

THE IRISH TRAPPISTS.

We copy the following from a Montreal paper. The worthy Monk alluded to has just arrived here from New Brunswick, and intends, we understand, to visit some of the neighbouring Provinces on his charitable and religious mission: **MOUNT MALLERAY ABBEY**—Brother Macarius, a professed member of the Monks of La Trappe, is in our city, soliciting the contributions of the faithful, for the relief of his community, established, some few years ago, near Cappoquin in the county of Waterford, Ireland. Any alms which the charitable may be disposed to offer in aid of the pious and laborious monks of Mount Mollery, may be safely entrusted to Brother Macarius, as he brings with him testimonials and recommendations from his Abbot, from most of the Bishops of Ireland, and from many eminent pious laymen of Ireland and England.

To those who desire to confer a double benefit, the greater of which will accrue to themselves, we recommend the charitable mission of Brother Macarius. He will thankfully receive any contributions, however trivial, and in return, the donor will earn the continued and fervent prayers of devout recluses of La Trappe. From the following statement some idea may be formed of the numerous advantages resulting from the new settlement of Cistercian Monks at Melleray to religion, to the community at large, and to the pious benefactors.

“It affords proof of what may be accomplished by preserving industry, in the way of reclaiming the numerous and uncultivated tracts which are found in so many parts of Ireland, while it tends to form good Christians and peaceable subjects, and produces useful employment for the labouring poor. It is a faithful nursery of morality, which, being inculcated and impressed upon the ignorant, will preserve or withdraw them from vice and turbulence, and thus prepare them to become happy, profitable, and edifying members of society. To the liberal and humane feelings of their countrymen the community now confidently look for the assistance, that they may be enabled to continue to impart these invaluable blessings to the peasantry of the surrounding district.”

Should we be asked of what use to society can this establishment of solitary monks be?—They are entirely devoted to prayer and manual labor, and can be of but little service to any but themselves. It is not so; and though it were so, are their prayers and examples nothing to society? Do not their lives preach sobriety, industry, perseverance, to those who enjoy the happiness of having them in their midst? They teach the peasant how to reclaim the barren waste; they remind us of the days when Ireland needed no work houses for the poor, where the parents are separated from their children, the husband from his wife, the days of generous, openhanded hospitality, when the convent bell told the hungry and weary traveller where to find food and rest, when the ever-open gates of the monastery admitted to its plentiful but frugal board both lord and serf. But not to prayer and manual labor alone are the good brothers of Mount Melleray devoted. They pray frequently and daily, many times each day, for their benefactors and friends, for whose prosperity they offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning, pray for the whole kingdom, for all classes in society, for every state and condition of men, friends, and enemies for the entire body of the clergy and their flocks, for the whole Church of Christ in every kingdom and nation on earth.

Secondly,—They have allotted a part of their church to the use of the people, where all without exception, are furnished with every means to discharge their Christian duties.

Thirdly,—They give public instructions on Sundays and Festivals to adults, which is followed by teaching the ordinary catechism to the poor children who attend for that purpose.

Fourthly,—They give employment to many of the poor peasantry, protect and assist them, frequently with considerable inconvenience to themselves.

Fifthly,—They relieve the poor distressed who come to their Abbey, from various parts of the kingdom, never refusing to share with them their own necessary food.

Sixthly,—They assist the secular clergy of the Parishes in cases when called upon, administer the rites of the Church in other cases of imminent danger, when the circumstances are of a character so urgent as not to allow time to call in the Parochial clergy.

Brother Macarius' residence is at Mrs. Harney's Boarding House, No. 22, opposite the South end of St. Paul's Church.

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS.
No. 2.

HYLÆUS MATUTINÆ.

“Nox et tenebræ, et nubila
Confusa mundi, et turbida
Læva intrat, albescit polus
Christus venit, discedite.

Caligo terræ scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo;
Rebusquo jam color redit
Vultu nitentis sideris.” &c.

O fly, ye gloomy shades of night!
Ye nox that darken all things! fly—
The dawn breaks forth—the sky grows bright,
And lo! the Saviour draweth nigh.

The darkness leaves our earthly scene,
Before the bright approach of day,
And nature once again looks green
Beneath the sun's resplendent ray.

From every vice—from every crime—
From wretched mortals' every stain
Thus shall depart the mists of time,
When Christ the Lord shall come again.

No power shall then conceal from sight
The secret workings of the mind,
For judgement shall, in noonday light,
Expose them clear to all mankind.

His way of ill the thief begins
When shades of evening round him fall,
But morn' that hates his secret sins,
Betrays his wicked course to all.

Injustice, wily and untrue,
Exerts, thro' night her fraudulent power,—
The lustful heart rejoices too,
In the deep gloom of midnight's hour.

But when bursts forth the golden day
The sinner blushes, weeps, and pines;
None may pursue their evil way
When daylight's glory round them shines.

Who does not weep in morning hour,
The late wild love of wassail bowl,
When reason hath resumed her power
And holy thoughts come o'er the soul?

Then let us live as we would die,
And let no evil thought have sway,
And if the past went idly by
Be better spent each coming day.

Now is the hour for every sphere—
For every work of hand or brain—
The artisan—the merchant—peer—
The noble chief—the rural swain.

One glories in forensic strife—
Another loves the marshal strain—
The merchant, peasant, lavish life
In the pursuit of greedy gain.

But we in eloquence unskilled—
To gold and guile alike unknown—
Untutored to the warlike field,
Seek after thee, O Lord! alone.

In purity we come to thee,
With tuneful voice and holy lay,
We suppliant bend a humble knee,
And singing, weep; and weeping, pray.

In these sweet works is all our joy—
Such is the wealth our bosoms prize,
And we begin the blest employ,
When the bright sun first gilds the skies.

Oh listen to our humble prayer—
Oh make each heart of darkness, bright.—
Full many a gloomy shade is there,
To be illumined by the light.

Wash thou each trace of sin away,
And let us be as pure again,
As on that bright, baptismal day,
When we were cleansed from every stain.

Whate'er this cloudy vale of tears
May henceforth shadow with its gloom,
Do thou King of the starry spheres
With thy sweet countenance illumo.

Amid the lonely hours of night,
Did Jacob, doting, wrestle on,
Against a dreadful angel's might,
Until the rising morning shone.

But when the radiant light arose,
He felt his lessening strength decay,
No longer able to oppose
The vanquished Patriarch gave way.

The wondrous truth proclaims aloud
How soon shall mortal's power be riven,
When he would stand, with spirit proud,
Against the mighty will of heaven.

At length may all that gloom depart
Which kept us from the light so long,
And drew aside the wayward heart
To many a path of sin and wrong.

Sweet may the morn upon us smile,
May every soul be bright and pure,
Far from our bosoms be all guile,
Far from our bosoms be all guile.

Thus may each happy day go by
With tongue nor hand to do no ill,
Each sight of sin from every eye,
And all the body stainless still.

There is enthroned on high a power
Which doth our actions all survey,
Watching as close thro' every hour,
E'en from the dawn till close of day.

All things are under his control,
He knows whatever men pursue,
The very secrets of the soul,
And nothing can escape his view.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, June 7, 1848.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN CANADA.

“Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims upon the proceeds of the sale of the Protestant Church at Point Levy, in the Town of Aubigny, are requested to send in their accounts to George Chapman, Esq., senior Church Warden, Point Levy, on or before the fifteenth of July next, in order that the money may be distributed. May 18, 1848.”

The above advertisement is copied from the Quebec “Morning Chronicle” of 1st June, 1848. What are the Exter Hall Societies about?

BERMUDA.

The Rev. Mr. McLeod has safely arrived after an agreeable passage of ten days, and his arrival has been hailed with joy by the Catholics of the island, and especially by the poor convicts, who thought they should never behold a Priest again. We have been informed that in answer to an application from the Bishop of Halifax, Lord Grey has written to state that an allowance will be made by the Government for a Catholic Chaplain to the convicts at Bermuda.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The Meeting of the Monthly Collectors for this Church will be held on Friday Evening next at the usual place and hour. A punctual attendance is requested.

In the List of Subscriptions collected at Dartmouth for the Propagation of the Faith, and recently published in this Journal, the following was omitted through mistake:—

Miss Mary Fogarty, . . . £0 15 0

THE RICHEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD.
CASES OF STARVATION.

The Bishop of Lincoln referred to the two cases of starvation mentioned in the report of the Times on Mr. Horsman's motion. He had written to that gentleman and received an answer. In his answer he tells me (said his Lordship) that the report in the Times is incorrect; that he did not state that two clergymen had died of starvation; but that he could give instances of clergymen who had died in such a state of destitution that it would hardly be too much to say that it was bordering on starvation. In confirmation of this, as I asked him for two cases, he enclosed an extract from a report made to him on the subject in January last, and of the correctness of which, in all essential points, he had no doubt. He adds, they are by no means the only cases of extreme destitution and suffering which he could cite:—“In the parish of Auburn, six miles and a quarter from Lincoln, there died, in the year 1834, the Rev. Mr. Watkins, the vicar of that parish. He came there in 1810, a widower. Some years after he became afflicted with a cancer. Of course he stood in urgent need of the best medical assistance, but his income, £45 per annum, and that sometimes not regularly paid, precluded the possibility of his obtaining such advice. His disease became so terrible, and superadded to the misery of his position, weighed down his health and spirits so heavily, that he was driven to the consumption of opium in order to produce stupefaction. Thus he went on for several years. The services of the church were of course neglected. Sometimes there was no service for six or nine weeks together. No administration of the Sacrament for two years. A large dissenting chapel sprung up, and the district soon became, what it still remains, the focus of dissent. Sometimes, when the poor vicar awoke completely to a sense of his position, it is reported his feelings proved almost maddening. He had no one to care for him—not even a servant to look after him. He was obliged sometimes—so deep was his poverty—even to beg his daily bread. He was forced to the humiliating necessity of asking for the smallest sums of money from neighbouring Clergy, not as a loan but absolutely as a gift. At

must indeed have required all the fortitude of a Christian minister to endure—agony of body, agony of spirit, agony of mind! He died with no other attendant about him than a charwoman, and he was buried at the cost, and by the direction of the Clergy of the adjacent villages. Nor is this a singular case of distress. Within the last few days a case has occurred in this very city, by no means dissimilar from that I have depicted. The incumbent of a parish of £95 a year, two miles from the cathedral, has died. His death was occasioned, I am sorry to say, by his own excesses, and therefore that amount of pity cannot be entertained for him that must be felt for the poor vicar of Auburn. But the account of his death—I have it from one cognizant of all the facts—is dreadful. He had been some time ill; his wife was ill also. The only other person in the house was a little workhouse girl of 15 or 16 years of age—a dreadful beginning of life indeed for her. In the middle of the night this child was awoken by the poor man's groans. She went to his room, found him writhing in extreme agony, threw a sheet over him, and felt him wretchedly. It was not till late in the evening that any one could be got to approach the wretched deathbed. When they searched the house not a single coin of any kind, nor a single article of food, was to be found. The body of this clergyman of the Established Church of England and Ireland was interred at the cost of Archdeacon Bonney.”

LONDON.

GREENWICH.—What breast does not heave, what heart does not beat, at the mention of this spot—the nursery and last home of the British sailor! How many of our readers have visited that splendid home which England gives to her veteran defenders; paced its ample halls, and, warming with natural enthusiasm, described to their young companions the actual representations of our naval glories which decorate its noble gallery? But entering the beautiful chapel wherein the aged tar pours forth his prayer of thanksgiving from the ample and well-cushioned pews, did these visitors ever give a thought to the many, very many members of that noble institution who could not kneel in that chapel, who having equalled, perhaps excelled, their fellows in the hour of danger in defence of their country and their sovereign, forget not the allegiance to the Church of their fathers—the founders of England's navy? Did they, I ask, give a thought to the place in which these men worshipped? To a mean and obscure part of the town, surrounded by the abodes of vice and intamy, these aged men are forced to bend their trembling limbs, and too often, alas! (the wretched barn claimed as their chapel being full) are compelled to kneel in the open yard, on the cold stone, and under a pelting rain. Oh! what a contrast to the faithful piety of these poor sons of Holy Church, in their present position, present to their names in the painted and gilded temple of the hospital. The grief which such sad, though in some measure consoling, spectacles caused to the truly worthy Pastor, who shall tell? It may perhaps be better judged of from the fact that he has allowed himself no rest, until he should provide a shelter for these venerable heads grown gray in their country's service. After many efforts, after a sad shipwreck of a hardly gained prize, he has at length succeeded in obtaining a site whereon to build a godlyship for his gallant crew. But he is struggling with the difficulties known only to those who are engaged in Catholic church-building at the present time. Most cheerless, then, are the prospects of this good Priest, who is erecting a church in honour of God and our Lady, Star of the Sea, to the dignity of Holy Church and the comfort of the old Catholic prisoners of Greenwich Hospital. Well may he adapt the lines of the sailor's muse and exclaim:—

“Ye Catholics of England, who sit at home in ease,
How little do ye think of the dangers of the seas,
Or you would not leave a poor Priest to struggle alone,
Unaided, to build a harbour of peace, where
In the aged seamen may lay by in peace and comfort,
To prepare himself worthy and stoutly
To take his last voyage to the haven of bliss.” Will it be credited that the whole sum subscribed towards this truly national Catholic work by the Catholic laity of England (exclusive of the Greenwich congregation) including the donations of one noble family, do not amount to £100, or a fifth of the sum given by our Protestant Government. Despite his difficulties, however, he continues his holy work. The chancel, chapels and sacristy are roofed-in, the piers of the nave erected, and the tower steadily rising over the noble park which it faces. To those who have time and opportunity I would say run down, and judge of these beautiful and massive works (from the design of W. W. Wardell, Esq.), and leave some memento of your visit with the good Priest, whose house adjoins the church; but to the Catholics of all England I would suggest the giving of their appreciation of the value and of the venerable defenders of the walled walls of Old England, and to “space a corner for an old man.”