

which is no less edifying to the Pastors of the Church than to the Faithful, and is daily multiplying its branches. Our religious communities present no less consolatory spectacle. Hospitals, orphan asylums, poor schools, boarding schools for the wealthier class, numberless establishments prosper under the direction of virgins consecrated to God. However, there is one subject of affliction preying upon us, and that is our inability to extend to all the children of the faith the blessings of a religious education.

You can easily understand, gentlemen, the immensity of our wants and the greatness of our responsibility when you are made aware that the European and Catholic emigration now annually exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand souls! The emigrants are, with few exceptions, poor and denuded of resources; they are driven to America by famine and revolutions, and repair hither in quest of a subsistence which is but precarious in the old world. These poor require churches, pastors; their children are in need of instruction, spiritual bread, and oftentimes bodily food. Observe, gentlemen, that in order to keep pace with the annual augmentation of Catholics alone, we must yearly provide three hundred Priests, build three hundred churches, three hundred schools! Now, this is our present position; the old dioceses, or rather those which are most favoured and most solidly established, respond but feebly to the cries and wants of the multitude; those which are but nascent and have a thin, scattered, and poor population, have as yet no secured existence, and languish from want of aid.

The charity of Jesus Christ urges us, gentlemen, to recommend to your protection, and to your generous solicitude, this Church, of which we are pastors. What an interesting portion of the Lord's vineyard! It stretches from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, from Canada to the Gulph of Mexico; it will follow the destinies of the nation wherein it has sunk such deep roots; it is summoned to yield its assistance to its sister in the south, the countless islands situated between America and China: will, before long, call on our missionaries for succour.

Another fact, gentlemen, is very worthy of being noticed by your wisdom and observation: we do not build upon sand, but here we plant the Cross on the Rock that cannot be shaken; at each step we take in the forest, we leave behind an ineffaceable track.

We could expatiate longer on this subject, gentlemen, if we had not commissioned our promoter to expound to you our wants, to familiarise you with our situation, and express to you that heartfelt gratitude which can find no juster and more eloquent expression than in the words of the Apostle: "We have had great joy and consolation in that charity, because the bowels of the saints have been refreshed by you."

Receive, gentlemen, with our cordial blessing, the assurance of our respectful esteem.—Your very humble servants and brethren in Jesus Christ,

(Signed) ✠ **SAMUEL**, Archbishop of Baltimore.  
 " **MICHAEL**, Bishop of Mobile, Promoter.  
 " **JOHN JOSEPH**, Bishop of Natchez.  
 " **FR. LYONS**, Sec. of the Council.

On the 5th of March last, Dr. J. F. Yonge, and his eldest son, were admitted into the bosom of the Holy Church, in the chapel of the Nuns of the Order of St. Clare, by the Rev. Canon van Erven, to whose zeal and piety are attributable the conversion of so many Anglicans. Dr. Yonge is a resident of Plymouth, a nephew of Lord Seaton's and belonging to a family well known for many generations in Hampshire.—*Chr. of Tabl.*

CONVERSIONS.—The two Misses Bathurst, grand-daughters of the late Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, were received into the Catholic church a few days since: one of them by the Rev. Father Ludwig, Redemptorist at Great Marlow, and the other by the chaplain of the Good Shepherd at Hammer-smith.—*Ibid.*

### ITALY—ROME.

From the correspondent of the *Times*, under date Rome, Nov. 14:—"It is generally believed at Rome that the Pope will make his triumphant entry on the 26th or 28th of this month. We are under the impression that the Pope resolved to come to Rome, on the understanding that France abandons the military command of the native troops, and abstains from any further check on his sovereign authority. We hear that Cardinal Antonelli is no longer Minister of State, and that the Pope is divided between the choice of Cardinal Lambertini, or Cardinal Della Genga as his successor. The former has an European reputation, and his appointment will be satisfaction, as he is a man of undoubted talent, and, strange to say, the real head of the moderate constitutional party. Cardinal Lambruschini may be the man, as, in the present position of Italy and the Papedom, none but a person of large capacity should be entrusted with the direction of affairs. The Cardinal is decidedly opposed to the overflowing of the concession of Pío Nono, and as long as his voice was listened to, he warned the sovereign of the consequences of these proceedings. Since that period he has a great measure withdrawn into private life, and I believe, until his opinion was formally demanded by the Pope, he declined uttering a single word, either in favour or against the progress of the Government. When, however, Pío Nono thought proper on a late occasion seriously to consult Cardinal Lambruschini, if I am rightly informed, declared that it was impossible in the actual state of things to adopt a retrograde policy, and that a certain degree of popular representation was absolutely necessary for good government and the duration of any form of power. Most of the persons formerly bitterly opposed to the system of the Cardinal now loudly demand his nomination, and I believe, even the public, convinced of his great capacity, will place more confidence in him than they are disposed to do in any other member of the sacred college. We are gradually renewing our old prejudices, and an attempt made the other day on the celebration of the funeral service for the Romans who perished in the late campaign, to raise a cry in favour of Italian liberty and Roman independence completely failed, though it was got up with some care, and several well-dressed women lent their assistance. In fact, the commerce of the Everlasting City suffers much from the non-arrival of strangers consequent on the Pope's absence, the tradesmen will gladly accept any form of government which has the effect of unloading their overburdened shelves at counters."

### CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

The late Marcella Ayres, of Queen-street Dublin, spinster, deceased, has, by her last will, bearing date the 5th of September last, devised the following charitable bequests and donations:—

To the Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institution, Dublin	£1,000 0
To the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity Stephen's green	500 0
To the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot-street, towards their Hospital, but if not opened, for the support of the young girls they shelter	500 0
To the Sisters of Charity, Standhope-street, for the poor they attend	300 0
To the Catholic Poor Schools of St Paul	100 0

and all the residue of her property to the Catholic Institution of the Deaf and Dumb Dublin.—*Dublin Gazette.*

An immense step has been made towards the emancipation of Public Institutions in France by a single stroke of Louis Napoleon's pen. He and his Minister M. Parriou, have taken the world by surprise, and abolished the great primary grievance by a simple decree in the *Mon-*

*teur*. This, as our readers will recollect from the articles which appeared in this journal at the appearance of M. de Falloux's project, consisted in the power which the infidel University had of demanding from candidates for the degree of *Bachelier en Lettres*, a certificate that they have followed the University course for two years. Louis Napoleon's decree does away with this, and now a man may study under masters how Catholic soever he pleases, never approaching for a day the infidel-lecture-rooms, and yet compete with the rest for any honour the University can give him.

DEATH OF ABBE HACKETT.—Died at Warsaw, on the 1st of October last, the Rev. John Mennas Hackett, librarian of the Catholic Ecclesiastical Academy at Warsaw, in Poland. The deceased Abbe enjoyed high consideration and esteem amongst the people of Warsaw, lay and clerical, as well as with the British residents there. His remains were attended to the cemetery by a procession of the bishop, the rector, vice-rector, and pupils of the Ecclesiastical Academy, with the various religious orders of the city. The British Consul, and the Protestant Chaplain of the Consulate also attended. The Abbe Hackett was a native of this immediate neighbourhood, (Clonmel) and was educated and ordained at Seville; he was distinguished for his high literary attainments and elegance of manners; he was eloquent and earnest, and whilst residing in Paris he attracted to his French and English sermons, fashionable and crowded audiences. Having acquired the friendship of a distinguished Polish nobleman, he accompanied him to Warsaw, and there received the appointment which he held with much credit to his death.—*Requiescat in Pace.*

### CHURCH OF OUR LADY, STAR OF THE SEA, GREENWICH.

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

Dear Sir—Yesterday an event of no little interest to the Catholics of this neighbourhood occurred at Greenwich. On that day was lifted to its place the Cross which crowns the spire of Our Lady, Star of the Sea. For several previous days, whilst the work of gilding was in progress, this Cross had attracted numerous visitors to our Church. It is a beautiful specimen of the designer's skill, and of the copper-smith's craft. It measures 24 feet in height, and weighs 325 pounds. Of course the task of raising this ponderous Cross to the height of 150 feet, was one of considerable labour and anxiety. As it was slowly raised from stage to stage of the tower, and thence ascended the tapering spire, it fixed the attention of every passer by.—A long line of Catholic pensioners watched its progress upward with spectacle on nose and many an aged eye was dimmed with joyful tears. By one, its every step in advance was viewed with a nervous anxiety, and to him as seemingly its size diminished in its ascent, it offered a simile to the thoughts of those who in distant perspective look upon the easy task of building a church, and those who come in contact with its gigantic details,—lighter and more light in seeming as it crept up the spire, like a golden serpent, till at last a child's hand might bear it in procession, still there were in it 325 pounds of solid metal; and still, with all its lightness and its brightness, too, did the arm that brought it thither feel that it was a heavy Cross.

On the 20th of November, 1846, the first soil was dug for the foundation of this Church. On the same day of the same month, 1849, this Cross was raised to its dizzy height. Within these two points of time are included the incidents and the anxieties of a life. Not one single day of those three years but has seen its battle, lost or won; and though the issue of these successive fights has been slowly to win, excitement of the struggle, has saved from its exhaustion. Yes; lightly as it rests upon the tapering spire, that has been a heavy cross!

R. NORRIS.

November 21.

### EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON CHRISTMAS.

By Rev. T. E. Gill, an Irish Parish Priest.

But we have left Jesus in the manger. Should we not go and visit our God? Should we not hasten with our gifts, and lay at his feet the tributes of our fidelity?

See you a light?—it plays like a glory on the top of your miserable hut. 'Tis a wretched cabin, far away in the suburbs of Bethlehem. The roof is broken in many a place. The walls are rummy and bare—the floor cold and damp. The December blast is searching every nook. All is cheerless—comfortless all. That is the place you are to visit—that is the shrine of your pilgrimage—there lies the future Judge of the living and the dead! Are you prepared to come? Have you so disposed of your hearts as to render your visit acceptable to Jesus? Alas! my beloved Brethren, if we look well into those hearts, we will find there a thousand obstructions—a thousand impediments to our purpose: pride, vanity, self-love, evil propensities, unconquered passions—all ruling there—all rendering us unfit to visit our God.

Would the drunkard come? His presence there would be an abomination and an insult.

Would the swearer and blasphemer come? That tongue, practised in curses and familiar with imprecation, could not be a fit organ to praise the Royal Babe.

Would the man of impurities kneel at the cradle of his Lord? He, beyond all others, would be guilty of a horrible profanation. All there is pure and chaste. The God of purity is there. The immaculate Virgin is there. The chaste and pious Joseph is there. His breath would be a pestilence in that godly circle. Let him first kneel, in penitence, at the chair of mercy—confess his iniquities—purify his heart—starve his passions—correct his habits; then let him come and worship at Bethlehem.

Would the calumniator come?—he who is busy in the ruin of character—he who is conversant in detraction—the murderer of his neighbor's peace—that detestable and vile, and loathsome gossip—would he visit the immortal Babe? No—let him stay at home—brood there over his horrible machinations, and gloat over some innocent victim of his poisoned suspicions.

Would the unfeeling rich man, whose eye of haughty pride lowers on his humble brother, whose heart is steeled against the poor; would he come and adore his infant God? Born in the mansions of affluence—named in the lap of indulgence—the blood of great ones flowing thro' his veins—how could he come? How could he stoop to an humble manger? 'Tis cold—'tis roofless. Oh, he would shiver there! Let him first subdue the stubborn pride of his heart; fling open his coffers; shower the blessings of relief on the widow and the orphan. Then let him come and worship Jesus.

Would the gay and the worldly; the vain and silly girl of fashion—would she come on the holy pilgrimage we meditate to-day? What has she to offer at the cradle of Jesus?—Confidence and self-love; prudery and affectation; emptiness and pride. These may be acceptable offerings at the shrines of folly. They may do very well in the career of her beautiful wisdom!—in the ball-room or the theatre; in the revel or in the dance: but let her not attempt—let her not dare—let her not presume to bring them to Bethlehem.

I would exhort her. Let her listen to me. Fling away from you the baubles that you love. Still the pulse that beats for admiration. Forsake those who would offer incense to your vanity, and believe not the whisper of the flatterer. Look into your heart with a view to its