

to keep my father in the darkness of unbelief. I commit you both to God, who is merciful and just, and remain most respectfully,

Your humble Servant,

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

To this letter I never received an answer. One would have thought this zealous man would have thought it worth his while to make one effort by way of reply, to recover the sheep that had strayed, but no—a soul who could believe such an absurdity, as that a part of a thing could ever become a whole, (as in the case of each host becoming a whole Christ,) was not worth a thought. This was another of his arguments against our receiving Christ whole and entire in the sacrament. Oh folly, folly such reasoning indeed should be sufficient to awake one out of their slumber—but, alas! it is not.—Fancy a reasonable mind on all other subjects being able to say, “my children, I wish you to be read and fully instructed on all subjects, save one, and on that subject I command you never to hear or read a line—that subject the Catholic faith—and fancy children arrived at the years of discretion satisfied, because a secret voice tells them, that to examine into Catholicity they must embrace it. But I will forbear while I am in the land of prayer, I will pray and hope for the parent, who issued the command, and for the sisters and brothers who quietly assented to it.

One word more, and then I conclude. To you who still condemn me, I would simply ask, will you answer for my soul at the great and final day of judgement, or think it will avail you, to hear the great judge declare, I had saved my soul by becoming a Catholic—think you, I say, it will avail you to urge, you thought I was wrong? No, you know such an excuse will not avail you then, and you also know you will not be responsible for me—therefore, my word to you is to take heed to yourselves.

But to those, who may be more just and reasonable, and who allow I had just cause for this change even to them I leave my last charge, search for yourselves—for if I had reason to change, so is there reason you should do so also. See what this religion is, that is so universally despised and abused, and still has power, as with the strength of iron to hold and retain those, who enrol themselves on her lists, and those firmest, who once were most clamorous against her.—Search, I say, for yourselves, and think not you overcome the truth, when you commit it to the flames; no if it meets no better defeat than this, it is consumed, to rise up in judgement against you.

Search, therefore, from the only source you can depend upon.—Would you condemn a Protestant, for his belief, on the testimony of an infidel? No,

you would not, then refuse not to Catholics, what you would demand yourself. Go then to those, to whom the Church's faith is confided, to her clergymen who are devoted to her interests, though other motives are charged upon them. Go then to them I say again, who have given up all for their Master's service, they are public property, the poor man's friend as well as the rich, and whose reward is, to win souls into Christ's fold. Speak not ill of these men, until you have been eye witness to their evil deeds, and when you witness these remember there was a Judas! Go, and may God deal with you as graciously and generously as He has with me; and give you but an equal share of joy and peace, and your soul will be more than satisfied—more than rewarded for all it may have suffered, in the trials unavoidable in changing any faith, be it what it may, for Catholicity.

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

March, 1842.

POETRY.

SONNET FROM VICENZIO DA FILICAJA.

See a fond mother and her offspring round,
Her soft soul melting with maternal love,
Some to her breast she clasps, and others prove
By kisses her affection, on the ground
Her ready foot affords a rest for one;
Another smiling sits upon her knee;
By their desiring eyes and actions free,
And lisping words their little wants are known—
To those she gives a smile, a frown to these,
But all in love. Thus awful Providence
Watches and helps us—oft denies our sense
But to invite more earnest prayer and praise,
Or by withholding that which we implore,
In the refusal gives a blessing more.

ON HUMILITY.

Sweet flower! Humility! of growth divine,
Shed forth thy fragrance o'er this heart of mine,
Thy root was fixed in Clives' hallow'd round,
With lowly self abasement fenced around,
Thy stem was nourished by our Saviour's tears,
Thy leaves expanded with His sighs and tears,
Thy blossom cherished in His sacred breast;
Belov'd of Jesus! in my bosom rest,
Unprais'd, unseen, one self complacent thought
Will make thy tender beauties fall to naught.

M. E. T. W.

A plan is under the consideration of the Board of National Education, for the establishment of marine and fishing schools in Ireland.