

own person the rulers of this world, who indeed dwell in Jerusalem, but who, like you, while thousands from the east and west, from the north and south, publish throughout Jerusalem, all that Jesus has done for them, give themselves, nevertheless, no trouble to know Jesus, but on the contrary, afflict persecute, and harass his weak and helpless members that are in the world, just as you have scourged and crucified their Lord and Master in the days of his flesh. You would also call Jesus a King, but Jesus tells you that you ought to know that of yourself, and not by what was rumoured of him in Jerusalem, for Herod knew this much. You very ingenuously excuse yourself, and deny being a Jew, and that in a tone which manifestly shows that you despise Jesus and the Jews, and the Chief Priests and their religion, whose end is to know, love, and serve one only true and living God; and, of course, boast yourself of being a Pagan—whose religion is to cherish and worship every desire of a corrupted heart, and follow every inclination of an earthly mind. You would also pray Jesus for the truth, but your prayer was perfectly Pagan, as well as your religion, your prayers were not accompanied by faith, or hope, or love for the truth—for had you believed that Jesus could communicate to you the truth, and loved and desired the truth, and hoped for it, you would have waited attentively for the answer of Jesus; but instead of that you ask Jesus for the truth, then go out of his presence, without any longer thinking of, hoping or caring for the object of your prayer. Thus your prayer was at most nothing but the effect of habit. Thus Pontius Pilate, it evidently appears on the testimony of a faithful witness, the beloved disciple, in the 18th and 19th chapters of his Gospel, that your religion and your prayers were altogether Pagan. You could, it is true, by your creed and a wonderful stretch of imagination, people with Gods, Goddesses, and Demi-gods, not only heaven, but also the fields, woods, and even the firesides, with fawns and rural Divinities. This has been the religion of the Pagans of all ages—thus was your religion, Pontius Pilate, the religion of the imagination; nevertheless, a vain and inutile religion, which neither touches the heart, nor affects the morals. At this juncture I beheld, at a little distance, one of the natives, whose locks had been whitened by the snows of at least seventy winters. I hastened to him in hopes of obtaining from tradition what I could not by any other means. I asked him the first thing.—Friend, will you tell me whereabouts here is the tomb of Pontius Pilate? It is not thought to be just here, said he, the general opinion is that it has been washed away with the rest of the Roman burying-ground, which is said to have stood on the bank of the river. For what then is this Pillar? said I. At this, as if either startled by the intensesness of my inquiries, or suspecting me, by my air and accent, for a foreigner, he stared for a moment in my face, and with that modest reserve, characteristic of the peasants of that country, put an end to the conversation by a shrug of his shoulders, and an *un se pas*. Another thing that disappointed me was the style of the architecture, it was too modern in comparison to several specimens of Roman architecture I had examined, in particular an ancient Roman dungeon in Lyons, in which St. Pothin had died for the faith of Christ. I now went towards our company, who were at little distance of, taking the height of the Pillar, by means of shadows. At the head of this enterprise was Mr. Mermet, then Deacon, and now Father Mermet, at Agra, Hindostan. They found the Pillar to be about 48 feet high, which, with a part that had dilapidated, it appears to have once stood exactly 50 feet high. And this was the decision of Mr. Mermet, a mathematician of first class. This was he whom the superior gave me for a guide and companion on the road, the polished gentleman and scholar, but the humble and pious christian.

I am, Gentlemen, your obt. servt.

VIATOR.

[In consequence of its great length, we have been obliged to omit several portions of the above communication. We do not vouch for the historical accuracy of the opinion concerning Pilate's tomb. It is certain, however, that there is an old castle on the banks of the Rhone, called Pontius Pilate's castle or tomb. According to ancient tradition Pilate was disgraced on his return from Jerusalem, and banished to Gaul, where he ended his days.]—Edrns.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5.

### NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The last Steamer has not brought much news of importance. Italian affairs are still unsettled. Another outbreak is dreaded in unfortunate Paris. The six hundredth anniversary of the Cathedral of Cologne has been celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and the King of Prussia was present. The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna. Hungary and Bohemia are still disturbed. The Danish War is resumed. Commercial prospects in England are gloomy, and the Chartists have given considerable annoyance. In Ireland the failure of the Potato crop is still more confidently announced, and the price of food has risen throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Martin of the *Felon* has been convicted and sentenced to Ten years transportation. Mr. O'Doherty has had a second trial, and a twiced jury of Catholics and Protestants could not agree to a verdict, and were discharged. The unfortunate young man is still detained in custody, and the Government say they will try him a third time! This is excessively shabby and wears more than the appearance of persecution. The Government seem to act in the same spirit throughout the Provinces, where numerous arbitrary arrests have been made under the late Algerine acts, and a reign of terror has been established. This insane and vindictive policy leaves little ground to hope for a pacific future. The people will be ground down whilst the 50,000 bayonets are pointed at their throat, but how long can England afford to keep the country on these terms? It is said a special commission will be issued to try Smith O'Brien and others, probably at Nenagh. Doheny and O'Gorman have as yet eluded the vigilance of the soldiers and police. The near approach of Cholera is dreaded, and if to this, Famine be superadded, the mind shrinks from contemplating the terrible fate that seems in store for Ireland.

### PIC-NIC OF THE CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday last this very gratifying demonstration took place, and we feel bound to say that it reflected the highest credit on all the parties concerned. It is already known to our readers that the zealous members of that valuable and excellent body, the Catechistical Society, had resolved on giving a holiday entertainment to the children who attend Sunday Catechism at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's. Nothing was left undone to carry out their benevolent designs in the most effectual manner. Preparations were made on an extensive scale for the entertainment, and although more than a thousand children had to be provided for, it is astonishing with what satisfaction every thing was conducted. At an early hour the children mustered in strong force at St. Mary's, and having been arranged under their respective teachers, with appropriate banners, emblems and decorations, they walked in procession to the number of Eleven Hundred to one of the wharves where the Steamboat was prepared to take them to Melville Island. On their way they paid the usual mark of respect to the Representative of our most gracious Sovereign, and was addressed in kind and flattering terms by His Excellency the Governor. The procession was headed by the Band of the 35th Regt the use of which for the occasion was most kindly given by the worthy Major Lowth. Arrived at Melville Island, the various amusements of the day commenced, and were followed by a very substantial repast to which ample justice was done by our young friends. At 2 o'clock upwards of a thousand of our fellow-citizens proceeded in the *Micmac* Steamer to enjoy the enlivening scene, while vast numbers arrived from all directions by land in the neighbourhood of the Island. We have never looked upon a more smiling scene. The children were all very neatly, we might add, tastefully attired, and their conduct was remarkably good. The band continued for a long time their enlivening airs, and in the evening the Steamer made two trips to Halifax to convey the parties home. We have heard but one opinion expressed of this very splendid fête, and we beg to congratulate the Members of the Society on this very gratifying result of their useful labours.

The Rev. Mr. Wallace, of New Brunswick, formerly a student of St. Mary's College, preached at the Cathedral on Sunday last.

### RT. REV. DR. FRASER.

We feel much pleasure in announcing to our readers the arrival in town of the venerable Bishop of Arichat, who has come on a visit to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh at St. Mary's. His Lordship arrived on Thursday evening last, and was accompanied by the worthy pastor of St. Andrew's, the Rev. Dr. McKinnon. The numerous friends of Bishop Fraser throughout the Province with which he has been so long and so honourably connected, will be delighted to hear that his Lordship is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

### MGR AFFRE.

At the solemn obsequies for the repose of the soul of the heroic Archbishop of Paris, which lately took place at Notre Dame, one thousand Priests and several Bishops were present. The celebrant was the venerable Cardinal De la Tour D'Auvergne. Bishop of Arras, who notwithstanding his great age, came from Arras for the purpose. His Eminence had consecrated the deceased Archbishop eight years before, and is himself the Senior of the French Episcopacy.—The Funeral Sermon, which lasted three hours, was preached by the Abbe Cœur. An immense multitude of all ranks were present to honour the illustrious dead,

### BERMUDA.

We are authorized to state, in contradiction to a report in a Limerick Paper, that the Rev. Mr. McLeod the zealous Catholic Missionary has never written to any one in Limerick, or in any part of Ireland concerning the treatment of Mr. Mitchell at the Convict Ship in Bermuda. The publishers in Limerick of the report alluded to must have, therefore, drawn upon their imagination.

We have received this week the gratifying intelligence of two recent conversions to our Holy Faith in a part of this Diocese where such an event never occurred before, and where a conversion to Catholicity seemed almost impossible.—May our Lord "daily add to his Church those who are to be saved!"

### ST. MARY'S.

At an Ordination held in our Cathedral on Thursday last, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood on the Rev. D. O'Connor.

### ST. PATRICK'S.

The Very Rev. Mr. Conolly will preach at St. Patrick's on to-morrow evening immediately after Vespers.

### CONFERENCE.

The third Ecclesiastical Conference for the present year in the Eastern District of this Diocese, was held at Eel brook, on Wednesday 30th of August, when the Clergy were hospitably entertained by the Abbé Goudot. The next Conference will be held about the middle of this month at St. Mary's, Frenchtown.

### For the Cross

### THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS No. 6.

HYMNUS AD INCENSUM CEREI PASCHALIS \*  
Thou good Creator of the radiant light  
With grateful chango dividing day and night,  
The day is passed and darkness clouds the poles,  
Pour forth thy radiance o'er thy servants' souls.

Thou hast decked with many a star the sky  
And bade the moon's pale lustre shine on high,  
Yet hast thou also to our senses shown  
How light may sparkle from the flinty stone.

And this, O God! thou gavest as a sign  
That all mankind should seek that light divine  
Which from the Saviour hath for ever broke,  
The rock of which the great Apostle spoke.

That we might labour for that bright reward,  
Which dwells within the bosom of our Lord,  
That solid rock from which each kindly ray  
Descends to lighten up those hearts of clay.

From out the oil our lights we fashion now,  
Now form we flambeaus from the withered bough;  
Now other torches we again contrive  
From soft wax gathered from the honied hive.

And whether thus, the lamp doth feed its thread  
Or o'er the wick the shining wax is spread,  
Or the pitched pine its nourishment bestows,  
Yet brightly still the burning lustre glows.

The heated substance from us blazing top.

\* Hymn at the lighting of the Paschal Candle.

In gentle gliding streams down, drop by drop,  
For now the fervour of the fiery glow,  
Beats on it, warm, and bids the liquor flow

Thus by thy bounty, mighty Lord of all  
In streaming light shines out the glittering ball,  
The dazzling lustre emulates the day,  
And darkness flies before the blaze away.

But who beholds not that the true lights course  
Is down from God in whom it has its source?  
The Lord of glory thus did Moses see  
In light arrayed amid the burning tree

The sandals ordered swift to be unbound  
Lest they should desecrate the holy ground,  
Blest was the man who saw in that bright flame  
The power whose glory fills th' aetherial frame.

Long used to wail beneath a tyrant's sway,  
Now wandering free along the desert way,  
God's chosen people followed the pure fire,  
Safe in the merits of their faithful Sire.

Amid the wild where their footsteps strayed,  
Bearing their camps beneath the midnight shade,  
Bright as the day that heavenly radiance shone,  
And led the children of the promise on.

The raging ruler of that hostile band  
Summons to battle all his warrior-band,  
In rushing cohorts calls the dread array,  
And bids the brazen trumpet loudly bray.

The sword is seized—the soldiers swiftly arm—  
The blast of war pours out its wild alarm;  
There, one is brandishing the deathful spear,  
Another fits the Gnosian arrow here.

In compact close move forth the warlike force,  
And some ascend the car—some mount the horse,  
The waving banners to the breezes stream,  
And gorgeons, dreadful, from the folding gleam.

But, freed at length from Egypt's hostile chain,  
A day of rest glads Israel's joyful train,  
Wearied and worn they gain the Red Sea's tide,  
And set them down along the water's side.

When now the cruel foe approached the bank,  
Bringing down war in many a serried rank;  
Forthwith did Moses bid his people flee,  
And with firm march move onward thro' the sea.

Full in the vision of that foe accursed  
From either side the rolling billows burst,  
And here and there a wall of water stands,  
While thro' the chasm move o'er the Jewish bands

With fearful rage inflamed, that murderous throng  
As with their impious chief they rushed along,  
Thirsting to pour abroad the Hebrew's blood,  
Now dared to follow thro' the hanging flood.

The tyrant's host with blinded fury raves,  
And headlong hastens through the purple waves,  
But the wild waves discard, with thundering fall,  
And in one roaring vortex swallows all.

Then might be seen, wide floating far and near,  
Cohorts and steeds, and many a broken spear,  
With the dead bodies of that host abhorred—  
A judgment just on Egypt's bloody lord.

Thy praise, O God, what mortal tongue can sing,  
Thou that of old did crush that cruel king,  
Making him bow beneath thy servant's hand,  
With fearful plagues overspreading all the land.

That didst prevent the billows in their wrath,  
From spreading o'er thy peoples sacred path,  
When thou didst lead them thro' the depths below  
While the swift wave o'erwhelmed the haughty foe!

Thou—to whose praise burst forth the gushing  
tide,  
From the dry rock, and plenteous streams supplied,  
Slaking the thirst of all who suffered there,  
Beneath the fervour of the sultry air!

The bitter waters of the desert sea,  
Thou mad'st as honey from the wondrous tree;  
It was the wood that gave the grateful taste,  
Thus in the cross the hope of man is placed.

The camp thou fill'dst with many a sweet supply  
In grateful flow descending from on high,  
They heap the tables with the wondrous meat,  
Which thou hast sent them from thy blessed sea:

And now thou driv'st along the gentle gale,  
In thickening cloud, full many a flying quail—  
Around, about they strew the desert o'er,  
To earth they cling nor strive again to soar.

Such mighty blessings hath the Almighty hand  
Poured forth, of old, upon his chosen band,  
By whose indulgence we are also fed  
Upon the banquet of the mystic bread.