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THE CROSS.



PRINTED BY
R. & W.

W. B. B. B.

VOL. 2.

No. 1.

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.

BALIFAN, JANUARY 3, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- 6—Sunday—(Vacant) Octave day of Holy Innocents.
- 7—Monday—Vigil of Epiphany.
- 8—Tuesday—Epiphany of our Lord.
- 9—Wednesday—Of the Octave.
- 10—Thursday—Of the Octave.
- 11—Friday—Of the Octave.
- 12—Saturday—Of the Octave.

ST. MARY'S CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. P. J. Compton, the Secretary of this Society, has favoured us with a report of the proceedings at the very numerous Meeting of the Society, which was held on Monday last. The communication, however, reached us at too late an hour for insertion in our present number, but we will not fail to publish it in the next Cross.

ROME.

It has been already announced in the European journals that a marriage was about to be concluded between the Archduke Stephen of Austria, and the Grand Duchess Olga, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and that the latter was about to embrace the Catholic faith. It is confidently reported that the Pope has been applied to in order to obtain his sanction for this marriage, and that his Holiness is determined to make it an essential condition of his approbation that the persecuting Autocrat of the Russians shall treat his

oppressed Catholic subjects in Poland with more humanity for the future, and secure to them the free exercise of their religion. The visit of the Emperor Nicholas to Italy has, it is said, an immediate connection with this affair, and that the favourable or unfavourable dispositions of Gregory XVI. would determine the question of his visit to Rome.

Monsignor Pacci, Papal Nuncio at Brussels, has been appointed, by his Holiness, Bishop of Perugia in the Roman States, the climate of Belgium not having agreed with his health. He is to be succeeded by Monsignor di San Marzano, son of the celebrated Count of that name, who filled several important posts under the Empire, and was afterwards Minister of Foreign affairs in Sardinia. Perugia is one of the most remarkable towns in the Pope's dominions, and contains most valuable treasures of art in its hundred churches and public institutions. It is within a few miles of the celebrated Lake of Trasimene, where the Romans sustained so dreadful a defeat from the direst of all their adversaries, the renowned Hannibal of Carthage. It is also the birth-place of Pietro di Perugino, the great painter and the master of Raphael.

On the 26th of last October an affecting ceremony took place at Rennes in Brittany. It was the

solemn translation of a Relic of St. Moderanus, an ancient Bishop of that city.

This holy Bishop was born at Rennes about the year 660, and spent his entire youth in the service of the altar. He was created, for his virtues, Bishop of his native city. After some years he conceived a great desire to visit the Tombs of the Apostles at Rome. On his way to the Eternal City he passed by Reims, and procured there some relics of St. Remigius. These he left in his journey through Italy at Berzetto a Monastery in the country of the present Duchy of Parma. Luitprand, King of the Lombards, having seen the saint, conceived a high esteem for him, and offered him the Monastery of Berzetto. The holy Bishop considered this offer an excellent opportunity of satisfying his desire for a religious life of seclusion, accepted it, and on his return to Rennes resigned his bishopric. He lived ten years afterwards in the Monastery of Berzetto and died there in the odour of sanctity in the month of October, 730.

The Monastery was suppressed under Napoleon, but the Church was not destroyed; it was converted into a Parish Church. St. Moderanus is its patron and his Body is religiously preserved there under an Altar dedicated to him. The Abbe Tresvaux, Canon of Paris, and a countryman of the saint, having been in Italy in the year 1839 petitioned the Bishop of Parma for some relics of the saint to bring to the Church of Rennes. Soon after his application the Bishop of Parma died; and the request being repeated to Monsignor de Neuschel, the present Bishop of Parma, that prelate during his visitation at Berzetto opened the shrine of St. Moderanus on the 10th of August, 1844, took out a large bone, which was in an entire state of preservation, and sent it to France in a sealed box, duly authenticated. It was an interesting sight for the faithful, at Rennes, to behold a portion of the body of their ancient townsman carried back in triumph to his native city, nearly eleven hundred years after his death.

ORDINATIONS.

During the late Advent two clergymen named McGilvray were ordained at Antigonish by the Right Rev Dr Fraser. His Lordship was assisted by the Rev D Geary as Archdeacon. An ordination was also held at St John's, N B, by the Right Rev Dr

Dollard, assisted by the Very Rev James Dunphy, when two other clergymen were ordained for that Diocese. It is gratifying to perceive that the number of labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, in these provinces, is steadily increasing every year. May they bring forth abundant fruit, and may their fruit remain!


The City and Diocese of Trent have been making splendid preparations to celebrate the three hundredth Anniversary of the opening of the Celebrated General Council in the year 1545.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Another year has rolled into the ocean of eternity. Eighteen hundred and forty-five has disappeared. All its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, have passed away. All its sinful delights have vanished like a dream, and nought is left behind but the sting of remorse, the agonizing remembrance of duties violated, of graces abused, of opportunities lost for ever. The 'animal man' has gratified his passions but exhausted his health, and murdered his soul. The vindictive man has glutted his paltry feelings of revenge, but for the fiendish and mean indulgence he has forfeited the god-like attribute of forgiveness, with all its glorious rewards. The miser has during the past year made fresh offerings to the idol of his base adoration, but the cries of the poor against whom he has closed his petrified heart, have pierced the clouds and reached the ears of the God of Sabaoth. He has piled up gold on gold, and increased his earthly store, as if he were to live for ever; but the resistless tide of Time has hurried him along and brought him nearer to the grave. Before another year revolves, his riches will melt away, the strong hand of Death will clutch him fast, and force him to relax his covetous grasp, and send him to his mother Earth as poor and naked as he came forth from the womb. Every sinner must feel at the commencement of a New Year that the transitory delights of unlawful indulgence have departed, but that sin itself with all its foul blots, and hideous features and terrible consequences still remains to gnaw and eat away his heart with the undying worm of conscience.

During the year that is gone, how many pure minds have been corrupted, how many peaceful hearts robbed of their best treasure, how much innocence destroyed, how much virtue calumniated,

how much vice has triumphed, how many homes made desolate, how many friends irrecoverably lost, how many widows and orphans created with no other heritage but that of tears, how many parents left childless to whom the whole world is a melancholy void, how many new tenants have peopled the crowded regions of the dead, how many immortal souls whose priceless value was written in letters of blood, even the Blood of a God, consigned to hopeless perdition, to black despair, to everlasting fire, the horrid depths of whose eternal dungeon no ray of hope shall ever penetrate!

But, if 'the desires of sinners have perished,' if their guilty pleasures are ended, so are also the sufferings of the just. For the good Christian the trials and persecutions of the past are over, but the merit of their patient endurance is written in the Book of Life. 'The Recording Angel has duly noted every sigh, and tear, and pang, with all the minute detail of suffering for justice' sake. Sweet is now the memory of past anguish to the tried servant of God, because it is gilded with the bright hope of future rewards. He has added another year to his  of salvation, he has advanced another year to the possession of his Sovereign Good. His painful exile is shortened his sorrowful pilgrimage through the valley of tears is abridged, he may 'lift up his head,' he can 'exult and rejoice for his redemption is at hand.' Yet 'a little while' and 'He that is to come, will come, and will not delay.' Another short interval of hopeful patience, and the faithful soldier of Christ will behold the King 'in whom he trusted' coming to decorate his brow with the immortal crown of justice, coming to invest him with the glorious palm-branch of triumph, and the White Robe that is washed in the blood of the Lamb.

'O children of men how long will you love vanity, and seek after lying?' How long will you blindly devote yourselves to a world that is slipping from beneath your feet? How long will you trouble yourselves with a thousand useless cares and dangerous distractions whilst you forget that there is but **ONE THING NECESSARY?** How long will you suffer cold and hunger and thirst, and expose yourselves to a thousand perils by sea and land for delusive wealth and fleeting objects, which, when attained, can never satiate your heart? How long will you devote your days and nights to the settlement of your earthly accounts, to the balancing of your books, and the reckoning of your gains, whilst the

great account of conscience, the awful account, upon the settlement of which hangs an eternity of weal or woe, is deferred to the last?

Alas! alas! though each revolving year in its departing knell proclaims that the history of mankind is a history of death, mankind live as if this world's existence, and their own, were never to have an end.

The Cross is now commencing its Fourth Year. It was begun for no earthly speculation, for no sordid love of gain, for no political cause. True to our original declarations, we have endeavoured to conduct it in such a manner, as that it might be read by all, without wounding the feelings of any. To aid in the diffusion of religious Truth, to unfold some of the beauties of the Ancient Faith, to expound for the Catholic some of the dogmatic points as well as the moral precepts of his Religion, to awe the sinner, to confirm the just, to excite the slothful and encourage the timid, to defend the most sacred principles in the language of moderation and charity, to give glory to God in heaven, and peace to men of good will on earth, to cultivate between our fellow-men the fraternal love of the gospel of Christ, to correct erroneous impressions, and remove unfounded misrepresentations—these have been our principal objects; and if we have succeeded in reclaiming even one Catholic, or inducing one honest opponent to 'return to judgment,' and to look with juster and kinder feelings on our much calumniated creed, we would consider that our humble labours have been fully rewarded.

We would respectfully entreat the Clergy of this and the neighbouring Provinces to lend us their valuable aid in promoting the circulation of the Cross. It is published at so trifling a sum as to place it within the reach of all, and it forms at the close of each year an entertaining and instructive volume. We will always feel happy in publishing for the Clergy, any communications affecting the interests of our common Religion, with which they may favour us; and if our clerical readers be extended we hope to be able to devote a portion of the Cross to Ecclesiastical matter, to Rubrics and Decrees of the Congregation of Rites which they would find particularly useful.

To each and all of our readers we wish a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!** May it be to them a year of holiness, a year of grace, and a year of salvation!

Books are sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable.

LITERATURE.

THE WOODEN CROSS.

A RELIGIOUS TALE.

Chapter I.

The sun was gilding with his departing rays the beautifully stained windows of the ancient Cathedral, and pouring into the immense building a faint reflection of his light. This magnificent edifice, the work of three centuries, reared its imposing mass like a giant, amid the modest dwellings by which it was surrounded. Every object in it bespoke the greatest magnificence, and attested the love of the people for the God whom they came thither to adore. The eye was attracted with respect towards the sanctuary which was superbly embellished with gilding, precious marbles, and statues, from the chisels of the most celebrated masters. The height of its arches, the boldness of its pillars which shot into the air like so many towers, the happy disposition of the various parts, the harmony of the entire, and the perfection of the details, impressed on this building, which was three hundred and fifty feet in length, a character of grandeur that seized on the imagination, and prepared the soul for the grave meditations of religion. You could never enter this sacred temple without feeling those sweet emotions, which so admirably relieve the heart—that is so often a prey to the agitation of the world.

It was on a Sunday evening when the inhabitants of the town were hurrying out in crowds to breathe the pure air of the country. Madam de Linden, a lady descended from a noble family, in whom piety and virtue were hereditary, had, since her husband's death, quitted the town to retire to a mansion situated in a delightful country, where she abandoned herself without reserve to the inclinations of her noble heart, in doing good, and bringing comfort to the miserable.

She had come to spend some weeks in her house in town to regulate certain affairs, which required her presence. She was resolved to leave on the following day, and was paying several farewell visits alone and on foot. Her way led her to the neighbourhood of the church, when she was attracted to the holy spot by the majestic sounds of the organ, which rolled waves of harmony throughout the vast building. On entering the beautiful church, she beheld a numerous group of the faithful in one of the lateral chapels, singing the praises of the august Mother of the Son of God. She joined the pious congregation. The holy place was filled, as it were, with the divine majesty; the sweet odour of the incense, the recollection of the people, and the sacred music,

made such an impression on her senses, that she believed herself transported into another world. Suddenly the voice of the priest was alone heard; the multitude prostrated on the pavement of the church, received the benediction of the Lord in an ecstasy of love, and soon after retired in the most profound silence.

Madam de Linden was so moved by what she had beheld, that she approached the Altar of Mary to recite some prayers. She had never before visited this sanctuary, which seemed as if isolated amid the vast extent of the building. By the flickering glare of a lamp she could discern the altar, and the ornaments by which it was decorated. Its architecture was simple, but executed with much taste. A picture representing the holy virgin at the foot of the cross, at the moment when the blind rage of the Jews had fastened on it her divine Son, attracted her attention. The painter had in some manner identified the mother's grief with the agony of the Son, and had skill to impart such an energy to his work, that it was impossible to resist the impression it produced. With a happy idea he had grouped around the holy mother of Jesus Christ, several persons loaded with infirmities, as if to teach us, that she whom the Church calls the *comfortress* afflicted, had in some measure drunk to the dregs the cup of human misery and sorrow, and that she had perfect experience of those sorrows, for whose relief we invoke her assistance.

Whilst Madam de Linden was enjoying at length the unspeakable delights which the faithful soul experiences in prayer, she was attracted all on a sudden by sighs, which issued from a corner of the Chapel. She gently turned round her head, and to her great astonishment beheld kneeling in holy recollection a little girl, who could hardly be ten years old. This child was dressed in black; her eyes fixed on the altar, her hands joined on her breast, her tears which flowed down like large pearls on cheeks furrowed by premature care, her attitude, her piety; in a word, every thing about her was interesting; you would have pronounced her an angel in adoration before the Holy of holies.

At the sight of so much innocence, Madam de Linden felt herself drawn towards the little unknown; she was about to rise to ask her the cause of her grief, but the fear of disturbing her prayer, induced her to wait. At length the little creature ended, and went out of the chapel; the lady followed her and said,

“You have been crying a great deal, my good child. Why are you so sorrowful? or what is the cause of your grief?”

“Ah! Ma'am, I have good reason to cry and be sorry. A year ago I had the misfortune to lose

my father, and it was only last Sunday my poor mother was interred. I have no longer any one in the world, and I know not what to do. The little chamber which my mother occupied is about being closed against me this very day; the owner would not let me keep it any longer, because I am unable to pay him. Whither shall I flee for refuge?"

"You have therefore no relations who would take care of you?"

"I have many relations, Ma'am, but they are very poor themselves, and have several children. The Parish Priest of this Parish, who administered the last sacraments to my mother, has already been frequently with them to induce them to take me; they have as yet given no decided answer, and I can well understand the reason: when we are in want ourselves, we can do nothing for others."

"You are therefore acquainted with the Parish Priest?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, come with me, and shew me where he lives."

"I dare not go so far, Ma'am: it is now late, and I must return to the house."

"But there is no fear of your going too far. Come along, I will manage all that."

The lady quitted the church, leading the little girl by the hand, and bent her steps towards the house of the Parish Priest.

This respectable clergyman enjoyed the well-merited confidence of his flock. He was already advanced in age. He had gained all hearts by his zeal, his virtues, his simple manners, his extensive knowledge, but above all, his boundless charity. When Madam de Linden entered with the little girl, he was engaged in writing a letter. This lady left the child a little behind, and after the customary salutations took a chair, and said to the man of God: "Reverend Sir, I happened to meet this little girl in your church; she told me she was an orphan, and bereft of all assistance. Will you have the goodness to tell me your opinion of her?"

"I have nothing but what is satisfactory to tell you," replied the priest, "concerning the little Sophy's family, as well as the child herself. Her parents, very good Christians, were always remarkable for their excellent qualities; they were poor, but not through their own fault. They had many sufferings to endure, but especially long illness. Sophy attended them with a kindness, and understanding, far above her age. She is of a very gentle disposition, fond of industry, has sound religious principles, and having received an early training in the school of misfortune, she promises to become a virtuous girl."

"I am very happy, Sir, to hear so flattering an account from your mouth of this little creature. I am a widow, have no children, and possess a good fortune; I am going to adopt her, and if she perseveres in good conduct, I will take care of her future prospects."

"You will never, Madam, find a better opportunity of doing a good work. Sophy really deserves that you should feel an interest in her. I imagine that I still see her mother, a few minutes before death, raising her feeble hands to heaven, and invoking the protection of the Lord on this child. I fancy I still hear her saying to God with a lively confidence, 'O heavenly Father, you who have given me so many proofs of your love during my husband's life, do not abandon a poor little orphan! If I die send her a mother. I am cheered by this hope.' Then giving her blessing to her daughter, she again exhorted her to remain sincerely attached to her religion, and peaceably slept in the Lord, whilst the little one was drowned in tears. Never shall I forget that heart-rending moment. The prayers of this virtuous woman have been heard. It was not by chance, Madam, but by the special permission of God, that you were led into the church this evening to discover little Sophy there. Yes, you will serve as a mother for her, and God will repay you one hundred fold, every thing that you shall do for this little orphan."

Madam de Linden, affected even to tears by the words of the excellent clergyman, called Sophy, and told her she was going to take charge of her, and bring her to her country-house. On hearing this news, the little one threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, to testify her gratitude beforehand. Tears of joy ran down her face. The lady kindly raised her up, and said to her, "Courage, my child! your misfortunes will have an end. If you conduct yourself well, you will always find in me a tender mother and protectress."

"Yes," added the priest, "you ought to bless Providence, my child, who has this day given you so great a proof of his tenderness. For, what would have become of you, if this charitable lady had not met you? At the very moment you thought you were lost without redress, the Lord sent you a comforter, and even your future prospects are ensured. Never forget the advice which your dying mother gave you in such affectionate terms. The blessing of a virtuous mother is a treasure to her daughter. Imitate her example, and strive to become one day as virtuous and prudent as she was. Always remember that God does not afford his protection to the wicked, and that the apparent prosperity of sinners is a chastisement which he inflicts upon them; if then, hereafter, prosperity should befall you, receive it with humble thankfulness; if, on the contrary, adversity, learn to bear it with resignation. Labour unceasingly to acquire more and more friendship of God. Whoever serves God well, will also pro-

perly serve the masters whom he has given us in this world. Always preserve your innocence, and call upon the Lord in the hour of temptation. Your days will sometimes flow smoothly, and sometimes will be ruffled; but be tranquil if your conduct be such, as that God may be always with you, for it is always this same God of goodness who thus disposes our life.

Sophy listened with pious attention to this advice of the respectable Ecclesiastic, and frequently repeated her determination to follow it. To complete the business of the day, the priest sent for the relatives of the orphan, and acquainted them with the resolutions of Madam de Linden. These good people, so far from opposing her design of taking the child home with her, thanked her for her generosity. Their joy was redoubled when Madam de Linden told them she was about to take away the child immediately, and that she made them a present of the bed, and the various little articles of furniture, which formed the scanty inheritance of Sophy. The latter asked only some prayer-books which belonged to her deceased mother, being desirous of having always before her eyes the remembrance of this excellent woman. Her relatives went to look for those books, and brought them to Sophy. She took an affectionate farewell of them, and departed with Madam de Linden, who was resolved to leave town the following morning, to return to her country seat.

To be continued.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

PERFECTION.

Let us learn from Jesus in the manger, what account we ought to make of the things of this world.—S. FRANCIS OF SALES.

The venerable Beatrice of Nazareth saw in a vision the whole machine of the universe under her feet, and above her head Almighty God, and nothing else; in such a manner that she seemed to be placed between God and the world—the world underneath, God above, and herself in the midst. And she understood that the sum of perfection is, when we look up to God alone, and have all the world under our feet, making no more account of it than if it did not exist at all, and fixing all our love and all our esteem on God, and on nothing else, not even on ourselves, excepting for God's sake.

S. Eduige, queen of Poland, having become a religious, never spoke, or wished to hear, of the things of the world, unless they regarded the honour of God, or the salvation of souls.

A CHEAP WEATHER-GLASS.—I keep, says a gentleman, a phial of water, containing a leech, on the pane of my lower sash chamber window, so that when I look in the morning I could know what would be the weather of the following day. If the

weather continues serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner moves through its limited habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it ledges almost continually out of the water, and discovers great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive-like motions. In frost, as in clear summer-like weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. It may be not amiss to note that the leech is kept in a common eight-ounce glass phial, about three-fourths filled with water, and covered on the mouth with a bit of linen rag. In the summer time the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight. What reasons may be assigned for these changes, philosophy may determine; but the leech appears to be affected in a way analogous to that of spirits and mercury, in the weather-glass; and it seems evident, from the surprising sensation which it manifests, that an approaching change of weather, even days before it takes place, makes a visible change upon its manner of living.

He who knows how to govern well a large family, may govern a kingdom. This may appear paradoxical, but it is by means of the same spirit of order, wisdom, and firmness, that we govern a hundred persons or a hundred thousand.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

To his fatherland, from a foreign strand,
On his well-trimm'd deck across the main,
The Exile came, and, as he caught
The first, far glimpse of his native spot,
Of its sun-lit hills!—he fondly thought
He might meet the friends of his youth again.

He call'd on the gale to fill each-sail,
And urge his bark in her course of foam;
And the breeze seem'd to list the Exile's prayer,
For, his bark thro' the deep like a bird thro' the air
Flew onward—and lo! she has anchor'd where
Once stood his much lov'd village home!

Once stood!—but now on that tall cliff's brow
No castles frown, no cottages smile!
From sea to shore his quick eye roll'd—
'Tis the bay where he sported and swam of old,
The wild rock he climb'd and the mountain bold—
But his village home is—one ruin'd pile!

And the sea-gulls screech on that lone, long beach,
And the curlew's cry o'er the channel's foam,
And the waving willows' desolate bloom,
And solitude's sigh from yon glen's deep gloom,
To his sad heart speakingly told the doom
Of the friends of his youth and his village home!

General Intelligence.

SYNOD OF THE CATHOLIC PRELATES— RENEWED CONDEMNATION OF THE COLLEGES.

The following is the authenticated version of the proceedings of the Catholic Bishops, respecting the New Colleges:—

At a meeting of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland, held in the Presbytery, Marlborough-street, on Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1845.

The Most Rev. Dr. CROTTY in the chair; It was moved by the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale; seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, and adopted:

Resolved—That the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland having resolved that the measure of Academical Education proposed by the government was dangerous to faith and morals, while the securities which they required for the removal of those dangers were refused by the Government and the Legislature; we, as guardians of the faith in Ireland, and anxious to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, lay before the Holy Father our former resolutions, and their application to the Act in its present form, together with the grounds on which those resolutions were founded, in order that we may all receive the decision of his Holiness, and recognise the voice of Peter in the person of his successor.

(Signed),

† W. CROTTY, Chairman.

† L. O'DONNELL, Secretary.

DISSENTIENT,

Because we consider that the following resolution, proposed and supported by us, is a more accurate statement of the case, and more respectful to the Holy See:

Resolved—That the Bill for Academical Education in Ireland, proposed by the British Government, together with the memorial of the assembled Prelates in May last, and the Bill in its amended form, be submitted to the Holy See for its consideration and decision.

† W. CROTTY.

† D. MURRAY.

† J. RYAN.

† P. M'GETTIGAN.

† J. BROWNE (Kilmore).

† C. DENVIR.

At an adjournment of the meeting of the previous day, held in the same place, on Wednesday, the 19th inst.,

The Most Rev. Dr. SLATTERY in the chair; Proposed by the Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, and seconded by the Most Rev. Dr. Crotty:

Resolved unanimously—That our resolutions, adopted at different periods, condemning a state

provision for our clergy, be now republished, in order to inform our people that our opinions on the subject are unchanged and unchangeable.

† Most Rev. M. SLATTERY, Chairman.

† Right Rev. V. L. O'DONNELL, Secretary.

Resolved on the 10th November, 1841, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale in the chair.

Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Crotty and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran;

Resolved unanimously—That his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray be requested to call a special general meeting of the Prelates of all Ireland, in case that he shall have clear proof, or well-grounded apprehensions, that the odious and alarming scheme of a state provision for the Catholic clergy of this portion of the empire shall be contemplated by the government before our next general meeting

† JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, Chairman.

† THOMAS FEENY, Secretary.

At a general meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held in the Parochial-house, Marlborough-street, the following resolution was proposed and adopted:

Resolved—That alarmed at the report that an attempt is likely to be made during the approaching session of Parliament to make a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, we deem it our imperative duty not to separate without recording the expression of our strongest reprobation of any such attempt, and of our unalterable determination to resist by every means in our power a measure so fraught with mischief to the independence and purity of the Catholic religion in Ireland.

† D. MURRAY, Chairman.

† P. KENNEDY, Secretary.

At a meeting of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held in the Presbytery-house, Marlborough-street, on the 15th day of November, 1843—

Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray; seconded by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery:

Unanimously resolved—That the resolutions of January, 1837, and of November, 1841, be now re-published, in order to make known to our faithful clergy and people, and to all others concerned, that our firm determination on the subject remains unchanged, and that we unanimously pledge ourselves to resist, by every influence we possess, every attempt that may be made to make any state provision for the Catholic clergy, in whatever shape or form it may be offered.

† JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, Chairman.

JOHN MADDEN, Secretary.

RECEPTION OF A NUN.—On Thursday last, the 13th instant, Miss Curtis, daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen Alderman Curtis, and sister to Counsellor Curtis, was received into the Ursuline Convent with all the imposing solemnity of the Catholic Church, by the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Foran. The greatest portion of the clergy of the diocese attended. It will be remembered that this gifted lady was the authoress of the celebrated address which was presented to the Liberator on his visit to the Convent, on a late occasion, as well as many other literary works of great excellence. But she has given up all the advantages of this world's society, to which she would have been an ornament, and devoted her pious talents to the eternal purposes of the worship of God and her own salvation.—*Waterford paper.*

The foundation stone of the nunnery boarding school for the French nuns, was laid by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Catholic bishop of Limerick, at Laurel Hill, on Wednesday, when thirty scholars attended, and presented his lordship with an elegant address, written in French. The Rev. Dr. Cussen, of Buff, Rev. Messrs. Bunton and Butler, Mr. James Walsh, of the Christian Brothers' Order, and several respectable persons were present at this most interesting and edifying ceremony.—*Tipperary Vindicator.*

[From the Oxford Herald.]

MORE SECESSIONS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We have heard, on good authority, that Mr Oakeley has resigned his fellowship of Baliol College and prebendary of Lichfield. Mr. Oakeley was elected to his fellowship from Christ Church in 1827, in which year he obtained the Chancellor's prize for the English essay, and also Dr. Ellerton's prize; having previously obtained the Chancellor's prize for the Latin Essay at Christ Church in 1825, Mr. Oakeley filled successively the offices of select preacher, public examiner, and Whitehall preacher for Oxford. We believe that Dr. Oakeley received his prebendal stall in Lichfield Cathedral from the late Bishop Ryder. [It is understood that Mr. Oakeley retires into lay communion.]

We may add to the more recent lists (published) the Ladies Acheson, daughters of the Earl of Gosford; among very many others.

There is no foundation for the report that the Rev. W. J. Copeland, B. D., of Trinity College, and curate of Littlemore, has seceded; it is the brother of that gentleman whom the *Church and State Gazette* speaks of as having joined the Roman church.

It is confidently stated, and we know nothing to the contrary, that the Rev. C. H. Collyns, M. A.,

student of Christ Church, and curate of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in this city, has resigned his studentship, and is contemplating an immediate secession. [The above report has been fully confirmed; Mr. Collins has since resigned his studentship.]

CIRENCESTER.—A correspondent writes—"The Rev. Edmund Edgar Estcourt, late one of the curates of this town, and nephew of the member for Oxford, has seceded from the establishment, and gone over to Rome.—*Gloucester Journal.*

A woman should look upon her husband as her only friend and in all cases wherein he differs from any branch of her family she should assume as a fact that he is in the right, and govern herself accordingly. When any one whispers a tale to her derogatory to her husband, she should look upon the talebearer as the enemy of their happiness in the first place, and in the second place as a despicable and impertinent person, as all talebearers are. In short as Miss Parlob says, when a woman marries she should give up her heart, feelings, fancies and opinions to her husband; and never allow a sister's influence to be superior to his; for the joy, tranquility and comfort, of her husband; and if they cannot live in amity together, they will look in vain for comfort in any of the relations of life.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- DEC. 30—Jeremiah Harrington, native County Cork, aged 53 years.
31—Catherine, daughter of Richard and Ann Phelan, aged 3 days.
JAN. 2—James Hickey, native of county Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 38 years.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- DEC. 26—Mrs. Mary Scott, of a Son.
27—Mrs. Bridget Shea, of a Son.
29—Mrs. Ann McDermott, of a Son.
" Mrs. Margaret Maloney, of a Son.
" Mrs. Eliza Divine, of a Son.
" Mrs. Ellen Moriarty, of a Son.
" Mrs. Ann Whelan, of a Daughter.
JAN. 1—Mrs. Mary Mackesy, of Twins—Sons.
" Mrs. Mary McGann, of a Daughter.
2—Mrs. Johanna Keefe, of a Son.
" Mrs. Jane Washington, of a Son.
" Mrs. Catherine Malone, of a Son.
" Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn, of a Son.
" Mrs. Mary Martin, of a Daughter.

Published by A. J. RITCHIE, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax
Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage
All Letters addressed to the Publisher must be post paid.