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JESUS said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER: AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15—19



"Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth."—TERTULLIAN *Prescrip* xxii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gather elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebein.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. *Cat.* xi. 1.

Calendar.

- Nov. 4—Sunday—XXIII after Pent 1st Nov St. Charles Borromeus B C d com Oct.
- " 5—Monday—St Mark P C doub com of Oct 7th Oct supp.
- " 6—Tuesday—St Calistus I P M doub 14th Oct supp.
- " 7—Wednesday—VII day of the Octave sam.
- " 8—Thursday—Octave of All Saints doub.
- " 9—Friday—Dedication of Our Saviours Church at St John Lateran doub I class with Oct.
- " 10—Saturday—St Andrew Avellinus C doub com Oct and St Tripho &c Mm.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARGARET CLITHEROW, THE MARTYR OF YORK.

Published from the Original Manuscript, 1849.

Mr. Nicholson has rescued from obscurity a grave and instructive narrative of the heroic martyrdom of a woman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It had been written by her Confessor, the Rev. John Mush, and is now for the first time made public.

The mockery of a trial to which she was subjected, is thus recorded by her biographer:—

Her indictment was read, that she had harboured and maintained Jesuits and Seminary Priests, traitors to the Queen's Majesty and the laws, and that she had heard Mass, and such like. Then Judge Clinch stood up and said, "Margaret Clitherow, how say you? Are you guilty of the indictment, or not?" The Martyr being about to answer, they commanded her to put off her hat, and then she said boldly, with a mild and smiling countenance, "I know of no offence whereof I should confess myself guilty." The Judge said, "Yes, you have offended the Queen's Majesty's laws, forasmuch as you have harboured and maintained Jesuits and Priests, enemies to her Majesty." The Martyr answered, "I neither know nor have harboured any such persons. God defend (forbid) I should harbour or maintain those which are not the Queen's friends." The Judge said, "How will you be tried?" The Martyr answered, "Having made no offence, I need no trial." They said, "You have offended the statute and therefore you must be tried;" and often asked her how she would be tried. The Martyr answered, "If you say I have offended, and that I must be tried, I will be tried by none but by God and your own conscience." The Judge said, "No you

cannot do so, for we sit here," quoth he, "to see justice and law, and therefore you must be tried by the country." The Martyr still appealed to God and their consciences. Then they brought forth two chalices and divers pictures, and in mockery put two vestments, and other church gear upon two lewd fellows' backs, and in derision the one began to pull and haul the other before the Judge and Council, scoffing and holding up a piece of bread, and saying to the Martyr, "Behold thy God in whom thou believest." Then they asked how she liked the vestments. The Martyr said, "I like them well if they were on their backs that know how to use them to God's glory and honour, for which they were made." Then Judge Clinch stood up and asked her, "In whom believe you?" "I believe," quoth the Martyr, "in God." "In what God?" quoth the Judge. "I believe," quoth the Martyr, "in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in these Three Persons and One God I fully believe, and that by the death, passion, and mercy of Christ Jesus I must be saved." The Judge said "You say well," and said no more. After a while the Judge said to her again, "Margaret Clitherow, how say you yet? Are you content to be tried by God and the country?" The Martyr said, "No." The Judge said "Good woman, consider well what you do; if you refuse to be tried by the country, you make yourself guilty and accessory to your own death, for we cannot try you but by order of law. You need not fear this kind of trial, for I think the country cannot find you guilty upon the slender evidence of one child." The Martyr still refused. They asked her if her husband were not privy to her doings in keeping Priests. The Martyr said, "God knoweth I could never get my husband in that good case that he were worthy to know or come in place where they were to serve God." The Judge said, "We must proceed by law against you, which will condemn you to a sharp death for want of trial." The Martyr said cheerfully, "God's will be done: I thank God that I may suffer any death for this good cause." Some of them said, seeing her joy, that she was mad, and possessed with a smiling spirit (a laughing devil). Mr. Dodd also railed against her on the Catholic Faith and Priests; so did the other counsellors also; and Mr. Hurlstone openly before them all said, "It is not for religion that thou harbourest Priests, but for wh—

d—m;" and furiously uttered such like slanders, sitting on the Bench. The Bench rose that night without pronouncing sentence against her, and she was brought from the hall with a great troop of men and halberds, with a most cheerful countenance, dealing silver on both sides the street, to John Trewe's house on the bridge, where she was shut up in a close parlour. The same night came to this Martyr, as she was praying upon her knees, Parson Whiggington, a Puritan preacher of notorious qualities, and ministered talk unto (harangued) her, as their fashion is. The Martyr regarded him nothing or little, and desired him not to trouble her: "for your fruits," quoth she, "are correspondent to your doctrine." And so he departed. All that night she remained in that parlour.—(Pp. 150—155.) We transcribe also the history of her martyrdom: heretical persecutors are just the same as their Pagan predecessors. The place of execution was the tolbooths, six or seven yards distant from the prison. There were present at her martyrdom the two sheriffs of York, Fawcett and Gibson; Frost the minister; Fox; Mr. Cheek, his kinsman; with other of his men, four sergeants, which had hired certain beggars to do the murder, three or four men besides, and four women. The Martyr coming to the place, kneeled her down, and prayed to herself. The tormentors bade her pray with them, and they would pray with her. The Martyr denied, and said, "I will not pray with you, nor shall you pray with me: neither will I say 'Amen' to your prayer, nor shall you to mine." Then they willed her to pray for the Queen's Majesty. The Martyr began in this order: First, she prayed for "the Catholic Church, then for the Pope's Holiness, Cardinals, and other Fathers which have charge of souls, and then for the Christian princes of the world." At which words the torturers interrupted her, and willed not to put her Majesty among that company; yet the Martyr proceeded in this order: "and especially for Elizabeth, Queen of England, that God may turn her to the Catholic Faith, and after this mortal life she may receive the blessed joy of heaven; for I wish," quoth she, "as much joy to her Majesty's soul as to mine own." The sheriff, Gibson, abhorring the cruel deed, stood weeping at the door. Then said Fawcett, "Mrs. Clitherow, you must remember and confess you die for

treason." The Martyr answered, "No, no, Mr. Sheriff, I die for the love of my Lord Jesus;" which last words she spoke with a very loud voice. Then Fawcett commanded her to put off her apparel; "for you must die naked," said he, "according as judgment was pronounced against you." The Martyr, with other women, requested him on their knees, that she might die in her shift, and that for the honour of womanhood they would not see her naked; but they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the woman might unapparel her, and that they would turn their faces from her during that time. The women took off her clothes, and put upon her the long linen habit. Then very quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, the linen habit being placed over her as far as it would reach, all the rest of her body being naked. The door was laid upon her hands joined towards her face. Then the sheriff said, "Nay, you must have your hands bound." The Martyr put forth her hands, still joined over the door. Then two sergeants parted them, and with the inkle strings, which she had prepared for the purpose, bound them to two posts. So that her body and hands made a perfect cross. They willed her again to ask the Queen's Majesty's forgiveness and to pray for her. The Martyr said she had prayed for her. They willed also to ask her husband forgiveness. The Martyr said, "If ever I have offended him, but for my own conscience, I ask him forgiveness." After this they laid weight upon her, which, when she first felt she said, "Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! have mercy upon me!" which were the last words which she was heard to speak. She was in dying about a quarter of an hour. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, put under her back; upon her was laid to the quantity of seven or eight hundred weight at the least, which breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin.—(Pp. 191—195)

LONDON, September 7. Description of the Young Irishers by one of themselves, in a Letter to Mr Duffy of the Nation.

It is not in the foreign Government, with its feigning bills, its prisons and convict ships, the true danger lies, but in our own vices, follies, and weaknesses—our boasting. Heaven! how my ears tingle, and my temples throb, when I am twitted here about the

boast and falsehood of the last two years, of which we of the Confederation were far from guiltless. If the people deceived us, we deceived them, for we too often, in the forum and in our journals, let our imagination run riot, when awed by the greatness of our aims, and, sobered by the sense of the responsibilities we voluntarily undertook, every assertion should have been based on fact, and every fact sifted to the bottom before we accepted it. We stand accused before the world as windy babblers and wordy vulgar boasters, and not without cause. It will not do to shift the blame of our failure hither and thither, sometimes on the leaders. We are guilty, and if our present degradation and shame would effect a radical cure in this our worst and most besetting sin and teach us the true value of words, or rather the great "invaluable talent of silence," the improvement in our national character would hardly have been purchased too dearly.

We have been beaten this time without a blow. Why should we not confess it; not in fear or servility, indeed, but as men whose first effort would be to discover all the false steps they had taken in order to retrace and retrieve them: who had closely watched the tactics of their conquerors in order to defend every weak point, and to guard against every surprise in the next struggle. I have been disgusted with the vaunting and vulgar bravado of some of the Irish American journals which reached me here; and I am told that these are exceeded by some at home which I have not seen. Are these men mad? Do they know the truth? or are they incapable of distinguishing it through the medium of their pastoral passions. Had they taken counsel with Maghera as I did in his narrow cell, he would have told them that even when the electric enthusiasm ran like wild-fire through the clubs, the real country was dull and unpenetrated by it. That the peasantry he encountered or addressed on his fatal journey to Ballingarry, were often until then ignorant of his existence, always indifferent to his appeals; that even John Mitchel's name fell on their ears like a black stranger's; the man who had so lately devoted himself for them, and whose words of fire would have burnt into their souls, one would think, if they were not duller than the clay they dig! "In short," he added, "they knew or cared nothing in the world about any of us, except, perhaps, Doherty and one or two men of their own country; and the priests suspected and distrusted us everywhere." The thrilling eloquence of our glorious young tribune, which, when addressed to men, used to sway their souls like the trumpet of an archangel, (a messenger voice from God,) fell powerless on these peasants. And if this picture were true of the country, then, how much deeper and darker have its shadows become since. Ruin and defeat instead of rivetting the sympathies of the people, on these men have, with the singular perversion of ignorance, only served to confirm them in their prejudices. It is only last night a friend of mine was telling me, that in July, '48, he was present in a chapel near Drogheda, in the county Meath I think, when the priest denounced from the altar, the Young Ireland leaders as paid spies and agents of the government, whose sole object it was to entrap the Irish people into their wiles in order to deliver them over to the English for extermination.

And the saddest part of the business is, that this priest and hundreds like him throughout the country, conscientiously believed this monstrous fabrication. One good at least must spring from the sufferings of our party the unanswerable testimony it bears to their truth. Better than any logic words, it will sweep away the tissue of cunningly-devised misrepresentations woven around them. It is singular with that tenacious grasp men hold to a slander. They will maintain it for choice against all proof. It is with the reluctant sulky snarl of a hungry dog yielding up his prey they finally abandon it. It has been extensively propagated since Smith O'Brien was carried off to Van Dieman's Land that his trial was a sham, that he had merely gone to take possession of a colonial appointment, the price of his treachery. The same was said of Mitchel.

But why linger on these hideous calumnies which are common as the air we breathe, and have sprung up, God knows how. They have fallen in turn on almost every member of our body.

I thought we had reached the lowest point of contempt when I was in Dublin last winter, and rumours were busily carried through town day after day of a rising of the city on such a night, and such a night, and such a

night. Dublin Castle we were assured was to be taken, the prisoners liberated, &c. &c. Magnificent schemes of school boys, to make their companions stare and clap their hands. Oh! it drives me mad to hear the trumpet tones which used to ring forth tumultuously from the hearts and consciences of men, full of deep meanings to the ear of faith which drank them joyously, thus feebly echoed, when belief in them has clean gone out from amongst us. If Irishmen will not resolutely shut their ears to this cheap valour and swaggering gasconade which reminds one of the drunken ravings of some maudlin wretch who threatens in his cup to commit suicide, and whose too credulous friends are kept in hot water, lest he should really wound himself before he happily falls asleep, there is little hope for them. The only sovereign remedy for this as for most of the evils of life is truth. Truth in word and deed. Let that be proclaimed from your journal at any cost—whether it seem to make for us or against us—proclaim it. Harsh and disagreeable it may first appear to eyes all unused to its severe lineaments, but coming to look on it long and steadily its loveliness will grow on us, and we shall turn away with repugnance from its caricatures and counterfeits.

CATHOLIC FRANCE—PROTESTANT ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The following beautiful tribute to the character of the people of France, we find in a work recently published, entitled, "European Life and Manners, in familiar letters to Friends," by Rev. Henry Colman, (a Protestant minister), who lately died in England, on his return to the United States.

"I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke or some indecent leer; at least, it has happened to me many times; and seldom without being solicited for something, 'to drink your honor's health;' and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, barefooted, ragged and dirty. In France, it is the reverse; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats; I have scarcely ever seen a barefooted or bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy, the address even of the poorest (I do not exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation; Count de Gourcy told me again, that even the most humble of them would consider it an insult if offered to them. I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French; drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are pre-eminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation.

I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches, too, are all free. You may make some contribution at the door, if you choose, but nothing is demanded.

A very well-informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty five years, in Paris and in the country, says, "he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity, or stronger domestic affections; and that in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms the statement."

In short, he characterizes the French, in general, as the best behaved, best dressed, and most economical, most industrious and most sober people, and at the same time the happiest he has met with.

From Manchester, in England, he writes thus:—"I have seen enough already in Edinburgh to chill one's blood, and make one's hair stand on end. Manchester is said to be as bad as Edinburgh, and Liverpool still worse. Wretched, defrauded, oppressed, crushed

human nature, lying in bleeding fragments all over the face of society. Every day I live I thank Heaven that I am not a poor man with a family in England."

SUNDAY AT CLAPHAM.—RECEPTION OF CONVERTS.—To the Editor of the TABLET.—Sir—A beautiful ceremony took place at St. Mary's Chapel, at Clapham, on Sunday last, namely, the reception of two converts into the Holy Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Petcherine, who addressed these happy souls in the most affectionate and appropriate manner. It is a touching sight at all times to see the children of error reclaimed, but to see the Rev. Father, who had been himself reclaimed, bringing others into the true fold, with a heart full of heavenly joy, a joy felt and understood only by converts, was a scene not to be surpassed. Previous to this ceremony a young Priest gave instructions on the Catechism to the boys of the congregation, and such instruction that it was worth going miles to hear. In the evening there was the Rosary and Benediction, with an excellent sermon by Father Petcherine. The chapel was full to excess, with the addition of many Protestants, who appeared to listen with breathless attention to that soul-stirring text, "Many are called, but few are chosen." The subject was beautifully treated, and most instructive for all. The service ended with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, sung to the sweetest toned organ and voices I ever heard. I was told that several Protestants had applied for instructions to the Rev. Father, so that we may hope to see this ceremony often repeated.—I am, &c., A VISITOR.

An honest corporation is the heart's-blood of the city or town that owns it—the object of a patriotic allegiance firmer and fonder than any that monarch ever has hoped or attained. If the Municipal Councils of a people struggling for freedom be composed of brave and patriotic men, no one need despair of that country's ultimate success. For amid the many means which God has given men of working out liberty in ordered detail, there is no one which has been so often and so successfully tried as that legitimate and banded power which the fathers of a city can best evoke.—Nation.

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 3.

GENTLEMEN,

As I have got away among Protestant spires at all, I may as well drop a few words about the far-famed Chapel of St. Anne. This is the place, you must know; which has set the "big Wigs" at daggers' ends for the last couple of years. The old staunch Tories, true to the first reformation, got terrified at the thought that Dr. Medley was going to fence them in, nolens, volens, with the black thorn hedge of Popery. This was their notion when St. Anne was in course of erection. They were convinced of it when the building had been completed. Pens, ink and paper in enormous quantities were therefore, immediately procured, and drawn up in martial array. Doctors of physic and Doctors of Divinity led on the forces, and a disastrous discomfiture of the unsuspecting Lord John was determined upon. 'T would take a long sheet to tell all they did, and a much longer one to show what they intended, but the chapel in the meantime remained; and the Rt. Rev. Doctor was not recalled, and awful reports of the superstitious edifice were put in circulation; and—and—but the story is a long one, and the stars would wane, as Virgil says, before the end of the Chapter. Knowing, then, all the circumstances of this case, as I did, and taking these honourable gentlemen's words as a safe guarantee for truth, I thought in no manner of harm, or matter of heterodoxy to take a peep into this ominous pile, cycled St. Anne's. A brace of us, accordingly, entered it at a convenient time, when we could behold all its horrors to advantage. Gracious! 'twas no wonder these Cranmerians of the High School did get a start! Why, we almost had knelt down

to say a Pater and Ave, the time and scene looked so appropriate. We only recovered from the blunder when looking farther on we saw no altar. But there was the Baptismal Font—a beauty too, solid marble—and there was the Charity Box in its proper place, with "Remember the Poor," in large gilt letters—and there was "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" like our own—and there was I. H. S. in its radiant glory full flaming on the sight—and there was a surplice on the pulpit—and there were crosses here and there and everywhere—and all round the walls, there were little "Lambs of God," looking so innocent, and displaying banners just as we sometimes see in our processions—and there was every thing but, but—the altar of Sacrifice alone. Other people may think as they will, but I could not refrain from thinking, while gazing on that structure, that if I only had but liberty and five minutes, I should be able though no carpenter, to raise an altar there, at which High Mass might be sung with as pleasing echoes as ever rang through the aisles of old times. But "were I Brutus"—were I a Protestant, I can assure all whom it may concern, that I should try hard to have that gigantic "imposture" uprooted from the earth.

But we are long enough ruminating here, proceed we now to Holy Ground. Yonder is the thing we have been looking for—the true Cathedral of the true Bishop, the place where crosses, and lambs and lights and shrines are no harm, no inconsistency. Here it is, then, in the very best location, as usual. It has a most noble spire with its cross high towering above, and glittering like the hope it lights to. Without a doubt, notwithstanding the difference of cost and material, it looks a thousand times more majestic and chaste, than its pseudo reformer below. But we must look within. 'Tis a spacious circuit truly—eighty by fifty five. There are galleries all round resting upon gracefully turned pillars. The pews are most tastefully finished and large. The lamp of the Sanctuary hangs here with glorious effect. The sanctuary itself extends from side to side, excluding, as it ought, from the holy precincts, all feet and looks profane. I cannot bear to see, as it too frequently happens, in many churches, clumps of pews intruding inside the altar-rail. There is every thing but reverence about such a fashion. It is the style of Protestantism, but of nothing else. Here, then, there is freedom and propriety, and all appears just as it should. I have seen nothing of the kind to equal the Bishop's chair in this place. It is certainly worthy of those who placed it there. It is the gift of the people of Fredericton. It is large and high, covered with crimson silk velvet, and has in bold relief the crosses, mitre and cross carved on the top. On the epistle side there is another chair for the celebrant, not much inferior, and also the gift of the people. The altar is high. The altar piece is very elegant indeed, and the tabernacle is of a formation that is much admired. The crucifixion is certainly the best by far, that I have ever seen.* It crowns the whole. The price of it was fifty pounds. There is no pulpit in the Cathedral but there is no necessity for one. The building is of such a style, and the arrangements are so well ordered, that the officiating priest can be seen to the fullest advantage from any part of the church. This is none of your dark smothered up places. The pomp of noon blazes through its aisles. The galleries stand not in an attitude of threatened collision as they do in some parts. There is full scope for voice and instrument here. The choir is the best in New Brunswick. Neither do I say this from mere rumour, my ears bear testimony to the fact. I happened to be in St. Dunstan's upon Sunday, and in all sincerity I was delighted with the music. The singing of the celebrant was good and that of the choir was grand. They sang Webbe's Mass. The leading bass was infinitely better than

* It was painted in Paris by a first rate Catholic artist, Mons. Lafon.

any I have heard since the "Tyrolese Minstrel" charmed me. I heard a sermon too, on the Gospel of the day, but that is no subject for profane critics. If I would be allowed to say any thing upon the matter, I would perhaps say, 'twas rather long, though of course that again is none of my business. The vestry is in keeping with the church, and large enough for a snug chapel. Now we are at the front door—we take our farewell look at the whole of the interior, convinced that we gaze upon the "pick and choice" of the churches of this Diocese. Doubtless, ye people of Fredericton ye are most fortunate in having so sweet a place to offer up your orisons—and doubtless, too, ye priests of Fredericton, ye have a temple to minister in, where it must be both "pleasure, profit and applause" to exercise your holy functions. Yours, &c.
M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept. 20, 1849.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3
M. POWER, PRINTER.

Rome, Austria, and England.

The great crisis of modern Revolutions is over; the reign of socialism and communism is drawing to a close, the diplomatic skill of English Statesmen has been tried, and the result of all the physical force and moral weakness of the last two years is painfully visible to the world. Lord Palmerston has been figuring away on the European stage for a long time, has been hatching and promoting revolutions, has violated all the laws of God and man for the interests and aggrandisement of England, and nevertheless 'the envy of surrounding nations' has been turned into a laughing-stock and byword for the whole of Christendom, and the name of England, which once inspired respect, has become odious to the people of Europe. In Germany, in Hungary, in Switzerland, in Sardinia, in Lombardy, Tuscany and the Ecclesiastical States; in Naples, Calabria and Sicily has England through her wicked foreign ministers, been encouraging revolt, disaffection, anarchy and plunder; but mortification deep and bitter has been her reward. She encouraged the King of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Pope, to prosecute what she called Liberal measures, but what she well knew would eventuate in the dethronement or exile of those Sovereigns. When they fell into difficulties, in consequence of her treacherous advice, she basely abandoned them. With their subjects she played the same trick, and she is now despised and detested by all. No thanks to her, if the son of Charles Albert be seated on the throne of his ancestors; if the paternal Duke of Tuscany be recalled by his repentant subjects, if the illustrious Pius IX. be on the eve of returning to his dominions. The people whom she tried to cajole, hate her; the dynasties which she sought to overturn are consolidated, and the fickle, faithless ally whom she courted has deceived her. She encouraged the Sicilians to revolt against Naples, whilst in Ireland she was punishing with fire and sword and exile, a similar attempt. She sought to extinguish the power of the King of Naples, and he has triumphed in spite of her. When her Sicilian proteges were subdued she left them to their fate, and withdrew her fleet, whilst her treacherous and unnatural ally, France, remained, and had all the glory of negotiating terms for the vanquished. Republican France outwitted Palmerston here just as the monarchy of Louis Philippe overreached him in the memorable affair of the Spanish marriages. It was, and justly, the leading policy of England to destroy or prevent the influence of Russia in Western Europe. How has this policy been pursued for the last two years? In a manner which forces us to believe that Eng-

land is foredoomed. Austria was our ancient and friendly ally: she had given us no cause of offence; she was a powerful barrier against Russian ambition. And yet England has treated Austria in the most shameful manner. She has encouraged revolt in Lombardy, she has patronized the cause of rebellion in Hungary. If we thought she acted thus as the sincere friend of rational liberty we would respect her motives, though we might doubt her policy. But when we look to her treatment of murdered Ireland we are disgusted at the brazen hypocrisy of this hoary persecutor. By a just judgment of heaven, she is now reaping the reward of her treachery. She has succeeded in driving Austria to court the closest alliance with the Russian Autocrat. The fierce Cossack has appeared on the plains of Hungary; Russia has again interfered in the concerns of Western Europe: she has been victorious, and acquired a title to the gratitude of Austria, and a powerful moral influence which will, before long, tell disastrously on the position and interests of England. Russia has at length found a pretext for a quarrel with Turkey, which she was so long seeking, and the insolent tone of her recent demands upon the Sultan, proves that she is determined to pursue her grand scheme of conquest and dominion. It is an event neither remote nor improbable, but woe to England on the day when the Russian Eagle shall float over the minarets of Constantinople!

The whole course of recent English policy towards Austria and Naples has been mean and contemptible to the lowest degree. A little more than two years since when Austria occupied a portion of the frontier town of Ferrara, Lord Palmerston wrote one of his bullying notes to say that the Pope was an independent Sovereign, and that England could not allow any occupation of the territory of the Church by a Foreign power. The Pope is afterwards coerced by his rebellious subjects, or rather by the foreign cut-throats who have been smuggled into his dominions, to declare war against Austria. He nobly refuses, declares that he has no just cause of quarrel with that power, and that his conscience will not permit him, the common Father of Christendom, to proclaim war against his own children. Yet a large portion of his army hastened to Lombardy to fight against Austria in spite of the prohibition of their lawful Sovereign, and the miserable wretches who forced him into exile hurl defiance in the teeth of Austria, and provoke the just indignation of that power. With this quarrel the French had surely, nothing to do; or, at least, Austria was far more deeply concerned. France, nevertheless, interferes, and England who had hypocritically protested against Austrian intervention—though a conterminous Power—suffers France to interfere without reclamation or protest, because she is afraid of France. What an exhibition of mingled cowardice and duplicity! The fact is, that England cannot afford to provoke France. She has incurred the hostility of Austria and Russia, of Sardinia, Tuscany and Naples. She has insulted the pride of the Spanish nation. The deluded people of Germany and Hungary, of Sardinia, Tuscany, Rome and Sicily have been cajoled by England who found it very convenient to fan the flame of insurrection at Vienna, Pesth and Rome, but very inconvenient to give shelter at Malta to the defeated and wandering insurgents. When they rebelled against their own Governments, England patted them on the back; but when in the hour of defeat they sought refuge on English territory, Lord John Russell himself justifies their exclusion, and declares it would not be safe to admit such dangerous characters. In Palermo, Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, Berlin, or Vienna, they are heroes

under the avowed patronage of Lord Palmerston's mercenary spies and unprincipled agents; before the quays of Malta they are such dangerous and formidable characters that, they are not permitted to land! This abominable treachery of England has sunk deep into the minds of people and potentates, and we believe there never was a moment when she was so hated and despised throughout the entire continent of Europe. To be sure that political Camelion, and profound diplomatist, *Willmer and Smith*, has recently declared that "England, France and the United States! must combine against Russia!!" How very cool! Our readers already know what value we set upon the sincerity and duration of the Anglo-Gallic alliance. As for the idea of Brother Jonathan's becoming the bottle-holder of John Bull against the justly-incensed powers of Europe it is too ridiculous to deserve a moment's consideration. We have been long watching the course of events, and it is our unalterable conviction that England will soon meet the just reward of her remorseless tyranny at home, and her shameless treachery abroad.

Count Xavier Mecode, of a Noble Belgian family, was ordained Priest in Rome on the 8th September last, and in a few days after celebrated his first mass. We believe he is the nephew of the illustrious nobleman of that name who fell in the Belgian revolution of 1830, and to whom a splendid monument is erected in the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels.

Orphan Asylum,

UNDER THE CARE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

A meeting of the Ladies interested in the encouragement of this most useful charity was held on Tuesday last, when it was determined that the Bazaar in aid of the Funds should take place in the Mason Hall on Tuesday the 16th of December next. We know that this simple notice will be sufficient to challenge the warm support of every Christian, and that a benevolent demonstration will be made in the week before Christmas which will be creditable to the city of Halifax. Contributions and Donations will be thankfully received.

**PURGATORIAN SOCIETY,
CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.**

The Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up in the Cemetery Church every day during the week after the Commemoration of All Souls, for the repose of the Faithful departed. The Office of the Dead will be recited in the same Church, on to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock, by the Members of the Purgatorian Society.

Cards of admission to this Society can be had on application to any of the Clergy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our esteemed correspondent *Sacerdos* may be certain that our assertion was correct. There are two Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites which bear upon the point; one in *Granatensi* 16 June, 1663, and the other in *Salernitana* on the 28th Sept. 1675. The other part of his note we will probably refer to next week.

A Subscriber, Cape Breton.—We will be glad to receive the communication alluded to.

C. Kentville.—We have heard of the Meeting for the completion of the Church, and as soon as we ascertain the particulars, we will publish them.

We are very thankful for the obliging offer from Annapolis. O si sic omnes! Catholics are not half as zealous as they ought to be, in disseminating the salutary doctrines of 'our most holy Faith' through the medium of the Press. The indefatigable activity of the unhappy children of error in this respect ought to bring a blush into our cheeks. We know that

this very journal has been often the humble instrument of bringing several to the knowledge of the truth. In a country like this, nothing can be more useful than the constant circulation of religious books, tracts and papers. We do not fear the light; we court the strictest examination of our doctrines. The cause of Catholic truth suffers because it is not properly known; because it is misrepresented and distorted in the grossest manner. We therefore say: Circulate, circulate, circulate Religious knowledge, if you wish to counteract the propagation of error.

Boney.—The President of the French Republic is almost doubly related to the Emperor Napoleon. His father, was brother of the Emperor and King of Holland; his mother was the daughter of the Empress Josephine, Hortense. He is we believe over forty years of age. Our correspondent will thus see that his lines are unsuitable.

BY AUTHORITY.

The Catholics of Southern Vermont and New Hampshire, and the Catholic public in general, are informed that there is no priest of the name of Mullen, or Mulligan, or McLaughlin, authorized to perform in any part of the diocese the functions of the Ministry.

They are moreover advised to receive at all times with great caution those unknown persons, calling themselves clergymen, who go about in the remote missions, collecting money for various alleged purposes; and, to avoid imposition, they would do well always to refuse their contributions, unless the person applying is recommended by the Bishop, and introduced to them by their own Pastor, (Very Sound Advice.)—*Boston Pilot*.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

THE CROSS.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square. Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets; Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets; Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church. Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf. Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—*Ketch Harbour*—John Martin, J. P. *Portuguese Cove*—Mr. Richard Neal, Senr. *Beaver Cove*—Samuel Johnson, J. P. *Herring Cove*—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power. *Ferguson's Cove*—Mr. William Conway. *Quarries*—Mr. O'Keefe. *North West Arm*—Mr. Patrick Brennan. *Upper Prospect*—Peter Power, J. P.

CITY CLOTHING STORE,

North Corner of Duke and Water Streets.

WINTER IMPORTATIONS.

THE Subscriber has received per late arrivals from Great Britain, his usual supply of **Ready Made Clothing**, Of the newest fashion and style, suitable for the Winter Season. Also, a varied assortment of super-fine West of England CLOTHS, Beaver, Pilot, Whiteney, Fancy Dockskins, Cassimeres, Tweeds; Men's China Silk, Merino, Lambs Wool, Brown Cotton SHIRTS and DRAWERS; Fancy Regatta and White Cotton Shirts, (trimmed with Linen), Outfits, &c. together with the residue of his former Stock, will be sold either Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest possible prices to suit the times. Articles made up at his Establishment in a fashionable and durable style.
Oct. 13. RODGER CUNNINGHAM.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY ON IRISH POLITICS.

The following remarkable letter from Lord Anglesey is from a new publication, the *Memoirs of Lord Concurry* :—

" LORD ANGLESEY TO LORD CONCURRY.

ROMA, Jan. 28, 1835.

" My dear Concurry— I have received your letter of the 14th. I write upon large paper, for I feel as if I had a good deal to say to you, but there is, in truth, too much to say and I do not know how to begin, and to go on. I do not quite see into the state of affairs, but it appears to me that, take what view you will of them, they are frightful. Can the Peel and Wellington Government stand? I am sure it ought not; and if there be common honesty and fair dealing in it, it will not. But can any one count upon honesty and fair dealing in these days? I think not. I strongly suspect what are called the modern Whigs. I have no faith in them. I believe that in general they are frightened, and only show Liberalism as long as the tide runs that way, and as it turns (if turn it do) they will float back with it. Neither have I any faith in the ultra Tories. I suspect that a great part of them, with a view to office, or, at all events, to retaining in office men whom upon the whole they like better, and believe themselves to be safer in the hands of, than the honest Liberals; that with a view of preserving in power, I say, the present leaders, they will sacrifice all their principles and eat all their words, and vote through thick and thin for Reform—aye, even for church reform. Here, then, if I be right, will be a tolerable equipage of baseness, and thus Peel and Wellington will continue to hold the reins, and, with a bad grace, give all the reforms that were in contemplation with the last Government, and which, if my voice had been attended to, would, as far as the Irish church is concerned, have been set smooth three years ago. But instead of attending to me they took the advice of Stanley, and brought forth that veritable bill of his for the recovery of tithes, which I at once pronounced would be a total, and also a very expensive, failure, and would cause much clerical blood to flow—and so it happened, and the Protestant clergy have been bleeding and starving ever since. But why do I allow myself to write on such subjects? I am sure I have no inducement to take any part whatever in public affairs. You with your usual kindness and partiality, express a wish that I should, in the event of a change, again return to Ireland, or else go to the Horse Guards. But of what use could I be in either situation? It has been my fate to be unkindly and ungenerously treated both by friends and foes, and I do not see why I should again allow myself to be made unhappy by either.

The truth is, I have not the capacity for acting with men who have recourse to trick and duplicity. I have independent thoughts; and if I go, I must go my own way. I could not consent to allow Ireland to be governed in Downing-street, and therefore I did not suit my employer and employers generally. Mine has been a curious fate. I was twice recalled from Ireland for vehemently pressing measures which were obstinately resisted whilst I was in power, but which were adopted as soon as my back was turned. I forced Catholic Emancipation upon Wellington and Peel: and I was recalled; and recalled, too, with marked insult; but they immediately carried the measure. Under another Government I again tried my hand. I urged the necessity of taking the whole of the ecclesiastical fund into the hands of the state. By it the country would have been enriched; the clergy would have been amply paid; there would have been no collision between tythe-payer and tythe-receiver. All would have received their just dues—the Catholic clergy might have been paid, and there would have been a surplus for the benefit of the state. But even that would not have been alienated from the church. The surplus would simply have been held in trust for it; and if hereafter the Protestant faith had spread, and more help for its souls had been required, there would have been the fund whence to draw the required aid. Well, my colleagues did not dare venture upon the measure, and so I was recalled, because Stanley was opposed to it. Yet they still attempted by driblets to do something! This something pleased nobody, and was rejected by the Lords. Then came another set of men. These, during the recess, did rake up their minds to something very extensive; but in that time they are ousted; and now Peel and Wellington, if I am not greatly mistaken, will bring forward as sweeping a scheme as that proposed by me (with the able assistance of

my worthy assistants, who in fact had the whole merit of it, and particularly Blake), with this only difference, that whereas I would, for a time at least, have given all the surplus from the bishops' lands, &c., for the benefit of the state, Wellington and Peel will insist upon its being used for ecclesiastical purposes. As for the army, what could I do with it? I should find myself at the head of a complete party (I fear) ultra Tory force. I should find difficulty in every direction, the King playing the whole game of Toryism, and a set of people at the Horse Guards just such as I found all the working men at the Castle of Dublin. If I could do good in either situation, I should not mind the burden of it, and might reconcile myself to the relinquishment of all my home and family enjoyments, but when I know that I can do no good, it would be madness to attempt anything. Nor do I believe that any party would have me. They have had ample proof that I will not submit to be a mere cypher, and therefore I am not their man. What a shameful long letter! Adieu. Most sincerely yours,

ANGLESEY.

THE SAFER SIDE.

What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

MATT. XVI. 26.

Whenever any question arises among men respecting the recovery or preservation of health, the obtaining of some preferment, or the securing of some valuable profit; every means which is thought most conducive to the attainment of those ends, or, in other words, the safer side is unhesitatingly adopted, and invariably pursued. No lawyer is so careless as to set aside convincing and conclusive arguments, in order to make use of weak reasoning in support of his cause; no physician would prefer giving to his patients doubtful rather than certain remedies; no traveller would be so imprudent as to select a perilous, in preference to a beaten road, in order to reach the end of his journey; in a word, no man can be so unreasonable, as deliberately to exchange a sure and pleasing for a perplexing and critical situation. Natural reason itself suggests to every one the selection of the safer side, and if any were seen to follow a different course, particularly with regard to momentous points, they would be justly looked upon as having lost their senses.

If such is the case in the transient things of this world, in the pursuit of preferments, honours and wealth: how much more ought it to be so in an affair of infinitely greater importance, the affair of religion, with which our eternal destiny is so intimately connected.

Since "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6), and since, on the other hand, there is but "one Lord and one baptism" (Eph. iv. 5), it should be the greatest care of every man, to obtain and secure to himself the possession of that precious gift which Christ has left us to be the sure anchor of our hopes for eternity.

We do not intend to write a controversy, nor to present our reader with the manifold evidence which show the Catholic faith to be the only true and necessary one: this would require a whole volume, instead of a single essay and the task has been ably performed in a multitude of excellent works already written on this subject. Our present object is merely to show from some very plain facts and reflections, that to live and to die a Catholic is an infinitely safer, or rather the only safe side, both for the enjoyment of true interior peace in this life, and for the attainment of eternal salvation in the next.

Without, then, any elaborate discussion to establish the claims of the Roman Church, and to defeat those of Protestant communities, all must confess that every probability, at the very first glance, is in favour of the former. Since, by admitting the Nicene Creed, all make a profession to believe in *One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church*, it requires but little sagacity to recognize the true Church of Christ in that society which possesses all these characteristics, and to discover, in those communities where the same qualifications are not to be found, nothing more than withered branches, incapable of communicating to their respective members a life which they have not themselves.

This being presupposed, does not a mere glance at the various Protestant communities, show them to be devoid not only of one or two, but even of all the characters of divine truth just mentioned?—1^o. *Of unity* both in faith and government as is manifest from the multitude of parties to which they are divided and subdivided, even within the precincts of each society. This is unavoidable,

centre of unity, they unanimously admit as the ground-work of their existence the right of private interpretation, which is the very best principle that can be found in innumerable and endless divisions. 2^o. They are equally devoid of holiness, that is to say, of true, Christian and supernatural sanctity. We see indeed, and gladly acknowledge, in many of our dissenting brethren, social and moral virtues, and such qualities as may be found in every age and country, in false religious themselves, in the Gentiles of old, such as Aristides, Epaminondas, Antoninus Pius, and others; but when, where and how, they apply to the practice of mortification, humility, self-denial, disengagement from earthly things, and other like virtues, constantly recommended by Christ and his Apostles, we are totally unable to discover. 3^o. They are not less deficient in *Catholicity*, or universal diffusion; in fact, Protestants, as a religious community, are generally confined, to North America and to the northern portion of Europe, and, notwithstanding the exertions and vast expenses of their Bible societies, hardly possess any respectable establishment in other parts of the world; complete failure being the usual appendage of all their efforts for that purpose. 4^o. Still more striking is their want of *Apostolicity*, or Apostolic origin. Christianity was founded upwards of eighteen hundred years ago; the Protestant communities can scarcely boast more than three hundred years of existence: unable as they are to change the ages past and give to the authors of their reformation predecessors who never existed; separated from the Apostles by a lapse of fifteen centuries; and finding it absolutely impossible to show a *visible and continual succession* of ministry and doctrine, how can they lay the least claim to that sacred origin?

But if we turn our eyes towards the Roman Church, shall we not easily perceive in her, 1^o. a *perfect unity* of faith and government, everywhere the same articles of belief admitted and the same visible head acknowledged by her children; every where the same sacred hierarchy exercising the same ecclesiastical functions; every where the same sacrifice, the same sacraments, and the same practices of religion? 2^o. *her Catholicity*, or diffusion throughout all parts of the known world; since she has in most of them flourishing missions and congregations, besides many extensive countries and states exclusively Catholic; and reckons a far greater number of followers than, not only each of the Protestant societies, but even than all of them put together. (See Protestant geographers themselves, Humboldt, Worcester, etc.) 3^o. *her sanctity*, which shines forth in that multitude and uninterrupted succession of eminent saints, whose lives adorn almost all the pages of ecclesiastical history, and several of whom, like St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent of Paul, etc., have elicited the praise and admiration of our very adversaries; in that variety of pious, fervent and charitable institutions, destined to set before all the world the examples of their purest virtues, to appease the anger of God provoked by our sins, and to relieve the different wants of humanity; in that ardent and heavenly zeal of numberless missionaries, who, far from being actuated by interested motives, the necessity of supporting wives and children, or the desire of obtaining a large salary, give up on the contrary all human views and natural affections, all prospects of honor, all the comforts of life, and go forward with unabated constancy where there is, the most to suffer for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. 4^o. *her Apostolicity*, both in doctrine, easily known from the constant opposition which the Roman Church presented at every period of her existence, to novelties in doctrine; and in ministry, evidently marked by that unbroken chain of doctors and pastors established from the beginning to teach and to govern the Church, and particularly by that wonderful series of supreme pastors in the See of Rome, from St. Peter, who was the first of them (John xxi. 17), and the invincible rock upon which the Christian society was founded to last for ever (Math. xvi. 18), down to the present Pope Pius IX.

Are not all these plain and notorious facts, which every one may easily ascertain? and, to say the least, do they not offer, without the interference of further argument, the strongest probability in favour of the Roman Church? Is not that Church, therefore, to be held by every prudent and reflecting man as the only spouse of Christ, the only true mother of the children of God, and the only society, prefigured by the ark of Noah, to which all should fly that do not wish to perish in that deluge of errors, perplexing doubts and contradictions which are found every

ASSOCIATION

For the Propagation of the Faith.

Established in Halifax 23d January, 1842.

This pious and truly charitable Institution of the Propagation of the Faith was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822, it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

- 1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.
- 2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:—

- 1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

- 2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur*.

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEARCE, Superioress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.