

THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CUI

EST—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERYWHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

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TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold.
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answer'd, "I come;"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire, in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost.
'Tis beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room, that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven, the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music, could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
'Tis hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diadem and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed,
Her painting—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement, that wears her knees.
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief,
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on morals attend,
The Sisters of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapour of death,
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted, with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure, your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, to gulf of praise,
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

David Paul Brown, Esq., (whose lecture on Shakspeare, we shall never forget) has recently delivered a lecture before the Carroll Institute of Philadelphia, on the Sisters of Charity. The Philadelphia Mercury says:

"The lecturer entered into a statistical detail of the origin and organization of the society in Europe under St. Vincent of Paul in 1614, and also of its establishment in the United States; eulogized in the most glowing and beautiful language, the devotion and charity of the Sisterhood on all occasions, but especially during the pre-

valence of the Asiatic Cholera in the most moving and powerful manner, and the humanity of the Order in the degradation and misery, of the disease of its natural mentioned in connection to many, viz: that they nor are they allowed until they have served the expiration of that year only, renewing twelve months, and at any time they see

The Picayune gave the Charity Hospital in charge of the benevolent Yearly Report of the

Whole No. of admissions	5012
" Foreign Mrs.	3859
" United States,	1074
" Unknown;	79
No. resident in this city 2 years,	1150
" " " under 3 years	8784
Whole No. admitted of yellow fever,	1053
" discharged,	606
" died,	487
" that occurred in hospital,	53
Whole number of patients remaining in the hos-	
1st Jan., 1844	429
Of which 67 are in the Insane Department,	67

In reference to this institution the Editor of the Concordia Intelligencer says:

"When we take into consideration the fact that it is sustained alone by charitable donations, etc., the amount of good dispensed to the poor, friendless and unfortunate, seems truly wonderful. During a recent trip to the city, we had the pleasure of visiting the institution, in company with one of the gentlemen alluded to, and were much gratified to find the sick wards throughout, most admirably adapted for the comfort of those within its walls. There was an air of neat cheeriness about the whole establishment which gave it rather the appearance of a house where health reigned supreme; and but for the long drawn breath, the hurried groans of the unfortunate sufferers, such indeed it might seem to the stranger."

And such is the concurring testimony, of sects and denominations, in every city blessed by the ministrations of these devoted women, to their zeal through the most trying scenes, and their perseverance even unto death.—*Abriel.*

FIRST REFORMERS, THEIR VIOLENCE.

BY REV. DR. FLETCHER.

During the first struggles of the revolution which the reformation very naturally excited, it is reasonable to look for violence and animosity. The introduction and growth of the reformation did not, in any respect, resemble the introduction and growth of Christianity. Both were conducted on very opposite plans and by very opposite principles. While Christianity was ushered in, and acquired the influences by the arts of meekness, the reformation was begun and increased by the arms of violence, while the former attracted proselytes by the gentle eloquence of truth, the latter excited followers of the more powerful vociferations of calumny and insult. The powerful object of both, it is true, was the same, the reformation of error and the establishment of virtue.

the year 1832; and never pictured the coming from vice, left destitute by no fact which he object, may be new rity are not bound, lves by any vow, three years; after themselves for one expiration of every to leave the society ng statistics of the which is under the is order, Hospital for 1843.

But while the apostles of Christianity reformed error and established virtue, every amiable quality which could recommend or enforce either, shone conspicuous, both in their character and their conduct.—Mild, modest, chaste, humble, patient, and beneficent, they earned the triumphs of truth by the triumphs of holiness. They reformed the universe, by exhibiting in their own conduct the pattern of true perfection. Far different from this, was the conduct of the first reformers, Setting out, like the infuriate Jacobins of France, with the subversion of law, decency and order, their victories were sedition, plunder and excess.—Professing to correct vice, they spread disorder; affecting to recall truth, they gave birth to every form of falsehood. The reformation, in effect, was the contest of party against power; or effort of fanaticism labouring to pull down what its leaders were pleased to term superstition and idolatry.—These leaders were men who would have figured in any revolution. They had the passions which opposition but enflames; and they possessed that rough kind of eloquence, which is calculated to awake enthusiasm, and impose on ignorance. Some of them if we dredid only the accounts which themselves have furnished to each other, were fanatics in the mantle of religion; some of them hypocrites, under the veil of piety; some of them plunderers, under the mask of zeal; some of them monsters, without mask, mantle or any veil whatever. Front men of such characters, armed with such principles, it is only consistant to expect all those great excesses which attend on great revolutions; the injurious artifices by which violence procures abettors, and the low expedients by which party insures its victories. As for these latter circumstances, they were not merely consistent, but necessary: because, if it were necessary to destroy popery, it was necessary to prove it guilty; if necessary to plunder the Church, it was necessary to demonstrate its idolatry; if necessary to abolish continence, fasts, penance, confessions, it was necessary to vilify and arm the public animosity against them. This, Erasmus observes; the leaders did most effectually, in their harangues and addresses to the populace. "In these harangues," says he, "they inflame their fury and madness; they inspire such rage that they seem ever possessed by an evil spirit."

After the establishment of the reformation, it might have been expected, or hoped at least, that the violence which had formed it would abate, and those ignoble auxiliaries be dismissed, which had contributed so powerfully to its successes. But such was not the case. The springs of too many passions had been put in motion to subside easily; and the impulse was too strong for the vibration to cease at once. Violence and illiberality still continued to support the reformation, which violence and illiberality had established. The fanaticism, ambition, interest, or jealousy, of its leading members, still thought it wise to retain those means for its preservation, which had assisted so nobly in its erection. These, therefore, with occasional pauses and abatement, have continued to be employed in every Protestant government in Europe, until the late happy dawn of liberality and benevolence. It is only within the short interval of a few years, that the sword of persecution has been hung up in the temple of concord, and that the Catholic can say I do not tremble, to-day, for my life, my property or my freedom.