

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 27.

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, JULY 3, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- JULY 4—Sunday—VI after Pentecost, within the Octave.
- 5—Monday—St. Stanislaus, B. M.
- 6—Tuesday—Octave day of the Apostles.
- 7—Wednesday—St. Benedict XI, P. C.
- 8—Thursday—St. Elizabeth, Queen W.
- 9—Friday—Feast of the miracles of B. V. M.
- 10—Saturday—The seven Brothers &c. M. M.

THE CATHOLIC COUNTY OF SYDNEY.

We publish to day the Letter signed GAEL relative to a base and anonymous traducer of his Catholic neighbours who writes in the stupid columns of that slobbering driveller, the Guardian. If our friends in the County of Sydney, understood the real character of the Guardian in Halifax, and the utter contempt which the respectable portion of this community feel for the talentless, narrow-minded, and bigoted set of Jackanapes who scribble for this Knoxite Journal, they would give themselves very little trouble about any calumnies that are paraded in its columns.—We know the true value of those hypocritical knaves here, and we treat them accordingly. We have rendered a signal service to the whole Province in unmasking the graceless villains who endeavoured to light up a religious war in Nova Scotia for vile political purposes. They have now fallen into the pit which they dug for others. They have compassed their own destruction and that of their party. Their objects are well understood; their motives are now fully comprehended. Every honest man of every creed in the Province reprobates their infamous conduct, and will, before many weeks shall pass over, deprive them of the power of doing further mischief. No wonder that our correspondent at Antigonish should be indignant at the base imputations against the venerable Bishop of Arichat and his clergy, which are contained in the Letter published in the Guardian. What double dyed impostors some of those sleek, psalm-singing, hypocrites are! The assassin who wears

the secret dagger at Antigonish must know very well that if his Catholic neighbours treated him and other Protestants there, according to the fell spirit of his faction here, they could not exist twenty four hours in the County. Really it is too bad, when a "dast" little grinning Baboon, from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, ventures to hold up to ridicule in the public press the gallant Highlanders of the County of Sydney, the descendants of those noble clans who were the pride and ornament of Scotland, and who endured all the horrors of war, all the pains of exile, and all the anguish of death, for their chivalrous attachment to principle and conscience. Strangely enough the Editor of the Guardian professed great respect some time ago for the character of the Bishop of Arichat, and boasted at having dined with his Lordship at Government House. And now he gives circulation to the statement of a secret traducer, which would represent the Bishop as having violated all the obligations of his high and sacred office. If "gospel spirit, gospel truths, and gospel ordinances are sadly deficient, nay almost extinct" among the Catholics of Antigonish, what more weighty charge could be adduced against the venerable and respected Prelate who has guided them both by word and example, for so many long years of a laborious ministry! Yet the scribe who publishes this notorious falsehood, affected to entertain the greatest reverence for the Bishop a few months ago! "Mentita est iniquitas sibi!"

What a pity we don't extend the courtesies of the press to such gentry, and bandy compliments with our habitual defamers! They are entitled to no such indulgence at our hands. They have not received it; and they never shall. Politics or political motives—temporal aggrandizement or worldly ambition—no human concern whatsoever, shall prevent us from defending vigorously the sacred principles of our Faith, whenever they shall be unjustly attacked. *Our Divine Religion, our Glorious Church, above all, and before all WITH US.* Perish every other consideration when Catholicity is at stake! The children of this world, the wise according to the flesh, may accuse us of absurdity and imprudence. But, if we had any doubt of the prudence of our career, *their condemnation* would decide it at once. We should

*We do not condemn the Psalm singing of course, but the hypocrisy of the singers.