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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 9.

God forbid that I should 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.

FRANKFORD, FEBRUARY 27, 1847.

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY 28—Sunday—II of Lent.

MARCH 1—Monday—St. Peter Nolasco C.

2—Tuesday—St. Simplicius P. and Conf.

3—Wednesday—St. Romuald, Abbot.

4—Thursday—St. Lucius I, P. and M.

5—Friday—Holy Winding Sheet of our Lord J. C.

6—Saturday—St. Zozimus P. and Conf.

"They bake their cakes and wafers which the Church of Rome asserts is changed into the body and blood of Christ, including also his soul and his bones, when the priest pronounces over them four Latin words!"—Guardian.

We reprint the above, for the purpose of directing the attention of our readers to the respectful manner in which the most venerable of our mysteries is alluded to by the *Guardian*. Of all the other dogmas of our religion the Eucharist is justly considered the most august and sacred, because in the Eucharist we firmly believe Jesus Christ himself to be really present. Whether this doctrine be well founded or not, whether as we assert, it is based on the clearest evidence of Scripture, on the concurring testimony and practice of all Christian antiquity, on the decrees of Councils, on the writings of the Great Fathers and Doctors of the Church—all this is beside our present purpose. It is certain however that the God-Man really present in the Eucharist is the object of our unceasing adoration; that to honor this mystery we erect our magnificent temples, we raise our costly altars, we employ our precious vestments, we introduce our solemn ceremonies, we lavish so to speak all our wealth and tax all our energies. The Eucharist is the glory of our Church, the dignity and ornament of our priesthood, the key to all our ritual, the source of all our consolation, the throne of all our affections, the centre of all our hearts. The faith of the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, is the Faith which was taught by an Augustine and Tertullian in Africa, by a Hilary in France, a Cyril at Jerusalem, a James at Nisibis, an Ephrem at Edessa, a Jerome in Bethlehem, a Cyril at Alexandria, an

Isidore in Pelusium, an Irenaeus in Lyons, a Chrysologus at Ravenna, an Ambrose at Milan, an Irenaeus at Smyrna, a Chrysostom at Constantinople and Antioch, a Cyprian at Carthage, and a Sylvester at Rome. It was the Faith of the First Councils of Nice and Ephesus as well as of Lateran, Lyons, Constance, Florence and Trent. It is the Faith of upwards of two hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world, as well as of the entire Greek Church.

One would surely imagine that a doctrine like this would be spoken of at least, in terms of becoming reverence by men calling themselves Christians, by professed expounders of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, the above is the insulting and disrespectful language of the *Guardian*. The "cakes and wafers" are old and vulgar watchwords employed by the foulest calumniators of our religion. No respectable Divine of any Creed would stoop so low as to employ such contemptible slang in the discussion of a point of doctrine which has absorbed the attention of the greatest intellects that the world ever produced. Then, the introduction of "THE SOUL AND BONES" of the Redeemer of mankind, is calculated not only to excite horror and disgust in the mind of every Catholic, but also to expose to every scholar the gross and stupid ignorance of the bigotted scribe who penned it. For if Christ be present in the Eucharist it is impossible that his person should be divided, or that his Divine nature could exist there without the Human. He is in the Eucharist whole and entire. True God and True Man.

As for the "four Latin words" alluded to with so much contempt, they are the venerable words of the Redeemer himself, they are the words of Eternal Truth who could not deceive, nor be deceived. They are the words of him who by his Almighty fiat created a world out of nothing, and who "sustains by the word of his might all things" which he has so wonderfully made. They are the words of Him, who changed water into wine, who healed the lepers, who gave sight to the blind, who hearing to the deaf, their walk to the lame, their resurrection to the dead. They are the words of him of whom it was said

by the Archangel that 'with God no word shall be impossible.' They are the words of a Father to his children, of a God to his creatures, of a tender master to his beloved disciples, and chosen friends. They are words spoken at the most solemn moment, under the most affecting circumstances, on the eve of a sorrowful departure, to the teachers who were to evangelize the whole world. They are therefore words of truth, clear simple, obvious, natural, stating one only fact, announcing only one proposition, proclaiming only one doctrine. These are "the four Latin words" which have stood the test of time, which no sophistry can refute; no distortion obscure, no ingenuity explain away, no impiety destroy. These are the words which Luther himself, (the author of that Religious Comedy called the Reformation, which like all other comedies ended in a mock marriage) declares he could never get over, though strongly inclined through hatred of the Pope, to deny their only legitimate meaning.*

These are the words which the same Luther asserts were cruelly tortured by three of the leading Reformers. Hoc est Corpus Meum

THIS IS MY BODY.

"Carlostadius" said he, "ex his sanctis verbis misere detorquet pronomen Hoc: Zuinglius verbum Est macerat: Cœlampadius autem nomen Corpus torture subiecit." Carlostadius miserably distorts the Pronoun THIS; Zuinglius macerates the verb is; whilst Cœlampadius puts on the rack the substantive BODY.

These, we repeat, are the sacred words held up to derision in the columns of the Guardian. But whilst we sling back the wanton insult with all the contempt it deserves, we are not sorry to be forced to say so much upon a subject with which we believe few readers in the Guardian are at all acquainted.

Well: against such a venerable article of our Creed, the Guardian, wantonly and deliberately publishes a vulgar, offensive, and unchristian attack, and having thus wounded us in a most sensitive part, it expected that we should be silent, or that if we ventured to remonstrate, it should be

"With bated breath and whispering humbleness"

It publishes an unprovoked attack on our religious institutions, and calls them "nurseries of indolence and vice, and superstition" and yet it has the modesty in the very same article to lec-

*We give the entire text from Luther's *Epist. ad Argentinenses*, "Hoc diffiteri non possum, quod di Carlostadius aut alius ante quinquenium, mihi persuadere potuisset, in Sacramento prætor panem et vinam mihi esse, ille me magno beneficio devinctum reddidisset. In hoc materia multum desudares, omnibus nervis extensis me extricare cenatus sum, cum perspiciebam hoc in re *Papatu* imprimis me valde incommodare posse. Verum ego me captum vidio, nulla evadendi vice relicta est. *Textus Evangelii nimis opertus est, et pæctus*, qui facile convelli non potest, multo minus verbis aut glossis a capite vertiginoso confectus convelli."

"This I am forced to confess that if Carlostadius or any one else, could have persuaded me before five years, that there was nothing in the Sacrament but bread and wine, he would have placed me under a very weighty obligation. Labouring much in this matter I tried to extricate myself by every means in my power, because I clearly saw that in this affair particularly I could give great annoyance to the Papacy. But I see myself caught, and no way left for escaping. *The text of the Gospel is too plain and open*, and it cannot be easily torn to pieces, and least of all by the words or glosses of a distended brain."—No bad comment from Doctor Martin Luther on "the Four Latin Words" which are sneered at by the Guardian.

ture us on the "proprieties of language! It directed against us its cowardly blow, and it supposed we should immediately fall on our knees and thank our rude assailant, and implore him to be more merciful for the future. Our sisters, our nieces, our relations and dearest friends who have devoted themselves in religious houses to the service of God, to the relief of the poor to the ministration of the sick, to the instruction of the ignorant are said to be living in "nurseries of indolence, vice, and superstition" and the uncharitable and unmanly bigot who uses this vile language, this dastardly calumny, has the brazen audacity to complain if we retort in "words that burn!"

"Quis tulitit Græchos de seditione querentes!"

We dare say the Editor of the Guardian never saw a convent in his life. He certainly can know nothing of the interior of a religious institution of this kind, or of the lives of its inmates.—Some lying impostor of the Maria Monk School must be his only source of information, and nevertheless, this arbiter elegantiarum, this literary Chesterfield is shocked at the naturally indignant language of the *Cross*!

Having made these general observations, we now proceed to examine more minutely the specious pleading of this fractional organ of Presbyterianism. The Editor's first sentence is sufficient to condemn him.

"We have never had any quarrel with the Catholics of Nova Scotia."

Therefore, inconsistent scribbler, your attack upon them was more heartless, and cold-blooded. If they had ever abused, insulted, or quarrelled with you, there might be some excuse for your onslaught. But, by your own confession, they have done no such thing, and we may take it for granted, that they would never quarrel with you, if you had not commenced the quarrel yourself.

"We have received from many of them numerous tokens of respect and kindness."

A very grateful return, truly, have you made the Catholics for those numerous tokens.

"And we felt bound in common justice, and still more constrained from a sense of gratitude, to show them any little proofs of kindness and good will, which we had in our power to manifest!"

So the *Guardian* thinks it is "common justice" to abuse his kind neighbour! And he is "constrained" (*quelle douce violence!*) "from a sense of gratitude" (the Lord deliver us from such gratitude!) "to show them any little proofs of kindness and good will," such as "cakes and wafers" scraps of "Latin words" foul spittle upon every thing we hold sacred, and the attribution of "indolence vice and superstition" to the most enlightened, the purest, and the most active of our Catholic Ladies! These "proofs of kindness" are no doubt exceedingly "little" but we believe that they were all that the very little mind which inspires the *Guardian*, "had it in its power to manifest."

Catholics of Nova Scotia, we beseech you to engrave deeply on the tablets of your memory those little "proofs of kindness and good will" which the grateful writer of the *Guardian* has been constrained to manifest in your favour! When the Protestant poet *Denham* in his *Cooper's Hill* describes the sacrilegious spoliation of the monasteries and great Catholic Institutions under that monster of cruelty and lust, the eighth Henry, he imagines a stranger entering the country, and indignantly asking "What barbarous invader sack'd the land?" and he continues in this manner:

"But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a *Christian King* :
What, he would ask, his *wickedness* would spare
When such the effects of his *devotion* are!"

By a slight transposition we may in the same spirit ask, what might we expect from the *enmity* of the *Guardian*, when the manifestations of his *gratitude* are so insulting and so bitter!

"We have always felt it to be an act of presumption and intolerance to interfere with another man's sincere convictions of duty, or arrogantly pronounce a decisive sentence of condemnation against him in the presence of an all-seeing and un-erring Judge!"

This is all very fine in theory, but how has the *Guardian* reduced it to practice? How dare he arrogantly condemn Catholic nuns for "indulgence vice, and superstition" or "blaspheme things which he knows not" by pouring out his venom on the conscientious tenets of his Catholic neighbours? We wonder how he could have summoned up courage enough to pen the above sentence, and to publish it to the world side by side with his rash judgements, his stupid sarcasms, and his uncharitable insinuations.

In his next paragraph, this injured innocent, now blubbering all over with gratitude, tells us with no small degree of complacency, that he was acquainted with one of the Catholic Bishops of the Province, that he dined again and again with him both in private and at Government House—that with one of the Catholic priests too "whose presence was as welcome to the Protestants as to the members of his own communion," (a very equivocal compliment Mr. *Guardian*, but your amiable simplicity induces us to hope you did not intend it) he "enjoyed frequent and familiar intercourse, met him at the festive board," &c., &c. And what of all this, most acute logician! Because you dined in company with a Catholic Bishop, and enjoyed the friendly intercourse of a Catholic Priest, you are therefore qualified to insult their Church, to blaspheme their tenets, to condemn their institutions, and to spit upon their flocks! Why Sir, if this serves for any purpose, it is to aggravate the enormity of your guilt, to deepen the die of your ungrateful treachery. Little did the Bishop or priest suspect when they sat with you at "the festive board" that you wore beneath your smiling exterior, the dark weapon of calumny.

But, as you have introduced a priest, and pronounced a glowing eulogium upon his character, we will, for once, take you at your word. You say then, he was kind and civil, of warm dispositions and benevolent heart; nay, that he visited you when stretched on a bed of sickness. What will the whole Christian public think when we tell them a fact which you cannot deny—that it was *this very priest*, this good Samaritan of the Church of Rome, who was grossly insulted by one of your leading Clergymen in the house of a Presbyterian, to whose hospitable table both had been invited. We believe the case is, without a parallel in the history of rudeness. The moment your favorite priest entered the drawing room, your minister rose up, went for his hat, and quitted the house without his dinner. Talk of Catholic intolerance after that specimen of brotherly love, as long as you please.

The *Guardian* continues. "None who know us, will suspect for a moment, that we have lost our esteem for our beloved Church, or our veneration for the Protestant Institutions of the Empire." Valueless as we believe the "esteem" to be, the "beloved Church" which, after all is but one third we are told

of a very small Church, could not well afford it. But the veneration for the Protestant Institutions of the Empire expressed by a Presbyterian, is to us a matter of no small amusement and surprise. We thought Presbyterianism was the direct foe of English Protestant Episcopacy, and that the treatment of the former by the latter, was the most unlikely thing in the world to excite "veneration" of any kind. But it was always so with those who have revolted against the Church of God, and who from their fatal principle of Private Judgement have split into more sects, than the heads of the Hydra. They oppose each other with all the fury of sectarian rancour. But, when rebuked by the voice of truth, they proclaim a truce, rush into each other's arms, and forming a congenial alliance of error, make an united attack on "the Pillar and Ground of Truth." So did Herod and Pilate who were bitter enemies before, become, according to the sacred text, the fastest friends, from the day they joined in persecuting Christ, the Founder of the Church. If, however by "the Protestant Institutions of the Empire" the *Guardian* means our Political Institutions, we beg to inform the venerating Editor that Protestantism deserves little or no credit for them,—that all our most valuable institutions from Magna Charta to trial by Jury were of Catholic origin, the work of Catholic heads and hands. It sickens us therefore, to hear this senseless prattle about the *Protestant* Institution of the Empire, our glorious *Protestant* Constitution and so forth.

The Editor is next pleased to inform us that "the ladies of our Congregations were continually going about; and feeding and clothing hundreds of poor Catholics. Suppose they were. Does their charity purchase a patent for the Editor to abuse Catholics? We know that there are in this community numbers of our separated Brethren who are distinguished for their benevolence, who are kind in all their social relations with Catholics and who never dream of withholding their bounty on account of a difference in faith. We know that there are Catholics too who act in the same Christian manner towards their brethren of other creeds, and we are certain that the Catholic who would act otherwise is a total stranger to the true spirit of his holy Religion. However, though we are charged with proselytism, we never attempted to make converts under the hypocritical mask of charity; we never addressed our polemics to a famishing fellow-creature, nor discharged the sharp weapons of controversy against a shivering back or a hungry belly. Not so, we are are grieved to say, with 'some' of those whom the *Guardian* calls "the Ladies of our congregations." Their pious pranks are however, much better watched now than formerly. Those whom the Editor in a gratuitous and unfounded allusion impudently terms "hot headed Priests imported from Ireland" are too vigilant to allow the suffering members of their flock to be tampered with in this manner. Indeed we suspect if we may judge from the great number of fervent converts whom they are constantly receiving into the Catholic Church, that their heads are too cool and their arguments too sound for the taste of the *Guardian*, and *hinc illa lacrymæ*.

But, perhaps, the most amusing question put by the guiltless Editor is the following:

"And are we to begin in this enlightened age &c., to wrangle and contend with each other like children?" When we hear this modest assurance from a man who has *actually begun* to wrangle with his neighbours we are tempted to exclaim with the Poet.

"To laugh were want of decency and grace
But, to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face!"
We will put a question of our own, which will equally apply to the *Times* and the remainder of the pack of bigots

WHO BEGAN THIS QUARREL?

"That is the question." We can answer for ourselves and appeal to our Readers and to the Community. Certainly not

the Catholics, nor the Cross. A reference to our columns for the last four years, will prove that we have avoided as much as possible, all religious controversy of an irritating nature—that we have clearly explained our own doctrines, and spoken of our religious opponents in the language of moderation. We did more. We were silent under repeated provocations from the *Times*, and under weekly abuse from the *Christian Messenger*. We beheld every situation in the Province filled by members of every Church but our own. We saw eighty or ninety thousand Catholics excluded from honours and emolument, spit upon, treated as a degraded caste, and then insulted with all the mockery of derision. We were still silent. Forthwith the *Post* and the *Guardian* follow the Christian example of the *Messenger* and the *Times*. This new pair of asses must have the cowardly satisfaction of their kick at what they considered the Dead Lion of Catholicity.—Then, and then only did we give expression to our feelings; and if our language has been strong and indignant, we still offer no apology. Nay, we tell our traducers, that if we listened in silence to this accumulation of insult, we would be deservedly despised. At the same time we must avow, that there is in Halifax an authority which we are bound to revere, whose spirit and example would teach us rather to “pray for those that persecute and calumniate us” than to repay their insolence by the smallest invective. We may be in error, but we are still of opinion that the Catholics of this Province will never occupy their just position until they fully vindicate their claims, and manfully assert their privileges and their rights. We wish to live amongst our fellow-citizens, not only respecting, “but also respected.” And from what we know of the genius of Nova Scotians, they will never respect those whom they can insult with impunity.

But the *Guardian* is going to put this “controversy in a nutshell.” Listen to his plea.

“A friend of ours, for reasons best known to himself, was lately pleased to send us a communication about Catholic Monasteries and Nunneries. . . . We inserted the communication . . . not because we either approved or disapproved of it, but because it was sent to us by a friend,” &c.

Now for the avowal of the guilt of this “aggravated criminal” as he elsewhere so elegantly says he is represented to be. *Habemus confidentem recum.*

“To this charge we plead guilty, and nothing more. We considered that our press was free, and open to temperate discussion on subjects of religion, and we considered it hard if articles were allowed to be published in favor of Monastic Institutions, that we should not be suffered to lift up our voice in condemning them.” So he does condemn them, though a few lines below, he neither approved nor disapproved of the sentiments in the inonastic Letter!

One Swift, a Protestant countryman of the “hot-headed priests” said upon a time that “a liar ought to have a good memory” and Swift was right.

“All we ask, all we desire, and all that we expect, is full and free discussion, the unfettered liberty of the Press, the indisputable right not only to think for ourselves but to publish our opinions.”

To these sentiments of the *Guardian* we fully subscribe, with one exception. We ask and desire, may we challenge full and free discussion, the right not only to think for ourselves but also to publish our opinions. But we cannot say that we expect this right will be accorded. The *Guardian* and his colleagues will claim the right of abusing us, but we are to be denied the right of reply. The hypocrites!

He next thanks God that he has “no fear for his liberty or life in Protestant Britain, or among the enlightened inhabitants of Nova Scotia” and he contrasts “Protestant Britain” with Spain and Portugal, Italy and Austria.

Does he forget that the bloody ink in which the Draconian laws of “Protestant Britain” against Catholic Ireland were written is hardly yet dry? Does he forget that for three centuries “Protestant Britain” waged a war against opinion and conscience in Ireland, the most savage, the most cruel, and the most inhuman that is recorded in the annals of ferocity, from the ten first persecutions of the Church down to the diabolical enactment which rent asunder the ties of nature, and held out

to the profligate child as the reward of his apostacy, the plunder of his hapless parent, and unfortunate brethren? “Protestant Britain” an advocate for freedom of opinion and the rights of conscience!

The *Guardian* is delighted to hear that we Catholics “wish to propagate our opinions by legitimate means, by the instrumentality of the Press and the force of argument.” Did he never hear this before? We are not aware that the Catholics of Nova Scotia ever employed any other weapons, for the propagation (not of their “opinions”) but of their unwavering Faith. To Catholics is the world indebted for the invention and encouragement of printing. To the Catholic Church we owe the preservation of all the literary treasures both sacred and profane of ancient times. This calumniated Church has always been the consistent and munificent Patroness of the arts and sciences; and notwithstanding the cold, blighting shade, which was cast upon them by the tasteless, repulsive, unsocial Protestantism of the 16th century, they have still flourished under the auspices of their ancient protectress.

We, however, are the persons who ought to express our delight that our religious opponents are beginning to cast away the old weapon of penal enactment, and the galling chains with which they sought for three hundred years to fetter the immortal mind. We are really delighted at the thought that we can now publish our opinions, and explain our doctrines, and state our arguments, because we are assured that truth must eventually triumph.

“This discussion we are convinced, will do more good than people are aware of. It will open the eyes of many who have been long blind.” Undoubtedly. Truth is purified and elicited by discussion. The eyes of many will be, and are already opened. Catholics are beginning to comprehend the degrading torments on which they have been hitherto permitted to live. Protestants will examine more closely the real doctrines, of that glorious Church which they have hitherto so blindly opposed, but of which their pious forefathers, for a thousand years, were faithful members. We have no fears for the result.

The consistent lecture on decorous language we have alluded to before; but the disrespectful allusion to “men living in Cabbage Houses, parsonages, or mansees,” we would chastise in the terms it deserves, but that we would fear to offend those whose gentlemanly education, courteous manners, and refined social qualities are a sufficient protection against the very few bigots in Halifax who would write or speak of our clergy in an offensive manner.

As the *Guardian* is so sensitive about “the accomplished ladies and virtuous females” of our community, we would respectfully direct his attention to the daily doses of moral poison which are administered by some of our Newspapers, to the love sick tales, the sensual pictures of crime and passion with which they abound. Let him attempt a reformation here, and withdraw this unwholesome pabulum from our accomplished and virtuous females and he will confer a lasting benefit on the community.

The *Guardian* tells us in the conclusion of his article:—“We shall never seek to muzzle their press.” We most humbly thank you for nothing Mr Muzzler. At the same time we assure you that if you were inclined to do so, we would allow you. Your Protestant allies and yourself may strike, but you must hear us.

There is one point which we had well nigh forgotten. The Editor tells us he is “a Scotchman and a Protestant.” He may believe us when we declare to him in all sincerity, that as a Scotchman we would grasp him cordially by the hand, for we are the children of one common origin. We have never quarrelled with Scotchmen in our lives. Our native language and theirs are almost identical. We hail our Scotch brethren and fellow-citizens as noble offshoots from the same Celtic stem, and we would spurn from us with indignation the Irishman or Catholic who would attempt to sow dissension between the children of the Gael. Neither have we ever quarrelled with any man because he was a Protestant. Our religion and our feelings, would alike prevent us. But when suddenly assailed without any provocation, if we have used the natural right of self-defence, no one could re-

sonably expect that we could have time to measure, or tempo-
regulate our parrying blows.

THE TIMES.

After eleven days of painful parturition the *Times* has produced an Editorial handling of no ordinary dimensions. Its beauty is exactly in the inverse ratio of its weight. We heartily feel for its party if their clumpship be entrusted to such unskilful hands. Fortunately for us, they had the folly to publish a portion of our articles, from which the public will observe that we have acted on the defensive throughout, and that the *Times* itself has been the cowardly aggressor. We address to them the question which we have already put to the *Guardian*

Who began this quarrel?

Who gave the first provocation? Who swung down the gauntlet? Who first struck, and struck repeatedly, their patient, silent, unoffending brethren?

The whole community knows, their own readers are well aware, that the infamous notoriety, the diabolical crime of stirring up religious feuds amongst a people who were disposed to live together in peace and good will, rests upon the shoulders of the Editors of the *Times*.

The *Times* opened this unchristian warfare, and now, after having enkindled the flame, the Pharisees run about crying Fire, Fire, and falsely charge their innocent neighbours, as the real incendiaries.

"O for a forty-pardon power

"To chaunt thy praise Hypocrisy!"

But in spite of all their brazen insolence, their unblushing hypocrisy, we will not suffer the *Times* to escape from this terrible responsibility. They begna the impious strife, and they must now suffer from the consequences. They are not ashamed to avow that they did it too, for base political motives. They did not attack us forsooth as *Catholics*, but as *Politicians*. What a nice distinction for the acute logicians of the *Times*! After having endured repeated blows we ventured to remonstrate. These godly men turned round and say to us with the blandest air imaginable "Good friends—sweet friends—we struck only the political parts of your body, but with your religious members we have nothing to do. Pray don't be angry." No, no, Pharisees and Scribes of the *Times*! There was a time when we might have borne it with a patient shrug—for sufferance was the badge of all our tribe." But that day has vanished, and no matter in what capacity you may assault us, we will teach you that we are more worthy of your respect than you imagined. You have laughed at us, scorned our nation, cooled our friends, heated our enemies; and what's your reason? We are *Catholics*. Hath not a *Catholic* eyes? Hath not a *Catholic* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons. If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you poison us do we not die?"

We are thus forced to borrow weapons from a *Jew*, to teach common humanity to the Christian Scribes in the *Times*, to the Right Reverend, Very Reverend, and other ghostly writers, authors and abettors of its offensive assaults upon our creed and ration. Let the *Times* make a graceful apology for its numerous attacks upon Catholics and Irishmen, and we will readily consign "to the tomb of all the Capulets" the memory of this sickening feud, and withdraw any severe expressions to which our wounded feelings have given vent.

The *Times* begins by an allusion to our Calendar in which they say "every day is marked down for some religious observance, which in our Protestant ignorance we can neither make head nor tail of." Like the beautiful portico of a splendid building, this classic opening reveals to us at once what we are to expect from the ponderous incubation which follows. We must however inform them, though we despair of illuminating the "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times*, that if they turn to the Calendar of Feasts and Fasts in their own half Popish Book of Common Prayer, they will find, if we mistake not, Ash Wednesday, and the Feast of St. Matthias the Apostle of whose election a certain holy Book called the *Acts of the Apostles* makes mention. They would also perceive, if their "Protestant ignorance" were removed, that we have within one week three

commemorations of the Passion of our Blessed Redeemer, in order to excite the minds of Catholics to salutary meditation on all the tragic circumstances of the Great Atonement in which Christ loved us even unto death. Thus, one relates to the Agony, the Prayer and Bloody sweat of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemani; another to the *Thorny Crown* which pierced the tender head of "The King of the Jews" the painful Diadem of the King of Lore; whilst a third has reference to the *Nails* which fastened to the Cross the hands and feet of Him of whom it was written "They have dug my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones," and to the *Lance* which transpierced His precious side, the side from which flowed that Blood which "pacifies the things that are on earth and the things that are in heaven." We could also point out to them in the same week a commemoration of Peter the Prince of the Apostles, on whom, as upon a rock, Christ founded that Church which they impotently assail, and which the gates of hell can never destroy.—We could add the Feast of a sainted successor of the same Peter in that wonderful see of Rome from which the immortal Gregory the Great sent his holy missionaries to convert the heathen ancestors of the people of the *Times*, to the knowledge of the True God.

After having lent our humble assistance to the correction of the axowed "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times*, we must express our serious opinion that Protestantism and Ignorance are so nearly allied, that one cannot exist without the other. No man would be a Protestant if he really knew what he was protesting against. Protestantism is based on falsehood, its essence is deception, its food is calumny. It imputes to the Church from which it has rebelled, the most odious doctrines—doctrines which she abhors more than her calumniators—and thereby cruelly imposes on the hapless and ignorant victims of its treachery. The very term *Protestant*, as applied to a religious believer, is an exponent of ignorance, an empty sound, an unmeaning title, a mere negation, an idea without point or substance, a common noun which may signify anything or nothing, which can be applied to ourselves as well as to the Editors; for we too are staunch Protestants. We protest against all unscriptural doctrine, against all schismatical divisions, against all calumnies and misrepresentations, against all lies and fables, against all rash judgment and detraction, against all superstition and infidelity, and all idolatry and blasphemy. We fervently pray too, that the "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times* and such benighted fellow creatures, may be speedily dispelled by the light of truth, and that the veil of error may be taken away from their hearts, as in the case of the illustrious band of converts at Oxford, and Cambridge, and Leeds, and London, whose learning and research prove the truth of our assertion that it is impossible for Protestantism to exist, unless through ignorance of Catholic tenets.

This *Times* talks of "the tolerant spirit" of their creed. He need not go farther than Ireland to prove this modest assertion. Any one but slightly acquainted with the history of that unhappy country, could relate wonderful examples of this "tolerant spirit."

In its maudlin dissertation on the Famine in Ireland, the *Times* confines its defence to the "alien Government," overlooking altogether the accomplices in English guilt which would do the liberty to mention. Such small animals as "the domestic tyrant, the iron landlord, the grasping tithe-proctor and the suppleed plunderer" are unworthy of the consideration of the *Times*, or perhaps he fancied in his "Protestant ignorance," that that gigantic monster of iniquity and oppression, the Irish Established Church, had no share whatsoever in the creation of Irish misery, or that the Irish landlords &c. were brilliant specimens of the "tolerant spirit" of his creed.

We again proclaim to the *Times* our conviction that England and the Irish Church, and Irish landlords, and Irish tyrants supported in their long career of oppression by English bayonets, are suffering, and will suffer more, than the hapless victims of famine themselves. Their existence was a dying life, a lingering death, an unvaried round of agony and torture. Death in any form, with the hope of a glorious resurrection, must be a happy exchange, a supreme relief to them. The punishment of the haughty nation, which for three hundred years has violated

with regard to Ireland, every principle of humanity and religion, has only just commenced, and her present embarrassment is but "the beginning of the end." Had she opened her ports last Autumn for the reception of that food which Providence had so abundantly bestowed elsewhere, Death would be cheated of the thousands of victims whose blood now cries to Heaven for vengeance against those cruel worshippers of mammon, who sacrificed the lives of God's creatures at the shrine of their golden Idol.

Let not the *Times* then be surprised if those whom he calls "the people of the Cross," feel very little sympathy for England. We owe her none, and we will feign no sympathy. When we recollect her long career of blood in our poor country, we would be as great Pharisees as the people of the *Times*, if we pretended to entertain any feelings of compassion, we will not say for the *English people* whose generous liberality, and noble qualities, we admire, but for the English aristocracy, the English Church, and the English Government who were the cause of all our misfortunes. If, we go on our knees then, as the *Times* recommends, it will not be to express contrition or regret for sentiments in which we glory, but to pray that the just judgments of Heaven may be averted from the authors of our country's calamity.

In its allusion to our article on the Mexican war, the *Times* states "the thing that is not," when it says that our "sympathy extends merely to the sin and disgrace of Papist fighting against Papist." We condemned Irish interference in this war, because the war itself was, in our opinion, an unjust one—a war of wanton and unprovoked aggression. We condemned it next, because the Irish in the States *volunteered* their services in attacking a people, with whom, neither they, nor the Americans had any just cause of quarrel. We used the fact of Catholics fighting against Catholics, merely to make them "or *aggravated criminals*" if we may borrow a choice epithet from our friend of the *Guardian*.

In reference to the Fancy Ball, we must alas! express our regret that "the age of chivalry is gone" when the would-be Nuns can find no other defenders than the gallant Cavaliers of the *Times*. We wonder how they could have pent up their rage so long, but we suspect our article of last Saturday which so completely unmasked all their *political manoeuvres*, had no small share in producing this and other bilious manifestations of gallantry and zeal.

The *Times* is again at fault, in its allusion to our remarks on the Letter of a correspondent who complained some time since of the indecorous behaviour of a woman in St. Mary's Church. The *Times* will, perhaps be surprised when we tell him that as far as we could ascertain, and we have made enquiry since, the woman who has become the object of his mock sympathy is no Catholic at all! that Catholics are always remarkable for due reverence in the House of God, and that no later than the very last Sunday Protestant females or women were seen giggling and talking during one of the Sermons at St. Mary's. The Annals of Catholic Europe are full of similar instances of Protestant reverence in the Temple of God. Our brief notice to a *Catholic Philomath* is held forth by the *Times* as a specimen of Catholic Intolerance. We are ready to do battle with the *Times*, and its holy allies, on the sacred principle which we have there advanced, respecting the obligation of preserving the integrity of that Divine Faith, "without which it is impossible to please God;" that "Faith once delivered to the Saints;" that Faith, which is one, and simple, like the God from whom it is an emanation; that Faith so absolutely necessary for salvation, that its Divine "Author and Finisher" Christ Jesus in his last commission to his Apostles declared it to be more essential than even Baptism itself, if we wish to escape damnation. "Go preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believes and is Baptized shall be saved; but he that does not believe shall be damned." We have done nothing more than this when we gave a charitable advice to Catholic Parents to save their children from the danger of using, what we conscientiously believe to be, that only faith of God. The people of the *Times* follow the same principle when they recite those words in the Athanasian Creed

'Whosoever wishes to be saved, it is necessary above all things that he should hold the Catholic Faith.'

'Which unless any one shall keep whole and inviolable, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.'

And at the end of the Creed

'This is the Catholic Faith which unless a man shall faithfully and firmly believe, he cannot be saved.'

But we are not guilty of intolerance, rash judgement, or want of charity. Whilst we generally proclaim the above scriptural truth, we never pronounce on the fate of individuals, because that would be to usurp the prerogative of the Great Searcher of Hearts. The sin of unbelief, like all other sins, must be wilful and deliberate before it can provoke the indignation of Heaven. And who can tell, but He 'who knoweth what is in man' whether the unbeliever, or the man who professes erroneous doctrine, is labouring under a culpable ignorance or not? Indeed we would charitably hope that the 'Protestant Ignorance' of the *Times* is an 'Invincible Ignorance' of the most impenetrable obscurity.

No. 9 on the List of the *Times*, is an allusion to a forged Letter, which it admits to be forged, but which, notwithstanding it prints for the edification of its readers. Such modesty as this deserves, and will receive its reward. We need not tell the *Times* that it was written under a false name, as that fact is admitted; but we deny that it is the production of a Catholic as the *Times* insinuates. When you admit that a man writes under a false signature, you destroy the value of his testimony altogether. But even if the conjecture of the *Times* be correct, the crawling creature who wrote it, usurps the name of Catholic only to disgrace it—one of those noxious weeds of which we lately gave a botanic description, and which 'the Pope sometimes contemptuously flings over his garden wall,' to use an expression of the witty Arthur O'Leary.

Now for a felonious murder of the Queen's English, and a polished specimen of the literary powers of the *Times*. "The Editors of the *Cross* should have recollected, before placing a proper name at the foot! of this article, that the using any person's signature, without their consent"——. But we must in pity forbear. "We can make neither head nor tail" of this. We fear that the "Protestant ignorance" of the *Times* has "put its foot" in it altogether, and we must recommend them to take a few lessons in Lindlay Murray from the "*aggravated criminal*" of the *Guardian*. When we shall begin to erect our Della Cruscan Academy in Halifax, that matchless pair of Arcadians, the *Times* and the *Guardian*, the Castor and Pollux of the Literary hemisphere, will assuredly form two of its Corinthian Pillars. We are next treated to a theological dissertation on the power of forgiving sins, of which we shall say no more at present than that the theology of the *Times* is exactly on a par with its grammar. When we shall have cleared the decks from the other rubbish of "Protestant Ignorance" we may pour in a broadside which will shake to pieces the foundering bark of Anglican Protestantism. Meantime, as the people of the *Times* have thought proper to sneer at our Clergy for teaching the doctrine and exercising the power of absolution from sin, we may as well pour another ray of light over the darkness of their ignorance—light reflected by themselves from that Church of Truth which they abandoned.

"Book of Common Prayer."

Rubric: in the Order for the Visitation of the sick.

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins; if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession the priest shall absolve him, if he humbly and heartily desire it, after this sort:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy, forgive thee thine offences, and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father," &c.

If there be any meaning in plain language, this Rubric admits, and recognizes the power of absolution in the Church, and the essential part of the Form of absolving sinners is similar to that used in our Church. With what consistency then can the *Times*, or its people, abuse the Catholic Clergy for the exercise of a power which they admit themselves? Or, with the above

Rubric staring them in the face, how could they venture to print the following words "we nowhere read that the Apostles took upon themselves to forgive sins, or that they did or could bequeath that power to their successors?"

If the *Times* be right, the Church of England is an impostor. If the *Times* be wrong, as he assuredly is, the practice of the Church of England is opposed to her doctrine, and her ministers cruelly deprive poor sinners of the benefits of that power, which according to themselves *Christ left to his Church*.

We care not therefore upon what horn of this dilemma the *Times* and their people may be impaled. We can afford to look on with pity for their "Protestant ignorance," and forbearance for their insults to a Clergy whose sermons they abuse, but whose arguments they cannot answer. When this unsightly heap of absurdities, the Church of England, who proclaims and punishes, admits and condemns the right of Private Judgement—who sternly refuses to all Dissenters from her Communion, the exercise of that privilege which herself so clamorously wielded against the Church of Christ; when she who concedes in one breath, her own *fallibility*, and excommunicates in another, all who presume to differ from her piebald articles—when this church who invokes the name of charity, though she has robbed God's poor of their inheritance in England and Ireland for three hundred years—when this Church who has frequently made a howling waste of the fairest plains of our country, who has gorged and fattened on the blood and tears of the Irish people, whose gospel code has not been the Bible of the God of Peace, but the Sword of the Destroyer,—who has gone forth on her errand of desolation not to hear good tidings, but to immolate victims—whose altar was a gibbet, whose homelies and articles were bullets and bayonets—when this poor, degraded creature of the state which made her, and which could destroy her to-morrow—when this headless Church of cradled bishops, and petticoat Primates, shall expunge from her Book of common Prayer, the above Rubric, we will begin to discuss with the *Times* whether Christ left the power of absolution to his church or not when he breathed on the Apostles and said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them."

When she shall blot out the Athanasian Creed from her Liturgy we will begin to speak to her more earnestly about Exclusive Salvation; we shall dispute on mortification and penance, when she revises the list of Fasting Days, and when the names of such glorious lights of the Catholic Church as an Augustine and a Lawrence are removed from her Calendar of Saints, we shall examine with her, whether the doctrines which one so clearly taught, and for which the other so nobly died, be 'damnable and idolatrous' or not.

The *Times* complains that 'the Editors of the *Cross* arrogate a triumph recently achieved over the *Times*, and we have let them indulge their full of exultation.' We did no such thing, because we have too much respect for ourselves. The ignominy of a contest with the pigmy of the *Times* is painful enough, but the arrogation of a triumph over such a combatant, would be a humiliation which we shall never court. But, not many months have elapsed, since we have witnessed a signal triumph over the *Times* by one of our cotemporaries. We allude to the *Irish Volunteer*, which, in one of its most withering and overwhelming assaults, gave the *Times* and its people a lesson which they never forget, and a rebuke which they received in sullen silence. The *Times* had the folly to print the article in its columns, without one word of reply, so that some of its readers in the Province actually believed that the *Times* was forming a league with the Papists, and that 'its people' was about to follow the bright examples of an Oakley, a Ward, and a Newman. But if the *Times* did not reply, it 'had a reason of its own' for doing so, like the innocent felon who took a voyage to New South Wales for the benefit of his health. The thing was unanswerable, so the *Times* like a well-whipped hound, slunk away with its tail between its legs, to lick its festering wounds. If the *Times* assures us that we are in error, we will copy the article into the *Cross*, and humbly beseech it for a categorical reply.

In its attack upon our Clergy, the *Times* follows the loosed and aggravated roar of the *Guardian*, and with equal success. This, however, is

very tender ground, and one which they should cautiously tread. We have no fears for any one of our Clergy, in any encounter with all the collected wisdom which the people of the *Times* and the *Guardian*, can bring to their support. Our Clergy know and preach the Scriptures of truth, and the many wandering sheep which they have brought home on their shoulders to the true fold, from the dangerous pastures of the people of the *Times* and the *Guardian*, will testify that they do not preach in vain.

As to their being 'celibate preachers' the less that the *Times* says upon that subject the better for its own cause. In our poor fancy a Clergyman looks more graceful in bestowing his superfluity on the poor or the Church, than in discharging a Milliner's bill. The arguments of their pulpit are not weakened by the singleness of their lives. St. John the Baptist and St. Paul were very distinguished 'celibate preachers' in their day, and never sneered at the holiness of this happy state. Perhaps the learned Divines of the *Times* never heard that one of their own best Bishops, (Taylor) has written, that "Celibate like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness," and whilst we leave the *Times* to relish the savour of this piece of Protestant confectionary, we will dismiss for the present, the irrelevant subject, or rather consign it to abler hands.

The last column of namby pamby in which the *Times* indulges is entirely beneath our notice.

In a supplementary article the *Times* deems that "many of the most respectable members of the various Churches in Halifax were loud in the expression of their disgust and disapprobation at the recent newspaper attacks against their unoffending Catholic fellow-citizens." We reiterate the assertion, and tell the *Times*, for the honour of this community, that it is perfectly true. We tell him further that any of our dissenting brethren who would not condemn these brutal assaults, would occupy the same place in our esteem as the *Times* itself.

We wish to live respecting all men of all creeds, but we must be respected in return.

CHAPEL OF EASE.

We hope the *Times* will reconsider, and print the Letter of a poor Protestant on this subject which appeared this week in the columns of its cherished ally. It would be much better in our opinion to settle those domestic broils, than to meddle with the religious affairs of others. The *English Mechanic* makes out a strong case in behalf of "the poor" who are shut out from this pretended Church of Christ. We think that Church has neglected the poor of England itself, more than the poor are neglected here. If the *English Mechanic* had taken a peep at the factories, mines and coal pits of his native land, he would fully agree with us in our estimate of what the wealthiest Church in the world has done for its poor.

MOCK LAMENTATION.

Some people are now weeping and wailing over the indiscretion of the Protestant organs in having provoked a quarrel with Catholics. They ask too, why should innocent people sniffer, because the *Times*, the *Guardian*, or the *Messenger* have wantonly abused their neighbours? Our reply is brief and conclusive. All these innocent people, elders, ministers, parsons and prelates were quietly looking on whilst these Papers were striking us on the face. They could have prevented them, but they did not. They could have "muzzled" these barking curs, or they could have protested publicly against their conduct. They did neither one nor the other. We therefore owe them no forbearance until they perform this first of christian duties. Not satisfied with their Pulpits, they have taken to the Press—a weapon we promise them which two parties can handle. They have invoked the Liberty of the Press. We shall give them all the plenitude of its freedom. We love the Press, because we believe it can be made the powerful propagator of Truth.

With our really innocent, unoffending, and charitable neighbours of other climes and creeds, who have never insulted us,

nor countenanced any insult, we have no quarrel whatsoever. We lament what we honestly believe to be their errors, but we love themselves. We condemn their opinions, but we can clasps themselves to our bosom, as the children of the same Father, and creatures of the same God. Even for the conversion of our dastardly enemies we pray, as we are taught to "pray for those who persecute and calumniate us, that we may be the children of our Father who is in Heaven."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND DIOCESAN SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held this week at Mason Hall. The Governor, his Lady and Daughter, Bishop Inglis, the Chief Justice, &c., &c. were present. Psalms and Doxologies were sung, a Benediction pronounced, and a collection made which amounted to £31 15s—a convincing proof of the deep interest felt in the welfare of the Church by her wealthy members in this Province. We may return to the subject.

To **CORRECTIONS**.—An *Observer* is under consideration. His sentiments are sound, and sometimes happily expressed; but we are sorry to say his orthography is only a shade better than that of our 'accomplished Letter Writer' P. Power.

A *Protestant* who writes about a Sermon lately delivered in his Church on the Irish famine, and which he says differed very much from the tone of some observations made by the Preacher at the meeting in Mason Hall, must be aware that we could not print his communication, unless he sends us his name in confidence. We are bound however to say, that before we received this Letter, we heard so nothing ourselves on the same subject, which gives a strong appearance of probability to the assertion of our correspondent.

CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE.

At the last meeting of the Charitable Irish Society the Irish Catholics of this town elected as their President for the ensuing year, a Presbyterian. Their actual President is a Member of the Church of England.

The Speaker of our Assembly, a Presbyterian also, owes his seat in a Catholic constituency. So does his political colleague James B. Unmacke.

Hon. Mr. Dodd and Mr. Ryder, Protestants have been elected by Catholic votes in Argyll and Cape Breton.

What dreadful bigots these Catholics are!

PROTESTANT GENEROSITY AND TOLERATION.

There are more than eighty thousand Catholics in this Province, and not one of them that we know is permitted to hold even the petty situation of the Postmastership of a Country village! And yet this is the 'Denomination' against whose 'vaulting ambition' the *Times* appeals to the Protestant fears of the country!

We will shortly publish for the benefit of the *Guardian* some Protestant animadversions, which give a more faithful picture of the real character of our monastic institutions, than his drivelling correspondent.

We will also turn our attention to the manner in which the many thousands of French Catholics in this Province—the descendants of those primitive settlers who were so brutally expelled from their country, by some of the "tolerant spirits" of the *Times*—are treated in Nova Scotia, as far as public situations are concerned. Not one Frenchman in the Province receives Two Pounds a year in any official situation. And yet these worthy Academics form no small portion of the usurping "Denomination!"

We will likewise have a word or two to say upon the manner in which our people and our clergy are treated in the Commissionerships of Education.

The Meeting for the relief of the suffering people in Ireland and Scotland, which was held on Monday last, was respectable and efficient. About £500 were subscribed on the spot. The Right Rev. D. Walsh, Archdeacon Willis, Drs. Twining and

Belcher, Rev. Messrs. Unmacke and Arnold were present, and some of them addressed the meeting. Though sufficient publicity was not given to the Requisition for this meeting, we believe that a very respectable sum will be raised by the proverbially generous people of Halifax.

THE ORDER OF OBSERVING THE LENT OF 1847, IN THE DIOCESS OF HALIFAX.

1. Every week day in Lent is a Fast Day on one meal and a collation.
2. By virtue of power delegated to him by the Holy See, and in consideration of the severity of the climate, the failure of the potatoe crop, and for other just causes, the Bishop permits the use of flesh meat, at dinner only, on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays during Lent.
3. It is strictly prohibited to use fish and flesh meat at the same repast.
4. Eggs are forbidden on Ash Wednesday, Spy Wednesday, and Good Friday.
5. It is expected that some compensation will be made for the above indulgence, by more abundant alms to the poor, and the performance of other works of charity and mercy.
6. The Penitential Psalm, "Have mercy on me O God," &c. (Ps. 1.) and the Litanies of the Saints will be read before Mass, on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. Those who cannot attend Mass will cause those, and other suitable devotions to be read in presence of their families.

The new Bollandists have lately published at Bruxelles the first tome of the continuation of the *Acta Sanctorum*. This tome, the seventh of the month of October and the fifty-third of the immense collection, is divided into two grand-in-toto volumes of more than twelve hundred double pages. The fifty-second published in 1794 comprised the Acts of the Saints of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of October; this new volume comprises those of October 15th and 16th. The life of St. Theresa with the critical dissertations and valuable notes fills six hundred and eighty-two pages.

The typographical execution is really superior; well executed engravings enliven the text, and numerous tables facilitate the student's researches.—As to the intrinsic value of the work itself, it suffices to say that according to the testimony of all competent men, the Rev. Fathers Joseph Vandermore and Joseph Vannecke, by their extensive erudition, their discerning critic, and their rare talent for discussion are worthy successors of the Bollandists of the last century. If the other volumes are equal to this one, they will add new laurels to the many literary crowns of the Society of Jesus.—*Ami de la Religion.*