

THE CROSS.



NEW

NOVEMBER 15

VOL. I.

No. 25.

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.

HALEFAX. NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- 16—27 Sunday after Pentecost and 3d Sunday of November.—Octave day of the church of St. Saviour.
- 17—Monday—St Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.
- 18—Tuesday—Dedication of the church of Sts. Peter and Paul.
- 19—Wednesday—St Pontianus, Pope and Martyr.
- 20—Thursday—St Felix, Confessor.
- 21—Friday—Presentation of the B. V. Mary.
- 22—Saturday—St Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr

ST. MARY'S.

On Thursday evening within the Octave of All Saints there was a Solemn Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament, at the Cathedral, after which the Bishop delivered a discourse on the necessity of the Christian vocation. The Church was beautifully lighted up, and a large congregation were assembled to receive the blessing of the God of love, and to adore him in the great mystery of his love.

The Rev. Mr. Conolly has arrived in town after a successful mission amongst the good Catholics of Frenchtown, where for the last three months he has afforded the consolations of his ministry to a faithful people, and incessantly preached to them the word of God in the language of their forefathers. The demonstrations of affection and regret which marked the departure of the Rev. gentle-

man from Clare, were equally creditable to priest and people.

We understand that Mr. Conolly has been appointed President of St. Mary's College, which is now placed under the immediate patronage of the Bishop, and we congratulate the friends of religious education on so judicious a selection. The College is prospering at this moment much more than it has done for a long time past, and its prospects of extended usefulness are brightening every day. The whole system of studies and discipline has been changed, and from the connection of three clergymen with the Institution, and the frequent visits of the Bishop, the students are placed under constant religious superintendence. The appointment of Mr. Conolly cannot but prove most useful to the interests of our College. He had the advantage of completing his theological studies at Rome, and of spending a considerable time in France, and in addition to his other qualifications, his knowledge of the French and Italian languages, must render his connection with St. Mary's productive of the happiest results.

As we are on this subject, we beg to remind all those who are indebted to the College, that it is now full time to discharge their accounts with the establishment. There is no debt which ought to be more cheerfully paid than one contracted in the sacred cause of education, and certainly no debt which it is more discreditable to deny.

ORDINATION.

An Ordination will be held at St Mary's, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, when the Holy Order of Priesthood will be conferred.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

A Meeting of the Collectors and Members of this Society will be held in the New Vestry at seven o'clock on Monday evening 24th instant.

THE PRIEST.

BY M. DE CORMENIN.

In the Catholic Church every thing is maintained in a wonderful organization. If the truth of religion be in its dogma, its strength is in its discipline.

For an Eternal God, it was necessary to have a ministry of perpetual consecration. The order of the priesthood is therefore a perpetual sacrament. It follows the priest, through all his career, and enters with him into the tomb.

Who is his wife? The Church. What is his family? Humanity. Who are his children? The poor. Who will love them, the poor; who will love them more than his life, more than his soul, if it be not the priest? Religion, by a sublime inspiration of its charity, takes the priest by the hand and says: "Behold your Father, O you poor, who have neither fathers, nor mothers, nor brothers nor sisters, nor family. Behold your Consoler, O you afflicted who are without comfort. Behold your Spouse, Church of God, your Spouse, whose duty it is to promote your joy both day and night, to teach your doctrines, to organize your pomps, to distribute your sacraments!"

LITERATURE.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

PERFECTION.

If you wish in good earnest to make progress in spiritual things, you must endeavour to follow exactly the counsel of the apostle, "take heed to thyself;" which contains two pieces of advice; the first is, not to meddle with the actions of others, nor to regard their failings; for he hath indeed no small task, to perform his own actions well, and correct his own failings. The second is, to endeavour with all diligence to perfect ourselves in virtue, and to attend to this incessantly, without considering whether the eyes

of others are fixed upon us or not; because perfection is especially what belongs to each individual, that although many, who now live together in one and the same religious profession, company, family, or village, are said here to form only one body; yet in the next world it is nevertheless certain, that each one will be judged himself, and will have to render an account of his own spiritual advancement and failings.—THE ABBE FAYON.

A singular example of this was that holy man, the venerable Berchmans, who from the very moment he entered into the society of Jesus, made it his object to become a saint; so that from that time forth he looked upon it as his grand point, and as it were his only and most important aim, to mind himself; and this altogether he kept in view as long as he could, but with such diligence, and such unwearied solicitude, that he had not a moment to think of the actions of others, or to regard their failings. On which account he never stayed to reflect why others did or said such and such things, and whether they did them well or ill; nor did he ever engage himself in defending one person, at the risk of displeasing another; but he suffered all quietly to perform their own actions, and to mind their own affairs. And as for the failings of others, he observed them so little, (so intent was he upon himself,) that even though they were committed in his presence, he did not perceive them. So that it is said of him that he never knew the defects into which others fall. All his object was to correct his own failings, and to perform his own actions well. And, moreover, the diligence which he used to keep his own soul free from defects, was indeed extraordinary; for besides going well through his daily examinations of conscience, and a most rigorous retreat of one day in each month, he often with great earnestness entreated both his superiors and his companions to keep their eyes upon him, and tell him whenever they saw him fail in any point. And when any one gave him any such notice, he regarded it as a singular kindness, and he offered up particular prayers for whomsoever it might be who had remarked it to him. But not content with this, as he had a most ardent desire to become each day more and more pleasing to God, he aimed at this with all his power. In a word, he gave himself up with the most admirable diligence to the most exact observance of all the rules of the society; to execute promptly and faithfully every thing which was exacted from him by holy obedience; to perform well, and with particular devotion, the spiritual exercises, inasmuch as they immediately regarded the honour of God, and his own spiritual advancement; and, above all, his communions, about which he always spent two hours. In one word, he used the utmost diligence in the exercise of the various virtues, and, above all, of charity towards the sick. And though he took great delight in study, nevertheless he would

never allow it to break in upon his spiritual exercises, or stand in the way of charity or obedience; for his soul never courted those actions in which there might be most sensible pleasure, but those in which was the most merit; and all this he did without ever looking to see where others did the same, or whether they did less; because this simple maxim, "nand thyself," was deeply rooted in his heart.

What injury is it now to the other apostles, that the unfortunate Judas is suffering torments in hell? all the misery falls to the lot of Judas. And if the venerable Berchmans is higher in heaven than so many who were his companions in the religious state, is not this superior happiness all his own?

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

"The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."—*ST. MARK II. 27.*

Continued.

When Hans reached his father's house, he stood for some time at the door, with his hand upon the latch, hesitating whether to advance. At length he entered. Little Wilhelm clapped his hands, and uttered a faint cry of joy at seeing him; but faint and subdued as it was, a glance from his stern father's eye choked it in his throat. Whatever Gottlob's feelings of anxiety might have been, they were at once allayed by Hans's appearance; but not so his wrath. Every sermon of Dr. Grabs'imme's that day seemed directed personally to him, and intended to add fuel to his anger. He had preached among other subjects on eternal reprobation; had dwelt on its marks, so as minutely to describe Hans's character, and had offered consolation to parents who should have such children of wrath, because in them the justice of God, as much an attribute as mercy, would be manifested to men.

Hans had made up his mind to what he thought the worst that could happen. He had determined to bear all in silence, as he felt he must have given his father pain, and just offence, Gottlob proceeded at once to interrogate him. "Hans, why have you absented yourself from home all this day?" "Because, father," he answered, "I could no longer bear the austere and cheerless observance of the sabbath here. Whatever others may be, I feel that I, at least, am not made for such sabbaths as yours. "Then it was actually in contempt of this blessed day that you departed. Hans, your offence is far more grievous than I had thought. I had hoped it was only levity, I find it was irreligion." Seizing the first fit instrument that was at hand, he proceeded to inflict summary chastisement upon the boy. The child Wilhelm, rushed to his father's knees to interpose, and, unintentionally indeed, the first heavy blow fell upon him. He

was little able to bear it, and the poor little fellow shrunk writhing into a corner and wept, while Hans, unresisting, bore the weight of his father's indignation. When this was appeased, Gottlob told his son, that as he had escaped from the other duties of the sabbath, he should at least have full measure of the only one that remained—the evening lecture. After a long and extemporaneous prayer, in which all Hans's delinquencies were enumerated, the Bible was produced, and Hans ordered to read. He complied for a time, then suddenly paused—the next words seemed to perplex him. "Go on," exclaimed his father sternly. "The sabbath," continued Hans, "was made for man, and not man for the sabbath—Father, what do these words mean?" "Mean?" asked the father angrily, "what wouldst thou have them mean?" "That it should be spent in idleness? that it should be profaned by truant disobedience? that it should be defiled by dissipation and sin? in short, that it should be spent as thou hast spent this?" "God forbid," replied Hans, "save in the last respect. But if the sabbath was made for man, it surely was made for his happiness; and happiness consists in love. Yes, father. I have this day learnt this truth, that the Lord's day—yea, and man's too, beyond all others, may be sanctified by joy, consecrated by hymns, made holy by gladness of heart. I have seen, and, what is more, I have felt, that God may be loved as well as feared. Man is made for the sabbath when he is enslaved to it by fear: the sabbath is made for man when he freely enjoys it in love." "And where," asked Gottlob amazed, "where hast thou learnt all this new wisdom?" Hans paused for a moment; he foresaw the consequences; but never in his life had he soiled his lips with a lie, and he answered firmly but softly, "At Lichten: yes, and I will say all, in its church!"

The father tried to speak, but his voice failed him. A fearful struggle was going on within: his frame quivered with repressed passion. In a moment he was calm, and in a severe tone he addressed his son: "Hans, for this I have no chastisement—for thou art no longer my son. I disown thee from this moment forward. Go hence, and see my face no more." Hans stood for a moment uncertain; he embraced his little brother; then took his father's hand to kiss it, but it was drawn sharply from his grasp; and silently left the house.

Fritz hardly closed his eyes all night, and thought that morning would never come. It did come at last, however, and he rose with a heavier heart than he had ever known. He went, according to his daily custom, to the church, where during the early Mass he prayed most fer-

vently for his friend, and then hastened to his usual post. He looked in vain for Hans, and was beginning to give him up, when he heard some one breaking through the wood on the hill, as if coming towards him. It was Hans, all pale and haggard. When he had reached him, he exclaimed, "I told you yesterday would be the bitterest Sunday in my life. It has proved so indeed. Farewell, we shall not meet again; pray for me." Fritz tried to detain him, but in vain; he rushed back into the wood, and quickly disappeared.

Years, some twelve perhaps or fifteen, have passed away: the boys of the former period have become men.

A stranger or a traveller, in those days, was a rare thing in the village of Dunkel. Yet one did arrive one fine day, and took up his quarters in the little inn there. He was a young man, with the look of a soldier, but apparently in bad health, and suffering from the effects of a wound. He never gave his name; and no one knew him except by his title of Colonel. He soon gained the esteem and love of all, by his gentle and mild behaviour; the children, who at first were afraid of his military looks, soon came round him, and became very fond of him. He asked many questions from the landlady of the house, seeming very curious about the principal families of the place, and their histories: and from the drift of his inquiries she and others concluded that he was thinking of purchasing land, and settling there, should he find it an agreeable residence. He could not go out far, from weakness, though it was evident that every day he was gaining strength. But although he daily took a short walk, when the first Sunday came, he did not leave the house. This circumstance was sure to attract notice in that place; and, consequently, on Monday morning he received a visit from Dr. Grabstimme. The Pastor was now an old man, his hair was grey, and the lines of his hard face deeply furrowed. He said he had come to remonstrate with him for the scandal he had occasioned by absence from church on the preceding day, expatiated on the grievous sin he had committed, and closed by saying, that since the day, many years ago, when a boy of the name of Hans Stein had brought down on himself the divine vengeance by similar conduct, such an event had not occurred till now in the village. The Colonel seemed hurt by the remark, but kept the most calm composure; assured the minister that he intended no disrespect, and quietly bowed him to the door.

Next Sunday came, and the Colonel kept his room. On the following morning, his landlady coldly but respectfully hinted to him, that circum-

stances beyond her control compelled her to request his removal to some other quarters. He walked forth—his favourite children flew from him like birds before the falcon. At last he caught one of them, and asked him what all this meant. He could only answer in his fright—"Dr. Grabstimme—the sabbath." "I understand it," he said to himself, "I have been denounced in church as impious and sacrilegious. There is no remedy but to leave. However, I have accomplished my sorrowful purpose."

In his indignation, he resolved to depart at once. He saw the little village of Lichten on the hill; and thinking himself able to reach it, began slowly to ascend. Often did he pause; perhaps through fatigue, perhaps to enjoy the beautiful prospect—it could not be for any other reason, for he was evidently a stranger. But notwithstanding his frequent rests; by the time he had reached the village his strength was exhausted, and two or three peasants who were going out a-field saw him tottering, and just caught him before he fell. All who were about ran to bring assistance; "He is a stranger," one said, "I will take him to my house." "No, mine is nearer," interposed another. "Hush," said a third, "don't you know that our good pastor would never forgive us, if we took him to any house but his own?" "True, true," all exclaimed, and he was borne gently in the arms of four men to the priest's residence, and laid at once upon his bed. The priest was from home, but several ran to seek him, going instinctively to the houses of the sick.

In the mean time the Colonel was somewhat revived; and soon he heard the voice of the parish priest on the stairs eagerly asking, "Where is he? is he very unwell? &c., as he hurried towards the room. At the first sound of the voice the Colonel started, and sat up. In the next moment the good priest was at his side. One glance was exchanged between them: "Fritz!" "Hans!" were their only words, and they were in each others' arms.

The history of both during the preceding years is soon told. Fritz, disconsolate for the loss of his friend, felt no more relish for the country life, or rather only hastened to propose to his father what had long been the dearest wish of his heart—to devote himself to the priesthood. His father heard him with joy and gratitude to God; and the boy was soon at college. There he continued the same innocent, amiable youth as before, pleasing to God and man, and in due course, ascended the steps of the Sanctuary, and was ordained priest. He was appointed to assist the venerable pastor of Lichten; for no one could remember any youthful prank or wildness in his youth that could interfere with his ministry. On the death of that good

priest he was named his successor, and was the pride and the delight of his parishioners. During the whole of these years he had never omitted a single day to pray for the friend of his youth.

Hans, upon leaving home had gone abroad, and soon obtained service, young as he was, in a Swiss regiment. He was a gallant soldier, and soon distinguished himself by his courage and skill. He rose rapidly, and became rich; till at length seriously wounded in action, he was permitted to retire, with a pension that was a princely fortune in a Swiss village. He returned to Dunkel, partly for the sake of native air, partly with faint hopes of finding his brother alive. But he soon learnt the sad history of his family. The child never recovered the blow accidentally inflicted on him by his father, on that fatal sabbath; and moreover he pined away from his brother's loss. He declined, without any visible complaint, and when his head at last began to wander, would often ask if Hans was come back yet, and would take him to the green fields. He died calmly at last, one Sunday morning; and gave another bitter sabbath to Gottlob Stein. He had himself become more and more gloomy, ever since Hans's departure; he had nursed his child with unceasing but almost silent affection, and after he had laid him in his grave, every one saw that he would soon follow him. He did so in fact, and his possessions passed into the hands of distant relations, whom Hans had no wish to disturb.

To return, the good priest of Lichten, (for we must no longer call him by his boyhood, though Hans could not bring himself to call him by any other), watched by his patient day and night; and the effects of a bracing air, kind care, and revived cheerfulness were soon visible. In the mean time their conversation, though mingled with pleasant recollections of their younger days, now turned upon more serious topics than formerly.

It was indeed doubly a festival to all the good people of Lichten, that fine Sunday morning when Hans, now fully recovered, knelt before the high altar of the Church of Lichten, and publicly, with a firm voice, made profession of the Catholic faith, in the hands of his dear friend. And a still happier Sunday did that seem, when with sincere devotion he there received the sacred pledge of salvation and of communion.

Then came a day, if possible of still greater rejoicing (and it was a Sunday too, for Hans would now have every good thing done on the Sunday.) when the same holy priest joined the heart of his friend to that of his own dear and virtuous sister, and pronounced over both the nuptial blessing. It was a family feast for all the village, young and old. Years of happiness succeeded, each containing fifty-two Sundays, as Hans would

tell his children, not one of which he would have given up for a fortune. Indeed as he was getting old, some of his neighbours asserted, that they had heard him gravely tell one of his great-grandchildren on his knee, that it never rained, or snowed, or looked gloomy on a Sunday, but that it was always bright, and sunny, and cheerful.

And so he thought, good old man; for he was looking at the Sunday not out of doors, but inside the church, and inside his house, and inside his own heart: and in all these it ever was as he described it. But mind, he was speaking not of a Protestant sabbath, but of a Catholic Sunday.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE GREAT INSPIRER OF PAINTING.

(*Sir C. Bell on the Anatomy of the Eye.*)

With better times the influence of the church was more happily exercised, and finer feelings prevailed. The subjects were from the scriptures, and noble efforts were made, attesting a deep feeling of every condition of humanity. What we see in the churches of Italy, and almost in every church, is the representation of innocence and tenderness in the Madonna and Child, and in the young St. John. Contrasted with the truth, and beauty, and innocence of the Virgin, there is the mature beauty and abandonment of the Magdalen. In the dead Christ, in the swooning of the mother of the Saviour, and in the Maries, there is the utmost scope for the genius of the painter. We see there, also, the grave character of mature years in the Prophets and Evangelists, and the grandeur of expression in Moses. In short, we have the whole range of human character and expression, from the divine loveliness and purity of the infant Saviour, of angels and saints, to the strength, fierceness, and brutality of the executioners. There, also, we may see the effort made, the greatest of all, in imitation of the ancients, to infuse divinity into the human beauty of that countenance, which, though not without feeling, was superior to passion, and in which benevolence was to be represented unclouded by human infirmity. These were the subjects to call forth the exertions of genius, while the rewards were the riches of the church, and the public exhibition, in unison with the deep feelings of the people. Thus did religion at a later period tend to restore what it had almost destroyed on the overthrow of Pagan idolatry. For the new-born zeal of the first Christians sought to efface every monument of the antique religion, throwing down the statues, destroying the mosaics and pictures, effacing every memorial, and razing the ancient temples, or converting them into Christian churches.

The Church of Rome has favoured the arts in a remarkable manner. The ceremonial and decorations of the altar have been contrived with great felicity. He is insensible to beauty, who, being

a painter, does not there catch ideas of light, and shade, and colour. The Gothic, or rich Roman architecture, the carved screen, the statues softened by a subdued light, form altogether a magnificent scene. The effects of light and colour are not matters of accident. The painted glass of the high window represents to the superficial observer no more than the rich garments of the figures painted there. But the combination of colours evinces science; the yellows and greens, in due proportion with the crimsons and blues, throw beams of an autumnal tint among the shafts and pillars, and colour the volumes of rising incense. The officials of the altar, the priests in rich vestments, borrowed from the Levites under the old law, are somewhat removed from the spectator and obscured by the smoke of the incense. The young men slinging the silver censers, in themselves beautiful, and making the volumes of incense rise, give the effect of a tableau defying imitation; for where can there be such a combination to the eye, joined to the emotions inspired by the pealing organ, the deep chant, and the response of the youthful choristers, whose voices seem to come from the vaulted roof? There is something too in the belief that the chant of the psalms is the early Jewish measure.

It was scarcely possible, during the struggles of the Reformation, to keep the middle course, and retain the better part of the Roman Church. Enthusiasm would have the recesses of each man's breast to be the only sanctuary; that, even while on earth, and burdened with the weakness, and subject to the influences of an earth-born creature, he should attain that state of purity and holiness, when, as in the apocalypse, there is 'no temple.' Philosophy came to countenance the poverty and the meanness of our places of public worship. Climate, it was inferred, influenced the genius of a people; and, therefore, their government and mode of worship. The offices of religion in hot climates were said to require some sensible object before the eyes, and hence the veneration paid to statues and paintings; whilst in the colder climates we were to substitute internal contemplation and the exercise of reason for passion.

We trust, or hope, that in the breasts of those who fill the family pew in these northern churches, there may be more genuine devotion; but to appearance all is pale and cold; while to the subject we are now considering, at least, no aid is afforded. What

* If the painter requires to know these vestments, he will find an account of them in Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii. Antiquity characterises every thing in the Roman Church; and to the English traveller this affords additional interest. The ceremonies are ancient; the language of the service is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of Christianity; the ornaments are Jewish—at all events very ancient and majestic. Let every thing be simple and plain; the artist should know the origin of the property, or his lines and folds will be unmeaning.

† Some such thoughts must have come early into my mind, in trying my pencil on the ruins of an ancient abbey; and when, afterwards within the church, I looked to the rafters, as often I have, and saw the swallows flying about during divine service.

a contrast is offered to the eye of the painter, by the figures seen in the churches of the Roman Catholic countries of the south, as compared with those in our own! There are seen men in the remote aisles or chapels, cast down in prayer, and abandoned to their feelings with that unrestrained expression which belongs to an Italian from his infancy; and even the beggars who creep about the porches of the churches are like nothing we see nearer home. In them we recognize the figures familiar to us in the paintings of the great masters. In visiting the church of the Annunziata in Genoa, I found a beggar lying in my way, the precise figure of the lame man in the cartoon of the Raphael. He lay extended at full length upon the steps, crawling with the aid of a short crutch, on which he rested with both his hands. In Roman Catholic countries the church door is open, and a heavy curtain excludes the light and heat, and there lie about those figures in rags singularly picturesque.

In short, the priests in their rich habiliments, studiously arranged for effect—the costume of the monks of the order of St Francis and the Capuchins,—the men and women from the country, and the mendicants prostrate in the churches, and in circumstances as to light, and shade, and colour, nowhere else to be seen, have been, and are, the studies of the Italian painters.

—Again, in passing from the galleries of Rome, to the country and villages around, we cannot doubt where Raphael and Dominichino found their studies and prettiest models. The holiday dress of the young women in the villages is the same with that which we see in their paintings; and as each village has something distinguishing and characteristic, and still picturesque, in its costume, much is left for good taste to select and combine.

When a man of genius, nurtured in his art at Rome, where every thing conspires to make him value his occupations, returns home to comparative neglect, he is not to be envied. He wants sympathy, and associates. David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, in a letter to Gavin Hamilton, whom he had left in Rome, laments the want of living models, and the defective sensibility of his countrymen. He says, we rarely see in this country a countenance like that of a Franciscan or an Italian beggar, so full of character, so useful to the study of history painting. But, he adds, we have nature, and with the assistance of ancient models and casts from the Greek statues, much may be accomplished.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLE.

By F. Faber, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford.

This work was published some time ago. The author is understood to be of that party, popularly termed the Pusey-party, of the Church of England.

and he gives us here his reflections on the religious institutions of the Catholic lands which he visits. It was long since remarked, that besides the direct proofs in favour of our creed from holy Scriptures and the writings of the first fathers of the church, it would be easy to form a powerful mass of evidence in its behalf, merely from the admissions of opponents and their differences among each other, at different times and in different places. The Nestorians, for instance, believed all what we regard of faith, except the unity of Christ's person. The Eutychians, on the other hand, declared that we were right on that very point which the Nestorians urged as the cause of their separation, and blames us for teaching that two distinct natures existed in the Son of God. Other founders of sects succeeded in running away from us, on account of some peculiar dogma, and one after another surrendering and anathematising the distinctive principles of their predecessors; and thus, without intending it, they have become, in spite of themselves, defenders of our faith, and created curious and consoling evidence of its truth, by embracing readily for themselves at least what other separatists rejected. The Baptist, the Calvinist, the Anglican and others, agree in one point, and that is, in condemning our church. We may surely listen with satisfaction when the Anglican proves to the Baptist, that we, so much abused, are right in requiring children to be cleansed in the laver of regeneration, and when one member of the Church of England assures another member that the real presence in the holy Eucharist is the true doctrine of Christ.

We do not make these remarks for the purpose of awakening in any a spirit of triumph, much less to excite controversy (a kind of writing which we wish altogether to avoid in these pages); but as some justification for bringing before our readers many works written oftentimes in the unkindest spirit towards us, but yet supplying passages well worthy of study, and suggesting thoughts full of comfort.

The work before us is composed by one not a member of the Catholic Church; yet seldom has any volume been written by a dissident in a more charitable and unprejudiced spirit. 'Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; exhorting one another,' is the maxim taken from Heb. x. and is inscribed on the title-page, and the spirit of these words is on the whole well maintained. Mr. Faber leaves England with a mind deeply convinced, more than palaces, and fine streets, and theatres, and fountains, and armies, and good police arrangements, that religious institutions and regulations deserve a Christian traveller's study; and as he leaves our shores, he is accompanied by a mysterious personage, who argues with him on these subjects, and often throws the clearest light on the spirit of the Middle Ages, (falsely termed the Dark Ages), when the shallow wisdom of this day, not understanding, assail them. But, let us proceed to some extracts; the author finds himself in a

strange country, and every where the mode of worship is different from what he has been accustomed to; he recollects when only one religion was professed by the whole of Europe.

THE BENEFITS OF UNITY, AND ALSO OF THE USE OF THE LATIN TONGUE.

"The traveller in the Middle Ages rose with the religious men, beneath whose roof he had found shelter for the night; with them he sought, first of all, the house, enlightens the Altar of God, and joined in the matin service of the Western Church. He went forward on his road with prayer and benediction. *Proprium* was the kindly monk's farewell, *faciat tibi Deus salutarium nostrorum: utinam dirigamur via tue ad custodiendas justificationes Dei!*† and from field, and brook, and bush, the salutation still for miles came forth, haunting his ear, *Procedas in pace in nomine Domini!*‡ A cloud of good wishes accompanied and guarded him from monastery to monastery, whilst the courts of bishops and the cloisters of learned men were opened to him, by the commendatory letters of his native prelates. The traveller of past times was sure of a home for Easter or Whitsuntide; the continual haunting of sacred places was, as it were, a safeguard against the fresh shapes and daily transformed temptations of sin to which a traveller is exposed; he had holy houses every where, as refuges in times of weariness or pestilence, and a certainty, in case death should intercept him, of a consecrated resting-place among the Christian dead, when he had passed through the narrow gate, aided by the offices and absolutions of the Church. And these were consolations, great or small, according to the degree in which he realized the powers of the church, and the blessedness of being her son. Indeed, the disuse of the universal language of Europe, namely, the Latin of the Middle Ages, while it enhances the difficulty of communication with good men of foreign communions, may be regarded as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom. How touchingly does Sir Francis Palgrave allude to this, in his delightful volume on the Middle Ages, when he says, "There was nothing new, or strange, or singular, about the burial procession particularly calculated to excite the attention of Marco Polo. The *De Profundis* of the stoled priest spake the universal language adopted by the most sublime of human compositions, the Liturgy of Western Christendom. Yet though no objects appeared which could awaken any lively curiosity in their very familiarity to excite the sympathy of the

*A happy journey.

†May God help thee, and may thy ways be directed to keep the commandments.

‡Go in peace in the name of the Lord.

wanderer in a foreign land. With an altered tone he said to the friar, "Saddened is the spirit of the pilgrim on the dying twilight and the plaining vesper bell; but he, who braves every danger for himself, may feel his heart sink within him, when the poignant of triumphant death brings to his mind the thought, that those from whom, as he weened, he parted for a little while only, may have been already borne to the sepulchre. Yet there is also a great and enduring comfort to the traveller in Christendom. However uncouth may be the speech of the races amongst whom the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them assunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the Altar of the Lord."

To be continued.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

[The following piece of amusing humour conveys not a little sound sense and judgment, notwithstanding the jesting manner in which it is written.]

Abridgment.—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Advice.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Ancestry.—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.

Argument.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men, of sense, a sound reason.

Avarice.—The mistake of the old, who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth just as they are going to run away from it, and who are thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook

in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third.

Beauty.—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered: a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

Beer, Small.—See Water.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purpose of smoking, whistling, &c.

Bumper-toasts.—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice,

Cant.—The characteristic of Modern England.

Carbuncle.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and on the face of drunkards.

Challenge.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

Chichane.—See Law.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

Compliments.—Dust thrown into the eyes of those whom we want to dupe.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

Cream.—In London, milk and water thickened with chalk and flour.

Critic.—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

Cunning.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

Destiny.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

Dice.—Playthings which the Devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

Disguise.—That which we all of us wear on our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

Dram.—A small quantity taken in immoderate quantities, by those who have a few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Envy.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

Esquire.—A title much in use among the lower orders.

Concluded in our next.