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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 17.

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.

HALIFAX, MAY 3, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- MAY 4.—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension—St. Monica, Widow.
- ... 5.—Monday—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
- ... 6.—Tuesday—St. John before the Lateran Gate.
- ... 7.—Wednesday—St. Benedict II., Pope and Confessor.
- ... 8.—Thursday—Octave of the Ascension.
- ... 9.—Friday—St. Gregory, of Nazcazen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- ... 10.—Saturday—Fast-Day. Vespers of the day.

## ORIGINAL.

A TRUE TALE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

By a Student.

I.

Long ago—and there was seen in other lands a promising boy, whose mind was formed to virtue. He was like all the rest, with his mirth, and his gambol, and his wild ways, a favourite with those of the grey hair and staff-borne step, as well as with youth's gay troop so heedless and hopeful. Why we remember him so well, is—that he was, in after hours, a being that was much talked of, in the world.

This boy not only loved Religion but he fancied he should become one of her ensigns, and with this idea uppermost, he soon began to study her manners and her mandates. At this time had Religion her camps extended all over earth, beautiful, were they, as ever, too, with their gorgeous, sun-bright banners waving in the breeze. Who would not be an officer in a chivalry so fair?

II.

Under these circumstances the loved boy forward went, in the hope of acquiring all things necessary for his enlistment. Ere long he saw the beauties of Religion—her discipline so well ordered—her maxims so sage—and her habiliments so

luring. He, after some years of deep attention to her constitution, at last saw the hope of his suns and moons to be realized fairly.

III.

The hour was upon the dial when Religion was to receive him among her leaders. In his father's home, then, were rejoicings various; peace in the hearts of all, and mirthfulness laughing in every eye, save in his sire's. The hoary Hans (this was his name) saw not wherefore his laugh should ring, or his voice should mingle in the mirth, strange to say—but he sat amid sunlight, a shade, and seemed as if onfowed with prophetic ken, he liked not much the Future.

His boy, now a man, was arrayed in the garb of the honor he aspired to—his friends and familiars, each one, shook him by the hand, hailing with smiles his happiness. Music—the music of master lyres went floating through the mansion where sat the welcome of the boy homeward—the hours were minutes—and the night seemed an hour—and the morning only bade the joyance hush.

IV.

Holy deeds and holy thoughts marked Han's son's career, and, mayhap, rarely will be found again, one who knew his sphere more truly. This course did not continue. Alas! for our world of change! itself and its children are like to its waters, and its winds, shifting for ever, and warring with each other—a sorry multitude! He fell. That youth so full of promise fell. Miserably did he betray his trust, because he was not exalted higher, and strongly endeavoured he to hurl to ruin that glorious mistress, Truth, which was from eternity—which his young, fond spirit, so listily prized, ere ambition so foul, so unhallowed, whispered death to his soul.

V.

Even in his glory he became a rebel. He left Truth's fair battalion which for fifteen hundred years charged bravely home upon every invader, and though wounded, sometimes sore, yet, like the Titan of old, acquired fresh force by every fall.

Deep was her sorrow for her naughty son, and many were her counsels to bring his footstep back, but all in vain. He not only scandalized the world by his false misrepresentations of her sacred character, but he even entered into her holiest sanctuary, and darkened with dishonour its virgin brightness. Religion, for years untold, had myriads of snow-clad vestals who followed constantly in her train, and who listened lovingly to her converse sweet. One of these did the traitor woo from her arbour of peace—one of these did he perjure in her first vows—one of these did he wed with a heart, not of love, but of passion dark and withering as the red Simoom. O thou wise and white-haired Hans! hadst thou a vision of thy shield's sin, not to be revealed, on that evening of glee when sitting amidst thy son's congratulations, thou wert an ominous form that would not join the choir.

## VI.

Ruin was the false boy's dower. He doffed his suit, and formed a fell army against his mistress, piercing her, all heartless, in every part, and rejoicing at every groan which their missiles caused. He was lauded by the world's wicked ones, and raised to eminence, unenviable eminence like Lucifer's by the wild, reckless passions of revolutionary lovers. He became, full soon, a shameless Blasphemer, haughty and overbearing, and at last, like all who love not the true path, died, aged and unrepenting—a curse to his land and to the world. Ye who would learn his name! I have given it you—look and discover.

## LITERATURE.

## ALL SAINTS.

\* These are they which came out of great tribulation.\*

What more befits the church's name  
Than to uphold the saintly fame  
Of those who, in the Saviour's might,  
Fought for his sake the Christian fight?

Through perils they, and toil and strife,  
Held fast the way, the truth, the life,  
Weigh'd heavenly gain with earthly loss,  
And chose and bore their Saviour's cross

Taught by thy church, be ours, O God,  
To tread the path thy servants trod;  
Ourselves with thine elect acquaint,  
And love the master in the saint.

All blessing, honor, glory, power,  
To thee, whom all thy saints adore,  
Thy church on earth, thy heavenly host,  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

\* BISHOP MANT.

## HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"Following Jesus; and other Poems."

Holy sign of our salvation,  
Blessed in Jesus' sacred name;

Take no more ignoble station,  
Rise, with glory and with fame;  
Tell the earth's remotest nation,  
By the Cross redemption came.

Holy cross? the dread emotion  
Of the sinner's heart allay.  
As the morning star of ocean  
Guides the seamen when astray,  
Let thy light, 'mid life's commotion,  
Show the safe, celestial way.

Holy Cross? thy worth confessing,  
We the Lamb of God adore?  
Be to us the seal of blessing,  
As to all the saints of yore.  
Next our soul, when foes are pressing,  
Aid us that we sin no more.

## THE MEMOIRS OF MISS NANO NAGLE.

BY THE REV. DOMINICK MURPHY.

We have read, with much pleasure, this interesting memoir. To those acquainted with the attainments of the Rev. author, more particularly with the admirable articles which, from time to time, have appeared from his pen in the Dublin Review, it is unnecessary to point out the literary merits of the work to which we now direct attention. In criticising the writings of a respected fellow-citizen, we feel ourselves, as it were, speaking in his presence, and, therefore, ordinary delicacy will prevent us dwelling on the excellencies of arrangement and style which struck us in the perusal of these memoirs. Associations and family traditions of the dearest and tenderest nature, would throw an interest over the biography of Miss Nagle, no matter how poorly written, or how unvaried the details. How many are there in this city, nay, in Ireland, that bless the memory of that noble and saintly lady; for to her are they indebted for the first introduction into this country, of that system of religious education, which has spread amongst the Catholic community so much of domestic happiness. How many families are there who preserve and cherish the tradition of the services rendered them by Nano Nagle. To these, and they are numerous, the present memoirs, however executed, would be interesting. But the life of a religious lady, who endeavours to work out her high, yet toilsome vocation in retirement and almost secrecy, would seem to present nothing attractive to the general reader.

In the present day, when literary novelty and excitement are necessary to still the almost palled appetite for reading, the success with the public of a work like this, depends wholly on the manner in which it is executed, and the dexterity and judgment with which matters of general interest are interwoven with the main subject. In this the Rev. author has admirably succeeded. Nothing could be more ably executed than his account of

the state of education of Ireland at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and of the multiplied difficulties with which Catholics had in those days to contend, in their anxiety to educate their children—difficulties, arising not so much from the penal code as from the wicked prejudices of the ascendancy faction. By the occasional introduction of topics of this nature, Mr. Murphy has succeeded in placing in the hands of the reader, a work which is both attractive, instructive, and edifying; and it is no longer “a subject of regret that some act of justice was not ordered to the memory of her to whom her country and her religion are so much indebted.” He has rescued such literature from the imputation of “not being mindful of the individual excellence” and the production of this unpretending volume forms a creditable exception to that *general tendency of literature, of which he so justly complains.*

“We,” he says, “have acts of justice and tributes of gratitude in abundance, to those whose claims on public veneration are very questionable. Deeds of valor are perpetrated on the canvass, and heroism has become immortal in marble, and the pen of genius has been employed to commemorate the achievements of many a field where thousands have fought and bled. But for the meek retiring benefactress of her race, whose career of usefulness has been among the hovels of the poor, whose path of duty led her to the dingy cottage floor, or up the garret stair, that world of which she scarce was worthy, has “no stone or monumental bust,” and the eulogy of her virtues, if written, must be only by Him who has promised that one cup of cold water, given in his name, shall not lose its reward.”

The portion of this little work which has already appeared in the Dublin Review, may be considered as a stimulant preparatory to the more finished treat which is now afforded us, and therefore cannot interfere, but the contrary, with its circulation.

At the period when Miss Nano Nagle lived, early in the eighteenth century, there were no means for a Catholic of acquiring in Ireland the ordinary accomplishments which form part of a young lady's education. It was then the custom to send them for this purpose to France. Accordingly, we find that Miss Nagle was educated amidst the allurements of the French Metropolis, during a portion of the profligate Louis the Fifteenth's reign.

Mere accident—or rather providential design saved her, however, from its evil effects, and determined her on “devoting her life to God.” She resolved that Ireland should be the scene of her future labours in this cause, and the salvation of the children of the Poor, through religious education, the great object of her existence. She re-

turned to Ireland, and the following is a graphic picture of the state of that country at that period :

“About the year 1750, which was the period in question, the people were sunk in the lowest state of political degradation. The beginning of the last century was, perhaps, the darkest period in the history of the Catholics of Ireland. They were silent, and history makes no mention of their sufferings, but it was the silence of despair. Their valor in the field was rendered ineffectual by the pusillanimity of their leaders, or by national dissension, that demon that had ever blighted the destiny of Ireland. Their rights, secured by treaties and solemn covenants were trampled on with scorn, by the perfidy of their rulers. Even the corrupt and bigoted Parliament was quiet, not through any good will to the Catholics, but because its worst was done. From the beginning of the religious dissensions, it had been the policy of the Irish Government, aided by an obsequious Parliament, to discourage knowledge under the severest penalties. By the laws then on the statute book of Ireland, and as far as in them lay, rigidly enforced by the bigots in power, any one, whether parent, tutor, or guardian, who should send a child for education to any foreign seminary, or private family, as also the child so sent and educated, as well as the persons who had been accessory thereto, were to be for ever disabled to sue or prosecute in a court of justice, or in any action, civil or criminal, to be guardian, executor, or administrator; they were to be incapable of making or receiving any legacy, deed, or gift; and moreover to forfeit all property, both real and personal, during the term of their national lives. The education of a Catholic was in the eye of the law of Ireland, a crime of such enormous magnitude, as to require as the only fitting penalty, a total forfeiture of the rights of citizenship; and the person so guilty was to become an utter alien to all the privileges of civil society. Was it to be wondered at that a people subject for years to laws like these, should be reduced to the state in which Miss Nagle found them on her return to the continent. Religion, which could have remedied, or at least mitigated the evil, was even more rigorously proscribed. The same laws which made education a felony, denounced the pastor and set a price upon his head, and the few lessons which could be given were by stealth, as if they were some bad and wicked thing, and at hurried and distant intervals, such was the fearful insecurity of the times. They became like the seed sown among thorns and brambles, uncultivated and unattended to, and therefore bore no lasting fruit. The want of popular and religious instructions, was, therefore, great and pressing; but how difficult was it to be communicated? An effort on the part of Miss Nagle, with but little chance of being

successful, would have drawn down upon her the severity of the laws, and endangered the security, not only of herself, but of all connected with her. Even her own position, which was one of dependence upon her friends, did not afford her the means necessary for the purpose. She would most cheerfully have given her personal services; but how far would those meet the magnitude and urgency of their wants. Dismayed by the evils which surrounded her, and unwilling to be an eye-witness of the misery which it was not in her power to relieve, she determined on seeking in the seclusion of some religious community on the continent that tranquility and power of serving God in peace which her country could not afford her. Like the afflicted daughter of Sion weeping by the river of Babylon, she could there mourn in the silence of God's house, over the hapless lot and spiritual desolation of her people."

But it was otherwise ordained, and Miss Nagle, after remaining some time in France, again returned to Ireland on the urgent advice and direction of members of the Society of Jesus she consulted, and who overcame her reluctance to encounter so difficult a mission, for which, from her delicate health, and her sex, she felt unfitted.

"The result," says our Author, "would seem to indicate, that this advice and decision were immediately suggested by the spirit of God. Miss Nagle was the instrument selected by God to accomplish his own wise ends. She was no sooner convinced that her vocation was to minister to the wants of her own poor, than she came back to Ireland, where she commenced that career of usefulness and piety, which was never interrupted until the period of her death. Not even her most sanguine anticipations could have conjectured the magnitude and importance of the good that was to result from her labors."

The following gives an accurate notion of the condition of the Catholics of Ireland at that period:—

"The condition of the Irish Catholic was truly lamentable. In the year 1745 a terrible calamity occurred in Dublin which led to some slight mitigation of the penal laws against them. The public celebration of Divine Worship being prohibited, a number of people had assembled in a store in Cook-street, in that city, to hear Mass on St. Patrick's day. The assembled crowd was so great that the beams which supported the floor gave way, and the entire congregation were precipitated to the ground. Nine persons, including the priest, were crushed to death. Lord Chesterfield was the viceroy at the time: and the sympathy elicited by the calamity, combined with his own sense of liberality, induced him to tolerate the re-opening of the Catholic Chapels for the performance of

Divine Service. It was an act of pity, not justice, on the part of the Government of the day. The incorporated society and similar bodies had been established for the avowed purpose of bringing the poorer classes over to the Protestant religion. The charter schools were in full and active operation, enormous sums of money were bestowed on them by the state, and they had all the care and patronage that the maternal solicitude of the Established Church could give them. But to the honor of the poor Irish be it said, they spurned the proffered boon of knowledge because it was coupled with apostacy. Such was the influence of the Established Clergy, that they would not permit any opposition to their views; and the government discountenanced and the laws absolutely prohibited any education by members of the Catholic persuasion. The natural and inevitable consequence of such a barbarous system of exclusion was the ignorance and degradation of the people; a degradation that would have been general and perpetual, but for the leaven of religion, which still despite the efforts of misrule, continued to pervade and vivify the mass of the population. The following extracts from a somewhat rare work, (*the Cork Remembrancer*,) give some glimpses of the state of society in the south of Ireland, about the period when Miss Nagle commenced her schools. They prove the crying necessity there existed at the time, for doing something to arrest the barbarism to which bad legislation was fast urging those, who had the misfortune of being subject to it. They are taken from a diary written at the time.

"May 23, 1768—Rioting had become so common, and arrived to such a height in this city, that it was supposed, if proper steps were not speedily taken, it would be unsafe for the inhabitants to walk in the streets, as the lawless vagabonds who engaged in such riots were most abandoned wretches, who scrupled not to commit any villany. A number of these gentry assembled in a most riotous manner in Shandon Church-yard this morning, but were dispersed upon one of them being shot dead, whether by one of the rioters, or by one of the annoyed inhabitants, is uncertain. There were likewise rioting and unlawful assemblies in other parts of the city on this and the following day, in which several of the rioters were wounded, and innocent persons abused."

"Nov. 28, 1768—For some weeks past a great number of idle vagabonds had annoyed the city by assembling in various parts of the suburbs on the sabbath day, for the purpose of cutting and hacking not only one another, but any of the inhabitants that may fall in their way."

"Dec. 3, 1769—Rioting had become so common in this city, that it was not safe for any one to stand at his door without a weapon of defence."

"January 11, 1772—A number of men, this morning, with their faces blackened, and armed with hangers, bludgeons, &c., entered the shop of a respectable citizen near North bridge where they put out the candles, broke the shop windows, cut, spoiled, and carried off great quantities of his goods."

"March 7, 1772—A man was killed in an affray this night, at the upper part of Mallow-lane."

"March 8, 1772—One of the sentinels at the South Gate was knocked down by three desperadoes, who (were it not for the noise of passengers approaching) would have thrown him over the bridge. The evening of the same day (to use the words of the newspaper) was concluded in a most pious and devout manner, by the warlike sons and daughters of Fair-lane and Blackpool, who met in a long field near Fair-hill, and fought with one another till night came on. The females were armed plentifully with stones; and the male inhabitants, according to the Cherokee custom, with tomahawks of a new construction, which were about four feet long, and so dexterously contrived, having a hook and spear at the end, that any one who missed grappling, were sure to stab with the sharp point."

"April 5, same year—The Fair-lane and Blarney-lane combatants met at Parkmore, according to *weekly!* custom, and after an engagement of some hours, one Reilly received a stab from a tomahawk, by which he was instantly killed. Many on both sides were wounded."

"May 1, same year—Two men were killed in a riot between the same people, who renewed the fight after the interment of the deceased man. On the following day they were going to hang a Blackpool man, when he was rescued by the army, (soldiers)."

These extracts will prove far more convincingly than any mere assertions, the state to which the people were being reduced, by the demoralizing and barbarous policy of the government. It not only did not undertake to restrain these acts of violence, but it would not permit the application of a proper remedy. The very magistrates who could look with a passive indifference on such as those extracts describe, could yet assemble for a few years later and deliberate on the necessity of extinguishing the germ of the Ursuline and Presentation orders, which proposed to educate the people. And it was the same thing throughout the length and breadth of the land. The tour of Dr. Young proves that it was so in the rural districts.

To remedy this deplorable state of things was the object of Miss Nagle's life. How she succeeded, and the difficulties she had to encounter, are both detailed with fidelity in her memoirs. The

result was the introduction from France into this city of the religious order of Ursuline Nuns, and the establishment under the Pope's brief of the Presentation order. *We regret our space will not permit us to enter more at large on a subject so interesting to our local public. But we trust we have said enough to direct attention to this excellent work.—Cork Southern Reporter.*

## THE HOLY ROBE OF TREVES.

(From the Catholic Herald)

The religious press has now nearly given vent to all it had to say concerning the veneration of the Holy Robe of Treves. Columns upon columns and pages upon pages have been devoted to a subject which could have been settled in as many lines. It would seem, by the sudden excitement and well feigned horror and astonishment exhibited by our religious editors, that now for the first time they discover that Catholics pay religious respect to relics of the saintly dead. Did you hear of the doings at Treves? cries one! What ignorance! what superstition! If, however, we calmly ask whence all this astonishment at the Catholics of Treves and elsewhere venerating the robe believed to be the garment without seam worn by Christ, they can but give you in reply the old story of "ignorance, superstition, idolatry."

Now of the hundreds of thousands of pious pilgrims who visited Treves, many—aye, thousands—were as wise and as learned, and had as great, if not a greater horror of superstition and idolatry, as the most pious of the worthy correspondents and editors of the evangelical press. They have eyes to see, ears to hear, and understanding to comprehend, as well as the most sceptical. John Ronge, a degraded and apostate priest of Breslaw, is the source whence many misrepresentations of the pious Catholics visiting Treves have originated. He has written a letter, calling on the German Catholics to denounce the exposition of the Holy Robe. Protestant travellers have paid a passing visit to Treves, and have transmitted their impressions of all they saw and heard there. We have read the letter of Ronge and most of the one-sided statements given in the evangelical papers concerning this matter. We perceived at once that Ronge was an apostate from his faith, actually engaged in an inferior employment in some Protestant church; we consequently gave no very implicit credence to his noisy epistle, when we found it signed, with all the marks of his apostacy, as if it were written by a Catholic priest. The statements in the evangelical papers were, as on all Catholic questions, groundless assertions and inferences. Some of the facts stated by them we freely admit and as readily

justify: the inferences drawn from, and the accusations founded on such facts by them, we utterly disavow as unwarranted and unjust.

The charges brought against the Catholics of Treves are superstition and idolatry. We do not now intend to undertake the disproval of such. They are but the old stories hourly repeated for the pious edification of the evangelicals. The accused are as far from idolatry as the oldest Puritan of the days of the roundheads. Go and ask any of the pilgrims of Treves their opinion of the Holy Robe, and we hesitate not to say that their answer will amount to this:—"The Holy Robe is a precious relic, handed down by our devout ancestors; we believe it to be the identical one worn by our Lord; the seamless one, the mere touch of which healed the long standing malady of the trustful woman spoken of in the gospels; we believe that this identity is established by historical proofs—we have seen it confirmed by manifest miracles. We reverence it as we do all such remnants reminding us of Him by whom it was worn. We worship not, nor do we adore it; we approach it with the faith of the woman mentioned in the gospel, and like her, believe that Christ can use it as a medium whereby to impart now, as formerly, a virtue—a healing power to reward confiding faith. You may persist in asserting that we worship this relic: but the unbelieving Jew might charge the same on her who said within herself "If I touch but the hem of His garment, I shall be healed." We have read this in the Holy Scriptures, where, too, we learn that those sick of divers diseases, were cured by the garments which but touched the persons of His apostles, the very shadows of whom expelled contagion and death. Were the faithful in those times simple and credulous to believe such things? and if we now, for believing that God can yet make use of these visible means for his own wise and unseen ends, are deemed idolatrous and superstitious, so should the faithful of primitive times."

We know not how the precise Puritan will receive this answer. Most likely he will turn up his eyes in holy horror at the superstitious ignorance of the simple Catholic of Treves. But he will pardon us if we say that this warm and lively faith would move mountains before his frigid and torpid Calvinism could displace a mole-hill.

The dogmatical point here involved has been often and satisfactorily defended. It is, then, not our purpose to repeat the arguments, they are well known to our readers, who need not be told that the respect shown to the relics of Christian antiquity, is as remote from idolatry, as Christianity is from the worship of the Pagan.

In our opinion, the only question to be decided is the identity of the garment. And this is a mere

matter of fact, it must depend on the motives of credibility confirmatory of it. It will not, we suppose, be contended, that it is impossible for the robe preserved at Treves to be that worn by our Lord. Neither is it too much to suppose that the early Christians preserved it as a pious memorial of their Lord and Master. We have seen no detailed statement of the evidences of the identity of this garment with that of Christ. We are, however, far from disbelieving that such is the case; on the contrary whatever we have read from the unprejudiced authority and the statements of the evidence seen by multitudes of witnesses, confirm us in our belief of its identity. We are so accustomed to the cant of the evangelical press about the superstition of Catholics, that the much ado it made about the proceedings at Treves could produce little effect in our opinions.

The question of superstition in the respect shown by Catholics to the relics of Christian antiquity, has been satisfactorily settled, even in the opinion of many Protestants. The fact of the Holy Robe of Treves being the seamless garment of our Lord must be determined on the evidences of it. Thousands and millions are convinced of it; John Ronge, a poor degraded ecclesiastic denies it, and the evangelical press on his and like authority, disbelieve it.

#### CHANGING, STILL CHANGING.

"The marvels are many, and Human Reason is obedient to cunningly devised fables and falsehoods rather than to THE TRUTH ITSELF."

Thus said a Pagan poet, three thousand years ago, describing the Pagan world. Man, trusting upon his reason alone, lived upon fable till the coming of the Saviour. Pagan philosophers and moralists, amid their profound speculations, had nothing fixed or ascertained. In place of Faith they had arbitrary dogma. Their reason, like the people of Athens, "was employed in nothing else but telling or hearing some new thing." The whole activity of the Pagan mind in all times was developed in an insatiable craving for novelty. And the sincerest enquirers for the Truth did, of necessity, worship an unknown God.

The Church was established on earth. The unknown gave place to the known. Arbitrary opinion, uncertainty and confusion gave place to Faith, Truth and Order.

For fifteen centuries the Christian world lived in light. Christianity was the Christianity of the Revelation. Then came the so-called Reformation. Men fancied themselves wiser than their Creator, and in their wisdom protested against the Church of God and deluded themselves with the fancy that human reason was the ground and pillar

of Truth. Under this delusion Kings and Legislatures made creeds, and sought with pains and penalties to enforce belief. In less than one century the so-called Protestant church dissolves into a confused and angry mob of disputing sectarians. Too late is it discovered that if a body of men may rightfully, upon their mere reason, devise their religious creed and forms, every individual of the Protestant body may do the like upon *his* mere reason.

In vain did the dissenters, who stood nearest to the Church, call from their pulpits and through the statute book to the new sects "*hear ye the Church.*" The reply was ready—"we are the Church. if we are not the Church as much as ye, then the Reformation is a vain thing." And from that time to the present the variant and conflicting sects of Protestantism have continually multiplied—acknowledging but one principle of unity—displaying but one sign of brotherhood, namely, hostility to the church from which they had revolted.

What is the result of this experiment of "rational Christianity"—an experiment that has been working for three centuries? In the nineteenth century, so boastful of its light and intelligence—the most visible and palpable result of the Protestant experiment is that Protestant has Paganized itself.

At no time since the Christian era has the appetite for fable and delusion been so ravenous and so unscrupulous as it is in this enlightened nineteenth century. It seems to matter not how wild, how destructive of worldly peace and welfare—how blasphemous a new "religious" or "philanthropical" theory may be—let it bear the semblance of novelty, and it fails not to find followers, not among the weak and unlearned alone, but among the strong in worldly wisdom and the learned.

Rational Christianity, indeed,

"Can find commodious place for every god  
Promptly received as prodigally brought  
\* \* \* \* \* at choice of all adventurers,"

and thus when we look upon the Protestant sects instead of a church with creed and a form, we see nothing but contest, altar against altar, creed against creed. Are these discordant sects churches? Christian churches with whom the SAVIOUR is always to be?

Are they not rather like the people of the plain who sought to make their names famous by building their tower even unto heaven—but of whom the Lord said, "Let us go down and confound their tongue that they may not understand one another's speech."

Distracted and sick with the doubts, confusion and denials of ever changing Protestantism—some, we fear, of the worldly wise, retreat, like the learned Pagans of old, for a time at least, to the chill and dreary shades of Infidelity.

May they yet find repose and security in the Faith and Practice of the Church which is and is to be "*SEMPER ET EADEM.*"

## BODY AND MIND.

BY CARLYLE.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implements, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed, thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battle wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God created form but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on, thou art in the duty, be out of it who may; thou toiledst for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.<sup>1</sup>

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony—revealing this by act and by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and inward endeavours are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implements conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Guidance, Freedom, Immortality! These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such anywhere now be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

And again; it is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal, (however we name our stealing,) which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor man is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food



and drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and the deepest; in his smokey crib, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelopes him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawney, must the soul lie, blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated! Alas, was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does.

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### General Intelligence.

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#### FRANCE.

A very edifying conversion recently occurred in Paris, to the great joy of the true Church of God. Dr Perquem, an eminent Israelite practitioner, whose whole family had embraced Christianity, manifested in his last illness a desire to die a Christian. He made his profession of faith before several witnesses, and received baptism at the hands of l'Abbe Ratisbonna. Two days after he expired full of joy, and declaring to his afflicted family the happiness he found in acknowledging Jesus Christ to be the Redeemer promised to his fathers.—[Journal de Bruxelles.

**NUMBER OF CATHOLICS IN EUROPE.**—Besides foreign missions, Europe contains an additional Catholic population of about one hundred and fifteen millions, under the jurisdiction of five hundred and sixty bishops, which will carry the total number of Catholics in Europe to nearly one hundred and forty millions, and the number of bishops to upwards of six hundred.

**NEW CHURCH IN CINCINNATI.**—The corner stone of the new church of St. John the Baptist was laid on Tuesday, the 25th ult., by the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell, assisted by the Catholic clergy of the city, and attended by an immense assembly of the faithful.

**THE JESUITS.**—"At a moment," says the 'Courier Francais,' "when the Society of Jesus attracts so much attention, the following sketch may not be uninteresting:—The Jesuits have had since the foundation of the order to the present period twenty-two generals, of whom eleven were Italians, four Spaniards, three Germans, two Poles, two Belgians, and one Dutch. The order was suppressed in 1773, under the General Ricci, but continued to be tolerated in Russia, where it was governed by three ad-

ministrators, Poles by birth—Czerniewicz, elected in 1782; Dukiwicz, elected in 1785: and Francis Xavier Caren, elected in 1799. During the latter year Pope Pius VII. re-established the society, which appointed the 19th General, Francis Xavier Caren, a Pole, in 1729; 20. Gabriel Gruber, German, 1802; 21. Thadæus Broszarowski, a Pole, 1814; 22. L. Forti, Italian, 1820; 23. Roothan, a Dutchman, 1823. At the period of their suppression, in 1773, the Jesuits possessed twenty-four professed houses, 609 colleges, 61 noviciates, 176 seminaries, 336 residences, and 273 missions. They are now composed of 22,819 members, of whom 11,413 are priests."

**CONVERSION.**—Considerable interest has been excited during the last week, both in Paisley and Glasgow, by the conversion of the daughter of a Minister of the Established Church, in the former town, from Presbyterianism to Catholicism. The convert is Miss Brewster, eldest daughter of the Rev Patrick Brewster, of the Abbey, parish of Paisley.—[Preston Guardian.

**ST JOHN'S GATE.**—This ancient remnant of Ecclesiastical structure, in which, in 1713, Cave first printed the Gentleman's Magazine, and where Dr. Johnson was a constant visitant, and which was threatened with demolition a few weeks since, under the New Building Act, is about to be repaired and restored, scaffolding having been erected around it for that purpose.

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Our Subscribers in Town and Country are again reminded that the terms of the 'Cross' are **ADVANCE**,—and the publisher respectfully requests their attention to them.

**NOTICE.**—All persons having demands against the Subscriber will please render their Accounts, and all persons indebted to him, will please make immediate payment to JAMES DONOHUE, to whom all debts due him have been assigned.  
Halifax, 9th Jan., 1845. JOHN P. WALSH.

**NOTICE.**—MR. JOHN PATRICK WALSH, of the City of Halifax, Printer, having by Deed of Assignment, dated the 8th day of January, instant, appointed the Subscriber his Assignee, and having Assigned to him his books, debts, and all other personal property whatsoever, for the benefit of those to whom he is indebted, such of his creditors as reside within this Province becoming parties to the said Deed of Assignment within three months from its date, and such as reside out of it in six months therefrom, it being provided by the said Assignment, that all parties who shall not execute the same within the said times shall be excluded from all benefit and advantage to be derived therefrom. All persons indebted to the said John P. Walsh are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber he having been duly authorized to receive the same and to give discharges therefor, and all the creditors of the said John P. Walsh are requested to call at the Store of the Subscriber and execute the said Deed of Assignment.

Halifax, 9th January, 1845.

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