

with temporary chapels, with the immediate prospect of the erection of new churches or chapels in each.

In addition to these, we may be allowed to name the splendid church of St. George the Martyr, now in a forward state of erection in Lan bath. This magnificent structure is (exclusive of cathedrals) perhaps the largest parish church that ever was built in England. Also, the beautiful new church of St. Peter at Woolwich, which will be opened for the celebration of divine worship about the end of next month. Another large church is likewise about to be commenced in the east of London, in the Commercial road, for which a most desirable site and spacious cemetery are already purchased and walled in. A new church is shortly to be erected at Guernsey, for which the site is secured.

The mission at Southend, near Soberton, Hants, has been re-opened by the Rev. John Clark, of Gosport, who has to pay a rent of £20 per annum for the chapel to the Protestant proprietor, who purchased it with the estate some years since, when the mission was closed and the chapel and estate sold by the Jesuits. Thus far church and chapel accommodation.

PRIESTS.—The number of priests in the London districts in the year 1836, was 91; the number in 1843, is 135; giving an increase in seven years of 44!!!

CONVENTS.—Four religious communities of ladies have been established in London and its vicinity within the last four years, to administer religious instruction and consolation to the rich and poor, and to recall the profligate and abandoned sinner to the paths of innocence and industry. These were the sacred and meritorious objects which our reverend bishop had in view when he introduced the Sisters of Mercy to Bermondsey, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to Hammersmith, where these communities are in a most flourishing state, under his lordship's fostering care, as are also the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Acton, and the nuns of Isleworth. He has also the merit of being the first who has established their respective order in this country.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as the creatures of time, endowed merely with animal pas-

sions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outlines of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects that this world with all its pageantry of pomp and power is crumbling into dust—that the present life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts either a prudent or a rational part, who frames plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has blinded the understanding, and perverted the will, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it will satisfy the desires, and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know themselves! The soul is not from the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its "glory changed," it will always be a prisoner here. Send it forth if you will, to range through the whole material universe: and like the dove dismissed from the ark it will return without finding a single place of rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

STANZAS

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL NUN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I NEVER looked on face so bright,
Of earthly mold, or mortal feeling;
It seems a temple full of light,
Salvation in that light revealing;
So beautiful, and oh! so pure,
Those lifted eyes in saintly rapture;
These clasped hands, that would secure
Each wandering soul, in holy capture.
That vestal veil of modest guise
Was woven in the 'loom of heaven,
Not earthly wrought for sinful eyes,
Whose worship is to mortals given.
Go! place the forms of worldly grace,
The beauties sung in bardic story,
Beside this spirit breathing face,
This lovely blessed child of glory;
Now mark the contrast: here the world
Has set its seal, full broad and gaily;
Those scented locks so trimly curl'd,
Those lips so trained to smiling daily;
That rich attire, those jewell'd arms,
That bosom without virgin shading,
Exposed in all its naked charms