

"I attended a meeting of the administrative council, convoked by the president, the chevalier Prokesch d' Osten, in which there was question of erecting a chapel at Heraclea; but the project was deferred until a more favourable occasion. Before quitting the continent I had a second audience of their majesties. I thanked the king for the favour he was pleased to allow me, solicited a grant of a ruined mosque at Napoli for the Catholic worship, and begged the queen to honour our island with a visit. Having taken leave of the chevalier Prokesch d' Osten, and Mr. de Lagrene, Minister of France, I set sail from the Piræus on the 23d of June, and reached my residence at Syra on the following day.

"Be pleased, gentlemen, to accept with these details of what I did during a few months, my wish for the prosperity of your venerable association, which enabled me to effect it.

"✠ FR. LOUIS BLANCIS,

"Bishop of Syra, Delegate Apostolic of Greece."

A Monk of the Middle Ages.

In these days when an earnest faith or even when an earnest inquiring scepticism is hardly to be found, it is refreshing to look back to ages when the church, not merely in chaunting her services, but in the spirit of self sacri-

kingdom, and to pay him the honours due to his rank.

"3. Our secretary of worship and public instruction is charged with the execution and publication of the present decree.

"Athens, 15-27 May, 1838.

"OTHO,

"The Secretary,

"G. CLARAFI."

fiice pervading her members, proclaimed "credo in vitam venturi seculi." One of those who, in the middle ages, confessed *by his life* the doctrine of a world to come, was Raymund Nonnatus. He was born at Portel, in the diocese of Urgel, in Catalonia, in the year 1210, and was the only son of parents of small fortune but noble ancestry.

From the time that his nurse first directed his infant eyes to the crucifix, and told him about the child Jesus, the sufferings of his after life, and his dying love, Raymund seemed to have no desire but that of imitating Christ's example. He very early began to shew an inclination for the monastic life, which his father, wishful to discourage, took him from his studies and sent him to superintend a farm, which he had at some distance among the mountains. Raymund willingly obeyed, for he thought that in these savage wilds he could best pursue the exercises of prayer, and imitate the virtues of those saints and hermits on whose pictures he often meditated for hours.

From this farm Raymund looked upon wild undulating mountains, stretching in long perspective before him. But there was one point in the landscape to which his eyes often returned with sadness, and that was Granada, which then groaned in Moorish slavery. The very breeze that from these mountains seemed laden with the sighs of his unhappy countrymen, who, besides suffering the cruellest treatment from their Mahometan masters, were in danger of losing their souls by apostacy.

Raymund had not been long in this solitude before he found that he could not shut up in his heart that benevolence which made him long to labour, and even suffer, for his fellow men,