six; in the United States from sixteen to sixty-six; clear gain from 1800, just seventy-four years ago, in Canada twenty-five, in the United States sixty-five. Previous to the Revolutionary War there were not forty priests in Canada, and not half so many in the colonies. They have since then increased in population more than one hundred fold. There are more than one thousand Catholics in this country to-day for one Catholic one hundred years ago.

It is a second crime to keep a wicked oath.

THE BISHOP OF PERNAMBUCO; OR THE CROSS OF PIUS IX.

An Episcopal See of Brazil was vacant—the See of Pernambuco. Pius IX. had remarked among the priests at Rome a young ecclesiastic Brazilian, who for some months had lived in the Holy City; he had come to complete his ecclesiastical studies, and to drink at their source the great sacerdotal virtues which are necessary to the missionary; his humility equalled his piety. The young abbe, Rego de Medeiros (such was his name), became the elect of Pius IX.; this was not without a contest. The humble priest, frightened at the burden which the Supreme Chief of the Church wished to impose upon his weak shoulders, too weak to support it, supplicated the Holy Father to cast his looks elsewhere. Tears accompanied this filial resistance; but the more the son wished to withdraw, the more the Father insisted, because he saw in this resistance even the sign of the election of Heaven.

This scene, they say, was affecting—such as we read of in the early age of the Church. Pius IX. was naturally carried away; the Holy Father said his decree was irrevocable, that he took upon himself all the responsibility—that he must ordain him.

Some weeks had passed by since this momentous episode took place in the private cabinet of the Pope. The new Bishop of Pernambuco was to be consecrated on the 2nd or 3rd Sunday in October. The young prelate, always very modest, did not present himself at the Vatican; Pius IX. had him called. After conversing with him a sufficient long time, the Holy Pontiff, more and more delighted with the choice he had made, interrupted the conversation and asked this question of the future bishop.

"Dear son, you are going to be consecrated in a few days; have you a pastoral cross?"

Upon the bishop answering in the negative, the Holy Father rose and went into his bed-chamber. He returned, bringing in his hand a jewel box. The Pope opened it. A cross covered with rubies presented itself to the eyes of M. de Medeiros. As the prelate seemed astonished and surprised at the sight of this rich ornament:

"My son," said the Pope, "do not look upon the material of which the cross is composed; think only upon the thought that I attach to it; it is a thought of courage, of generosity, of sacrifice, and of holy hope in the midst of the difficulties that you will encounter, doubtless, and