

Poetry.

[From the U. S. Catholic Magazine]  
THOUGHTS IN A COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

Linger here, O man of sorrow,  
Turn not from this silent spot,  
Linger in the busy morrow,—  
Scenes like this are soon forgot.

Sunbeams stealing out from heaven  
Linger here on stone and sod;  
Linger then from morn till even—  
Stay, for thou art near to God!

Here, amid the silent forest,  
Old and hoary trees all gray,  
Rest the richest with the poorest,  
'Neath the turfed mound of clay.

Mortals vain, bereft of lading,  
Lie beneath this marble tomb,  
There, the poor, unnoticed fading,  
Resteth from his toil-doom.

Here, the weary broken-hearted  
Find from all their woes respite,  
And, the links of kindred parted,  
Far away in heaven unite.

Here the worldly and ambitious,  
Here the wise, the great, the good,  
Men most virtuous or most vicious,  
Serve alike the worm for food.

Here, all enmity must perish  
Fondly nurtured by our pride;  
Why should we such follies cherish,  
Rest we not here side by side?

Linger here in thoughtful wonder,  
See the busy world without  
Passing heedless, boisterous, yonder,  
Old and young in merry rout.

See, oh! see, how death is reaping  
From the wild, unconscious crowd?  
Laughter peeling, wailing, weeping—  
E'en the bridal robe's a shroud.

Thus all earthly joys ceasing—  
Canst thou wander on with these?  
Stay, and leave of life unceasing  
When our portioned time shall cease.

Know, all fleeting is, O mortal,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
But religion—at whose portal  
Breaks life's changing, troubled wave.

She, the one, the never changing,  
Stays to guide thee, mortal, where  
Thousands o'er her paths once ranging  
Find a blissful home fore'er. M. J. B.

Select Tale.

SHANDY McGUIRE.

The clock in the corner of Father Domnick's little entrance-hall had struck eleven. The housekeeper and her assistant had long before retired to rest. The night was calm and clear. The young moon, like a virgin bride, had thrown off her veil, and came forth with her hosts of brilliant attendants, dancing and sparkling around her. How beautiful is the clear, calm, starry night! How lovely is the pale silvery moon—so placid yet so bright, so brilliant and yet so passionless! We sometimes fancy, as we gaze upon it, that the eye of God may be like that serene, pure, stainless orb, looking down on his regenerate earth to see if all things be well regulated there; and those falling stars, like angels whom he sends down laden with blessings and glad tidings for his children.

Darby Gallagher, Father Domnick's old clerk, was alone in the kitchen, kneeling before a crucifix. His hands were suspended from his left hand, whilst his right rested on the head of his staff. The lamp was extinguished, and the embers in the fireplace nearly burnt out, so that it was only by the moonbeams struggling with difficulty through the thick curtains of the window, the form of the old man could be distinguished from the surrounding darkness. He was praying in silence, for no voice, not even a whisper could be heard—he was praying from the heart, like Anna the mother of Samuel, but his lips moved not.

It is now many a long year since I first saw Darby Gallagher, the priest's clerk. Many a pleasant hour have I sat by my uncle's kitchen fire, listening to his stories of the old times. I can yet remember well the venerable and respect-

table face of the old man, as it made its appearance almost every Sunday evening about sunset at the humble residence of my uncle, Jemmy C—, of Killmard. Darby was even then advanced in years, yet still hale and healthy. His open, simple, good natured countenance forever wore the expression of peace and contentment with himself and all mankind. He came and went, just as he pleased, without question or apology. When he entered it "God's blissin an ye all here, young an'ould i' yeas," and when he left on the Monday following, he would first pause for an instant on the threshold, (his ivory-headed cane under his arm,) while he drew on his woollen mittens, and then stepping out, would invariably leave the good word behind him, "God be with ye, Pegg, and the rest! i' yeas, till I see ye again." Make the childer be larnin' the Christian doctrine till I come back, for they're big enough now to go to the priest, an' av they larn hard, I'll pass them the next time he comes round on the station, ay, don't forget that Pegg." On these occasions I always accompanied Darby down the green lane to the high road, and never failed to obtain a blessing for myself especially, and a promise that he would surely call again on Sunday. How delighted I used to feel when the old man would return the night before the station to "put out the catechism! I thought they the highest blessing I could obtain on earth was a ticket for my first confession; and long did I labour to earn it. Many a long night did I spend at my uncle's turf fire, with a rushlight burning dimly before me in the wooden candlestick, peering into Reilly's abridgment of Catholic doctrine, and skimming over the hard words as they occasionally turned up with a most magnanimous disregard for all rules of orthography. When I received my admission-ticket from old Darby, I remember well how carefully I concealed it in my bosom, and refused to let my playmates see it, even in my own hand, lest some evil should befall the precious gift; and when I returned from the tribunal of confession, how I ran to my aunt, and told her what Father Domnick directed me to do.

"Hush," she would say, "hush ashore, you must never tell what the priest said to ye in confession."

"Well, but aunty, dear, ye know the fippenny I foun' last week!"

"Well, dear?"

"Shure he told me to give it to the poor; so you must get it for me to give to the poor Shesh, the creathur; she'll be here at mass, an' I'll give it to her to buy the tabakky."

I often wonder how these old "memories" still live on, bright and cheering amid all the changes that are daily passing over the theatre of life. How pleasant are the thoughts called up by reminiscences like these! Like evening stars, pale, chaste, and cheerful, they beam out again over the eventide of life, and light up the darkness of years with a ray of hope, imparting to the melancholy picture of human sorrows a brightening and gladdening influence. How beautiful is the spring-time of religion in the soul, when it begins to live and move within, softening down the little asperities of nature, and bringing out into life and sunshine the sympathies and tender sensibilities of the heart? Reader, have you ever remarked the change that takes place in the human countenance, when the soul engaged in prayer becomes for the first time conscious of the presence of its Creator, and of the relations that reason teaches it must exist between its Creator and itself? There is such a moment. Remember how you observed the words of prayer, issuing from the lips of the youthful worshipper, to be emphasized and solemn, that before were monotonous and insipid; the eye becomes serious, steady, and supplicant, that before was light, restless, and unmeaning; how in a word the whole countenance glowed with life and emotion, that before was cold, reckless, and indifferent; and tell me, with such a picture of the power of innate faith before us—the picture of a soul offering itself to God bright and beautiful in its virginity—is it not strange that the infidelity of this age can find so many a young man? But must wander. No; I was speaking of old memories—the very thought of him makes me feel something like what I used to be. When I look back through the long vista of years, and hold far away the old man with his long white hair falling in thin locks over his shoulders, his venerable face radiant from interior peace and happiness, his left hand leaning on his ivory-headed staff, whilst his right is pressing the head of each boy and girl succes-

sively, as they stand round him in a circle to be questioned on the little catechism, I think I feel changed from what I usually am. These first impressions like the bright happy faces that gladdened our young days, come back again, after a long absence, to renew once more the spring-time of religion in the soul. But I must not digress. No; digressions are seldom read. I was only thinking over the old times, long ago, when we were wont to assemble round the little altar,—round the altar in the mountains. Irish reader, raised on the damp earthen floor, and under the dipping thatched roof of our father's cabins,—of the time when kneeling before it we forgot all but the victim that was offered thereon, when our hearts full of bursting sought comfort and hope only in the excess of His love, when the tears of repentance shed on that humble floor unseen by any eye but that of the all-seeing God, fell silently as on the feet of your Redeemer, like drops of palm on the wounds of the crucified. Oh! give me back, give me back these young days again; give me back the thatched cabin and the damp floor; give me back the old priest with his patched garments and his old worn-out plated chalice: give me back the religion of the mountains, far dearer to me still than all the grandeur and magnificence of the cathedral, where worshippers kneel before the jewelled altar, without hearts or tears, to offer the victim. Reader, have you ever blushed with shame when you were reminded of those by gone days? Did you ever silence your old acquaintance, when, with his wonted familiarity, he ventured to speak of the humble priest in his holy language instructing his little congregation under the humble roof where you were born and baptized in the faith. If you did, then pass over this chapter, for it has no interest for you.

Father Domnick was sitting in an arm-chair to a table placed in the centre of his study. This apartment was about fifteen feet square, and served both for study and dining-room. The wall behind where he sat was shelved from corner to corner, and the shelves filled with books from the floor to the ceiling. The ponderous appearance of the volumes on the lower shelves, and the parchment bindings of those on the upper, at once told their character, and the countries whence they came. Against the opposite wall, between the windows, and supported by a wooden pedestal, was a bust of Leo X. by Michael Angelo, and above the mantel an Infant Jesus by Rubens, said to have been painted by that eminent artist when at Madrid on the mission intrusted to him by the Infanta Isabella. The rest of the furniture of the room was of the commonest kind, the few chairs and tables it contained being made chiefly of pine or ash, and the floor without carpet, if we expect a course rug of four or five feet square, that lay spread under the table at which the priest was sitting. On the table lay open a folio volume of Pichler, and beside it a Roman Breviary covered with black cloth to preserve the binding. His arms were resting on the table supporting his body in his usual reading posture. The candle had now burned down, and was flickering in the socket; the old man's spectacles had fallen off, and lay on the open book before him. Father Domnick was asleep.

[From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal]

PATERSON, Nov. 7, 1848.

DEAR SIR—Thursday last was a day that will be long and gratefully remembered by the good Catholics of this town. For some time past they felt the want and expressed the wish of having a new burying ground—their old one is now filled up to its utmost capacity. With them, as is generally known, to will is to accomplish, and so it was on this occasion. They have purchased, paid for, enclosed and arranged in the most tasteful manner a lot of three acres. Bishop Hughes, on the day of consecration, having taken a view of it, declared that he never saw a more eligible spot or one better situated to the purpose for which it is intended. It is a rising ground, the broad summit of which is ascended on each side by a gentle declivity, and commands one of the most varied and beautiful prospects on which the eye can rest. On this elevation the two principal walks intersect each other, and at the point of intersection is erected a massive cross of hewn oak—20 feet high by 10 across. From its large size and prominent position it is seen on all sides, and the first object that meets the view of the traveller too and from Paterson by whatever route he may come or go.

At 11 o'clock the Bishop accompanied by our esteemed pastor and his own secretary, Rev. Mr

Bayley, preceded by 16 youths in surplice and cassock, entered in processional order the central gate where they were met by the teachers and children of the Sunday School, two abreast, and who, under the judicious management of Mr. H. Coddington, receded a few paces on either side and left thus a free passage to the Bishop and clergy, to move on between to the place prepared for the first part of the solemnities. Those being duly performed by the Bishop and clergy, and fervently responded to by all present on bended knees, the thurifer, cross bearer, &c. took their proper places and preceded the Bishop while he made the round of the cemetery, sprinkling, as he went, water blessed by the prayers of the Church, and reciting the psalms, prayers and other exercises of religion usual on such occasions. The Bishop and his attendants on returning to the place where the ceremonies had commenced, and were to be concluded, were surprised to see the large crowd there assembled, all anxious to see, and as was evidently manifest, to hear the Bishop. The Bishop saw the anxiety, and though he came unprepared, did not wish to let it pass without profit, spoke feelingly of Death and Judgment. After much delay a three-legged stool, as a substitute for a platform or pulpit, was obtained from a German woman, and from this he delivered a discourse so appropriate, so impressive, and so heart-soling, that all were moved, and some of the most reckless were seen to shed tears of sorrow for their past lives.

A CATHOLIC.

BLESSING OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The occasion of this solemnity on last Sunday was certainly interesting on several accounts.—This is one of the few Churches which anti-Catholic hate has, in this country, gone so far as to destroy by violence. Philadelphia where the curse of rowdism seems to be perpetuated, is stigmatised throughout Christendom as the city of church-burners, and it is the foulest blot on the fair name of our country. We well remember how the blood mounted to our face a few years ago, when, in a foreign city, we were insisting on the superior liberties of our Republic over their monarchy, and were interrupted by the innocent question of a bystander, as to whether Philadelphia was not in the United States.

But, even here, the authorities have at length granted justice to the injured, and the result has been the re-building of St. Augustine's. The church was solemnly opened on last Sunday, and the faithful can now again assemble before its Altar. A friend has favoured us with a few words on the occasion:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7th, 1848.

DEAR MR. McMASTER:—Notwithstanding the severity of the storm last Sunday, St. Augustine's was crowded, and overflowing with worshippers and spectators. The ceremony of consecration occupied the early hours of the morning. The High Mass was for the first time celebrated at 10½ o'clock. The sermon was by Bishop Hughes, and was, therefore, I need not say, admirable. The Bishop took his text from the Prophecy of Aggeus, chapter 2d, verse 3d. "Great shall be the glory of this last house more than of the first saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place I will give peace saith the Lord of Hosts." I cannot attempt to give you any outline of the discourse, and will not try. The Bishop preached again in the evening, but I was not present.

J. J.  
—Freeman's Journal

Births

- November 11—Mrs Calahan, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs Odell, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs H. Moran, of a daughter.
- " 11—Mrs Kenny, of a daughter.
- " 13—Mrs Harton, of a son.
- " 11—Mrs Keylor, of a son.
- " 16—Mrs McCarthy, of a son.
- " 18—Mrs Collins, of a son.
- " 20—Mrs Goolley, of a son.
- " 21—Mrs Boutlar, of a son.

Married.

- November 13—Richard McCabe, to Catherine Roche.
- " 14—Daniel Connor, to Catherine Moore.
- " 14—John Donovan to Hannah Barron.
- " 20—Patrick McKenna, to Sarah Malligan.
- " 20—Michael Rabbit, to Julia Roche.
- " 20—Peter Mihan, to Eleanor Isies.
- " 20—John Nagle, to Mary Pappot.