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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 25.

Prohibit 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.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- 2—Sunday 25th after Pentecost.
- 3—Monday—Feast of All Souls.
- 4—Tuesday—St Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor
- 5—Wednesday—Of the Octave of All Saints.
- 6—Thursday—Of the Octave.
- 7—Friday—Of the Octave.
- 8—Saturday—Octave day of the Feast of All Saints.

ST. MARY'S AND ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Before the sermon on Sunday the Bishop announced that the Pledge of this Society would be administered after Vespers to-morrow. We hope that many candidates will present themselves. The approaching winter is likely to be very severe in the labouring classes, in consequence of the scarcity of food. To guard against its rigours no other economy could be practised than to take the Temperance Pledge. There are, of course, high and holier motives, but even this should not be without its due weight, especially amongst those who are unable to afford to spend a single penny in the wine-shop.

ST. MARY'S.

The High Mass at the Cathedral on the last two days, was chanted by the Rev. Pere Francois, Superior of the Trappist Monastery at Tracadie,

has been staying in our city for a short time, on his way to Europe. The good Father is charged by his superiors with an important commission for the interests of his Order, and intends visiting Ireland, England, and France. He is expected to return to Nova Scotia in the early part of next year. Pere Francois is followed by the prayers and good wishes of the Catholics of Halifax, who have always proved themselves to be sincere friends of the interesting Establishment at Tracadie.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

BY VICOMTE WALSH.

Vicomte Joseph Walsh is an honoured member of one of the most respectable families in France—a family originally sprung from Ireland, and distinguished in the land of their adoption not only for attachment to literary pursuits, but for their chivalrous devotion to the ancient Faith and the ancient dynasty.

Vicomte Walsh is the author of many works which have given him a high position among the Religious writers of France. He has also made immense contributions to the periodical literature of his time. One of his latest productions was an interesting Life of Madame de Sevigne, which forms a portion of a large series entitled The Glories

* Such as the Lettres de Madame de Sevigne, Journaux, &c. &c.

of France. Vicomte Walsh is the intimate friend of the illustrious Chateaubriand, and bears many points of resemblance to the time-honoured writer of the Beauties of Christianity. Like him he is well skilled in English literature, and is familiarly acquainted with all our great writers. He is also an artist, a profound antiquarian, a passionate admirer of the middle ages, and a Christian Poet. As a specimen of his stile we give the following extracts from one of his most admired works, which has run through several editions amongst the Catholics of every part of the Continent of Europe, viz: his *Tableau Poetique des Fetes Chretiennes*. The subject, it will be perceived, is quite suited to the solemnities and commemorations which distinguish the commencement of the month of November in the Calendar of our Church. Vicomte Walsh was induced some time since, by the Translator of the following piece, to promise the completion of this beautiful work by giving in a second volume a *Tableau Poetique of the Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church*. We shall be most anxious to see this promise realized, for it will, no doubt, afford a rich treat to the lovers of our holy religion.

ALL SAINTS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICOMTE WALSH.)

The month of winds and violent storms has arrived. The precursor blast of winter blows the leaves from the trees, as our joyous days have been carried off by time.

During the course of the year, Religion has distributed her festivals from interval to interval amongst our days of labour. Like an oasis in the desert, they are a sweet repose for the wearied Christian. In the months that have passed, each mystery has had its solemnity—each saint his commemoration.

The Birth of the Saviour, his Presentation in the Temple, his Circumcision, his Epiphany, his Passion, his Death, his Resurrection, his Ascension, have been all celebrated.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Festival of Christ's Body, the Nativity, Conception, and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, have witnessed their anniversaries in succession, with the months to which they are attached; yet, even all these consecrated and blessed days are not sufficient for Catholicity. It desired other solemnities besides those of mysteries; and, after having searched in its annals—after having passed in review all the

merits, all the virtues, all the sufferings of its saints, it has placed every day in the year under the special protection of an inhabitant of heaven, and, as the days of the year are far less numerous than the saints of heaven, it has crowned all its particular anniversaries by one general commemoration.

Thus, like a mother full of tenderness, Religion has reunited all her children, in order to celebrate them together before the throne of God. In her justice, she brings before the great Re-enererator, and before the homages of men, all those who have merited reward and glory.

In this solemnity of ALL SAINTS, the Church on earth stretches forth her hand to the Church in heaven; and the communion of the saints, who enjoy eternal bliss, as well as of the just who aspire to it, is displayed as a great consolation and a most powerful encouragement.

Those who still dwell in the valley of tears are encouraged when they reflect that it was through weeping and sorrow their predecessors arrived into celestial repose; and they say: 'They were like unto us; let us be like them.'

To speak properly of the Feast of All Saints, we should be able to describe their glory, their felicity, their endless transports. But how is this possible? That which the eye has not seen, nor the ear ever heard, nor has it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, cannot be described in words.

All that we can say, with Bossuet is, that, in order to render the saints happy, "God will not make use of his ordinary power. He will do more; he will extend his arm—he will confine himself no longer to the nature of things—he will adopt no other law but that of his power and his love—he will seek, in the very depth of the soul, for the place where it will be most capable of bliss: joy will enter there with abundance, and inebriate it with delights."

"The elect will be adorned in such a manner, by the gifts of God, that eternity will hardly suffice to acknowledge it. Is this the body that was heretofore subject to so many infirmities? Is this the soul which had faculties so limited?"

"In this mortal flesh our soul can find nothing to satisfy it. It is of a difficult humour—it finds fault with every thing. What joy must it not be for this soul to meet at length with an infinite good—a perfect beauty; which captivates all its affections for ever, without its enjoyment being ever troubled or interrupted by the least desire?"

"God is the light which enlightens the saints. God is the glory which surrounds them. God is the pleasure which transports them. God is the life, which animates them. God is the eternity which establishes them in glorious repose."

"In the heavenly Jerusalem there will be no error, because there we will see God; there will be no suffering, because there we will enjoy God; there will be no uneasiness nor fear, because there we will repose in God."

I might quote many more extracts from the great orator, for Bossuet delighted in speaking of the glory of the elect; but I forbear—because I conceive that one of the best means of giving an idea of the delights of heaven is to point out the miseries of the earth. Above, *there is an ocean of bliss! Here below, there is a few drops of joy.* "On earth (says Ecclesiastes) we tremble while we smile."

"We think to rest ourselves here, and, nevertheless, time carries us off, and we are the prey of our own duration. Which of us does not desire rest? Both he who works in his house, and he who labours in the field, and he who sails over the ocean, and he who trades in land, and he who serves in the army, and he who busies himself in courts: all look forward to repose."

"Every man of sense marks out for himself a place of retreat and rest—a place which he looks at from a distance, as a haven into which he will throw himself when tossed about by contrary winds. But this asylum which you prepare for yourselves against fortune is still in her power; and no matter how far you may extend your foresight, you can never guard against her freaks. You think you are safe on one side—ruin will come on the other. You have made every thing secure all around—the edifice will suddenly tumble from the foundation. If the foundation be solid, a thunderbolt will come from above, and leave the whole in ruins. I wish to say simply, and without figure, that misfortunes here below assail us, and penetrate through too many avenues to allow us to be forewarned, and ready to resist them at every side. There is nothing on earth on which we place our dependance—children, friends, dignities, employments—which may not only fail us, but which may be turned into infinite bitterness for us; and we shall be too great novices in the history of human life, if there be any necessity of proving to us this truth."

Behold how Bossuet painted the misery of this worldly bliss in presence of Louis the Great, and he found the earth so poor only because he contemplated the felicity of the elect! When you turn your eyes from a radiant sun to the objects which surround you, they all seem obscure.

In the solemnity of All Saints, the Church desires to make us emulous of heaven. We would, therefore, do well, on this day, to conceive a distaste for the place of our exile. We never love our country so much as when banishment becomes insupportable.

Before she established a festival common to all the saints, the Church had feasts for the different orders of the heavenly inhabitants.

Thus the Eastern Church still celebrates the Feast of *all the saints of the Old Law*—that is, of all the just who preceded the coming of the Messiah. The office takes place on the Sunday before Christmas.

The Feast of *all the Apostles* has been for a long time celebrated on the first of May; that of *all the Disciples* on the fifteenth of July.

That of *all the Martyrs* had also its particular day.

The solemnity in honour of *the Fathers of the Desert* had been established on the Friday of Quinquagesima week.

The first who solemnized at Rome the *Feast of all Saints* was Pope Gregory III., who sat on the Chair of St. Peter in 731. Pope Gregory IV., having come into France about the year 835, recommended Louis le Debonnaire to cause the great commemoration of the Saints to be celebrated throughout his dominions, and it was accordingly done on the first day of November.

From that period *All Saints* has become the Feast of Autumn—the feast that closes the five days—the least that is nigh to death.

It is on this day, whilst the winds are whistling around the old churches, and the leaves of the forest are scattered by the blast which announces winter, that Religion, in her sanctuaries, chants this hymn to all the Saints:

"O holy citizens of heaven, we, poor mortals, assemble with joy to sing the victories and crowns which you have gained, at the cost of so many struggles and such severe labours!

"We, clothed with miseries, celebrate you, whom the Almighty has invested with glory.

"We, who eat the bread of labour and of tears, solemnize you, who live only by love and truth, and who drink in golden cups the living waters from the sacred fountains.

"We behold you, who were humble on earth, this day mingled with the holy Elders, who cast their diadems of glory at the feet of the King of kings.

"O you, who wert our brethren on earth, continue to be so in heaven! We are poor, and frail, and miserable, whilst you are clad in shining robes, that are washed clean in the blood of the Lamb; but do not turn away your eyes from your brethren here below!"

When the arches of the cathedrals and the village churches resound with these poetic words, the days begin to shorten, and the night soon falls. Hence the evening *Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament* on All Saints would be given in dark-

ness, but for the numerous wax lights which burn on the altar.

All Saints is the last feast which is kept in the chateaux.* After its solemnity, people think of returning to the cities. The country then becomes melancholy to those who love only verdure and flowers, and cloudless skies. Then fall the dry leaves, and fall like the illusions which vanish with them; then great sounds are heard in the night, which create sorrowful musings. But in this mourning there is still a great attraction for those who have grown old, and who have suffered. The flowery festivals of spring belong to youth—our feast is that which precedes the day of the departed.

* The country seats of the wealthy.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

(FROM THE SAME.)

"Religion," says Chateaubriand, "not satisfied with pouring forth prayers and benedictions on each grave, has crowned the things of another life by a general ceremony, in which she includes the memory of the countless inhabitants of the tomb—a vast community of the dead, where the great and the humble lie beside each other—a republic of entire equality, into which no one enters without taking off his helmet and crown, in order to pass through the lowly gate of the tomb.

"On this solemn day, when the obsequies of the entire family of Adam are celebrated, the soul mingles her tribulations for the ancient dead with the sufferings which she endures for her recently-departed friends. By this union, sorrow acquires a something that is sovereignly beautiful; just as a modern grief assumes an ancient character, when he who expresses it has nurtured his genius with the old traditions of Homer. Religion alone was capable of enlarging the heart of man to such an extent, as to be able to contain sighs and affections equal in number to the multitude which it had to honor."

On the evening of *All Saints*, whilst each family, after its return from the Church, is grouped around the domestic hearth, which has now resumed its flame, and its gratifying warmth, funeral peals are heard to descend from the towers and the belfries, and to mingle with the first silence of the night. It is the voice of the departed, who beseech the living to pray for their repose.

This voice of iron, as Shakspeare terms it, falls from on high on those who would flee from it to seek distractions, and spectacles, and enjoyment. It rings in the ears of all, inspiring with grave thoughts those who would desire only to laugh and make merry. For observe: this *feast of the dead* is not like the other festivals. There are certain freethinkers who have no regard for Christmas or

for Easter, who believe neither in the birth, nor in the resurrection of Christ . . . but who are painfully forced to believe in the death of their mother, of their father . . . of their children, perhaps! . . . Then, indeed, the bell of All Souls' Day tells them something; then they must avow in their inmost soul, that Catholicity has solemnities which speak to the heart.

Admire the knowledge of the human heart which religion possesses! She was anxious to make her children pray for the dead, but lest their souls should be too deeply absorbed by grief and sorrow at the sight of so many tombs, she has shown them the rays of heaven alongside the shadows of the grave—resurrection beside death.

On All Saints' Day, she spoke only of the bliss of the elect, of their endless delights, of their glory—in order that on the morrow we might with more fervour and earnestness beseech the God of the living and the dead, to grant our father, our mother, our friends, that repose and felicity whose descriptions we have heard.

Imagine, then, All Souls' Day without a reflection, without a gleam of heaven! O God! how sombre and melancholy would it not appear! The grave—destruction—rottenness—these are what would be present to the spirit, and afflict the heart, when we think of our deceased parents and friends. We should retire in consternation because we should behold nothing but worms and corruption. The incense of this cruel festival would be the stench of the tomb; its lights would be funeral torches; its music would be lamentations; and its hymns nothing but groans.

God, who created the heart of man, knew its weakness, and understood its terrors. Thus, when he wishes, for our good, that we should think of death, he permits some gleams of his glory to fall upon it. When he commands us to go to pray beside the tombs, he causes two daughters of heaven, FAITH and HOPE, to descend into those funeral regions; and these holy enchantresses speak to us these words so sweet, that terror forsakes us; and instead of the fears of death, we experience a consoling tranquility and peace. In the midst of our tears we behold beauteous angels bearing aloft on their wings the souls of our delivered friends. And in the profound silence which broods over all the tombs, if one word reaches our ear, it is the word RESURRECTION! Never have we been so powerfully taught the efficacy of prayer, and the excellence of our great sacrifice, as before the altars that are clad in mourning. The Church wished to let us see that prayer is stronger than death.

It is over the icy corpse of our mother, over the remains of our old father, over the tender bodies of our children, and the ashes of our friends, that

Christianity says to us, *Nolite timere*--'Do not fear.'

The tomb is the cradle of immortality. Lift up your head, and behold! your friends, your children, your father, your mother, have left here below only their remains, their worn-out garments; they had their faith in Christ, and Christ is THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE . . . Admirable, infinitely admirable, is the religion which thus consoles! Be thou, therefore, blessed by all men, O holy Catholic Faith! Thou alone canst cry over the tombs--

"O Death! where is thy victory?
"O Death! where is thy sting?"

It is thou that givest our affections and our friendships a duration which extends beyond life; it is thou that renewest the chains which years and sickness would break; it is thou who givest power to children to redeem from purgatory the souls of their fathers and their mothers, and enables' parents to give life to their children a second time:

Whilst the poor beggar has lived his miserable days, whilst he has suffered and mourned, who has best relieved his mis-eries and consoled his sorrows? Oh, Religion! we all know it was thou.

Well: when the beggar will have spent his days of misery, when his corpse shall be extended on straw, without a coffin or a shroud, who will come to watch over it, as if it were the body of a king?

It is Religion again; for observe:

'Amongst the ancients, the remains of the poor man or the slave were abandoned almost without honour; with us, the minister of the altars is obliged to watch over the coffin of the villager as well as the catafalque of the monarch. The pauper of the Gospel, in breathing out his last sigh, becomes on a sudden an august and sacred being. . . . Scarcely has this beggar, who pined at our gates an object of our disgust and contempt, departed this life, when religion makes us bow down before him. It summons us to a terrible equality, or rather it commands us to respect one of the just, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and who, from an obscure and miserable condition on earth, has mounted a throne in heaven.

It is thus the grand title of Christian places all on a level in death; and the pride of the most powerful potentate cannot extract from religion any other prayer than that which she offers for the lowest clown in the city.*

* Chateaubriand.

Concluded in our next.

LITERATURE.

LABOUR.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.
HEART of the People! Working men,
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your stony backs sustain;

Through streaming thro' this world of ours.
Hold by that title—which proclaims
That ye are undismayed and strong;
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burthens fall;
Labour for some or other end
Is lost and master of us all.
The high-born youth from downy bed
Must meet the morn with horse and hound
While Industry for daily bread
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, he
Is but your working comrade now;
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
Might whistle by the loom or plough.
In vain for him has wealth the use
Of warm repose or careless joy;
When, as ye labour to produce,
He strives as active to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
Sad sign of vigour over-wrought?
What toil can this new victim claim?
Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought,
How men would mock her flaunting shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no other work to do!

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book;
To things now working to that mind,
Your children's children well may owe—
Blessings that hope has ne'er defin'd,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work—with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed,
And all our choise is this to grow
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each others lot—
For those which seems the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from his task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest
And an increase of good for man.

Modern philosophy rends the brilliant veil of hope, that it may wrap us up in the darkness of annihilation.

He who gives to the poor, is laying up his money in heaven.

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."—*St. Mark ii. 27.*

Continued.

Hans, in a moment, made up his mind that he must have him for his friend—he loved him at once. The very contrast of their natures and characters made him love him. He soon made up to him, and in his frank, good-natured way addressed him; and the other smiling most kindly, replied. Neither seemed ever to think that the other came from the rival village; the generosity of the one, and the gentleness of the other, came at once to the same conclusion. They were friends in a moment, and before an hour was over each knew the other's name and history. Hans thus learnt that Fritz (that is, Frederick) Herschen was the younger son of a comfortable inhabitant of Lichten, and that he would be every day during the summer tending his father's flock. This was delightful news. And in truth every day their affection increased; Hans loved Fritz because he was so mild, and he loved Hans because he was such a fine generous fellow.

The week went on most pleasantly; but at its close there seemed to be a change in both. 'Why,' asked Fritz on Saturday afternoon, with good-natured anxiety, 'why, my dear Hans, are you not to-day in your usual good spirits?' 'Because,' he replied, 'to-morrow is the sabbath-day.' 'And you, how comes it, tell me, that you are so much gayer than usual to-day?' 'For the same reason,' answered Fritz, 'because to-morrow is Sunday.' 'Do you not love the Sunday?' 'I—I—dread it,' was the reply. The other opened wide his eyes, and seemed to ask what he could mean. 'To-morrow,' continued Hans, 'I shall not be allowed to look upon the green fields and craggy mountains which I love so much, or to hear the birds sing, or to bask in the sun, or be fanned by the breeze.' 'No!' Fritz interrupted him, 'but will you not see something better and more lovely—the rich and holy altar, with the smiling image of God's mother over it? will you not yourself sing 'Glory' with the angels? will not the lights of the sanctuary and its fragrant incense make up for the sun and breeze?' It was now Hans's turn to look amazed. 'Fritz!' he exclaimed, 'I do not understand what you are talking about. What have these things to do with the sabbath? with four sermons from Dr Grabstimme, and two lectures at home, besides prayer? Will you to-morrow if I should so far forget myself as to sing a note; nay, woe to me if I shall unluckily happen to smile. Farewell, Fritz, till Monday morning if to-morrow does not kill me.' 'A Sunday without a smile!' thought poor Fritz, 'what can he mean? Surely man was not made for such sabbaths as that!'

The next morning came; and it had scarcely dawned before Hans was aroused from deep sleep, and a pleasant dream about his new friend, by the

severe voice of his father, who standing by his bed was scolding him for not being already up. 'And now, Hans,' he continued, 'as you have begun the Lord's day by indolence and gross neglect, let me warn you how you continue it. For this last week I have observed each evening when you returned home, an increased levity and thoughtlessness, arising from I know not what cause. Put them away from you this day of holy rest, and beware how you profane its sacredness by light conversation, unseemly gaiety, or vain laughter. Let me this day, under pain of my most serious displeasure, see you exact in every religious duty, and serious and grave as the day requires. Quick, arise, and let us begin our morning worship.' The poor boy was in no mood for laughing or being gay, and rose quite in the humour for as melancholy a sabbath as his father could desire. It began with long family prayers and a long lesson; this was immediately followed by a long sermon at church, on a most gloomy subject. After a silent meal, a second service with another sermon on the horrors of popery. But here Hans began inwardly to rebel. For when he heard all sorts of terrible things about poor Catholics, as their blood-thirstiness and cruelty to Protestants, he refused to believe what last Sunday he would have borne at least patiently; for now he applied it all not to a certain ideal puppet called 'a papist,' but to his own dear little friend Fritz, and his own experience gave the lie to sentence after sentence; and at last he began to consider that the whole sermon was a libel on his companion, and a personal insult to himself; and he grew very restless, and began to move impatiently, when a dark glance from his father's eye, and a hard grasp of his hand, effectually quieted him.

It will be seen that he had not courage to tell his father of his new acquaintance. He well knew it would have been instantly cut short. But Fritz had no secrets for his parents, and had told them all from the beginning. At first they were alarmed; but when they had consulted their good parish priest, Mr. Gutenherz, and he had been satisfied from the good boy's account that his young friend put his religion in no danger, he was permitted to continue his companionship.

But to return to Duanel: Hans got during dinner a severe lecture, which effectually spoilt his appetite, for his conduct in church: though in truth his appetite was not over keen with confinement all day, for victuals cooked the day before. For Gottlob never allowed work of any sort to be done on the Sunday in his house. Two more services in church, with a dismal sermon in each, and long duty at home, sent him at last thoroughly worn out to bed. Yet he did not require his

father's calling him next morning; he was up with the lark, and soon in the field.

Another week passed like the preceding, and the friendship of the two boys every day grew stronger. Another melancholy sabbath came for poor Hans, then another joyful week, and so time wore on. The friends did not talk much on very deep, certainly not on theological subjects; but the oppression which every Sunday, as it came, seemed to cause on Hans's spirits, puzzled greatly his kind friend. 'It cannot be right, it cannot be right,' said poor Fritz to himself one Saturday evening as they parted, and he shook his little head most gravely. 'The religion which can make God's own day gloomy and cheerless comes not from *there*;' and he looked, and pointed with his finger, towards the golden heavens, in which the sun had just set, steeping every mountain in light, while the flood of rays that still rose from him dashed against the clouds and seemed to break into waves of glory. 'God,' he continued 'who made the produce of His six work-days so gorgeous, so lovely, so gladsome, cannot have intended the counterpart of His festival day of rest to be mean, and hateful, and sad.'

That evening Hans received a serious lecture from his father, upon the duty of being up betimes next morning, and not beginning the Lord's day himself with an act of laziness, and obliging him to begin it by anger and reproof. The lesson was not thrown away, when Gottlob went to rouse him from his bed, he found it empty: Hans was already gone out. At first he was pleased; but when the hour of prayer came, and no Hans appeared, he became more than ever angry. The day went on, it was church time, still no tidings of him. To look for him was out of the question—it was the sabbath-day, and nobody could be sent out on so profane an errand. The father began to feel alarmed as well as angry. but nothing could be done.

What, then, had become of Hans? Why the poor boy's head had long been working at the problem, of how it was possible to make Sunday cheerful and happy, and finding no solution, had been working himself up to the resolution to go some Sunday, and see how Fritz managed it. His father's lecture settled the matter: he determined to run any risk to escape from one wretched Sunday at least. So he arose before any one was stirring, and darting out of the village, tripped up the mountain's side briskly towards Lichten. He had never been in the fields before on a Sunday. 'Why,' he mused with himself, 'the birds are singing as gaily as on a week-day, and the sky looks as bright, and the turf as green, and the dew as brilliant. Will God be offended with me because I listen and look with the same pleasure as on other days? Is man to be the only, sad

thing on such a glorious morning? Hark, there is the bell of Lichten? Does not its joyous voice seem to claim a right to be heard in such a scene, and speak a language intelligible to the glad creatures around?'

Many, he could see, were already answering it; for from all sides people were directing their steps towards the little church. But imagining that there was always some risk in what he was about to do, he determined to reserve himself for the second, which he knew from his friend was the solemn service. He employed his time, therefore, as well as he could till nine, when the bell again gave forth its cheerful note, and then directed his steps towards the village. From every cottage around, along every path, family parties were streaming towards it: he was startled to see them so joyful. The people in their gay Sunday attire, so particular and beautiful in Switzerland, with their little ones tripping before or frisking around them, and plucking wild flowers as they went along to make themselves a nosegay, or to place before some altar, or on the grave of some dear brother or sister, chirping more merrily than the birds themselves, could it be Sunday he asked himself, or was each of these a bridal party going upon a special errand of joy? But as they reached the door of the sacred building a feeling of reverence, though not of gloominess, seemed to come over every heart. Silently yet freely they took their places, the men on one side, the women on the other. Hans felt a certain misgiving as he paused for a moment on the threshold: his heart beat, his flesh crept with a certain horror, as all rushed to his mind that he had heard of the idolatries and dark superstitions practised in Catholic churches—was it possible that he was on the point of witnessing these? But he had made up his mind to see and judge for himself, so forward he went, and did not halt till he found himself not far from the chancel or sanctuary: for he was determined to see every thing.

Poor Hans's ideas of the inside of a church were very simple: walls and pillars scrupulously clean, but as plain as whitewash could make them; its only furniture a pulpit; its only minister a clergyman in a black gown. He was, therefore, perfectly bewildered as he looked cautiously around him. Every thing to his eyes was rich and splendid; the gilded altars with their pictures and silver ornaments (for such one may yet see in the mountain churches of the Alps) seemed quite magnificent. But the high altar, decked out in splendour for the solemn function perfectly dazzled him. He had never seen a picture in his life before, nothing beyond a penny print, or a grim old portrait. Over the altar was the beautiful picture to which Fritz had alluded: of a lady majes-

trially arrayed, crowned with glory, and bearing in her arms a beautiful infant. The more he looked the more he felt the wish that he had a mother like that, for she seemed actually to turn her eyes and smile upon him. Oh could he know whom it represented; he felt sure he would love her as a child, and her dear infant as a brother! And the crucifix too! what a light that threw on what he had learnt by rote, that our Lord had been crucified for his sins! But what this meant he never had known, and consequently never properly felt. Now indeed he saw it, and shuddered at what it suggested.

To be continued.

[From the Catholic Library]

THOUGHTS DURING MOMENTS OF LONELINESS.

Whilst we praise the glory of God, and admire the heroic fortitude He has exhibited in those glorious martyrs who have purpled the distant lands of China with their blood, in testimony of the truth of the doctrines they have preached to those benighted millions; whilst we observe, with a laudable pride, the unceasing and successful exertions of our Missionaries, who are extending the kingdom of Christ in the most distant regions of the globe, the perhaps less brilliant, but equally meritorious, labours of our poor, persecuted, and faithful Priesthood at home who exert themselves continually against so many formidable obstacles, to preserve the holy faith of our forefathers, are forgotten or escape observation. We justly extol the virtue and perpetuate the memory of the holy martyrs, who shed their blood and fearlessly sacrificed their lives for the faith of Christ in foreign countries; but how many young, gifted, and fervent ecclesiastics sunk under the heavy weight of the accumulated and harassing duties of the Irish Mission, and their names forgotten, and memory buried in the obscure graves that enclose their mortal remains! The devoted spirit of sacrifice was equal in both; their end, which was the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures, was the same. The sufferings of the one, 'tis true, were sharp, but they were momentary; the sufferings of the other were indeed milder, but they were protracted. The Just Judge confers upon them equally glorious rewards in the kingdom of heaven, but how differently do we treat their memory and remains upon earth! The bones and ashes of the holy foreigner are translated to some cathedral of celebrity, and encased in some beautiful and costly shrine; whilst, not even the sign of that glorious cross, whose doctrines he had preached and practised during life, marks the sequestered spot that is hallowed by the relics of the holy Irish Priest. The name of the one is echoed from pole to pole—the name of the other can only be discovered when we enter heaven, and read its records. We laud, with

justice, the virtues of those who sacrifice their dear native country and friends, to plant the standard of the cross in infidel countries; but the distressing duty of instructing our poor and ignorant in the mysteries of faith, and the other essential points of our religion, is regarded with indifference. We envy the merits of the foreign Missionaries, who journey through the parching climes of India, cross the ocean—penetrate the boundless forests of America—ascend the steepest cliffs and highest mountains, in search of the lost children of the house of Israel, to bring back the strayed sheep into the fold—we are deeply affected by reading an account of their lives; but we feel but little interest for the Priests of our own parish, who, at our doors, are working incessantly for our salvation, and those who are committed to their care.

The poor Irish Missioner, whilst resting his weary bones, after a day of painful labour, is often summoned, at the dead hour of night, to the bedside of some one of his departing children, to administer the last consolations, to support him on his dread journey from time to eternity. He is thus hurried from the heat of his chamber into the open air, and exposed to all the inclemency of the weather during the wet and cold, and wintry seasons. He has often to travel many miles in the dark, through bad and dreary roads, to a miserable hut, at the foot of some uncultivated mountain, or in the centre of some extensive bog, in the country districts; or, perhaps, to ascend the creaking staircase of some antiquated building, whose mouldering and tottering walls threaten instant destruction to its inmates. On his return, his daily Mass renders him unable to take any refreshment; but, after snatching a few moments more of sleep, rises again to engage in the same routine of duties, unaided by any cheering sympathy or support beyond what the love of God and his neighbour, and the hope of heaven, inspires in the heroic soul of the poor Irish Priest! Travel where you will, examine every country, be the celebrity of its Clergy what it may, you will find none more virtuous, more enlightened, more zealous, or more worthy the esteem of the virtuous, and the glory of heaven, than the poor Irish Priest.

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark: and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

Nothing is so positive as ignorance.

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