

# THE CROSS.

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.

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## Weekly Calendar.

- November 12. Sunday XXIII after Pentecost. S. Martin I., Pope & Martyr.  
13. Monday, S. Nicholas I. Pope & Conf.  
14. Tuesday, S. Deusdedit, P. and Conf.  
15. Wednesday, S. Gertrude, Virgin.  
16. Thursday, Oct. of Dedication of Church of our Most Holy Saviour.  
17. Friday, S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B. and C.  
18. Saturday, Ded. of the Churches of SS. Peter and Paul.

## MISSIONS OF INDIA.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF PONDICHERRY.

*Extract of a letter from Father Louis Saint-Cyr, Jesuit, Missionary, to a Father of the same Society.*

Trichinopoly, 1841.

“REVEREND FATHER,

“That paternal Providence, which watched over us during the course of our passage, seemed to be still more attentive to guide our first steps in India as you will see in the selection which it made of the companion of our journeys. This companion acted, at the same time, as our provider and interpreter; in the morning he was the first to rise; he arranged everything for setting out, urged or retarded the caravan, according to circumstances and to the

localities, and preceded us, in order to have every thing in readiness at the stations where we were to pass the night. Now, this charitable guide was Dr. Bonnard himself, the Vicar Apostolic of Pondicherry, who, in some manner forgetting his dignity and his age, thought he could never do enough for four poor religious, who, under his guidance, were going to labour for the salvation of souls. At other times, I have seen him preach as an ordinary Missionary, hear the confessions of the humblest of the Parias, and make himself all to all, to gain every one to Jesus Christ. What a lesson has he not given us! What an odour of virtue he has left amongst us!

“Accordingly as we advanced into the heart of India, we perceived that we were more and more in the bosom of the empire of darkness. But the sight of those monstrous divinities, of those thousands of pagodas and armies of Brahmins, far from discouraging us, filled us with a holy ardour, with a strong desire to combat with the cross all the powers of hell. Among other incidents in our travelling, I remember that one evening, near Bégala, where we had stopped to pass the night, as I was occupied making a short meditation, the sound of some unknown musical instrument struck my ear. Urged by a feeling of curiosity, I directed my steps towards the place whence issued this, to me, strange music: I soon discovered, in the midst of thick trees, an immense