

She mured on his virtues, his kindness, his truth—
 On the love that was borne her, so fervent and high,
 By the playmate of childhood, companion of youth,
 'Thus call'd, in the fresh bloom of beauty, to die—
 And the scalding tears fell on the grave of the dead,
 As that fond sister mourn'd o'er the cherish'd one fled.

But listen ! a voice by the mourner is heard,
 Whose tones send the music of peace to her soul—
 The loud sobs of anguish are calm'd at a word,
 And the tear-drops no longer in bitterness roll.

Hope breaks through the gloom that enshrouds her sad heart,

And her bosom expands with a rapturous glow :
 Firm faith and full trust their blest comforts impart,
 As she hears from the lips of the messenger flow
 The tidings which bid her deep agony flee,
 'The master is come, and he calleth for thee.'

So Christian—tho' gloomy and sad be thy days,
 And tempests of sorrow encompass thee, black,
 Though no sunshine of promise, or hope sheds its rays,
 To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track.

Tho' thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow,
 O'er the wreck of fond joys from the bleeding heart riv'd,
 Check thy sorrowing murmur, thou lone one, and know,
 That the *chasten'd* on earth, are the *purest* for Heav'n :
 And remember, tho' *gloomy* the *present* may be,
 That the '*Master is coming*'—and coming to thee !

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The following beautiful extract, from a sermon delivered by the Very Rev. Dr Kirwan in Dublin on St Patrick's day, we take from the correspondence of the Tablet :

"Never, said he, since the days when the commission was delivered to the Apostles to preach the Gospel to every living creature, has it been filled with more devoted zeal, nor, thank Heaven, with more abundant success, than at the present hour. The sound of the voice of Truth is going forth into every land, and the glad tidings of the Gospel even to the extremities of the world. Prejudice and ignorance, which had for more than three centuries lowered over the human mind, and obscured or paralysed its powers, are now dispersing like mountain mists before the bright and searching light of the sun of Truth ; and in this age of invention the most valuable discovery which man has made is his own proud perversity and wilful blindness in the all-important matter of religion. It is God alone can operate this change in the heart of man, and to God alone be all the honor given ; yet it is not forbidden us to glory—if we glory in the Lord—that wherever the voice of the Apostle is heard and the Gospel preached—

wherever new missions are founded and the branches of the vine extended—in a word, wherever the fold of Christ is augmented ; or the introduction of the infidel, or the conversion of the heretic, it will be found, almost without exception, that it is Irish piety, Irish zeal, and Irish devotedness that commenced, or are occupied in advancing the godlike work. Ireland, but partially liberated from the trammels of persecution, and still suffering from the evils it produced, is already resuming the proud position she once held amongst the nations of the earth—she is again, as of old, sending forth her scholars from her schools, her virgins from her cloisters, and her saints from their sanctuaries—to revivify religion, and reanimate the fallen ; and thus in the wondrous way of God's providence, the poorest in the goods of this world, and the rich only in the treasures of grace, is become the greatest benefactress to mankind, in man's dearest interests, and the favored instrument of heaven for heaven's sublimest purposes. And may we not discover in this wise arrangement of Providence the secret and the cause of our sufferings and our wants ? For persecution has ever been the most effective means adopted by God for propagating the Faith, from the time the blood of the first martyrs became the prolific seed of Christianity. The continued suffering and periodical destitution which are daily forcing, and have already driven countless thousands of our poor from their native land, disseminate likewise with them the gems of the true Faith which no clime nor circumstance can eradicate from their faithful hearts. Like the tempest sweeping along in its desolating course, whilst it levels with the earth the ancient monarchs of the wood, that had long borne the fury of many winters, carries likewise on its stormy wings, or scatters on the angry waters, the infant seeds of future vegetation, which, cast upon some rocky shore or barren waste, and favored with a few years of heavenly dew and genial sunshine, shoot forth into a young and vigorous forest, an ornament and a blessing to the land they occupy, and an honor to the venerable stock from whose parent branches they have been torn. These are the noble ends from which our country from the beginning seems destined ; these are the sublime duties she has fulfilled, and is hourly accomplishing ; and as we have abundant reason to rejoice at them for the past, have we not substantial cause to hope from them for the future ? Do not the eternal justice and infinite beneficence of the Almighty instruct us to expect that when that destiny shall have been fulfilled, and these duties accomplished, that the fidelity, the sufferings, and the zeal which shall have rendered her again an island of saints, shall be rewarded even here by a long and glorious prosperity, which will render her the rival, as she has been the benefactress, of nations."