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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 44.

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, OCTOBER 30, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- OCTOBER 31—Sunday—XXIII after Pent, 1 Nov S. Siricius
P. C. Doub Snp.
- NOVEMBER 1—Monday—All Saints Doub 1 cl with Oct Holyd.
2—Tuesday—All Souls Semid.
3—Wednesday—Of the Octave.
4—Thursday—S. Charles Borromæus B C. Doub.
5—Friday—Of the Octave.
6—Saturday—Of the Octave.

TEMPERANCE.

We have nearly arrived at that season of the year when all the injurious effects of intemperance are more clearly seen than at any other. With every advantage a winter in Nova Scotia is more than enough to task the efforts of the poor man in the support of his family, but if he is addicted to habits of intemperance, it is a matter of utter impossibility to provide them even with the necessaries of life. This consideration alone should induce every father of a poor family to cultivate habits of industry and sobriety, for if we are told by the Apostle that he who neglects the care of his own household is worse than an infidel and that the faith is not in him, with what feelings can we look upon the unhappy drunkard who renders his little home a melancholy picture of desolation and abandonment, who, not content with embittering the peace of his wife and betraying the spiritual and temporal interests of his children, seems also bent upon his own destruction. There are many among us whose children are growing up in vice and ignorance—the usual consequences of the debasing crime of drunkenness in their parents. Those wretched people seem to think that Heaven will not exact a rigorous account of the manner in which they have provided for their children's welfare. Every parent has an awful responsibility to encounter, and the man who unfit himself by intemperance to discharge the duties which it imposes, is a sinner of the blackest and vilest character. How often have we been told, how often has it not come under

our own observation that children have been kept, during the entire year, from school and from Catechism on Sundays, because their unhappy parent had dissipated in the dram shop the means of providing them with shoes, and with proper clothing to enable them to attend to either. How often have we seen instances where children of tender years, corrupted by the evil example of those who should lead them to virtue, seek the poisoned cup of intemperance with the same eagerness as the parent, and thus blast every prospect for life, and perhaps for eternity. We have had visible examples in this small community of the vengeance of Heaven upon the drunkard—some have been cut off without the benefit of the priest—without having received the Sacraments, the only consolation of the dying christian. Summoned before the Tribunal of God's Justice in the midst of their iniquity, a warning to those unfortunate wretches who are following in their train, a warning too often alas! despised, and when despised, soon again to be realized in the fate of another and another victim.

Is it not melancholy to reflect too, that these terrible examples have occurred among the best beloved portion of God's Church—the poor; the poor, so dear to the Son of God that he assumed their condition, lived with them, conversed with them, entwined his affections round them, numbered them as his friends—the poor, the best favourites of Heaven, the most valuable portion of the Church, of whom the Redeemer said, speaking to the disciples of John the Baptist, when he gave the marks of his divine mission, "the gospel is preached to the poor." Is it not melancholy in the extreme that those who have no consolation here below save that which religion affords, to whom toil and tribulation and anxiety seem the portion allotted them in this world,—for whose labour there is no rest at this side of the grave—whose condition is despised by the rich—frowned at by the great—and used as an argument against the providence of God Himself, by the libertine and the infidel, is it not melancholy that they should be the victims of intemperance? The rich man may gratify his passions—he may humour his taste for extravagance—he may feed his mind

with the little vanities of birth, or if he cannot boast of a long line of aristocracy, he may inflate himself with unmeaning airs and pompous pretensions—he may think of acquiring respect by the very means which render him ridiculous and contemptible—he may make Mammon his god, and this world his eternity. But still he has some sort of animal happiness—he can look with an eye of complacency upon his lands, his house, his furniture, his goods, and his money—he may rejoice that it is not in the power of an enemy to lessen his credit or to deprive him of bread; and so far he enjoys worldly happiness. But the poor man who is deprived of all these things; who has nothing but the labour of his hands to support him; whose means of support are continually fluctuating, rendering him a prey to anxiety, threatening him with poverty and disgrace, whose house is often the picture of his soul, cold, cheerless and desolate, who hears the cry of his hungry child without being able to relieve it; and who, notwithstanding all this rushes to the dram-shop, to spend his doleful pittance of wages—that poor man, we repeat, is the most unfortunate of human beings. Despised by the world, that hell that he makes for himself on earth, and into which he drags so many others is only a prelude to those eternal torments which he may encounter hereafter. As long as we live, to be sure, we are never to despair, but hope itself wears a sickly aspect to the eye of the drunkard. The future for him like a dark and blasted waste overhung by a lowering cloud is an object of terror and amazement. He gazes at the shadow of death through the mist of his sins. Heaven and Earth, and Hell, seem all combined against him, and he shuns the misery upon which he cannot look only by plunging into excesses which hasten his ruin, and usher him into that doleful region where a ray of hope shall not penetrate as long as God shall be God. This is no picture of the imagination, it is a stern, a frightful reality. It is a fact worth remembering that of those who have been hurried untimely into eternity nearly all had been persons of dissolute, abandoned, and drunken habits. How can the man who drinks, and whose earnings are small, do common justice to his family? How can he discharge the duty of a husband or a father? How can he satisfy his obligations to society? Without being directly stigmatized as a robber he ranks with him in public estimation—nay, he is a more detestable character than the common thief, for he robs his family not only of the substance which should sustain them, but he riots over the ruin of their bodies and their souls. In vain will the endearing sympathy that should subsist between man and wife appeal to him, for he is deaf to every voice but the whisper of his sottishness; in vain will the pallid, emaciated face of his child, its rags and its wretchedness, appeal to him—deaf to the entreaties of misery in its loudest or its gentlest accents of complaint—disgusting and faithless, as a husband; cruel, as a father; worthless, as a citizen; he lives but for himself and that self is a hell. Sunken, debased, degraded, lost; in life, a thing without life, or spirit, or intelligence, he sinks into his grave unpitied and unmourned, his very body becoming loathsome food to the worms that will fatten upon it. Such is the man likely to become who has given himself up to the shameful practice of intemperance—such is the drunkard. It is much to be feared that there are too many among us to whom the character of the drunkard is applicable. It is only the Catholic Priest who can know all the heartburnings caused by intemperance—he knows that it carries in its train an innumerable multitude of evils, and he sees them all

brought to a focus when he gazes upon the death bed of the sinner—there, as in a mirror, he beholds the wreck of body and soul, and sometimes in the discharge of the duties of his ministry is he called in to soothe the wild delirious ravings of one who is in the agonies of death, and whose mouth utters nothing but what is incoherent, profane, or blasphemous. No tongue can tell the frightful end of the confirmed, the unrepenting drunkard.

It is painful to think too that there are many among us who have taken the pledge at Father Matthew's own hands, and who have been known to violate it, nay, who have been seen drunk upon the streets of Halifax. This is mournful in the extreme. The poor emigrant who has come to this side of the Atlantic to better his condition, or to acquire a decent competency should look upon the maintenance of his pledge as the best guarantee of success—without friends in many cases—without a home and in a strange country, far away from those whom he loved and in whom he confided,—where every step he takes must be guided by prudence and by caution to him the cultivation of strictly sober habits is essentially necessary. Thrown upon his own resources his industry and energy must be called into action and without a character for sobriety in vain will he toil through the labour that is before him. Those dreams of happiness which he thought he would realize in America will be changed into visions of despair. The precious time when industry might be available is lost for ever—his energies paralyzed—his family, if he have one, piping in hopeless wretchedness,—his heart pressed down by the weight of his sins and miseries, he presents the melancholy picture of an exile who expatriated himself to shun poverty at home, expiring beneath its iron grasp upon a foreign shore, far away from the country in which he hoped his bones would repose when his toil was all over. He may have left an aged parent, a fond brother or sister behind him—he may have promised them assistance when he would reap the fruits of his industry in America,—with tears in his eyes he may have bid them farewell. He may have told them that no sooner would he land in the country to which he was going than he would write home to acquaint them of the fact, and of his chances of success—that his heart would be always with them, rejoicing in their joy and saddening in their misfortunes. If any one told him that he would break his plighted faith—that he would never send even a line to console a drooping parent—that he would spend in the public house what might be of service to those whom he left behind—that he would never attend to one practical duty of his religion—that he would forget God, his parents and his country, his friends and himself,—if any one told him this, he would tremble with horror and amazement. And yet that all this will turn out to be true, we have too many mournful examples to have any doubt whatever.

To the emigrant then who took the pledge from Father Matthew, and who may have had the misfortune to violate it, we would say “renew your pledge as soon as possible;” it is the only means by which you can rescue yourself from destruction—you cannot otherwise satisfy the obligations which you owe to God, to your neighbours and yourselves. It must be confessed, that within the last few years the cause of Temperance all over the world has rather declined than advanced. The wild enthusiasm which characterized it in the beginning has sunk into a lull—upon that as upon every human institution has time marked its corroding influence. Like every good principle when strained too far, the cause of Temperance has

suffered in the reflux of that impetuosity which impelled it on. In the United States during the temperance mania that existed there some years ago, orchards were cut down under the influence of fanaticism, and many hundred barrels of ale, of cider, of beer, and spirits emptied upon the high roads. The man who presumed to take any ardent spirits was looked upon as a Turk or a Heathen,—all morality, all obligations to society, every duty, religious, civil and political was to consist in one magic term alone, and that term was Temperance; or rather, it was a burlesque upon that sacred virtue properly understood. Every impostor in that country who wished to riot over the spoils acquired from ignorance or credulity, began his career by preaching up temperance—by creating outlets where every meddling babler might cant himself into notoriety, and the consequence is, that in the great cities of that Union the cause of temperance is in a sad condition indeed. People wondered at the delusion practised upon them, and as in the time of Charles the Second in England, when puritanism suddenly degenerated into the vilest licentiousness, the principle of temperance advocated unwisely fell into such contempt as it neither merits nor deserves. The movement in Ireland and its kindred branches in the Colonies have been more successful; but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that both in England, Ireland and Scotland and in the Colonies the various Associations springing from, or claiming kindred with Father Matthew's own Association at Cork, have lost a great deal of the fervour which characterized them in the beginning. Hundreds have fallen away in Cork under Father Matthew's own eyes. Dublin, London, Limerick, Waterford, St. John's Newfoundland, St. John Brunswick, and many other places that we could mention can count their defections by hundreds too,—and is it wonderful then that Halifax should not have escaped the storm which spread its ravages over so many strongholds of Temperance. We do not wonder at the defection here. It was perfectly natural it was owing to a general cause at work every where, the depravity of man—his restless inclination to evil—his weakness, his folly, his having to contend here as elsewhere with all the evils which flesh is heir to,—his presumption in fancying that he is all sufficient for himself, and that he can procure every grace from Heaven by merely refraining from intoxicating liquors.

But it may be asked, and what remedy will you suggest?—How will you prevent the spread of intemperance? Do you think your meetings will do it? Do you think that mere talking will change man's nature, and transform the drunkard into a sober man? If we regarded meetings as the only means of advancing the cause of temperance, we should abandon them altogether, for we feel convinced that they are quite inadequate to that object—that their consideration enters but slightly into the motives which make people retain and give up their pledge; but still, as they do contribute something to the advancement of the cause, they should be rather fostered than treated with coolness. But the grand remedy, the only reasonable one that can be suggested, the only one that will stand the test of time, a remedy of general and particular application, a remedy compared with which every other is mere trash and nonsense,—a remedy for all places and all seasons, a remedy which every Catholic has an opportunity of applying in his own case, promptly and efficaciously,—a remedy for every evil as well as that of intemperance; is simply this: Attention to your religious duties. Temperance based upon any other foundation is nothing more than hypocrisy perched upon a mass of rottenness that will be felt more sensibly the nearer it is approached. How can the virtues survive the wreck of the principle which gives them existence? Temperance is one of the Cardinal virtues—it is not applicable to intoxicating drinks alone,—it extends to every action—it enters into every channel of man's duty—it is the handmaid of every virtue,—it corrects every excess or defect in the practise of the others: it comes from Heaven. How can the man who has not complied with his religious duties

during six, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, how can he stand up as an advocate of temperance? How can he raise his voice consistently in favour of a cause upon which his life is a scandalous libel? With what grace can he talk of morality who lives as if he believed his religion a cheat? No, if we wish to take the pledge with profit—to realize everything which we had promised ourselves by taking it, we must be firmly resolved to attend to our religious duties. Without this it will be a mere mockery to approach,—it would be better a thousand times never to take that pledge at all, for in the majority of instances a shameless violation of the pledge will follow where the resolution to attend to our religious duties is not firmly taken, earnestly pursued and recommended to Heaven. Everything that should be valued near and dearest to us, is involved in that resolution, and any attempt to make men sober without making them religious will meet what it deserves—failure, scorn and derision.

We have now arrived at the holy season of Advent—it is a season at which the Church reminds her children that they must reject the works of darkness and put on the armour of light, for that the Son of man would be seen coming in the clouds of Heaven with great power and majesty to judge the world. The gospel tells us that we know not the time of our visitation, but certain it is that the hour of death, though one which we neither wish nor expect, will come, and perhaps suddenly. Like the wretched Jews who were deaf to every warning the sinner, may go on in his career of iniquity—he may add habitual drunkenness to the catalogue of his other frightful vices—he may leave his wife and his children without the necessities of life during the severe winter experienced in this country—he may blast all his prospects earthly and eternal, but as sure as there is a God in Heaven, a day of terrible retribution is in store for him. If there be any among our readers who feel that they have need to take this pledge, or whose example might stimulate others, let them go forward in the name of God, not only determined to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks, but still more fully determined to purgo their souls from the guilt of sin.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

COLLECTED BY JAMES WALL AND PATRICK WALSH.

	s. d.		s. d.
Henry Griffin	5	Mr McCormack, L. Yard	1 3
Mrs Farrell	1 3	Thomas Gorman	1 3
Ann Delany	1 3	Mrs Oakley	2 6
Mrs Sullivan	1 3	Mr Bagnell, Miramichi	5 0
Anastasia Henebury	1 5	Thomas Deehan	1 3
Mrs Boyle	3 14	Mary Dunphy	1 3
Miss Foley	1 3	James Wall	1 3
" C. Foley	1 7½	William Sullivan	0 7½
Mary Condon	0 11	John Butler	1 3
Margaret Murphy	2 0	A Friend	1 3
James Kearney	1 3	Patrick Toolo	5 2½
Mrs Mahar	1 3	Edward Brett	1 3
Patrick Devany	1 3	Mrs Ryan	1 3
Mrs Daly	0 7½	" Connors, Hotel	5 2½

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that a few days since a gentleman of that city saw in the streets a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquetto bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by the hand inquired the cause of her anguish. The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed: "My father and Mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at this time, and the feelingly eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her said a few kind words with a view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a father, and my wife (and no man has a better one) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He then took her by the hand and carried her to his residence. This is an achievement on the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud.—*Nat Intelligencer.*

THE CONFSSIONAL.

We have lately met with an interesting pamphlet from the English press, on Clerical celibacy and the Confessional, being a letter addressed to a Protestant gentleman by the Rev. P. McLachlan. The following extract from it, on the Confessional, is particularly commended to the careful perusal of our Protestant readers.

"We Catholics believe, (and observe, if you please, that I am merely propounding not proving our doctrines)—we Catholics believe that Christ left to the pastors of his Church the power of forgiving and retaining sin: we believe this power to be of a judicial nature, that is, that those who possess it act the part of a judge, and exert this power, or exert it not, as in their conscience they deem it expedient for the glory of God and the good of souls. They can forgive sins—but only the sins of those who are truly penitent, and otherwise truly disposed: they can forgive sins—but not at random nor capriciously—for they must know what those sins are for which forgiveness is implored. Now, the sins of the penitent, and the inward dispositions of his soul, they can learn only from the penitent himself. Hence on him devolves the duty of declaring his guilt, of expressing his sorrow—of vowing fidelity to Almighty God for the time to come. And this is confession! What is there, I pray you, so mischievous in this? To confess our sins, is merely to declare that we have broken the law of God on such and such occasions. Sin, you know is a violation of God's law. Now, we say nothing in secret to our Father Confessor which the Almighty, when he gave his law did not say publicly to the whole world. We hear nothing in the confessional which we read not of in the Bible.

Your object, nevertheless, to the confessional, and you style it "dangerous" the steps that lead to it. You would abolish it altogether: or if you failed in this, you would not suffer females to approach it until they had reached the thirty-sixth year of their age. Your anxiety for the abolition of a practice, admitted by all those who know anything at all of it to be most salutary, shows that, on subjects connected with Catholic theology, you have much to learn: while your being able to point out the precise age when females are beyond temptation proves that, in some respects, you have attained a degree of knowledge of which no ancient or modern philosopher could boast.

But, Sir, I protest against the whole of your reasoning on this point: it is sadly erroneous. So far from the steps of the confessional being dangerous I maintain that they lead to virtue's path. Confession is not, I assure you Sir, that school of vice and immorality which the orators of Exeter Hall have

long represented it to the Protestant public of Britain. People go to confession, not to commit new sins, but to declare and deplore their past iniquities; people go to confession, not to talk of the news of the day, or of family affairs, or indeed of anything else but their sins and the concerns of their souls. You have heard that, at confession, all sorts of questions are put to young persons! you are told that every family secret is revealed to the Father Confessor. Now the truth is, that penitents are strictly forbidden to mention, in confession, the names of any person whatever—to speak of aught but their own spiritual concerns, and to confess other than their own sins. As to the priest asking questions, although he is of course instructed, as he ought to be, in all that pertains to his office, he is not bound to ask any question whatever: and he does ask questions only when, from the ignorance of the penitent, or some other cause of that kind, he feels himself compelled to do it; and he does it then solely to help the penitent, and to render a most difficult task more easy to him.

These, Sir, are facts; and, by consulting any of our Catholic books of instruction which speak of this subject, you will find that I have stated them fairly.

I will be told, perhaps, that there is much indelicacy in young females making certain disclosures to young unmarried men. To this my first answer is, that of the young females who frequent the "steps" of the Confessional, very few have such disclosures to make as they need be ashamed of; secondly, that, even in the worst cases, there is much less indelicacy in disclosing the wounds of the soul to the spiritual physician, than in making known the infirmities of the body to him whose profession it is to cure them. You feel no indelicacy in placing this young lady or that, when circumstances require it, under the care of a surgeon. He puts questions to her; he sees her, he feels her, he examines her; he returns again and again to study the symptoms, and at his leisure he draws his conclusions: yet the world censures him not.—Now, is the surgeon circumspect, or more discreet than the priest? Is he more conscientious? more honorable? more Godfearing? If not, why should the priest be condemned, when the surgeon is acquitted? or why should that be reckoned indelicate in the one which is not reckoned equally indelicate in the other? Is not the soul more precious than the body? or, should we not be as anxious to save the eternal life of the one as the health of the other?

But there is danger in going to confession—yes, danger, I suppose to young ladies. Let us see.*

*The cry about the danger of the confessional is comparatively of very recent date, and owes its origin, perhaps, to political rather than to religious bigotry. It was raised by the Whigs, some years ago, to drive Don Carlos from Spain, and by the Tories to expel Lord Melbourne and his friends from

Oh, how much more clear-sighted some men are than He who sees all things! The Almighty, before whose eye every thing is present, must have foreseen this danger and its consequences, and yet he enjoined the Hebrews of old, both men and women, to confess their sins. St. John the Baptist was no friend to immorality, yet he poured the waters of Jordan on the heads of those who came to him confessing their sins. We are desired by an inspired Apostle to confess our sins one to another. The Church of God herself, without spot or stain, and the guardian of morals, has ever made it obligatory on her children to confess their sins, and looked upon those who refused to do it as none of hers. At the boasted period of the Reformation, Luther himself, and they whose principles are embodied in the creed of Augsburg, insisted on the newly Reformed going to Confession as they had been wont to do under the Papacy.—(Titan's Cont. Aug. pp. 16—30). The Church of England too, whose doctrines you do not condemn, sanctions in her service for the visitation of her sick, the dying person declaring his guilt to the assistant minister, who, if needs be, may also absolve him—Now, we nowhere see that while directing the Jews, male and female, to confess their sins, the Almighty exempted the Hebrew maidens from the painful duty. Nor did the Baptist, nor did the Church of God in any age, make any exception in favor of the youth of either sex. If in this there is anything wrong or indelicate, why was it not reformed by Luther and the framers of the thirty-nine articles.

But is needless to dilate on this subject. The real fact is, that the confessional so far from its being dangerous to young or old is to all who frequent it the best possible preservative against vice and manifold evil habits, which, when once contracted, are not easily eradicated. I have already observed, that people go to confession to admit their guilt, to weep over it, to detest it, to make firm resolutions incurring it anew, and to learn from the lessons of the wise and good to walk in the path of innocence and righteousness. This supposes that penitents have seen the evil of sin,

Dowling Street. It is worthy of remark that, with regard to the advantages or disadvantages of the confessional, there is much variety among the ecumenics of Catholicism. Of these, some like Voltaire and Rousseau, declare confession to be an excellent institution, and worthy of all praise; while others, such as the orators of Exeter Hall, pretend to discover in it the source of much evil. For our own part, we think it will be time for us to change our discipline, (our doctrine never can be changed) when those who find fault with it, have condescended to agree with respect to what mutations they deem necessary in the meantime

—By that strong emotion pressed
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's path."

Catholics, and occasionally Protestants also, will seek the good advice of a Father Confessor.

the folly of offending God, and the vanity of all those things for which worldlings sacrifice their souls. There is surely nothing dangerous in this, even to young and inexperienced ladies. True, you will say; but, will they not be exposed to utter or hear indecent words? Verily, I do not think they will. And do you, Sir, really think that indecent or unbecoming language is the common language of the confessionals? The men who sit within them are models of purity and decorum—the world itself admits them to be such, Were they inclined to lay aside their habitual good conduct, they would find many more tempting opportunities of doing it than any which the confession boxes afford.* These boxes, as you may have observed, are, in Catholic countries, set up in the most public part of the Church, which from morn to night, is ever open to all comers and goers.—There sits the priest, and there kneels the penitent, separated from each other by a wooden wall, and speaking through a small lattice window, while the one party is partially and the other fully exposed to the view of all who choose to turn their eyes in that direction. Is this the place, I would ask, that a crafty man would select for perpetrating a crime, the discovery of which would prove certain ruin to him? This idea seems to have occurred to yourself, and to have made a very favourable impression on your thinking mind. For you are candid enough to confess that you do not believe the injurious reports which are sometimes circulated against the priesthood; you confess too, that Catholic gentlemen, with whom you conversed on the subject, and who had every opportunity of ascertaining the truth of these reports, disbelieved every one of them. If, after this, you adduce one single instance of a nameless delinquency of some kind, it must be looked upon as an exception to the general rule, and as tending to confirm it,

* Knaves and hypocrites, without going into the confessional, will find ways and means beyond the "reach of Catholic clergymen," to strip Protestant maiden ladies of their virtue and their wealth; they will flatter them with a promise of marriage and a share in the holy ministry. Lord Chancellor Northington having on one occasion to pronounce sentence against a parson who, under pretext of religion had plundered, to a considerable extent, a well meaning lady, observed, "He secured part of her fortune, by lighting up in her breast the flame of enthusiasm; and undoubtedly he hoped in due time to secure the whole, by lighting up in her breast another flame, of which the female breast is so susceptible; for the invariable style of his letters is: 'All is to be completed by love and union.' Let it not be told in the streets of London that this preaching sectary is only defending his just rights. I repeat, let not such men be persecuted, but many of them deserve to be represented in puppet shows.... Bigotry and enthusiasm have spread their baneful influence far and wide, and the unhappy objects of contagion almost daily increase." From this I conclude that holy letters and religious conversations are far more dangerous in Protestant countries, than the confessional in the Catholic portions of the world; aye, and if we believe an English Lord Chancellor speaking from the Bench, this danger is daily increasing.—(See Lord Campbell's Life of Lord Northington.

As a charitable man, you actually believe that the priests do no ill in the confessional; as a philosopher, you might easily have satisfied yourself that they can scarcely do any. This position is easily proved. In page 88 of your interesting little work, you tell us that, while at St. Malo, you witnessed the ceremony of a "first communion."—"There were" you say, "upwards of 500 young people present on the occasion, of which fully two thirds were girls." Now, these two thirds of the whole number, or say 300 girls must, by way of preparation for the first communion which you saw have been each at confession at least two or three times, probably much oftener. If, therefore, the confessional be so very bad a thing, and a thing so dangerous as you imagine, would the fathers and mothers—the uncles and aunts—the elder brothers and sisters of these girls have allowed them to approach its slippery steps? All of them must at one time have made their first communion, like the young folk whom you beheld with much edification;—all of them must, then, and perhaps many a time since, have been at confession. The dangers of the confessional, if any really existed, must have been long familiar to them. In that case, do you think they would have allowed these innocent little ones to rush into such imminent danger?—Would a tender mother send her spotless child to the foul place you take the confessional to be, if experience had taught her to judge of it as you do? No, Sir; anything half so atrocious could not be. But, the fact is, the confessional is every where a school of virtue. Every mother in France knows it to be such—every mother in France knows it to be such for herself, and hence, when training her daughters to walk in virtue's path, she sends them to seek instruction where, in her youth, she found it herself,—on the "dangerous steps" of the confessional. Then, in the fathers, mothers, and other relatives of the 300 girls whom you saw around the altar at St. Malo, you have so many witnesses to the perfect harmlessness, or to speak more correctly, to the utility and morality of the much slandered confessional. Were the confessional half so injurious to society as many Protestants imagine, it would be held in greater horror than the guillotine itself,—or like our Scottish cutty-stool;—it would long ago have been laughed out of fashion.

We have, however, another, and a still more tangible proof of the salutary effects of the institution in question. It is to be found in the superior morality of those who frequent the confessional. I have no hesitation in saying, that as a general rule, the fair sex is more virtuous and pure in Catholic than in Protestant countries. L. Marouiti, who is no lover of Catholicism, nobly vindicated, not long ago, in a London monthly paper, the much traduced ladies of Italy. Sir Humphrey Davy declared the Catholic peasantry of Tyrol to be more virtuous, in

every way, than their Swiss or German neighbours. The morality of Irish females is proverbial; and not many sessions back, it was lauded by Lord Normanby in the House of Lords, and in the Commons by Lord Morpeth. I am loth to speak disparagingly of my countrywomen, but this I must say, that, albeit they do not tread on the "dangerous steps" of the confessional, were covenanting discipline still in force many of them would be no strangers to a certain piece of Church furniture so formidable to their grandmother. A sample of the laxity of morals, even among the higher classes so prevalent in England, may be found in the February number of Colburn's "New Monthly." An author in that periodical, who styles himself "an old diplomatist," and who writes the "Secret History of the Court, Ministry and times of George IV," says, "it may not be amiss to tell you that jealousy's rankling tooth hurts not the Hon G. W.; he amuses himself with a little *figurante* from the opera whilst his wife regularly attends her devotions at —House, when the gallant marquis is in town, and his wife either at toilet or in bed. Conjugal infidelity, in the middle ranks, though fraught with uneasiness, to the fashionable world is considered a mere *trifle of ton*. It gives a spirit to, and diffuses a brilliancy around a character."

Rampant as vice is among ourselves in Britain, things are much worse in this respect in the purely Protestant countries of the north of Europe.

It is to Germany and the kingdom of Sweden, that I can safely refer you to the most lamentable samples of female delinquency. Look, for instance at the state of morals in this last mentioned country where Catholicism is not so much as tolerated. Pagan Greece or Rome could scarcely furnish a parallel to the almost incredible degradation of the human form divine in that anti-papish land. Our countryman, that honest traveller, Mr. S. Laing, will tell you this better than I can do. I will immediately lay before you the words of this candid writer: but, first, you will be kind enough to observe, that the clergy of Sweden is a married clergy, numerous, wealthy, and influential. They are said to be men of much education, and in things spiritual they are lords and masters from one end of the kingdom to the other. They do not, however, require their people to go to confession; and, if immorality prevails among them to a most lamentable amount, this must be owing to something else than those "dangerous steps" which, in southern Europe leads to the confessional. Mr. Laing, on minute enquiry, finds that in Sweden the number of illegitimate births is proportionately greater than in France or England. Stockholm is beyond comparison more depraved than Paris or England. In Paris only one out of five births is illegitimate, while in Stockholm one child of every one-and a

half is born out of wedlock. On this Mr. Laing remarks, "Figures do not bring home to our imagination the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. In such a society, the offspring of secret adultery, and the births merely saved from illegitimacy by the tardy marriage of the parents, must be numerous in proportion to the general profligacy. If it were possible to deduct these from the one account, and add them to the other, to which they morally belong, what a singular picture of depravity on a great scale, does this city present. Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say, from undeniable public returns,—'one out of three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse'. . . . The remarkably low feeling of this community appears from the following fact. In all large cities of the present age, brothels, where they do exist—are silently tolerated by the local authorities, as evils which the police must watch over, and which the growing sense of decency, of religion, of morality, among the lower classes,—their better education, their greater temperance, and higher civilisation, can alone remedy. But to openly establish them where they did not exist before, under the authority of government, and as one of its public institutions for the health or morals of the people; to hire such a hotel for such a purpose in a principal street; collect unfortunate females to live in it, and give out a code of regulations for their conduct towards the public, appears a trait scarcely credible; yet this was done within these three years here, and the establishment was only abandoned because the wretched inmates fell victims to the barbarity of the regulations."*—(See Laing's *Tour in Sweden*, p. 115.)

This you will admit is a lamentable enough account of the Protestant and non-confessing females of Sweden. But singular to say, the people of that country add hypocrisy to their other vices.—"For," says Mr. Laing, "you see no blackguardism, no brutality, no revolting behaviour. You may travel through the country, and come to the conclusion that the people are amongst the most virtuous in Europe." And again, speaking of Stockholm, he avers that "In walking through the streets, I never saw an immodest or even suspicious look or gesture, even among the lower classes of people' For propriety of dress and demeanor, the

* It is a fact not unworthy of attention, that in Sweden, where the people are now so immoral, the clergy were in the ages previous to the Reformation, singularly hostile to the Clerical Cebacy.—(Thomas, p. 1, lib. 2 cap. xv. No. 5.) At an early period, the Swedes embraced the doctrines of Luther, and the consequence seems to be, that, as they had formerly a not very edifying priesthood, they have now a most profligate people.—*What a man sows that shall he reap.*

town might be peopled by vestals, and yet one-third of the infants are bastards."

If from Sweden we accompany Mr. Laing into Prussia, we will soon perceive that there no the non-confessing females cannot rank much higher in point of morality than those of more northern climates. Listen once more to our honest tourist.—"Of all the virtues, that which the domestic education of both sexes obviously influences—that which marks more clearly than any other, the moral condition of a society, the home state of moral and religious principles . . . is undoubtedly female chastity. Will any traveller, will any Prussian say, that this index virtue of the moral condition of a people, is not lower in Prussia than in almost any part of Europe. It is no uncommon event in the family of a respectable tradesman in Berlin, to find a little baby, of which, whoever may be the father, he has no doubt at all about the maternal grandfather. Such accidents are so common in the class in which they are least common with us—the middle class, removed from ignorance or indigence—that they are regarded but as accidents, as youthful indiscretions, not as disgraces affecting, as with us, the respectability and happiness of all the kith and kin for a generation."

From these striking quotations, for which lengthy though they are, I make no apology, you may learn that the "devout sex" is, to say the least, not more virtuous in those countries where it has not to encounter the awful dangers of the confessional, than in those where these dangers are more numerous. If there be any difference, and assuredly there is a great one, between the morality of Catholic and Protestant females, this difference is all in favor of the adherents of Romanism.

You were struck yourself with the goodly and edifying appearance of the Catholic girls of France on two very solemn occasions—at a first communion, and at the funeral of one of their youthful companions. You were delighted with the innocence, candour, and childish simplicity of these charming creatures: did you perceive any thing in or about them to indicate their having found the dangers of the confessional, to which they must have been often exposed, fatal to their virtue? Would any one, on seeing these girls, so pious, and modest so well instructed, have been tempted to form a bad opinion of the lady nuns who trained them, and of the unmarried priest who shrived them?—Compare the state of morality, such as Mr. Laing describes it in Prussia and Sweden, with what you saw of the female portions of the Catholic world, and then say—whether a married or an unmarried clergy have been hitherto most successful in training up in the way in which it should walk.

ANOTHER PRIEST ILL OF FEVER.—We are sorry

to state that the Rev. J. Walker, the second or junior Priest at St. John's Catholic Chapel, Wigan, now lies in a dangerous state, ill of typhus fever, caught in his visits to the filthy dwellings of the lower class of Irish residents in the borough. The Rev. J. Hearne and the Rev. J. Johnson, the two ministers whose lives have already been sacrificed in attending to their sacred duties, were successively the head Priests at the same place of worship.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

ROME.

The *Times* makes the following important announcement relative to our communication with the Court of Rome, in a leading article in Tuesday's paper:—"It must have been long evident to attentive observers of Italian politics, that the current of events in that country would not wait for the impending adjustment of our diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome, but that circumstances would compel us to anticipate in some fashion, the obvious decision of so important a question. The wisdom of our ancestors had bequeathed us a position of considerable embarrassment, and some little delicacy was requisite to reconcile the necessities of the case with the proscription of the law; but our readers will probably be of opinion that by the arrangements we now announce, her Majesty's Ministers have contrived rather happily to escape the dilemma in which the imperative demands of policy and the inevitable penalties of a *præmunire* had conspired to place them. The Earl of Minto, who is now on his road to Turin, will extend his tour to Rome, and though not accredited by any official introduction, or invested with any formal representative character, will be enabled by his presence at the Pontifical Court to facilitate the circuitous intercourse between two states which have so sensibly persisted in blocking up the ordinary channels of a necessary communication. The position and connexions of his lordship will be an immediate and sufficient guarantee of his responsibility, and will confer upon him much of that authority which it is as yet forbidden more directly to delegate,—while his known qualifications for such a mission supply a complete assurance that the interests and honour of England will be safe in his hands. In this way it is expected that Ministers may be enabled to communicate with a friendly state at a very critical period of its fortunes, without rendering themselves liable to the accumulated penalties that our ingenious ancestors devised for treason. As soon as Parliament meets the letter of the law may be brought into accordance with the spirit of the age, and after we have graciously recognised the political existence of a power which at present commands the earnest and practical sympathies of half the population of the island, Lord Minto may be

boldly invested with a title befitting the functions he must necessarily discharge."—*Guardian*.

ENGLAND.

Extract of a letter from a student of the English College, Rome, dated 5th September.—

"Thank Providence the Concorsi are over, and much of our troubles and labours of this year are over with them. Several of our fellows were ill at the country house. Only five concurred; yet this is the best year we have had since I have been here. We took seven of the nine medals contended for, and tossed for two more. English took two gold medals—one in Scripture and one in theology. O'Sullivan took two gold medals also—one in theology and one in ecclesiastical history; Motter one in canon law and a silver one in Scripture; and Fryer a silver one in dogmatic theology. English and Morris, a convert of the Eastern District tossed for two more.

SWITZERLAND.

Letters from Berne of the 16th ult., state that the Federal Directory received a communication from the Government of Valais, in which the latter not only protested against the decree of the Diet relative to the expulsion of the Jesuits, but formally declared that it would not submit to it, and would oppose its execution by force, if necessary.

With sorrow we record the serious illness of the Rev. J. Anclair, formerly vicar of St. Roch's and lately appointed to the curacy of Ste. Maria, Nouvelle Beance. His disease is typhus fever, contracted during his attendance at the Marine Hospital.—*Quebec Mercury*

BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

OCTOBER 25—Mrs. Ginnivon of a son, Mrs. Bates of a son; Mrs. Gervy of a son, Mrs. Morris of a son, Mrs. Devine of a son; Mrs. Fraser of a son. 27—Mrs. Morrison of a daughter; Mrs. Kenny of a son; Mrs. West of a son.

MARRIAGES RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

OCTOBER 25—Patrick McGrath to Margaret Brennan, Edward Barron to Mary Ann Dewier.

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