

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 44.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 30, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- OCTOBER 31—Sunday—XXIII after Pent, 1 Nov S. Siricius
P. C. Doub Snp.
- NOVEMBER 1—Monday—All Saints Doub 1 cl with Oct. Holyd.
2—Tuesday—All Souls Semid.
3—Wednesday—Of the Octave.
4—Thursday—S. Charles Borromæus B C. Doub.
5—Friday—Of the Octave.
6—Saturday—Of the Octave.

TEMPERANCE.

We have nearly arrived at that season of the year when all the injurious effects of intemperance are more clearly seen than at any other. With every advantage a winter in Nova Scotia is more than enough to task the efforts of the poor man in the support of his family, but if he is addicted to habits of intemperance, it is a matter of utter impossibility to provide them even with the necessaries of life. This consideration alone should induce every father of a poor family to cultivate habits of industry and sobriety, for if we are told by the Apostle that he who neglects the care of his own household is worse than an infidel and that the faith is not in him, with what feelings can we look upon the unhappy drunkard who renders his little home a melancholy picture of desolation and abandonment, who, not content with embittering the peace of his wife and betraying the spiritual and temporal interests of his children, seems also bent upon his own destruction. There are many among us whose children are growing up in vice and ignorance—the usual consequences of the debasing crime of drunkenness in their parents. Those wretched people seem to think that Heaven will not exact a rigorous account of the manner in which they have provided for their children's welfare. Every parent has an awful responsibility to encounter, and the man who unfit himself by intemperance to discharge the duties which it imposes, is a sinner of the blackest and vilest character. How often have we been told, how often has it not come under

our own observation that children have been kept, during the entire year, from school and from Catechism on Sundays, because their unhappy parent had dissipated in the dram shop the means of providing them with shoes, and with proper clothing to enable them to attend to either. How often have we seen instances where children of tender years, corrupted by the evil example of those who should lead them to virtue, seek the poisoned cup of intemperance with the same eagerness as the parent, and thus blast every prospect for life, and perhaps for eternity. We have had visible examples in this small community of the vengeance of Heaven upon the drunkard—some have been cut off without the benefit of the priest—without having received the Sacraments, the only consolation of the dying christian. Summoned before the Tribunal of God's Justice in the midst of their iniquity, a warning to those unfortunate wretches who are following in their train, a warning too often alas! despised, and when despised, soon again to be realized in the fate of another and another victim.

Is it not melancholy to reflect too, that these terrible examples have occurred among the best beloved portion of God's Church—the poor; the poor, so dear to the Son of God that he assumed their condition, lived with them, conversed with them, entwined his affections round them, numbered them as his friends—the poor, the best favourites of Heaven, the most valuable portion of the Church, of whom the Redeemer said, speaking to the disciples of John the Baptist, when he gave the marks of his divine mission, "the gospel is preached to the poor." Is it not melancholy in the extreme that those who have no consolation here below save that which religion affords, to whom toil and tribulation and anxiety seem the portion allotted them in this world,—for whose labour there is no rest at this side of the grave—whose condition is despised by the rich—frowned at by the great—and used as an argument against the providence of God Himself, by the libertine and the infidel, is it not melancholy that they should be the victims of intemperance? The rich man may gratify his passions—he may humour his taste for extravagance—he may feed his mind