

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
  - Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
  - Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
  - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
  - Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
  - Showthrough/  
Transparence
  - Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  - Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
  - Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
  - Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
  - Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERMONS.

VOL. 2.

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 1, 1846.

## CALENDAR.

- Aug. 2—Sunday—IX. after Pentecost. St Stephen 1, Pope and Confessor.
- 3—Monday—Finding of the Body of St. Stephen.
- 4—Tuesday—St Dominick, Conf.
- 5—Wednesday—Dedication of B. V. M.
- 6—Thursday—Transfiguration of our Lord.
- 7—Friday—St Cajetan, Conf.
- 8—Saturday—SS. Cyriacus, Largus and Smaragdus, Martyrs.

## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

From the days of eternity, O Lord! hast thou filled all space. Thy House was commensurate with thine own boundless being. On the morning of creation, while the Heavens, and the Heavens of Heavens could not contain thee, yet didst thou make the earth thy footstool, and these Heavens thy throne; While universe in its mighty-magnitude was but an atom in your immensity, while the region of thought itself was lost in thy limitless domain, yet didst thou condescend to make a lowly dwelling place upon the earth, and to rear thy tabernacle among men. How unsearchable are thy ways, O Lord? Who shall measure thy goodness or tell thy mysterious mercies? I saw, said John, a holy city coming down out of Heaven, from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. That city is the House of the Lord: it is the dwelling place of Jesus, who descended out

of Heaven from his Father. The Church is the bride, and Jesus the husband that has espoused her in everlasting wedlock. And they, with whom he dwells, shall be his people, and He shall be their God. He shall wipe away the tears from their eyes, and give to him that thirsteth a fountain of the water of life, that he may be satiated. While the earth, and everything thereupon, were his, yet in his unspeakable mercies did he select a spot which should be peculiarly his own. Under the ancient dispensation that spot was reserved for a privileged few. It was as a sealed fountain, and as a garden walled in, to which the nations of the earth had no approach. But the hour came when it was neither in the ark, nor in the temple; when it was neither at Bethel, nor upon Gerizim, that God has made his dwelling place. No! broad as the expanse of Heaven, unfettered as the genius of his new religion, his Bethels, and his temples, were to overspread the land. By far a more ample, and a more perfect tabernacle than the former was to be raised on every hill, and in every valley. This mysterious empire of Jesus upon the earth, started with himself from a lowly cradle. Neither the glitter of arms, nor blood, nor the title of regal ancestry gave rise to it. A stable saw it bud into existence. It was nurtured in the dungeon as in the sunlight. Life—like it was found to grow on every soil,—as the seed is first to die before it can spring again to life,

so Jesus died as the seed, and the germ of the new religion. His death was the harbinger of a glorious harvest. In vain did the enemy come to sow the cockle. In vain did the tyrant essay to crush it before it ripened to maturity. In vain were the powers of Hell, and every thing that He'll could suggest, called into action to check its onward movement. Yes, like to the headlong career of a mighty Ganges, the more it was impeded, the more it was attempted to be dammed up, the more it overflowed its original barriers, fertilizing new kingdoms, and spreading plenty and luxuriance far and wide. Such is the history of the Empire of Jesus upon the earth at its first introduction. His name, and his religion, was heralded to every nation in the lifetime of the apostles—yet is it true that for centuries religion had no tongue. It was heard but in whispers. It spoke only in the silence of the night, and of the dungeon, to the ears and to the hearts of the millions who professed it. For three hundred long years, while thymiamia burned to the honour of Jesus in the inner shrines of millions of hearts—yet was there no Bethel, no Zion, no public monument erected to his memory.

To be continued.

### ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

There will be a Meeting of the Committee for North End Church on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

Those persons on whom the Collectors have not called would do well by handing in their contributions on or before the evening above named.

All persons concerned—and what *Catholic* is not—must feel the necessity of prompt co-operation in a work whose magnitude will task our best exertions.

The following is a continuation of the list of contributors for the past month :

#### Ward No. 1.

Collected by Messrs. Philip and William Compton :  
MONTHLY.

Mrs. Walsh, sen.	£0 0 7 1-2
Mrs. Walsh, jun.	0 0 7 1-2
Wm. Murphy	0 2 6
Miss Warren	0 1 3
Miss Twohill	0 0 7 1-2
Donald McKenna	0 2 6

Thomas Garby	0 1 3
Joseph McKenna	0 1 3
John Dowd	0 0 7 1-2
Richard McCarthy	0 2 6
Thomas Ward	0 1 3
Thomas Sullivan	0 1 3
Denis Shea	0 1 3
Patrick McKenna	0 0 7 1-2
Alexander Mellom	0 0 7 1-2
James Kennedy	0 1 3
John Shea	0 1 3
Austin Hollahan	0 1 3
Mrs. Dowd	0 0 7 1-2
John Cochran	0 2 6
Denis Doyle	0 2 6
John Tracy	0 1 3
James Malony	0 1 3

#### H. M. LUMBER YARD.

Mr. Cormack	0 2 6
Thomas Walker	0 2 6

### LITERATURE.

#### A SERMON, On the Delay of Repentance.

By Rev. John A. Hearn, of Waterford, Chaplain at the Royal Sardinian Chapel, London.

"But pray that your flight be not in the winter or on the Sabbath."—MATT. xxiv. 20.

THERE can be little doubt, my brethren, that the introductory part of this day's Gospel was intended by the Saviour to lead the minds of his hearers from a detail of the horrors which should attend the siege of Jerusalem to a consideration of the more awful terrors of the last day. By comparing this chapter of St. Matthew with the 21st of St. Luke, it appears, that the abomination of desolation, alluded to by the Prophet, could be no other than the desecration of the temple by the Roman soldiery. In the 20th verse of St. Luke it is written:—"And when you shall see Jerusalem compassed about with an army, then know that the desolation thereof is at hand." And after detailing, in almost identical expressions, the horrors of that time, it continues:—"And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captives into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the nations shall be fulfilled. Those who are in Judea are commanded to flee to the mountains; and those

who are in the midst of Jerusalem to depart out. And our Redeemer warns them in the words of my text to pray that their flight may not be in the winter, or on the Sabbath, when escape would be either impossible or against the law; the Jews on that day not being allowed by the law to travel more than one mile from the city.

That generation did not pass until all these things were fulfilled. In seventy years after the death of Christ the famous thundering legion encamped in the garden of Gethsemani and poured destruction into the devoted city. My brethren, the time is fast coming for all and each of us: no one in this generation can pass away without witnessing, in some sense, the signals which are written of the last days of Jerusalem; and of the last day which shall herald in the final judgment. We shall all in our turns be encompassed by the army of our spiritual enemies, and witness the sad extremities of the siege of death. For us too the stars shall fall from heaven, and the moon will not give her light, and through the shades of death our fading vision may discover the sign of the Son of Man as he advances with much power and majesty to judge us. That your flight may not be in the winter when the avenues of escape are blocked up, or on the Sabbath under circumstances when the law of God renders salvation perilous in the extreme, let us meditate upon the condition of a being upon whom the hour of death advances, and who has made no preparation for his safety.

I describe not then the child of ideal existence—I take human nature as it is; I take the cases as they occur in the ordinary pathways of my ministry. I enter the chamber of one who has, in the pursuit of the riches, pleasures, or occupations of this world, neglected his soul's salvation. What are his reflections when the hour of death approaches? It is announced to some sufferer, on his weary bed, that the physician has no longer hopes of him; it is, perhaps, but darkly insinuated to him by a sorrowing family; they have retired for the night; the door is closed, and he is left in awful communion with his God. "They tell me I am to die; the physician ought to know; and, truly, I must have been infatuated not to have known it before. I shall die in a few days—perhaps sooner; and how am I prepared? My God! from infancy I knew my destiny, in the words of Ignatius, 'unum de duobus: aut in æternum gaudere cum sanctis, aut in æternum cruciari cum impiis;' one of the two, either to rejoice for ever with the saints, or to be tortured for ever with the impious. Merciful heavens! This is an awful alternative, but I cannot escape it. I must weigh my chances now; would I had done so sooner. I go back to the hours of youth. They were good enough. O that all were such. I was brought up well; I knew the great

truths of Christianity; I never doubted of the truth of my religion, still less do I doubt it now. How happy were those days, when my soul knew God, and loved him. How naturally did every instinct lead me to God, when, on the mountain-side or vallies of my infancy, I adored Him as His Majesty shone in the worlds above me, or as His praises came sounding in upon the mighty billows of the deep. Happy, happy days were those when my father and mother blessed me—when I never forgot my prayers—when I used to go to communion and feel that peace which the world has never since given, nor could give. My God, and will those days count for me—intercede for me hereafter; or do they not rather serve to make the clouds of my subsequent ingratitude darker and darker still—so sad a sunset from so bright a rising? O terrible iniquity, to have blasted so fair a promise! O cruel ingratitude, to have profligated so great blessings."

Here, my brethren, the sufferer paused; for his bitter tears fell in agony over the recollections of departed virtue. He thought how his father and mother in heaven wept over his fall, and he thought, while his frame shook convulsively, shall I ever meet them there?

After a pause, he continued: "Here ended paradise, and now comes earth with its sorrow, sin, and death. I well remember how, in defiance of the admonitions of heaven and loud remonstrances of my conscience, I first dared to sin against the Creator, and lose my innocence. Sad as were my subsequent falls, this was the darkest, blackest. Nature appeared to disown me; and as I stood in the silent sanctuaries of my God I felt as the leader of the rebel angels, when he took possession of his dark domain, and bitterly gazed on the realms which he had lost. My companions came around me—rallied me; the darker emissaries of hell were not wanted. They said, in the language of the gospel:—'Behold, Christ is here.' The anti-christ of pleasure was before me; I forgot the admonition—'Go ye not out.' I again went out, ventured into temptation, sought the danger, and, of course, perished. My confessor told me what this would lead to: he charged me strongly, he invited, and he prayed. But I disregarded him—I began to dislike him—I have never been to him since, and among the misfortunes of my life I count this the greatest, that I rejected the advice of the physician, the kindness of this friend, the pardon which that ambassador was mercifully commissioned to dispense. Many and many a year has rolled over since this occurred, and what during that period did I do for my soul's salvation? I know that soon the scales of the sanctuary will be produced, and that, according to the Scripture, I shall receive the reward of my works, whether they be

good or evil. Where are my good works? God of heaven! where are they to be detected in the dark waste of my years? 'Tis true, I sometimes prayed; the words of my lips mingled naturally with the light and passing air—they were not borne to the throne of God, for my heart was far from Him; I frequently came to mass on Sundays, but how often did I absent myself from that holy sacrifice for pleasure, from sloth, for no reason whatever I over and over again neglected it; and when I did come, how little did my soul participate in the unspeakable mercies of that wondrous sacrifice: public decency, human respect, some lingering habit of the past brought me; but while the blood of Jesus pleaded, I was among the curious, if not mocking spectators, on the mystic Calvary. The abstinence enjoined by the church, from early habit or association, I generally observed;—the fasts I did not—and why? because they were troublesome—because I did not love my God nor His cross; I would not be crucified to the world, nor to the concupisence of the flesh; I did not think on these matters as I do now, for I would not; and therefore has come upon me the prediction of the prophet: 'With desolation is the whole land made desolate, because there is no one who thinketh in his heart.' I often gave alms to the poor; feeling and not religion urged me; I gave as the heathen—not as the Christian; but how often has the cry of the poor, or the exigencies of what ought to have been, O God! it is still, my dear religion, appealed to me in vain. I had read in the book of Wisdom, that 'the hopes of the unthankful shall melt like the winter's ice.' And behold, my God, while I have lived for my own gratification, and to save up money, my hopes are tossed and melted in the tide of the great eternity that cometh; like water taken in the palm of the hand, the more I have grasped money, the more hath it escaped. I thought it my duty to labour for my family; Merciful heaven! I should also have laboured for my soul! On the day of my funeral, when my children shall count what I have accumulated, and think how they shall enjoy it, where will be my soul? O interest above all others rising above the world and the fading clouds, and dreams thereof, why did I forget thee! madman as I was, did I gain the whole world, what would it now avail me? These are my virtues; but if, as one of the fathers said, our justice is to be found injustice, what shall be said of our sins? and shall not my justice be found injustice? I was counted a good father—a good husband; I was thought kind to the poor; I wronged no one but God and my own soul; but over all these specious virtues a cloud of impenetrable darkness hangs: they never shone in the sight of God; I was out of the church. They never, therefore, can

count for me hereafter; they never were—they never can be meritorious of eternal life; dead works they were—they shall accompany me hereafter—the dead burying the dead. Merciful God! how often did I sit with thy temple when the Easter time did fall, and heard that ancient sentence of the church recorded, which obliged me under pain of mortal sin, and of virtual excommunication from time; that sentence was listened to in breathless silence by the people—through centuries it electrified the Church of God—it startled me, but it was momentary; the chains of my apathy and worldly mindedness were around me; and though I knew that thus one neglect must of necessity shed a withering, nay, a deadly influence upon every apparently virtuous action of my life, I would not give myself the trouble of attending to it. Woe is me! had I done so, in all probability it would have saved me." And the sinner in his anguish hid his head, and the tears of his bitter sorrow burst forth afresh over the madness of that criminal indifference which excluded him from the blessings of the church whilst living, and now bids fair to exclude him from heaven's brighter associations.

"I have been recounting my virtues, my claims to the crown of justice which the Lord, the just judge, shall give me on that day.' They are a nonentity; they weigh not a feather in the scales of eternity. And now for my crimes. The silence of the night is around me; its darkness covers me, the pulses of my life are fast beating to their close, and the tollings of eternity come awfully pealing on my ears. 'I will recount to thee, O God, my years in the bitterness of my soul;' the sins which I so selfishly feared to tell in the tribunal of penance will soon appear before the angels of God: the assembled universe must know them in the day of doom. I will tell them to Thee now, and to my confessor to-morrow. But why to Thee? Thou knowest them, O God! Darkness could not cover them from thy sight, nor the deepest depths of hell shield them from thy vengeance. The Psalmist said, 'my sin is always before me.' O that I had always seen mine, as I do now, in all their dark and hideous deformity. Behold, they stand out before me in gigantic prominence; the mountains which shall crush, but cannot cover me from thee. Through the darkness and waste of years their voices, loud and terrifying, call out to heaven for vengeance; frightful apparitions! sacred heaven, they are realities! They have burst their cerements; they come to escort me to my judgment: save me, O heaven, from those demon forms—the incarnations of impurity—which, rising from the abysses of the past, wave their flaming brands around me, and exultingly claim me for their own save me, O God, for the blood

of my children's souls whom I have neglected, whom by my bad example I have ruined, louder than the blood of Abel penetrates the heavens; save me, O God, for I am straitened on every side; encompassed by my enemies, each year sends forth its hideous witnesses and accusers—thronging and thronging still. My God, what am I to do?" And the sinner sunk exhausted on his pillow, and fierce was the struggle of his soul that night. Unlike the sinner of whom St. Gregory writes, who, seized at night, by a mortal malady, prayed, "O God! O great God! some few days, my God! my God! some few moments O God! O God! life till to-morrow—for to-morrow only, and he obtained it not," this sinner lived. Convulsed and agonized he counted the lingering hours. The morning rose in all its clearness and freshness, but it did not dissipate the phantoms of the night, nor cool the fevered temples of the dying one. The clock within his chamber told its heavy repeatings, answering to the approaches of eternity. He demanded, "is the confessor yet come?" and the confessor was announced to him. He went as well as he could through the confession of his sins, and fixing, at its termination, an anxious look upon the countenance of his confessor, he asked—"Do you think there is mercy for me?"—"I have come as the minister of God's mercy, not of his justice; I announce to you but mercy." But can mercy shine on one like me, upon whom years of darkness rest, and iniquities multitudinous?"—"I tell you, in the words of God, that though your sins outnumbered the hairs of your head—the stars of heaven—the sands of the sea, you will be forgiven if you are truly penitent."—"But am I truly penitent? Penance, like every other act, to deserve credit before God or man, must be voluntary—free. But is this a voluntary repentance—is it not forced upon me by the most tremendous of all necessities? When I was well, and God would thank me, I did not do it; and will He thank me now? I have heard of death-bed repentance, and I know that all men in my situation, if in their senses, will call, as I do, for pardon, and if that could save them, all would be saved, which is against the Scripture. Priest of the living God, can you suggest no means of safety?"—"Look to Jesus Christ: it is written that 'those who believe in him shall not perish, but shall have life everlasting.'" O Jesus! I have lived but for the world—not for thee; I have lived but to forget thee. Is it not written, that I should die as I have lived? It is now too late."—"But it was not too late for the penitent thief."—"No, but St. Ephrem says truly, that 'that was not his last but his first hour'—his first call to grace: he obeyed it, and was saved; nor do I forget the remark of St. Augustine, speaking on death-bed repentance: 'One was saved that none might des-

pair, but one only that none might presume—the blood of Jesus, though it pleaded in that redeeming hour did not save the unhappy being who hung in tortures by his side."—"But he did not believe in Jesus; he derided and blasphemed."—"And what has my life been but a mockery, a living blasphemy? Believing, and yet outraging, is worse than the scorn of the unbelieving Jew."—"Do you then despair of your salvation?"—"O, no; that would be the crowning ingratitude of all; I must hope—I do! but my reason totters on its throne in discovering the justification of such hope: I tremble in my centre, and I fear to die. O that I could live over again! O that God would raise me up again to shew the sincerity of my sorrow, to deplore the blindness of the past! But a few years, O God, and I will love thee, serve thee! Have mercy, Jesus!—Jesus, mercy!" And he raised his attenuated hands, convulsively, entreatingly, to heaven. It was the last effort of exhausted nature, and they fell back heavily upon his couch. The change that came over his pallid features told his confessor that his hour was come. He anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord—he prayed the prayer of faith to save him—he breathed into his ear the name of Jesus—he repeated the orisons of the dying; and, as he watched those eyes, so wildly floating upwards, and sometimes fixed, as if they would explore the destinies of another world, he thought, may not such desolation move even still omnipotence to mercy? But then would come eternal promises and blighted years, and the blood of Jesus violated; and as the bosom of the dying man rose in its last momentous parturition, he exclaimed, "God have mercy on him—he is dead!" He might have added, in an instant, he is judged; he is dead and judged; is his soul lost or saved? Answer it, ye speculators in eternity—if even ye do speculate therein: ye wild adventurers in a perilous game—would you stake an eternity of happiness or misery upon his chances; but will you allow eternity to be dependent upon his? Can you think that one cry for mercy when he could not help it will be a sufficient expiation for a whole life of sin?

Men of reason, if not of religion, think, and determine, and begin, for the hour is coming for all and each of us, either of final victory or irretrievable defeat! For you, my brethren, I humbly pray that your flight may not be in the winter, surrounded by snows and storms, and unproductiveness and torpor! "O may it be rather in the summer, when the sun is shining, and the earth rejoicing, and the foliage and flowers and fruits of a good life are around you, that so you may pass into the ever verdant lawns of Paradise, and enjoy the eternal Sabbath of the rest of God! Amen.

# A CHARITABLE APPEAL

FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

In favour of the doctrines of

The Catholic Church.

Return back to judgment."—*DAN.* xiii. 40.  
"To the law and to the testimony."—*ISA.* viii. 20.

NOTE.—The scriptural quotations by which this appeal is enforced, are taken from the Protestant Bible.

(Continued)

## POINT VII.

PROTESTANTS hold, That the Church of Rome, though once the true Church of Christ, was become so impure and corrupt in her doctrine, when the Reformation set out, that she is rightly judged to be the whore of Babylon, mentioned by St. John in the Revelations, "who hath made all kings of the earth and all people drunk with the wine of her fornication." *Rev.* xvii. 1, 2.

Contrary to the express words of their own Bible: "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever. Yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." *Hosea* ii. 19.

So God speaks of the Church, by the mouth of the prophet *Hosea*. Now, before the Reformation, we know of no other Catholic Church on earth, but that which held communion with Rome, called the Roman Catholic Church: and can it be believed by any, but atheists, that this spouse of Christ, whom God has betrothed to himself in righteousness and in faithfulness for ever, is at length become the harlot of the Apocalypse?

2. "Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let wives be to their own husbands, in everything. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it: that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water, by the word. That he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy, and without blemish." *Eph.* v. 24, 25.

Now, let Protestants compare the description which St. Paul has here given of the beloved spouse of Christ, holy, without spot, without blemish; with the description given by St. John, in the Revelations, of the whore of Babylon, and try whether these two descriptions, when they are understood of the same Church, can stand together in the same brain not cracked.

## POINT VIII.

PROTESTANTS hold, That the great Antichrist spoken of in Holy Scripture, is the Pope of Rome, and his predecessors, who have sat in St. Peter's chair, for the last thousand years and upwards.

Contrary to many clear texts both of their Bible and Testament.

1. "Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." *2 Thess.* ii. 3.

We find, by this text, that the great antichrist is one single person, one egregious impostor, who, by the apostle, is styled the man of sin, the son of perdition; how ridiculous then are they, who make the great antichrist to be a long succession of Popes, or a whole body of false Doctors!

2. "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." *2 Thess.* ii. 4.

Let Protestants say, which of the Popes, for the last thousand years or upwards, did declare himself to be God? If no such thing was ever heard of, then none of the Popes is Antichrist, who, according to the character here given of him, will exalt himself above all that is called God, and sit in the temple to be adored as God.

3. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is Christ? He is the Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." *1 John* ii. 22.

But, none of the Popes of the last thousand years and upwards, did ever deny either the Son or the Father: or ever questioned whether Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah or Christ: then none of these Popes was Antichrist.

4. "Little children, it is the last time; and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now there are are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time." *John* ii. 18.

To be continued.

## Fruits of a Good Education.

From *John, a young Shepherd, to his Sister.*

### LETTER I.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Yesterday afternoon, one of the most charming evenings of spring, I was sitting under a shady tree, playing on my pastoral reed, and looking at my flock which grazed on the tender grass around me—a clear rivulet watered the meadow on which my sheep were innocently sporting—the book which I had when at school, lay by my side upon the grass, and I was thinking of you. The sun, not quite down, still tinged with red the western

clouds, and gilded the mist which was rising at the bottom of the valley. The Chaplain of Wiesenthal happened to pass. After listening to me playing on my rural instrument, he advanced towards me, and seeing the little cherished book which I have preserved with so much care, as a precious souvenir of the good advice of our charitable school-master, (for, my dear sister, that much-esteemed book never parts from me continually),—"Do you know how to read, my child?" said the worthy ecclesiastic. "Yes, sir," I answered, and taking up the book, I read more than a page. He appeared much surprised, and asked whence I came, and who were my parents. "Since they instruct you with so much care," said he, "they must belong to the higher class of society. What is your employment in this vilage?"

I related to him our whole history, telling him that the war had ruined us, driven us from our country, and deprived us of our father; that our poor mother is sick in a cottage at Thannenburg, six leagues off, and that you, my sister, take care of her and sustain her by your kind attention. I told him, in a word, that I, with the intention of gaining something to support both you and her, had hired myself as a shepherd to a rich farmer of Wiesenthal. The tears came trickling from my eyes during the recital of our misfortunes.

The good Priest then said to me affectionately: "Be comforted, my child, and do not weep. Be like your good parents, and I promise you that your lot will change for the better."

Taking out his purse, he gave me a beautiful new piece of money, which I now send to my poor mother. Tell her how much I love and respect her; tell her that in all my prayers I beg our Lord to grant her the health and happiness which she merits. Farewell, my dear sister.

Your devoted brother,

JOHN.

Wiesenthal, May 1st, 1806.

## LETTER II.

*Mary to her brother.*

Thannenburg, May 15th, 1806.

O MY DEAR BROTHER!

The first letter which I send you will be a sad one; it will break your heart. I am bathed in tears. God makes trial of our patience; he has called to himself one for whom you would have given a thousand lives. My dearest brother, we are orphans. Day before yesterday, our beloved mother died, and she was interred this morning. O how can I express the bitter anguish which I now experience! How can I tell you what my feelings were at seeing our good mother approaching hourly nearer and nearer to death! You know how much I loved her, and how much she

deserved our love. O! my brother! I must summon all my strength to repeat her last words to you. May they be ever sacred to us.

The eve of her death, I was sitting near her when we received your letter. I read it for her, and she wept with joy. "Alas! my daughter," said she, "I shall never recover from this malady. I am about to go to our Father who is in heaven. I have raised you both with all the care in my power; and now, at the point of death, this thought is my greatest consolation. O! my dearest children! be always pious and good; raise your hearts continually towards God; raise your hearts continually towards God; entreat him to sustain you amid the trials of life, and to make you daily better and better; love him above all things keep his commandments, and put your whole confidence in him. Have entire faith in Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour; do lovingly whatever he has prescribed, and endeavour to follow his divine example. Ask every day the Almighty to enlighten and guide you with his Holy Spirit. Love each other, and do good to all men. Let neither poverty nor want ever induce you to take anything belonging to another. Entertain a horror for sin, and watch carefully over the treasure of your innocence. Our Lord will never abandon you; he will supply the place of your mother, as he has hitherto held that of our father. Cast yourselves then, without fear, into his paternal arms. Farewell, my children! Do not weep, for I am going to heaven, where I will pray for you! These are the last words of your mother, on her bed of death. Forget them not, my dear Mary; relate them to John, my beloved son. Tell him that his conduct has hitherto been my chief consolation, and that if God calls me to the bosom of his glory, I hope to see him live according to the principles which, to the present time, have guided him in the path of virtue and religion. Make known to him my last words. I would like to see him once more, but we shall all meet again in heaven, where I hope to find your father. May the Lord watch over you, my much cherished daughter. May he reward you on this earth for all that you have done for your poor mother, and may he preserve you innocent and pure."

Her strength failed her; she embraced me tenderly, and blessed us separately, begging our Lord, with a feeble voice, to send down upon us his choicest blessings. Three hours after, she expired, fortified with the last sacraments, and full of tranquil confidence in God. As for me, I remain here to weep alone! Our venerable Pastor accompanied her body to its last resting place. Words will not suffice to declare all his kindness towards her during her illness. He visited her



daily; every day he sent her assistance. It was he that sent the physician, and paid the druggist for the medicines. He was present during her last words, consoling her and giving her assurance with words of comfort. Entreat, my dear brother—entreat our merciful God to reward our good Pastor for all the kindness which he has shown us. Pray also for me, for I am now a poor orphan girl. We are, it is true, both very poor, we are both orphans, exposed to the world without an asylum; however, as you are large and strong, you may gain your livelihood. But what can I do? I am still too young to hire out, and I feel too great a repugnance to beg; besides, that mode of life leads very easily to evil. O my dear brother! may God pity your helpless sister,  
 MARY.

---

LETTER III.

*John to Mary.*

Wiesenthal, June 26, 1866.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You have good reason to say, "May God have mercy on us." My tears hardly permit me to write. How shall I express the pain and grief which your letter gave me? Who would have thought that our poor mother would be taken from us so soon? We are truly unhappy; but it has been the will of God that things should be as they are, and we should submit, blessing the hand that strikes us. Whatever he wills is right; and of this we should be convinced, although the trials to which he subjects us, may at first spread affliction over our hearts.

Our good mother is now happy; she was so pious, that we may with full confidence believe that she is in heaven. Her lot is preferable to ours; this thought should then console us, and almost make us rejoice. After so much labor and fatigue on earth, she now reposes in the bosom of God; she now has joy for her sorrows, happiness for her miseries. Let us pray then, let us weep, but never murmur. God will take care of us. He nourishes the fowls of the air, he decks the lily of the field in all its beauty; how can he then forget his children? No! he will be our protector; he will assist and console us in our afflictions.

Be not then, my good sister, too much affected by our misfortunes; place your confidence in God. Let us be ever mindful of the advice of our affectionate mother. God will then bless us, and after this life take us to heaven where we shall see her and dwell with her for ever.

With this letter, I send another for your good Pastor. Farewell; may God watch over your welfare and that of your brother  
 JOHN.

At Birmingham, a few days ago, a Baptist minister was received into the Catholic Church.

**SPIRITUAL AID TO CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.**—A correspondence which has lately taken place between the Very Rev. Dr. Synnott, the President of St. Peter's College, Wexford, and her Majesty's Secretary at War, shows that the question regarding the appointment of Catholic chaplains for the spiritual aid and instruction of Catholic soldiers for priests as well as Douay Bibles, is forced upon the attention of Government, and may yet produce the desired effect.—*Tuam Herald.*

---

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To Country Subscribers—we have this to say—all papers must be paid for in ADVANCE, after the expiration of the present year, all papers not so paid for, will be discontinued. It is impossible to collect subscriptions of FIVE SHILLINGS scattered over a whole Province. The man who cannot pay this sum for his paper in advance, is not more likely to do so at the end of the year. We pay CASH for paper and labour weekly, and we must be paid CASH by our subscribers, to enable us to continue to do so.

A. J. RITCHIE.

---

INTELLIGENTS.

---

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- JULY 22—Jane, daughter of Arthur and Ann Keefe, aged 7 months.  
 28—Patrick Devalin, native of Ireland, aged 22 years.  
 29—Sophia, daughter of James and Sarah Walker, aged 18 months.  
 31—James, son of Edward and Margaret O'Donnell, native of the County Kerry, Ireland, aged 12 years.  
 " Ann, wife of Thomas Burke, native of county Waterford, Ireland, aged 31 years.

---

Published by A. J. RITCHIE, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax  
 Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage.

All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid,) to No. 2, Upper Water street Halifax.