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THE CROSS.

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.

VOL. I. HALIFAX, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1843. No. 30.

Weekly Calendar.

- Sept. 24, Sunday XVI. after Pent. Feast of the B. V. Mary *le Mercede* for the deliverance of captives.
- 25, Monday. SS. Eustachius and Corporatus, Martyrs.
- 26, Tuesday. S. Eusebius Pope and Conf.
- 27, Wednesday. SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
- 28, Thursday. S. Wenceslaus King and Martyr.
- 29, Friday. Dedication of S. Michael the Archangel.
- 30, Saturday. S. Jerome. Priest Conf. & Doctor of the Church.

The New Cemetery.

We publish from the Register a graphic description of the Procession, and solemn ceremonial on Sunday last.—At the same time we must declare that no description could convey to those who were not present, an accurate notion of that ever memorable scene. It was, indeed, a great, a glorious day for the Catholics of Halifax, and one, the account of which, we are convinced, will bring joy to the heart of every good Catholic in Nova-Scotia. Religion walked forth in all her majesty, and the beautifully-impressive ceremonials of our Church spoke practical lessons of instruction to the thousands who witnessed them. The people of Halifax have covered themselves with everlasting honour. On the 31st of August they built the Church from the foundation to

the roof-tree in one day, and on the 17th of September they had the happiness of seeing it dedicated for ever to the service of God. What brighter page can be found in the annals of any Catholic city?

We have reason to think there were near ten thousand persons present on Sunday, during a part of the ceremony. Many of our worthy fellow-citizens of other denominations attended, and seemed to take a lively interest in the proceedings of the day. Their conduct was decorous and respectful, and they appeared fully sensible of the serious earnestness and deep sincerity with which Catholics treat every thing connected with the service of the Almighty. And as we have spoken of those who differ from us in creed, it is but justice to add, that from the time the improvements commenced at the Catholic Cemetery, they hailed the progress of the work with evident satisfaction, and seemed to consider that any thing which tended to the embellishment of the capital, was a subject of common gratulation to all the citizens. We beg to reciprocate this friendly and enlarged feeling, and to express a hope that the new general Cemetery at Camp Hill may be finished in such a manner as to reflect credit on the taste and spi-

rit of those engaged in it, and, indeed, if we may judge from what has been already accomplished, it promises to be an ornamental as well as useful appendage to our city.

But to return to the Catholic Cemetery—the Church in the centre was dedicated Dec. Opt. Max. *sub invocatione Beate Mariæ, Virginis, juxta Crucem, Dolorosæ*. It is capable of accommodating five or six hundred persons. Within its sacred precincts many a fervent prayer will be addressed to Heaven for the eternal repose of the departed. From its altar the victim of our ransom, will be frequently offered up for the living and the dead. In this hallowed spot many an afflicted heart will seek for relief from the ‘Father of mercies and God of all consolation who comforts us in all our tribulations.’—Here many a tearful eye will look for the last time on all it loved on earth.—Under whose intercession then could this temple of mourning and of hope be more appropriately dedicated than that of our *Lady of Dolours*, the Virgin Mother of Sorrows, standing transpierced with grief at the foot of the Cross of Jesus? Where is the Christian that will not learn resignation to the Divine Will when he looks upon his Redeemer expiring on the Cross, and contemplates his Blessed Mother standing beneath, and although her soul is overwhelmed with grief, offering up the sacrifice of the Son whom she so dearly loved, because she knows it is the will of his Heavenly Father?—

Every thing in this Mortuary Church will remind the Christian visitor of the certainty of death, the uncertainty of its awful hour, and the necessity of being always prepared for that dread event, and the judgment by which it is to be followed. It will then appear as a place of holy and penitential meditation as well as a house of sacrifice and prayer. The great truths of religion will there sink deeply into the soul, at a time when it is best disposed to receive such salutary impressions—when bowed down by the weight of affliction, it instinctively turns for comfort to the God who made it, because here below ‘there is none to console it.’ Oh yes! the sight of the Cross will revive the mourner’s drooping spirit; for it will speak of Him who thereupon took away the sting from death, and by dying restored us life. This emblem of salvation will remind us of Him who said ‘I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, even though he be dead, shall live.’

This “sign of the Son of Man” which was raised also in the midst of the Cemetery on the Feast of the exaltation of the Cross, and before which so many solemn prayers were recited, and so many fervent acts of religion performed on Sunday last, will tower above the surrounding graves as the sign of faith, the anchor of hope, the earnest of immortality. That Church-yard Cross will proclaim to all who enter the region of the dead that Jesus will come one day with great power and majesty

to judge the world—that then, the sign of the son of man shall appear in the heavens—a sign of confidence and joy to the elect, for then will be fulfilled that prophecy of His: ‘Amen, amen, I say to you that the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and when those who hear, shall live.’

The Catholic blushes not during life at the Cross of our Lord. He venerates it with becoming respect. It is his great Book of meditation, every page of which is written in letters of love. With the Apostle of the gentiles he glories in nothing else but the Cross, he boasts of no science, save the knowledge of Jesus Christ crucified.—And what rational Christian can blame this pious usage? How unreasonable in modern times to have censured the Catholic Church for the preservation of that sacred symbol which is the most befitting of all Christian ornaments?—Let us hope that a better spirit is beginning to prevail amongst those ‘enemies of the Cross of Christ,’ to whom this saving sign has been ‘a stumbling-block, and a folly.’ Let us hope that they will at length listen to the testimonies of Scripture, the voice of antiquity, the practice of the Church in every age, and cry out with Wordsworth, one to whose religion and poetry they surely will not object:

“And we will not conceal the Precious Cross,
Like men ashamed. The sun with its first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low pile,
And the fresh air of “incense-breathing morn”

shall wondrously embrace it; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.”

Another Protestant writer,† who seems to have studied with an unprejudiced mind the religious habits of ‘the good old Catholic times’ in England, thus speaks of the Cross in the introduction to his Anglican Church Architecture:

“The Cross is the great symbol of our faith; for ‘when heathens despised the Christian religion because of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, the Fathers, to testify how little such contumelies and contempts prevailed with them, chose rather the sign of the Cross than any other outward mark, whereby the world might most easily discern always what they were;’ (Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity, Book v.) it is therefore of all decorations the most appropriate that can be introduced in Ecclesiastical Architecture, and like “a guardian crest” ought to be placed on the summit of every structure that is dedicated to the solemn services of the Church. The lofty stone cross which was usually erected in the churchyard, was sometimes elaborately ornamented, with the symbols of the four Evangelists or other appropriate sculpture, and it is much to be regretted that so many of these interesting and beautiful monuments of our pious forefathers have been wantonly destroyed, and that those which yet remain are generally in a perishing and dilapidated state: the figure of

† Ecclesiastical sketches. Barr

the cross was also frequently chiselled upon the tombs."

Alluding in another part of his work, (page 46,) to the graveyard crosses, the same writer observes :

"Our pious ancestors generally erected in the churchyard a stone cross, probably both to serve as a significant memorial of the faith and hope of the departed, and to designate that the ground was consecrated."

Let us give one more extract on this subject from another writer of the same class—"Among the first Christians the instrument of God's suffering and man's redemption, the Cross, was made the chief emblem of their faith, the chief mark of their community, their standard and their watchword. It was carefully imprinted alike on the habitations of the living and the receptacle of the dead. It was frequently composed of foliage or ornamented with gems."—*Hope's History of Architecture*.

We will then fervently reiterate the hope that the unchristian cry against the use of the Cross will no longer be heard amongst us; and perhaps the sounder notions now beginning to prevail on this point, may induce many of our dear though separated brethren to look back with more consideration and respect on other pious usages of their and our forefathers; to examine with more scrupulous care the 'grounds of the old doctrine,' to revoke the unjust judgment that has been so flippant-

ly passed on what are termed the 'dark ages,' to contemplate the enduring memorials of their faith and piety which they have bequeathed us, and which with all our boasted enlightenment and zeal we have never yet equalled. If this be done with a sincere spirit of enquiry, an humble diffidence in themselves, and an entire reliance on the direction of the Holy Ghost, they will assuredly discover that the Catholic religion is very different indeed from what it has been represented, and that in other respects as well as in the use and proper veneration of the Cross they will learn to admire and love the Faith of their Fathers—that Faith which taught even the Christian warrior not to blush at the symbol of atonement, and by inscribing it on his arms, mitigated, by this memorial of mercy, the dreadful horrors of war :

"——— A bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd,
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd."

Might we not conclude our observations on the Cross and the train of ideas which they have produced by quoting again from Wordsworth an affecting appeal, which if listened to would produce the most blessed results of Christian union and love amongst us.

"Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening piety requires,
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires."

But we must bring these hurried remarks to a close. Sunday the 17th of

September, the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, will be a day ever and justly memorable in the Catholic annals of Halifax. Our children's children will speak of it with delight, and future generations will pray over the silent dust of those who were then so full of life and vigour, and will obtain, we trust, eternal repose for the souls of those who so nobly perfected this glorious work.

The Bridge at the entrance of the Cemetery was called Anne's Bridge, in memory of the Blessed Virgin's sainted mother, on whose Feast, the 26th of July last, it was so rapidly built.

The large entrance Gate was named St. Joseph's Gate, after the holy foster-father of our Lord, the faithful guardian of the mysteries of the Incarnation, the virginity of the Mother of God, and the safety of the Divine Infant. The children of the Church are wont to pray for the grace of a happy death through the intercession of St. Joseph, as it is piously believed that he himself was assisted in his last moments by Jesus and Mary.

The beautiful well at the extremity of the hallowed ground, has been called Patrick's Well, after the great Apostle of Ireland, whose spiritual children have clung with such heroic tenacity to 'the Faith once delivered to the Saints.'

The beautiful Church, as we have said already, was called after OUR LADY OF SORROWS, whose bereavement at the foot of the Cross of Jesus, will re-

mind the poor mourner who flies for refuge to its sanctuary, of the necessity of suffering, and the merit of acquiescence in the divine will.

Finally, the Burial Place itself has been called Holyrood Cemetery, or the Churchyard of the Holy Cross, in memory of the infinite love of him who laid down his precious life to rescue us from eternal death. For "we ought to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our Salvation, Life and Resurrection, by whom we have been saved and delivered." Galat. vi.

And now we say God speed the blessed work, and reward all those that shared in it! May their lives be holy, and their deaths 'precious in the sight of the Lord!' May they learn during life that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the Dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," (2 Maccab. xii. 46) and when their remains shall be one day committed to the earth may it be said of them in the language of inspiration:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them." Apoc. xiv.

From the Register.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CEMETERY.

On Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, conformably to arrangements previously made, the whole Catholic population of Halifax congregated at St. Mary's Church for the purpose of proceeding in procession to the new Cemetery and assisting at the impressive rite of its consecration. Every precaution which extensive foresight could suggest had been taken to avoid any confusion or disorder which might attend such an immense aggregate. Every preparation had been made too, which could contribute

to the splendour of such an interesting occasion; and the results were experienced in a scene the remembrance of which can never pass away—and the solemn grandeur of which could scarcely be anticipated even by those to whom the glories of our Ritual are not unfamiliar.

The day was exceedingly propitious. The morning had worn a lowering aspect and many apprehensions had been expressed that public expectation would be disappointed by a necessary adjournment of the sacred ceremony. But shortly before the hour appointed for the departure of the procession, the sun shone forth with more than his usual brilliancy, and he seldom witnessed a scene more beautiful and affecting than that which we have the happiness to describe.

Shortly after ten o'clock the thirty six Wardens, who rendered such invaluable services on the occasion of the two popular demonstrations at the Cemetery, appeared among the mass with their wands beautifully decorated and ornamented, to marshal the assembled thousands in the old grave yard. As in the other processions the parishioners marched four deep. Before their departure the most admirable dispositions had been made to give effect to the proceedings: so that when the signal to move was given by the Bishop all proceeded with a regularity and self possession becoming the sacredness of the day and the object all had in view.

Having received the signal from his Lordship Dr. Walsh, all proceeded in the following order:

Four hundred and fifty boys, four and four.
The Parishioners of St. Mary's four and four.
Cross Bearer, wearing a splendid cope, and bearing a magnificently gilt cross, ten feet in altitude—on each side attended by an Acrolythe.

Thurifers.

Boys, two deep, in surplices, red cossack and hands, bearing on cushions, &c. the various things to be used in the ceremony— the mitres, &c.

Two Crozier Bearers in white and gold Dalmatics.

Sub Deacons in Tunics.

Deacons in Dalmatics.

Priests in fine Copes, two and two.

The Bishop.

We will not attempt to describe the appearance which this gorgeous assemblage presented as they moved along the Spring Garden Road on their way to the Cemetery. The impression made upon our minds is not to be conveyed by words. It was not the endless line of the thousands stretching away through all the tortuous windings of the road until the moving column could be traced unbroken from the grave yard to St. Mary's Church; it was not the admirable precision with which the officers directed and the people preserved the order of the march from the commencement to the end; it was not even the splendour of the purely religious portion of the cortege—and we have seldom seen any thing superior to it;—nor even the reflection of unaffected piety which shone from the countenances of every one engaged there:—but it was something arising from the whole—the crowd of associations to which it gave existence—that make Sunday a day the memory of which must live forever. Who could look upon that countless multitude with all the solemnity of religion going forth on the Christian Sabbath—turning their backs upon the last home of their mouldering predecessors, where the dwelling place of death had become too crowded; where “dust to dust” had been added until the remains of four generations had been gathered in silent testimony of the hollow vanity of all things here below; where many a one reposed whose death even recently had shadowed the brightness of domestic happiness and withered friendship in its blossom; who could recollect this—and that now that same multitude was going forward to seek a new region for death's empire—to recognise that ties were yet to be sundered—that objects of affection were still to be snatched away—to make homes in the Earth's dark womb for themselves and others—who could recollect all this and not be moved by the majesty of the moral spectacle?

As we approached the Cemetery the scene

was one surpassingly beautiful. It had been decided by the Committee that the Female portion of the congregation should be admitted at an earlier hour than that decided upon for the Procession. Consequently upon our approach we could perceive the beautiful rising grounds of the Cemetery covered with Ladies elegantly attired. At the foot of the uniform mound which runs along the eastern extremity of the Cemetery, and nearly midway across, rose a splendid Cross nearly twenty feet in height.—Four smaller ones occupied other parts of the Church yard. On the hill before us, and overlooking all was the exquisite mortuary Church beautifully finished, and now prepared for consecration. The paling all round the Cemetery had been painted pure white; and the entrance by a spacious Gothic gate supported by two wickets of the same order of architecture—each surmounted by the symbol of redemption finished the beauty of the whole. And now the Procession entering at the gate filed off two to the right and as many to the left, so that the crowd would be uniformly disposed. When the whole population had been thus distributed—and the Bishop and clergy slowly directed their steps onward through the masses, and took up their position at the foot of the Great Cross, the eye never rested upon a scene more strikingly engaging. There could not have been fewer than six thousand persons on the ground.

We will not describe the beautiful ceremony of blessing the Church. It was sufficiently explained in our last No. Every portion of the Ritual was strictly followed; and the Church was dedicated under the Patronage of "our Dolorous Lady on Mount Calvary."

Owing to the taste and religious feelings of some pious Ladies, the altar was most becomingly decorated. The Flowers of the season exhaled their fragrance around the place of sacrifice, and contributed their mute homage to the inass of devotion which recognised the paternal benevolence of Him, who clothes the Lily of the Valley with all its loveliness.

Between the ceremony of blessing the church and the celebration of the Divine mysteries, a

voluntary offering was made, at a place appointed for the purpose, to complete the improvements so extensively and so spiritedly commenced by our people. His Lordship preceded his Flock. Then came men, women, and children, all passing in review before the Bishop and Clergy. Every one gave something. Even the children on the nurses arm were made to hold some coin in their tiny fingers, and thus at their entrance into life acknowledge their progression to the tomb—The good and liberal and pious parishioners came as they always did, with the devotional zeal of true religion, and the generosity of good hearts.—Every one gave his mite. God bless them all! Will it be believed?—After their Church at the North End—their new Vestry—their immense labours and sacrifices in this very Cemetery—their various and large subscriptions for other religious purposes, amounting to some thousands of pounds during the last year—will it be believed—the subscription of Sunday last amounted to more than Two Hundred Pounds! May God again and again bless the firm virtue of the Halifax Catholics.

Immediately after the collection had been made, Rev. Mr. O'Brien offered the Holy Sacrifice in the newly dedicated edifice. The multitude within and without testifying by their deep and heartfelt devotion, their appreciation of the ineffable sacrifice which is offered up "from the rising to the setting of the sun."

The Bishop and Clergy then proceeded to consecrate the Cemetery, following the order which may be seen on our first page. We regret that we did not hear his Lordship's address explanatory of the ceremonies which succeeded. We have heard it spoken of in terms with which the lips of His Lordship's numberless admirers are familiar. But if we cannot speak of the Sermon, we can of the Bishop's endurance. How he could have borne the exertions of such a day as Sunday, beneath the beams of a burning sun, and with no interval of relaxation for nearly six hours, is beyond any explanation we can offer. We must only suppose that the Divine Legislator, who commands us not to "tire in well doing" ministers the faculty, where there exists the strong will to obey his own behest.

About half-past four o'clock, the Bishop closed the labours of the morning. An admiring and edifying community returned to their homes—with spirits invigorated—grace resuscitated—holy dispositions engendered, and resolutions, we are sure, formed, which in due season will bring forth their fruits a thousand fold. We have seen many a one on whom impressions have been made, which time can never erase, and which will contribute to a felicitous eternity.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, St. Mary's Church was crowded to overflowing. The people seemed determined to make it a day of undivided homage to the Almighty. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien preached a sermon on the subject which the day's labours suggested—DEATH. Many a vacant place in St. Mary's Church—many a tenant scarcely cold in the tomb, and reposing a few feet distant from the preacher—many a warm heart chilled, and strong heart broken—and bright eye dimmed by death,—even since this Clergyman's last sermon from that altar, gave evidence of life's uncertainty and warning of death's approach. To many, too, the memory of

“Lost hopes and dead affections,”

—of the kindly and fond, and benevolent and virtuous—who have gone away—was called up reminding them, that if the staff of age was not broken, nor life's sunshine departed—the flowers of the garland were withered, and

The garland dead!

—It was a “feast of tears”!

We departed to our homes after the proceedings of Sunday, and while we reviewed the scene, in which we had been engaged, and called to mind the thoughts which these scenes suggested, we were forcibly struck with Job's beautiful description of man:—“Qui quasi flos egreditur et conuertitur et fugit velut umbra.”

Rev. Pere Vincent of Tracadie,

This venerable and respected Ecclesiastic has lately visited our city, and has been most cordially received by the Catholics of Halifax. At the head of the Trappist community at Tracadie, he is well and favourably known to the entire Province, in which for more

than a quarter of a century he has lived the good priest, the father of the poor and the devoted religious. His community at Tracadie having recently sustained a severe loss by fire, Pere Vincent came to make an appeal in their behalf to the well-known generosity of the Halifax Catholics. This was warmly seconded by the Bishop, who twice addressed the Parishioners on the subject on Sunday week, and as far as we can learn, with useful effect. We believe the good Father will have no reason to regret his visit to Halifax, where his age, his virtues, and his highly engaging manners, have commanded universal respect. He celebrated the Grande Messe at St. Mary's on the Sunday before last, and went through the ceremony with a vigour and precision which surprised those that knew that this Nestor of the sanctuary is in the 74th year of his age. He took a very active part also on last Sunday during the long ceremonial at the Cemetery, and in company with the Rev. Mr. Murphy of Newfoundland, assisted the Bishop throughout.

Catechism at the North End.

On Sunday morning last after his Mass at St. Mary's, Dr. Waish announced that for the future Catechism would be taught on Sundays at the School Room at the North End. He also read a list of Teachers, both male and female, who had kindly volunteered their services to commence this good work on Sunday next. We hope the Catholic parents in that part of the City will avail themselves of the desirable opportunity thus afforded them for the religious instruction of their children.

Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Branch of this noble institution continues to flourish in Halifax. New Subscribers and collectors are every day presenting themselves. On Thursday, 14th inst., the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, Dr. Walsh offered a Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Church, in thanksgiving to God for the continued success of the Association throughout the Catholic world, and administered the Holy Communion to the members who had prepared themselves for the Holy Eucharist on this occasion. Upwards of three hundred persons approached the Table of the Lord, and offered up their prayers in union with the Holy Sacrifice, according to the earnest exhortation of the Bishop, who on the previous Sunday had spoken at considerable length on the nature and objects of the Association.

An Instruction on Death.

Translated from the French of Pere Bourdaloue.

(Concluded from No. 28.)

In a word, to see yourself, if God should so permit, despised, abandoned, and humbled from that state of prosperity to which he has been pleased to raise you. This is what I call the blessed detachment to which you should aspire, and which the consideration of death should produce in your soul. Without this, no matter how detached you may be, or seem to be, from the world,

you should never imagine you are perfect according to God. You will find this reflection of great use for the discernment of your interior dispositions.

I. Be very careful that this detachment from the world, caused by the thought of death, should not turn into melancholy indifference, or make you disgusted with things to which it is God's will you should apply yourself, and which are your duties in the order of Providence; because, from the habit of contemplating death, and beholding it present, one may fall into this disgust, and into a certain indifference for every thing in the world, which would cause a relaxation even in duties, since one might see no longer in the world any thing which, if I may say so, would be worth the trouble of caring for. We should, therefore, ascend higher, and behold the things of the world, not in relation to death alone, but with regard to that which follows it, namely, that judgment of God, at which our actions will be weighed according to the measure of our obligations. The thought of death should not, under the pretext of detachment, weaken our courage; much less, should it lead to a relaxation of duties. It should retrench the excess, the impatience, the eagerness and restlessness of our too impetuous and too ardent desires; but it should not cool those desires that are praiseworthy and good, which a zeal for our state and our religion ob-

liges us to have. Keep those two maxims closely in view, because, when united they produce a wonderful balance in the Christian soul. We should live detached from every thing, because we must be every moment ready to die; but at the same time we must discharge and apply ourselves to all our duties, because we will have to render God an account of our life. If you separate one from the other, even a detachment from the world would be no longer a preparation for death, because it would be a detachment ill-understood and badly regulated.

V. In applying to yourself the words of St. Paul: **THE TIME IS SHORT**—draw another consequence from them, which is no less essential than this detachment from the world, namely, that you should, therefore, hasten to do all the good which God requires and expects from you; for the greatest misfortune that could befall you, would be to be snatched away by death, leaving the work of God imperfect. If possible, you should be able to say to God, in proportion, what Jesus Christ said to his Father: *I have finished the work that you have given me to do!* John xvii. In the state to which God has called you, you know to what this work extends, with regard both to yourself and others. What a consolation, if at your death you can bear the same testimony, and make the same declaration as Jesus Christ: *all is finished!* John xix. But, for

this purpose, you must hasten and profit of the time, whose every moment is so precious; never delaying until the morrow what you are able to do to-day—never covering your sloth with the veil of false prudence, executing punctually the inspirations of God, and doing good, as St. Paul says, whilst you have it in your power, and whilst God gives you time. This is the method of making a solid preparation for death.

VI. Consider well, that our Saviour in instructing his disciples on this important truth, did not say to them: *Prepare yourselves;* but, *Be ye ready,* (Matt. xxiv.) because what happened to the foolish virgins, happens every day to the children of the world. They prepared themselves, and even with haste, to go meet the bridegroom: nevertheless, the gate was closed against them: How many persons have I known in the world, who were surprised at a time when they were forming designs, and taking measures for their salvation: nay, even when they had made some progress in the work? All this was the beginning of preparation: but, because a preparation commenced is not sufficient, and that it requires to be complete, by a terrible judgment from heaven, which was, perhaps, the punishment of their past infidelities, God rejected them, because they were not entirely prepared.—Examine then the folds and intricacies of your heart, that you may

be convinced of this salutary truth. See if there still be any obstacle in you to this perfect state of preparation, in which you should be, to find favour with God, when you shall appear before him, for this obstacle alone would be sufficient to condemn you to the unhappy lot of the foolish virgins in the gospel.

VII. But the principal use you should make of the thought of death, and the preparation for it is, to apply it as a remedy to the disorder you have most to fear, which is tepidity and lukewarmness in your religious exercises.* Now this is not only a sovereign, but an easy remedy; for you have only to place yourself in the dispositions you would wish to be found at the hour of death: for instance, never to approach the Sacrament of Penance, unless with the same contrition you would wish to have at the hour of death—never to communicate but with the same faith and the same zeal which you would desire to possess at the hour of death. And is not this both reasonable and just? This view of death will diffuse over your actions a spirit of fervour, whose impression you will speedily feel: these duties performed in this spirit will sanctify your life, and you will

not be exposed to the malediction of those souls who do the work of the Lord negligently. One of these actions will obtain for you more grace than a hundred others, and it is thus our life may become a continual preparation for a happy and precious death.

VIII. Make use of the thought of death to fix and determine your resolutions in all the difficulties which you may meet during life.—There is no rule more certain than this: *What shall I think at the hour of my death of the action I am now about to perform?* This view of death will be a light and guide, so that you may never follow what is dangerous, and never have to repent of what you have done. Nothing can better resolve your doubts, nor throw a brighter light over those things that may seem obscure; and in the absence of him whom you have chosen for your guide in the way of eternal salvation, you will always possess in yourself a faithful counsellor, who will neither flatter nor deceive you. In this manner also, you will prepare yourself more efficaciously for death: because at the hour of death your conscience will have to reproach you with nothing, for which you will not have already provided by the anticipation of death itself. Happy condition, which ensures us, as far as is possible, a holy life, and a peaceful death!

* Each Christian should apply this thought of Death, and the preparation for that awful change, to his own predominant faults.—Translator.

From the London Tablet.

CHINA.

THE FRENCH MISSIONARIES.—M. Miche, one of the French Missionaries, to whose escape we lately alluded, wrote the following letter, while in daily expectation of death. It is written from the dungeons of Hue, capital of Cochin China, and is dated the 14th of June, 1842:—"This, probably, is the last letter you will receive from me; it is a farewell letter. I am a prisoner for Jesus Christ, and loaded with chains ever since the 16th February. I trust that on learning these tidings, you—far from deploring my lot—will join with me in thanking the Lord for the signal favour which he has allowed to me, in calling on me to suffer for his glory. Arrested with M. Duclos, by a troop of Cochin Chinese soldiers, within the dominions of the King of Fen, six days' journey from the frontiers of Cochin China, and, consequently, in manifest violation of the rights of nations, they tied my hands behind my back, and dragged me to the city of Phuyen, the chief town of the province of that name. I was there loaded with chains, and cast into a dungeon with the greatest culprits of the kingdom. In the course of sixty examinations which I have undergone, the Mandarins have always attempted to induce me to apostatize, and have promised me liberty on condition of my trampling on the cross. I have always answered that, with the help of grace, my faith was above the fear of tortures, and that I was ready to die a thousand times rather than subscribe to their criminal orders. I have been four times exposed to their tortures, and four times has the Lord strengthened my weakness, fortifying me with the constancy necessary to the endurance of these terrible trials, without doing anything unworthy of a soldier of Christ. Immortal thanks to the Author of all good!—Not only does he sustain them who are feeble, and walk them round against the tortures, but he communicates the inexpressible secret which changes torment into joy and pleasure. We are now five missionaries in the same prison.—M. Charrier, M. Berneux, M. Galy, M. Duclos, and myself. The three first have long been condemned to death, and I hope, in a month or two, to be associated with them in honour. All of us keep Novena after Novena, that it may please the Lord to hasten the moment when we may shed our blood for the faith. The day on which our heads shall fall, will be, to us, a day of festival; we have determined that on leaving our prison we shall sing to the very place of punishment, the psalm "Lætatus sum" and "Te Deum." Adieu, dear brothers, adieu! we shall meet again in a better world, if the Lord

should deign soon to call me to him, as I hope my prayers will have more weight this day, and I will conjure our common Father to have you in his holy keeping.

The relics of M. Boire, one of the French Missionaries decapitated for the faith at Tongking, have reached Paris. On the 6th inst. the coffin, or case, was opened, and the remains identified; their authenticity being proved by numerous letters, &c. The relics were then placed in a glass case, and deposited, with due honours, at the house of the foreign missions.

The *Bengal Catholic Herald*, of the 27th May, has a letter from the Rev. Mr. Freycenon, of Singapore, successor of the Rev. Mr. Beurel, whose zeal and piety are the universal theme of admiration among our brethren of the Straits:

"Since 1840 a new mission has been established in Chinese Tartary. M. Verolle, Apostolic Missionary of Setchuem, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic. This exemplary prelate accepted the charge with respect and humility, although with the natural fear attendant upon an undertaking so arduous and important. But actuated by the zeal and devotedness of a French Missionary, he likewise experienced the unspeakable happiness in the prospect of the immense good which he would thus be enabled to effect for the glory of God and the advancement of our holy religion. After much trouble and anxiety, at the very outset of his career, by a protracted voyage of sixty-nine days, from Setchuem, he, accompanied by three priests, arrived at the place appointed for him by the common Father of the faithful Gregory XVI.

"We have had no news of the mission at Corea, presided by Monsieur Imbert, nor of that at Setchuem, since 1840; in which year, whilst I was at the latter place, the Catholic Coreans being assembled in prayer on the day of Pentecost, a number of soldiers suddenly entered the place of worship—and burned, killed, and massacred all whom they could lay hold of. A Judas betrayed the poor Christians, and they fell victims to the blackest perfidy. The absence of any the least communication from the place since the above period, makes us apprehensive for the lives of the three Europeans who were at the time at Corea. It is possible that either they had joined the Coreans in the celebration of the Pentecost, and with them shared the fate of martyrs, or were subsequently seized, and after having been subjected to all the cruelties the black hearts of the soldiers could invent, were finally decapitated, hanged, or strangled.

"Massacres of the poor Christians, and of our beloved missionaries, are rife in Cochin China and in Tongkin. Five French Missionaries are now undergoing the hardships of imprison-

ment.* The sentence of death has been passed on them, but its execution deferred only from fear of the retributive justice already too well impressed on the heart of the Cochin China King, which France is always ready to inflict in vindication of her sons. These five missionaries have written to us from their prisons, under date the 13th and 14th February last. The French corvette L'Heroine, which is just now here, has received orders to proceed immediately to the rescue of these poor captives—and I have been written to, to make preparations for their reception here on the return of the corvette.

"In the province of Setchuen, the propagation of our holy religion is proceeding on quietly; but, in the exercise of our ministry, we have been obliged to observe the most profound secrecy, solely with the view to avoid giving the least cause to the disaffected, and to those who aim at the persecution of the poor Christians; and yet, generally speaking, the people here are more liberal and conciliating than those in Cochin China and Tongkin. We go about unmolested wherever our duty calls us.

"For my part I have traversed extensive towns and villages, populated by the Chinese, but have never been taken for an European—although I have been looked upon, in some places, with much curiosity, caused by the novelty of my appearance—a tall man, much taller by far than the generality of the Chinese, with a beard eight inches long. I have visited many a province in the environs of Setchuen, and have even gone on board the vessels moored in the harbours, and well manned by the Chinese, but have invariably been successful in eluding their suspicion. The French missionaries always adopt the Chinese manner in regard to dress—and even the tail and tight boots or shoes are worn, which make them in appearance very much like the Chinese themselves. This, however, is found fault with by some of the ignorant Protestants, who, always too inert, save in their personal concerns, ridiculed the exertions by such means of the missionaries for the propagation of our holy faith.

"We have always lived in a state of uncertainty and danger, not so much from the people themselves as from the treachery of those who assume Christianity in order to betray; who, from some pique or petty revenge, have been often known to cast a snare around the poor Christians, and thus consign them to the cruelties of the oppressor. A fellow came, in

all humility, to ask alms of me, and immediately after was seen to go to the authority to indicate the dwelling of the European who had given him the charity he solicited! I once saved the sister (aged 18) of an ingrate vengabond, from a peril the most disastrous!—and three days after, this fellow, although he knew the timely assistance I had rendered to his family, betrayed me to the mandarin upon the promise of a small reward. But the result proved contrary to his anticipations. Instead of the reward, he was pretty well distressed for his trouble. It was fortunate for me that he knew not my Chinese name, and his statement went no further than that I was the chief of the missionaries. The consequence was that the information he gave could not be substantiated, and he was forced to undergo the punishment he fully merited for his ingratitude and treachery.

"The life of a missionary is, at all times, one of hardship and danger, and yet it abounds with thousands of consolations which nerve him to the obedient and cheerful exercise of his powers and faculties in the great and holy cause entrusted to him. Judge of his hardships in a worldly point of view; thousands of miles separate him from his country, from his family, and from his friends; privations upon privations attend his every step; oppressions, persecutions, and imprisonment, are the rewards of his labour; and no one by to soothe him in his anguish—to administer to his wants; and yet from these does he derive the consolations to cheer him on to the end, until the curtain drops over the decapitated or strangled corpse of a Catholic missionary!

"Contrast the above with the life of a Protestant missionary; the comfort, the ease with which he has to labour in his ministry; his anxiety to secure a competence for himself, his wife, and children; and the want of that zeal in consequence, which overcometh the world and its concupiscence."

"In the one case all worldly prospects are closed, save in the blessed aim for the salvation of souls; in the other, riches, worldly honour, and personal comforts, are the sole actuating principles.—Oh! then, in what perfect keeping with their Protestant zeal is the ridicule, by such men, of our Catholic ministry!

"There are a great many Chinese at Singapore, who seem favourably inclined towards our holy religion. Twelve of them came to me the other day for instruction, and seven or eight are well prepared to be regenerated by the waters of baptism on next Easter. I have already the happiness to baptize nine Chinese on

* Since released by the interference of Captain Loreque, of the Heroine.

last Christmas. Thus you see that by these gatherings "here a little and there a little," the fold of the One Shepherd is increasing fast. May the Almighty assist us in our endeavours, and may His name be glorified throughout the world.

"I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

"T. L. A. FREYCEON,

"Mis. Apostolic at Singapore.

"March 20, 1843."

IRELAND.

NEW CONVENT AT DALKEY.—The sweet and beautiful village of Dalkey, to which the Atmospheric Railroad is now nearly opened, has been blessed with one of the finest conventual structures in the empire. Whether we consider the site, the exterior of the buildings, or the interior of both convent and chapel, we are struck with admiration. They are not less glorious to the Catholic religion, and to the progress of pure piety, than honourable to the skill, taste, and judgment of the contractors, Messrs. Williams and Sons, to the architect, Patrick Byrne, Esq., and to the able superiress of the convent, Mrs. Ball, who has already left such a legacy of love and classic elegance in the convent of Loretto, at Rathfarnham. The building combines elegance, convenience, and remarkable durability; and is executed in the modern style of Gothic architecture. It is not, perhaps, in every respect what Mr. Pugin would desire, so famous for point as power: but considering its approximation to the sea, and the diversity of objects which it combines—a church for sacrifice, a convent for religious, and a seminary for boarders—it may be judicious to give it more the appearance of an ancient baronial residence, than of a mere church or convent. The convent commands a most delightful view of the bay and surrounding country of Dublin, Howth, Dalkey Island, &c. In the rear you have a fine prospect of sweet Kiltarney, and the Dublin and Wicklow mountains in all their varied outline. The solemn and interesting ceremony of opening took place on Thursday last, the 17th inst. being the feast of St. Lawrence. At half-past eleven o'clock the solemn high mass was offered to the Almighty, assisted by some of the finest voices we ever heard, and certainly a superior choir; a harp, piano, and sweet toned organ, conspired to give effect to the harmonies. The celebrant was the Rev. Dr. Gaffney, Dean of the College at Maynooth; deacon, Rev. James Kavanagh; sub-deacon, Rev. Michael Mullaly;

master of the ceremonies, Rev. Peter Powell, the zealous chaplain of the convent. In addition to these clergymen we noticed the Rev. Dr. Callan, Rev. Mr. Sheridan, P. P., Rev. Mr. Byrne, Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Canada, Rev. Mr. Scully, Rev. Mr. McGarry, &c. The attendance of the laity, although necessarily limited, was most respectable, among whom were several Protestants of distinction. After the first Gospel, the Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, of St. Andrew's Church, Westland row, delivered a most effective and appropriate discourse on the words of the 79th Psalm, "Turn again, O God of Hosts, look down from Heaven and see, and visit this vineyard; and perfect the same which thy right hand has planted." A solemn benediction of the most holy sacrament concluded the devotions of the day.

THE PASSING BELL.—Our correspondent has given us great gratification by the information that the Rev. Dr. O'Connell has resolved to restore at the Church of St. Michael and St. John, in Dublin, the ancient and edifying practice of the passing bell. It will toll on all occasions of death in the parish, without distinction of rank or station; and, while it announces the death of a parishioner, neighbour, or friend, will suggest the truly Catholic duty of a prayer for the passing soul—an act of charity extending beyond the grave. We are surprised to learn that this is the first revival in Catholic Ireland of this ancient and almost universal ceremony.

CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY.—Died at Mountausic, in the parish of Kilmichael, in this county, on Monday, the 14th instant, William Wolfe, Esq., aged 32 years. Mr. Wolfe, who had been a Protestant, and a gentleman of excellent education became a convert to the Catholic faith some days previous to his dissolution, and received the rites of the Catholic Church, at the hands of one of the clergymen of the parish, with the most edifying and exemplary piety. He did not fail to give, during his illness, the most unequivocal proofs of the sincerity of his conversion. He was much respected through life, and died universally regretted. His remains were accompanied to the family place of interment by a numerous and respectable assemblage of persons.—*Cork Examiner.*

CATHOLIC CONVERT.—Richard Muns of Royal Oak Lane, in the city, was, on the 15th inst. received into the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. Patrick Cantwell, C.C., of St. Patrick's.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

ITALY.

Half an hour after noon, on the 3d instant, at Senegallia, died his Eminence Cardinal Fabrizio Sceberas Testaferrata, bishop of that see, who was born at Valetta in Malta on the 20th of April, 1758, and was promoted to the Purple by Pope Pius VII., of holy memory, on the 6th of April, 1818. This eminent ecclesiastic has left at Senegallia monuments of the intellect, the wisdom, and the charity that animated him. He opened a seminary for clerks, confided to religious ladies the education of the female children of his diocese, repaired all its collegiate edifices, instituted at his own expense a Mont de Piete; founded and endowed a new establishment for foundlings, called in the Sisters of Charity to the maintenance and education of female orphans, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine to the tutelage of orphan boys. His memory will never die in the hearts of his spiritual children, who, while he yet lived had raised a statue to his honour.

A PRAYER OF ST. IGNATIUS.

I.

O my God! I love thee—
For thou hast first loved me.
Lo! I deprive myself of liberty,
That in willing chains I may follow thee.

II.

May my memory suggest nothing
But what concerns thy glory—
May my understanding relish nothing
Except the comprehension of thee.

III.

I declare that I wish nothing,
Save what I know may be thy will—
Whatever is mine by thy gift,
The same, by my gift, is thine.

IV.

From thee I received them; take them again;
Command them as thou wilt—
Govern them by thy knowledge and will:
For I know that thou art my Lord.

V.

Do but bestow me love alone,
That I also may love thee—

Both in my waking and sleeping moments
By giving me this thou wilt give me every
thing.

ANOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Lord Jesus! may I know myself, may I know
thee.

May I desire nothing else except thee.

That I may hate myself, and love thee.

Whatsoever I do, may it be for thee.

May I humble myself, and exalt thee.

May I think of nothing but of thee.

May I die to myself, and live in thee.

Whatever may happen, may I receive from thee

May I renounce myself, and follow thee.

May I always desire to follow thee.

May I avoid myself, and flee to thee.

May I be worthy to be defended by thee.

May I fear for myself, and fear thee.

May I be of the chosen of thee.

May I distrust myself, and hope in thee.

May I wish to obey on account of thee.

May I be affected in nothing, but in thee.

Look upon me, that I may love thee.

Call me that I may see thee.

And that forever I may enjoy thee. Amen.

ASPIRATIONS.

How beautiful art thou, O my beloved! How
good art thou, O Jesus Christ, my only delight!
Thee I love, O my life! O my heart! O my
joy! O supreme sweetness! O entire and only
good! O my God! After thee I sigh, I moan, I
pant. Thee I clasp in my inmost heart, and with
all the embraces of my affection, because thou
art, O God! the very essence of goodness itself,
eternal love, inexhaustible wisdom, infinite
power, absolute perfection! And what is there
that can separate me from thy love? Is it fleet-
ing pleasure? perishable riches? false honour?
shadows of shadows? trifles of trifles? No, no,
my Jesus! they shall not, they shall not. Do
then give me this grace, O my love! O my God!

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