

which met their eyes was sufficient to appal the most hardened heart. On the bed on which so late he lay in all the pride of strength and vigor, glorying in the success of his impious stratagem, was he extended apparently motionless, the hair of his head standing on end, his eye-balls starting from their sockets, and large drops of perspiration starting from every pore; his whole appearance indicated that he was suffering the most excruciating agony of body and mind. "The hand of the Lord is upon him," said the aged pastor, solemnly, "with truth has He said vengeance is mine, as I will repay it." The effect which this sight had on the two who accompanied the venerable clergyman was instantaneous. From conduct the most insulting, the demeanor was now changed to the most humble. "Holy father," said they, "forgive us our wicked design. We now know we have long sinned against Him whose minister you assuredly are, and oh! if thou canst do aught for this unhappy man do it." "My children," replied the hoary priest, "you have my heartfelt forgiveness, and let me conjure

you, by this awful spectacle to seek it from Him who has so instantaneously poured His wrath on your infatuated comrade. Happily our fervent prayers may still induce the Lord to withhold his hand from cutting him off in the midst of his iniquity."

It was long before the unfortunate man gave any signs of returning animation, and years elapsed before it could be said he had regained the perfect possession of his senses. What it was he saw or heard he never told, but when he recovered he was an altered man, and became before he died as remarkable for his piety as he had been for his villiany. The aged priest was his constant visitor, and continued so, shielded in a manner by the three who had heretofore been so inveterate against him, until the relaxation of the bloody laws afforded the venerable man the means of living more openly. It need scarcely be said that they died Catholics, and it was their last request to be buried along side the priest whom they had so often persecuted.

ST. PATRICK.

WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.

IRISHMEN, scattered over the whole world, love to dwell on the memory of their glorious apostle, St. Patrick. The love which the Irish people have for this great saint is so deeply rooted in their affections, that persecution and adversity have never been able to eradicate it. Gratitude for favors received is one of the most natural feelings that spring from the heart of man. The greater the favor received, the more intense, and the more lasting that gratitude should be. St. Patrick, commissioned by the successor of St. Peter, came to Ireland to confer on the people a gift in comparison with which all earthly treasures dwindle to nothing. He found the country a pagan nation, for the true God was neither known nor worshipped in it. In the eyes of the world it was a great and glorious nation. Its advanced state of civilization was the admir-

ation of the then known world. Its natural laws of justice and equity were copied by the other nations of Europe. Its fleets swept the seas, and its armies over-ran the fairest provinces of Europe. The war-like Romans had conquered nearly the whole world, and England was merely a Roman province. The most powerful nations crumbled to ruin before the advance of her mighty armies, and so confident was she of victory, that the motto of one of her emperors was "I came, I saw, I conquered." Yet this mighty empire that had reduced to slavery many powerful nations was afraid to attack the war-like Irish. The Romans had heard wonderful stories of the beauty and fertility of this western Isle, that lay in the path toward the setting sun. They had heard of its advanced state of civilization, and in their hearts they yearned to make it a