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# THE CROSS.

God forbid that I shou'd glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1843. No. 41.

## Weekly Calendar.

- Dec. 10. Sunday II of Advent. Vespers of the following festival. Commemoration of the Sunday and Octave of Conception.
11. Monday, S. Damascus, Pope and Conf.
12. Tuesday, S. Melchisedes, Pope and Mart.
13. Wednesday, S. Lucy, Virg. & Mart. (Fast.)
14. Thursday, Translation of the Holy House of Loretto.
15. Friday, Octave day of the Conception. (Fast.)
16. Saturday, S. Eusebius, B. & Mart.

With the new year, 1844, will commence the Second Volume of "THE CROSS,"—printed in a new form, with fine clear type. For information, we beg leave to state, notwithstanding that our terms are in advance, very few of our Subscribers have complied with them. Experience has taught us, that it is useless to send papers to people who never think of making returns. The man who cannot pay for one year's subscription, cannot pay for two. He who loves his Religion, loves to pay for the distribution of it.

## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Additional Subscriptions for Saint Patrick's Church, North End, received by Right Rev. Dr. Walsh.

Mr Patk. Kelly, Ward No. 1, 2d half,	£1	0	0
Mr. John Brennan, No. 2,	1	0	0
Mr. Patrick Deegan, No. 5,	2	10	0
Mr. J. L. Compton, 2nd part,	10	0	0
Mr. P. J. Compton, do	10	0	0
Charles F. Compton,	5	3	0
Mr. Michael Burton, No 5,	10	6	0
Mr. Thomas Callaghan, No. 5,	10	0	0
Mr. Michael Archer,	5	3	0
Mr. Jeremiah Collins, No. 6.	2	0	0

December 5, 1843.

## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.

We promised to return to the subject of this newly-acquired and fortunate possession of the Catholics of Halifax. We have set our hearts on its completion, and the realization of the hopes of the friends of religion. We will not be satisfied until we behold it furnished with every thing necessary for the decent solemnization of divine worship. A simultaneous effort on the part of the faithful would accomplish wonders, as it did before. There are very many Catholics in our city who have as yet contributed nothing for this sacred edifice; and some of those who have subscribed ought to remember that if we had to purchase an eligible site, and build a church from the foundation in that part of Halifax, as was once contemplated, a considerable increase in their contributions should be reasonably expected. All should know that when the house of God is to be finished, and an Altar built up to his holy name, it is the duty of each to contribute according to his means. God forbid that we should depreciate the zealous exertions, or truly Christian generosity of many of our brethren. There is in almost every community a chosen few who are ever foremost in every good work, who think not of labour, inconvenience, nor expense where their religion is at stake, and upon whose shoulders, whilst others shamefully neglect their duty, the burthen of maintaining the priest and the temple generally falls. This class in Halifax have been most generous indeed, and their exertions for the last twenty years have been most creditable to themselves and useful to religion. But it is time they should be assisted by the majority of their brethren. It is full time that those who share equally with them in the blessings of religion should cordially unite with them in contributing to its support. Let us therefore make a general effort, and when every Catholic in our community who can afford something, will have given his offering, the burthen will be extremely light on each, whilst the work of God would be fully completed.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE, MAY-NOOTII.

At a Meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 16th November, the Right Reverend Doctor Keating, Ferns, was elected to fill among the Trustees, the place of the late lamented Rt. Reverend Dr. Burke, Elphin; and Dr. Hanlon, Professor of First Class of Divinity Students was elected "Prefect of the Dnnboyne." A "Concursus" for the vacant chair in Theology occurs early in the new year.

We congratulate Doctor Hanlon upon his elevation, and the Dunboyne Class upon a selection, that promises them the inestimable advantage of his great abilities. Dr. Hanlon's is a mind whose reflections can brighten the most obscure paths of scholastic research, and with beamings so soft and inviting withal that the labour of travel is forgotten in the beauty around.

## PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The amount collected for this noble institution in Ireland, for the month ending 2d of November, amounts to the immense sum of over £700. It is a truly splendid collection considering the numerous other claims upon Irish generosity.

## PENSIONING THE CATHOLIC CLERGY

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled in Synod at Dublin, have unanimously passed resolutions reprobating any scheme which would place them and the Clergy of Ireland dependent on the Crown, and expressing their determination to resist it by every means in their power. It was generally thought that the Government intended to introduce some measure of that nature in the next session of Parliament.

## CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

Return of the Number of Children who attended the Christian Doctrine on the following Sundays.

Novr 5, St. Mary's	411,	St. Patrick's	180,	total	591
12,	"	438,	"	210,	" 648
19,	"	472,	"	210,	" 682
26,	"	484,	"	211,	" 695

The regular monthly meeting of the Committee and Collectors of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith was held on Monday evening last, Rev. Richard B. O'Brien in the Chair. The sum of £14 was received—the collection for the past month.

FREE CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Church of St. Francis Xavier, at Fairmount, which has been enlarged and repaired, was opened as a Free Church, for the worship of Almighty God on Sunday last. The Right Rev. Bishop Kendrick preached the Dedication sermon, and a handsome collection made towards defraying the expense attending the repair and re-consecration of the church, it having been enlarged twice its original size.

The approaching course of lectures on behalf of the Young Catholic Friend Society will be a brilliant one. The Rev. Dr. O'Flaherty, who is to deliver the introductory lecture, will have a fitting opportunity for the display of his splendid talents as an orator, and of his profound learning as a scholar. In what better cause could such endowments and such attainments be engaged.—*A. E. Reporter.*

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fleming accompanied by two Ladies from the Convent of the Order of Mercy embarked on board the Ratchford for Waterford on Monday last, and sailed in the course of the day. His Lordship was accompanied to the place of embarkation by the B. I. Society, the Mechanics' Society and a large concourse of the Inhabitants—

At a special meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society, held on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., at the Orphan Asylum, the Vice President John V. Nugent, Esq., in the Chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Proposed by the Hon. Lawrence O'Brien, seconded by Mr. R. Howley.

Resolved, That the Benevolent Irish Society having learned that it is the intention of their esteemed Vice Patron, the Right Rev. Doctor Fleming, to sail in a few days on a visit to Ireland, on business connected with his mission, consider it incumbent on them, previous to his departure, to express to him, in the most complimentary manner, the high estimate of His Lordship's personal worth and public services.

Proposed] by Mr. John P. Mallowney, seconded by Mr. James Power.

Resolved, That for the effectuation of this object, the officers of the Society do prepare an address expressive of the feelings of this body.

The Officers of the Society having prepared an Address, the Vice President reported the following draft; which he submitted to the meeting,—

MY LORD,

The Benevolent Irish Society of St. John's contemplate with sincere regret even the temporary departure of your Lordship from a country upon which your zeal and energy, your spirit and intelligence have conferred so many benefits, amongst which may be enumerated as not the least distinguished, the diffusion of Clergymen for the instruction of the poor people of Newfoundland in localities where, before, the voice of a minister of Religion had never been heard—the dotting of our shores with beautiful buildings dedicated to the service of God, alike promotive of the spiritual and intellectual happiness of the people, and the improvement and adornment of a hitherto neglected country.

But another notice, my Lord, not less cogent to awaken our regret, on this occasion, is suggested by the affectionate relations that have subsisted between your Lordship and this Society during the entire period of your Lordship's administration of this Vicariate. Dedicated as this Body has been to the cause of universal Charity and Christian Benevolence, we have felt proud of our connexion with a Christian Prelate, the whole tenor of whose life has been marked by the deepest devotion to those high attributes: and therefore, do we the more deeply regret any interruption to those relations, however brief the time, or important the occasion.

Permit us, then, my Lord, to pay you this humble tribute of our affection and gratitude for the great and unremitting exertions you have made for the promotion of the interests of the country—to offer your Lordship the sincere expression of our regret that you should, under any circumstances, deem it necessary again to hazard a Winter's voyage across the Atlantic, and to pray ardently that the arm of Him who stills the storm may be extended over your Lordship in protection, and that your return to your people may be speedy and fortunate."

The Address having been read it was

Proposed by Mr. J. P. Mallowney, seconded by Mr. J. Devereux,

Resolved, That the Address of this Society be presented to the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming by the Officers and Members of the Society.

(Signed)

JOHN V. NUGENT, V. President.

JOHN KAVANAGH, Secretary.

REPLY OF DR. FLEMING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY.

Mr. V. President and Gentlemen,

I sincerely thank you for your kind address, because at a moment like this, when my spirit is bowed at the thought of even a momentary separation from my beloved Congregation, the expression of so much affection, of such flattering approval by a body constituted as your is, for the promotion of Christian Charity and benevolence, however unmerited, is soothing and cheering in the extreme.

Your advertence to the lapse of time during which I have had the honor and happiness to be connected with your society, as its Vice Patron, has awakened many pleasing and gratifying recollections.—All the miseries you have assuaged,—the tears you have dried,—the numbers you have sheltered from the piercing winds of our inclement winters whose hunger you have removed,—the little ones whose minds you have enlarged and fortified by the great blessing of a sound and useful education, turning thus upon the world good men and useful citizens those who otherwise might have proved a curse to society—and all this performed in the spirit of true Christianity, irrespective of clime, of colour or of creed—why should I not feel both honor and happiness at the recollection that I had been elevated to the dignity of Vice Patron of such a body.

Believe me, gentlemen, I regard the approval of such a society as high a distinction, though unmerited, that could be bestowed on me; and I almost feel that it is calculated to persuade my self-love that there must be some merit to awaken so flattering an eulogium.—And yet there is a merit, my strong claim to which I cannot resign, which is that there is no individual in existence whose pulse beats more warmly for the spiritual happiness of the people of Newfoundland than mine, or one who is more solicitous to promote them, if heaven bestowed upon me the means.

Accept, then, gentlemen, my heartfelt thanks

for your kind feeling and affectionate wishes; and I shall not cease, believe me, sincerely and reverently to pray that the virtues and good works of your society be reflected upon each of you, individually, and that every happiness, domestic and social, bless you and your families.—Farewell.

✦ MICHAEL ANTHONY FLEMING.

MEETING OF THE MECHANICS' SOCIETY  
—ADDRESS TO DR. FLEMING.

At a special meeting of the Saint John's, N. F. Mechanics' Incorporated Society, held at their Hall on Friday evening the 17th inst. for the purpose of paying a Tribute of respect to the Right Rev. Dr. FLEMING, on his departure for Ireland, the following Resolutions, were unanimously adopted:—

Proposed by Mr. MICHAEL McNAMARA, seconded by Mr. WILLIAM WALSH.

*Resolved*,—That upon the occasion of the contemplated departure of the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming for Ireland, we consider ourselves called upon to testify to his Lordship our appreciation of his private virtues and public service.

Proposed by Mr. AUGUSTIN FOLEY, and seconded by Mr. JOHN POWER,

*Resolved*,—That the officers of the Society do now prepare an address embodying the sentiments of the Body.

The address having been prepared and read by the Secretary. It was proposed by Mr. JOHN POWER, and seconded by Mr. WM. TOOLE,

*Resolved*,—That the address now read be adopted, and presented by the officers of the Society.

ADDRESS.

MR. LORD,

We, the Incorporated Mechanics' Society of St. John's, sincerely unite in the general regret, at your Lordship's departure from amongst us, that is felt around, and we feel ourselves called upon imperatively—before you leave us again—to attempt the terrors of "the wintry deep"—to pay your Lordship this mark of our respect and attachment—the expression of the affectionate confidence of our Body; your Lordship's long and zealous support of the interest of our Society, has not faded from our memory; the many virtues that dignify your private character—the great and numerous services you have rendered to Society generally by the diffusion of clergy-men throughout the Island—by your Lordship's efforts and sacrifices rendered for the promo-

tion of education, as well as by beautifying the face of a country heretofore neglected,—by shedding around us ecclesiastical buildings the most ornamental as well as useful the recollection of all of these, My Lord, while it excites within us feelings of gratitude and admiration towards your Lordship, awaken within us, the sincerest regret that a country which you have served so well and so long, should be again deprived of your presence even for a season, or that a life so dear to all should be once more endangered, by a wintery voyage across the Atlantic.

(On behalf of the Society.)

THOMAS MAHER, *President*.

EDWARD DELANEY, *Secretary*.

DR. FLEMING'S REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,

I accept your kind and flattering expressions of regard with feelings of gratitude, coming from a body so numerous and respectable—a body constituted to promote harmonious dispositions and charitable and benevolent feelings amongst the Mechanics of St. John's.

Having taken an active part in the original formation of your Society, and always feeling a lively interest in the promotion of the great cause of your institution, I thank you for your advertence to my connection with you, a connection that I shall always regard with pleasure and satisfaction, and I beg leave to assure you that the regret you so kindly express at my departure from amongst you is strongly and painfully reflected upon my own feelings, but I am sustained by the reflection that my present, as have been all my former voyages, has for its object the advancement of the dearest interests of the people of Newfoundland.

In taking my leave of you therefore, I have to request the aid of your prayers, and during my temporary absence, as at all times, be assured that my warmest aspirations to Heaven shall be to implore for your Society to be eminently successful in promoting the welfare of the Mechanics of the Island, and for yourselves and your families prosperity and happiness.

✦ MICHAEL ANTHONY FLEMING.

## A Sermon on Drunkenness.

BY THE

REV. DR. ULLATHORNE, V. G.

Preached to the Catholics of various parts of

NEW SOUTH WALES.

“*He that is temperate shall prolong life.*” Eccles 37, v. 34.

“*Let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light; let us walk honestly, as in the day, and not in rioting and drunkenness.*” St. Paul to the Romans, c. 13th, v. 12; and Gal. c. 5.

“*Take heed to yourselves lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness,—and that day come upon you suddenly.*” Luke c. 21, v. 34.

What is a drunkard? A christian is one who follows and practises the virtues of Christ. An angel is a pure creature, that contemplates and enjoys God. A man is a creature that thinks and reasons. A brute is a creature that follows its appetite indeed, but never goes to excess beyond the bounds of order. What is a drunkard? I have gone through the whole of creation that lives, and I find nothing in it like the drunkard. He enjoys no happiness, like the angels: he is not preparing himself for happiness, like the christian: he does not think or reason, like a man: he keeps not his appetite within the bounds of nature, like the brute—What then is the drunkard! The drunkard, is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened.

This is not a subject in which we can be allowed to soften down the truth in our words until it becomes falsehood.

The drunkard is a self-made wretch, who has depraved, and gratified the depraved cravings, of the throat of his body, until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh; and has sunk his very flesh, beyond comparison, lower than that of the animals which serve him: a self degraded creature, whose degradation is made manifest to every one but himself: a self-made miserable being, who whilst he is insensible to his own misery, afflicts every one else with misery around him or belonging to him. He differs from the madman only in this: because, the madman has not caused his own calamity, whilst, this man has: because, the madman is innocent, whilst this man is guilty. The madman is an object for pity, and compassion, and all the cares of humanity; whilst the drunkard is an object of ridicule, scorn, and contempt: a butt for the world to play its follies at: a stock for the world's laughter: a ball for its game of mockery: a tool for the knave's cheater, and the harlot's wile: an instrument in the hand of Hell's malignity. The madman is placed in security, he can be guarded against injuring himself or others. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind like some foul, ill-boding, and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust every thing that reasons or feels; whilst the curse of God hangs over his place, and the gates of Heaven are closed against him. “*Be not deceived,*” says the Apostle, “*neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor drunkards, shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven.*” It is not I, it is St. Paul who classes the drunkard in such company and shuts the gates against

him. An outcast ! The woes of Heaven fall thick and fast upon him.—“*Who hath woe ?*” asks Solomon, “*whose father hath woe ? Who hath contentions ? Who fall into pits ? Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness of eyes ? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink up their cups.*” “*Woe to you,*” says Isaias, “*that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink until the evening to be inflamed. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride. to the drunkenness of Ephraim ; the drunkenness of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot.*” Are not these woes written on the face of the drunkard ? Are they not heard in all his acts ? Knows he what he says, or what he says not ? Has not prudence left the guard of his tongue ? Is there any gate to his mouth, any bar to his lips ? Are not the secrets of the past, and the follies of the present, and fetid fumes of the liquor, and the foul thoughts of the tempter, mingled together, and poured out upon all around him ? The very animal powers sink under drunkenness. It darkens the senses as well as the soul, and deadens the feelings as well as the mind. Weakens, stupifies, sickens, shatters the frame of the animal as well as the frame of the rational man. Deprives him of God, deprives him of heaven, deprives him of honor, casts him off from human respect, casts him away from the friendship of men, destroys his fortune, ruins his family, deprives him of himself, kills all his good here, and all his hope hereafter, and bloats his body with premature disease, to fatten the worms and enrich the rankness of the grave yard.

A Holy Father has described this

condition as truly as briefly. “*Drunkenness,*” he says, “*is a willing fury, a traitor of thoughts, a ridiculous calamity, a voluntary demon, a state worse than madness.*” Would you know how the drunkard is worse than the demoniac ? We pity the tormented demoniac, we abhor the drunkard. We condole with the one ; we are indignant and irritated at the other. The snares of an enemy have possessed the demoniac ; his own counsels have possessed the drunkard. With the demoniac he is driven about a slave by his possessor ; with the demoniac he is fallen from his state of mind and manhood ; with him he staggers, falls, rolls a disgusting eye, foams and exhales nauseousness. He is disagreeable to his friends, ridiculous to his enemies, contemptible to his servants, loathsome to his wife, scandalous to his children—odious to all. Whilst all that call him acquaintance are indignant, and all that call him friend are distressed ; whilst his nearest relations are miserable, and his children are squallid from neglect, wretched, perhaps, from want of care, wicked from example ; the drunkard sits in the house of crime, at the table of infamy, with his cup of weakness, his draught of poison before him, and is there contending with his brother drunkard, which shall most defame himself ; which shall show the greatest folly, which shall exhibit the meanest baseness, which shall best shatter his nerves, and destroy his nature, and abuse and anger their common Lord and Creator.

St. Chrysostome has well described the effect of intemperance,—“*Paleness, weakness, laziness, folly.*” Pale hanging cheeks, red ulcered eyes, trembling hands, furious dreams, restless distracted sleep : like murderers and

persons of an affrighted conscience, so broken, so sick, so disorderly are the slumbers of the drunkard, who wakes to misery. Shew me a temperate man, and I will show you a prudent man; shew me a temperate man, and I will shew you a virtuous man; shew me a temperate man, and I will shew you a prosperous man; shew me a temperate man, and I will point out to you a wise man. For intemperance is the root of folly; intemperance is the seed of madness, intemperance is the fountain of uncleanness; intemperance is the well-head of injustice; intemperance is the poison-spring of unbelief; intemperance is the stream where each virtue drowns herself; intemperance is the cloud of fleshy vapour which rises over and darkens all the soul. "Wine," say the Proverbs, "is a luxurious thing, and drunkenness, riotousness. Who-soever is delighted therewith shall not be wise." "Wine drunken with excess," says Ecclesiasticus, "is bitterness to the soul." "The heat of drunkenness is the stumbling block of the soul, lessening strength and causing wounds." Yes, lessening strength.—There is an idea abroad, that strong drink strengthens. Never was there a mere fatal error. All stimulants to excitement when taken to excess, strengthen at the moment, but leave the body weaker ever after. "Look not then," says the wise man, "on the liquor when it is yellow, when it sparkleth in the glass; it goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a Snake, and spread abroad poison like a Basilisk." Like the honey with the sting it, both go down together. The sweetness soon leaves the palate, but the sting has only commenced its work.

See the drunkard begin, but watch him till he ends his career of intoxica-

tion. He has sat at table, he has filled his cups, he has invoked the companions of his guilty joy, his mirth has maddened into riot, then fevered into criminal passion, then lowered into obscene drivel, then sunk into stupor; he has uttered folly and thought it wisdom he has profused curses where he should have uttered blessings; he has poured out filth and mistaken it for wit; the Christian has now left the scene, and human nature is fast following him; reason fades away as folly grows more boisterous; the madness of folly glides off too, and stupidity remains the only companion of drunken insanity; the room reels; the table moves; the man has fallen away and a beast lies in his place. And even this brute is dead, all but the throat and belly, and these are sickly. Like the Banquet of Sisara, it ends with driving a nail through the man's head. The very infidel, who in old times wrote against Christianity, could say this much of drunkenness "That it knocks down the man, and, nails him to the sensual intermixtures of the body."

What man loves to be despised? Which of you will endure patiently the contempt of another? And yet every drunkard crowns his head with mighty scorn. Putting himself beneath the lowest; degrading himself under the meanest. The boys laugh at him, children hoot him, and the criminal scorn him as he is led home like the cripple, lisping the imperfect noises of an infant or babbling with a full and spongy tongue, an empty head, a foolish heart. Woe and alas! God of Heaven! Dare I appeal to Thee from amidst such a scene! Thy creatures too! Whither has thy image departed from them! To see a sensible man dishonour himself like the foolish; disgrace his friends



like the impious ; impoverish his family like the unjust ; bring degradation on those who are dearest to him like the heartless ; bring reproach on religion like the prophane ; destroy his body like the murderer, and his soul like the infidel ; become an appellation of scorn and a scene of derision to all, and of forgetfulness to himself. Where, O God, is thy image in this man ! Where divine Lord, are the marks of his baptism ! Where, sacred heavens, are the features of your child ! And call you yourself still a christian ? And name you yourself yet a man ? Where then are the commands of the Gospel ? Where the precepts of the Church ? Where even the laws of nature, the ties of humanity, and the instincts of self-preservation ?

You have not got so far, you are perhaps ready to tell me. You have not come to these excesses. Nor are you so abandoned, the heavens forbid, in your excesses. No. But you have made a beginning nevertheless. But you have already gone a certain extent—you feel yourself going further. And where, and when did the drunkard ever stop, and say, “I will go no further.” and did not go further : unless death in compassion, destroyed him in the flower, before he had ripened into all those fruits which I have described. Drunkenness is a vice which the more it is indulged the more the palate sickens and languishes ; the less the appetite enjoys, from its satiety—the more it craves. Providence has kindly limited the possible extent of indulging this degrading habit, or it would never stop till it had, as far as possible, turned every thing salutary and healing in nature into the means of self-destruction.

You have not got to all the excesses which the constitution of your nature

will allow of. But you have sown the seeds of those excesses. The habit is already, perhaps, planted within you ; it has reached a certain bulk ; it is increasing ; it is striking its roots deeper and broader ; it is entwining its fibres more closely round your heart ; you have no effectual will to stop its progress : it will allow of no check unless plucked out altogether : it will of itself make increase—the difficulty of rooting out the habit is weekly greater by its weekly growth. Nothing grows upon human nature like that most abject of its propensities, that most degrading of its habits—drunkenness. And is it not a law of our fallen nature, that the grossest and rankest productions grow most ripe and abundant with the least care ? If, then, you have not reached all those excesses, you are in the way to them ; and your readiness to excuse yourself is the surest proof that you love the vice ; and that, unless arrested in your career, by that cold hand which stops all our vices and brings them to their punishment, you will yet exhibit yourself a spectacle of all those excesses ; deprived of the powers of body and of mind ; a mere living vegetable corruption ; your soul dead and entombed within your body, and your body itself with only a few useless organs left to be destroyed. Not in the grave indeed, but still on this side of it, only to infect and afflict every thing near you with wretchedness. And if the drunkard finished in his vice be such a spectacle before man on earth, what, before those Angels of Light, who look down upon human deeds ? What, to the sacred eyes of Him who dying redeemed our wickedness ? What to the all-pervading contemplation of the Omnipotent God ? Will he not again at this spectacle, be moved inwardly and re-

pent that He ever made man? And if he does not again send a deluge to destroy him here; will He not reserve him for the deluge of fire, which will not be quenched? "Do not err," says St. Paul, "*neither fornicators, nor the servers of idols, nor adulterers, nor the unclean, nor thieves, nor misers, nor DRUNKARDS, nor cursers nor plunderers, shall possess the Kingdom of God.*" Into what a crowd St. Paul casts the drunkards. What! some proud mind is ready to ask me, is the drunkard one with the idolator? Do not object O man! You have heard the Divine Laws. Do not interrogate me. Ask the Apostle, and he will still answer you, that both are equally shut out from the kingdom of God. As this then is clear, why need you ask me to take measure of the enormity of your sin? As he stands without the gates, as he is excluded from the possession, as he is lost to salvation, as he is consigned to eternal torments; why need you reach to me the scales and weights to balance and show the proportion of iniquity between these vices? And why so anxious to ascertain the enormity of drunkenness, separate and alone, when it is never to be found alone, and unaccompanied by some, if not all, this crowd of horrid crimes? Is not drunkenness the fertile mother in whose womb all those vices are engendered? are they not the accursed offspring of this accursed parent? And shall not the mother Vice carry the curses of her brood? Go to the house of the drunkard. Consider his family. Look at his affairs. Listen to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness, and the house of intamy, as you pass. Survey the insecurity of the public ways and of the night streets. Go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the

bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison and the condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the ironed criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you? and you will every where be answered by tales and recitals of the effects of drunkenness. And the miseries, and the vices, and the sorrows, and the scenes of suffering which have harrowed up your soul, were, almost without exception, either prepared by drinking, or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice and the vices which spring from it.

Mere intoxication is but the starting post of the drunkard's course. To what a train of roads does drunkenness point, like some portentous finger-post erected upon earth by the infernal powers to conduct to their dominions! Drunkenness—dissoluteness, debauchery, disease, the hospital, death.—Drunkenness—evil company, cursing, swearing, gambling, prophanity, infidelity, death in impenitence. Drunkenness—idleness, carelessness, destruction, death in abandonment. Drunkenness—riotousness, quarrelling, injuries, insults, inhuman fightings, sudden death. Drunkenness—lawless companions, thefts, robberies, plots, murders, the gaol, the iron gang, the gallows. Drunkenness—weakness, gloominess, wretchedness, melancholy, wild fantasies, black horrors, madness.

These are but a few of the courses of the drunkard. But, whilst the drunkard himself totters or crawls along his destined path to his destined end, without a sense of his shame, or a feeling of his condition, or a regard to his friends, or a thought for his family, or a reflection towards his soul, or a glimpse of his destination, is God silent? Are the heavens without know-

ledge? Does no eye see? And no hand take note? God is silent, but not inactive. The silence of God is the sinner's worst punishment. He no longer troubles the conscience; he has ceased to warn: he is silent. He contemplates the drunkard's course, patiently collecting his wrath, like smouldering fire; and his vengeance, like black clouds into his bosom: why should He be in haste? God's time is eternity; and still as the drunkard heaps crimes, God heaps vengeance. Why should He hurry? God is all powerful. What can escape him? The hour comes, and the tempest of God bursts. Why should it be visibly? There are other drunkards to be handled by the same judgment. Hear Himself, speaking by the mouth of Isaias—"I have been silent, I have held my peace, I was patient: my words shall break forth as ore in labor, I will scatter them: I will wrap them up in a whirlpool?" But the hour is not yet come, though every cup of intoxication hurries it; on goes the drunkard, thoughtless, senseless, despised, to his destruction. Look at that creature, how can I call him man when he has lost all the qualities of manhood? See him as he staggers on his way; his frame shaken with excess; his head falling, floating heavily on his body, or falling over his side; his squallid appearance; his mouth of folly; his eyes of wild, guilty insanity; his unmeaning look; his incapable fury. He has come from the house of drunkenness. All that can be done for him, for some time to come, is to treat him like a helpless idiot; to put him to his bed, if possible, until he recovers his existence, and a feeling of melancholy, jaded wretchedness of mind and body, which he again seeks to drown

and forget in another fit of drunkenness; until he at length rounds out his miserable remnant of life, and is dissolved into the grave. Look at that fury. She, once, was a woman; dear to some; beloved by many; amiable to all. See that face, once meek, and lovely with the pure beams of innocence, now convulsed with all the diabolical passions which issue from the infernal pit. Harken to the impure, obscene, ungodly flow of her lips. She too has come from the house of drunkenness, and is hastening to the den of infamy; or, like some unnatural monster, is going home to her family to suckle her children with her vices. See that young man. At present, he is honest, useful, thriving; esteemed by his friends and respected by all who know him. But, he is entering the house of drunkenness. He reads his lessons in the school of vice. And every one is beginning to be uneasy with apprehension; to look towards his future; to prophecy his coarse and give him over as lost. He begins to suspect himself neglected, then to feel himself disregarded, then to know himself deserted, then abandoned, then shunned; and he reasons foolishly on the subject, for he has drunk the wine of madness, and abandons himself.

I know of no disorder so difficult of cure as the disease of confirmed drunkenness. Few recover. The vice, become habitual, has eaten away too much of their mind and reason to leave sufficient nerve and vigour for a strong and steadfast resolution. Far be it from me to discourage even those who have gone so deep. There are sufficient examples to shew that they may recover, if they will but take the means. But I must not dissemble the truth. I would warn the beginner, and those

who are tempted to begin. I would entreat them to consider how difficult and rare it is to recover into habits of sobriety after having reached a certain point. Let the beginner draw instruction in time. Let him take to himself the thought; arrest the beginnings; pluck out the habit whilst its roots are young and green; and shield himself with caution. Let him draw lessons from bad, as well as from good, examples. There was a nation of heathens, the ancient Spartans, who held this vice in such horror, that though they never drank to excess themselves they intoxicated their slaves; that they might show their children by example to what a condition drunkenness brings our nature. You, alas! have no occasion for such an expedient. In every street and on every road, men calling themselves Christians will read you this lesson: the land reels with drunkenness. Consider it well and take profit to yourselves. Turn over in your minds the anathemas of the Apostle and the woes of the Prophet until they inscribe themselves in your heart, and the fear of them becomes a portion of your being. Mark them written on the brow of the drunkard. Watch him in his career until you see them all accomplished. Write them over your door, inscribe them over your chimney-piece, in your chamber, on your table, in the bottom of every glass; utter them in your devotions; hear them in the sounds of every tavern as you pass; and read them on every sign board. Better you should pass your whole time in studying the woes of drunkenness, than spend your life in feeling them and your eternity in suffering for them.

Do not ask me, how you are to break yourselves of this degrading habit? The

general rule is very simple. Have a willing mind: shun the occasion: fly idleness. Fix for yourselves a measure in your friendly domestic meetings, beyond which you are never, whatever be the occasion, to exceed, and never see the inside of a tavern. Be fully assured, that you cannot go beyond your measure, however little, on one occasion, without going beyond it always. Consider in what places and with what persons you are most tempted, and avoid them. "Those that love the danger shall perish in it." Let no motive, no wish to appear hospitable, no cruel invitations, no pressings of seeming friendship induce you to forget the friendship which you owe yourself. Repeat your resolution each morning when you rise, and pray for strength to keep it. Examine how you have kept your engagement each evening when you go to rest. If you have failed once, be not discouraged: try again. Nothing delights the eye of heaven more than to see us wrestling manfully with our infirmities; rising courageously after our falls; drawing humility from our weaknesses, and caution and strength from our humiliation. Only he who gives up in despair is conquered. Renew your resolution; strengthen it with prayer; observe the occasion of your past fall and remove it. The last advice which I shall give you is one of great importance. Put yourself, with all obedience, under the guidance of a spiritual director. There is a sort of fascination about this vice which often renders the drunkard powerless for his own deliverance; temptation acts upon him like a charm, he requires the hand of another to free himself from her enchantment. Fly, then, to your pastor. The grace of God is not be wanting. And let the counsel

tions and blessings of a conscience healed, of health recovered, of character restored, of affairs retrieved, of a family made happy, of friends returning with gladdened hearts, of the revival of life now, and the future hopes, which await your redemption from intemperance, be your encouragement.

### SERMON OF ST. BERNARD.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER GERARD, WHO HAD HELD A MINOR OFFICE IN THE MONASTERY OF CLAIRVAUX.\*

The Saint had been preaching a series of sermons on one book of the holy scriptures, and the first part of the discourse, in which he alludes to his brother's death, is a continuation of the subject which had employed him on the preceding day. At length he breaks out, "How long shall I dissemble and conceal the interior fire which consumes my sad breast? What is this canticle to me, who am in bitterness? "Quid mihi et cantico huic, qui in amaritudine sum?" The power of grief has defeated my intention, and the indignation of the lord hath wasted my spirit. I have done violence to my soul, and I have hitherto dissembled, lest affection should seem to have conquered faith. While others wept, I, as you can testify, followed the sorrowful train with dry eyes: with dry eyes I stood at the grave, until all the solemn rites were fulfilled. Clad in the sacerdotal habits, I recited with my own tongue the accustomed prayers for him; with my hands I threw, as usual, the earth upon his beloved body, which was soon to be earth. They who beheld me wept, and wondered that I did not

weep, and they rather lamented me who had lost him; but I only struggled against affection with the strength of faith. Nor had I the same command over my grief as over my tears, but, as it is written, "turbatus sum et non sum locutus. But grief suppresses, sinks more deeply, and is more intense from not being suffered to have vent. "Fateor, victus sum. Exeat necesse est foras quod intus patior;" it must come out to the eyes of children who, knowing the loss, will hear my complaint with more humanity, and will console me with greater gentleness. You know, my children, how just is my grief. You observe what a faithful companion hath deserted me on my road, one so awake to care, so active in affairs, so sweet in conversation. Who so necessary to me? by whom was I so loved? "Frater erat genere, sed religione germanior." I was weak in body and he bore me; I was faint in heart and he comforted me; negligent, and he excited me; forgetful, and he reminded me. Whither art thou torn from my hands, man after my own heart? We have loved each other in life, how shall we be separated in death? Hard condition, but it is my fortune, not his, which is tearful. For you, dear brethren, if you have lost those dear to you, it was that you might find those who were still dearer: but what consolation is left to me? I have lost the delights of friendship; you have but changed them. How, I desire to know, what you, who are in the choir of angels, now think of me in the midst of trouble and sorrow! If thou can'st think of the miserable who has entered that abyss of light, and art absorbed in the ocean of eternal felicity: for perhaps, although thou hast known me according to the flesh, now

\* This holy brother of St. Bernard died in 1138.

thou no longer knowest me, being entered into the power of the Lord, mindful only of his justice, forgetful of us; but 'qui adhaeret Deo, unus spiritus est,' and is changed into divine affection; neither can he perceive or understand aught except God, and what God perceives and understands; but God is charity, and by how much any one is more near to God, by so much is he more filled with clarity. Moreover, God is passionless, but not without compassion, whose property is always to have mercy and to forgive. Therefore, of necessity, thou must be merciful who art joined with mercy, although thou mayest not be in the least unhappy; and thou who art without suffering, must, nevertheless, have compassion. Thy affection is not diminished but unchanged; nor since thou hast put on God hast thou thrown off the care of us: for he hath care of us. What is weak thou hast thrown off, but not that which is pious; for charity never faileth: and thou wilt not forget me for ever. Methinks I hear my brother saying, "Numquid mater oblivisci poterit filii uteri sui? Utsi illa oblita fuerit, ego tamen non obliviscar tui. Thou knowest where I lie, where thou hast left me. There is no one to stretch out a hand to me. On every occasion I am looking to Gerard as I was accustomed, and he is not. Alas! then I lament as one without assistance. Who will carry my burdens? who will shield me from danger? No one would come to me who had not first sought Gerard; for he would meet them coming, offering himself, lest they should suddenly incur my anger.

O industrious man, faithful friend! Who ever departed from him empty? if rich, he had advice; if poor, he had alms. Thanks to you, brother, if there be any fruit of my studies in the Lord; to you I owe it if I have made any advance.—Thou wert occupied, and I kept holiday and gave myself to study; for why should I not feel secure within, while I knew that you were abroad, my right hand, the light of my eyes, my

breast and my tongue? But why do I say of his occupation without, as if Gerard was destitute of spiritual gifts? they who are spiritual who knew him, know how spiritual were his words. How often, when conversing with him have I learned things which I knew not before, and I, who came to teach, went back more learned! He had no learning, but he had the sense, the creator of learning; he had likewise the spirit which giveth light. Nor was he only great in great things, but also in the least. What escaped the skill of Gerard in building, in tillage, in gardening, in irrigation, in all rural arts? He was master of hewing stone, of building, of husbandry, of making shoes and weaving. When in the judgment of all he was wiser than all, alone in his own eyes he was not wise. I could say more of him, but I forbear, because he is my flesh and my brother; but this I confidently add, that to me he was useful in all things, and above all; he was useful in small and great things, in private and public, abroad and within. Justly I depended on him, who bore the labour, and left me to gain the honour. I was called abbot, but he was the first in solicitude. Justly did my spirit rest in him, by whom I was enabled to have delight in the Lord, to preach with more freedom to pray with more security. Alas! thou art taken away, and all these things are gone! for with these I have lost my delights and my joy. The hand of the Lord hath touched me. Let him who is wholly condescend to me, and him who is spiritual, in the spirit of gentleness, let him bear with grief. We daily see the dead bewailing their dead, much tears and no fruit. We do not blame the affection, unless when it exceeds moderation. This is of nature, that in vanity and sin; for these bewail the loss of earthly glory and the sorrow of the present life; and they are to be mourned over who thus mourn; my sorrow is not of this world; for I mourn things which are of God, a faithful help-

er, a wise adviser; I mourn for Girard, my brother in the flesh, but one most near to me in spirit. I confess I am not insensible to punishment; I shudder at my death, and at the death of my friends: he was my Girard, mine altogether.—Pardon me, my children, and share with me in grief. Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; but I condemn not the sentence which hath obtained the crown for him, and the punishment for me. Thou art gone before; thou art gone to those whom, about the middle of thy last night, thou didst invite to praise, when suddenly, with a countenance and voice of exultation, thou didst break forth, to the astonishment of those who were present, with the words, “Laudate Dominum de cœlis, laudate eum in excelsis. And now, my brother, the day was beginning to dawn to you at the dead of night, and the night did shine as the day; I am sent for to behold that miracle, to behold a man exulting in death and insulting death. Death, where is thy victory, where is thy sting! There is no sting but there is jubilation. The man dies singing, and sings in dying. When I arrived, I heard him finishing the psalm with a clear voice; he looked up to heaven, and said, “Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum;” and repeating these words, and frequently sighing, Pater, Pater, turning towards me with a joyful face he said, what condescension in God, to be the father of men; what glory for men to be the sons and heirs of God! For if sons, then heirs. Thus did he sing, and thus did he almost turn my sorrow into songs of gladness. “Justus es, Domine, et rectum judicium tuum.”—Thou gavest Girard, thou hast taken him away, and if we mourn for his departure, we do not forget that he was given. I remember, O Lord, thy agreement and thy mercy, that thou mayest be the more justified in thy sayings, and that thou mayest conquer when thou art judged.—When we were at Viterbo last year for the affairs of the church, he fell sick; and when he seemed near death, I bitterly lamenting that I should have to leave the companion of my journey in a strange land, and that I should not be

able to return him to those who had entrusted him to me, since he was loved by all, and was most worthy of love, I betook myself to prayer with tears and sighs, and I said, ‘wait, O Lord, till we return’ Thou didst hear me, O Lord; he recovered; we fulfilled our object; we returned with joy, and brought back the sheaves of peace. I almost forgot my agreement; but thou didst not forget it. I am ashamed of those sobs which convict me of Prevarication. What remains? Thou hast sought thine own.—Tears shall make an end of words. Do thou only, O Lord, prescribe limits and an end to them.”—[S. Bern. in Cantica, Sermon 26.]

(From the London Tablet.)

### SCOTLAND.

**LIBERAL DONATION.**—Bishop Gillis has transmitted to the late Lord Provost (Sir James Forrest) a cheque for 100*l.* out of the funds of the late Mr. Menzies, of Pitfodels, to be laid out in providing comfortable winter clothing for fifty poor people, twenty five men and twenty-five women; a similar amount having been previously set apart for the relief of the Roman Catholic poor.—[Edinburgh Weekly Register.]

### IRELAND.

**THE LATE VERY REV. DR. FITZGERALD.**—On Friday, the 10th inst., the solemn office and High Mass, in commemoration of the month's mind, or memory, of the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, was offered to the Almighty, in the Cathedral of Carlow. The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy Bishop of Cork, was the special celebrant, assisted by five other prelates, and a great number of the clergy. After the mass, the Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, Bishop of Ossory, delivered a plain but practical discourse upon the life and acts of the late President of Carlow College, with which he was so long connected. Amongst those present on this occasion, in addition to the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy and Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, were the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel, Right Rev. Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford, Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, and Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. A considerable number of the laity also attended on this mournful occasion.

**MILANE.**—The monthly commemoration for the eternal repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. Andrew Mackean, took place on the 9th

inst. in the Catholic Church of Milane, one of the sacred edifices built during his administration. In the unavoidable absence of the learned Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, the Venerable and Very Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty, V. G. and P. P. of Tullamore, presided. The high priest was the Rev. M. Fitzsimonds, P. P. of the Seven Churches, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, as deacon. Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald as sub-deacon, and Very Rev. P. O'Farrell, P. P. of Terbane, as master of the ceremonies. The church was crowded to excess with the flock and friends of the deceased, and between thirty and forty clergymen from the diocese of Ardagh, and of the adjoining dioceses, were present. The Very Rev. Michael O'Beirne, P. P. of Clongshyer, Newtownforbis, succeeded the late lamented pastor of Ballynahown.

**SYNOD OF THE CATHOLIC PRELATES.**—The Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland commenced their annual synod in Dublin on Tuesday last. The attendance has been most numerous, only three or four very infirm prelates being absent. Matters of considerable importance, it is expected, will be discussed and adopted at this meeting.

**CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. McNALLY.**—In the expeditious notice which I sent for insertion in last TABLET, I omitted some particulars for the sake of brevity—which, perhaps, ought to be stated. The apostolical letter, of his Holiness, was read by the eloquent and learned Dr. McGinness, P. P. of Clones. In addition to the letter of his Grace of Tuam, apologising for indispensable absence—apologies were also received from the venerable Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Achonry, Derry, Dromore, Cloyne and Ross, Ferns, and Clonfert. Every parish priest in the diocese (except one or two) and the greater part of the curates, were present. Several clergymen of the neighbourhood dioceses were in attendance, and the Rev. John Duane, P. P. of Saggard and Rev. John Cahen, P. P. of Maynooth, were present, from a great distance. The dinner was the finest and best, perhaps, ever furnished in any country hotel, and reflected the highest credit upon the proprietor of the establishment, in Monaghan. The health of the Queen, the Pope Daniel O'Connell, the newly-consecrated Bishop, the Primate and other Archbishops, the Prelates present and absent, the Clergy, &c., were given with enthusiasm, and spoken to with great effect.

**CONVERSIONS.**—In the Catholic Church, St. Mary's parish, Drogheda, on Wednesday morning, a native of England, and therefore a Pro-

testant, named John Coates, was received into the "fold." His profession of faith was made before the Rev. Mr. Gogarty, and a considerable number of persons who were highly edified by the pious demeanour of the newly regenerated. In the same church last week a respectable female, whose parents reside in this town and are still Protestants, made profession of the Catholic faith before the Rev. Peter O'Reilly, of the same parish.—[Drogheda Argus.]

**MOUNT MELLICE.**—A correspondent of the Pilot says, "that during mass last Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Treacey, as I am informed, after having pronounced a glowing eulogy on Mr. O'Connell for his unwavering allegiance to Queen Victoria, and his unshaken loyalty to her throne, after having, in short, exhausted his vocabulary in bestowing most laudatory epithets on the Liberator, then piously recommended him to the warmest prayers of the faithful, an appeal which, I understand, was responded to with the most spontaneous cordiality.

## INDIA.

**THE POPE AND THE CATHOLICS OF CALCUTTA.**—We learn, on undoubted authority, that His Holiness has been graciously pleased to confer distinctions on three highly respectable Catholic gentlemen of Calcutta, who have been the chief supporters of religion, and of the Ecclesiastical authorities there, ever since the erection of that vicariate there in the year 1834. We allude to the firm of Messrs. John Lackersteen and Brothers, general merchants and agents.—Their distinguished merits having been represented to the Holy Father by the Right Rev. Dr. Olliffe, (in the name of his Grace Dr. Carew,) during his late stay in Rome, the result was, that the title of "Count" was conferred on the eldest brother, Mr. John Lackersteen, that of "Countess" on his mother, and that of "Chevalier of the Golden Spur" on Mr. Charles Robert Lackersteen. Mr. William Richard Lackersteen had been previously nominated "Chevalier of St. Gregory."

**CALCUTTA.**—A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S CARRIAGE.—A Mussulman youth, aged 12, after due instruction, was baptised in the Cathedral Church by the Rev. Mr. D. Mello.—The late private Hannou, of her Majesty's 10th Regiment, left by will all his effects to the Bengal Catholic Orphanage, the expense of which is 700 dollars monthly.—[Bengal Catholic Herald.]

**BOMBAY.**—DEPARTURE OF THE VICAR-GENERAL.—The Bombay Times says that the Very Rev. Fré Miguel Antonio de Sao Louiz Gonza, V. G. of Bombay, departed for Suez, on board the Victoria, on the 25th August.



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