

The new chief Rabbi of the Jews, Israel Kussan, who has come from the borders of Genassareth, with a high reputation for sanctity and Talmudic lore, was installed in the Ghetto, in the place of Rabbi Beher, who died twelve years ago, and was the last High Priest of the Jews at the Eternal City. He took the chair of Moses clothed in a tunic of violet silk and a black mantle; and, among other ceremonies, a prayer for the Pope, composed by the new Chief Rabbi, in puro Hebrew, and in a Psalmic rhythm, was solemnly repeated.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him indifferently, yet treats alike the peasant and the philosopher.

UNITED STATES.

PENNSYLVANIA.—We gather from the *Pittsburg Catholic* that the Bishop of Pittsburg from the 6th to the 15th September made in the remote parts of his diocese *nine* visitations and confirmed 457 persons. On the 12th he also presided in Loretto, at the removal of the remains of the late Rev. Mr. Gallazsn, and their deposition in the vault under the monument erected to his memory.

BRITISH AMERICA.—The Rev. Father Hanipaux S. J., wrote a letter which is published in the *Melanges Religieux*. The letter is dated 22d July, and was written at St. Croix, on Mantoline Island, Lake Huron. It is edifying to read the conduct of the poor Indians that he visited, many of whom had not seen a priest for years—perhaps not since their baptism, and yet were lively and strong in their faith—in the avoiding of sin, and in the practice of all that they knew of their religion. We are reminded by it, of a revelation made in the 17th century to a holy religious in Spain, who was instrumental in the conversion of many Indians in Mexico, “that there were tribes of Indians in that part of the world better disposed for receiving the abundant mercies of redemption, than whole nations of Europe which had grown old under the shadow of the Church.” What Catholic can read the following extract of this letter without emotion?—The day he landed: “We buried solemnly the body of a young girl 16 or 18 years of age, who had died four days before my arrival. She had been sick for a long time, and had obtained of her parents to carry her from the interior of the wilderness to this place of their ordinary encampment—in hopes that *perhaps the priest might soon come there*. Some time before she expired she said to her mother, who reported it to me, ‘Mother I am going, the Lady clothed in white came just now to see me, and said *come with me my daughter*.’ The

poor child had been baptised some months before.

After finishing the mission, and having the consolation of admitting a number of new converts, as well as establishing and instructing in the faith those already baptised, he departed and “We were not yet far out of sight with our canoe when on doubling a point of land we encountered another canoe coming flying swiftly towards us. They were members of three families who two days before had heard of the presence of a *Black-gown* at Nepissing, and had come from far. It was but now that approaching the end of their journey they heard the discharge of fire-arms and suspecting it was our parting salute, they left their old people, children and baggage on the shore, and pulled after us. I was greatly grieved, it was impossible to wait for a single day longer. I asked if they would not come to Maintowaning, in a month’s time. ‘We will come,’ they answered—‘it is too long since we have seen a Priest.—’ ‘But,’ they added, ‘we had brought hither two infants, cannot you baptise them?’ I willingly consented. We followed them to the shore, and putting on my surplice and stole, on this desert shore, I admitted into the bosom of the Church these two young creatures—scarcely yet 18 months old, I thus, at this place baptised eleven children, besides the adults.”

FISHES TAMED BY A CHILD.—In a quarter of the town of Hingham, Mass, known as Rockynook, there is a pond, where a little girl, not 6 years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs into the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand and allow her to touch their scaly sides. A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners.

BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY’S.

OCTOBER 15—Mrs Brien of a Son; Mrs Eaton of a Daughter. 18th—Mrs Lynch of a Son; Mrs Williams of a Son; Mrs McCarthy of a Son; Mrs Mauby of a Son. 20th—Mrs Mahar of a Daughter. 21st—Mrs McDuff of a Daughter.

Published by RITCHIE & NUGENT, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax.—TERMS—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage.

All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid,) to No. 2, Upper Water street Halifax