

GATE of immortal bliss,
Whose sweet celestial ray
Comes shining o'er the vast abyss,
That reveals night from day.—

My soul unfolds her wings
To soar aloft to thee,—
And far remov'd from earthly things,
Adores thy mystery.

The prophet saw that same
Of heavenly beauty fair,
Where Deity itself would deign
To find a dwelling there :

One portal stood alone,
Of peerless pearl its frame.
There would the Lord ascend his throne,
And Mary was his name.

All hail, thou Matchless Maid !
An entrance make for me,—
Where He in glory is display'd
Who came to us thro' thee

By all, and more than mothers know
In their maternal state,—
By all thy vigils, tears, and woe,
Thyself immaculate ;

Thou Virgin Queen of earth and heaven,
Present me to thy Son,—
That every sin may be forgiven
And a fresh trophy won.

• Ezekiel xlv. 1, 2

ST. GEORGE'S AND HOLY WEEK.

Palestine—the Holy Land—the remote ages when God spake to His servant Moses (Exodus, xxx.) of the myrrh and cinnamon and calamus and cassia and oil of olives, a fragrant unguent for sacred purposes—the days long past when the Kings and Priests and Prophets of the Hebrews were consecrated by sweet-smelling unctions—are the stream-head from whence flows the present practice of the Christian Church, as to the use of blessed oils for religious purposes. It was in Palestine that the Christian Church took its rise, and in that land and in every other and through all time this custom of using Blessed Oils for religious purposes she has ever since retained. It was observed in St. James's time and directed by him to be done, and he was an Apostle. These oils are blessed with great solemnity by the Bishop on Maundy Thursday : so, here we meet again in the midst of the Maundy Thursday's Office. The Blessing of the Oils is a most ancient ceremony in the Christian Church ; it takes a considerable time, and to men of faith is more than interesting ; but to the profane and ignorant, unmeaning and tedious. It was an immense gain on Thursday that this sacred function was veiled, to a certain depth, from the curious and irreverent gaze of the strangers. St. George's rood-screen did this, and although sufficient of the ceremonial could be seen to satisfy the sight-seers in moderation ; everything could not be seen and so much the better. The effect must have been solemn and grand on the whole. The Bishop formed the centre of a semi-circular group of Priests and Deacons and Sub-Deacons which group closed round the table in the middle of the chancel, on which the vessels containing the oils were placed during the ceremonial. The Blessed Oils are now removed—the Mass is over—and now for the procession of the Sacred Host to the Altar of the "Repose." All is movement—Acolytes, Torch-bearers, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, Canopy-bearers, Thurifers, Cross-bearer, &c., &c., move to their places and form. The sacred ministers gather about the altar ; the Bishop receives in his arms the Sacred Host ; and, amidst smoking censers, blazing torches, and wax-lights, the procession winds its way round the church to the slow melody of the "Pange Lingua," and enters the effulgent "Chapel of the Repose." Here is placed the Sacred Host, in the midst of flowers and lights and costly stuffs and silks and jewels and precious stones and clouds of sweet-smelling incense and redolent offerings of believing minds and affectionate hearts. The procession now returns—all lights out, and singing ceased—the Bishop and immediate assistants to the sacristy ; the rest to the chancel. Vespers are now chanted in a monotonous tone and concluded. The Senior

Priest, with attendants, ascend the altar-steps, and the "Denudation" begins. Every ornament—light, flower, &c.—is removed, the linen cloths of the altar are withdrawn ; the Tabernacle-door is left wide open ; and the confusion and desolation of death reign throughout the Holy of Holies ; and silence, gloom, and nakedness, dishonour and abandonment. The Lord—the light—the life is gone ; the house is left desolate and sad ; the Shepherd has been struck, and the sheep dispersed ! But the last lowly condescension of the Master, on the Thursday evening, must not be passed by—the washing of the Disciples' feet : "What I have done, do ye" This was done—and humbly, feelingly done—after the "nudation," at the left-hand corner as you enter the church, by the Bishop. Thirteen boys, dressed in white, were seated on a raised bench, and after the chanting of the Gospel by the Deacon, in which Gospel the Lord's Condescension is rehearsed, after the prescribed prayers, the Bishop rose on his chair, and kneeling at the feet of each boy, washed and wiped and kissed the right foot of each, thus doing in substance, in the nineteenth century, what was done in the first, and what was directed to be done by the Lord and Master. This took place when the church was nearly empty—as most thought all was over—and perhaps all the better ; and yet why should one heed the scoffer and ill-bred : their end is attained, if their singularity and rudeness attract attention. Nothing brings down a well or ill-dressed self-called philosopher better than not to notice the philosopher in any manner—look anywhere, but studiously avoid looking at him. The Mandatum is finished—all return up the nave, and pass into the sacristy, but many remained watching and praying at the Chapel of the "Repose" all the day and some all night, and until the removal of the Sacred Host on Good Friday. The appointed watchers at the chapel relieved each other every hour. Two were always in the Divine Presence. Thursday Tenebræ—all as on Wednesday ; the "Lamentations" were better than yesterday, the "Jerusalem," "Benedictus," and "Miserere." How unearthly an appearance during the long, silent hours of the Thursday night had the Church and the Chapel of the "Repose" ! As the night wore away and the stillness deepened, the watchers at the chapel disappeared, and one felt pained, but nothing in displeasure or reproach, considering the daily toil of the poor people ; one felt as the lights burnt out—yet many lights burnt brightly all the night—one felt the quiet reproach and gentle complaint of that lamb-like Holy One—"Can you not watch one hour with me ?" There He was ! Yes, truly ; and in the still night we remembered that this was the last night He was on the earth, and we mused on His love and on the things which He endured throughout at that last and terrible night—and all for us ! "Can you not watch one hour with me ?" "Yes, Lord, we are here watching with you." And then in an instant the mind was wandering away, wrapt up in extraneous cares and thoughts, and half unconscious of anything. "What ! Simon, dost thou sleep ! canst thou not watch one hour with me, this my last night ?" Like the drowsy Apostles, we knew not what manner of answer to give to our Lord, when His soft, indulgent voice excused us, and came to our relief. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Sweet occupation for those who can—but, how few can—to watch the watches at the Shrine of the Redeemer, Lord and Love, and pass the live-long night in sweet converse with Him ! We relieved each other—the Priests—in this labour of love—these delicious vigils—and with all our wretched shortcomings, positive wickednesses, negligencies, and miserable littlenesses, we looked and confessed to Him, and hoped that like the dying chief He would remember us in His Kingdom. Now, what shall a man give in exchange for his Faith ? It is like his benign Author—everything great, good, perfect, and unchanging : where it is, all is—where it is not, all is unsubstantiality and delusion. On occasions like the watches of Thursday night, one feels, and for seconds realises, that blessedness of the Saint's portion, even in this valley of mouldering decay and of death. Good Friday : black—funeral black, or nothing, meets the eye in the chancel of St. George's. No carpet covers the floor ; no covering is on the seats ; no order, but all seems confusion and desponding neglect. The Bishop's throne is shrouded in mourning ; his seat is mean, and quite in another place—anywhere, it

would seem low and undistinguished. so are the seats, if any there be, save the altar steps next to the ground for his assistants. Everything seems out of place ; there is no care of heed for anything ; the mind and heart are full—over-full—with the one terrible thought—the Crucifixion ! The procession steals in silence from the cloister—two and two—enters within the cold, tomb-like chancel, and all cast themselves down on their faces in silent grief before the dismantled altar. Why are you ashamed at the tears that fall ? The Lord of Life is mounting the dreadful hill. hardly can he be recognised after the past sufferings of the night and the morning's bloody passion. Cast down, dejected, bruised, and forsaken, He is dragged along more dead than alive ; and now cover your faces for the work of butchery is about to commence ! Weep and be not ashamed, rather weep for yourselves—yes, truly said, but don't despise those who weep for His sufferings, humiliations and death. The Office is now commencing. The Bishop rises from his knees, the rest from their prostration, a white cloth has already been drawn over the altar slab, and the Mass book placed on the altar, and the function begins. It need not be described, it is all of the Holy Ghost inspiration, and dives down deeply into the ocean of the Lord's Passion. The singing this day was very good ; the Bishop preached, and felt all that he said, and so did every one else. His lordship is doing all that he can for St. George's, and spares nothing, and least of all himself, to render all its functions perfect. The Kissing of the Cross was restricted during the Mass to the attendants within the chancel, to the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and to the St. George's Guild. After the sermon the ancient prayers of the ancient Church were commenced. In these prayers, all grades and condition of men prayed for, within and out of the Church.

FATHER THOMAS.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIMACY.

The following are among the speculations of the Protestant press on this subject :—Persons acquainted with the subject think it likely that either Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor, or Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher (both in the ecclesiastical province of Armagh), will be ultimately appointed to the vacant primacy.—Correspondent of *Morning Chronicle*.—The following speculations on the subject are made by the Armagh Correspondent of the *Norway Telegraph* :—"The Roman Catholic Whigs of Armagh, who are few in number, must have it that the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir will be elevated to the Roman Catholic Primacy. The general body of the Roman Catholics, speculation on the inharmonious relations, or rather feeling, at present existing between the English Government and the Pope, except that either Dr. Cantwell, of Meath, or the redoubtable 'John of Tuam' will be the late Dr. Crolly's successor. It may be well to apprise you that the overwhelming majority of Roman Catholics of this city and its environs are Repealers of the moral-force stamp, and, accordingly, that their political sympathies, to a great extent, influence their vaticinations as to the successor to the late Roman Catholic Primacy. In their case, the wish is father to the thought." The probability is that the vacant archiepiscopal mitre will devolve to Dr. Denvir—an ecclesiastical *elève*, or, at least, *protege* of the late Roman Catholic Primacy. The Pope, his Cardinals, or Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, are well informed as to the description of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical rule which would suit Ulster, and, accordingly, the elevation to so important a station as that of the Roman Catholic Primacy is likely to be decided exclusively with regard to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. Aristocratic Roman Catholic influences here, and particularly in England, will favour such an appointment as that of Dr. Denvir. The Norfolks, Shrewsburies, Cliffords, &c., of England, and the Fingals, Belongs, &c., of Ireland, have voices, in such a case, to be heeded in the way of recommendation."—It is said that the successor to the late Catholic Primacy will be the Rev. Mr. Russell, one of the professors at Maynooth. He is reported to be an accomplished scholar, and a gentleman of conciliatory character.—Correspondent of *Daily News*.

ROME.

DEATH OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.—We have to report (says the Roman correspondent of the

Daily News) the death of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, who departed this life at Rome on March 10, aged nearly eighty. [He was born Sept. 12, 1774.] A native of Bologna, he was brought up in the university of that town. A zealous anxiety to confer spiritual assistance on the various foreign soldiers who in the stirring times of Bonaparte filled the hospitals of the city first led the Rev. Joseph Mezzofanti, then chaplain to these institutions, to the study of modern languages. He soon discovered that, by some peculiar mental adaptation, the acquirement of any given dialect was to him the most quick and facile undertaking imaginable ; and, about the time Lord Byron made his acquaintance, he could fluently converse in any European idiom. Since then he became master of all the Oriental forms of speech, and as the science of languages becomes, in fact, facilitated rather than impeded by the accumulation of varied resources, there was scarcely a spoken jargon from the Himalaya mountains to the Andes, of which Mezzofanti had not made the comparative anatomy. Personally he was most affable, and generally beloved in Rome. As proof of which even *Radica* journals announce his death with a broad mourning border.

Died.

- April 20—Catharine, wife of Wm Ward, native of the County Wexford, age 56 yrs.
- May 5—Edward, son of Gregory and Mary Kelly, aged 11 years.
- 9—Charlotte, widow of the late John Buck, native of Nova Scotia, aged 33 years.
- 7—Mary Walsh, native of Tipperary, aged 76 years.
- 7—Mary, wife of Andrew Boyle, native of the county Waterford, aged 33 years.
- 10—James Hogan, native of the county Kilkenny, aged 41 years.
- 10—Jeremiah, son of Danl. and Ellen McCarthy, aged 6 years and 4 months.
- 14—Ann, wife of John Ryan, native of Halifax, aged 56 years.
- 14—James Michael, son of Wm and Mary Jane Murphy, aged 2 years and 9 mths.
- 16—Patrick, infant son of Jeremiah and Catharine Connell, aged 9 weeks.
- 16—Ellen, daughter of Maurice and Ann McDonnell, aged 2 years and 3 months.

Academy for Young Ladies, AT BROOKSIDE.

Under the Direction of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart."

THE PUBLIC are respectfully informed, that an ACADEMY for young ladies will be opened in a few weeks, at Brookside, Spring Gardens, where a solid and refined Education will be given under the direction of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose superior Educational Establishments in Paris, Rome, Turin, and the principal Cities of Europe, have for many years past secured the patronage of the most noble and respectable families in the Old World.

Their success has been so remarkable in the United States of America, that the most respectable citizens in the neighbouring Republic, without distinction of religion, have confided their children to their care.

Music, the MODERN LANGUAGES, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught. The system pursued by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.

Several members of the Royal families of Europe have received their education under the auspices of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax, as to require no special description.

Further particulars will be made known on the arrival of the Ladies themselves. Halifax, 21st April, 1849.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On and after the First Day of June next, the connection of the Subscriber with the "Cross" Newspaper, as Printer and Publisher, will cease, he not finding it convenient longer to continue the same. This, therefore, is to notify all present and late Subscribers, (many of whom have not paid one penny since January, 1845) that the amount of their respective Subscriptions, due to the period aforesaid, must be paid forthwith—otherwise they will be indiscriminately sued for. All who may have paid their Subscription in advance for the present year, will have the balance, 2s 11d, for the remaining seven months, returned to them, on application to the Subscriber, after the period above named, at the Office of the "Sun" and "Irish Volunteer."

RICHARD NUGENT.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

The Directory for 1849—just Published.—Price 7½d—can be obtained at this Office.