

Poetry.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes, he comes—the Forest Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now On the naked woods and the blasted fields, And the crown hill's withered brow. He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees. Where their pleasant green came forth, And the winds that follow wherever he goes, Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Forest Spirit comes! From the frozen Labrador. From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, Where the white bear wanders o'er; Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, And the luckless forms below, In the sunless cold of the atmosphere Into marble statues grow!

He comes, he comes—the Forest Spirit comes! And the quiet lake shall feel The torpid touch of his grazing breath, And the ring to the skater's heel; And the streams which danced on the broken rocks

Or sang to the leaning grass, Shall bow again to their winter chaid, And in mournful silence pass.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet him as we may, And turn with the light of the parlor fire His evil power away: And gather closer the circle round, When the firelight dances high, And laugh at the shriek of the baffled head, As his sounding wing goes by!

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care, Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait, Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate, And pass the gloomy nights of winter there? O, strange delusion, that I did not greet Thy blest approach! and O, to heaven how lost, If my ingratitude's unkindly frost Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet. How oft my guardian angel gently cried, "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see How he persists to knock and wait for thee!" And O, how often to that voice of sorrow, "To-morrow we will open," I replied, And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow!"

Hymns of the Heart.

No. 5.

CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always Thine,— That I no more from Thee may stray, No more from Thee decline.

Before the Cross of Him who died, Behold I prostrate fall: Let every sin be crucified,— Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace, Adopt me for Thine own,— That I may see Thy glorious face, And worship at Thy throne!

May the dear blood, once shed for me, My blest atonement prove,— That I from first to last may be The purchase of Thy love!

Let every thought, and work, and word, To Thee be ever given,— Then life shall be Thy service, Lord, And death the gate of heaven!

CHRISTMASS AT SAINT GEORGE'S

The Spiritual Retreat ended on Sunday night with Bishop Warman's sermon, which seems to have been listened to by more than three thousand people as there was no sitting, no standing room; the whole church was filled. It was past midnight when all was finished; and by eleven, the bright Mass gathering was at the church doors. Notwithstanding the notification in the Saturday's Tablet, more than two thousand people had come together at St. George's to attend the Christmas Mass; and so unexpected a crowd caused a fierce and terrible confusion. Owing to

my admirable arrangements, only one small door was opened for the ingress of between two and three thousand persons. Thus, nothing could exceed the pushing and squeezing and complaints and all manner of things at this unheard-of contrivance to create confusion. "Sure, and was ever such a thing seen as this," said Mrs. Meloney, as she was whirled round and round by the struggling crowd! "Kick at the door," said one; "Kick the door down," said another; "You should speak with less temper," said a third; "and perhaps we are angry for nothing, after all," said a fourth, "for here are the doors opening, so keep your tempers." In they came, hundreds following hundreds, until the church from door to chancel was one mass of human beings, yet the movement was reverential, and the demeanour of the mixed multitude most respectful, for there were as many non-Catholics as Catholics present. The chancel presented one blaze of wax lights, intermingled with the green plants and holly branches of Christmas. A low Mass, without music or sermon, was offered in such stillness and wilderness-like quiet that one might have thought that the sacred rite was being celebrated in some sequestered oratory in the depths and silence of a forest. All was soon, too soon, over; the lights were extinguished, and the crowd silently withdrew. Next year, please God, should there be a public midnight Mass at all, the doors shall be thrown open at ten o'clock, and the people let in, a short midnight High Mass sung, and a short sermon delivered, then every one will be satisfied, edified, and consoled. It was all my fault that many were not satisfied. At five o'clock, the next Mass was offered, Mass followed Mass, at times three Masses were going on at once, until the grand High Mass at eleven. The Right Reverend Dr. Wiseman celebrated and preached. There was a procession all round the interior of the church of more than fifty persons, headed by the usual deservants, with incense, cross, and high-bearers, and, last of all, the Bishop. This had a beautiful effect. The music was Mozart's 12, and fairly done. Hundreds of persons were obliged to go away from the doors, as the church was crammed to suffocation, so much so that the procession could not proceed at the commencement of the Mass and only with difficulty afterwards, when hundreds had moved away. There was Vespers at three o'clock, at which the Bishop officiated, and thus concluded the Christmas at St. George's. But should we be on earth next Christmas, there must be some office on Christmas evening, because there was as great a multitude in the road and round the church on Christmas evening as in the morning. This was not expected, but such was the fact, and much disappointment and dissatisfaction was felt and expressed by the crowds that lingered about until nearly eight o'clock in eager expectation for the opening of the church. And now, are we all agreed that St. George's is too large, or too small; how shall it be? If of twice the dimensions, it would have been filled, there is not a doubt, on Christmas Day. How say ye? Say what you like, but don't lose your temper. Well, and it was a sight, was Christmas at St. George's, that made one say, "Gratus agimus"—"Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Why did England chase away Christendom—public worship from her beautiful shores? The very name stands against her—Christmas! or the Mass offered on Christ's birthday; so it was for hundreds of years the joy, consolation, and spiritual sustentation of Catholic England—not only on Christ's birthday, but every day throughout the long year; for every day was the holy Mass said and sung. Let us hope and pray that the sacred rite of the Thursday evening before the Passion, the Mass, may again commemorate the Lord's death every day in England until the great day of His second coming, and every day represent that death until He come; and every day—and all day and all night—bring Him, not in shadowy, figurative presence amongst us, but in very and truth and substantial reality. How beautiful is St. George's chancel, with its red light ever burning day and night before the tabernacle in which he reposes! Early in the grey of the morning, when all is still, motionless repose—there is the red light burning—the only watch seen at the hallowed shrine of Jesus; it has been burning all night. Yes, but are no ministering Angels around about? Yes; speak softly; yes; walk quietly, and with lowly, affectionate reverence adore your Lord and King. Go into the church late in the night—all is dark, all

death like tranquillity, but see, there the red light watches and shows wherein they have placed Him. Oh! my Incarnate God, why dost Thou suffer so as yet from the hands of men! Ah! the curtain is yet unlifted, what a flood of overpowering charity shall anon be revealed. FATHER THOMAS.

Holy Innocents.

NEW ENGLISH HISTORY OF IRELAND.

Thomas Wright, M. A. F. S. A., who has written works illustrative of British History, is now engaged on an History of Ireland, which he is publishing in parts, and which is to describe the country "from the earliest period," to what the author dignifies by the appellation of "the Rebellion of 1848." He has discovered traces of a similarity in habits and manners between the Britons and Irish in remote times, which must, we should think, give umbrage to those gentlemen who keep up such a potter, now-a-days, about "Celtic" desires and tendencies. He even assigns a superiority to the much abused Irish:—

"The monuments of the earlier inhabitants that remain, confirm in general the statement of the Roman historians, that they resemble the Britons in habits and manners.

"In one respect, the contents of the sepulchres of the ancient Irish seem to contradict the Roman authorities, inasmuch as they apparently, testify a higher degree of cultivation than in Britain. In most cases, the Irish urns are better made and much more richly ornamented than the British urns. The personal ornaments are more numerous and of greater intrinsic value, and articles of gold are far more abundant. The forms and ornamentation are, however, similar in character; and we have other proofs that gold was found in Ireland in greater abundance at a remote period."

FENELON ONCE A MISSIONARY IN THE WEST.

Robert Greenhow, Esq. of Washington, D. C., read a paper at the last meeting of the Historical Society, proposing to show the evidence of the fact that the Archbishop of Cambrai and the illustrious author of "Télémaque," was once a missionary in the Western part of New York. From the statements, it appeared, that in various French colonial transactions his identical name is mentioned in the connection above referred to, and during this period, between 1668 and 1673, his life in France is unaccounted for. Mr. Greenhow, whose occupation is that of a linguist for the Government at Washington, and therefore every way competent to the task, announced his intention to make further developments on this interesting subject, as he was confident he had in his hands ample materials to arrive at definite proof.—Cath. Herald.

EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK.—Heard to the distance

of 300 miles. The various telegraphic offices along the line from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, were thrown into some excitement last evening by an incessant and uniform ticking, which occurred in their various registers. It appears that Professors Walker and Locke have connected an Astronomical Clock with the line in such a manner that its beats were conveyed to Pittsburg, for determining longitude. That a clock going in Cincinnati should tick so loud as to be heard in Pittsburg or Philadelphia and all along the intermediate line, at one and the same moment, is an item of "Natural magic" which a few years ago could scarcely have been predicted.—Cincinnati Times.

LIFE OF MADAME CATHARINE ADORNA.—by

Thomas C. Upham, D. D. This work, which we have not seen, is favourably noticed by our neighbor of "the Presbyterian." The subject is Saint Catharine of Genoa, whom the author presents as a model of holiness, whilst he strips her of the title with which the Church of God has adorned her. The Presbyterian does not hesitate to acknowledge the excellence of the model held up for imitation, although it be borrowed from a Catholic gallery. He insensibly admits the principle on which the Church acts, in presenting to her children the examples of those who have been most conspicuous in reducing to practice the maxims of Christ.

"The life and walk of faith are not what they should be in the Christian Church. There is too much disposition to characterize enthusiasm, or mysticism, whatever is beyond the most ordinary attainments. It is important then, that a high standard should be held up, and that Christians should be exhorted to go on to perfection. Ca-

tharine of Genoa was in the Roman Catholic Church. She was born in 1417. She was evidently taught of the Spirit. Her attainments were high. The author has not furnished her full biography, but selecting points in her religious experience, he has explained, defended, and enforced them."

How often is not homage unconsciously given, by adversaries, to one or other of the principles of Church economy and discipline! The inquiry of natural religion,—testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ,—is not confined to the existence of God; it embraces the honor due to his servants. We are naturally inclined to follow example; and it is worthy of a Church divinely guided, to propose to her children examples of supernatural virtue, to the imitation of which we may rise, by the aid of divine grace. "Longum iter per precepta; breve et efficax per exempla;" is an axiom of Seneca; but Christian experience confirms the sentence of the Pagan philosopher, and many like Augustine and Ignatius, received the first or strongest impulse to Christian piety from the consideration of the lives of those, who with passions like their own, overcome temptations, and gained the crown of life.

AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE.—On Sunday morn-

ing last the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell administered the Holy Communion to eleven hundred men in St. John's Church! On the festival of St. Stephen, a very great number, principally females, received the sacrament in the same church; and the children, on another day, partook of the divine banquet. A Retreat had been preached in St. John's, by the Rev. Mr. Weininger, S. J., and the people responded most heartily to his pious and eloquent exhortations. During the Retreat the number of communicants in St. John's church was four thousand six hundred. Many members of the other Roman Catholic congregations are included in this number. Such an extraordinary manifestation of devotion will be cheering to us to the clergy and faithful of the diocese.—Cath. Tel.

PREACHING.—"We often assume the ministry

of preaching to promote the salvation of our brethren; but unless our discourses please, they cannot prove profitable. Whilst our intention is thus laudably directed to please, we shamefully come to study our own glory, and we who sought to rescue others from the bondage of sin, become entangled in the meshes of self-love, and bondage of sin. The love of human praise is like a tober in disguise, who offers himself as a companion to an unsuspecting traveller, and as they journey forward plunges his dagger in his side. This zeal for the common good degenerates into self-seeking, and by a shocking combination the very act which was inspired by virtuous desire, is consummated in sin."—St. Greg. M. l. ix. in c. ix. Job 37.

ORDINATION AT OSCOTT.—At a General Ordination held at St. Mary's College, Oscott, by

the Right Rev. Dr. Hiltshorn, on the 23rd of December, Easter Saturday in Advent, the following gentlemen were ordained:— Minor Orders.—Edward Carpué, John Stanislaus Flanagan, William Thomas Gordon. Sub-Deacons.—William Grosvenor, Henry Walker, Benjamin Rothland, Thomas Telford, George Montgomery, Thomas Simkies, Edward Vaughan. Deacons.—James B. Morewood, Francis Knox, Frederick F. Wells, Nicholas F. Darrell, John Gordon, Francis Kirsopp, Bernard F. Mavland. Priest.—John Walker.

Births

- January 16—Mrs McAuliff, of a son. " 16—Mrs Bordin, of a son. " 19—Mrs Keating, of a son. " 19—Mrs Shortland, of a daughter. " 22—Mrs Murphy, of a daughter. " 22—Mrs O'Donnell, of a daughter. " 24—Mrs L.ddy, of a daughter. " 29—Mrs McLann, of a daughter. " 29—Mrs Donovan, of a son. " 30—Mrs Murphy, of a son. " 30—Mrs Kenny, of a son. February 1—Mrs McMahon, of a son. " 2—Mrs Farteier, of a son. " 2—Mrs Rouse, of a daughter.

Died.

- On the 26th January, Anastasia, daughter of John and Mary Walsh, aged 8 months and 15 days. On the 29th, James Hordon, native of the County Waterford, aged 33 years. On the 30th, Catherine, infant daughter of Daniel and Catherine Loneragan, aged 21 days. On the 1st February, John, son of James and Esther Coogan, aged 12 years. Bridget, daughter of James and Cath. Walsh, aged 5 years.