

spitefully; the nails in the roofs round about were breaking their legs, jumping down out of their huling places, seeking as it were more comfortable lodgings, and the wind that whizzed by was as sharp as a razor of the keenest edge. We saw the priest going, and we pined him. We were glad at all events that priest-hood had not fallen upon our shoulders. We cannot describe the sufferings undergone by him that night, but with a slight essay of rhapsody we can have a pretty exact knowledge of their acuteness. In consequence of bad roads, and a worse horse, he was out all night. The next day he returned, and if he did, what a sight he was. His face was frozen and blood-shot, and he looked as worn and wearied as if he had travelled all the way from Tartary without stopping. He told us that the horse gave out in the very loneliest part of the road, and that they had to coax him to carry them along. The priest did not get over it for a month. He got a heavy cold, and a pleurisy, and was very near death. This is no uncommon occurrence—it happens in every district in the Province, and times too unnumbered! Poor men! "quid non patiuntur pro Ecclesia Dei?" We dare say that to convince you of what we are going to relate, will require a strong asseveration on our part. Upon our veracity, then, we tell you that it is the double-distilled truth, and nothing less. We were with the clergyman ourselves during the whole transaction. He had been for a week upon one of the missionary excursions of which we told you above, fasting for seven successive days till at least one o'clock each day. The last day's duty was done, and he was preparing about seven next morning to return to his lodgings about twenty-four miles distant. The snow was falling in rather sparing flakes, but it did not seem to threaten a storm. He was just getting into his sleigh, when hark ye! bells ringing and jingling as if a war horse was shaking them, were heard coming up direct for the house from which he was about parting. A sick call, I suppose, and a sick call it was—a person ten miles off dying. Away he went, and the snow began to fall somewhat more freely. He returned home about twelve at noon, and after stopping a few minutes we prepared to move homewards. The snow came on thicker after we had got about five miles; then thicker still, and still thicker, till at last with falling and drifting, we could see the horse only at intervals. With well powdered locks and heavy whitened garments, we arrived by seven o'clock at our place of destination. We were going to sit to a cup of tea, when, would you believe it, another sick call was announced by a youngster half out of breath with running and snow-drifts. But, fortunately! 'twas only six miles away, and so we took the boy's horse, (our own being 'done up,') and, in company with the boy, steered for the sick man's house. Well, the storm was howling in right good earnest, and the snow was nearly belly-deep. Fortunately it was only six miles, we said, but most unfortunately we were six hours making our way! 'Tis as true as this is New Brunswick. We did not get there until one o'clock that night; and such a house for such a sick man! Oh! I will not attempt to describe it—'tis incredible. I will merely say that you could count the stars through the roof—that there was but one apartment in the place—that no bed at all of any description was to be seen—that the sick man lay on a wallet made of old bags and straw, and as dirty—but where is the use of talking? Perhaps its match was not in creation. Of course no one except those of the household could expect to sleep there. After all sacraments had been administered, "Come, Peter, and the priest, we had better try it again." Peter felt staggered at the

thought. A bad wood, no road, a lazy horse, and a wild night, called up ideas that would frighten less timid folks than Peter. Out we went once more, and plunge—we drove into it. We had gone fifty yards when Robbin stopped stone still. After some deliberation he started afresh, but did not long continue. With alternate moving and staggering we arrived at the top of a hill along the opposite side of which the snow was completely blown away. Glory, 'twas a sight to see clear ground once more, and so Peter, taking advantage of our situation, gave Robbin rather an 'unkind cut' to accelerate his speed down the steep, when oh rination and new discomfort! a sheet of ice that completely crusted the height, sent poor smooth-shod Bob sprawling on all-fours to the bottom of the valley. The animal was considerably mortified by this sudden upsetting of his gravity, and seemed determined on taking a "snooze" till morning where he lay. Peter's wits were put to the rack endeavoring to devise the best means of righting the fallen steed, and at last surrendered, we cannot say how, inasmuch as the snow prevented the use of our vision. "Get on, sir,"—not a bit, he stood solid as the rock of Gibraltar. The enraged postilion laid on the lashes, loud and long, and lusty, but 'twas 'no go.' Robbin was incorrigible, inflexible. Peter, ever ready at contrivances, made a desperate effort to play the necromancer by cheating his charger into the belief that there was no load behind, and so up he gets upon the straddle, not, however, without some heavy exertions by reason of heavy boots, and divers other appendages impeding the man's agility. The horse seemingly approving the compromise resumed his gait, but "who could paint that gait?" 'Twas surely a double dead march. Step, step, stagger, halt! Moored again, yes anchored fast, and there we held. The storm was still howling, the snow was still shovelling down. Peter dismounted, and once more dealt out the stripes unsparingly. Bob was case-hardened, whip-proof, wind-proof, weather-proof! Again he moved awhile, again he stopped awhile, again Peter rode awhile, again he came down awhile. Finally the sudden gurgling of a brook through one of its sprung holes informed us that we had got off the road, and there we were distressed indeed. "Why did we not get out and walk it," you will say? Pity you were not there to see; we guess it would take longer legs than ours to wade such drifts. But to make a long story short, we will say that by fair dint of alternate walkings and waitings, mountings and dismountings, lashes, &c., we succeeded at length in making out our lodgings, and then daylight had his eyes full open, viewing all our woes. As for ourselves we cannot describe our distress; as for the priest you can form no idea of it from the fact that he was a poor, delicate, asthmatic man, who, you would imagine, would not live even in the best of weather above a month. "Ex uno disce omnes." You can now understand the pleasures of missionary life in New Brunswick. How many times did ye ever catch a parson or a methodist preacher out this way in a January night? You nor anybody else ever did in your life. This reminds us of a circumstance touching this matter, and which we will briefly relate. Three poor black men, who lived not a thousand miles off, were lying very ill of the typhus fever. They were Protestants and being conscious of death's approach, sent word to a rich white neighbor of their own persuasion to get the minister for them. 'Twas about 9 o'clock in the evening when the request was made. The man had two fine horses, sleighs, and every thing to suit. The distance was only four miles, and the "going" was not like that we described but of glassy glare. What was that

neighbour's answer? "Oh, I wont go—there is no use of going; parson S— never goes to see any one in the night." Sure enough it was true for him. Some one else having more charity, having gone for the parson, came back with the answer that he could not go that night, but he would the next day. An Irish Catholic happening to ask the poor negroes would they wish that he should go for the priest for them, got the rejoinder he wished, and went for the priest, who, tho' it was midnight, did not refuse. He came and baptized the poor sick men, and shortly after the ceremony saw them close their eyes in eternal, blissful sleep. The priest, tho' he caught the fever, is still alive and well, and those poor souls whom he regenerated with the waters of the Saviour, are now making intercession for him at the throne of grace.

We should like vastly well to get hold of the Journals of some of our clergymen. We are certain that they tell of some beautiful scenery, and so forth. If we only had the matter we should endeavour to sew up, however clumsily, a book of it, and doubtless it would be interesting. "Many a time and oft" was the Bishop, when a missionary in Miramichi, seen taking his long canoe cruises up those inland streams where hard times we'll go bail were experienced to overflowing. Many a time did he see, after a cold night's lodging in a log-house, the wreaths of snow most fantastically flowering his blanket in the morning. Some people remark to us that the poor stage-drivers who are out all night are to be pitied as much as the priests. Verily, this is a "wise saw," but we please to inform those 'wise acres' who make the remark, that these same coach drivers are men accustomed from boyhood to hard labour; besides it comes to pass that they are not in the habit of having old wind-broken hacks to bear them along, but well fed hardened horses that are able to travel; moreover, the coach road does not generally be a bye-road—the Queen's highway is mostly the ground in question.\* But enough.

"This is the place to try men's souls." In our next epistle we shall conclude our remarks on the state of religion in New Brunswick, and then, with Shelly, we shall sing to our old church in the valley—  
"So now our summer task is ended, Mary,  
And we return to thee, our own heart's home."

Yours, &c. M. A. W.  
\* (Another moreover; the priest is fasting as he has to celebrate next day, and cannot wet his lips. We can also attest that the above descriptions are applicable likewise to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Edrs. of Cross.)

**The Cross;**  
HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.  
M. POWER, PRINTER.  
**THE BAZAAR.**

The Bazaar is over, and the noble result is such as to cover with immortal honour the generous citizens of Halifax. Never was manifestation more deep, more cordial, or more universal. Never was offered a more spontaneous or fervent sacrifice, than the united oblation which was made this week by our fellow-citizens at the shrine of Charity. Mason Hall was the neutral ground on which the flag of Universal Philanthropy was hoisted, and beneath its glorious folds, volunteers from every religious and political encampment met together, grasped each other by the hand, and—if smiling happy faces be an index of the heart,—felt intensely how delightful a thing it is for the children of the same Heavenly Father to co-operate in a labour of love, and to emulate each other in providing a home for the houseless Orphan. Here all the ruder passions were hushed; here all minor differences were laid aside, and all secular dissensions were forgotten. Men seemed to know not that they were ever opposed to each other, either in religion or politics.

Glory be to Halifax! for it has not only sustained, but enhanced its rich reputation for enlarged benevolence. We confess we are proud of the magnificent spectacle of this week; proud of our city; proud of her fair daughters and generous sons; proud of the kindly feelings which have been engendered; proud of the triumph of the best feelings of our nature over all its infirmities; proud of the happy auguries of future union and peace, undisturbed as little as may be, by those accidental differences of opinion which exist in all large com-

munities, and proud of the munificent sum than Six Hundred Pounds which, contributed times like these, speaks volumes as to the and depth of the Charitable feeling which the breasts of the people of our fair city.

We prize the amount received, but we know it will dry up many a tear, and consolation to many an afflicted heart. It infinitely more the God-like feelings which ed this noble benevolence. The Bazaar Orphan Asylum is indeed a delightful scene of beautiful harmony and good which all the parties concerned, may look with pleasure. The memorable 18th of Dec is a day, *albo notanda lapillo* in the annals of Halifax.

We regret that we can do no more than make a brief allusion to this gratifying But we are resolved to collect and publish the fullest possible details of this Fancy Fair with names of the principal contributors and subscribers, and we will feel thankful for any information that may be afforded us on the subject.

Already have the Ladies of the Managing Committee gracefully spoken their own thanks to the public in general for their valuable co-operation. But the friends of humanity little know how deeply they are indebted to the indefatigable exertions of those good Ladies themselves, for the eminently glorious result which has been achieved. But this delicate and sacred ground we forbear to tread, nor shall we mingle ought of human praise, with deeds of love which have already secured, we trust, the approbation and reward of Heaven. It

The collection of articles exposed for sale Tuesday in the Mason Hall, was exceedingly rich; and more lovely vendors never presented doll's head-dress, or "forget-me-not", for a lady's bid. But what a rush! Gad, we were one time nearly smothered—overpowered for crushed—by a bevy of beauties in rich furs took no heed to our remonstrances for room to breathe. We, and hundreds more, found it not to an impossibility to move along beside the table to get a glance at the rich and valuable specimens of needle, and other work, they bore. Much money was lost to the Committee, in consequence we are sure. We do not speak for ourselves—course—for, unfortunately, like Editors in general we have little to spare in this way—but for a respectable company, with anxious purchasers, faces, around about us. The Hall, however, is truly too small. It might have answered in the past, when nobody attended Bazaars but fashionable people—but now when "the million" out to throw their mite into the general fund, a becoming ardour to promote a good object, a room large enough to hold "the million" should be obtained. We almost forgot to say that excellent refreshment tables were spread in the north end of the room, attended by amiable and obliging Ladies, whose irresistible persuasiveness would seduce a man who had just partaken heartily of baked pork and beans, to swallow a dozen ice-creams or jellies. The room has the usual decorations—with here and there a strange contrivance from juxtaposition—but looks well nevertheless; and then, there is the fine Band of the 7th Regt. in itself a source of attraction, to amuse and cheer the company with delightful music. We have not heard what amount was taken at the door, but it must be large, from the number known to have visited the Hall.—Sun.

For the last two days there has been a general rush to Masonic Hall, to behold the wonders of art displayed there by the fairer portion of our citizens. It would not do to begin enumerating the many really elegant articles that have been sold during yesterday and to day. It is sufficient to say that on no occasion has our city acquitted itself more honourably. The cause of the Orphan is so sacred, that it is not surprising the appeal made by the Ladies should have been so nobly responded to, by all classes and creeds. The Bazaar will close this evening. And should any of the articles remain on hand, it will, we learn, be simply an adjournment until a more convenient season.—Chronicle. (Not a single article remained unsold. Edrs. of Cross.)

**EUROPE.**

The news by the Packet of Saturday last adds very little to our previous knowledge of the state of affairs in Europe.

The Spanish troops in Italy were about to return to their own country, and the French garrison in Rome were most anxious to find a decent pretext for imitating the example of the Spaniards. His Holiness still declines to return to the Eternal City though repeatedly invited to do so, and has wisely resolved not to come back at all, unless in the quality of an independent Sovereign, untrammelled by foreign dictation or interference. Meantime the Romans are paying the just penalty of their former ungrateful apathy, or still more ungrateful hostility. They are now convinced that Rome without the Pope, is the earth without the Sun.