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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 31.

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, AUGUST 9, 1815.

CALENDAR.

- Aug. 10—Sunday—XIII after Pentecost—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
11—Monday—St. Sixtus, Pope and Martyr.
12—Tuesday—St. Clare, Virgin.
13—Wednesday—Octave of the Transfiguration.
14—Thursday—St. Hieronimus, Pope and Confessor.
15—Friday—Holy day of obligation, Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
16—Saturday—St. Koch, Confessor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT THE NORTH END.

We are happy to perceive that preparations are making for opening this Church to the Faithful, as soon as possible. On last Sunday, at the 10 o'clock Mass in the School Room there, the Bishop announced his intentions and desires concerning his Church, and the very populous district which surrounds it. He declared himself anxious to open the Church immediately, to improve its external accommodation, and to provide it with all the necessary ornaments for Divine Service. He has expressed a strong desire to build up a small presbytery in the adjoining ground, and to establish a clergyman there who would devote himself principally to the duties of the mission in that neighbourhood. He read a statement of the accounts, by which it appeared that a sum of £298 still remains due, and he requested all those who had not yet paid their subscriptions, to do so as soon as convenient, in order that he might be en-

abled to carry out his intentions for the spiritual welfare of this district. The new Church is to be dedicated to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, a beautiful statue of whom the Bishop has procured on the continent for the decoration of the altar which he intends to erect there. Beneath the altar will be deposited the body of a martyr from the Catacombs, at Rome, which Dr. Walsh obtained from His Holiness, during his residence in the Eternal City. He has also brought for this Church some relics of St. Patrick, which he procured at the ancient church of St. Mark, in Rome, where they were deposited many centuries ago, by the Cardinal who was commissioned to examine the authenticity of the relics of St. Patrick at the time his body was discovered in Ireland. The dedication of the Church will not take place for a short time, and we earnestly hope that in the interim the Catholics of the North End, as well as those of the city at large, will co-operate with the Bishop in rendering the sacred edifice a Temple worthy of the illustrious Saint, in whose honour, and under whose invocation, it is to be consecrated to the service of the God of all majesty and glory.

CLARE.

The Rev. Thomas Conolly, and the Rev. John Nugent, left Halifax, on Tuesday morning last, for the district of Clare, on a special mission confided to them by the Bishop. Both are acquainted with

the French language, and we can easily conceive with what delight our excellent fellow-Catholics in that quarter will receive them. Since the lamented death of their beloved Father and Pastor, the venerable Abbe Sigogne, they have been deprived of almost all the benefits of the sacred ministry.

DARTMOUTH.

The Rev. James Kennedy, of Prospect, has been appointed to Dartmouth, and officiated in the Church there on last Sunday. The Bishop, who was present during the High Mass, introduced the Reverend gentleman to his new flock, and in doing so, explained at considerable length the solemn obligations mutually contracted by the Priest and the people. It was also announced that the Sacrament of Confirmation would be administered there on Sunday, the 17th instant.

HOURS OF ATTENDANCE AT ST. MARY'S.

The Sacrament of Baptism is administered in the Baptistery, at the Cathedral, every morning, except Sunday, precisely at 10 o'clock. It is particularly requested that children to be baptized, may be sent at the above hour, in order that no disappointment should take place. The Roman Ritual directs that parents should be admonished to send their children to the church, as soon after their birth as possible, with becoming Christian modesty, and without any vain pomp, that they may not be exposed, by delay, to the danger of losing so necessary a Sacrament. Children that have been privately baptized at home, when in danger of death, should be also brought to the Church as speedily as possible, in order that the ceremonies of the Church should be supplied, and a conditional Baptism administered if, after a careful examination, the Clergyman should deem it necessary. Persons selected as sponsors should be always members of the Catholic Church, and well instructed in Christian Doctrine. It would be likewise most proper that sponsors should have received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Parents should never wish to have their children called by ridiculous, improper or fabulous names, or by the names of pagans or wicked men, but rather by the names of saints and servants of God, by whose patronage they may be assisted, and by whose

pious examples, they may be inflamed with the desire of leading a holy life.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Our readers are already aware that by powers entrusted to him by the Holy See for that purpose, the Bishop has constituted the 15th of August, the festival of the glorious Assumption of the Mother of God, a holiday of strict obligation throughout the new Diocese of Halifax. It will be solemnized as such, on Friday the 15th instant, and after his sermon on Sunday evening, at the Cathedral, the Bishop announced that he would administer the Sacrament of Confirmation there, on the approaching Holiday.

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

A Meeting of this Society was held after Vespers, on Sunday, the Bishop in the chair. After the report of the children's attendance at Catechism, both in the Cathedral and the North End, had been handed in, the Meeting adjourned to Tuesday evening, August 12, when the Annual Meeting will be held in the new Vesury, at seven o'clock, p. m.

SICK CALLS.

It is most earnestly requested, and for the convenience of the faithful themselves, that all sick notices may be left, at least, before 12 o'clock each day, with the clergyman on duty.

SERVICES FOR THE DEAD.

On Monday morning there was an Office and High Mass in the Cathedral, for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Walsh, the mother of the Bishop. The Mass was celebrated pontifically by Dr Walsh.

On Tuesday, there was an Office and High Mass for the venerable Abbe Sigogne, the late pastor of Clare. The Bishop presided at the Office, and the Mass was chaunted by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. On both occasions the Altar and Church were hung in mourning. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

The Rev. Mr. Tracey has been appointed curate of the Curates at the Cathedral.

MAXIMS AND EXAMPLES OF THE SAINTS.

The following interesting extract is from the Preface of a little Work, entitled "Maxims of the Saints," translated from the Italian by Ambrose Lisle Phillipps. We shall from time to time lay before our readers some of the excellent Maxims this Work contains:

The book which is here presented to the English reader, was first seen by the Translator at Naples, in the year 1829. It was under circumstances so interesting, that the recital of them seems to claim a place here. On one of those lovely mornings in the month of April, which can only be witnessed beneath the warm sun and the clear sky of Italy, I had ridden forth with some companions at the earliest dawn to climb to the summit of a high mountain, about four miles from Naples. Our object was, to visit the celebrated monastery of Camaldolese Hermits, which is situated on the top of that mount, crowning the vast forest of chesnuts which clothes its precipitous sides. After riding through some extent of gardens and vineyards, we at length reached the forest, which covers not only that mountain, but many others, stretching the whole way from Naples into the interior of the country. We proceeded through two narrow valleys, at the bottom of which roared a rapid torrent. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene: the trees were covered with the richest foliage, in all the fresh verdure of the early spring; a vast variety of flowers embalmed the atmosphere with the most delicious fragrance; the sun cast amid the trees the most beautiful shadows; and at every turn of the valley were displayed noble views of the surrounding mountains. Here and there were erected crucifixes and little chapels, so that at each step the pilgrim was reminded of the sufferings of our Redeemer, and of the other mysteries of the Christian faith; whilst he was led by these devout memorials to lift up his heart from the beauties of the material scene, to the ever-adorable Author of nature. At length we began to climb the mountain by a most rugged path, so that we felt inclined to distrust the safety of our horses; but the sure-footed beasts seemed better acquainted with the road than their riders, and rarely made a false step. After climbing for above an hour, we reached the summit of the mountain, and soon found ourselves at the convent gate. It is impossible here to describe the magnificent view which is seen from this spot—even the pencil of a Claude would fail to do justice to such a scene. The beholder finds himself placed on the highest point of a long range of mountains, forming a promontory, bounded by the Mediterranean; immediately around him he sees the great forest before described; beyond that, on one side, the city of Naples, with its innumerable domes and spires, its lovely bay

washing the foot of Vesuvius, which rises up in giant height, constantly emitting fire and smoke; and, in the farthest distance, the great range of the Eastern Appennines, with their summits covered with snow, reflecting the sun's rays in dazzling brightness. On the other side, a scene of less grandeur, but of no less interest, displays itself: the old extinct volcano of Astroni; the peaceful lake of Aniano, with its flowering meadows; and, in the distance beyond, the Promontory of Mycenæ, the Lake Avernus, the Alysian Fields, and all the classic ground immortalized by Virgil in the book of *Æneid*; still farther to the right, the rising grounds of Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, so celebrated in the days of the Roman empire as the luxurious retreat of emperors and senators, the sides of whose hills are still covered with innumerable ruins of temples and villas. Beyond all this, as far as the eye can reach, stretches into the farthest horizon the blue Mediterranean, out of which rise, at a great distance, the beautiful islands of Capri and Ischia.

But let us turn awhile from this glorious prospect; let us forget the recollections of history with which it has inspired us. We are standing at the gate of a monastery, which now claims our attention, as it was the object of our toilsome climb to this height. The space enclosed within the walls of this venerable retreat is considerable; it is occupied by the great church of the monks, near to which little detached hermitages are built, each enclosed by a little garden, containing a small chapel. Near these there is one large garden, laid out with noble evergreen oaks, and a variety of other shrubs. At one end of this garden is a raised platform, surrounded with seats, from which the beautiful prospect that has just been described, is visible.

The monks were dressed in long white habits, and wore beards; many of them had attained a vast age, (a proof this, that the great austerities of their rule are not otherwise than conducive to health and longevity: they live an eremitical life, never taste flesh meat, or even fish, but live on bread, fruits, and herbs; hardly ever speak, nor ever meet together, excepting in their church, where they sing in common the Divine praises, and on certain great festivals. Most of them are priests, so that many times a day the holy sacrifice is offered up. Besides which, every morning a high mass is sung, with the organ, and their solemn chaunt. A great portion of their time is spent in the exercise of mental prayer and contemplation: all rise at midnight, and present themselves in the choir of the church to sing matins and lauds. The congregation which frequents their church is chiefly formed of the shepherds who frequent these lone mountains, and

strangers coming out of devotion or curiosity. Some of the monks are always to be found in the church, taking it by turns; so that the perpetual adoration of our Lord in the blessed Sacrament is observed by the community.

Those who would wish to see a farther account of the order of Camaldolese Hermits, and of its original institution, should consult Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.^{*} That admirable writer, in a style replete with heavenly unction, recounts the wonderful manner in which God converted to his holy service their founder, S. Romuald. He was born of the royal house of the *Honesti*, who were for a long period dukes of Ravenna. Being educated in all the luxuries of a court, for some years he was estranged from God, but never lost some early impressions of piety, which he had received in his infancy. He always retained a singular devotion for the holy hermits and monks of the primitive ages of the church; and when he was hunting, he would stop in solitary retired spots in the forest, amidst rocks and caves, and spend whole hours in prayer. God showed by this his early inclination, to what things he was destined hereafter. After a vast variety of strange adventures, the holy youth at length determined on embracing the religious state; to which end he entered into the holy order of S. Benedict. Circumstances obliged him to leave his monastery, and thus an occasion was offered for him to practise the life of a hermit. It is wonderful to read what a great height of perfection God raised him to; most sublime were the spiritual favours which he received from above; and so tender was his love for Jesus Christ, that he was constantly in tears, of which his eyes seemed two fountains. But the saint was not without his trials in persecutions, both from the world, the devil, and corrupt nature. He endured great spiritual desolation, and was often visibly assaulted by the evil spirits. For five whole years he was cruelly tormented in this way; but after that, God abundantly recompensed the constancy of his holy servant with spiritual consolations. He founded many monasteries; the most celebrated of which are, that of Castro, near Ancona, in the States of the Church; and that at Camaldoli, in Tuscany; which latter has given its name to the whole order, which is, in fact, a branch of the Benedictines. Every one has heard of the monastery at Camaldoli, no less famous for the romantic beauty of its situation, than for the sanctity and austerity of its recluses. Our great poet, Milton, took up his abode, for some time, in this monastery. It is indeed a place where poets, philosophers, and saints, would love to dwell. The learned and noble author of the *Mores Catholici*, in the second book of that admirable work, has given

an affecting and sublime description of his visit to that holy and solemn monastery: a description, which it is impossible to read without tears. S. Romuald died in the odour of sanctity in his monastery at Castro, about the year of our Lord 1026: God wrought many miracles at his tomb. The monks of his order, though a branch of the Benedictines, do not wear a black habit, but are dressed in long white robes of great simplicity. S. Romuald adopted this habit in consequence of a vision, in which he beheld a vast ladder, reaching from the earth to heaven, and on it his monks ascending in white habits. This vision is represented in a beautiful picture, which is in the church of S. Romuald, at Rome. Pope Gregory XVI. our present holy father, was formerly a monk of this order; and on the medal which he caused to be struck at the commencement of his pontificate, there is a very well executed copy of this picture in basso rilievo.

To be continued.

IRELAND.

TO THE MOST REV. DR. WHATELY, PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD—In the newspaper report of your speech in the House of Lords, on the second reading of the Maynooth bill, the following passage occurs:

“He (the Archbishop of Dublin) had been appealed to by some of the writers on this subject. Something had been quoted as said by him (and likely enough it was said by him) in disparagement of the system of education at Maynooth. He dared say that he had thrown out disparagement at the very imperfect system of education given to many of the students educated at Maynooth, and it never occurred to him that in wishing the education to be improved he was thereby guilty of any inconsistency. He had had reason more than once to examine some students educated at Maynooth, and who were applying for employment in the church, being either converts or professed converts, or who were seeking for employment in the way of tuition; and he had found that a very imperfect, a scandalously imperfect, education had been given to them. It might have been their own faults; but he must confess, from what he heard from intelligent Roman Catholics, his impression was that the seminary was not well conducted. All he meant to say was, that a sufficient education was not given.”

Your opinion of the Maynooth system of education is, like many other of your Grace's opinions, one which you have held for a long time, and which you have more than once expressed, though not hitherto, so far as I am aware, so publicly. It is an opinion which was significantly enough conveyed in the exclamation! “Oh, Maynooth! Maynooth!” which you are reported to have used some years ago, on examining one of those precious

^{*} Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, Vol. 2, Feb. 7, Life of S. Romuald.

converts to whom you allude in your speech.* * * You found the apostate priest whom you examined to be scandalously deficient in the knowledge of the Bible and the Greek language. But is not this, to you at least, a clear proof that these persons were not impelled to renounce the old religion from conscientious motives, from rational conviction? Your Grace belongs to what is commonly called the Low Church party—that is, the party of the Anglican persuasion whose principle is rather to lower authority and exalt the right of private judgment in forming one's creed. You hold that from the Bible, and the Bible alone all revealed truths are to be drawn, are to be drawn from the Scriptures as interpreted, not according to fancy or inclination, but by private judgment, availing itself of all the helps within reach. Of course, the adoption of a new creed, by a person grossly ignorant of the New Testament—a person who never studied it in any way to this end—cannot be based upon private interpretation aided and assisted. On the other hand, it is not based upon authority. It is not the assent of reason grounded on examination, nor the assent of faith grounded on testimony. It is, therefore, an assent—if there be internal assent at all—grounded on inclination, or fancy, or interest, or passion. Your converts, therefore, are not converts at all, except as the goldsmith mentioned by Thomas Moore was a convert, when he fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol—except as children are converts to a belief in the existence of fairies. I believe from what I know of your system, as I gather it from your works, that you would admit the principle of this reasoning; and your reported conduct towards the so-called converts confirms my opinion. But herein you stand alone, or nearly alone, among your co-religionists—at least as to practice.

The case of the Apostles, then, proves nothing at all against Maynooth. But it proves against Protestantism, as it works in Ireland. For it proves that a man may become a good Protestant, may become a Protestant curate, may become an accredited organ of Protestant opinion and feeling at public meetings, while he is grossly ignorant of the Bible. It proves that a man marked in Maynooth for incapacity or immorality, or suspended on the mission for either or both, may be received with open arms into the Protestant church, and promoted to offices of trust therein.

Learning and education are relative terms. What makes a learned navigator, would not make a learned lawyer; what makes a learned lawyer would not make a learned surgeon. What is the sort of learning that should be imparted at Maynooth, and which we are to expect from those educated there? The College is not only a purely

Catholic, but—what is not sufficiently attended to—a purely ecclesiastical institution. Its end is to form men, not to become lawyers or mathematicians, or political economists, nor even simply good priests, but good missionary priests, and this, too, for the work of the Irish mission. The education of the Maynooth student should be in that knowledge which is indispensable or useful to the faithful discharge of the duties of a missionary priest. Some people would have us to be deeply read in chemistry, and fluxions, and geology, and the Greek poets, as if these fitted a man for the preaching of the Gospel, or the administration of the sacraments, or the edification of our brethren—the great end, the only end for which we have been placed in Maynooth, and ordained priests, and appointed to our respective places in the vineyard. If a young man is preparing for the bar, he studies law; if he is destined for the army, he buys a sword; if for a fellowship in Trinity College, he gets deep into the mysteries of Greek and Latin.

No man engaged in one profession or destined for it—especially if it be one requiring long time and attention to master its principles and rules—is expected to know what belongs to other professions.

An Irish missionary is employed (I speak of what commonly happens), during ten months of the twelve, and in some places during the whole twelve, in constant labour. At the country stations, he is engaged from morn to night, in the noiseless, unseen, but most anxious, and, according to nature, most wearying duty of the confessional; his confessional being often enough a deal chair or a damp clay floor. To be able to discharge this most holy, and, according to grace, most consoling and heavenly office well, he must be at least moderately familiar with the principles of an extensive and difficult science—a science which when one is engaged in the careful study of, for six or seven years, he is only then beginning to feel how much he had yet to learn—a science which requires constant revision to keep what is already acquired fast in the mind—a science which is not taught in Oxford, or Cambridge, or Dublin University and of which your Grace does not know even the elements—a science in the study of some branches of which the most vigorous and acute reasoning powers are brought into active operation—the science of Moral Theology. The virtues of the poor people of Ireland, the honesty of her sons, and the purity of her daughters, have been recently the theme of praise—why should not sky, manly and generous praise—among men of a different country or creed, and who have never been suspected of chivalrous affection for us. But alas! these people do not know, nor does your Grace know,

that it is chiefly in the exercise of the great Catholic duty, to which the study of moral theology is mainly directed that the seeds of these virtues are sown and cherished, that the wicked are brought back to God, and the timid are comforted and the weak confirmed, and all are made good. Then there is the still higher, at least more attractive and splendid, study of dogmatic theology, without which the missionary cannot know what doctrinal truths he is to preach or defend, what doctrinal errors, he is to avoid or combat.

Your Grace does not hold the necessity, on the part of your own ministers, of attending at the sick bed. But you are well aware that we hold a far different doctrine, and adopt a far different practice from yours. You are aware that attendance at the sick bed—the last battle field of the powers of light and the power of darkness—is one of our most sacred duties. What skill, what experience, what knowledge of divine truth, of the human heart and of its passions and the ways of dealing with these passions, according to the infinite variety of forms which they assume are required by the priest; what deep and patient study is required to fit him for such a work!

I need not enter upon other matters. I could not, in a letter like this, present your Grace with even a brief outline of the many topics, on some of which I have touched. To you it would be superfluous to add one word on the importance of the study of the sacred Scriptures for a minister of Christ, in whatever sphere he may be placed.

Your grace has never heard a single confession in the whole course of your life. You have never assisted at the dying bed, at least as a Catholic priest assists at it. Learned and able as you unquestionably are, you would not know even how to set about to these offices, without a training in Maynooth or some such place. The kind of knowledge, therefore, required in a missionary priest is a matter on which the peculiar studies and experience of your life have not given to you the means of forming a fair judgment.

What has a young man, who is destined for a life like that of an Irish curate or parish priest, to do with (to him) babbling and jargon about major axis, and parabola, and cosine, and evanescent quantities? Why should the halls for his education be converted into sooty forges for experiments on brass and copper, and tin, and old rags, as if he were to become master tinker?—and this, too, while there is hardly time enough for him to gather a slender stock of that learning, in itself infinitely more solid and sublime, and without a competency of which he will be a blind leader of the blind. Some people talk as if spherical trigonometry were a portion of the Gospel—as if cases of conscience were to be solved like problems in quadratic equa-

tions. This nonsense has been long enough afloat, and it is full time that it should be met and exposed on the true merits. The study of matter and figures, and lines, is in its own nature a study of inferior dignity; and for a missionary priest a study of the least possible utility. It used to be said that the Catholic Church discouraged the study of natural philosophy. The slander was met, of course, by a flat denial, and facts were adduced to prove the contrary. But it is nevertheless perfectly true—and a truth to be not only admitted but maintained—that the Church has always considered such study as of comparatively trifling importance in the education of the clergy who are destined for the active duties of the mission. The fact is, that the genius of Protestantism has naturally enough given to mere human science a relatively undue importance in these countries. The cause is, that since the revolution—since the days of her own great divines, her Bramhalls, her Barrows, her Lauds, her Stillingfleets—her theology as a science—at least as a deep, extensive science, has vanished: it is now but the skeleton of a dwarf, a brainless scalp, the 'shadow of a shade.' Hence it is, that in her colleges, mathematics, and physics, and classics, swallow up everything else. Mr. Sewell, the professor of moral philosophy at Oxford, published a treatise on that subject a few years ago. I would be ashamed to have such a book appear under my name, even as written by me walking in my sleep. He published another work, still worse, on the evidences of Christianity—almost the only theological topic prosecuted vigorously by Anglican divines. I should like to see two works on the same subjects by the respective professors of them in Maynooth.

I have as yet only spoken of the sort of knowledge which alone can be fairly required of a missionary priest to possess. I have said nothing to the extent of purely extra-professional information communicated in Maynooth, or to be found among a very large body of the Irish clergy.

AN IRISH PRIEST.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

Continued from No. 28.

They had two motives for this cruel earnestness, in having him as their accomplice. First, from his conversations they had ascertained that he knew accurately what was of real, and what of apparent value among the ornaments of the church; what was really of silver, and what only of base metal; as he had often assisted as voluntary sacristan there, in his better days. They, on the contrary, had never taken more than a cursory glance at the riches accumulated in the sanctuary, enough to inflame their desires, but not to guide them in the selection of spoil. But, farther, they had a still baser and

blacker motive ; they had only valued Pierrot as a tool ; and having no farther use for his active services after that night, it was their intention to make him serviceable as a victim, by flying themselves, and leaving him behind to be seized by public justice, so themselves to elude its pursuit. This connexion with them, who would, of course, be suspected, and the weakness of his character, which would make him at once own his guilt, would bring down upon him the vengeance of the law, which would thus be less eager in its search after them. Such were the fiendish feelings of his companions for him ; such, in other words, is the friendship of the wicked !

The terrible menace of the ruffians was uttered with such rage, and yet in so determined a tone, that with Pierrot's experience of their character, he saw it was made in earnest, and would be unscrupulously carried into execution. His resolution failed him : the thought of all his past neglect and cruel abandonment of those whom in his secret heart he still loved, and actually revered, rushed upon him. Must he in the end prove their death—their murderer in some sort ? He could not bear to think it ; and in an agony of contending feelings, and with a protest to heaven, he chose what he thought the lesser curse, and consented to accompany his tyrants.

Time urged, for they had lost much of the night in this contention ; but still it wanted some hours to day, and the robbers durst not now put off their enterprise. Silent and sullen they reached the church-door, and it was agreed that one should stay outside with the mule, and keep watch, while the leader with Pierrot should enter, and bring out the spoil.

They found the door unlocked ; but this did not surprise them ; for no one in the neighbourhood ever dreamt of the possibility of sacrilege. Cautiously and silently they opened it and entered in. Both paused upon the threshold, as if overawed ; even the hardened robber seemed afraid to advance. So deeply still and silent was that lonely sanctuary, that Pierrot could actually hear his heart beat against his side, as it throbbed in remorse and fear. The flame of the lamp was burning bright and clear, and the holy place basked in its tempered radiance. Never, in his days of virtue, had it looked to him more sacred, more venerable, or more lovely, than it did on the night of his basest treachery ? Never did the silver and jewels of the altar beam more joyously, never did the saints from the walls look down upon him more softly, never did the image over the altar seem to gaze upon him with a sweeter, blander smile, than now that his mind was bent on sacrilege ! ‘ Ah, Judas ! ’ they all seemed to say to him in words of soft reproof, ‘ wilt thou betray the Spouse of the Son of Man with a kiss ? ’ He could not bear the sight, and he cast his eyes upon the ground ; and there he thought he saw his infant child, as she lay seven years before on the steps before him, slumbering once more the sleep of health, and himself kneeling in quiet gratitude beside her.

Yes, every thing around him looked to him now just as it did then—all except his own breast ; alas ! how changed was that ! He flung the vision, by a formidable effort, from his imagination, and raised his eyes ; and in doing so, encountered the steady gaze of the lamp, which shed all this beauty and mysterious charm on every object. What the eye of a man—the light of his body—is to his other features, even that did the pure solitary flame of the sanctuary's lamp appear to Pierrot's mind : it was its eye, through which it looked keenly, yet mildly upon him ; as if to see whether or no he would have heart to do his wicked deed. Whatever spell there is in the human eye to arrest the murderer's stroke, or the savage beast's assault ; that same power did this eye of the Sanctuary exercise over his soul ; it charmed and fixed him immoveable to the spot ; not all the promises or threats of earth would have influenced him to attempt a crime, so long as it beamed upon him. Nay, to his sight, it was a super-human intelligence that darted from it ; they were rays that penetrated into his bosom and pried into his heart, that came towards him from it ; they had a voice, that spoke, they had a point that pierced, though tenderly. However the beams might play around objects beyond and around, and dance and linger on their way, to him they came direct and rigid, and swift as arrows from a bow, cutting through the darkness between, and not enlightening it, but leaving it darkness still. Yes, it seemed to him as an angel's gaze ; the look of the heavenly Watchman deputed to keep ward, and pay homage there, during the silent hours of night ; the Guardian of the sacred treasure, but whose power was only to milden, to soften, but not to strike or to destroy. And even thus did that light more subdue him and make him coward. Sooner would he have faced, it seemed to him, a seraph brandishing a sword of fire, or angels with scourges in their hands, than this noiseless and harmless protector of the Sanctuary and its treasures. Is not grace about to triumph in him ?

This succession of thoughts and feelings in Pierrot's mind, occupied in reality but a few moments ; but these were quite enough to tire the patience of his companion, who, though clearly overawed, had not the same associations to work, nor the same heart to be worked on, as Pierrot. He soon broke in on the reverie which held him entranced, and shaking him by the arm, said in a whisper—yes ; the ruffian durst not speak in that light, in a higher tone :

‘ Come, come, comrade, we are losing time, let us begin.’

‘ I cannot,’ said Pierrot, in the same voice, ‘ I dare not.’

‘ Nonsense ! ’ gruffly urged the robber ; ‘ are you a child ? Remember your promise. To work, then, at once.’

‘ I will not,’ replied his poor victim. ‘ Not for

the world, will I rob Her who here gave me back my daughter, on a night so like this.'

'And do you wish to murder her on such a night, too?' growled the savage, with set teeth, and the look of a tiger. 'If you will not remember your promise, remember my threat. Ten minutes will take us to your house, and five more will finish our work there. Refuse, and in a quarter of an hour, you will be a childless widower?'

Pierrot's heart quailed, his frame shuddered and quivered at the thought. The moment of grace was over; the demon had again triumphed, and in the recklessness of despair, he exclaimed,

'Be it so, then: let me accomplish my doom! To work; but not by this light: no, grant me this at least; not by this light.'

'Why not?' asked the other. 'Is it not enough?'

'Never mind,' said Pierrot; 'but not by this light. Let it be in total darkness, if you please: that would be better. But rather uncover your dark lantern, that will be best.' And as he spoke, he shaded his eyes with his hand, that he might not see the lamp.

The robber, muttering something to the effect, that he too did not like that light much, uncovered his lantern. Its lurid red gleam streaming through the coarse smoked glass, appeared at once to contaminate the chaste light that before illuminated the holy place. It was like a stream of blood defiling, on a sudden, a crystal fountain; or the glare of a burning cottage breaking into the summer moonlight. Yet it was comforting to Pierrot, and seemed to dispel his fears. His companion saw it, and cheered him on, saying,

'Come on, we must make up for lost time. I see you do not like that lamp. Há! há! we will get rid of it at once. It is silver, I have heard you say; so pull it down, and untie it, while I take down the candlesticks from the altar.'

Pierrot had just the same thought. So with desperate resolution, and still shrouding his eyes, he advanced to the lamp, pulled it violently down, and with one powerful breath, extinguished it.

In the same instant, a shriek rent his ears, so sudden, so sharp, and so full of agony, that it did not seem to proceed from human utterance, but to come from some being of another world. Whether it came from afar or from near, from the sky above, or from the ground below, or from the country, neither he nor his companion could tell. For it was instantaneous, and was neither prolonged nor repeated. But so immediately did it follow, or rather accompany, the extinction of the lamp, that both Pierrot and his companion naturally connected the two occurrences together, cause and effect.

The following is from the pen of Eliza Cook, a delightful writer, whose poetical articles are deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,

We can bear to see them come,
And crumble down the cottage roof,
Or round the palace doom.

We bear to see the flower we nursed.

And cherished in the spring,
Turn withering from Autumn's wind,
A dead and sapless thing.

The play ground as our childish days,

May wear so strange a face,
That no one olden linament,
Is left for us to trace.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,

'They may work what'er they will;
Turn all our sunshine into storm,
And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon,

May lose its downy red,
And only carry wrinkled lines,
Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms,

May wane from easy grace,
The raven tresses shune no more,
And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile on all

Time's changes, till we find
Some well known voice grow harshly cold,
That once was warmly kind.

• Till hands and eyes that used to be

The first our own to greet,
Can calmly take a long farewell,
And just as calmly meet—

Till gentle words are passed away,

And promised faith forgot,
Teaching us sadly that we love
The one who loveth not—

Oh! better, then, to die and give

The grave its kindred dust,
Than live to see Time's bitter change,
In hearts we love and trust,

DEATH OF CARDINAL CAPACCINI.—We have to announce the death of Cardinal Capaccini on the 15th ult, at Rome. Deceased had been raised to the purple so late as the 21st of April last, and had long been a faithful servant of the Holy See, having been successively Nuncio in the Netherlands, at Naples, and Portugal, besides holding other important offices.

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