

A WORD TO PASTORS OF SOULS,
PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Just now, nothing demands more strict and unremitting attention at the hands of those charged with the care of souls and the education of youth, than our fashionable periodical literature. It is in vain christian doctrine is taught, in vain prayer and the frequenting of the sacraments are insisted upon in eloquent sermons, if nothing is said against the pernicious influence of the vile and infidel Press. The greatest efforts for good are rendered useless by it. Nowhere is this fact more bitterly felt than in the neighboring Republic. Thousands and thousands of youths, of the fairest promise, have been gradually led away from virtue, and plunged into immorality, through the influence of evil reading. Is it not a notorious fact that Puritan New England, once so straight, moral and God-fearing, is now become a hot-bed for infidelity, divorces and general immorality? In some places, the very idea of true maternity is altogether despised. With the advance of science and knowledge, faith has disappeared. It was the clear conception of this state of things which made the kindly parental heart of Pius IX "bleed," as he himself avers in one of his most touching addresses. "Our heart bleeds," he says, "when we see the little ones of the flock of Jesus Christ destroyed by the ravening wolves of human society."—He alluded to the authors of bad books. Forty years ago New England was as exempt from immoral literature as we have ever been. But with the public schools which shut out the teaching of religion, sprung up this ever-green tree of evil fruit and multiplying immorality. Hence it happens that to-day, among the thinking, it is not uncommonly held that common schools, out of which religion is eliminated, are considered little better than common courses.

Now, the living question for us to see to is, that the religious training of our children keep well abreast of their scientific training. Is it true, then, we actually do so? May it not be that, with our youth too, the worm is already in the bud, and that, if we do not take

care, the same fearful judgment may overtake our children as did those of New England? When the New York *Police Gazette* may occasionally be seen, as we saw it, among the denizens of Lake-a-law and the Backlands of Tracadie, we submit there is great reason to fear our "tonier" towns are not quite clear of it.

TO THE REFUGE OF SINNERS.

Mary, Mother, when to thee
The suppliant gives his thoughts of care,
Sorrow flies, and e'en the plea
Of guilt's forgotten at thy prayer.

Star of Mercy! Queen of Heaven!
None who ever sought thine aid,
Left thy presence unforgiven,
Weeping that in vain he prayed.

Mother, lowly, sad and mild,
Behold me prostrate at thy feet;
Never hast thou cast a child
In sorrow from that safe retreat;

And never will. Without a fear,
On thee my hopes of heaven I rest,
Secure thy gracious Son will hear
The prayer his Mother's lips have blest.

LIFE OF THE VERY REV. FATHER
VINCENT.

In the No. for June, we shall begin a sketch of the life and labors of the Venerable and saintly Father Vincent, founder of the Abbey of Petit Clairvaux, Tracadie.

BIOGRAPHICAL Sketches of the Right Rev. Alexander McDonnell, of Upper Canada, of Bishops McEachern, of P. E. Island, of Burke, of Halifax, of Fraser and McKinnon, of Arichat, will follow in succession.

RESERVE into thyself. The rational principle which rules has this nature, that it is content with itself when it does what is just and so secures tranquility.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

It is not by regretting what is irremediable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are.—*P. W. Robertson*.