

age, and their hearts reposed upon him with an affection deep as a father's and a mother's love alone can feel. He walked before them with an angel's smile, and knelt beside them with a seraph's love; and as he returned from the sacraments, his father blessed the God who gave him, and exulted in the pride of his bright possession. And so it was; and no lovelier sight smiles on earth than youth fearing and loving God, devoted in its obedience to its parents, even as in its soul's tendency to heaven. But something crossed the path of this dear child: it was the serpent of old; and it pointed to the fatal fruit which still will grow in the Paradise of innocence. He came to his director, and told what he had seen, and he was charged never to listen to that tempter more. Would that he had never listened! But he did. He sought the danger, and, O God, he fell! It showed itself instantaneously in his conduct. He prayed no longer by his parents' side, or if he did, it was with evident unwillingness; he answered them darkly, unkindly, at length, with defiance: when the times for his sacramental duty came, he made some excuse, and he was not at communion: his parents noticed his altered mien: they tried to conceal it from each other; they ascribed it to the natural wildness of youth, but they did not know that their child had become a libertine—that the light of their life was extinguished—that the staff of their old age had become its scourge, and that their grey hairs were to be brought in sorrow to the grave by the cold and cutting ingratitude of him over whose infancy they watched, and in whose approach to manhood they had exulted in hope's fondest anticipations. Alas, alas, how many a father has broken-hearted, died; how many a mother has spent the winter of her days in tears and prayers and sorrows to the tempest's blast, as appealed to the hardened heart of that ungrateful one, who knows but one sympathy, one tie—the prostration of his soul before earth's foulest passions. How often, my God, have I known this wrong to be inflicted by the sinner on his family. The wintry winds may sweep across his father's grave, and his mother's form may be seen to haunt the church's aisles from morning till night in prayers for him; but he, fierce in his passions, true to one—the demon whom he serves—stands erect, nor fears that curse of God which, despite his mother's prayers, shall, if unrepentant, reach his guilty soul. I take other relations in society, and I find similar results. The bride came forth from her espousals, and the world called her happy; and so she was—for virtue had bound her soul with the object of her affections, and the church had given its blessing to her bridal bed; loving and beloved they lived, until hell, ever envious of virtue's joys, came to put asunder

what God had joined together. Gambling and drink were the seductions which were employed. His fireside was abandoned, and she left alone; her altered cheek told how she felt his unkindness—her accents did not. But he would hold his unholy revel. Time rolled on, and her gentle spirit sunk beneath his alienation, his unkindness, his curses and his cruelty. Her children wanted bread, but he wanted, and would have, the means of his own selfish and unnatural gratification: all was gone, and day by day, she lingered, prayed, and died. Her bones are resting in the churchyard, but who shall redress her wrongs?

Concluded in our next.

TEWETS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH FAIRLY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER I.

ON EXCLUSIVE SALVATION.

Continued.

Although ignorance of the true religion, when joined with uprightness and sincerity, be not an insurmountable barrier opposed to salvation, it is nevertheless certain, that there is a true religion, whose peculiar advantages render its discovery eminently important, and the greatest of blessings and, that there is, and only can be one religion of this sterling character. Faith is an essential ingredient in religious worship, for "without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi. 5, 6.) and "he who believes not shall be condemned." (St. Mark, xvi. 5, 16.) Now, faith is certainly the belief of revealed truth; for the belief of falsehood cannot honour God, whose being is essential truth. Truth is one, single, and indivisible; for if it be true, that Christ is God, every other assertion to the contrary is false.—Consequently as truth is one, and faith the belief of truth, there can be only one true faith, or only one true religion, since faith is an essential in religion.

The Catholic church, therefore, does not in unison with the ever-veering ideas of some modern sectarians, consider every form of religion equally good, or deem it immaterial to what society of Christians a man is associated. She believes, that a principle of this nature would destroy the essence of pure religion, and amount to an acknowledgement, that God would be indifferent to our belief of truth or falsehood. Indeed, a principle of this nature would seem to infer, that the incarnation of the Son of God was hardly necessary, since it would then be immaterial, whether we believe or disbelieve the doctrine, which he has delivered and enforced.