

felt ourselves very little—we, poor pilgrims, in the midst of all this magnificence." Thus they ingeniously described their feelings in a letter—"Shortly after his eminence was informed of our arrival, but before he gave us an interview he ordered that we should be furnished with refreshments; we, however, could consent to accept of nothing—it was our *father* with whom we wished to become acquainted before all. The Holy Cardinal has always been unwilling that we should call him any other name. At length he presented himself to us as the best of fathers—the most tender of friends. We all cast ourselves at his feet. He presented us his ring to kiss, and said to us in French: 'Oh! these are my dear daughters!—Come, my children, I am your father!' And a thousand benedictions followed these sweet words which, as they were the first, will ever remain engraven on our hearts.....At four o'clock they served up our dinner in our own apartments, and his Eminence came and assisted, taking a pleasure in serving us himself!"

The Cardinal who spoke and acted thus but a year ago, was worthy to be the Vicar of Him who said to his Apostles, "Which is the greater he who sitteth at the table, or he who serves? Is it not he who sits at table? Now I am in the midst of you as he who serveth."

'His Eminence,' again wrote these good Religions, 'from that day continues to assist at all our meals. His gaiety always makes us pass in delight these moments which appear only too short. But reckoning from this day, he would have us at his table. In fine during more than a month that these pious ladies passed at the Episcopal residence of Imola, the Cardinal Mastai would not allow them to have any other table but his own! And one day, when a simple novice, a peasant girl of Vendee, was afraid to sit down beside the Cardinal: "If you will not do so," he said, "I will get up and come and serve you myself."

The Holy Pontiff after performing the first duties of hospitality towards the Religious hastened to testify his gratitude to the Superior of the House of Angers, who had sent them.—On the 14th of September he wrote to her the following fatherly letter, of which we have the precious original in our hands in the translation of which we could wish to preserve the inimitable simplicity of the Italian language:—

"Very Reverend Mother General—Your Reverence must already have received from your dear daughters the details of their happy arrival at Imola; but it is proper that I should myself inform you of this event, and at the same time, that I should express to you the great consolation that I experience in seeing myself enriched with the lit-

tle troop of sacred virgins (*questo piccolo stuolo di sacré vergini*), who in a few days will open the mission for the salvation of so many poor wandering sheep (*tante peccorelle erranti*). I feel certain that with the grace of God, they will reconduct them to the fold of the Prince of Pastors, Jesus Christ. May eternal praise be given to this God of Mercies, and I beg your Reverence to accept the assurance of my deepfelt gratitude. I have the consolation of having them with me in my palace. I have great reason to thank the Lord, who holds in his hands the hearts of men; but it appears to me that he has placed that of your daughters not in his hands, but in his own heart. (*Parmi che quella sue figlie lo abbia collocato non tanto, nelle suo mani quanto nelle suo cuore.*) I will not fail to render them every assistance in their wants; and from that thought I pass to the pleasure of assuring you again that I am, with deep esteem, the affectionate servant of your Maternity,

✠ JEAN MARIE, Cardinal MASTAI,
Archbishop.

Imola, 14th September, 1845.

CANADA.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN THE BACKWOODS.—A respectable correspondent sends us the following dated St. Sylvester, 23d July, 1846. * * * * The papers I sent you must have given you full details of the dreadful calamity with which our doomed city of Quebec has again been visited. I was, alas, an actor in the dreadful tragedy. I am now among the Irish backwood settlements. The change while it removes me from the theatre of my sorrows, gives ease to both heart and body, by the spectacle I have every day before me of Irish energy, prosperity, and unalterable piety, among the wild woods of Canada. The church is but a few paces from me on the culminating point of a beautiful hill, with a tin-covered cross, sixty-four feet high, crowning a rock to the left, shining in the rays of the morning sun, sheds its gladdening light over our new settlements for ninety miles around; A population comprising some fifteen hundred communicants, are living in union, virtue and happiness, under the care of the Rev. James Nelligan. The majority are Irish, a great many French, Canadians—loving each other like children of the same family. Every good quality that distinguishes the Irishman in fatherland marks him out in this happy settlement, for respect and imitation. There are not two settlers here that are not Teetotallers, nor are there two families at variance. The lands are of the very best sort of land those who till them unite to the patient industry of their fathers at home the enthusiastic love for religion, and the undying affection for the land of their birth, so characteristic of the children