

throne, and after a short silence the sign is given to commence the "Z la Domine." The psalms were very faintly sung throughout all the Tenebris, with his and spirit. Palestina's "Lamentation" was pretty loud, and as I am not fond of making young gentlemen conceited, nothing shall be said of the solo of the "Lamentations." The "Jerusalem" was bad, and the "Benedictus" not good—ne "Misere" far.—As the psalms proceeded the lights on the triangular stand were extinguished, as is the custom, the lights on the altar also, as the "Benedictus" passed, and with the last verse all the chancel was in darkness with the exception of the one light on the apex of the triangular light stand; but when this was removed, at the "Christus factus est," all was dark night. The "Miserere" now sends forth its mournful, soft, pulsating flood-of-sound, and with the "Requie," and a hollow booming of a single bass note on the organ, all is finished. The light again reappears on the triangular stand; the Bishop rises from his knees, to alight his axis, they return in silence to the Sacristy, and all is finished—sadly, pensive—finished! The Lord's Passion for us is beginning, and the heart and mind mingle their small tribute of sorrow to Hes that was in the sea. Why should not darkness cover the mind, and sorrow shroud the heart as the shades of ineffable sadness gather round. Hm! "My soul is sorrowful even unto death"; "To the instructed and faithful soul, better than a thousand sermons is this office of Tenebris; the bitter and dark waters flow in undisturbed stream from the head fountain—the observers of the first, the pyre, the only true Church—that is, was, and will be. Sometimes in church, as like St. George's, sometimes in under ground dwellings, sometimes in narrow courts and alleys, sometimes thousands will celebrate the ancient Tenebris, and sometimes even four will do it—as Bishop Douglas, Bishop Bramston, Charles Butler, and the Rev. Mr. L. who did in the Garret Chapel, Castle street, Holborn. But it was, is, and will be done somewhere and somehow until the end. depend on this."—*MADDOX*

TUESDAY—The chancel looks joyful, white silks and lightness peep out here and there, something cheerful meets your eye, and yet it wants depth—it is, and yet something speaks that it is not. The sun shines and there is light, but see the thickening back ground—a storm, dark as night, is coming, and only thick and more thick comes the threatening gloom, and pent-up tornado. What does it all mean? The desired Paschfest is preparing, the Speculum of Love is about to be instituted; Jesus sits in the seat and his disciples with him. Be glad and joyful, it is the last meeting of the Master and his beloved ones. "What longing have I desired to eat this Pasch with you, before I suffer." Before sitting down and spreading the festive table with comeliness through sheer love and honour to the King's only Son." Ah! all looks joyful and well ordered, but the heart is heavy and sad. The procession is coming in well-filled train to the chancel. The Bishop joyfully clad and those around him, and the Miss. begins with glad harmonies. "Gloria in Excelsis," Glory to God in the highest! chanted in loud high voice; the church bells ring a joyful peal; the organ opens its fulness of exulting sounds—all is life, jubilation, and triumph. But no sooner has this short ebullition ended than the chill cheerlessness of a threatening evening foreboding of a terrible night, is then round one. No sound is heard, but that of trumpery, and a sudden and sorrowful change has overspread everything. "No bell, no organ is heard; all assumes—the contrary to joy and confidence. Danger and death seem at hand, for the Lord is about to be betrayed into the hands of those who will murder him—they are very well prepared. It is now the "Hora Tenobraria;" the hour of darkness. He breathes breath until next week, and then take up the Office of Matins. Thursday, December 4, 1848.

FATHER THOMAS.—Our next great day will be the Festival of St. George, please God. High Mass and Vespers and Procession—keep it in mind. And then, God willing, we have got our new Constitution, and the Charter of Mexico, Bermonsey. And the Chancery of Mexico, Bermonsey. And the Royal Charter of the Government and people in the Mexican Republic they learned the unfortunate events of Rome, as set forth in the letter which your Excellency has been pleased to address to me, on the 1st of December. Nothing could equal a proper regard in Mexico, the late King, that a common, other wise faithful to his king, and that he was

Church, were also present. The postulant upon this occasion was Miss Barry, the daughter of highly-connected parents, who had recently returned from India, after a lengthened sojourn. The young lady, who is said to possess a large fortune in her own right, devoted it all to the service of the order with which she has connected herself. The preliminary services having concluded, the postulant rose from her kneeling position, and retired with the Superior to change her secular dress for that of the order, the choir chanting the psalm, "In exitu Israel," &c. Upon the return of the postulants, the celebrant proceeded with the ceremony of "blessing" the white veil, after which the Superior placed it over the head of the postulant, who then sang in a clear voice the psalm, "Eddictavit eum meus Verbum Bonum," to which the choir, accompanied by the organ, responded. The young lady having now gone through all necessary to be received as a sister, embraced her religious companions, and the choir having concluded the psalm, "Ecce quoniam bonum," the discessus, preceded by the newly chosen, retired by slow measured steps, & their retreat, and the ceremony concluded.—*Daily News*.

MEXICO AND PIUS IX.

We give below a translation of a document just published in Mexico, in the Spanish language, the original of which was kindly communicated by a friend. The following letter was addressed by Pius IX to the President of the Mexican Republic, on the occasion of his sending him the proclamations made to the Roman people on the 27th of Nov. from Gaeta.

To the illustrious and honorable Baron, our beloved son, health and apostolic benediction. We presume that you have already been informed of the confusion of public affairs at Rome, and of the unheard of violence which was offered to us on the 16th of last November, in our own palace of the Quirinal, by a wicked band of turbulent and reckless men. We have thus been compelled, notwithstanding much difficulty, to abandon temporarily the chief city, and the entire territory of the pontifical states, in order to avert greater disturbances and dangers, and to exercise more freely the duties of our apostolic ministry. The first object of our attention on arriving at Gaeta, was to express to our subjects our sentiments and wishes, by a public edict, a copy of which accompanies this letter. In your wisdom, beloved son, and illustrious and honorable Baron, you will judge of the bitterness of our situation, and of the anxiety which we feel in regard to our temporal subjects, and the rights and possessions of the Roman church, which we are bound by the most solemn oath to preserve entire and unimpaired. And, as we are well assured of your piety, towards us, and your sentiments of submission, respect and friendship towards the Holy See, we hope that in these lamentable times you will not withhold your important aid in defending the civil principality of this See; because you are well aware that impious men are striving to despoil the Holy See of the said principality, only to deprive the Roman Pontiff of the full liberty he should possess in directing and governing the church of Jesus Christ. In the mean time, we cease not, in the humility and affection of our heart, to offer our fervent prayers to God, who is rich in mercy, that he lavish upon you an abundance of his heavenly gifts; and, as a pledge of these blessings, and a testimonial of our love for you, beloved son, we impart to you, with all the affection and sincerity of our heart, the apostolic benediction.

Given at Gaeta, December 4, 1848, in the third year of our pontificate.

Pius, PAPA IX.

His Excellency, the President of the Mexican Republic, replied with illness, by the following letter:

"Joseph Isidoro de Herrera, General of Division and Constitutional President of the Mexican Republic to his Holiness Pius IX, Sovereign Pontiff."

Most Holy Father.—It is difficult for me to express my gratitude for the paternal admonishment with which a government and people in the Mexican Republic have learned the unfortunate

events of Rome, as set forth in the letter which your Excellency has been pleased to address to me, on the 1st of December. Nothing could equal a proper regard in Mexico, the late King, that a common, other wise faithful to his king, and that he was

A LIBEL CASE BROKEN.—James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, brought an action against the Catholic Association and several others, for libel, published under date of December 4th, "Because being a Catholic, and eat meat on Friday."—Baron Alderson: "He confines himself to cabbage." If Baron Alderson had confined himself to it, he would have been more judicious.

Let nothing be sweet, without Thee O Lord, except Thee; let nothing be lessing, nothing be precious, nothing abide beside thy insight, save Thee. May all things be thine and wear, I beseech Thee, without Thee. Let whatsoever is opposed to Thee, be hateful to me; may thy good pleasure be mine unfailing desire; may I be weary with joy, that comes, without Thee; and welcome with delight that cometh for Thee.

"Nullae sunt maiores divisa, nulli thesauro, nulli honore, nulli tempore, nulla major ambagia, quam est Fides, Catholicos, quae peccatores homines salvat, regos illuminat, infirmos confortat, catechumenos baptizat, fidem iustificat, poenitentes reparat, Justos augmentat, martyres coronat."

St. Augustine, Ser. 5. (De Veritate Apost. John. Ep. v. 4)

THERE is no honour, wealth, or fame, Riches, or worth, or Jordly name. There is no substance earth can boast, No precious gem of boundless cost, That earth can bring, or sea, or air, That may with this bright gem compare— The Catholic Faith, that Faith that brings The oil of gladness on her wings!"

High gift of God, ah! what were earth, Without her light, but gloomy death? Ah! what were man, if left to seek His path without her guidance speak, What but a field of dark despair, With maniacs wildly wand'ring there, What but one long and cheerless night! A desert wild, and barren sight.

High gift of God! within whose breast, The weary wanderer sue'st for rest, And burthen'd long beneath the woes Of sin's oppression, finds repose— Comes to the springs of grace, and draws Strength to fulfil fair virtue's laws; And, gaining strength, till then unknown, And ardour new, goes boldly on.

Oh, Holy Church! how sweet the air Around thy presence filleth fair! How like a vision bright of Heaven, Thy holy Courts to man are given, How in thy hallowed precincts come Sweet memories of a former home, Where all things tell this tale to men; A better Eden green again!

How, when I think of Thee and Irse, Thy track in loving lines of grace, The countless host within thy breast, Nourish'd and brought to hidef'rest, The crowd that yet shall list thy call, Of mercy given to me and all, And when I think of love so deep, What can I else but how and weep.

What else but as thy sharp bow, And sharp tooth there, my tearful voice, Wipe for thy great increase stiller, When all shall hear thy voice, and fill, like Lungs and countless hearts uprisen, One asp'ring of united praise, To him who gave a gift so great And known, from loyal excess, too late, Let all to whom is knowledge given, Of the Vicariate Voice of Heaven, With ardent press his several way, Instant to watch, to fast, to pray;

And, ah! how soon the time may come, When mercy's call shall beckon home!

Those countless hosts, that wander wide, Still on the battle hills of pride,

And thus may loved ones come led back, By thee to Heaven and virtue's track,

Thus always when in ignorance, May we run from their dreadful trap, While wari with love and gratitude,

And giving due thanks and thanks, Has always made him quick to obey, Known in God's church, a strong and upright, Love's

A Catholic Memory.—In a case at the York Assizes, a sailor swore that a certain event occurred on a Friday.—Mr. Knowles, prosecuting, said, "You do not contradict that and will not say, Sir, that you do not know what day it is."—"Because I am a Catholic, and eat meat on Friday."—Baron Alderson: "He confines himself to cabbage." If Baron Alderson had confined himself to it, he would have been more judicious.