

of France. Vicomte Walsh is the intimate friend of the illustrious Chateaubriand, and bears many points of resemblance to the time-honoured writer of the Beauties of Christianity. Like him he is well skilled in English literature, and is familiarly acquainted with all our great writers. He is also an artist, a profound antiquarian, a passionate admirer of the middle ages, and a Christian Poet. As a specimen of his stile we give the following extracts from one of his most admired works, which has run through several editions amongst the Catholics of every part of the Continent of Europe, viz: his *Tableau Poetique des Fetes Chreliennes*. The subject, it will be perceived, is quite suited to the solemnities and commemorations which distinguish the commencement of the month of November in the Calendar of our Church. Vicomte Walsh was induced some time since, by the Translator of the following piece, to promise the completion of this beautiful work by giving in a second volume a *Tableau Poetique of the Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church*. We shall be most anxious to see this promise realized, for it will, no doubt, afford a rich treat to the lovers of our holy religion.

ALL SAINTS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICOMTE WALSH.)

The month of winds and violent storms has arrived. The precursor blast of winter blows the leaves from the trees, as our joyous days have been carried off by time.

During the course of the year, Religion has distributed her festivals from interval to interval amongst our days of labour. Like an oasis in the desert, they are a sweet repose for the wearied Christian. In the months that have passed, each mystery has had its solemnity—each saint his commemoration.

The Birth of the Saviour, his Presentation in the Temple, his Circumcision, his Epiphany, his Passion, his Death, his Resurrection, his Ascension, have been all celebrated.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Festival of Christ's Body, the Nativity, Conception, and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, have witnessed their anniversaries in succession, with the months to which they are attached; yet, even all these consecrated and blessed days are not sufficient for Catholicity. It desired other solemnities besides those of mysteries; and, after having searched in its annals—after having passed in review all the

merits, all the virtues, all the sufferings of its saints, it has placed every day in the year under the special protection of an inhabitant of heaven, and, as the days of the year are far less numerous than the saints of heaven, it has crowned all its particular anniversaries by one general commemoration.

Thus, like a mother full of tenderness, Religion has reunited all her children, in order to celebrate them together before the throne of God. In her justice, she brings before the great Re-enerator, and before the homages of men, all those who have merited reward and glory.

In this solemnity of ALL SAINTS, the Church on earth stretches forth her hand to the Church in heaven; and the communion of the saints, who enjoy eternal bliss, as well as of the just who aspire to it, is displayed as a great consolation and a most powerful encouragement.

Those who still dwell in the valley of tears are encouraged when they reflect that it was through weeping and sorrow their predecessors arrived into celestial repose; and they say: 'They were like unto us; let us be like them.'

To speak properly of the Feast of All Saints, we should be able to describe their glory, their felicity, their endless transports. But how is this possible? That which the eye has not seen, nor the ear ever heard, nor has it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, cannot be described in words.

All that we can say, with Bossuet is, that, in order to render the saints happy, "God will not make use of his ordinary power. He will do more; he will extend his arm—he will confine himself no longer to the nature of things—he will adopt no other law but that of his power and his love—he will seek, in the very depth of the soul, for the place where it will be most capable of bliss: joy will enter there with abundance, and inebriate it with delights."

"The elect will be adorned in such a manner, by the gifts of God, that eternity will hardly suffice to acknowledge it. Is this the body that was heretofore subject to so many infirmities? Is this the soul which had faculties so limited?"

"In this mortal flesh our soul can find nothing to satisfy it. It is of a difficult humour—it finds fault with every thing. What joy must it not be for this soul to meet at length with an infinite good—a perfect beauty; which captivates all its affections for ever, without its enjoyment being ever troubled or interrupted by the least desire?"

"God is the light which enlightens the saints. God is the glory which surrounds them. God is the pleasure which transports them. God is the life, which animates them. God is the eternity which establishes them in glorious repose."