

amounting almost to unconscientiousness. I was too weak to care for the present, or to think for the future; a stupefaction of the faculties like to a heavy slumber seemed to rest upon me; I was dying I discovered, for by some means a priest knelt by me. It was too late; I was only momentarily sensible of his presence; my ears, my understanding were no longer capable of discerning a meaning in his words. Ere the bystanders were aware a change had taken place, my soul had stealthily withdrawn from the body, and stood renewed in strength and capacity. A thick impenetrable mist separated me from the eternal world, and confined me, as by some omnipotent decree, to wander over the scenes I had just quitted! But how altered my existence; no longer conversant with flesh and blood, my acquaintance was with the souls of men; the mind, the mainspring of action, lay as open to my gaze, as did their faces during my lifetime. Here I saw selfishness, deceit, fraud, over-reaching, secret oppression, passing in the world for the prudent, clever man of business; and there 'envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness,' languishing in the fair form of some apparently amiable beauty: or skulking beneath the matron's coil, the matron who educated her sons in piety without principle, in refined licentiousness as a fashionable and gentlemanly accomplishment; and her daughters in an insinuating address, feigned friendships, the art of supplanting and intrigue.

Disgusted with beholding such fair forms inhabited by such foul friends, I returned to gaze on the lump of clay I had once animated. I found it surrounded by my Catholic brethren, who had come far and near to show respect to the memory of a departed fellow Catholic; while my Protestant neighbours not to be a whit behind, had decked out my corpse in becoming attire to receive visitors, and a handsome coffin was placed in the room, that the curious may satisfy themselves as to its beauty and costliness. Lighted candles were placed at my head and feet, a crucifix on my heart, and my hands were encircled by a rosary. I believe they were reciting the funeral service, or offering up a *De profundis* for the repose of my soul; each seemed devotionally earnest in the responses: but their prayers pierced like so many swords my disconsolate, forlorn and naked soul. Oh, I exclaimed in maddened accents, 'had all these attentions been paid to me during the weeks of loneliness, suffering, and wearisome nights that were appointed me, before my day of life was closed!—Oh, if I had been indulged to join in prayers of devotion with some pious friends, I had not now awakened to the wretched conviction that their prayers can never avail me!—prayers!—they only mock my woe!' I felt an indescribable agony within me, I stamped with my foot, (for I still retained the human form though not its materiality,) I beat my

breast, I sobbed and ruing my hands in hopeless misery. Suddenly I was reminded to my body. The surprise my resurrection desasioned, and the clamour which attended the relation of my supposed death, awoke me. A rising sun in June was shining on my eyelids.

The impression the dream made on my mind, led me to consider, how often we are negligent of that important duty, visiting the sick. It is certainly much easier to sit comfortably at home, and say a *De profundis* when we hear of a death, or when some circumstance recalls the memory of a departed soul, and we feel complacency at performing such acts of charity; but it requires a self-denial, and an exertion on our parts to seek the secluded alley, or trudge some eight or ten miles to an obscure corner of the country, to watch by the sick-bed, to raise the fallen, to cheer the faint-hearted, to rouse the sleeper in sin to a sense of his danger, or to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit of some poor fellow traveller Zionward. We are too apt to 'dare say some one visits them who is far more capable of affording religious conversation than we are,' and we content ourselves without ever ascertaining if our suppositions are indeed facts, or endeavouring to procure a more capable person than ourselves to pluck the thorn from the dying sinner's pillow. We forget the great day of account; 'I hungered (for the bread of life;) and ye fed me not.' 'I thirsted (for the waters of salvation) and ye gave me not to drink. I was naked (of good works; and ye assisted not to clothe me (by prayers and penitential deeds.)—I was sick; and ye visited me not. In prison, (bound by the cords and chains of spiritual and corporal impotence), and ye came not unto me.' In vain shall we plead for mercy if we have failed to do it to the least of those to whom our Judge, in taking upon Him human nature, became a brother.

From the Catholic Telegraph.

MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from this unfortunate country, leaves no doubt on the mind of its total subjugation. The organization of her armies and the disheartening effect produced by such extraordinary victories, following each other in rapid succession, must convince the Mexicans if they be not blinded like the Egyptians, that they can contend no more with the physical arm of their northern invaders. Should they continue even the guerrilla warfare, they will be overmatched by men like Capt. Walker, who acknowledge no coercion, human or divine, and who will make them feel most sensibly that to the victor belong the spoils.

The result of the war has disappointed no one but the vain and distracted people of Mexico. Factions, the neglect of religion, brought on by the non-enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, the mon-