

The voice which brings the Loving Victim down,  
Is that all-powerful and fruitful voice,  
At whose mysterious sound a world arose  
To light and life ;—the potent, awful voice  
Which still'd the tempest's fury, and rebuk'd  
Proud ocean's swelling waves. That voice re-  
sounds

Through the vast universe, and Nature trembles !  
That voice expell'd whole troops of hellish demons  
From tortur'd bodies, heal'd the sick, and snatch'd  
Ev'n from the grave its tenant ! Who shall doubt  
That Voice's power when the Saviour spoke,  
Himself producing by its wondrous might ?  
THIS IS MY BODY ! Words of life and truth  
Spoken but once, yet to all time believ'd.

Oh, yes ! those words shall stand for ever. When  
The azure sky shall darken, when the Sun  
Shall hide his brilliant light, the fading stars  
Shall sink into the deep and general gloom ;  
When Death unchain'd shall run his ghastly course  
And rain a fiery deluge o'er the earth  
Those Truths shall live, those Everlasting Words  
Unchang'd shall stand amid the wrecks of Time !

*(End of the first Canto.)*

### THE BISHOP.

We are happy to learn that his Lordship proceeds with undiminished health on his laborious mission. On Sunday he officiated at Kentville, and at Cornwallis, where the rite of confirmation was administered to several hundreds. His Lordship preached on both occasions, and while many of our dissenting brethren were in attendance,—it is gratifying to know that their conduct throughout was marked with the greatest decorum, and propriety. The Catholics of Cornwallis will long remember the auspicious advent of a Catholic Bishop among them. May their faith be strengthened by it.

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### LITERATURE.

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#### A SERMON, On the Evil of Sin.

By Rev. John A. Hearn, of Waterford, Chaplain at the  
Royal Sardinian Chapel, London.

“ To thee only have I sinned.”—PSALM I. 6.

The words of the Psalmist are exceedingly impressive ; they explain the words of our Catechism. The chief motive of contrition is, because

we have offended a God so infinitely good in himself, and so infinitely good to us. David had sinned against himself : he who in the days of his innocence rose up before the hosts of Israel, and going humbly forth in the name of the God of his fathers, smote the champion of the Philistines, and won freedom for his country, and glory for himself, fell before a more ignoble foe. Enslaved by concupiscence, he tarnished his mighty fame, and men, now reading his history, find equal subjects of astonishment in the brightness of his rising character, and the melancholy darkness of its close. He had sinned against society, not only against Urias, but against his subjects, upon whom his bad example must have operated with a potency dazzling as was the brightness of his former fame. But what cared David in the hour of his penitence for himself or for society ? He thought but on his God. “ To thee only have I sinned.” That one overwhelming idea absorbed every other thought. He had sinned against his God, and, as his trembling spirit bowed before the majesty of the Being whom he had injured, he thought not of himself, nor was the world remembered. Well, indeed, might the fallen majesty of earth—abject though surrounded by this world's glory—feel the deep conviction of that unhappiness which resulted from a rebellion against his God. That God had led him from the pastures of his father to fill the throne of Israel : in the brilliancy of his conquest and the vastness of his dominion, he had eclipsed the glory of his predecessors. Saul had slain a thousand, but David ten thousand ; and could not this strong ruler of earth find enjoyment in the indulgence of his passions ? Ah, no ! He knew that there was a world beyond this. He had been a traitor to the Adorable Being who ruled in heaven ; and, as the terrible conviction of his ingratitude beat back upon his troubled heart, no joys of earth could cheer, no flattery soothe him. The silence of the night was broken by the grieving accents of the fallen monarch ! And David wept ; but that his sins were blotted out the sacred writings do not tell us. There are those amongst us who cannot understand these compunctuous visitings of the royal prophet, into whose soul the brand of sin hath so deeply entered that conscience itself is seared. Torpid they sleep, nor will they fear until the deep tollings of the judgment ring through the chamber of their death. To these I need not address my observations ; but, should there be those amongst us whom passion urges to throw off the yoke of the Lord, I conjure them to meditate with me upon the wrong which they will do to themselves, to society, and above all, to God !

It appears to me that the wrong which the sinner does to himself may be assimilated (as far as the interests of time can be compared with those of