

peace, neither is the rod of God upon them. Their little ones go forth as a flock, and their children leap in the dance. They take the timbrel and the harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in good, and in a moment they go down to hell. So was it with Jerusalem, when God had deserted it; it seemed never so prosperous before. Herod the king had lately rebuilt the Temple; and the marbles with which it was cased were wonderful for size and beauty, and it rose bright and glittering in the morning sun. The disciples called the Lord to look at it, but He did but see in it the whited sepulchre of a reprobate people, and foretold its overthrow. "See ye all these things?" He answered them, "Amen, I say to you, stone shall not be here left upon stone, which shall not be destroyed." And "He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, and in this thy day, the things that relate unto thy peace, but now they have been hid from thine eyes!" Hid, indeed, was her doom; for millions crowded within the guilty city at its yearly festival, and her end seemed a long way off, and ruin to belong to a far future age, when it was at the door.

O the change, my brethren, the dismal change at last, when the sentence has gone forth, and life ends, and eternal death begins! The poor sinner has gone on so long in sin, that he has forgotten he has sins to repent of. He has learned to forget that he is living in a state of enmity to God. He no longer makes excuses, as he did at first. He lives in the world, and believes nothing about the Sacraments, nor puts any trust in a Priest, if he falls in with one. Perhaps he has hardly ever heard the Catholic religion mentioned, except for the purpose of abuse; and never has spoken of it but to ridicule it. His thoughts are taken up with his family and with his occupation; and if he thinks of death, it is with repugnance, as what will separate him from this world, not with fear, as what will introduce him to another. He has ever been strong and hale. He has never had an illness. His family is long-lived, and he reckons he has a long time before him. His friends die before him, and he feels rather contempt at their nothingness, than sorrow at their departure. He has just married a daughter, and established a son in life, and he thinks of retiring from the world, except that he is at a loss to know how he shall employ himself when out of it; and then he begins to muse awhile over himself and his prospects, and he is sure of one thing, that the Creator is simple and mere benevolence, and he is indignant and impatient when he hears eternal punishment spoken of. And so he fares, whether for a long time or a short; but, whatever the period, it must have an end, and at last the end comes. Time has gone forward noiselessly; and comes upon him like a thief in the night; at length the hour of doom strikes, and he is taken away.

Perhaps, however, he was a Catholic, and then the very mercies of God have been perverted by him to his ruin. He has rested on the Sacraments, without caring to have the proper dispositions for attending them. At one time he had lived in neglect of religion altogether; but there was a date when he felt a wish to set himself right with his Maker; so he began, and has continued ever since, to go to confession and Communion at convenient intervals. He comes again and again to the Priest; he goes through his sins; the Priest is obliged to take his account of them, which is a very defective account, and sees no reason for not giving him absolution. He is absolved, as far as words can absolve him; he comes again to the Priest when the season comes round; again he confesses, and again he has the form pronounced over him. He falls sick, he receives the last Sacraments; he receives the last rites of the Church, and he is lost. He is lost, because he has never really turned his heart to God; or, if he had some poor measure of contrition for a while, it did not last beyond his first or second confession. He soon came to the Sacraments without any contrition at all; he deceived himself, and left out his principal and most important sins. Somehow he deceived himself into the notion that they were not sins, or not mortal sins; for some reason or other he was silent, and his confession became as defective as his contrition. Yet this scanty show of religion was sufficient to soothe and stupify his conscience: so he went on year after year, never making a good confession, communicating in mortal sin, till he fell ill; and then, I say, the viaticum and holy oil were brought to him, and he committed sacrilege for his last time,—and so he went to his God.

O what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment-seat of Christ! O what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realize where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at naught, all his judgments which he has outlived; when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expanded and was confirmed in sin—how it budded forth into leaves and flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit,—till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and confines it to the jailors, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! "Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand,—one minute to explain it! My name is Demas: I am but Demas, not Judas; or Nicolas; or Alexander; or Philetus, or Diotrophes.

What? eternal pain for me! impossible, it shall not be." And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "O, atrocious!" it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its injustice. "A second! and a third! I can bear no more! stop, horrible fiend, give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, or the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humor. Nay,—I am a Catholic; I am not an unregenerate Protestant; I have received the grace of the Redeemer; I have attended the Sacraments for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I am a son of the Martyrs; I died in communion with the Church; nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and stench which exhale from thee; so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man!"

Alas! poor soul;—and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. "So comprehensive a mind! such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!" "Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!" or, "A great personage, whom some of us knew; or, "It was a rule with a worthy and very excellent friend of mine, now no more;" or, "Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so lively, so versatile, so unobtrusive;" or, "I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy;" or, "So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind;" "His discoveries so great;" or, "His philosophy so profound." O vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? His soul is in hell, O ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die.

Vanity of vanities! misery of miseries! they will not attend to us, they will not believe us. We are but few in number, and they are many; and the many will not give credit to the few. O misery of miseries! Thousands are dying daily; they are waking up into God's everlasting wrath; they look back on the days of the flesh, and call them few and evil; they despise and scorn the very reasonings which then they trusted and which have been disproved by the event; they curse the recklessness which made them put off repentance; they have fallen under His justice, whose mercy they presumed upon;—and their companions and friends are going on as they did, and are soon to join them. As the last generation presumed, so does the present: The father would not believe God could punish, and now the son will not believe; the father was indignant when eternal pain was spoken of, and the son gnashes his teeth, and smiles contemptuously. The world spoke well of itself thirty years ago, and so will it thirty years to come. And thus it is that this vast flood of life is carried on from age to age; myriads trifling with God's love, tempting His justice, and like the herd of swine, falling headlong down the steep! O mighty God, O God of love! it is too much! it broke the heart of Thy sweet son Jesus to see the misery of man spread out before His eyes. He died by it as well as for it. And we too, in our measure, our eyes ache, and our hearts sicken, and our heads reel, when we but feebly contemplate it. O most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt Thou not end, when wilt Thou end, this ever-growing load of sin and woe? When wilt Thou chase away the devil into his own hell, and close the pit's mouth, that Thy chosen may rejoice in Thee, quitting the thought of those who perish in their willfulness? But, oh! by those five dear Wounds in Hands, and Feet, and Side—perpetual founts of mercy, from which the fullness of the Eternal Trinity flows ever fresh, ever powerful, ever bountiful to all who seek Thee—if the world must still endure, at least, gather Thou a larger and a larger harvest, an ampler proportion of souls out of it into Thy garner, that these latter times may, in sanctity, and glory, and the triumphs of Thy grace, exceed the former.

"Deus miseratur nostri, et benedicit nobis." "God, have mercy on us, and bless us; and show the light of His countenance upon us, and have mercy on us; that we may know Thy way upon earth, Thy salvation amongst all the nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Let the nations be glad, and leap for joy; because Thou dost judge the people in equity, and dost direct the nations on the earth. God, even our God, bless us, God bless us; and let all the ends of the earth fear Him."

GREAT FIRE AT CRACOW.—Three hundred houses, the Dominican and Franciscan convents, the churches of St. Barbara and St. Joseph, the episcopal palace, the Polytechnic school, and seven streets have burned down. The fire was the work of incendiaries, who set fire to different quarters of the city at the same time. A court martial was formed, and the guilty parties brought before it. If convicted they will be shot at once.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.

We copy the following Pastoral letter of His Lordship, Monseigneur Charbonnel, the newly appointed Bishop of Toronto, from the New York *Truth Teller*. It will be read with pleasure by our Catholic friends of Toronto, who may indeed thank God for having entrusted the care of His flock to such hands:

FRANCIS MARY DE CHARBONNEL.

By the Grace of God, and the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Toronto. To all our well-beloved Brethren and Children in God, the Clergy, Secular and Regular, and Laity of our Diocese, GRACE AND PEACE IN THE LORD.

Your first Bishop, Dearly Beloved Brethren, gave his life for his flock; and his memory will ever be in benediction amongst those whom he edified by his virtues, instructed by his example, and ennobled by his death. It was the wish of the Venerable Bishops of Canada to comfort you for his loss by obtaining as his Successor, an Ecclesiastic, a glorious child of England,—a light of doctrine and virtue. To their endeavors We united Our prayers, and We besought others to pray that our loving Lord would be pleased to raise to the See of Toronto this zealous Missionary, who would have brought to your memory the memorable actions of the Apostles of Canada. But the humility which moved Father Larkin to decline another See, has also prevented him from accepting an office for which he would have been so admirably qualified.

We supposed, Beloved Brethren, that a Bishop had been long ago provided for you, when We received on the 18th of April last Apostolic Letters, notifying Our appointment to the vacant See of Toronto, and earnestly urging Us, by Our acceptance of it, to put an end to your long anxiety. Within eight days from the date We reached Rome, and We humbly represented to the Holy Father that we were not qualified to undertake an Office which alarmed one so much more able to perform its duties and bear its responsibilities. His Holiness answered Us that the most perfect course for Us was to submit; and We bowed Our head submissively before Him through whom St. Peter speaketh. The more to encourage Us, and at the same time in order to show a proof of His fatherly affection towards you, Beloved Brethren, His Holiness has graciously condescended himself to bestow upon Us the Episcopal Consecration, and to impose His Sacred hands upon Us, anointing Us with the Christ of Salvation. If our Holy Father has hereby acquired a title to your gratitude, Dearly Beloved Brethren, He has imposed also upon Us the duty of imitating in Our conduct the ardent charity which unites Him to you.

It will be Our constant prayer that deeds, rather than words, however sincere, may attest the warmth of Our charity in your regard; and as a proof, We have amongst other things, followed the paternal advice of His Holiness in seeking out zealous Laborers of the Lord to accompany Us amongst you; and We trust that the pious Missionary may be one day granted to Us, whose humility in declining to govern you, will add to the powers of his well known eloquence.

We intend, Beloved Brethren, to remain a few days longer in the Eternal City, that We may be strengthened amidst the monuments of its Martyrs, and encouraged by the memorial of the Saints whose holy relics render it glorious above all Cities.

We wish to pray for you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, upon the threshold of the great Apostle, St. Peter and St. Paul, whose preaching and martyrdom have shed such lustre upon Rome, at the same time seeking council and light from the Great Pontiff who has but lately shared in the sufferings as well as in the glory of the Prince of the Apostles, and whose name is now so devoutly pronounced by the countless thousands committed to His faithful keeping.

Your munificence, Dearly Beloved Brethren, has been conspicuous; and We hope to convey to some who have made great sacrifices, the expression of the approbation of His Holiness: but as your means are limited, We intend, before We leave Europe, to visit France, which you love for the sacrifices made by her children in defence of the Apostolic See; and when We represent to Our Brethren in that country the great necessities of Our Church, We are confident that they will display towards Us both charity and generosity. Meanwhile We long to be with you, and We hope you will pray that We may be speedily united to those from whom duty alone shall ever separate Us. Pray that we may be united in the heart and will, and that We may all be enabled to work faithfully and earnestly for the love and glory of Our Lord, and the expansion of His Holy Church. Our weakness is great and Our deficiencies are many; but relying on Our obedience to the Vicar of Christ, We are enabled to say with the great Apostle, "*Cum infirmor tunc potens sum.*"

With what effusion of heart shall We meet once more those revered Ecclesiastics who listened to our words with so much indulgence six years ago, and whose piety during Our Retreat has ever remained in Our Memory.

With tears shall We remember how the venerable Pastor, whose place We are about to occupy so unworthily, was at Our last meeting in danger of death; and with what affection shall We unite in praying for him in that noble Church which will prove to those yet unborn the greatness of his zeal and the fulness of his charity! A holy priest is reposing near him, whose meek and gentle virtue endeared him to our people, and were a model to his fellow laborers: for him likewise We will pray.

As We recall to mind, Dearly Beloved Brethren,

even at this distance of time and place, the many good deeds which your first Bishop performed amongst you, We feel that Our path is all traced; and We trust that you will often ask Our Blessed Mother the Holy Virgin Mary, whom he loved and honored so fervently, that by Her powerful intercession We may be enabled to complete what he so happily and so boldly undertook. Recommend Us likewise to the favor of the Glorious Archangel, St. Michael, Prince of the Heavenly Hosts, who, Protector of old of the Synagogue, and defender now of the Church of Christ, has been chosen as the special Patron of the Diocese of Toronto.

Finally, Dearly Beloved Brethren, let us all join in prayers for the speedy return of our separated Brethren, that they may be brought to the enjoyment of those spiritual blessings which we possess in the sacred bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

Imitating the Venerable Bishops of Canada, We shall hasten to pay Our respects to the Representative of Her Majesty, and to declare to him how fully We participate in their feelings of loyalty, in their love of peace and order, and in their desire to preach, by word and example, obedience to the Government and the laws of the Country.

More We cannot say now, Beloved Brethren; but as an earnest of Our love to Our Clergy and Flock, We pray that the blessing of the Almighty may descend upon you and dwell with you for ever.

"The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Charity of God, and the Communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

This Letter will be read in all the Churches and Chapels on the first Sunday after its reception; and to obtain the Divine Blessing for Us, each of the Clergy will read in the Mass, on all days permitted, the Collects &c., of the Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost; and moreover, on Sundays and Holidays, in every Church and Chapel where Mass is said, they will recite three times with the Faithful the *Pater, Ave, and Gloria Patri*.

Given at the Hotel de la Minerve, Rome, the 14th day of May, 1850.

† FRANCIS MARY,
Bishop of Toronto.

IRELAND.

CONSECRATION OF MEIGH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.—On Sunday, Aug. 4th, was consecrated the Roman Catholic Chapel of Meigh, county Armagh. The structure is at once chaste and beautiful; it stands a perpetual monument of the zeal and piety of the excellent parish Priest, Rev. Mr. Murphy, and of his indefatigable fellow-laborer, Rev. Mr. McArdle.—*Tablet*.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ENNIS.—The Rev. Mr. Quinlivan continues, in England, the good work of collecting funds for the new church of Ennis.—*Id.*

ALL HALLOWS' COLLEGE.—DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—On Thursday, the 1st Aug., Rev. Messrs. Brennan, Teeling, and Talty, three young clergymen from our Irish missionary college, sailed for the Mission of Virginia, United States.—*Id.*

We have much pleasure in stating that William Jackson, Esq., of Rea Mills, near Ballybay, was received into the Catholic Church, and confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher, at Carrickatee Chapel, on the 5th ult. Mr. Jackson belonged to the Presbyterian community, of which he was a most active and respected member.—*Id.*

THE HEALTH OF THE PRIMATE.—We regret to state that his Grace the Lord Primate has been suffering lately from an attack of rheumatism, which has affected his arm so severely, that he is obliged to make use of a sling. The last accounts are favorable. His Grace is at present sojourning at Castleknock.

A TRUE STORY.

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

Dear Sir—It is not long ago since there was a good deal of noise made about a young gentleman, whom the Monks of Mount St. Bernard had got into their clutches, and for a time were endeavoring, by all the arts for which such dark characters are—according to romance writers and Exeter-hall orators—so notorious, to make one of their order; but who, by some unexpected good luck—if not by supernatural interposition—escaped from the horrors of dark dungeons, clanking chains, and iron-barred gates, and made his way to some pious saints of the anti-Popish school, by whom he was received with open arms, and who, under his dictation, wrote and published the whole, full, and true account of all the horrors, persecutions, and iniquities of the Monastery from which this good young gentleman had effected his escape. Through the exertions of Mr. Maher, of Birmingham, and others, it was satisfactorily proved that the young gentleman was an impostor, and that his tales of convent life were tissues of lies; and from the comfortable hospitality of his ultra Protestant patrons, he was handed over to the safe keeping of one of her Majesty's gaolers.

A young lady has more recently been playing a similar game; and as the facts of her case have not been made public, I think it not improbable you might be glad to learn the particulars, as far as they have reached me, of her eventful history.

This lady, "the niece of the Vicar-General of Paris," having been sent to a Convent in this country, and one day being out on business connected with the Convent, took her seat in an omnibus, where she met a gentleman, who, perceiving a rosary and crucifix upon her person, got into conversation with her on the errors of Rome; and finding her mind open to conviction, recommended her to pay a visit to the Independent minister of Orange-street Chapel, Haymarket. Following such good advice, she was by the worthy minister so thoroughly enlightened, that, with the help of a Bible which he gave her—a book, a