expedition, and was but a few steps distant from him, when a new wound threw him to the ground. The enemy immediately made him prisoner; and not until the following day did the French succeed in securing his release. He had received four wounds, one of which, breaking his thigh-bone, entered into the intestines, where it lodged.

The wounded hero was carried to Rome, where he was placed in the hospital of the Holy Ghost, attended by the Sisters of Charity; their Superior, Mother Lequett, sister of the Bishop of Arras, gave him the tenderest care. Julius, making no allusion to the seriousness of his wounds, begged Lieutenant Leu, a former colleague, to inform his parents of the results of the battle; but first he desired to let them know that he had performed his religious duties before entering it. Mr. Poulet, former Superior of St. Bertin's, however, had notified that heroic little woman of her son's injuries, before the receipt of this letter. Her answer was one worthy of a Christian mother: "For that it was we let him go: to fight, and to die for the Holy Father."

Poor mother! she spoke the truth; for her son was slowly succumbing to his sufferings. His comrades visited him to strengthen themselves by his exemplary courage. Not only these, however, but such illustrious visitors as the King and Queen of Naples, the Countess of Limminghe, and many others surrounded his bed. Pius IX. himself wished to comfort and bless his faithful Zouave, and spent nearly ten minutes by his bedside, giving him the Cross of Mentana, and the Golden Medal of Merit. These distinctions he no longer appreciated, but preferred a little medal of the Blessed Virgin blessed by the Pope, which he intended to leave to his mother.

Seventeen days of suffering exhausted his strength, and on the 20th of November, Julius Henguenet, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, murmuring a prayer to the Queen of Heaven, breathed his last.

His body was interred in the cemetery of St. Lawrence, with the glorious remains of his comrades; but a month later, by order of Prin-Orsini, it was deposited in the church of the Benedictines of St. Ambrose. There he lies, awaiting the day of resurrection.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Toll, bells, toll,
As if for a parting soul!
The Year is waning, the Year is old;
His pulse is feeble, his breath is cold;
Sadly, wearily lying there,
Let him die with a silent prayer.
Toll, bells, toll!

Toll, bells, toll,
As if for a parting soul!
Who knocks loud at the outer gate?
Hush his clamor and bid him wait
Till the midnight signal comes! — at last
The Year is passing, the Year is past. —
Toll, bells, toll!

Chime, bells, chime,
Break into tuneful rhyme!
Cast the trappings of gloom aside,
Ope the portals and fling them wide:
The guest is coming, the guest is come,
Welcome, welcome the New Year home.
Chime, bells, chime!

Ring, bells, ring!
Youths and maidens sing!
Gather round him with shouts of joy,
Crown with roses the smiling boy;
(Hide with garlands yon sable bier,)
The King is buried, the King is here.
Ring, bells, ring!

S. H. in *Ave Maria.*

Let us all resolve: first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all faultfinding that does no good a sin; and to be careful, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere of our neighbors, by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise.