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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 18.

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 1, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- MAY 2—Sunday—IV Sunday after Easter, St. Athanasius, Bishop and Confessor.
 3—Monday—Finding of the Holy Cross.
 4—Tuesday—St. Monica, Widow.
 5—Wednesday—St. Pius, V. P. and C.
 6—Thursday—St. John before the Latin Gate, G.
 7—Friday—St. Benedict II, P. and C.
 8—Saturday—Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.

IS THE QUEEN THE HEAD OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN TEMPORALS ONLY?

This is one of the questions which we promised to answer last week.

Our opponents pretend that Her Majesty has a mere temporal Headship.

We declare on the contrary that she is *de facto* the Head of the English Church in *spirituals* as well as in temporals.

The Headship of Queen Victoria is surely as extensive as that of Queen Bess.

But the Virgin Queen exercised spiritual jurisdiction over the Church of England as the Head of that Church. *Inter alia* this Female Protestant Pope in her ridiculous *Bulls* for the consecration of Matt. Parker the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, declared that she *supplied by her supreme Royal authority* any defect or invalidity that might occur in the consecration of this pretended Prelate: "*Suppletur nihilominus suprema nostra autoritate regia, &c.*" "If any thing be, or shall be wanting in these things which you are to do by our command, either in yourselves, or in any of you; or in your condition, state, faculty, which by the statute of this our Kingdom, or by the laws of the Church are required, or necessary" These were the words addressed to the Consecrators of Parker, who were themselves no Bishops, though they attempted to consecrate one. For the valid consecration of a Bishop, or the ordination of a Priest "the Laws of the Church" always "required" a Bishop, and declared that it was necessary, essentially necessary, that

the consecrator should be really invested himself with the Episcopal dignity. The laws of God required the same, as none but the Apostles, or the Bishops their successors received from Jesus Christ the power to consecrate or ordain.

But, Immaculate Bess *supplied* by her supreme authority all those trifling deficiencies, in the consecrators of Parker, and declared that if *any thing* should be wanting in their condition, state, or faculty, she *fully made up for it*, by the plenitude of her jurisdiction, and she was clearly exercised a headship in *spirituals* on that occasion as well as many others.

The conclusion is inevitable.

We now come to our own Gracious Sovereign whom we are sorry to be obliged to name in the same page as her unfeeling and bloody predecessor, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scots. Let us hear the Tablet of the 6th of March.

"The Queen is about to make four new Bishops. . . . Her Majesty, or rather her Ministers, will decide upon the limits, the jurisdiction, and the titles of the New Sees; will nominate certain clergymen to undertake the duties, and receive the incomes; and will issue a Royal Mandate commanding the Archbishop of York, to proceed to their consecration, under pain of various pains and penalties."

Is not this an interference in *spirituals*? Here we have a laic, and a female, *abridging* the *spiritual* powers and jurisdiction of old Bishops in their former Sees, imparting spiritual powers and jurisdiction to new Prelates, and commanding Archbishops to perform the spiritual function of consecration.

But this is not all.

Listen to the following declaration (in the 6 and 7 William IV. c. 87, Sect 21) made during the reign of Her Majesty's uncle and immediate predecessor:—

"And be it enacted that from and after the passing of this Act, the Bishop of Ely for the time being, shall take and hold the said Bishopric, and all the property, patronage, and rights, belonging thereto, except as herebefore provided, subject to, or under any provisions which shall be made by or under the authority of Parliament with respect to the said Bishopric."

within the space of three years next; any law, statute, or Canon to the contrary notwithstanding."

Poor enslaved, and degraded Church, the creature, tool, and victim of mere laymen!

We now come to a more recent exercise of royal power over the spirituals of the Law-established Church. The following is so conclusive on the subject of which we treat, that we deem it unnecessary to add one word by way of "note or comment."

In the statute 6 and 7 of Victoria, chapter 62, provision is made for the case of a Bishop becoming incapable of performing his functions, and the doctrine is clearly laid down that the jurisdiction of the Bishops is derived from the Crown. Certain proceedings are ordered to be gone through, and in the case of an Archbishop those proceedings are to be instituted by the Lord Chancellor! It is then enacted:—

"That it shall be lawful for her Majesty by letters patent under the great seal to appoint one of the Bishops of the same province to exercise all the functions and powers as well with regard to temporalities, as SPIRITUALITIES, of the Bishop or Archbishop so found to have become incapable!!!"

What a beautiful and incomparable Church!

ST. MARY'S.

On Sunday last, the Festival of St. Mark, the Evangelist, the Litanies of the Saints were solemnly chanted before the High Mass, by the Bishop and Clergy.

After Vespers a numerous meeting was held of the Halifax Branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh was in the chair, and together with the Vicar General, the Rev. Messrs McLeod, McIsaac, Walsh, and Daly were also present. The proceedings were animated and we understand that about Fifty Pounds were handed in on the occasion, amongst which were £2 0s 6d; collected at Prospect by Mr. Timothy Horan. We will give the List of Collectors with the various amounts which they handed to the Secretary. At the close of the meeting the usual prayers were recited by the Bishop. We were much edified by the number of young children of both sexes who pressed forward to be enrolled as Collectors. Those parents act most wisely, who thus early accustom their children to works of charity and mercy.—If we may quote the words of the Edinburgh Presbytery:—"Whatever Protestants may be, Romanists are certainly IN EARNEST" whenever they have anything to do for the Propagation of their Holy Faith.

A GENUINE PROTESTANT BULL.

DESCRIBED BY DR. HEYLIN A PROTESTANT DIVINE, IN PAGE 128 OF HIS HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

"There also pass'd an Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer, with permission to say the same in Latin, where the Minister had not the knowledge of the English tongue. But for translating it into Irish there was no care taken. The people are required by that statute, under several penalties to frequent their Churches and to be frequent at the reading of the English Liturgy, which they understand no more, (far less) than they do the Mass. By which means, the Irish were not only kept in continual Ignorance, as to the Doctrines and Devotions of the Church of England, but we have likewise furnished the Papist with an excellent argument against ourselves, for having the Divine service celebrated in such language as the people do not understand." (!!!)

This great Protestant Bull, and the ignorant set of Clergy sent to convert the "wild Irish" by "Queen Bess" are so

wittily sketched by the author of the Metrical History of the Reformation (who had once been a staunch Protestant himself and forfeited his inheritance for his conscientious change of religion) that we are tempted to reprint it here for the amusement of our Readers:—

"Remember that above 'tis said,
That every one that could but read,
Were by the queen put into gowns,
And made the teachers of the towns;
A wondrous easy way of earning
Their bread: who would not wish for learning?
This hopeful trade inclin'd the muddy,
Dull blockheads to begin to study,
And weavers, tailors, carters, colliers,
Got their dull brood set up for scholars,
In expectation that, as soon
As they could read and get a gown,
They might pick up a handsome living,
Without aught else of parents giving;
But this at last, fill'd all the land
With sable knights o' th' little band,
And smirking parsons did abound,
As gnats are wont in fenny ground,
Till benefices, ne'er so bad,
For one in ten, could not be had;
So that they were, for want of bread,
Half-starv'd and gowns as bare as thread.
When lo, the providence of queen,
Whose eye, all seeing, this had seen;
Compassion took on her poor learned,
That had no food but what they earned,
Nor what to set themselves about,
Whereby to earn what belly sought,
Unless by spunging up and down,
'Mongst brother clergy of the town;
Bethought herself, not far off lay
An island in the western sea,
Stor'd with good eatables great plenty,
Cheese, butter, eggs a penny twenty;
Curds, cream, and hotted bonacaber,
Wou'd make a hungry parson caper.
This, by deep skill in politics,
She found would feed her canons
For yet, tho' so great plenty, there
No Parson was, nor Common Prayer:
Therefore bids Cecil edicts write
To Ireland, (so that inland high)
That they should quit, thro' all the region,
Their ancient faith for new religion,
And in their Churches entertain
Her Common Prayer and Clergymen.
She also sends out her command
To every parson in the land,
That wanted living, and lay idle,
To get a Pray'r Book and a Bible,
And make them ready, out of hand,
For mission to a foreign land,
Full glad they were to hear of work
And that their Province in the kirk
Was to convert an unknown land,
That not a word could understand,
Nor knew the language of their prayers,
Or preaching, more than they did them;
(For miracles do not belong
To Protestants, nor gift of tongue)
However this they heeded not,
But every man his bible got,
And Common Prayer, to read them o'er
In English on the Irish shore.
Provided thus, they hasted away,
Each on his back his ownia,
To wit, bread, cheese, and other meat,
(For travellers must often eat)

But as for clothes, they had no more
 Than only what they daily wore,
 Which one might guess was o'en but bad,
 When one o' th' sprucest thus was clad
 A long crown'd hat on head he wore,
 Hung down behind and cock'd before :
 A beneficial hat ; for when
 A saucy wind, or shower of rain,
 Assaulted him on either ear,
 He turn'd the hanging side on't there ;
 And when the rain beat in his face,
 He turn'd it still to th' griev'd place :
 Yet, though it hung before his sight,
 Holes it had in't to give him light
 So that he never mist his way,
 If so he wore it all the day.
 He'd under it a satten cap,
 Made of his grandsire's doublet lap,
 And edg'd within with shred of white
 Turn'd outwards, obvious to sight,
 Much like a serjeant's coif 'twas made,
 In which he preach'd, and slept, and pray'd.
 A shirt he had made of coarse harden,
 A collar band not worth a farthing,
 And little cuffs round either wrist,
 And woollen mittens on each fist,
 Which luckily supplied the place
 Of handkerchief to wipe his face ;
 For things superfluous he had none,
 More than Diogenes had on.
 As for the cassock on his back,
 'Twas party colour'd, the ground black :
 For, when in any part worn out,
 On went of any colour, a clout.
 To cover all, he wore a black
 Canonic garment on his back ;
 By father wove, and mother spun,
 Call'd in the days of yore a gown ;
 But now so rent, like Swissee's breeches,
 That how to nam't no author teaches :
 Yet long enough it was they say,
 Sometimes to sweep the dirty way.
 As to his ornament of foot,
 On one of them he wore a boot ;
 But on the other had a shoe,
 Hid by his coat that none might know :
 And 'twas not unadvis'dly neither
 That boot and shoe were worn together ;
 For, as sometimes it happened, when he
 Fell into genteel company,
 The cleanly shoe would soon appear,
 Which careful boot had saved from mire :
 For ditch he always plam'd with boot,
 Thereby to keep the other out.
 As for his stockings, authors do
 Give small account, if one or two ;
 Some think but one ; which was helped out,
 By supplemental leg of boot.
 About his waist he wore a zone,
 Kept all things fast that he had on :
 A useful surcingle it was,
 Fasten'd with buckle made of brass,
 Which, as his paunch was full or swamp,
 He'd widermake, or straiter cramp ;
 By letting out a hole or so,
 Just as he found his belly grow.
 Before him at his girth did hang
 Inkhorn, and pen case in a string :
 Ruler and pencil too, that made
 Of broken arrow, this of lead :
 Tools that he could not be without,
 So wisely carried them about.
 What else he had, I think I may
 Oit off with an *et cetera* ;

As being things of little worth,
 That likewise hung at belly girth.
 Provided thus for a long voyage,
 Having no other equipage,
 Savo stick of hazel for his horse,
 And little knapsack at his back,
 With fare-ye-wells, and shaking hands,
 He takes his leave of all his friends,
 And, as 'tis usual, having cried
 A while, be makes for water side.
 Had you at Le'erpool been, or West
 Chester. O heavens ! you would be blest
 Yourself, and cross'd and sign'd your cen,
 Such shoals of parsons to have seen,
 As thither from all parts came skipping
 For Dublin, and staid there for shipping
 Being come at last ashore in Dublin,
 They all the country fell a'roubling,
 For as a leprosy does spread
 To sole of foot from crown of head ;
 Or like a pestilential air,
 Those parsons and their Common Prayer,
 Spread Ireland over in a trice,
 As thick as Egypt was with lice,
 And more molesting were by far
 Than frogs or lice, or locusts there.
 The public Mass was pent to flight,
 As day is banished by the night :
 A work performed, not by the dist
 Of parson's prayer, or argument,
 But by a strongly armed power,
 Provided by the queen before.
 An easy way to make folk come
 To kirk, when summon'd by a drum ;
 Yet all they heard when they came there
 Was, in strange tongue a Common Prayer.
 As polish'd parsons, without blushing,
 Will cant, and bawl, and cuff their cushion,
 Correcting others for the sin
 Themselves are deepest plunged in,
 So, here in England, none more keen
 Than Parsons, Bishops, and the Queen.
 To cry the Mass down, 'cause (they said)
 The priest in unknown language pray'd :
 And yet themselves their prayer Book sent,
 To such as knew not what it meant.
 And it was read and psalms were sung ;
 And sermons preached in unknown tongue
 Among wild Irish : where not one
 Knew what they said, but cried, O hone !
 O hone ! they cried, and shak'd their heads
 With grief, to change their Mass and beads,
 For what they knew to be a prayer
 No more, poor souls, than Banks his mare.
 It would have pleased ye to have seen
 Some of those English parsons, when
 They took possession of the steeple,
 And fell a praying 'mongst the people.
 Behold one in a country kirk
 Performing thus, his Sunday's work
 Making his entry into desk,
 He turn'd his book to Sunday's task,
 Strok'd down his beard, compos'd his face,
 And gets him set in proper place ;
 Lots fall the casement of his eyes,
 Thereby to make 'em leave the skies :
 Till, being turned to downward look,
 He sets 'em open on his book :
 All which performed, in graceful tone,
 Thus he his liturgy begun :
At what time sinners do repent,
Et cetera, (for on he went,
 As if his reverence were inspir'd)
 The people mightily admir'd,

And at his antic gestures gaz'd,
 But at his language most amaz'd,
 And grieved to the very soul,
 To change their priest for such an owl.
 At last being all brimfull of tears,
 And he at this part of his prayers,
We ha' done what w: ought not to have done;
 Out breaks O hone! O hone! O hone!
 From all parts of the congregation,
 Which struck him into admiration,
 And made him, thro' excess of fear,
Break off in middle of his pray'r,
 With trembling lips, and face as pale
 As death, though lately flushed with ale:
 But having ceased their O hone!
 And nought of harm to parson done,
 Ho, like a man, o'ercame his fear,
 And reassumes his book of pray'r;
 With which, and in his former tone,
 He very leisurely went on;
Till being come to, open thou
Our lips; another hub-bub-boo
 Sounded from all sides of the kirk,
 And scar'd him from his godly work,
 From desk and all, and made him fly,
 As fast as ever he could hie,
 'Till stopped by sexton as he ran;
 (The sexton was his countryman,
 And of his cloth too; but, for want
 Of benefice was then content
 To say Amen, and set out psalm,
 Make graves and into kirk to call 'em
 By sound of bell, whenever the time
 Pointed to him the hour of chime)
 But stopp'd, I say, and seeing no ill
 Meant by the noise, for all sat still,
 He came at last out of his fits,
 And gathered up his scattered wits:
 Assum'd new courage, and grew briak,
 And took his journey to his desk;
 Where being seated in his chair
Gives laud and praise, and falls to pray'r,
 When lo, another hil-lil-im
 (Which he mistook for kill, kill, kill him)
 So stunn'd him that he could not pray
 One word, but strove to get away:
 But, apprehending that his case
 Was worse a thousand times than 'twas
 A sudden trembling seiz'd each limb,
 His senses fail'd, his eyes grew dim,
 And in a cold sweat down he fell,
 Alive or dead he could not tell;
 Which they perceiving, came and made
 Their usual noise as for the dead;
 For so they thought he was, poor man,
 And thus the dirge all they began;
 Oh' hub-bub-boo! (for all did weep,
 To see the parson dead asleep.)
 What made thee die? Oh! dear Aron,
 What made thee go away so soon,
 And leave thy tithes behind? Hub-boo!
 Hads't thou not tithe of calf and cow,
 Of lambs and ewes, and new shorn fleeces,
 Of honey, wax, and bees, and geese?
 O hone! tithe duck, and sow, and pigs.
 Tithe chickens, hens, and Easter eggs,
 Hay, corn, and what in gardens grow:
 Then tith'd our wives and daughters too.
 And was not all enough, dear Jhy,
 But thou must needs take pot and die?
 O hone! O hone! alas, poor man!
 He'll ne'er read Common Prayer again.
 O hone! O hone! hub-bub-bub-boo,
 ill-lil-im-lil-lil-lil-lil-lil loo!

This note awakes him from his dream,
 And up he sets a horrid scream,
 With open mouth and staring look,
I'm took! (yells he) *I'm took!* *I'm took!*
 For he, deceived in his dream,
 Thought as he fled they follow'd him;
 And they no wiser tho' awake,
 Thought it the parson's spirit that spake,
 Crying, O hone! he walks again,
 Hark how his spirit does complain:
 Lo, how't appears with ghastly look,
Yelling with horrid shrieks—I'm took;
 As if those ugly fiends that dwell
 Below, were dragging him to hell.

At which, struck with a panic fear,
 They left the kirk and parson there,
 And scamper'd e'en as they were mad,
 Each one to that poor home he had;
 When by and by th' amazed parson
 Being set, by sexton's help, his legs on,
 Finding some signs of life appear,
 Groans out, *alas, my Common Prayer!*
 His book, good man, ran in his head,
 Now that he was no longer dead.

By this time Madge, his wife, was come,
 Who had a while before stepp'd home,
 As soon as she perceived him rattle,
 To fetch her *aqua vitæ* bottle;
 With which she rubb'd for she was wise,
 His temples, nostrils and his eyes;
 As well conceiving that the steam,
 Piercing his pores, would comfort him;
 And so it did; for at the length
 He found an increase of his strength:
 Then to his lips Madge held the bottle,
 On which he suck'd, as child at duddle,
 Which cheer'd far more his fainting heart,
 Than if she'd chaf'd without a quart.
 By such endeavours 'twas not long
 Ere he got perfect use of tongue,
 Relating what his soul had seen,
 The while it in a trance had been;
 Did many wond'rous stories tell
 Of passages observ'd in hell,
 How goblins came, threefold and thick,
 With open mouths to eat him quick,
 Yet, when at point, they started back,
 Because he was so ragg'd and black,
 And smelt so rank of natural balsam,
 That they believ'd he was not wholesome.
 Thus on he talked, yet small could he do,
 In imitating Don Quevedo,
 Because his memory was bad,
 And no familiar fiend he had,
 That was so kind as t' explicate
 The customs of th' infernal state,
 Or insight give him into things
 Touching its government and kings;
 The reason given him for this
 Was, lest discovering things to Bees,
 Relating to the government,
 She might perceive some weakness in't;
 And thence presume to go about
 The turning of Helzebub out,
 And set herself up head supreme
 O'er all dominions under him.
 Madge, finding him talk thus at random,
 Dreaded some one else might understand 'em,
 As if, relating what he'd seen,
 He d.d reflect upon the queen:
 Speaks therefore thus to sexton trusty:
 Friend, you are strong, and I am lusty,
 Lets try, I pray, if we can get him
 Home to his bed; for, if we let him

Sit raving here in this wild manner,
 He'll treason speak to his dissonour;
 Which if the magistrate but know,
 'Twill cost his life, and our lives too.
 She said, his arms about her neck
 She gets; at low parts of his back
 The sexton lifts, till round her waist
 She gets his legs to hold him fast;
 Thus, like the devil upon Dun,
 Madge with her burden marches on;
 The sexton lifting still behind,
 At side to which the weight inclin'd.
 B'ing thus in safety home conveyed,
 He gets his supper and to bed;
 For always, whether well or ill,
 His stomach was infallible:
 Their church itself was never so
 Infallible as parson's maw.

POPE PIUS IX.—THE JUBILEE.

The Jubilee which has been extended by His Holiness, Pius IX., to the entire Christian world, will commence in the Diocese of Halifax on Trinity Sunday the 30th of May, and terminate on the 20th of June, the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

NEW CATHOLIC MISSION.

The Vicar General and the Rev. Mr. Walsh, left town for the westward on Tuesday morning. The latter gentleman has been appointed to the new mission of Annapolis which will include Digby, Granville, Bear River, Bridgetown and Aylesford. All those places formerly belonged to the vast district of Windsor, which extended from Petite to Digby, a distance of at least 130 miles, and was served by only one Priest. Hence, the appointment of a resident Missionary at Annapolis is an event fraught with important consequences to the Catholics in that beautiful part of Nova Scotia. They have been long sighing for the advantage of having a priest amongst them.—Thank God, their pious wishes are now gratified, and from what we know of their unwavering attachment to their faith, during the many long years that they were deprived of nearly all its comforts, we are sure they will co-operate with the intentions of the Bishop, and do every thing in their power to second the efforts of the worthy clergyman whom he has sent to console them. There are two handsome Churches at Annapolis and Digby, and the Catholics of Aylesford have got a convenient piece of land from their excellent and worthy Protestant neighbour Mr. Wjilet, for the erection of a Church in that neighbourhood. We offer our hearty congratulations to the Catholics of Annapolis and of the entire district on this auspicious event, and from the exertions of Mr. Walsh during his six months Curacy at Prospect (where we understand he received into the bosom of the true Church every Protestant in the place) we have great reason to hope that his mission at Annapolis will, with the blessing of Heaven, be productive of immense good. The Missionary has taken with him every thing necessary for Divine service, including a beautiful Remonstrance, Chalice, Ciborium, Cope, Vestments, Thurible, &c., and a new altar and tabernacle will be immediately sent to Annapolis. May we not hope before long to see the ancient Catholic glories in Annapolis Royal revived? We need not tell our readers that this picturesque town was the former capital of Acadia, and the residence of the French Governor, and the principal station of the French Clergy in the Province. Its ancient Catholic Church has long

since disappeared, and every vestige of Catholicity seemed to have vanished for ever. A few years ago, a zealous Irish Catholic from the County Limerick, named Hannan, conceived, in the midst of difficulties a project worthy of his country and his religion. It was to erect again the standard of the Cross in the ancient city of Annapolis. For this purpose he procured a fine piece of ground, and though the attempt in such a place was almost deemed insane, he commenced the present handsome Church, and having lived to see his labours crowned with unhoped for success, his remains were interred in the adjoining Cemetery. Still however, the resident missionary at Windsor was more than 80 miles distant, and Annapolis could only receive an occasional visit. Those few details may give some notion of the importance of the new arrangement. There are vast multitudes of our fellow subjects in that part of the Province in utter ignorance of the principles of our Holy Faith, and knowing Catholicity only through the perverted medium of misrepresentation and bigotry. Those who have no religion, or who make religion a stalking horse for political or worldly purposes, we cannot hope to convince. But the immense majority of the people of Nova Scotia are serious, well-disposed, religiously inclined people; and all we require is to make our real doctrine fully known to them, in order to make them turn their attention to the true religion of Christ. We beseech every Catholic who reads those lines to offer a fervent prayer to heaven for the success of the Annapolis Mission, and for the prosperity of the New Church of St. Louis in that city.

The Catholics of Halifax can do much for their scattered brethren in the remote districts of Nova Scotia. Bibles, Testaments, Religious Books, Controversial Tracts, Pamphlets, Catholic Newspapers, &c., which are not required here, might be sent to those parts of the Province where there is most ignorance of Catholic Doctrine. Let our friends examine their libraries great and small, and see whether they could not afford to send even one Book or Tract, for the use of the New Mission.

The Windsor District will now be confined to Windsor, Petite, Rawdon, Horton, Kentville and Cornwallis. The zealous missionary will thus be enabled to attend more fully to the duties of this important Mission.

As Digby has been annexed to Annapolis, the recently established mission at St. Croix will receive in exchange the Church and District of Courberie, which has been long isolated and deprived of the assistance of any clergyman. St. Croix and Courberie will then be almost exclusively a French District and the Priest of St. Mary's, Frenchtown, will be relieved from the care of the most laborious and remote part of his former mission. The Vicar General has gone to complete all those important arrangements and also to distribute the Holy Oils amongst the Clergy of the West. He will return to town before the commencement of the Jubilee.

We are delighted to announce these gratifying facts in connection with the progress of our Religion in Nova Scotia, and from the signs of the times, we have every reason to believe that before the close of the year, other Districts which have never had the happiness of possessing a Catholic Priest, will be adorned by the unexpected appearance of a Minister of the true faith.

TORY BIGOTS

We have received various communications which reveal a depth of bigotry and fierceness of persecution amongst the small, pitiful, and narrow-minded class of bigots in this community, that could be hardly credited by our readers. Threats are held out to Catholic voters, coercion is used towards Catholic servants, who in some instances are prevented from going to Church on Sundays and in others forced to attend Protestant prayers under pain of instant dismissal. We have the names of half a dozen of these vile Bigots, and we promise them that they shall not escape. Thank God they are very few, and it is but justice to the Protestants of Halifax, to declare that their treatment of their Catholic servants has in general been kind and liberal. But we must detect and expose those petty tyrants and hold them up by name to the indignant reprobation of the community. If any Catholic was heartless or wicked enough to treat a Protestant servant or dependant in the same manner, we would more severely denounce his conduct, and tell the creature, that his religion sanctioned no such coercion.

This is a subject over which we shall exercise the most un-sleeping vigilance, and we plainly tell our would be tyrants that if they dare to tamper with the religious freedom or political honesty of our poor people, we shall hurl back their poisoned shafts, and teach them that if they are determined to punish and persecute Catholics, we know how to defend ourselves, and to extend to them by a just retribution the principle which they now so blindly advocate.

We tell those Tory Bigots that we shall watch them well, and that they shall not intimidate us, no, nor coerce with impunity the humblest Catholic in Halifax.

We know that every honest and truly liberal Protestant in the community will concur in these sentiments, and unite with us in lopping off the heads of this hydra of bigotry.

Let any one show us a Catholic who has been guilty of practices against Protestants similar to those above denounced, and if we do not expose his brutal ignorance, and punish his blind bigotry we will allow our opponents to say what they please.

We have been seriously asked whether Mr Joseph Howe has really turned Catholic and "received the Sacrament" at St. Mary's Church. We can only say in reply that it is a "Big Protestant Lie" or rather a "Big Tory Protestant Lie" for thank God there are thousands of Protestants in Nova Scotia, who would abhor as much as we do, the disgraceful system of which this is but a small part. Mr. Howe, as President of the Irish Society attended at St. Mary's Church on the 17th of March. But Mr. Andrew Uniacke was at Mass also on that day, and so was Mr J C Cogswell who, as we have heard took notes of the proceedings, which were afterwards published in the "guts and garbage" Journal. No Liberal Protestant or Catholic ever accused those gentlemen of having turned to the Church of Rome. Why then attack Mr. Howe? Fie, fie! Tory Liars. You are cutting your own throats. In a short time no one will believe you even when by accident, you may speak the truth.

FIRE AT SHUBENACADIE.

A sad calamity has befallen the poor Indians at Shubenacadie. A large barn which they had constructed with much difficulty and expense, and in which all their grain was stored, accidentally took fire on the 21st of April, and was reduced to

Ashes. The Indians have nearly lost them all. Thirty Bushels of grain, fifteen bushels of oats, two Bushels of hayseed, a barrel of Mackerel, two dozen of baskets with various other articles have been consumed. Thus their seed is all destroyed at a most inauspicious moment, and even if they should procure seed, they will have no means of storing their produce for the next winter, if they do not receive timely succour. The Judge and another Indian who were deputed by the old chief, are now in town soliciting subscriptions to enable them to repair this heavy loss. Seldom has a more affecting appeal been made to the humane feelings of our generous fellow-citizens.

BINDING THE DEVIL!

During the past two or three weeks a number of persons have been going round the streets on the Surrey side of the water, wearing belts like those worn by the fire brigade, on which passages from the Scriptures are painted, carrying with them an ink-horn and long sheets of paper, soliciting signatures, what they pretend to be a petition to Heaven, for the binding of Satan, the prince of darkness. So eager are those persons to get the paper signed, that men, women, and children are stopped indiscriminately and requested to sign. Those who are too young to sign, or unable to write their names, have the same done for them by the men, who do not attempt to disguise the fact of belonging to the followers of Joanna Southcote. Upon several occasions a deal of confusion has been created by the parties, for they generally manage to go about with knots of forty or fifty persons, and occasionally dissensions ensue, which are calculated to bring the Scriptures into perfect ridicule. One person, more intelligent than the men who are hawking the petitions about, inquired who is it that will present the petition? when the man replied with the greatest coolness, that as soon as a sufficient number of names are attached to the petition, it will be presented to the Throne of Mercy by Johanna herself—*London Times.*

Talk of Catholic Ignorance after this!

From a work recently published in England, by a Protestant lady. Sarah Mytton Maury we extract the following:

"I presented myself throughout the United States, and visited probably, more thoroughly the Catholic institutions both of that country and of Canada than any other traveller ever possessed the means of doing. I saw their colleges and seminaries, schools and churches; I saw those angelic women, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, serving the hospitals, curing the insane, attending the poor and vile, and pouring balm into every affliction of mind or body with which an inscrutable Providence visits humanity; I saw the learned Jesuit Fathers fulfilling their vows of self-annihilation, and making the cause of education peculiarly their own; wonderful in their resources, and raising up the means of good even in the desert; I saw the accomplished and graceful Ursulines training up their young and lovely pupils in meekness, in modesty, in cheerfulness and knowledge; I heard the eloquent preachers of this eloquent faith denouncing crime and encouraging virtue, and surpassing in vigor and attraction, and influence, the preachers of all other sects of religion.

"And thus by their words do I Judge them—for these things have I seen with my eyes, and heard with my ears, and I know them for truth. And I have arisen from their contemplation impressed with the conviction that in the increasing prevalence of the Catholic religion lies the best safeguard for this great country of America against the evils, both public and private, which spring from the excess of liberty (the natural result of a democracy,) and from the unavoidable and conflicting differences which may in future rend asunder the golden chain of the Union."

TESTIMONIES OF CONVERTED PRESBYTERIANS.

We extract the following from an article in the American Quarterly Review, edited by that able

writer and sincere convert to the Catholic Faith
Mr Brownson :—

"Protestant nations are the most enlightened and advanced portion of mankind."

"Is that a conceded fact?"

"Is it not?"

"Do Catholics concede it?"

"Perhaps not."

"They are the great majority, and, as they deny it, how can you put it forth as generally conceded?"

"The denial of Catholics amounts to nothing, — the fact is as I allege."

"In whose judgment?"

"In the judgment of all who are competent to judge in the premises?"

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"On what authority?"

"The fact is evident, and cannot be questioned."

"But it is questioned and denied by Catholics, who are as five to one of your Protestants."

"They will swear to any thing their priests tell them. Their denial is not to be counted. They are not to be permitted to testify in their cause."

"As much as you in yours. Their denial is as good as your assertion, till you show some reason why your assertion is to be preferred."

"I tell you protestant nations are the most enlightened and advanced portion of mankind, as is well known."

"To whom? To themselves?"

"Yes, if you will."

"By what right are they both witnesses and judges in his own cause?"

"By the right of being the most enlightened and advanced portion of mankind."

"What is it to be truly enlightened and advanced?"

"Those nations are the most advanced that are the most enlightened and advanced in what is of the greatest importance and utility to man."

"And what is that?"

"Religion, the 'one thing needful.'"

"True religion, of course."

"The most enlightened and advanced nations are, then, those who are most enlightened and advanced in the requirements of true religion?"

"They are; and therefore I claim Protestant nations as the most enlightened and advanced."

"And therefore beg the question. If Protestantism be the true religion, you are right; if Catholicism be the true religion, you are wrong. Consequently you must determine which is the true religion, before you can determine which are the more enlightened and advanced nations."

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting another passage in which some wholesome truths are

proclaimed to the enemies of the Church, and some sound advice given to Catholics themselves by this quondam Puritan, but now fervent Catholic :—

"Our authors would do us a service, if they would stamp with disgrace that silly notion which some, who regard themselves as the better sort among Catholics, are not ashamed to express,—that our condition would be much pleasanter, and the cause of Catholicity more flourishing in this country, if we had a larger number of wealthy and distinguished Catholics. We have heard this said, and coupled even with a regret that so large a portion of the Catholic population is made up of poor foreigners. Converts from the old Puritan stock, like ourselves, are very apt, when first coming into the Church, to take up without reflection a notion of this sort. God forgive them! Whom did our Lord choose for his intimate friends and for his apostles? Were they not poor fishermen and condemned publicans? Who composed the first Christian congregations in the cities of the Gentiles? Were they not poor dispersed Hellenistic Jews, the poor Irish of their day,—almost an abomination to their proud and idolatrous heathen neighbours, and after those chiefly the slaves and the lowest class of the people? Did the Apostles complain of this? Nay, they, gloried in it. Do our venerable bishops and priests complain of the rank and standing of their flocks? By no means, for they know that God seeth not as man seeth. What matters it where a man was born? Let us who are native-born remember that so large a portion of our brethren were born elsewhere only to remember the faith and virtues they brought with them, and to engage in a holy strife with them which shall out-do the other in humility, and works of charity and mercy. The Church is the Catholic's country, and his home is where God is offered from the living and the dead, and abides with his people."

Finally, we beg our authors to study to strengthen the sentiment and draw closer the bounds of brotherhood among our widely scattered population, and to induce us to feel and speak of ourselves as a CATHOLIC COMMUNITY. We are such, if we would but own it. We are in the world, but not of it; and, saving that charity which knows no geographical boundaries, or distinctions of race or creed, we should seek, as far as possible, to concentrate our interests and affections, our hopes and aspirations, our joys and our sorrows, within our own cherished Catholic community. Taking care, in relation to those without, to discharge all our duties as good citizens, kind neighbours, and faithful servants, we should regard ourselves as forming a commonwealth of our own, in which we live according to our own laws and usages. We are such a commonwealth, and the closer we draw its bonds, the better for us, the better for all. This accepted.

we should have a public and a public opinion of our own, and our children would find a home at home, and soon come to restrict their aspiration to such rewards and honours as are in the gift of their own, their *Catholic* countrymen.

The world are and us, no doubt, at last will rage or sneer at this: but no matter. Take care to give them no just cause of complaint, and then heed them not. We are and must be, in some sort, a people apart, with our own aims, hopes, duties and affections. Let us be so: let us love and honor the merriest of our brethren beyond the most distinguished amongst others; cherish each other; aid and assist, protect and defend each other as our religion commands; and soon the world without will look on in admiration. Seeing how closely we are knit together in the bonds of unity, and how we love one another, they will knock at our door for admission, and with tears and entreaties, beg to be naturalized in our republic, to live under our laws, and to share the freedom, peace and prosperity of our institutions."

General Intelligence.

MORE CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY.

Letters from Rome to this country mention that the Rev. Mr. Horne, late of Southampton, was, with his daughter, received into the Roman community by Cardinal Acton on the 13th ult., and that two other clergymen of the Established Church had made, what is called in the Romish Church, their public act of conformity.—*Morning Post*.

On Wednesday the Rev. John Gordon, M.A., who about three months ago retired from the curacy of Christ Church, St. Pancras, for the purpose of examining at leisure the all-important question of submission to the Catholic Church, was received into the one true Fold of Christ by the Very Rev. J. Hendren, Vicar-General of the Western district, according to the form appointed by authority. The ceremony took place at the Convent of Our Lady of Dolours, Taunton.—*Tablet*.

On Thursday, the 4th instant, solemn baptism, according to the Roman ritual, was conferred by the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Vicar Apostolic of Wales, and afterwards confirmation, upon Jabcz Marriage Gibson, Esq., till then a member of the Society of Friends. On the following morning he was admitted to the holy communion. The sponsors at Mr. Gibson's baptism were Philip Jones, Esq., and Miss Jones, of Llanarth Court.—*Ibid*.

Mr. J. C. W. Rubensohn was, on the first Tuesday in Lent, admitted into the Catholic church by the Rev. John Walsh, of St Mary's church, Moorfields. This gentleman was formerly of the Jewish persuasion.—*Ibid*.

NEW YEARS' DAY IN ROME.

The Romans did not wish that the first day of the New Year should pass by without offering to our gracious sovereign their best wishes for his felicity, his personal and political prosperity. Yesterday morning (January 1), a multitude assembled in the Piazza del Popolo, and thence, with two military bands and various standards, proceeded, observing the most perfect order, to Monte Cavallo. The countless multitude was partly composed of the students of the Roman University, of various colleges and academies, and a deputation of the Jews. As they passed along, they sung in chorus, with very fine effect, a national and patriotic hymn composed for the occasion and on arriving at the Quirinal, found another multitude assembled to join their body, and unite in congratulating the worshipped pontiff. The rain, which descended in torrents during the night, now suddenly ceased, and the sun shone forth, as if determined that all should be propitious to the joyousness of the scene. After the *cappella* in the Pauline Chapel, his holiness appeared, surrounded by his court, or the Loggia, and imparted his benediction amidst bursts of enthusiasm hardly to be described. We cannot but notice the delightful acclamation of the multitude, when, a few drops of rain falling, one of the attendants brought his holiness the scarlet hat, and, after making a sign to the cardinals to cover themselves, he intimated by a significant gesture to the crowd below, that they were to do the same, having hitherto remained all bare-headed from his first appearance. After the benediction, a sonnet, composed for the occasion, was sung in chorus with military music during which his holiness remained on the Loggia. The same day, he received, according to the etiquette of his court, the felicitation of the diplomatic body and civil authorities. We can at present only notice in a few words the magnificent musical festival of yesterday evening, in the palace of the Capitol. Of the triumphs in honour of Pius IX. this was incomparably the most imposing. A hall, capable of containing about 2,000, was crowded to excess by the aristocracy of Rome, several cardinals and high functionaries, the sacred and civil dignitaries, with all that beauty and splendour could contribute to the effect of the scene, to assist at the performance of a patriotic cantata, which was sung to Rossini's music by about 200 artists, both professional and amateurs. A most impressive instrumental performance, the worthy expression of a joy of a nation, at times rising as it were in billows of majestic melody opened the evening, and the piece which followed was a fitting sequel, characterised by all the brilliancy, majesty, and versatility of the great composer. A colossal bust of his holiness was raised high in the centre of the orchestra, which was divided from the hall by a tram, and presented a beautiful *corymb* when suddenly revealed to view. The great staircase and piazza of the Capitol, also the stairs of the palace, were illuminated with rows of torches; and a military band was stationed in a pavilion under the open air.—*Abridged from the Roman Advertiser of January 2.*

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

- APRIL 27—Sarah, Daughter of George and Catharine Crisp aged 12 years.
29—Ellen wife of Edward Gaul, Native of Carlou, Ireland, aged 23 years.
29—Richard, Son of John and Anne Grant, Native of Bristol, England, aged 12 years.

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