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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.

"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?"—TULLIAN PRÆSCRIP. XLII.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon PETER. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious"—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad p'ebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, PETER the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- August 6—Sunday—VIII after Pent II August, Transfiguration of Our Lord Doub.
- 7—Monday—St Cajetan C Doub com
- 8—Tuesday—St Cyriacus &c, M M Semid cum &c.
- 9—Wednesday—St Emygdus B M Doub Sup com &c.
- 10—Thursday—St Lawrence M Doub II cl. with Oct.
- 11—Friday—St Sixtus II P M Doub Sup com &c.
- 12—Saturday—St Claro V Doub Sup com &c.

[Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.]

MISSIONS OF GHINA.

MARTYRDOM OF AGATHA HO, A CHINESE VIRGIN.

The author of this narrative is his Lordship, Dr. Rizzolati, Vicar-Apostolic of Hou Quang, who took it from the written statement of two Christians that were formerly companions of the captivity and torments of Agatha, and are now condemned to exile on account of the Faith.

Agatha Ho was born at Patoun-sien a small town of the Province of Houpe. Educated by Christian parents together with a brother whom God called since to the priesthood, she felt inspired by her love for Jesus and her devotion to Mary, to consecrate her virginity to the Lord. Thenceforth, her life was nothing but one series of good works. The lustre of her piety was even the cause that betrayed her, when, in 1839, the viceroy Chou published the edict of persecution. God so permitted that his faithful servant was unable to withdraw by flight from the conflict, because *the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong.* Agatha was, therefore, arrested by satellites, together with two holy women named Dina-Lou and Liu-hi-ze, and two fervent neophytes named Si-viencai-sin and Quoan-ki-quoi. They were all five enchained for the sole crime of being Christians.

The confessors of the faith whilst in prison were chained hand and foot. Agatha, especially endured an aggravation of prison horrors a night time. It is customary for both men and women, although separated in prison, to have their feet secured in shackles, in order to hinder each individual from stirring from the place assigned for sleeping. This irksome precaution is a nullity almost as regards females, whose feet having been from infancy subjected to rigorous contraction are commonly so small, that they slip out by the aperture of the wood which should confine them; this allows the captives to draw them out secretly in order to sleep more at their ease. Now, this alleviation was impracticable to the pious virgin, inasmuch as in her own country, which is all hilly, the young girls cannot sacrifice themselves to Chinese fashion without rendering it impossible for them to climb the steep ascents that rise in succession everywhere. Agatha, therefore, not having distorted nature, had feet of average length, and so in her sixtieth year had to endure the punishment of having the feet imprisoned.

From the moment the neophytes entered the goal, those places, which hitherto had received naught but maledictions and horrible blasphemies, heard the accents of resignation and the hymns of hope. Each evening when silence disposed the mind to composure and darkness screened from the captives the walls of th...

* 1 Cor. xviii.

cell, the piety of our Christians reflected back the times of the catacombs,—their voices united in praises of God and chaunting their prayers. Mandarins, satellites, gaolers, and those amongst the criminals who were not in fetters, flocked to this enchanting concert, and transported with admiration for so much virtue—melted by the suavity of the holy canticles, said to each other with astonishment that they had never seen so much joy in irons, and that an individual should be a prisoner of Christ in order to have the secret of charming misfortune. These idolaters could not comprehend how it occurred that Christians incarcerated for having professed their religion, could still vow such fidelity that even in shackles they abated nothing of that worship which they were the victims.

Agatha and her companions were frequently summoned to the presence of divers tribunals of Ou-cham-sou, and were eagerly urged to sign their apostasy; but the firmness of their faith triumphed over all trials. However, seeing themselves in the midst of tortures, and forsaken by their families, they let fall certain complaints on the manner in which Providence treated them, and conceived suspicions against certain persons to whom they attributed, rather than to the Divine will, their cruel captivity. They entertained these dangerous dispositions when the mandarin summoned them before his tribunal, and dissembling the snare under the guise of carresses, he said to them, 'Your religion is good; but as the emperor is ignorant of it, I shall reconcile his orders with your faith. I do not require your apostasy; I am satisfied by a fiction; I merely want a word.' And he presented them with a form for signature. The captives rejected this offer, protesting that their hands as well as their hearts repelled the disavowal of their faith; and they added, that if dissimulation could satisfy the mandarin and deceive the emperor, it would not succeed in satisfying or deceiving God.

Then the mandarin, as if he had succumbed to these observations, ordered the clerks to draw up another form, which he presented again to the prisoners, saying to them, 'Sign this one, which does not raise the question of apostasy, and require at liberty. No one shall in future impede you from professing your religion and singing hymns to your God. Sign, and go in peace.' Deceived by these expressions, they half signed.

Alas! they were far from enjoying that peace which the mandarin had wished them. Pursued by the reproaches of their conscience, they sent me secretly a messenger to know what they should do. My reply was, that they should suffer everything, even death, rather than give their signature. 'Do not complain of God,' I added, 'neither tarnish by unjust suspicions the glorious chains with which Providence has decked you. Think of your souls and forget your bodies.' And these holy women, already on the threshold of their prison, reentered it at my voice without delay or murmur, and retracting their signature before the mandarin, they declared to him, that having received notice of how they had been taken by surprise, they would in future hold themselves on their guard against the mere shade of a disavowal. On this declaration they were fettered a second time.

Shortly after I despatched to the captives a Chinese Priest, who received their confession, and confirmed them so firmly in the love of sacrifices, that they emitted no more complaints against Providence, nor complaints against their neighbours, and resumed with greater fervour than ever their pious exercises. The feast of

Christmas found them in these happy dispositions. On the eve of that lovely day they petitioned not to be placed in fetters, in order that they might in company with Agatha celebrate in holy joy the birth of the Saviour, and their petition having been acceded to by the governor, who admired such great piety, the prison resounded during the whole night with canticles to the glory of the Divine Infant.

Practices of zeal and charity were superadded to those of devotion. They announced the Gospel to the other prisoners, amongst whom, two poor women, condemned to death, embraced the Faith, and received with baptism the pardon of their crimes before proceeding to expiate them upon the scaffold. Thus, the filial obedience of these three neophytes to the counsels of their Bishop, became to them a source of fresh merits, and doubled the lustre of the crown by sharing it with souls that were going to be lost for ever.

At length, the day arrived when sentence was to be pronounced, it was in conformity with the decrees of the emperor Tao-Kouang, and condemned the three Christians to perpetual banishment. Whilst on their road to exile, they passed by the door of our religious house. They took advantage of the circumstance, in order to entreat the satellites for permission to enter there and bid a last farewell to their friends the inmates. But their chief motive was to purify themselves once more by absolution, which, in point of fact, they received from one of our priests, and, after joining in common prayer—after greeting their brother Christians, they embarked with serene countenances upon the ship which was going to convey them into exile, where the two companions of Agatha still endure the most galling slavery.

As to Agatha, who always underwent the heaviest portion of torments, she was placed in servitude under a Tartar, so cruel, that in spite of the great age of the captive he treated her with more harshness than his dogs, and he forbade warm food to be given her. He would not even allow the water to be boiled for her drink—an omission which is reckoned so injurious in China, that the poorest beggar would not drink cold water. In her distress and infirmities, the pious virgin was utterly abandoned; no one cared for her in her old age; no one cast a glance of pity or uttered a word of consolation on her misfortune. It was in the midst of these trials, in the midst of contumelies directed against her faith, and supported by her angelic serenity, that Agatha Ho, having attained the age of seventy-two years, slept in the Lord, and consummated her long martyrdom in the year 1844, in the City of Se-gan-sou, the capital of the province of Aen-sa.

I address this narrative to the piety of the Christians of Europe, who are so free to profess the Gospel, in order that—mindful of their brethren and their sisters exiled on account of the Faith, and still more to be pitied in Tartary than in the fearful dungeons of this city—they may earnestly pray the Lord to grant perseverance to these generous wrestlers. Perhaps there are many among them whose misfortunes equal those of Agatha.

✠ JOSEPH, Bishop of Aradi, and Vicar-Apos of Hou-Quoang.

A Protestant Repeal Association has been established in Belfast! The fact that an attempt has been made to organize such a society among the Protestants of Ulster, is a remarkable sign of the times.

NOTTINGHAM.—CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL IN ST. BARNABAS.

The solemnity of this festival was celebrated in the church of St. Barnabas last Sunday week. On the two previous days great quantities of roses and flowers, laurel, and various kinds of evergreen, were sent as offerings for the decoration of the church; and several members of the congregation, ladies and others, undertook the task of weaving them into wreaths and pendants. Coronæ, garlands and festoons. Some idea of the style of the decorations may be gathered from the following outline:—The baptismal font was crowned with a rich canopy of roses, surmounted by a cross of the same material. All the walls in nave and aisles, from end to end, were covered with large shields of various colours, bearing different devices and monograms and ornamented with coronæ of flowers and evergreen, the arches were spanned with laths, covered with flowers; rich festoons of roses were suspended from pillar to pillar, and the capitals were crowned with crowns of roses. From the centre of the tower depended a coronet of roses, surmounting a large festooned canopy that hung against the tower pillars, and fell in pendants to the floor of the church. Beads of rose, marked the outline of the rood-screen and lott, to the pillars of which were attached a number of little wreaths of roses, and small shields in gold and rich colour. Thirteen large vases filled with choice flowers were placed in the front, between the pillars, above were fixed several painted branches, gracefully curving, and forming a series of pointed arches at the base of the rood. From the latter, and inclining to each side, were suspended two crimson silk banners, with gilt standards and crosses. Velvet hangings, enriched with lilies and other emblems, in gold and colour covered the walls and side pillars of the sanctuary the three pillars at the back of the high altar were clothed with rich enamelled work in gold and rich colour; and above these, close under the splendid Oriel window, hung the large banner of the Blessed Sacrament in crimson and gold. Garlands of roses were entwined round the screens, and the small pillars supporting the altar, the most select flowers and roses were tastefully arranged beneath the altar. A splendid canopy of crimson damask, with rich gold fringe, and a coronal of precious stones occupied the centre of the altar, over the tabernacle, on either side were distributed large gilt candlesticks with a countless array of wax lights, grouped in various designs—pyramids, triangles, &c. All the screens round the sanctuary, and connected with the altar chapels, were also enriched with candlesticks and wax lights, roses, flowers and evergreens. Long before the appointed hour, Sunday morning, the church was filled from end to end; every seat, every spot was occupied—and were it four times its present large size, it would have been equally filled—so great was the anxiety manifested, not only by the congregation but by others, to be present at this interesting festival. At half-past ten the officiating Priest, Rev. F. Cheadle, with his numerous attendant, in gorgeous vestments of cloth of gold, entered the sanctuary, to offer the Solemn Sacrifice, during the celebration of which the choir chanted portions of the service. When the last gospel was concluded, the Rev. I. J. Mulligan ascended the pulpit, and preached an elegant discourse from Isa. xiv. 15. "Verily, Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel the Saviour." When the sermon was concluded, the bell was rung the organ filled the Church with its sweet sounds in the meantime, the various members composing the procession took their appointed places; the

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER.

There can be no longer a doubt of a crisis in the affairs of Ireland being near at hand. Preparations are being made on all sides, by the people and the Government, and a fearful conflict seems inevitable. All hope of an amicable adjustment seems to be now abandoned by the most sanguine, and the cause of Ireland must be decided by the pike and the barrade. Parliament has been in Session for over eight months, and it is now about to adjourn without passing a single act beneficial to Ireland. The "base, bloody, and brutal" Whigs have done nothing but enact Coercion Bills, pack Juries, and strive to stifle public opinion.

They are driven to desperation at witnessing the enthusiasm and determination of the Irish; and Lord John Russell is demanding another Coercion Bill. Two have been already enacted in twelve months, and they now require a third, to invest them with the power of imprisoning at discretion all who may come under their suspicion.

The people are united and determined—the Club organization still progresses. Twelve thousand marched in military array in Cork, and were "reviewed" by Smith O'Brien. Messrs. Meagher and Doheny addressed over fifty thousand persons on the mountain of Shevenamon. Mr. Meagher entered Waterford at 3 o'clock in the morning, having found it impossible to arrive sooner from the pressure of the immense crowd who accompanied him on his way from Shevenamon. True Bills were found against him by the County Limerick Grand Jury, but he has traversed until the next Assizes, which will not be held until March 1849. His reception in Limerick was most enthusiastic—he addressed the people from the hotel, nearly in front of the Judge's lodgings.

The Rev. Mr. Byrne, C. C., was arrested in Carrick-on-Suir, but immediately rescued by the people. The correspondent of a London paper describes the circumstances:

"CARRICK-ON-SUIR.—On Monday three of the Club leaders were arrested, and the chief of the police intimated to the Rev. Mr. Byrne, R. C. C., that he might consider himself under arrest; but the Rev. Mr. Byrne is reported to have told him to seize him if he thought proper, which, it is said, the chief refused. The news of the arrest of the Club presidents spread through the town like wildfire—every horse in Carrick was dragged out, and sent off for reinforcements of the peasantry to the slate quarries and neighbouring towns, and the driver of the car which brought the account here says that pikes and guns were to be seen in all directions hastening to the town. It is also stated that two gentlemen, Messrs. O'Donnell and Manderville, went armed before the magistrate, and told him that the country was rising, and that if he wished to avoid a rebellion he had better liberate the prisoners, who would come forward at any time to stand their trial for any charge that might be made against them. As in twenty minutes a force would arrive in Carrick which would annihilate the garrison it was deemed prudent to comply with the request, and the prisoners were restored to their homes, and thus alone was Carrick, and perhaps Ireland, saved from bloodshed for the present. Nothing can equal the wild enthusiasm of the people here.

"Letters received in town state that the Roman Catholic Clergyman (the Rev. P. Byrne) was arrested at Carrick-on-Suir, in the county of Waterford, on a charge of sedition, and lodged in the Bridewell of that town; the populace, however, rose, broke open the prison doors, and succeeded in effecting the rescue of the prisoner. Other accounts say that, determined not to do the thing by halves, the people released all the other prisoners confined in the Bridewell."

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Government the *Nation* and *Irish Felon* continue to be circulated more extensively than ever. Several persons were arrested in Dublin on charges of vending the *Irish Felon*.

Messrs. Vivian, Bourke, and O'Brien were arrested in Cork on charges of sedition. A report of the arrest of Dr. Cane having been circulated in Kilkenny, the people assembled and immediately erected two immense barricades.

The Bills against Messrs. McGee and Hollywood were ignored by the County Wicklow Grand Jury, composed of 23 Conservative gentlemen.

The Irish League has had another immense meeting in Dublin. A deputation from Kilkenny composed of the Mayor and several of the Corporation attended, and the names of 1,700 members from that patriotic city were given in. Mr. S. O'Brien was present, and received with great enthusiasm. A monster meeting had been held in Drogheda, at which he also attended.

The patriotic Bishop of Derry, Dr. Maginn, and all his clergy, have given in their adhesion to the Irish League.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Collected by Pierce Ryan and William Walsh, on account of St. Patrick's Church, for June, 1848:

Mrs Dorothy Coady	£0 0 7½
Mrs. Lyons	0 1 3
Mrs. Morley	0 1 3
Maurice Flemming	0 1 3
Patrick Connors	0 0 7½
Patrick Coleman	0 1 3
Michael Morrissey	0 0 7½
Thomas Magee	0 0 7½
Daniel Hogan	0 1 3
Capt. Cahoon	0 1 3
William Purney	0 1 3
Jeremiah Lyons	0 0 7½
Patrick Holden	0 1 3
Michael Bulger	0 0 7½
Timothy Dunn	0 1 3
John Wallard	0 1 3
	£0 16 3

THE BISHOP.

On Sunday, his Lordship confirmed a number of persons at Amherst. Early Masses were celebrated by the Vicar General and Rev. Mr. Lyons; and at ten o'clock Pontifical Mass was offered by His Lordship. The new Church, which is about a mile distant from the village, was filled in every part, and numbers remained outside, unable to find admittance.—More than two-thirds of those present were Protestants. The Bishop preached for an hour and a half, and a most profound impression seemed to be made on our dissenting brethren.

We believe this is the first time within the memory of any one, in which the Holy Sacrifice has been offered at Amherst.

LETTERS OF THE BISHOP OF N. YORK.

We will resume on next week, the insertion of the admirable Letters of this distinguished Prelate in reply to Kirwan.

THE BISHOPS AND THE IRISH LEAGUE.

We are authorised by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin, to contradict the statement that the republication of the Episcopal resolutions was agreed to by the Prelates assembled at Maynooth on the 28th of June. The list given of the Bishops present is inaccurate: and no such resolution as that referred to was proposed even, much less adopted.—*Tablet*.

CONVERSIONS.

The Hon. Miss Methuen, daughter of Lord Methuen, was received into the Church a few days ago, and made her first Communion on last Sunday.—*Tablet*.

Mr. W. Palgrave, son of Sir Francis Palgrave, has been lately received into the Catholic church. He was educated at Oxford. Mr. Palgrave is at present in India, whence the news of his conversion has reached England.—*Id.*

SYDNEY—N. S. WALES.—The Sydney papers state that in February last much excitement prevailed in that colony, in consequence of the conversion to the Catholic Faith, of two Anglican Ministers, the Rev. Robert Knox Sconce, B.A., and of St. Andrews, Sydney, and the Rev. Mr. Makinson. The wife of Mr. Sconce had also received into the Church.

FUNERAL CEREMONY.—On Thursday the funeral procession of the victims of the insurrection of the 23d of June passed off without the slightest accident of any kind. At a great altar, erected on the place de la Concorde, the Bishop of Orleans, assisted by four other Bishops, celebrated High Mass for the dead, after which the procession was formed, and proceeded by the Rue de la Republique (formerly Rue Royale) to the Church of the Madeleine, where the service was concluded. General Cavaignac, with the other members of the Government, accompanied by nearly all the members of the National Assembly, walked as mourners, and a few of the relatives of the victims accompanied them. The procession was guarded by a vast number of troops, under the command of General Perrot and General Changarnier. The crowds in the streets separated quietly as soon as the procession was over.

PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, ST. ANDREW'S.

Our readers will, we are certain, be exceedingly edified by the following interesting account of the recent Procession at St. Andrew's, and we beg to express our thanks to *Spectator* for his valuable communication.

To the Editors of the Cross.

Gentlemen,—

Your numerous readers will, I doubt not, be gratified to know that the great festival of Corpus Christi, 22nd ult., has been celebrated this year with a solemn Procession at St. Andrews, in the County of Syney.

By giving insertion in the columns of your excellent paper, to the following hasty description of the celebration of that most joyful day, you will confer a favour upon one who, besides being much attached to the interests of your paper, deems himself happy in having thus an opportunity of publicly attesting to the piety and religious demeanour of the great majority of the numerous Catholic population of this County.

In giving publicity to the religious proceedings of the day referred to, as celebrated among us, the edification of our brethren in faith is our sole object. While cautioned by the heavenly maxims of our holy religion to guard against all things savouring in the least of self-praise or vain-glory, we are, nevertheless, told, as we read in the v. chapter of St. Matthew, 16v. "So let your light shine before all men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

It is a fact well known to the most of your readers, that the pious practice of commemorating with a Procession of the Consecrated Host, on Thursday after Trinity Sunday, the Institution of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, is universal in the Catholic Church.

Although in countries inhabited by people of different religious persuasions, this solemn manifestation of belief in the great Catholic dogma of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist, is for obvious reasons omitted. Yet there is a natural tendency in the Catholic heart, to manifest before the world, the firmness of his faith in this grand mystery of love. In fact if a David, moved by the Spirit of God, danced for joy before the Ark of the Covenant, who can adequately describe the feelings of joy without alloy, the sincere believer experiences at the enrapturing sight of the Sacred Host borne in triumph, as it is he reveres the God of all Glory, veiled under the sacramental species. Hence also arises the truly Catholic conviction, that the gifts of God are most appropriately used, when made to contribute either to the decorum of his house, or the becoming grandeur of his sacred worship. Corpus Christi is on this account a day of peculiar magnificence in Catholic Countries; yet the spirit of the world is diametrically opposed to these views of our subject. The holy Monarch of Israel was ridiculed and despised when seen giving in the manner referred to, a manifestation of the joy of his heart in presence of the Ark of the Covenant. We fear there are more than one Michel in our day who in imitation of her of old, despise and ridicule as foolish and superstitious, the sacred rites now spoken of. A Magdalen was blamed for manifesting her love of the Redeemer by pouring precious ointment upon his divine head, and methinks, the assertion is not too bold, that the accusers of Magdalen are not without followers among the many Mammon seekers of this utilitarian age.

While deeply impressed with the sentiments of the Royal Bard of Juda, "I have loved O Lord the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth," our friends at a distance will be glad to learn that the preparations made for the due celebration of the great Festival of Love were in every respect most creditable to all concerned. Under the able and very tasteful superintendance of Mr. John Macdonald, Teacher of the Grammar School, St. Andrew's, a canopy of an elegant form and exquisite manufacture was constructed. Five large and splendid banners with appropriate mottoes and devices were also prepared. The flowery decorations of the banners showed refined taste and more than ordinary patience on the part of the persons by whom they had been executed.

While these and sundry other preparations were being made, the programme of the Procession read and explained by our Pastor to a crowded congregation on the Sunday previous to the Feast, the morn of the 22nd came upon us but in a mood seemingly to blast, and sorely disappoint, the fond expectations of thousands. The sky

candles were lighted, and in about ten minutes the procession moved from the sacristy through the sanctuary in the following order:—First, a vergier in cloak and ermine collar, with gilt wand, then a little child in white, carrying a small gilt cross; followed by twelve children, from four to eight years old, in white, walking two and two, with garlands of roses between each couple. Twelve young girls, in white, with long white veils, bearing lighted tapers, came next; they were succeeded by several young women, members of the Guild, dressed in white gowns, blue cloak with crimson trimmings, and white veils; they carried lighted candles in their hands. Twelve other young women followed, clothed in white, with long white Milanese veils, and lighted candles. In connection with the above four groups of the procession were eight banners four silk ones, of different colours, embroidered with various devices and emblems, borne by four young women in white, with veils; four large banners, elaborately enriched and painted, were carried by four young men in cassocks and surplices, each accompanied by an attendant and two tassel bearers; some in scarlet cassocks some in white cloaks with scarlet trimmings.—The ecclesiastical part of the procession was led on by a cross-bearer in alb and dalmatic, accompanied on either side by acolythes in scarlet cassocks and surplices, with richly decorated candlesticks and lights; eight children, in cassocks and surplices, followed bearing lighted torches, headed by a director in scarlet cassock and surplice. Then came the eighteen choristers in cassocks and surplices, with their two cantors in rich flowing capes; after whom walked two persons wearing cloth of gold capes, and the Master of Ceremonies, also in a cloth of gold cape. Three children in scarlet cassocks followed next in order, bearing rose baskets filled with rose leaves, which they scattered on the ground as they walked along. Two thurifers in scarlet cassocks and surplices, preceded the canopy, filling the church with fragrant clouds of incense. The four canopy bearers, dressed in large, ample, scarlet, civic cloaks, with ermine collars and trimmings, carried the rich satin canopy, supported on four brass standards, each standard surmounted by four small silver bells. Beneath the canopy walked the officiating Priest in rich satin cope, with humeral veil of the same material, bearing in both hands the gold reinonstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament reposed—attended by Deacon and Sub-Deacon in dalmatic of gold cloth. Twelve young women in white, with long white veils and lighted candles, closed the procession, which moved at a slow and solemn pace—down the nave—up the north aisle—round the chancel aisles—down the south aisles—and up the nave—the choristers chanting the various hymns and psalms of the day. When the Priests with their attendants re-entered the sanctuary—the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly enthroned above the altar—beneath its rich gorgeous canopy, surrounded by a firmament of burning lights. A solemn Benediction closed the morning service. At the usual hour of evening service, half-past six, the church was filled as in the morning; the Complin portion of the Divine Office was chaunted by the choir. After which the Rev. J. Griffin ascended the pulpit, and gave a very interesting historical account of the festival [an analysis of which, as of the discourse of the Rev. I. J. Mulligan, we regret that our limits oblige us to omit]. Solemn Benediction, as in the morning, closed the evening service; again the clouds of incense filled the holy place, the sublime hymn of praise re-echoed through the sacred building; the setting sun poured in his rich golden flood of light—it looked of Heaven. Aptly might the words of the Royal Prophet then find an echo in every heart, "How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—Ps. lxxxiii.—*Corres. of Tablet*.

The *Christian Remembrancer* quotes from an Anglican publication the following, and says, this story "we know to be literally correct".—The story is of "the Bishop's lady, who is very anxious that the *Veni Creator* should be sung at her husband's ordinations; but as she has no tune which exactly suits the words, she has made it a personal obligation with the candidates to elicit a syllable in each alternate line, in order to suit the seraphine at which she presides personally in the chapel, and plays the seven verses through with a turn at the end of each.

from zenith to horizon was deeply overcast, strong gusts of wind with drizzling rain, rendered the possibility of proceeding on that day with the Procession extremely doubtful. Anon the heavy rolling of thunder with frequent flashes of lightning from the west, raised, alternately, the hopes and fears of many, according to their respective knowledge of these grand phenomena upon the weather. In the meantime the rain poured down in torrents—louder and louder became the appalling artillery of heaven. However, as the thunder storm quickly passed along to the east, the western horizon, to the joy of all, gave signs of a speedy change of scene. The sun now shone forth in all the calm beauty and buoyant brilliancy of a summer morn—all nature seemed revived—the distant hills now re-echo to the martial peals of fire-arms—while the merry chime from the lofty belfry of the Church of St. Andrew's, cheers and welcomes the assembling faithful.

Divine Service commenced at 11 o'clock—the Rev. Hugh McDonald, P. P. of Boisdale, C.B., Celebrant—Rev. Messrs. J. Grant and Alex. McLeod, P. P. of Arisaig, Deacon and Sub-Deacon. On the Gospel side, within the sanctuary, Rev. H. O'Reilly, P. P. of Pictou; Rev. John Quinan, P. P. of Tracadie; Rev. Mr. Drummond, P. P. of Guysboro'; Rev. Angus Gillis, P. P. of Antigonish; and Rev. C. F. McKinnon, Pastor of St. Andrew's; arrayed in choral dress, took their seats. Two companies of musketeers, one at each end of the sanctuary facing the altar, dressed in a simple yet very attractive uniform, under the command of two Captains, added considerably to the scene. The Church of St. Andrew's, though always an object of attraction, presented on that day a spectacle, but seldom, if ever, before seen in this country; its beautiful altar lit up in a blaze of light—its noble corinthian columns tastefully entwined with wreaths of flowers—the banners of the Procession hanging in graceful, ample folds, from its lofty nave—the gay yet devout demeanour of the crowded congregation—the snow-white beauty of the sacerdotal robes, all combined to form a *coup d'œil* as rare to be seen in this country, as it nearly approached the imposing scenes of more southern climes. Our choir, on this occasion, was ably supported by several amateur singers from Antigonish. After the Gospel the Rev. H. O'Reilly ascended the pulpit, and during two hours, rivetted the attention of the immense audience before him. The Rev. gentleman's discourse was ably sustained throughout; the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist was learnedly shown from scripture, tradition, and the Fathers. The Catholic rule of faith, viz., the Word of God explained by the Church, carried the Rev. Preacher triumphantly through his different positions; The unity of doctrine thus acquired among Catholics, as well on this as on all other revealed truths, formed a vivid contrast with the endless contradictory systems of belief among private reasoners.

Immediately after Mass the Rev. Pastor of St. Andrew's briefly explained the order of the Procession. Owing to the excellent arrangement previously made, in the appointment of Guards and Banner-bearers, the line of Procession was easily organized. A grave majestic Highlander bearing a staff, headed with a cross, led the Procession; Captain McDonnell, with his men-at-arms four abreast, marched out of the Church; then followed the Processional Cross: next came a beautiful banner of the Virgin Mary, most tastefully decorated with flowers. After the banner of the Virgin upwards of ten hundred females, gaily attired, walked four abreast out of the Church. After the females full ten hundred men, with steady step and uncovered head, also four abreast, headed by appropriate banner, left the Church. The Parish choir, aided by several French singers, came next; a magnificent banner, carried by four sturdy Highlanders, preceded the canopy; the Rev. Pastor of the Parish, wearing a splendid white cope, and attended by Deacon and Sub-Deacon, carried the sacred Host, enclosed in a rich silver Ostensory; the attending Clergymen, in sacerdotal robes, walked before the Canopy, two incensers, one on each side of the Canopy, continually incensing the Host. Captain S. Macdonald, with his men-at-arms, formed a guard of honour round the Canopy. After the line of Procession had thus been formed, stretching out over a quarter of a mile in length, the bell, in festive peals, now announced to the whole line that the Sacred Host was out. The "Pange Lingua," in solemn and harmonizing strains, was then intoned by the Clergy and

singers about the Canopy. At fixed intervals along the line the Litanies and other vocal prayers were at the same time commenced. The whole line now slowly and solemnly moved along; an immense crowd followed in the rear, and hundreds of sight-seeking spectators hovered at a respectful distance on both flanks. Twenty-four guardsmen, armed with long white staves, admirably did their duty, in maintaining order along the line. The view of the Procession at this stage was highly imposing; it presented a sight much calculated to impress each believing spectator with sentiments of awe and reverence—nay, the most heartless scoffer must have received a deep impression from the order and devotional attitude of the multitude before him. On an eminence in the centre of an open and extensive plain, about half a mile from the Church, a temporary Altar had been erected and handsomely decorated. Three standards marked a semi-circular line in front of this Altar; outside this line and fronting the Altar, the whole Procession, arranged by the guards in semi-circular ranks, now formed one dense column. As the Sacred Host arrived at the Altar, the whole multitude devoutly knelt on the green sward; the scene now became peculiarly interesting, and, indeed, one not unworthy of the great object of the day's solemn festivity. The voice of praise now rose on the elastic air, while clouds of incense—emblematic of the prayers of the faithful—ascended in sweet perfumes. Lo! all is silent—the Sacred Host is raised on high—the pious multitude, with heads bent to the ground, receive the Sacramental Benediction—the hills and valleys around re-echo to the continued peals of cannon and musketry. The Sacred Host being replaced on the Altar, the multitude rose on foot, and to the martial strains of the ancient music of Mooven, rank after rank the immense column deployed and extended itself in the same order in which it left the Church. Returning by a different route, the Procession finally re-entered the House of God. After the several rites prescribed by the Church on such occasions had been gone through, and the Benediction given, the Rev. Mr. Drummond, at four o'clock, P. M., ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very eloquent and appropriate discourse. After the Rev. gentleman's address the vast multitude, to all appearance satisfied with the proceedings of the day, left the Church and peaceably departed to their respective homes.

SPECTATOR.

St. Andrew's, 19th July, 1848.

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS

No. 4.

HYMNUS OMNI HORA.

Bring forth, O boy! my harp that I
May wake to truth, the slumbering chord,
And chaunt, in dulcet melody,
The mighty wonders of the Lord,
Be this, my muse, thy dearest dream,
Be this, O lyre! alone thy theme.

With priestly garlands gaily crowned,
The Prophet's King proclaimed his birth,
With voice and harp and timbrel's sound
To all the nations of the earth,
With heavenly fire in every brain
He sang aloud the solemn strain.

These wondrous deeds inspire us too,
These works of wonder known so wide—
Which all the world announces true
And nature's self has not denied,
A God made man, creation cries,
For sinful mortal leaves the skies.

Forth from the Father's breast he came
Before arose this earthly ball,
Alpha Mega is his name,
Beginning and the end of all
Whatever was, what'er we see,
Whatever shall hereafter be.

He gave the word and all obeyed,
He spoke, and everything had birth—
The triple element was made
Of sky, of ocean, and of earth,
With whatsoever now appears
Beneath the Sun's and Moon's broad spheres.

He put on him this form of clay
This destined tenant of the tomb—
To rescue man from hell's dark way,
Which was the inevitable doom
Entailed by man's first parents' woe,
And fixed on every soul below.

O ever blessed was that hour
When that sweet Virgin full of grace

O'ershadowed by Jehova's power,
Brought forth salvation to our race,
And earth's Creator, the sweet child,
Showed to the world his brow so mild.

The voices of the starry sky
The universal heavenly throng,
All, all, below, around, on high,
Sing loud to God the praiseful song,
Nor silent shall one tongue remain,
But voice and soul awake the strain.

Behold him whom the bards of old
Did sing aloud through many an age,
Him whom the Prophets all foretold,
In many a ventable page,
The promised comes of ancient days—
Strike, strike, ye Nations! to his praise.

The vases filled with water high,
Soon flow with nectar all divine;
The waiting menial standeth by,
And loud proclaims the rosy wine,
The banquet master tastes the bowl
And sudden wonder fills his soul.

With leprous contagion dread,
A wretch stood near afflicted sore;
"Be thou made clean," the Saviour said,
And lo! the misery was no more;
The sacrifice was offered then
And all the man is clean again.

The sight obscured for many a day
With awful shadows o'er it flung,
Thou didst, O God! annoint with clay
And spittle from thy sacred tongue;
Before thy hand the darkness flies,
And light bursts o'er the happy eyes.

Thou didst rebuke the tempest dark
Howling in phrenzy o'er the waves,
That threatened wild the little bark,
Wild roaring from their lowest caves,
The storm obeys thy high behest
And silence broods o'er ocean's breast.

A woman touches but by stealth
Thy sacred garment's hem, when now
Forthwith returns her long lost health,
While paleness quickly spreads her brow;
The stream that flowed surcharged with gore
Now finds its bloody flux no more.

In death's deep slumber lying low
A youth is seen upon his bier,
The widow'd mother following slow
With many a flowing bitter tear—
Arise, said He—the boy arose—
The mother's heart with joy o'erflows.

Fast bound within the house of death
While four suns rolled along the skies,
Inspiring him again with breath,
He orders Lazarus to rise;
Again returns life's genial flame
And once more warms the fetid frame.

He wanders on the billows ways,
And gently walks their crested head,
While to and fro the water sways,
And smoothes a path which he may tread;
Nor does the liquid yield, tho' prest,
Beneath the Saviour's footsteps blessed.

Abiding in the dens and caves,
And howling fiercely in his chains,
A wretched being wildly raves,
Torn and tortured with his pains,
He leaps, and runs, and calls on high
When he beholds the Saviour nigh.

A myriad spirits of deep hell
Swift fly before the pow'r divine,
And rush forth, suddenly to dwell,
Amid a herd of feeding swine:
The maddened herd impatient flee,
And headlong perish in the sea.

Twelve baskets full are counted still
Of numerous fragments that are found—
When thousands have received their fill
Far stretched along the desert ground,
Two fishes and five loaves of bread
Were all on which the numbers fed.

O Thou! our Bread, our real Meat!
The spirit's inexhausted store!
Whoever of thy board shall eat
Shall ne'er complain of hunger more;
Nor frame alone dost thou renew,
Thou feed'st the soul with plenty, too.

Th' obstructed cavern of the ear
No longer waking with the sound,
By Christ's command again is clear,
From every band with which 'twas bound;
Now thrilling to each vocal cry
And hearing e'en the softest sigh

And every sickness flies away,
And every foul disease is healed,
And oh! the tongue may loudly say
With what deep silence it was sealed!
The lame leaps up with joyful tread,
And thro' the city bears his bed.

Yea—and lest e'en those souls below
Should not enjoy their happy state,
To Limbo's self his love must go,
Swift bursting thro' the brazen gate,
Whose solid bar is thrown aside,
Wrenched from its rest and opened wide.

That prison easy to descend,
But oh! so difficult to fly,
Now seeing all its sorrows end,
Gives back its inmates to the sky.
The law of grace prevails at last
And those dark dungeon's hour is passed.

Rut while the Lord with dazzling ray
The caves of death doth bright illumine,
Diffusing the immortal day,
Wide o'er those palaces of gloom,
O'er heaven's broad brow the shadows sweep,
And hide the stars in darkness deep.

The sun is banished from the skies,
O'ershadowed by a blackness dread,
Far from his orbit, lo! he flies;
And hides in clouds his radiant head,
The earth doth fear, with pallid fright,
A chaos of eternal night.

Oh! let my voice be heard on high,
And let my tongue be all unbound,
Resound the Passion's victory—
The triumph of the cross resound,
Sing—sing that sacred sign, which now
Glow's bright on every faithful brow.

O sight of wonder and of woe!
O miracle of that sad wood,
How doth a river down it flow
Of sacred water mixed with blood!
Our sins are in that water drowned,
And with that blood we all are crowned.

The serpent sees the sacrifice
Of that blessed body offered there—
He sees—and lo! his enmities
Are vain, for he no more can dare
With head all bruised and racked with pain,
Ho hisses, but his wrath is vain.

Of what avail, thou fiend accursed!
Is now to thee that work of guile?
Which doomed frail man to death at first
Effect'd by thy demon wife?
A God clothed in this form of clay
Hath washed the fearful stain away.

Salvation's Lord, vouchsafed to give
Himself awhile to death's embrace,
To bid the dead of ages live—
Live to the glorious life of grace,
Bursting the fetters of those crimes
That filled the heart from ancient times.

With him did the ancient just arise,
As he, triumphant, led the way,
Returning, joyful, to the skies,
Upon the third auspicious day
The same frail flesh they then assume,
And soar, exulting, from the tomb.

Then might be seen the dead limbs form
From out their heap of ashes grey,
And the green veins returning, warm
The cold and lifeless lump of clay,
The nerves and bones and all within
Swift covering with the tender skin.

When death in life was swallowed down*,
And frail humanity re-erect,
Arrayed in victory's glowing crown,
Triumphant to his sire he soared,
Bearing forth to eternal life
The glory of his Passion's strife.

Then reign—thou judge of earth's dead bard,
King of the living! reign in might,
Placed on thy Father's high right hand
Surrounded by the powers of light,
From which thou shalt descend again;
Th' avenging judge of sinful men.

Old age! and youth! and infancy!
Sing—sing aloud a praiseful song,
And mothers! virgins! maids! do ye
Join, too, with the rejoicing throng
Let all resound his sweetest lays,
And chaunt the Saviour's boundless praise.

The billow and the rivers flow,
The sea-beat coast and winding bay,
The heat, the shower—the frost, the snow,
The grove, the gale, the night, the day,
All—all, their song of gladness pour
And shout his name for evermore.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, July 18, 1848.

* "Swallowing down death"—St. Paul.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

The following are passages from the principal Parisian journals of the 28th June, relative to the death of the Archbishop of Paris.

(From the *Nationel*.)—The death of the Archbishop of Paris was announced this morning. Everything leads us to believe that this misfortune was purely accidental, which is a little consolation; it would be too hard were it proved the result of a crime. It would be in vain to attempt to give a notion of the impression which almost the whole Parisian population has received from this event. Not one of the catastrophes of the terrible drama which we have just witnessed has created so profound an emotion. The danger which attended every one who faced the insurgents was well known; the fate of MM. Dornes and Bixio allowed of no doubt as to that. When M. Affre adopted the noble resolution of making a last effort to stop the effusion of blood, he therefore was perfectly well aware to what he was exposing himself. It was deliberately that he gave up his life. He proposed and executed this action with an extreme simplicity. He accomplished his sacrifice with a calm courage, void of ostentation. He is admired, he is wept over, but we do not grieve for his death, for his death is the noblest that a Bishop could die.

(From the *Journal des Debats*.)—It is with profound grief that we announce that the Archbishop of Paris died to-day of the wound which he received at the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This cruel catastrophe plunges Paris into consternation, and fills up the measure of the nations sorrow. It is now that we can estimate how much civil war costs. Alas! some hours before receiving his death-wound, the courageous Bishop was passing through our streets in the midst of the blessings of the people. An apostle of the God of peace, of mercy, and of pardon, he was going to carry the cross and the sign of reconciliation into the midst of murder and carnage. He fell upon the very field of battle, and we may say that, moved by pity for humanity, God has willed to conceal in darkness the hand which wrought this detestable crime, or this frightful misfortune. In the presence of this sublime sacrifice, (Christian hearts will be divided between the feelings of a holy pride and of an inconsolable sadness. The history of the church offers not a more admirable page. As the martyr was carried bleeding across the barricades, his sole thought—his sole word—was, "May mine be the last blood that is shed!" Having winged its way to its Creator, the immortal soul of the just man has doubtless asked for the reward of his oblation and of his holocaust, and his prayers have arrested the work of blood and of expiation. One may say that after having, amidst so many others, struck down this innocent and holy victim, Death was at length wearied and stayed its hand. It was after two days of the most cruel suffering that the venerable Prelate expired to-day at four o'clock, surrounded by the consolations of religion, by the prayers and tears of his clergy and of some of the faithful. He died full of calmness, courage and resignation, the most pure and admirable example of the passage of the just into the bosom of God. We could not describe the universal grief which this frightful event has spread over Paris. Everywhere, in the streets, the Priests are interrogated with avidity and anxiety; and in this blood-stained city, even those who have to weep over their own, still reserve a portion of their tears for the holy martyr who died for all.

(From *L'Univers*.)—We have been to visit, on his bed of pain, the admirable pastor who has just given his life for his flock. His figure bore the impress of a calm, profound, and resigned grief. He was unable to speak, but he gave signs of recognition. He blessed the Cure of St. Sulpice. His bed was surrounded by Priests moved to the very depths of their soul. Some Sisters of Charity were attending to him. His excellent brother, M. Affre, representative of the people, remained motionless and thunder-struck. But over all these mournful figures shone a Christian thought, and it was, that since the first ages of our history, nothing like this death had been seen, and that there was a true martyr of charity, who ought to serve France for her last expiation, and become the preparation for the universal reconciliation of her citizens.

The following letter was addressed by General Cavaignac to the Vicar General Jacquemet:—

"Paris, June 23, 1848.
"M. le Grand-Vicaire—I hear with grief of the loss we have just sustained in the person of our worthy Archbishop. For three months the

Clergy have been associated with all the joys of the Republic, they have now associated themselves with her sorrows. The Archbishop has the double glory of having died as a good citizen and as a martyr of religion. Pray of God that according to the last words of His worthy servant, "this blood may be the last to be shed!"
(Signed) "E. CAVAIGNAC."

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—We have always felt a sentiment of veneration for *Sœurs de Charite*, who, laying aside the timidity and weakness of their sex, appear wherever there is danger. On the 25th ult, a captain of the Garde Mobile being made prisoner by the insurgents, was taken to the court-yard of the *Sœurs de Charite* of the 12th arrondissement. He was about to be shot, when the Superior placed herself resolutely before the musket. "Stop," said she: "this is the house of God! A crime would sully it; the death of this man would bring you ill-luck!" "You are right, Sister, you have been always good for us, and we would not like to cause you annoyance, we shall carry the prisoner out, and shoot him in the street." "No, my friends, this man belongs to me, he must not leave this place. In the name of the services which we have rendered you, in the names of your wives and children, I claim him. Let him be kept prisoner!" For two hours she contended against the madmen, whom she could not convince, preventing the crime by her presence, when a sharp fire of musketry came to her aid. She took advantage of the trouble and hesitation of the moment to push the prisoner into the pharmacie, the door of which she closed, and having disguised him, succeeded in enabling him to effect his escape. Returning amongst them a few minutes after, "Let us give thanks to God," she said, "who has saved the prisoner." In another place an insurgent, half drunk, meeting with one of the Sisters going to carry aid to the wounded, placed his bayonet, with threats, against her bosom. The Sister, without showing any agitation, said, "Do you think I fear a bayonet? I only fear God!" and continuing her way, she went to lend assistance to a dying man. We did not ask the names of these two Sisters. For God, they are two angels; for us, they are two Sisters of Charity.—*Le Bien Public*.

St. George's.—The large new Roman Catholic Chapel of St. George's, that has been so long unfinished in the Westminster-road, was yesterday opened, the Rev. Dr. Wiseman officiating pontifically. Though the tickets of admission were sold at half a guinea and a guinea each, the chapel was completely crowded, and as much as £1,000, said to be realised by the sale. According to the *Sun* newspaper the effect of the gorgeous spectacle was spoiled by the *badness of the chanting*. We may take the opportunity on some future occasion to make some remarks upon the building itself, which has been most audaciously eulogised. Its effect, as a whole, is not the production of a *master mind*. It is beautiful in detail, but heavy and depressing in the mass, no attention has been paid to its orientation, in fact, it is entirely reversed, and the altar is at the west end. A fact, it is said, which was not discovered by Mr. Pugin till the building was of sufficient height for the architect to see his mistake by Westminster Abbey.—*Guardian*.

* A mistake. The nature of the ground prevented the architect from placing the altar Eastward.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MULLOCK.—(To the Editor of the *Tablet*.)—Sir—You will be pleased to hear that the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland, was received on his arrival there with all the honors due to his amiable and excellent character. He was already making preparations for the commencement of his Episcopal labours by a visitation through that extensive territory. He seems to like the people of that country very much, their attachment to religion and their Clergy is remarkable, and no doubt the indefatigable labors of Dr. Mullock will be appreciated, and endear him to the good Dr. Fleming, as an acquisition of no ordinary importance in carrying out with energy the Ministry of Our Lord throughout the wide and extensive region of Newfoundland. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CATHOLICS.—Cork, 27th June, 1848.

LIVERPOOL.—The Roman Catholics in Liverpool have nearly ten thousand children in their schools; no fewer than eight thousand one hundred walked in procession on the 15th.—*Guardian*.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

Yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the Corner Stone of the Cathedral of Albany was laid according to the ceremonial of the Catholic Church. An immense assemblage gathered to witness the ceremony and hear the distinguished Bishop of New York, who had been announced to speak. The site of the Cathedral, the streets and many of the neighboring house-tops were filled with a throng numbering some 5,000.

Bishop McClosky, who presided, was assisted by the Bishop of New York, and by the Rev. Mr. Bacon, of Brooklyn, as Master of Ceremonies, and the Reverend Messrs. Havermans and O'Reilly of Troy, Farley of Lansingburgh, Co'rey of West Troy, Gilligan of Schaghticoke, and by the Rev. Messrs. Kyle and Putnam of St. Mary's, McCluskey of St. John's, and Rev. John J. Conroy of St. Joseph's of this city.

After blessing the site of the intended Altar, and consecrating it to its high purpose, and before entering upon the ceremony of laying the Corner Stone, Bishop Hughes of New York, ascended a temporary platform and addressed the audience. He selected for his text the following verses, from 2 Paralipomenon vi—verses 17, 18, 19, 20, 21:

"17. And now, Lord God of Israel, let thy word be established which thou hast spoken to thy servant David.

"18. Is it credible then that God should dwell with men on earth! If heaven and the heaven of heavens do not contain thee, how much less this which I have built!

"19. But to this end only is it made, that thou mayest regard the prayer of thy servant and his supplication, O Lord my God; and mayest hear the prayers which thy servant poureth out before thee.

"20. That thou mayest open thy eyes upon this house day and night, in the place wherein thou hast promised that thy name should be called upon.

"21. And that thou wouldst hear the prayer which thy servant prayeth in it. Hearken then to the prayers of thy servant and of thy people Israel. Whosoever shall pray in this place, hear thou from thy dwelling place, that is from heaven, and show mercy."

For an hour the Bishop held the attention of the immense auditory enchained to the theme.—He spoke of religion as a necessary element to the social system, as the only guaranty of order and morality. He spoke of worship by human beings as the manifestation of religious devotion through external signs—in prayer, in congregations, in rites, in erected temples. He spoke of the mysterious sacraments which were to be offered at the Altars they were about to erect. He dwelt upon the religious influences which the magnificent structures of the Church were calculated to impart or to strengthen. Throughout the whole of his discourse,—which was a masterly essay, strong but plain in language, compact, and eloquent by the power of its reasoning, and the force of its illustration, rather than by brilliancy or novelty of ideas,—the vast audience, which included many of different sects, listened with respectful attention.

After closing this discourse, he left the stand, and the priestly cortege approached the Corner Stone, when Bishop McClosky blessed it, dedicating the structure to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the "Immaculate Conception" by which name it will be known, reciting the Litany, the assistants responding, and singing in Latin the Psalm, "How pleasant are thy tabernacles, O Lord," &c., and other appropriate selections from the sacred writings. After which, the Bishop, accompanied by the others, passed through the area, sprinkling it with holy water, and the lustration concluded, returned to the Corner Stone, where, after the chanting of the *Te Deum*, the Bishop imparted the closing benediction to the attendants and the crowd, and the ceremonial was concluded.

It was regarded with deep interest by the Catholics of the city, who look forward to the erection of the Cathedral with warm feelings and anxious hopes.—*Albany Evening Atlas*.

ANGLICAN BAPTISMS.—We ourselves have seen a Clergyman, and a very well-meaning one, in a populous parish, baptise, as he intended, some twenty children in a bath, by only passing his wet fingers, once dipped in the font over their foreheads.—*Christian Remembrancer*.

THE CHILD TO THE TOMB.

The following eloquent anecdote is from the journal of a traveller in the East.

—A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly over-cast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I enquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied with a half-waudeering look; "they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing, to you or each other?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning,

"You must," I continued, have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

THE LATE HON. E. PETRE

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.—Kissingen, Bavaria, June 22, 1848.—My dear Sir—Some days ago I received a letter from Lord Stafford, conveying to me the sad intelligence of the death of the Hon. Edward Petre; and his Lordship desired me to request the parochial Clergy of this place to offer Mass for the repose of his soul. Upon my having intimated this to them, the curate decided upon celebrating three Requiem Masses, which were sung here, in the Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, on the Feast of St. Barnabas, the 20th of this month. I myself celebrated Mass for the same object, saying the Mass of the Festival. Several persons of rank assisted at these Masses, among whom was Lady Townley, who is here. Mr Petre was known to many in this place, and the Clergy had a great respect for him; and they were anxious to show it in as marked a manner as possible.

I wish you would be so good as to inform your reader of the above through the medium of your paper, for the consolation of his friends and his bereaved lady.

We had a fine procession here to-day of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The people here are good Catholics, and very quiet.—I remain, your ancient friend,

HENRY ELWES.

ILLEGITIMACY.—A Parliamentary return shows that on the 18th of March there were in the union workhouses throughout England and Wales 51,237 children no less than 26,000 of whom were certainly illegitimate.—*Fryman's Journal*.

Births

- JULY 29—Mrs. King, of a son.
- 31—Mrs. Murphy, of a daughter.
- 31—Mrs. Foley, of a son.
- 31—Mrs. Phelan, of a daughter.
- AUGUST 1—Mrs. O'Brien, of a daughter.
- 1—Mrs. Sheely, of a son.
- 3—Mrs. Kelly, of a daughter.
- 3—Mrs. McDonald, of a daughter.