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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: that thou art Peter: and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

And I shall give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15—19.



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?"—TERTULIAN Prescrip. xxi.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious"—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- SEPTEMBER 30—Sunday—XVIII aft Pent 1st of Oct. St Jerome C and D doub.
- OCTOBER 1—Monday—St Gregory Patriarch of Armenia B M d com of Remigius.
- " 2—Tuesday—Angels Guardian d.
- " 3—Wednesday—St Angela Merici V doub.
- " 4—Thursday—Saint Francis of Assisium C doub.
- " 5—Friday—St Galla widow d com of SS Placidus & c Mm sup
- " 6—Saturday—St Bruno C dou.

PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

SPEECH OF VICTOR HUGO.

"Gentlemen,—Many of you have come from the most distant points of the globe, your hearts full of holy and religious feelings. You count in your ranks men of letters, philosophers, ministers of the Christian religion, writers of eminence, and public men justly popular for their talents. You, gentlemen, have wished to adopt Paris as the centre of this meeting, whose sympathies, full of gravity and conviction, do not merely apply to one nation, but to the whole world. You come to add another link of a still superior—of a more august—kind to those that now direct statesmen, rulers, and legislators. You turn over, as it were, the last page of the Gospel—that page which imposes peace on the children of the same God; and in this capital, which has as yet only decreed fraternity among its citizens, you are about to proclaim the fraternity of men. Welcome then, to us! Gentlemen, this religious idea, universal peace, all nations bound together in a common bond, the Gospel for their supreme law, mediation substituted for war—this religious idea, I ask you, is it practicable? Can it be realized? Many practical men, many public men grown old in the management of affairs, answer in the negative. But I answer with you, and I answer without hesitation, Yes, ('bravo, bravo,') and I shall shortly prove it to you. I go still further. I do not merely say it is capable of being put into practice, but I add that it is inevitable, and its execution is only a question of time, and may be hastened or retarded. The law which rules the world cannot be different from the law of God. But the divine law is not one of war—it is peace. (Applause.) Men have commenced in conflict, as the creation did in chaos. (Bravo!) Whence do they proceed? From wars—that is evident. But whither do they go? To peace—that is equally evident. When you enunciate those sublime truths, it is quite simple that your assertion should be met by a negative; it is easy to understand that faith is encountered by incredulity; it is evident that in this period of trouble and of dissension the idea of universal peace must surprise and shock, almost like something impossible, and only ideal; it is quite clear that all will talk of Utopias; but for me, who am but an obscure labourer in this great work of the 19th century, I accept this resistance without being astonished or dismayed. Is it possible that you can turn aside your head and shut your eyes, as if, in bewilderment, when in the midst of the darkness which as yet envelopes you (Bravo!) you suddenly open the door that lets in the light of the future? Gentlemen, if four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities, and between provinces—if, I say, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Picardy, to Normandy, to Brittany, to Auvergne, to Provence, to Dauphiny, to Burgundy: A day shall come when you will no longer make wars—a day shall come when you will no longer arm men one against the other—a day shall come when it will no longer be said that the Normans are attacking the Picardians, or that the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians. You will still have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know whom you will select instead of armed men, instead of cavalry and infantry, of cannon, of falcons, of lances, pikes, swords? You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from which shall issue—what?—An assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live—an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all—a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve every thing—which shall make the sword fall from every hand, and excite the love of justice in every heart—which shall say to each, 'Here terminates your right, there commences your duty. Lay down your arms!' (Great applause.) And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a

common destiny, you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood, and of the same race, that day you shall no longer be hostile tribes, you will be a people, you will no longer be merely Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Provence—you will be France! (Bravo!) You will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilization (great applause).—if, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men, of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, 'What a dreamer! what a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! what absurdity!' Yet, gentlemen, time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity has been realized? (Bravo.) And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. (Bravo!) Well, then, you at this moment say—and I say it with you,—we who are assembled here, say to France, to England, to Prussia, to Austria, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia, we say to them,—'A day will come when from your hands, also the arms they have grasped shall fall. A day will come when war shall appear as impossible, and will be as impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it is now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. (Applause.) A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and shall constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field shall be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and shells shall be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. (Applause.) A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in public museums just as an instrument of torture is now (laughter and applause), and people shall be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, meliorating creation under the eyes of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers—the fraternity of men and the power of God, (Applause.) Nor is it necessary that 400 years shall pass away for that day to come. We live in a rapid period, in the most impetuous current of events and ideas which has ever borne away humanity; and at the period in which we live a year suffices to do the work of a century. But, French, English, Germans, Russians, Slavens, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do in order to hasten that great day? To love each other is, in this immense labour of pacification, the best manner of aiding God! God desires that this sublime object should be accomplished. And to arrive at it you are yourselves witness of what the Deity does on all sides. See what discoveries are every day issuing from human genius—discoveries which all tend to the same object—Peace! What immense progress! What simplification! How nature is allowing herself to be more and more subjugated by man! How she every day becomes still more the handmaid of intellect, and the auxiliary of civilization! How the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How people far separated from each other so lately, now almost touch! How distances become less and less; and this rapid approach, what is it but the commencement of fraternity? Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be not of more extent than France was in the Middle Ages. Thanks to steam-ships, we traverse the mighty ocean more easily than the Mediterranean was formerly crossed. Before long men traverse the earth, as the gods of Homer did the sky, in three paces! But yet a little time, and the electric wire of concord shall encircle the globe and embrace the world. (Great applause.) And here, gentlemen, when I contemplate this vast amount of efforts and of events, all of them marked by the finger of God,—when I regard this sublime object, the well-being of mankind,—peace,—when I reflect on all that Providence has done in favour of it, and human policy against it, a sad and bitter thought comes to my mind. It results, from a comparison of statistical accounts that the nations of Europe expend each year for the maintenance of armies a sum amounting to 2,000 millions of francs,

and which, by adding the expense of maintaining establishments of war, amount to 3,000 millions. Add to this the lost produce of the days of work for more than 2,000,000 of men—men the healthiest, the most vigorous, the youngest, the chosen of our population—a produce which you will not estimate at less than 1,000 millions, and you will be convinced that the standing armies of Europe cost annually more than 4,000 millions. Gentlemen, peace has now lasted 32 years, and yet in 32 years the enormous sum of 128,000 millions has been expended during that peace on account of war! (Applause.) Suppose that the people of Europe in place of mistrusting each other, entertaining jealousy of each other, hating each other, had become fast friends—suppose they said that before they were French, or English, or German, they were men, and that if nations form countries, human kind forms a family; and that enormous sum of 128,000 millions so madly and so vainly spent in consequence of such mistrust, let it be spent in acts of mutual confidence—these 128,000 millions that have been lavished on hatred, let them be bestowed on love!—let them be given to peace, instead of war (a pause)—give them to labour, to intelligence, to industry, to commerce, to navigation, to agriculture, to science, to art; and then draw your conclusions. If for the last 32 years this enormous sum had been expended in this manner, America in the meantime aiding Europe, know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would be cut through. Railroads would cover the two continents; the merchant-navy of the globe would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barrens, plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would now be found where there are only deserts. Ports would be sunk where there are now only rocks. Asia would be rescued to civilization; Africa would be rescued to man; abundance would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses. Misery would be no longer found; and with misery what do you think would disappear? Revolutions. (Great applause.) Yes, the face of the world would be changed! In place of mutually destroying each other, men would pacifically extend themselves over the earth. In place of conspiring for revolution, men would combine to establish colonies! In place of introducing barbarism into civilization, civilization would replace barbarism. (Great applause.) You see, gentlemen, in what a state of blindness war has placed nations and rulers. If we 128,000 millions given for the last 32 years by Europe to the war which was not waged had been given to the peace which existed, you positively declare that nothing of what is now passing in Europe would have occurred. The continent in place of being a battle-field would have become an universal workshop, and in place of this sad and terrible spectacle, of Piedmont prostrated, of the Eternal City given up to the miserable oscillations of human policy, of Venice and noble Hungary struggling heroically, France uneasy, poor, and sombre, misery, mourning, civil war, gloom in the future—in place I say, of so bad a spectacle, we should have before our eyes hope, joy, benevolence, the efforts of all towards the common good, and we should before the mysterious ray of universal concord issue forth from civilization. (Great applause.) And this fact is worthy of meditation—that revolutions have been owing to those very precautions against war. All has been done—all this expenditure has been incurred, against an imaginary danger. Misery, which was the only real danger, has by these very means been augmented. We have been fortifying ourselves against a chimerical peril, our eyes have been turned to all sides except to the one where the black spot was visible. We have been looking out for wars when there were none, and we have not seen the revolutions that were coming on. Yet, gentlemen, let us not despair. Let us, on the contrary, hope more enthusiastically than ever. Let us not allow ourselves to be daunted by momentary commotions—convulsions which peradventure are necessary for so mighty a production. Let us not be unjust to the time in which we live—let us not look upon it otherwise than as it is. It is a prodigious and admirable epoch after all; and the 19th century will be, I do not hesitate to say, the greatest in the page of history. As I stated a few minutes since, all kinds of progress become revealed and manifested almost simultaneously, the one producing the other—the cessation of international animosities, the effacing of frontiers on the map, and of prejudices from the heart—the tendency towards unity, the softening of the manners, the advancement of education, literary languages—all is at work at the same time—political economy, science, industry, philosophy, legislation, and tend to the same object—the creation of happiness and of good-will, that is to say,—and for my own part, it is the object to which I shall always direct myself,—the extinction of war abroad. (Great applause.) Yes, the period of revolutions is drawing to a close—that of amelioration commences. The

education of people is no longer of the violent kind; it is assuming the peaceful kind. The time has come when Providence is about to substitute for the disorderly action of the agitator, the religious and quiet energy of the pacificator. Henceforth the object of all great and true policy shall be this,—to cause all nationalities to be recognized, to restore the historic unity of people and enlist this unity in the cause of civilization, of peace—to enlarge the sphere of civilization, to set a good example to people who are still in a state of barbarism—to substitute the system of arbitration for that of battles—and, in a word—and all is comprised in this,—to make justice pronounced by force. Gentlemen, this is not the first day that mankind are on this providential course. In our ancient Europe, England made the first step, and by her example before us now for ages, she declared to the people 'You are free!' France took the second step, and announced to the people 'You are sovereigns.' Let us now make the third step, and all simultaneously, France, England, Germany, Italy, Europe, America—let us proclaim to all nations 'You are brothers!' The honourable speaker resumed his seat amidst the most enthusiastic cheering.

ITALY—ROME

MOVEMENTS OF THE POPE.—The *Univers* publishes the following letter from Naples, dated the 24th ult.:—"Naples expects the Sovereign Pontiff; the royal residence at Portici is preparing for his reception, which is a delightful abode at all times but particularly in the autumn. It is said that the Pope will go there direct by sea, for the palace is on the sea side. The day of the departure from Gaeta is not yet officially known, but there is every reason to suppose that it will be on the 2nd or 3rd September. It is hoped, but it is not certain that his Holiness will be present on the 8th, the day of the Nativity, at the *Fete di S. Maria di Pic di Grotta*, so dear to the Neapolitans, and at the grand review which the King usually has on that day. It is almost certain that the Pope will hold a Consistory during his stay at Naples. The visit of Pius IX. to Naples is a first step towards his return to Rome, for his Holiness had promised not to quit the kingdom without visiting the capital. No one, however, can yet say when the Head of the Church will return to the Eternal City. That unfortunate place still retains too many evidences of the revolution of which it has been the victim. It still contains three or four thousand of these wretches who had congregated there from all corners of Europe to enslave and dishonour it. So long as such a number of these men remain there good order cannot be maintained but by the energetic and vigorous action of the foreign troops. In such a situation, would it not be better for the Sovereign Pontiff to delay his visit? Such are the reasons which are put forward on the one hand; but, on the other, it is declared that nothing but the presence of the Pope himself in Rome will smooth down many difficulties and put an end to numerous dangers. There is, certainly, some truth in this opinion, but unfortunately the reason adduced from the situation of Rome are not the only ones which are opposed to his return. The disagreement between the Pope and the representatives of certain Powers has been much exaggerated. But this fact is real. It bears specially on this capital point—will the Consulta which the Pope wishes to give to his people be simply a consultative chamber, or will it be admitted, at least in matters of finance, to have a sovereign vote? In other words, will the Consulta, or will it not, share the sovereignty with the Pope? Independently of the question of right, which is not doubtful, since on the one hand the laws of the Church interdict to Pius IX. the slightest alienation of his sovereignty, and since on the other hand no one can conceive by what right foreign Governments can arrogate to themselves the right of imposing a Constitution on the Pope, independently of the

question of right, I say, it is difficult to comprehend how diplomatists can know so little of the state of things and of the public feeling in the Roman States as to entertain a dream of his resurrection of the constitutional regime. The people are not made for such a regime; they will not have it, and they have evinced that feeling by their votes whenever the question has been opened. To impose the regime is to force on them and on the Pope the yoke of the minority, which has already sacrificed both one and the other. It is to prepare for Rome a fresh revolution, and for the Pope another exile. The French have a terrible mania for imposing on other people their ideas and their laws."

TAKING THE VEIL.

On the 8th inst. two young ladies went through the ceremony of "taking the veil," or entering upon their noviciate, previously to being professed as nuns at the new convent of the Good Shepherd, the second Catholic institution of the kind in Hammersmith. One of the ladies, whose name did not transpire, is from Guernsey, and entered as a lay-sister. The other, Miss Ryder, is highly connected, and, as we were informed, is a convert to the Catholic faith. Amongst the friends who attended to witness her separation from the world, were the Hon. Mrs. S. Murray, the Hon. Miss Frazer, and the Hon. Miss Methuen. Her brothers and sisters were also present. The young ladies kneeling down, a hymn was chanted by a choir of girls from the cloisters to the Virgin Mary. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Wiseman then said a low mass, at which the two noviciates and the entire community received the sacrament; and afterwards, assuming his episcopal insignia, delivered a lengthened exhortation to them. The reverend prelate's discourse was followed by prayers special to the occasion, and the blessing of the robes, &c. The ladies then withdrew to cast aside their worldly attire—Miss Ryder being dressed as a bride; with a rich lace veil suspended from her head (the lay-sisters plainly), and returned in the garb of the order of the Good Shepherd, when they were invested by the bishop with the veil, as an emblem of modesty and purity, and to conceal them from the eyes of the world. They also received from his hands a rosary, to remind them "that they were consecrated to the Blessed Virgin." More prayers being said and hymns sung, they kissed each of their "Sisters in Christ," and after bowing before the altar, left the sacred edifice.—*Liverpool Journal.*

FATHER MATHEW.

The private accounts from America represent Father Mathew as suffering very much from the heat of the climate, and the labour of receiving deputations and attending public meetings. The party spirit which runs so high in some localities, especially amongst some of the Irish, has been a cause of much annoyance to him. Some fault has been found here, with an answer alleged to have been given by Mr. Mathew, in reply to an address from some violent Irish politicians. There are reasons for believing that he never wrote, or caused to be written, a single line of the answer; and further, it is believed that he never saw the answer in question, until it went back across the Atlantic in the Irish papers. This much is certain, that the sentiments in the answer are at variance with the entire tone of what fell from Mr. Mathew, both in public and private; and it is extremely improbable that any society of Irishmen in America could force him to express political opinions hostile to the English government, a thing which he refused to do, again and again, during the rule of O'Connell and the repeal association. Those who censure an absent man, should remember that Mr. Mathew has lost his health in the temperance cause, and notoriously injured his family, besides expending his own means.

On Sunday, the 2d of September, the lady of Mr. John Sparrowe, justice of the peace for the county of Lancaster, made a public renunciation of the Protestant faith in the Catholic Chapel of St. Alban's, Blackburn.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY PIC NIC.

Wednesday being the day appointed for the Pic Nic of the Society, the Maid of Erin at an early hour hoisted at her waist head the green flag with the harp and the motto "Erin go bragh." From 9 o'clock the wharf was crowded by those who wished to see the party start. And party followed party in quick succession, each with its attendant loads of hampers, baskets, &c., giving fair promise that nothing would be wanted at Oak Point to render them comfortable. At 10 o'clock we left the wharf, the band playing Patrick's Day in very good style, and we proceeded slowly up the river; when we arrived at Indian Town we found waiting for us there nearly as many as we had on board. We are certain that the entire party by this time was over three hundred, of whom about one half were ladies. After a few minutes delay we again proceeded on our way up the river.

Oh! what Society can equal an Irish one, when forgetting every thing that has so long divided them, they thus appear in their true character. Life, and spirit, bright and sparkling wit, fun and humour, real and genuine Irish fun, rich and racy, animated all. Scarce had the steamer left Indian Town when the dance began, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas and Contra Dances, were kept up without intermission, nor were the reel and jig forgotten. And when the steamer turned her head to the landing place, the general exclamation was, is it possible we are there. There we were, however, and it was near 2 o'clock. A long table, laid in a beautiful avenue by the river side, the trees meeting beautifully overhead, served as the dining place of many of the party. Others scattered in little groups over the green sward seemed anxious to enjoy the beauties of the scenery while they took their repast, and all was good humour and enjoyment; when suddenly a party of Orangemen, numbering perhaps one hundred, deployed on the green to the sound of fife and drum, bearing their flags and wearing their Orange washes. This at once checked all disposition to enjoyment. The Catholics of the party believing it intended as a counter-demonstration were much offended, and many of them proposed at once returning to the boat. Some said that the Messrs. Parks must have been acquainted with it, and should have taken some steps to avoid so disagreeable a meeting; and they expressed their indignation openly. The Messrs. Parks were most anxious to remove this impression; they protested repeatedly that they knew nothing of it; and Mr. Thos. Parks went to the Orangemen, and told them that the ground was his and that he insisted on their leaving it, adding that they may have chosen some other day if they wished to come here. The band of the steamer was on the green, and Mr. William Parks ordered them to play for none but the party that came in the boat. Indeed both gentlemen, as well as all the members of the committee did all in their power to prove that there was no wish or intention on their part, that any thing of the kind should occur; and the Protestant gentlemen of the party were quite indignant at the insult offered them and expressed their feelings repeatedly. The Orangemen in the meantime, continued to hold their position, on the green; and it being determined by all of our party, that it was best to treat them with utter contempt, a dancing party was got up, and they danced as merrily on Patrick's Day as if there was not an Orange ribbon in New Brunswick. The Orangemen not liking this treatment marched off towards the river, playing the Boyne water. They returned a few minutes after, and with their usual good taste passed quite close to the dancers, rattling away at their drum, but the party never noticed them; no one even looked at them, and they left the ground as crest fallen and humiliated a pack of fools as could well be seen. A few remained on the ground wearing their scarfs but they were not noticed, and we saw some of them slipping off their badges and putting them in their pockets. They appeared generally a set of poor ignorant boors, who if asked what their colors meant, could not tell. We think it fair to state that we saw no arms with them, with the exception of a few old rusty swords, carried by some of their officials. The gentlemen of the Pic Nic party now generally mounted green. The Protestant gentlemen and particularly those of the Society, leading the way. The ladies were all busy wearing oak leaf chaplets, with which all were furnished in a few moments.

Some of the young women who came with the Orange party were happy to see join in the dance. After a short time, the restraint and gloom that hung over every body passed away; and no one seemed to think of any

thing but how to enjoy himself and add to the enjoyments of the day. Dance followed dance on the green sward and it was with much reluctance, the party returned to the boat at five o'clock. With a hearty cheer we got under weigh and again started homewards, and reached Indian Town before 8 o'clock; the amusements on the way home being kept up with even more spirit and animation than during the day.

We have seldom spent a day more pleasantly than this. We felt proud and happy to see our countrymen and fair and lovely countrywomen, thus meet together, to evince their love for their native land, exiles as they are. Love of country is a noble feeling in any man, how much more so in an Irishman, for his poor country requires all his love, and shame on the recreant who refuses it. Oh, what a glorious era it would open, if Irishmen would always come together with the same feelings they showed on Wednesday, with the same wish to rise and elevate the character of their country by thus uniting heart and hand, determined that it should be no longer true that

"While your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

—St. John Freeman, Sept. 22.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

M. POWER, PRINTER.

TEMPERANCE.

We have denounced the shocking vice of Drunkenness, and given a painful description of some of its terrible effects. Some of our Alcoholic readers have been offended, and we dare say, we are now about to displease some of our friends in the opposite extreme, because in performance of our promise we proceed to discuss the injuries inflicted on the Temperance cause by the Intemperate advocacy of its friends. But we are pledged to the truth, and we shall be as unsparing in one case as in the other. If newspaper essays, and public speeches, and enthusiastic meetings, and processions, and cards and medals, and badges and banners, and picnics and steamboat excursions, and sudden deaths, could produce any effect, Halifax ought to be a model of Temperance to the whole world: But, in the moral, as well as the physical world, we have no faith in galvanism. It may produce a momentary vitality; but it is sure to be followed by collapse and death. All mere human influences and arguments may succeed for a time, but they will produce no lasting reformation. A thorough change of the heart can be produced only by Him who created it. Without His grace, His divine assistance, all human attempts are vain. Meetings, speeches, processions and the other modes of exciting enthusiasm above alluded to, may be all very useful in their way; but they are only temporary expedients, not enduring remedies. The influence of example is indeed powerful for good or for evil; and we know from holy writ that "a brother who is helped by his brother is like a strong city." But this fraternal association, in order to produce its legitimate effect, should be founded on religion. This is our solution of the failure of so many human attempts to reform the morals of mankind. Religion was excluded, or if not altogether discarded, was made to play a subordinate part in Temperance movements. The old land marks of morality were thrown down, a new standard set up, and a mere portion of one of the Cardinal virtues was supposed to compensate in the possessor for the loss of all the others. We say a

mere portion,—because moderation in drinking is only one branch of the virtue of Temperance. Then, the nature of the obligation resulting from a Temperance Pledge, was in many instances unduly exalted, and this at the expense of some of the most sacred duties of religion. Those Catholics who habitually neglected the essential obligations of their state were glad to purchase a cheap reputation for virtue, by joining a Temperance Society. They might never confess, nor communicate, nor observe the fasts or holydays of the Church, nor render justice to their neighbour, nor pay their lawful debts, nor discharge their duties to their families, nor restrain their wicked tongues; but the Temperance Pledge was a convenient-cloak to hide all these deficiencies. It was often observed that those who were the loudest in their Temperance professions, were the saddest specimens of Christianity in every other respect; and as one of the most common artifices of hypocritical vice is to decry the solid merits of real virtue, so the Teetotaler, who had nothing else to recommend him, was found to be the most rigid censor of his religious neighbour. Hence the intolerable pride, and conceit, and assumption of superiority, manifested by your red hot fiery advocate of Temperance. Upon all who really observed the virtue of temperance, not only in drinking but in every thing else, he looked down with sovereign contempt. The humble christian, who, during his life, had partaken of the gifts of God with sober moderation; who had never been intoxicated, nor brutalized by this degrading vice, was treated with scorn by the Pharisee, who wore the mask of Temperance to conceal his manifold crimes, and who cried aloud at the corners of the streets in the true spirit of his order,

"I give God thanks that I am not like the rest of men."

This pharisaical pride drove the hollow enthusiasts of Temperance to such a pitch of rabid and intemperate excitement, that they would coerce all mankind, exercise an odious espionage, deprive the people of God of Christian liberty, condemn what is lawful, proscribe what is innocent, and violently distort the sacred text itself in order to countenance their wild extravagance. Thus, it was taught that the wine so frequently mentioned in Scripture was *not wine at all*; that Christ did not institute the Eucharist under the species of wine, and that therefore other liquors should be used for that sacrament; that in no case was it lawful to use wine, even in dangerous illness; that the Pledge was more solemn than a Vow, or an Oath, or a promise made before God's minister even in the holy tribunal of Penance, with other monstrous absurdities both in faith and morals. We are, of course, writing for Catholics, and writing not to decry the virtue of Temperance—God forbid!—but to point out some of the causes of its failure. The loudest, noisiest, busiest, most intolerant, most censorious, most forward Temperance men in Catholic Parishes and congregations, were, with few exceptions, both at home and abroad, public disturbers, rebels against the Church, censors of the Clergy, scoffers

This pious and truly charitable Institution for the Propagation of the Faith was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association, throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:—

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross; on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church; provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur*.

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.

The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PRACOCKE, Superiress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea, at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language, without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14, 1840.

at religion, persons who never bent their knees in the holy place of reconciliation, and who were never seen so long, long years to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. This is no exaggeration, in many respects it even falls short of the truth. Can we be surprised therefore at the signal failures, at the lamentable relapses, at the shameful backslidings and scandalous prevarications? The painful truth is—and it ought to be proclaimed on the house tops—the proper foundations were not laid; the proper remedies were not adopted; the proper restraints were not used. The Scripture was perverted or forgotten; the sacraments were neglected or despised; the keen knife of spiritual circumcision was not applied to the corrupted heart; the deep wounds were cicatrised, not healed; the mote was magnified to a beam, the mountain was diminished to a molehill; whilst the gnat was rejected with fictitious horror, the camel was swallowed without difficulty, and without remorse. That a superstructure raised on these shifting sand banks should totter, and fall to pieces was inevitable in the nature of things. Neither our moral, nor our physical nature, can be kept in a state of perpetual excitement. All violent enthusiasm is necessarily transient, and that virtue which is the creature of pure excitement, and which requires the most powerful stimulants to sustain it, cannot be of long duration. Yet such was the enthusiasm of Temperance, and such the consequences of its intemperate advocacy. It injured, if not destroyed humility, the basis and safeguard of every virtue; it created a pestilent love of notoriety; it produced that dangerous singularity which every wise Christian shuns. The very dregs of Society were stirred up from the bottom, and floated on the surface; the greatest scapegrace in the community was transformed into Cato the censor; the rotten sheep reared on its hind legs, and poured forth its silly bleatings, even against its own shepherd; all order was inverted, all subordination destroyed. Every stupid, illiterate jackanapes who swallowed the Pledge in a fit of excitement as great as that produced by strong drinks, was supposed to have imbibed at the same time copious draughts of wisdom, eloquence and learning. The magic talisman transformed him, by its touch, into a great man. He lost all relish for the ordinary concerns of life. The quiet routine of domestic duties became distasteful. He neglected his business; he was continually absent from his family. He who would have once trembled at the sound of his own voice, now made the rafters of the Temperance Hall ring with his blatant bunkum. And when with hems, and haws, he coughed, and roared, and screamed and thumped, and threw his arms a-kimbo, and clenched his fist in holy indignation against all wine-drinking savages, and belched forth his crude thoughts, and broken metaphors, and disjointed sentences, and assassinated Walker cum Lindley Murray, and murdered the Queen's vernacular, the gaping gawks around cried 'Hear, Hear' from their iron throats, and clapped their brawny hands like brazen cymbals, and thumped the floor as if they had been born and bred in *Shaker's Village*, (State

of New York) and in short got into a frantic agony of delight. Sometimes he would aspire to be Secretary or Treasurer of the 'Great Anti-alcoholic, Anti-ciderical, and Anti-cordial Association for the suppression of Epilepsy and the Teetotum eradication of innoxious beverages, or peradventure an Office Bearer with some other high-sounding title, and half the letters of the alphabet appended in a string to his name, like the tails of a kite! But the summit of his ambition was to concoct with a few congenial spirits a plan for being called to the Chair at a great annual or other Meeting, and to be thrust into that high seat of honour by a well-planned manoeuvre. Then he was in all his glory. Then he threw himself back with all the dignity he could muster, and, if the chair had arms, leant upon them with affected composure, whilst he surveyed his new subjects with a nervous glance, and tried to arrange his bewildered thoughts for the opening address, as well as the interrupting whispers of the bustling Secretary, and the sidgetty Office-bearers and other officious friends would permit. At length he arose with the traction of two ideas—if ideas are divisible—and a broken metaphor or two, and the cries of 'Hear! Hear! Chair! Chair!' were deafening and the stamping of feet, and the clapping of hands were bewildering, and his brain became confused, and he lost his fractional ideas, and his cracked metaphors were smashed into smithereens. And when the murmur of Babel subsides, and the noise sinks down into sharp, short, and single shouts of Order! Chair! Hear! Silence! Bravo! he looks a perfect picture of stolid helplessness, just like the drunkard himself when after a long debauch he gets into the open air, and stands with foolish vacancy of face, deliberating about whether he is able to move home or not, having sense enough left to know that the first step in that direction will be his chief difficulty. But, our Orator's evil genius befriends him. He mutters a word or two, then flings out a disjointed limb of a sentence, and before he has time to commit any grammatical murder, is interrupted with deafening cheers. This music is grateful, and invigorating. He gets fresh courage, and before he has time to finish another dislocation of English, is rewarded by new blasts from the sweet trumpet of fame. As he gets along he learns the trick of lowering his voice in a very pathetic manner at critical points of his sentences, before he has to make verbs agree with their nominative cases, and under cover of the cheering, securely commits those little innocent, literary murders with as much dexterity, as if he had by heart, the celebrated Horatian Canon of the tragic stage

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.

His hapless bantlings are dispatched with all the theatrical proprieties, and after flinging out as much nonsensical jargon as would consign a dozen men to Bedlam under a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, he sits down amidst a chorus of acclamation. He is ruined from that night. He goes home swelling with importance, with all the inflation of a balloon. He is now beyond all question, a Great Man, ay, and a finished Orator; and when his wife brings him his supper, he looks at her with

amazement, and begins to suspect that he must have been mad or drunk when a man of his astounding abilities, condescended to wed so homely and so illiterate a poor woman as that. Henceforth she enjoys very little of his Society. He has so many meetings to attend, and so much business connected with the Association to discharge, and he is a member of so many Committees and sub-committees, and has so many processions to arrange, and so many sinful neighbours to denounce, that he has not a single moment of time to bestow upon himself, his own faults, or his own affairs.

But we must stop for the present, that our readers may have time to digest what we have written. We only beg, meantime, that our object may not be wilfully misunderstood. The cause is best strengthened, by withdrawing from it the rotten support of its hollow friends. The sincere Teetotaller will find his beverage more clear, and more delicious, when the mud, sand, gravel and flies are extracted from the water.

ST. MARY'S CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of the above Society took place on Sunday evening last, in the Vestry of St. Mary's, the Very Rev. the Vicar General in the Chair.

The Chairman stated to the meeting that the gentleman appointed to the office of Secretary, at the Annual Meeting, declined acting, in consequence of which it would be necessary for the vacancy to be filled before proceeding to business,—whereupon,

It was moved and seconded, that Mr. William Compton be appointed Secretary for the ensuing year, which having passed.

The business of the evening commenced, by reading the proceedings of the last meeting, taking up the quarterly dues, and receiving the returns of the Superintendants of the Classes at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's. These returns showed that the average attendance of the children for the last three months were: At St. Mary's, males 250; females 300. St. Patrick's, males 120; females 150.

A letter from Mr. G. W. Dupe, in answer to a vote of thanks passed, by the General Committee of the Society, to that gentleman, was read, in which Mr. Dupe thanked the Committee for their kind consideration, and expressed his readiness to co-operate with the Society at any time his services might be required.

After some conversation as to the necessity of a more effective mode of teaching, Mr. P. Walsh, was re-appointed superintendant of the Classes at St. Mary's for the ensuing year.

The Secretary announced that the sum of Five pounds, thirteen shillings and ninepence, remaining over and above the expenses attending the late Pic-nic had been handed over to the Treasurer to be placed in the funds of the Society.

The Secretary also announced, that he had conveyed to Mr. P. J. Compton, the late Secretary, the vote of thanks passed to that gentleman at their last meeting.

There being no further business before Chair, the meeting adjourned.

W. COMPTON,
Secretary.

Quarterly Receipts £6 12s 11d.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND LAY ASSOCIATION.

There exists a Society called "The Lay Association in Support of the Schemes of the Church of Scotland," and from their Report for 1849 we learn that, as regards foreign Missions, "the year has passed in quiet."

At Calcutta, "the Institution prospers; few conversions occur." "The Committee have heard with pleasure of the conversion of an interesting Hindoo youth, by perusal of the Scriptures at home."

At Madras, "many evince an interest, and a Mr. Francis Christian states that his own mother, a few days before her death, became convinced of the truth of Christianity."

At Bombay, "there has been sickness. An Indo-Portuguese youth has been reclaimed from Popery."

At Ghospara (Ceylon), the only report is—"The Mission here, conducted by native agency, continues to labour satisfactorily."

On no other place is there any report; so we may conclude these are all the establishments of foreign missions of the Church of Scotland. We have carefully noted all the "conversions;" they are "an interesting Hindoo, by reading the Scriptures at home"—"does any other society claim him?"—"an old lady on her death-bed," and "an Indo-Portuguese youth from Popery." The expenditure for these four establishments and three converts is £5,988 19s. 2d., or say £6,000, being £1,500 a-year for each establishment, or £2,000 each for the converts. "Sandy's siller is nae very fructifying."

Of the Jewish scheme we are told—

At Cochín, "Schools continued to be well attended until July, then a sermon was preached; the children ceased to read, and the Jews disappeared from Christian worship; but several Heathens have received baptism, and walk consistently. Five or six Romanists have openly renounced Popery."

In London, "Besides other Jewish converts, the rite of baptism has been administered to Mr. W.—, a native of Hungary."

At Karlsruhe, "One young Jewess has received baptism, and Mr. Suter continues to labour in hope."

At Tunis, Mr. Davis quarrelled with the British Consul and came home. The events are styled "unfortunate," and the ministrations there have ceased. The funds for the conversion of the Jews are £2,337 14s. 8d., or an average of £584 8s. 8d. for each of the four stations; the results, several heathens, five or six Romanists, other Jewish converts, a native of Hungary, Mr. W. (why is he so particularly named?), and a young Jewess. If we take several heathens to mean four, Romanists, five or six; other Jewish converts, to mean three; Mr. W., the native of Hungary, one; and add thereto the young Jewess, one; we have fifteen, cost, £2,337 14s. 8d. or £155 16s. 11½d. each, a far better investment for Sandy's "siller," apparently, than getting converts through "Foreign Missions" at £2,000 each.

How sedulous these gentlemen are when converting heathens and Jews to swell their numbers with what Swift called "veeds from the Pope's garden."—"By their fruits shall ye know them." Alas! that so much zeal, so many good intentions, are, lacking God's grace, wanting the true Faith, but as the efforts of one beating the air—sounding brass and tinkling cybal.

OPENING OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

—On Sunday, 9th inst. the new Catholic Church of St. Augustine, situated in Great Howard-street, was opened for Divine service. High mass was celebrated on the occasion, and sermons were preached, in the morning by the Right Rev. Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy, and in the evening by the Right Rev. Dr. Sharples, coadjutor bishop of this district. There was a very large attendance, and the collection made in aid of the church fund were highly satisfactory. The building will accommodate about 1,200 persons. It was erected in commemoration of those devoted clergymen who, in the performance of their spiritual duties, lost their lives a year or two ago, during the prevalence of fever in this town. We understand that suitable tablets or monuments, to the memory of the deceased, will shortly be placed inside the church. This place of worship will be exceedingly convenient for emigrants and others located near the docks, and will form a sort of chapel of ease to St. Mary's, which is at the present time much overcrowded.—*Liverpool Journal.*

VAGARIES OF EVANGELICAL LIBERTY IN ENGLAND!

STRANGE SCENE AT A CHRISTENING.—At Huddersfield, on Sunday last, between the conclusion of the morning service, and the commencement of the service in the afternoon there were, as is frequently the case, numbers of persons of both sexes, congregated round the baptismal font, at the parish church. Among others there was one party consisting of father and mother, with their brothers and a sister, all of them apparently decent people, with them a brother of the mother, and consequently uncle to the neophyte about to be admitted into the church. The rev. gentleman proceeded through the service till he came to put the usual question to the sponsors—"Name this child." To the astonishment of all present, the uncle (a rough sailor), taking the child a boy, from the arms of the mother, and placing him in those of the clergyman, distinctly gave the astounding appellation of "Bung your Eye." The clergyman started, the clerk stared in astonishment, while some score or two of other parties smiled and tittered, many endeavoured in vain to mother their laughter, but to no purpose. Again, the rev. gentleman (thinking that the question had been misunderstood) asked, "Name this child?" "Bung your Eye" was again the answer. This was too much for human gravity, and loud laughter followed the reply. The rev. gentleman, turning again to the nautical sponsor, asked, "Is it your wish that the child should be baptised in this name?" With the most imperturbable gravity, the seaman replied, with an affirmative bow, "Young man," said the minister, "I wish you would be a little more solemn on this occasion." The reply was, "How can I be more solemn?" The minister then turning to the mother, inquired if she was willing for her child to be so baptised? She replied, with much simplicity, "Yes, if it is a right name; I suppose it must be so." The clerk then stepped forward, and inquired if the child had been registered, and in what name? Yes—named James William. On this the clergyman was about to baptise it in the latter name, but the young tar positively interdicted it, and the minister returning the child to its mother very properly refused to baptise it under so strange and unusual a name. It was understood that the infant was baptised at another church in the district the same afternoon in the name registered.

A COMICAL CHIEF MOURNER.

—The *London Times* of Tuesday describes a singular scene in the vicinity of St Peter's Church yard, Wallworth-road, on Sunday last. A costermonger, named Gothard, died of cholera. The deceased had been remarkable for the attention and care bestowed upon a favourite donkey purchased by him twenty six years ago. Such was his affection for his "Moak," as he called him, that it was his practice, on every Christmas-day, to give him the first cut of the plumb pudding, a treat which the animal seemed to enjoy as he ate the plummy delicacy with the greatest avidity, and washed it down with a pint of strong ale. Even on his death-bed, Gothard did not forget his favourite, for in his will he directed that the donkey should follow him to his grave as chief mourner. This extraordinary request soon got wind in the neighbourhood, and at the time appointed for the funeral some thousands of persons assembled in the churchyard. The authorities connected with the church determined that such an unseemly exhibition should not be allowed. The friends, in consequence, determined only to lead the donkey as far as the end of East-lane. During this portion of the mournful procession, the animal walked at the head of fourteen couple of mourners, with crape tied round its ears. So great was the crowd about the church, that the aid of the police was obliged to be called in to prevent some thousands from forcing their way into the church and churchyard after the corpse. Order was with some difficulty preserved, and the burial service was performed by the Rev. Mr. O'Riley, one of the curates.

REFUSAL TO MARRY UNCONFIRMED PERSONS.

For some time past the vicar of Leigh, and the incumbent of Bedford have refused to marry or to publish the banns of marriage of unconfirmed persons. A government prosecution has been instituted against the latter clergyman, for refusing to marry two parties whose banns had been published in the usual manner before the board of guardians, and who presented to him the registrar's certificate. The trial is expected to take place at the next Liverpool Assizes, and the offence is de-

scribed as one of misdemeanour. A few weeks ago, a young man named James Williamson, of the parish of Lowton, and a young woman named Mary Ann Kearsley, of the parish of Leigh, desired the vicar of Leigh to publish the banns of marriage, but he refused, on the ground that the female had not been confirmed. An appeal was therefore made to the Bishop of Manchester, who directed the vicar to publish the banns. They have accordingly been published during the last two Sundays. The vicar, however, has intimated his intention of instituting proceedings against the female, her father, and brother; the father for neglecting to cause his children to be confirmed, and the children neglecting to come for that purpose. The vicar, on Thursday afternoon last, personally served the following notices upon the parties: "I, James Irvine, vicar of Leigh, in the county of Lancaster, and diocese of Manchester, do hereby require you, James Kearsley, weaver, residing in a cottage situate in a street commonly called Canal-street, near the east end of Twist-lane, in the township of Pennington, within the parish of Leigh aforesaid, to send your son Peter, and your daughter Mary Ann, to the parish church on Sunday next, and on every succeeding Sunday and holyday, to be there instructed and examined in the Church Catechism, after the second lesson at evening prayer, until such time as they have learned all that is therein appointed for them to learn.—Dated this 6th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1849.—(Signed) J. IRVINE, Vicar of Leigh.—David Green, witness."—The following extract from the canons of the church accompanied the above:—"And likewise, if any of the said fathers, mothers, masters, or mistresses, children, servants, or apprentices, shall neglect their duties, as the one sort in not causing them to come, and the other in refusing to learn, as aforesaid, let them be suspended by their ordinaries, if they be not children; and if they so persist, by the space of a month, then let them be excommunicated. Canon lix."—*Manchester Guardian.*

ASSAULT BY THE VICAR OF LEIGH.

—It appears from a report in the *Manchester Examiner*, that the same reverend gentleman has been figuring at a police-court under the following circumstances: "On Monday last, the Rev. J. Irvine, the vicar of Leigh, was charged at Chowbent Sessions with assaulting a little boy about seven years of age, named William Southern, son of John Southern, of West Leigh. It appeared from the evidence of James Blears and Ellen Boardman, that on the 28th ult. the complainant was swinging or leaning on an iron railing fronting the vicarage, when the defendant came out and struck him a severe blow on the cheek, knocking him down and cutting his cheek. Mr. Gaskell, solicitor, of Bolton, appeared for defendant, and said that the vicar had been considerably annoyed by idlers making noises at the front of the vicarage. He wished to call evidence to prove this, but the bench said it would not be allowed. A fine of 1s. was inflicted, making, with costs, £1 7s. The money was paid by the solicitor, and the vicar left the court.

REFUSAL OF A CLERGYMAN TO BURY THE BODY OF A BURGLAR.

It will be recollected that a few days since a young man was killed by jumping from the roof of a house while attempting to commit a burglary in Oxford Street. It appears that he was the younger son of a tradesman who resided in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, for nearly half a century, and who is now in business in Wardour Street. The father claimed his son's body after the coroner's inquest, and was desirous to procure its burial in his own family grave in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The usual fees for breaking the ground were paid by an undertaker, and three o'clock on Saturday afternoon was the time fixed for the funeral to take place. After the grave had been opened, the Rev. Mr. Jones, curate of the parish, having ascertained

the circumstances under which the deceased met his death, positively declined to read the funeral service over the body. The Rev. Mr. Hutton, Rector of the parish, being out of town, Mr. Jones at once sought an interview with the Bishop of London, with a view to obtain his sanction in refusing; and, it is said, although the Bishop declined to insist, he advised Mr. Jones to read the service, in order to avoid anything disagreeable in occurring in the churchyard. Mr. Jones entertaining strong conscientious objections to perform the ritual in such a case, still declined, and communicated his intention not to do so, to the deceased's family, who were equally determined to bury their relative in their own private grave; and a very unpleasant scene appeared imminent. The facts having been communicated to Mr. Wilkinson, of Tavistock Street, who is one of the parish churchwardens, on Saturday morning, that gentleman endeavoured to persuade Mr. Jones to overcome his scruples, but without effect; and as the period for the arrival of the corpse drew near, the greatest anxiety was entertained as to the consequences of the refusal. At length Mr. Wilkinson proceeded to the Clerical Club, in Southampton Street, and having stated the whole circumstances to several clergymen present, one of their number, the Rev. Edward O. Morgan late of Stockwell, consented, to act purely, we believe, from a conviction that, when duly called upon, a minister had no right to refuse to perform the service. The body arrived at the church a few minutes before the clergyman reached the sacred edifice, but beyond the painful state of suspense in which the mourners were kept, no inconvenience arose. The deceased, though only nineteen years of age, was stated to be an adept in crime.

All the honourable pursuits of life are salutary, provided they are not sought with too great avidity, and at the price of integrity and happiness.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Kenbel.*

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

THE CROSS.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication. Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square.

- Mr. Forrinstall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets;
- Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets;
- Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church.
- Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street;
- Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.
- Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—

- Ketch Harbour*—John Martin, J. P.
- Portuguese Cove*—Mr Richard Neal, Senr
- Bear Cove*—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
- Herring Cove*—Mr Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.
- Ferguson's Cove*—Mr. William Conway.
- Quarries*—Mr. O'Keefe.
- North West Arm*—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
- Upper Prospect*—Peter Power, J. P.

Paper Hangings and Borders.

THE Subscriber has received by the Brigt. Mail, a large assortment of **ROOM PAPER**, Window Blinds and Borders, of New Patterns and low Prices. JAMES DONOHOR, May 6. No. 36 Hollis Street