

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

The Nativity of the B. V. M.

Rejoice O man! let hymns ascend of praise and jubilee.
The Virgin-Queen of earth and heaven to day is born for thee!
The 'fairest lily of the Vale'—of 'Jesse's root' a vine—
A hallowed branch from Juda's stock and David's royal line—
The 'Star of Jacob'—Israel's hope; pure, bright, at length
To chase the midnight gloom that lowered o'er earth four thousand years—
To usher in Salvation's Sun, whose radiant, saving light
The Prince and Powers of darkness shall confound and put to flight!

To day is given the Virgin chaste, whose womb shall soon enshrine
The nations' hope—the Prophets' theme—the 'Light of Light' divine!
God's only Son! who from His throne descending, will assume
Man's fallen—nature penalty—will rescue from the doom
To which Eternal Justice has condemned our rebel race—
Will die for man! will shed His blood! sin's soul blot to efface.
Then O rejoice! the holiest form on earth that e'er yet trod
To day is born the Virgin spouse—the Mother pure of God!

Halifax Sept. 8.
(The above would have appeared upwards of a month ago, but it was mislaid.—Eds.)

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

GENTLEMEN,

Anything savouring of Catholicity is, I know, most welcome to your columns. With this conviction I have thought it advisable to furnish you with a few items relative to the cause in this Province, in order that you and your numerous readers may see what a very fair footing we have gained in New Brunswick, Orangism and bigotry notwithstanding.

Though not a professional traveller I have nevertheless of late accidentally got upon a few unknown roads that have taken me over a considerable portion of this vast Diocese. To begin at the Nova Scotia side I have visited Sackville, Dorchester, the Bend of Pettitodiac, Sussex Vale, Norton, St. John, Fredericton, the River St. John for about 96 miles, nearly all the Miramichi, Nelson, Newcastle, Douglas Town, Bartibogue, Chatham, St. Andrew and St. Stephens. Regarding those places which I have not seen, I made anxious enquiries and obtained the most accurate knowledge. I will therefore, give you some sort of description concerning all, generally and particularly.

Sussex Vale for many reasons first on the list, is a most beautiful locality formed by very towering hills, about fifty miles above St. John, in the direction of Kennebecasis River. About four years ago this mission had not been formed. Only once a year a priest could pay it a visit. Since that time a Missionary has been established there and great improvements have been made. There was neither Chapel, nor Glebe House on his arrival—a sad prospect for comfort. He immediately began to rouse up the people, who though extremely poor seconded his proposals as much as possible. The foundation of a Church was laid, a subscription list opened and in about eighteen months, the people of that district had the soul-felt happiness of having in their midst a glorious little Church glittering in the Sunbeams, and telling with its graceful cross pointing on high of the hope that is held by the faithful. The edifice is fifty five feet long and thirty wide, with a sacristy twenty feet square. In the front of the Church there are three doors, each of which leads to a separate and distinct aisle. There are on the first flat sixty five pews capable of containing each five persons, and in the gallery there is accommodation

of the same kind for about seventy. The pews are perfectly finished, being paneled within and without, painted in imitation of mahogany and varnished in the upper mouldings. The sanctuary extends across the whole breadth of the Church. The altar is elevated only three steps and above it surmounted by a gilt cross is a purely white canopy, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order. To this church there is attached a pretty Glebe House built in perfectly cottage style. There are also six acres of excellent land for the use of the clergyman and best of all there is not a fraction owing for either Church, House or ground.

The Chapel of Dutch Valley is thirty five by twenty five feet, not yet finished, but going on rapidly. The frame was raised only a short time since. This place is attended once a month.

In White's Mount there is a neat little Chapel forty by twenty five feet, with a vestry in proportion. Here there are two acres of fine land for the benefit of the Missionary.

Norton Church is fifty by thirty five feet. It has a tabernacle of solid Mahogany, with gilt pillars in front, and lined inside with silk purple velvet. The gallery is supported by Corinthian pillars—the ceiling is elliptic and the altar from its elevated position gives it a very splendid appearance, as you approach from the tower door. This building stands upon the most beautiful part of the Kennebecasis. The stream flowing on in stillness and sunshine through greenest intervals, presents one of the most enchanting scenes that a lover of the beautiful would sigh to look upon. It had so peculiar a charm for a certain friend of mine, that he embalmed its beauties in some twenty stanzas which perhaps I may be able to furnish on some other occasion if the gentleman's modesty can only be prevailed on to give them for publication. But glide we down, tho' reluctantly, this romantic river, and here ahead of us is Little River or Petit Riviere. There's its little Chapel forty by thirty feet. It has its pretty spire and vestry, and grave yard, and glebe lot and on the whole is about the handsomest thing of the kind "going." And this is the place where the Orangemen go prowling round! Let them enter you shining, and kneeling down before that blessed crucifix, mark the representation of the God of love, who proclaimed peace to men of good will and who loved even his enemies, even to death; and perhaps their obdurate hearts will be softened and their ashy cheeks reddened with shame at the thought of their murderous deeds. This is, however, no play-ground, so we wend our way to St. Martin's. Three years ago a Catholic visitor would find very little chance in this locality. If he were a mere nominal one, which by the bye, is an absurdity, a paradox—he could I know spend some exceedingly pleasant days here. 'Tis situated on the shore of the Bay of Fundy and has constantly blowing upon it, the fresh free gales of the wide Atlantic. It is, moreover, a stirring place from its trade and ship building, and numbers a large quota of inhabitants. It forms a perfect semicircle on the shore having its entire circuit well studded with fine spacious buildings which would not disgrace the fair squares of some of our haughty high places. The blue ridges of distant Nova Scotia are quite perspicuous and the sportive porpoise and albacore exhibits their sea-green tails above the bright waters of the neighbouring flood. It has its verdant fields too, and its forests tall—its valleys and its streams and a blue bright sky laughing over all, but what are these to the true Catholic if something else is not there? How will Sunday rise to him if the 'sweet going bell' sounds not to prayer? Ah! there's nothing calm but Heaven; and if it's no place to hear of heaven, surely such a place is neither calm, nor bright nor true. And such a place was St. Martin's three years ago. To be sure there was a sort of Chapel there; but the absence of cross and spire equally proclaimed it a conventicle of heresy. And further: with its un-catholic front,

here was even something else that made it seem still more un-catholic. No priest was there. And "come to meeting," and "come hear the word of God," and "you know you'll hear nothing bad there," were words often repeated to the steadfast tho' nearly forgotten child of the true faith.—But now what do we behold? I will tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is a high hill towering over St. Martin's, and on that hill there is the thing desired. I don't know how it happens, but it mostly always happens, and this is what happens; that we, Catholics, with all our want of taste and means hit upon the most eligible spots of all others for our churches. Come early, come late, it so falls out. I could point at several instances of this, but perhaps they may turn up of their own accord before I shall have done with my delineations. Well, on this selfsame hill there is now a beautiful church, thanks to God, and the zealous indefatigable missionary who is in charge of the place. And hard by it he has procured a new, comfortable, spacious house with lands, tenements, &c. all the property of the parish. And all around these possessions so long desired he has got erected a beautiful fence white as snow, so that the scene on the once dreary hill is now the greatest centre of attraction in the far-famed fair Saint Martin's. This church is 60 feet by 36. The front looks really splendid. The altar is most tastefully got up indeed. The facing of it is movable at will. The antependiums belonging are changed according to the Festival. A set of finished candlesticks stand around the Tabernacle with excellent effect. The price of them, I was informed, was £35. The vestry is perfection itself. Drawers and vestment stands are everywhere about. The confessional looks not so dreary a thing as poor Protestants take it. 'Tis all it should be. Then as for vestments there is scarcely an end. I counted eight alms myself with just a passing glance. One of the vestments cost £20, another £15, another £12, and so on. We have not seen the like of them except in one place more, of which in time we will make due record.

We are now on our way for St. John, but I do not in the meantime pass by Lake Lomond without bidding its little chapel hail. Another hill, as I am alive! Yes in the very choicest spot of all the country round this little temple of the True God stands. What a sweet sequestered haunt! I spent a very pleasant Sunday here once, and heard a holy sermon against the great evil of the day—love of money and the world. But, alas! what little effect has the word of God on three-fourths of the people now! The ingratitude, the blindness of Jews were nothing to the apathy and wilful crimes of Christians. The soil of man's heart has run wild into thistles and thorns, and the Gospel seed is choked long before it can take root. What a falling off from the time when Saint Peter preached his first discourse. But I forget myself; at all events I am ruminating here on my own coldness as well as that of others. There is room for improvement everywhere. Lake Lomond chapel then, as I should have said before, is 30 by 20 feet. 'Tis but an oratory, yet quite large enough for the people there. It has the visit of a clergyman every month, and it is well provided with all things necessary for worship and sacrifice. More anon.

Yours, &c. M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept., 1849.

"We hope," says the *Daily News*, "Lord Brougham is not about to be come a Puseyite, but the following account of Brougham Chapel, by a correspondent of the *Carlisle Jour.*, looks a little suspicious:—'Having a wish to see this chapel, which I had not been in since I left Penrith, thirty-nine years ago, great was my astonishment to find it metamorphosed from a plain whitewashed chapel to a tabernacle, all glorious within: with sardonyx, topaz, jasper, sapphire, emerald, amethyst, agate, onyx, beryl, chrysolite, and carbuncles set in gold, with a new ceiling blazoned with heraldic devices of all colours, which dazzled my sight for a time and bewildered my understanding, to these

were added carved oak seats, high armchairs at the altar, high candlesticks, and many more high things I cannot name. But the greatest curiosity, and the one which most attracted my attention—not unmingled with feelings of disgust—was a new reading-desk, fitted up very lately, and which you tell us was cast at Carlisle. Of the various articles I ever beheld introduced into a chapel belonging to Protestants, this excels them all. A winged bull, a winged eagle, a winged lion, and a winged man support its base, and base supporters they are. What on earth have such things to do in a Christian church in the nineteenth century? They would have been all right in the land of Egypt 500 years before the birth of Christ, when stone worship was common among the unenlightened heathens. But this is not all. The congregation is solicited by an inscription around the desk to 'Pray for the soul of John de Burgham.' When did the gentleman live? This ought first to be ascertained; because, if he never lived, he had no soul to pray for. Was he a saint or a sinner? A sinner, no doubt, by asking people to pray for him so late on. It is common in our Church, at this day, to require the prayers of the congregation for the sick and afflicted, and it was also common to inscribe such things on tombs as 'Pray for the soul of John de Burgham' before the establishment of the Protestant religion; but, though the Romanists still pray for the dead, it is not permitted in our Church."

*Protestant ignorance. These are the four distinctive symbols of the Evangelists from the celebrated Vision of Ezekiel.

We are informed by a correspondent from Edinburgh, that the foundations of a great Catholic cathedral church are to be laid in that city in the month of November next. The architect is M. Pugin.

On Tuesday, the 31st of July, a review of the destitute poor of the parish of Aughagower was held on the fair green of Aughagower, where about 3,500 paupers were assembled to answer to their names. Some of these poor creatures, who had to travel a distance of fourteen Irish miles, were carried on carts; others in baskets on asses, while some were conveyed on wheelbarrows. I remarked, in particular, a poor girl, about eighteen years of age, seated in a wheelbarrow; she was fair advanced in dropsy—her face was white swelled, and she could scarcely open her eyes. I spoke to her, and she replied, with difficulty that she got the use of the wheelbarrow from a kind neighbor, and that the people drove it on a distance of five miles, lest she should be deprived of her allowance of Indian meal. She moaned pitifully, and regretted she was not left at home to day, as she thought she would die on the road. I also observed in the crowd a man on horseback; he had neither shoes or stockings; his feet were very large from dropsy, and scarcely any clothes. He could not endure the pain of being taken from the horse, as he said he had suffered much while he was being put on the horse's back.

At twelve o'clock Colonel Hegro, one of the vice-guardians, took the chair, assisted by the relieving officer, and called out the heads of families, when each family came up to prove their existence; I waited until half-past three o'clock, when duty called me away, and it was due to the gallant colonel to state that he treated the suffering crowd with kindness, and that he seemed to sympathize in their sufferings. Such a scene of sickness, destitution and nakedness, no pen could depict—such a condition of a population never was witnessed, without a house to shelter them. Nothing remains for them but the grave. In the reign of Cromwell, who burnt the corn fields in the south, the people ate grass; and in the reign of Queen Victoria the people are necessitated to eat nettles and herbs of the fields, and in the end to die by the most horrible of deaths, starvation. These are the poor who hourly surround our houses craving something to eat, while there is not one to relieve them, and notwithstanding all the aid we have received from his Grace of Tuam, from the General Relief Committee, and from charitable individuals, and for all which we are most grateful, I confidently hope that the charitable and humane, who are blessed with wealth, will consider the necessities of 3,500 souls, all of one parish, not to mention the hundreds who are at home sick. How are all these to be fed? Who will clothe them? who will employ them? they have no tillage. The government, whose duty it was to provide for them, have not done so. If they were Mahomedans they would be better provided for.

PETER WARD, P. P., Aughagower.