

Quintessence of the Heart.

No. 4.

IN CÆLO QUIES!

There is a world as yet to come,
And come how soon it may,—
Where the blest spirits are at home
In everlasting day!

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

A lie begets a lie till they come to generations.
A good life keeps off wrinkles.
All fame is dangerous, good brings envy, bad, shame.

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

During the examination going on relative to the plunder of timber in the New Forest, Charles Hayter, a lad eighteen years of age, was examined. We copy the following extract from his cross examination:—Mr. Poock: Come, my friend, you need not be afraid to answer you know, just give a plain answer. Do you know whether August, or June, or October, follows January? Witness: Noa, beant certain (laughter).—What month does the spring begin in? Can't say exactly.—Does it begin in August? Don't know—never heard.—Do you know as much of the seasons as the other people in the Forest? Oh, yez, yez.—And they know as much as you?—Yez.—Do you know when the new year begins? Yez, biveves it be in June (roars of laughter).—Oh, on the 24th, perhaps? Yez, that be it.—Do you know any particular days in the year, such as Christmas, for instance? Oh, yez (with a sobor c' uckle, as if recollecting the good cheer of the period).—Any other day? (no reply).—New Year's Day? Yez.—Any other? Yez, Monday and Friday.—Where do you live in the Forest? Doesn't live in the Forest at all.—Not in the Forest—why where then? Come from Gourley. (Laughter).—(Gourley is on the exact border of the Forest, a hedge or bank just marking the division.) Were you born there? Noa.—How old are you? Eighteen.—Have you ever been to school? Yez.—I suppose you were put to school by the parson? The witness sated, and Mr. Compton inquired—What is the name of the clergyman of your parish? We aint got a clergyman.—Not got a clergyman? What can he mean? Noa, we've got a vicar.—English Paper.

ORDINATION.

On Saturday last the sacred order of Deaconship was conferred in the Cathedral, by Right Rev. Alexander Smith, Bishop of Parium, and Coadjutor of the Vicar Apostolic of Glasgow, on Joseph O'Keefe, a student of Mount St Mary's Emmetsburg, and on Peter Carbon, a student of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. These reverend gentlemen were promoted to priesthood on Sunday by the same prelate.—Catholic Herald.

ORDINATION ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.—The first ordination, which has ever taken place in Senegambia, was on the 29th May last. Mr. Warlop received Subdeaconship, and Mr. Gallais was promoted to the sacred order of deacon. On the 18th September, the former was made deacon, and the latter was raised to the priesthood. The solemnity of the rites made a deep impression on the people. The Bishop and the individuals ordained belong to the congregation of priests of the Sacred Heart of Mary, a French association specially devoted to the salvation of the Negroes.

ROMAN CATHOLIC JURORS.—At the Thurles quarter sessions on Tuesday, before Mr. Sergeant Rowley, upon the clerk of the peace calling Mr. John Lanigan, of Richmond, Templemore, on the grand jury, Mr. Lanigan refused to take the oath, and addressed the bench as follows:—"May it please your worships, I beg leave to decline acting in future as a juror of this country, upon the ground that the high sheriff has thought proper to state upon his oath that, inasmuch as I am a Roman Catholic, I am unfit to serve as a juror." Mr. Lanigan was about to proceed farther with his observations, when he was stopped by the barrister, who said:—"Really, Mr. Lanigan, these topics cannot be discussed here; this is not the place to enter upon such a subject, and being so good a juror, we cannot afford to dispense with your services." Mr. Lanigan was then sworn. Mr. Going, the sub-sheriff, was on the bench, but made no observation.—Kings Co. Chronicle.

A NEGRO ECCLESIASTIC.—There is at present, in the Orient, a young clergyman of the purest Ethiopian blood, who had lately graduated from the College of Divinity of St Louis, at Paris. By the death of relatives he had fallen heir to the throne of Senegal, but his religious preferences prevailing, he declines the crown, and has nominated, successively his mother and aunt to the regency. In his character of priest, he proposes to devote himself to the moral and religious regeneration of his countrymen.—Home Journal.

Correspondence

CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

Gentlemen—
I have read with much satisfaction the very proper remarks which you have lately made upon that villainous old building which is still disgracefully permitted to disfigure our beautiful Cemetery, and to prevent all further improvement there. In common with my fellow-Catholics of Halifax, I have always felt it as a deep insult, and I know that what you have stated is a very general opinion, namely—that this ugly building would be removed long, long ago, if it were not in a Catholic Cemetery. But there is another feeling abroad amongst us, of which you Gentlemen may be ignorant, and that is that Mr. Ince is the only obstacle in the way, and he has been so for a long time—and that it is him alone the Catholics of Halifax may thank for this continued annoyance. For my own part, I cannot see what Mr. Ince wants with the building in question. There is nothing kept in it but a few old Gun Carriages, and if Mr. Ince says that he has no other storage for them in a more fitting place than a Burial Ground, I would beg to ask him why has he levelled so many stores in the Dock Yard within the last three years? I do not live far from Her Majesty's Dock Yard, and I remember very well when a large building was demolished there, which would have held all the Gun Carriages in the Garrison. I believe Mr. Ince knows that his site is now devoted to horticultural purposes. Indeed, this whole business always seemed very strange to me. Either these old Gun Carriages are of any value, or they are not. If they are not, why tease and worry for so many years so many thousands of Her Majesty's subjects, by keeping up this stumbling-block of offence? If they be of value, they ought to be in a more proper place, under military surveillance, within the walls of a Barrack, or Dock Yard, or a Lumber Yard, with a sentinel to take care of them. At present they are guarded only by dead sentinals, for a number of Catholic soldiers are buried around the building. And, if the rickety and rotten-silled shanty which holds them has not long since been burned to the ground or dashed into smithereens, Her Majesty and the Ordnance need not thank Mr. Ince, but the patience and integrity of the Catholics of this town. We could demolish the whole concern in ten minutes, and, if we gave way to our natural feelings, we would do so; but we are restrained by the advice of our Clergy, and we would not commit an act which we know would grieve them. Officials sometimes wonder that Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, are not more attached to English Government. It is very hard for us, when we get nothing but kicks, cuffs, and insults. No other Religious community in the town would be treated in the manner we have been. I was once very anxious about the removal of this dirty old building, but I am now very careless about it. Indeed, I take a pride in showing it off to strangers, and especially to Yankees, as a standing Memorial of the liberality of the British Government in this enlightened age. If I know how to read the signs of the times, I think, Gentlemen, that England will be glad to conciliate the support of the poor neglected Irish before long. I concur in your opinion, that the Duke of Wellington would be the man to remedy this shocking grievance. What would you think if some of the Catholics sent him a Memorial on the subject, with maps, plans, and a description of the old shanty?
I will probably trouble you next week with a few lines more on this nasty piece of bigotry, and I remain, Gentlemen,
Yours, &c,
A CATHOLIC.
Water Street, Jan'y. 21, 1849.

To the Editors of the Cross.

Gentlemen,—The City of St John experienced, on the 3d instant, a most violent gale, which lasted several hours. The storm was one of Bunkum about the Bible Society, and it was principally felt in the Mechanics' Institute of the above place. The wind began to blow from the ranting Judge Parkér—it was increased by Doctor Patterson of the Grammar School—it freshened considerably with the Rev. Mr Harrison—it was accompanied with flashes of lightning from the Rev Robert Cooney, the Apostate—it raged loud and long under the sanctimonious and bigoted Dr Bayard—it shifted north-

ward in the strange Rev. Mr Thompson, of Aberdeen, and for a protracted period roared most stentoriously, rolling frequent peals of thunder at the Pope and the Vatican—it rather died away in the asthmatic breath of the Rev. Mr Robinson, playing, however, somewhat fantastically—if whistled with poetic license under the Rev. Mr Lawson, who by the way, sounded forth things to be laughed at, even in a pedant such as he—it began to grow calm with Dr. Gray, the lady's man—and it ceased, "died into an echo, as it was fit," at last, in poor Mr Busby. It is, therefore, over for another year—come and past not much to our surprise—a sort of artificial equinoctial gale, forgot as soon as gone.

But let us take a passing view of it. One gentleman says that "the God of the Bible is the God of Providence. I should dearly like to know if the speaker of such words knew whom he was saying. Another remarks, that it is not from "Free Trade, nor from Railroads, nor from Agricultural Societies," that the condition of New Brunswick is to be improved—but it is from "the circulation of the Scriptures." Well, this is the elixir of rant! A third Solon is pleased to inform us that "the Bible is a precious treasure—a treasure that may be communicated to others without being lost to its owners." Surely this is the pick of the "wise saws and modern instances." A fourth, wishing, I suppose, to improve every thing ancient as well as modern, makes a tremendous flourish about the "Odes of Homer," &c: This book must be one of that old bard's posthumous works; that is to say, one he wrote after his death, as a certain wag once insinuated. We never heard of such a collection before.

The speeches were all "cut and dried" for the occasion—the preachers appeared "neat, trim, fresh as bridegrooms, with chins new reaped"—"the house was crowded jam-jam full"—"hundreds" had to withdraw for want of room; yet, would ye believe it, that with all this "bustle and this bother," only—only 212 10s. were gathered from out this mighty heterogeneous mass of Bunkumizers!!

Heaven forbid that I should utter a syllable against the proper use of God's Most Holy Word. 'Tis the unmeaning cant resorted to in these Bible Meetings, that makes one indulge this strain; and it is the falsehoods spoken on such occasions that forces me to say thing like passion. If any thing new had been said, a person might refute it; but no—the whole "melancholy burden" which these rantings bore, was nothing more nor less than the usual stuff produced on such occasions, and now repeated usque ad nauseam. The charge that the Catholic Church is hostile to Biblical learning, was of course made with a warmth worthy of Calvinistic lying. The rest was

"a tale Told by an idiot; full of sound and fury; Signifying nothing."

Looking now at this periodical revival, I cannot help asking—"Where is the good effected by the British and Foreign Bible Society?" Does it impart knowledge? For my own part, I can declare, in all sincerity, that I have met, even within the past year, with several reading persons, young and old, who knew not who their Saviour was, or how many Persons there are in God. This awful ignorance I have been witness to, not in individuals of the lowest class, but in those of very respectable standing. And they had their Bibles—ay, beautifully gilt ones, with clasps and covers, and all "appendages precious." And they had their parsons, too—very scriptural Masters of Arts. And they went to Church—and more, they went to Meeting—and more, they went to Kirk.—"Turn about with them was fair play."—Thus showing how the poor Bible-alone-reading Protestant is tossed about by every "wind of doctrine." And I have known several families of the same Bible readers differing among themselves in nearly every thing respecting religion. I know of one family which consisted of five members, each of whom had a different belief, which he got by his "private interpretation," out of the same "Family Bible." These are only a few instances of thousands, and they lead us to the inevitable opinion that Protestantism is a mere negation, which would never be heard of again, if the Catholic Church could only once be destroyed. The old story says, "take away the target, and the firing will be done"—and we say, remove the Church, if possible, and Protestantism is no more.

On the whole, this Meeting once a year is an amusing affair. Yours truly, ALPHONSUS. N. Brunswick, January 8, 1849.