

haps he does so more frequently than they. This is not the poor's blessedness, that he has less temptations to self-indulgence, for he has as many, but that from his circumstances he receives the penances and corrections of self-indulgence. Poverty is the mother of many pains and sorrows in their season, and these are God's messengers to lead the soul to repentance, but alas! if the poor man indulges his passions, thinks little of religion, puts off repentance, refuses to make an effort, and dies without conversion, it matters nothing that he was poor in this world, it matters nothing that he was less daring than the rich, it matters not that he promised himself God's favor, that he sent for the Priest, when death came, and received the last Sacraments; Lazarus too shall be buried with Dives in hell, and shall have had his consolation neither in this world nor in the world to come.

My brethren, the simple question is, whatever a man's rank in life may be, does he in it perform the work which God has given him to do? Now then, let me turn to others, of a very different description, and let me hear what they will say, when the question is asked them;—why, they will parry it thus;—"You give us no alternative," they will say to me, "except being a sinner and a Saint. You put before us our Lord's pattern, and you spread before us the guilt and the ruin of the deliberate transgressor; whereas we have no intention of going so far one way or the other; we do not aim at being Saints, but we have no desire, at all, to be sinners. We neither intend to disobey God's will, nor to give up our own. Surely there is a middle way, and a safe one, in which God's will and our will may both be satisfied. We mean to enjoy both this world and the next. We will guard against mortal sin; we are not obliged to guard against venial; indeed it would be endless to attempt it. None but Saints do so; it is the work of a life; we need have nothing else to do. We are not monks; we are in the world; we are in business, we are parents, we have families; we must live for the day. It is a consolation to keep from mortal sin; that we do, and it is enough for salvation. It is a great thing to keep in God's favor; what indeed can we desire more? We come at due times to the Sacraments; this is our comfort and our stay; did we die, we should die in grace, and escape the doom of the wicked. But if we once attempted to go further, where should we stop? how will you draw the line for us? the line between mortal and venial sin is very distinct; we understand that; but do you not see that, if we attended to our venial sins, there would be just as much reason to attend to one as to another? If we began to repress our anger, why not also repress vain glory? why not also guard against avarice? why not also keep from falsehoods? from gossiping, from idling, from excess in eating? And, after all, without venial sin we never can be, unless indeed we have the prerogative of the Mother of God, which it would be almost heresy to ascribe to any one else. You are not asking us to be converted; that we understand; we are converted, we were converted a long time ago. You bid us aim at an indefinite, vague something, which is neither perfection, nor yet sin; and which without resulting in any tangible advantage, debars us from the pleasures, and embarrasses us in the duties, of this world."

This is what you will say; but your premises, my brethren, are better than your reasoning, and your conclusions will not stand. You have a right view why God has sent you into the world, viz., in order that you may get to heaven; it is quite true also that you would fare well indeed, if you found yourselves there, you could desire no better; nor, it is true, can you live any time without venial sin. It is true also that you are not obliged to aim at being Saints; it is no sin not to aim at perfection. So much is true and to the purpose; but this is no proof that you, with such views and feelings as you have expressed, are using sufficient exertions even for attaining to purgatory. Has your religion any difficulty in it, or is it in all respects easy to you? are you simply taking your own pleasure in your mode of living, or do you find your pleasure in submitting yourselves to God's pleasure? In a word, is your religion a work? for if it be not, it is not religion at all. Here at once, before going into your argument, is a proof that it is an unsound one, because it brings you to the conclusion, that, whereas Christ came to do a work, and His Apostles, and all Saints, and all sinners, you, on the contrary, have no work to do, because, forsooth, you are neither a sinner nor a Saint; or, if you had once a work, at least, you have despatched it already, and have nothing upon your hands. You have attained your salvation, it seems, before your time, and have nothing to occupy you, and are detained on earth too long. The work-days are over, and your perpetual holiday is begun. Did then God send you, above all other men, into the world to be idle? Is it your mission only to enjoy this world, in which you are but pilgrims and as sojourners? are you more than sons of Adam, who, by the sweat of their face, are to eat bread till they return to the earth, out of which they are taken? Unless you have some work in hand, unless you are struggling, unless you are fighting with yourselves, you are no follower of those who, through many tribulations, entered into the kingdom of God. A fight is the very token of a Christian. He is a soldier of Christ; high or low, he is this and nothing else. If you have triumphed over all mortal sin, as you seem to think, then you must attack your venial sins; there is no help for it; there is nothing else to do, if you would be a soldier of Jesus Christ. But, O simple souls! to think you have gained any triumph at all! No; you cannot safely be at peace with any, even the least malignant, of the foes of God; if you are at peace with venial sins, be certain that, in their company and under their shadow, mortal sins are lurking. Mortal sins are the children of venial, which, though they be not deadly themselves, yet are prolific of death. You may think that you have killed the

giants who had possession of your hearts, and that you have nothing to fear, but may sit at rest under your vine and under your fig tree; but the giants will live again, they will rise from the dust, and, before you know where you are, you will be taken captive and slaughtered by the fierce, powerful, and eternal enemies of God.

The end of a thing is the trial. It was our Lord, rejoicing in His last solemn hour, that He had done the work for which He was sent. "I have glorified Thee on earth," He says in His prayer, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do; I have magnified Thy Name to the men whom Thou hast given Me out of the world." It was St. Paul's consolation also; "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord shall give me in that day, the just Judge." Alas, alas! how different will be our views of things when we come to die, or when we have passed into eternity, from the dreams and pretences with which we beguile ourselves now! What will Babel do for us then? will it rescue our souls from the purgatory, or the hell, to which it sends them? If we were created, it was that we might serve God; if we have His gifts, it is that we may glorify Him; if we have a conscience, it is that we may obey it; if we have the prospect of heaven, it is that we may keep it before us; if we have light, that we may follow it; if we have grace, that we may save ourselves by means of it. Alas, alas, for those who die without fulfilling their mission! who were called to be holy, and lived in sin; who were called to worship Christ, and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight, and who remained idle; who were called to be Catholics, and who remained in the religion of their birth! Alas for those, who have had gifts and talents, and have not used, or misused, or abused them; who have had wealth, and have spent it on themselves; who have had abilities, and have advocated what was sin, or ridiculed what was true, or scattered doubts against what was sacred; who have had leisure, and have wasted it on wicked companions, or evil books, or foolish amusements! Alas for those of whom the best that can be said is, that they are harmless and naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or live in God's sight!

The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas, and woe, woe, over the loss of vocations, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorn of God's love, and the ruin of souls. One generation succeeds another, and whenever they look down upon earth from their golden thrones, they see scarcely any thing but a multitude of guardian spirits, downcast and sad, each following his own charge, in anxiety, or in terror, or in despair, vainly endeavoring to shield him from the enemy, and failing because he will not be shielded. Times come and go, and man will not believe, that that is to be which is not yet, or that which is now only continues for a season, and is not eternity. The end is the trial; the world passes; it is but a pageant and a scene, the lofty palace crumbles, the busy city is mute, the ships of Tarshish have sped away. On the heart and flesh death comes; the veil is breaking. Departing soul, how hast thou used thy talents, thy opportunities, the light poured around thee, the warnings given thee, the grace inspired into thee? O my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling; and let sweet Mary breathe on me, and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints and my own dear Father smile on me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MIRACLE OF RIMINI.

BRIEF OF OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE TO HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF RIMINI.

(Translated from the Univers.)

Pius PP. IX.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.—Nothing, certainly, can be sweeter to our heart, or more conformable to our desires, than to see everywhere more and more increasing and spreading the devotion and the worship of the Most Holy Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, our Most Merciful Mother. You may then imagine, Venerable Brother, what a consolation to our heart was your letter of the 29th of this month, wherein you inform us that you and the Clergy of the city of Rimini long with the utmost ardor to give to the Most Holy Virgin a public and striking mark of your eminent piety and gratitude; that you have resolved to adorn with a crown of gold that picture which, under the title of the Mother of Mercy, and according to the report you give us of it, having been rendered famous for two months past throughout all this country, by the miraculous movement of its eyes, is, to the great advantage of the Faithful, honored and venerated with much piety and devotion. You express to us at the same time the desire of celebrating this ceremony on the 15th of this ensuing August, the day on which the Church celebrates, with solemn pomp, the triumph of the Most Holy Mother of God, her assumption into Heaven.

And because you and the Clergy of Rimini have extremely at heart the accomplishing of this ceremony with the greatest possible solemnity, you ardently supplicate us to grant, if it may be, that it is celebrated in our name and with our authority. We

feel a great joy in yielding to your instant prayers, since we ourselves have nothing so much at heart, or more dear to us, than to do all that we know can turn to the glory and greatest praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary. For these causes, by these presents, we grant and concede to you, Venerable Brother, with our entire good-will, the permission to offer in our name, and with our authority, a crown of gold to that picture of the Most Holy Virgin, to-morrow, under the title of Mother of Mercy, taking care to observe throughout what ought to be observed in such a ceremony. Moreover, and as it may be agreeable to yourself, we grant you the faculty of sub-delegating any other person whatever, placed, however, in Ecclesiastical dignity, who shall have power in like manner, in our name and with our authority, to accomplish the same ceremony.

Furthermore, by our Apostolic authority, to all and every of the faithful of both sexes, who, having confessed and communicated, shall devoutly visit, either on the very day of the ceremony or on some other of the fifteen days immediately following, the church where the holy picture is placed, and shall there pray from the heart, for our intentions and those of our Holy Mother the Church, we grant, in the mercy of the Lord, a plenary indulgence and the remission of all sins, applicable to the souls in purgatory.

We take advantage, with pleasure, of this occasion to attest and confirm to you afresh our particular good-will, whereof we will that you have as a pledge the Apostolic Benediction, which we give with full effusion of heart unto you, Venerable Brother, and to the flock entrusted to your charge.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 25th July, 1850, in the fifth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS PAPA IX.

ENGLAND.

CONVERSIONS.—The representative of a noble family, and heir of a title in Wales, was along with his lady admitted into the Roman Catholic Church, on Wednesday morning, at St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh.

Miss Frances Mary Gertrude Leeson, daughter of the late Rev. Francis Thomas Charles Leeson, for many years rector of Bath, was received into the ancient faith and baptised on the 2nd inst, by the Rev. Mr. Hickey, of Phibshoro church.

The Rev. Eyre Stewart Bathurst, rector of Kibworth, Beauchamp, Leicestershire, was received into the Roman Catholic Church, on Thursday last, by the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, at the Oratory, in Alcester-street, in this town.—*Birmingham Gazette*.

In the *Church and State Gazette* of Friday we obtain this further information:—

"Another of the inmates of Archdeacon Manning's 'convent' at Wantage, has followed the example of the 'reverend mother,' whose perversion was recently announced, and has just been drafted into the (Romish) convent at Hammersmith.

"E. Windeyer, Esq., of King's College, London, has also joined the Romish Church, and has proceeded to St. Edmund's College to prepare for priesthood. It is understood that several of Mr. Windeyer's pupils have also succeeded.

"Mrs. Sims, the housekeeper at the clergy house, Margaret Chapel, has followed the example of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, and has been received into the Church of Rome. Mr. Cavendish, whose perversion was lately announced, is the fifth clergyman from that Chapel whose secession has been recorded. Several other persons of the lower orders have also taken this step.

"Mrs. Henry Wilberforce (the lady of the Vicar of East Farleigh) has also been received into the Romish Church. This lady is the second of the Bishop of Oxford's sisters-in-law who have been perverted.—Mrs. William Wilberforce having been received into the Romish communion several weeks ago.

"Mr. Anderson, the Vicar of St. Margaret, Leicester, has recalled all his sermons, &c., in which anything is said to the disparagement of the Romish Church.

"It is reported that Mr. Bowyer, the eminent lawyer, (lecturer on civil law in the Temple) has also joined the Roman Catholic Church."

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—On Monday evening, August 14th, the Catholics of Bradford had a social gathering in their school-room, Mount St. Marie, to promote the interests of the contemplated new church in that town.—*Tablet*.

For the first time since the Reformation a number of Franciscan monks are about to establish a mission in England, at Bristol.

IRELAND.

THE NATIONAL SYNOD.—The Second Session of the National Synod took place on Thursday, August 29, to which day it had adjourned, by decree, at the first session. The ceremonies on this day have been, to a considerable extent, already described in our report of the first day's proceedings. There was, however, no solemn procession; and about half-past ten their Lordships, with the other members of the Council, and a numerous concourse of the clergy, took their seats in the order already stated.—*Tablet*.

GROSS CASE OF PROSELYTISM.

(To the Editor of the *Tablet*.)

Ballinakill, Clifden, County Galway,
September 2nd, 1850.

Dear Sir,—The public seemed to be alarmed when the fact was published by me in the *Tablet*, that the soul-buyers offered 20*l.* in order to make a Jumper. Surely, this was carrying the traffic far enough; but to endeavor to prop up the falling system by causing an innocent man to commit perjury, is deserving of the execration of every man, no matter what may

be his creed. I beg to call the attention of the public to the subjoined affidavits—the first from Thomas Davin, to whose son the 20*l.* was offered by a Miss Mills; and the second from Val. King, the poor innocent man whose name they artfully and scandalously procured to sustain their infamous traffic in human souls. As well might they cause a man in Dublin or Liverpool to make a similar affidavit, provided his name would be Val. King. Is it any surprise that society would be in a sad state, when persons calling themselves ministers of religion and readers of the Bible, teach and inculcate by their public acts that it is no harm to commit even perjury when they have any object to be accomplished?—

"I, Thomas Davin, declare that the affidavit signed by Val. King, of Attygiddane, which appeared in the last *Tablet*, must be a gross fraud, as said Val. King was not at my house when Miss Mills offered me the 20*l.* for my son Peter; that the Val. King who was present lives at Knockbrack, which shows that the other Val. King was suborned to make his false declaration, as bearing the same name.

his
THOMAS DAVIN,
mark.

Witnesses present—

Pat. Evans.

Edward Gibbons, R.C.C.

The declaration of Val. King, of Attygiddane, in the barony of Ballinahinch, and Co. of Galway, taken and acknowledged before me, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for said County:—

"I, Val. King, declare that I was not the person of that name who was present when Miss Mills offered Thomas Davin's son 20*l.* for becoming a Jumper, and that the paper produced by Connery, Thomas King, and a man named Colligan, I know nothing of; said to them I was not the person, and also said there was a man named Val. King living near Tom Davin's house, and that he must be the person; that the affidavit bearing my name, appearing in the *Tablet* paper is false; that I did not know its contents when Mr. Connery got me to sign it through ignorance; and I make this solemn declaration knowing and believing same to be true.

Present—Pat. Evans.

"VAL. KING."

Affirmed before me at Clifden, this 2nd day of

September, 1850,

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'NEIL, J. P.

Let the Exeter Hall staff deal with those stubborn facts, and extricate themselves from the foul dilemma in which they are involved by their agents in Connemara.—I remain your obliged and faithful servant,
WILLIAM FLANNELLY, P. P.

DISTRESS AND PROSELYTISM IN FOXFORD.

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

Foxford, August 26th, 1850.

Sir—I have to request you would afford space in the columns of your very able journal to a few observations regarding the extreme misery and wasting privations which the wretched inhabitants of this very poor parish are enduring. The woes I have to witness daily are indescribable, in consequence of the absolute blight of the potato crop. It is failing so rapidly in this locality, that, as far as I can see and learn, we will not have a safe potato in this parish in a month. The gloom, the despair, and anxieties pressing on the minds of the people, have, as it were, totally changed their constitutions; for those who were a short time ago buoyed up with hope by the very promising appearance of the potato crop, are crushed with care and pressed with anxiety now that their only dependence, the potato, is lost to them. The poor creatures strained every nerve, and made most noble exertions to be able to meet their demands.—I know hundreds in this parish who pawned their bedding, their wearing apparel, and every other valuable article they were possessed of, to purchase seeds to crop their little holdings, hoping that if they succeeded they would be able to release them again, and secure themselves from the "pest-house." Now that the potatoes are gone, the poor creatures are left bereft of clothing, bedding, &c.; even the comforts of religion they cannot attend to, in consequence of their excessive nakedness. I know not what is to become of them; they have nothing left except a cheerless hearth and an empty cabin, and even these uncertain, inasmuch as they are to be held whilst the whim of a despot landlord may will it. Mr. Thomas Armsby, agent to Sir Roger Palmer, last week dispossessed more than twenty families, consisting of upwards of one hundred poor creatures; locked their doors against them, and has them huddled together beside ditches, without any other roof than the firmament of heaven. He is pouncing on the poor by degrees, and destroying them to such an extent, that it is the general opinion, if his employers do not stop his progress, they will soon have their properties waste. He would not allow these poor ejected creatures the shelter of their houses for one day, nor even their crops, the fruit of their own labour, unless they paid him a year's rent, even though they had their rents paid to the late middle landlord up to November last. In fact, unless there is some immediate adjustment between landlord and tenant, we will shortly have this once populous county changed into a wilderness. The misguided landlords of this county give no security to any tenant, no matter of what grade of society; in fact, the want of security has forced all to plant potatoes so extensively, hoping they would supply their present wants, and leaving the future, as it were, to Providence. If they had security they would not be solely depending on the potato; they would have their rotation of crops; their cows continually for making manure; their lands well drained, well finished, and consequently more fructifying. If such were the case our country would assume a new aspect of comfort.

In addition to the foregoing recital of temporal ca-