

GENOA.

A letter from Genoa, of the 18th. says that a *triduo* had been celebrated with great pomp in the Church of Our Lady of the Annunciation. On the door of the church were the following inscriptions:—"To Pius IX., who has founded his reign on the supreme law of pardon, and who has been saved from the dangers of a dark conspiracy! To the Most High God, who, by the Pontificate of Pius IX. loves, glorifies, the splendour of the Church! Glory to Italy! Glory to the world! Praise and thanksgivings! Rome and the Provinces are placed under the same law, and Pius IX. has confided the keeping of it to the national militia!" These inscriptions excited the unanimous applause of the people. A monk delivered a discourse in honor of the Pope, in the course of which he referred to the danger his Holiness incurred from the conspiracy of the 17th July, and recommended that the people of Genoa should make an offering to the civic guard of Rome. Thereupon the Marchioness Balbino Doria, and other ladies of distinction, made a collection, which amounted to 6,500 l., and which was to be increased by private subscriptions.

Count Della Margarita, ex-minister of Sardinia, has, it is said, gone to reside in the convent of the Jesuits.

The *Augsburg Gazette* mentions a report that negotiations are going on between the Courts of Turin and Dresden for the marriage of the Duke of Genoa, son of the King of Sardinia, with a princess of the house of Saxony.

The French man-of-war, *Jena*, was in the port of Genoa, on the 18th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Virgin Mother—maiden holy,
Pure, immaculate, and bright;
Hearken to us sinners lowly,
Be our guardian for this night:
Wicked still—and still transgressing
'Gainst our God, we turn to thee;
Thou canst aid us with a blessing,
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

Holy mother—when before us
Pleasure's path is shining bright
Pleasure's path is shining bright,
Lest we're dazzled by its light;
Oh! when pain and sorrow dreary
Wring our bosoms, wilt thou be
Near to cheer our spirits weary;
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

Aid us sinners, holy Mother,
To repentance when we fall;
Teach us wild desires to smother—
God our love should be all in all!
Queen of Angels—Queen of Heaven—
Dost thou mourn our faults to see;
Sue, that we may be forgiven,
Maiden gentle—"Pray for me."

THE APOSTATE SAVED.

A TRUE STORY.

It was in the year 1832, that the Order of Redemptorists, lately established in Cornwall and Worcestershire, were called to the New World by the Bishop of Cincinnati. This diocese was the

first theatre of their zeal, where the usual extraordinary success attended the sons of St Alphonsus de Liguori. They soon had three flourishing stations, the most remarkable of which, was d'Abbo Croche, where they received numerous converts from among the aborigines. But as according to the rules of the order, it was necessary to establish a central house from which they could go on a mission and return to repose themselves after their fatigues, they, in 1835, accepted an invitation to establish themselves at Pittsburgh, in the diocese of Philadelphia, and the following year they were called by the Arch-Bishop of Baltimore to occupy a house and a church, and undertake the spiritual care of the German Catholics there, amounting to four thousand souls. The latest accounts speak of two towns founded by the celebrated and enterprising superior the Father Alexander Cvikoviez, called Muenenstadt and Alexanderstadt. They are also established in Maryland, and have in the United States six houses and upwards of thirty Fathers.

At a mission given by the most P——, the following extraordinary adventure happened to Father L. It wanted but one hour of midnight, when the Father, exhausted by the heat and fatigue of the confessional, found himself obliged to breathe for a moment the fresh air—he made his way through the crowd, who were anxiously waiting for their turn before the confessionals; for the mission as of old, when Alphonsus with his first-born sons attacked the strongholds of Satan in Italy, had been successful in conquering multitudes of souls and leading them in triumph to the feet of their crucified Redeemer. The father had nearly reached the door, when he was startled by the appearance of a man who leaned with folded arms against a pillar, and regarded the scene with a scowl of intense hatred. Father L. stopped, the man raised his eyes towards him, and all the malignity of his expression seemed concentrated in the glare of destruction with which he regarded him. Knowing there could be nothing personal in this, but, that it must proceed from the common hatred with which that Church is regarded, to whom her master said, "Marvel not if the world hate you, for you know it hated me;" and full of compassion for the state of that heart in which hatred can take up her abode, Father L. approached him, and said in tones of gentle kindness, "Can I be useful to you?" The man's look became furious, and cursing the Father, he bid him go about his business. "No," said Father L. with an impulse that he could not resist, and for which he could not account: "I will not leave you, I will follow you; you are not in a condition to be left alone." "At your peril follow me!" retorted the other, and dashed out of the Church.—The moon shone with that brilliancy so peculiar to the western hemisphere; Father L. saw the man