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# THE CROSS.



NEW

NEW

VOL. 2.

No. 15.

god forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, MARCH 23, 1866.

## CALENDAR.

- MARCH 29 Sunday—Passion Sunday.  
 30—Monday—In Passion Week.  
 31—Tuesday—In Passion Week.
- APRIL 1—Wednesday—In Passion Week.  
 2—Thursday—St Francis of Paula, Confessor.  
 3—Friday—Seven Dolours of B. V. M.  
 4—Saturday—St Isidore, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

## ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

### THE BISHOP'S BILL.

This vexed question has been set at rest for the present. The Bill, after having been mangled by the Collective Wisdom of the Province, has been passed by a triumphant majority of ONE, and now awaits the Royal assent, which we sincerely hope her Majesty will refuse. In the very sensible and temperate speech made by Mr. End on the subject in the House of Assembly, that gentleman stated that he held in his hand 17 petitions, in favour of this Bill, which bore the names of upwards of Seven Thousand persons. These petitions set forth the difficulties under which the Roman Catholics laboured, and as a remedy prayed for 'an Act of Incorporation for their Bishop, in the very same terms as had been already obtained by their Catholic brethren in Canada.'

He added that there were *Two Petitions against* the measure 'apparently signed by 110 persons'—that those 2 petitions were signed by the self-same persons, and should therefore be regarded

only as one; whilst there were thousands of names, including *all the Roman Catholic Clergy, and every Roman Catholic Magistrate in the Province*, on the petitions in favour of the Bill. We presume that the miserable minority of 110 who thus exhibited their indecent opposition to their Bishop, Clergy, and fellow-Catholics in the Diocese of New Brunswick, consider they have obtained a triumph. We wish the creatures joy of it, and we think they ought to get up a Public Dianer to commemorate the event. Perhaps they might subscribe to erect an obelisk or some public monument on which the names of the 110 could be appropriately engraved on a brass tablet. A small church of their own, would, peradventure, be still more suitable. Mr. Partelow would no doubt perform the ceremony of laying the first stone, and the building once completed, they could elect a Lay Bishop and Priests themselves, and have the services conducted, and the expenditure regulated in any way they choose. This is a bright idea, and we recommend it to their earnest consideration. Some of them believe, we are sure, that they could administer the Diocese better than the good Bishop himself. Hitherto Leonidas and his 300 Spartans stood alone and unrivalled in ancient or modern history. But, their day is gone by. Thermopylæ is beaten hollow by St. John's, and all the military glory of the Spartan Leader is eclipsed by the brighter blaze of Mr.

Partelow, and the gallant band of 110 who have chosen him as their champion.

Proceed we now to consider the precious dissection of the Bishop's Bill by the State Surgeons. First, they have altered the Title from the Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick, to that of the Rev. Dr. Dollard, Roman Catholic Bishop in New Brunswick.

Most sapient legislators! Here is an impertinent specimen of narrow minded bigotry for you! The Right Rev. Dr. Dollard is the Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick, and neither you nor any power on earth can deprive him of the Title. He has been created a Spiritual Peer, by a Sovereign of the most ancient throne in Europe, He has been raised to the high dignity of a Prince of the Catholic Church, by a monarch, who, in addition to the fair portion of Italy which he governs, also rules the consciences of nearly 200 millions of men. Yes, Gregory XVI., the Potentate who sits on a Throne which the Cæsars once occupied, that exalted Vicegerent of Christ on earth, that noble defender, and intrepid champion of the human race, who with heavenly courage braved to his face, and reprov'd for his crimes that scourge of God and second Attila, the Czar of all the Russias, He, has created Doctor Dollard, the Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick, and when he addresses him, calls him 'Venerable Brother,' and the superscription of his Letters or Documents from his court always runs thus: 'To the most Illustrious, and most Reverend Lord, &c., Bishop of New Brunswick.' What a puny and paltry substitution is 'the Rev. Dr. Dollard, Bishop in New Brunswick!' We suppose they deemed it a great favour to admit that he was a Bishop at all, either in New Brunswick or any where else. They might as well have inserted 'Rev. Mr. Dollard calling himself a Bishop in America. This would be a more candid way of expressing their sentiments. Why, Lord John Russell himself who took such a fling at the Religious Orders the other day, said that the clause in the Catholic Emancipation Act which prevented the Irish Bishops from taking the titles of their sees, was extremely ridiculous, and the Queen herself has recognized as Most Reverend, and Right Reverend Bishops, those Prelates, who were named on the Board for the administration of

Charitable Bequests. There is a Bishop of the Church of England in New Brunswick, but his Title is *Bishop of Fredericton*. Before his time, or the erection of the Protestant see, Doctor Dollard was created Catholic *Bishop of New Brunswick*. Thus there was no clashing of title with the state-created Bishop, which could afford a decent pretext for this unmerited insult. It may be asked 'what's in a name?' Very little in itself, no doubt. Right Rev. Dr. Dollard *is* and *will be* the Bishop of New Brunswick, whether the Solons of that land of fogs, call him so, or not. But it is the *animus* of these folks we look at.

'Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick,'

and

'Catholic Bishop in New Brunswick.'

What a profound and sagacious *erratum*!

"Strange that such difference should be,  
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee."

Glory be to the 110 Catholics in New Brunswick who have, or ought to have, all the honour of the celebrated discovery, that Dr. Dollard is not the Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick! We have heard that not one of the 110 is an Irishman, and we have very little difficulty in believing it.

There are various other dissections in the same spirit as the above, which we have not time to notice at present, such as 'the saving of the rights of Pewholders, Church Wardens, Auditors of Accounts, &c.,' whose rights and titles it would be impossible to discover in the whole series of the Canons of the American Church. When will the Catholic Church be emancipated from this degrading bondage?

We promise not to lose sight of this interesting subject.

It is currently rumoured in town, and we believe on very good authority, that the Very Rev. Thomas L. Conolly has been elevated by the Bishop to the dignity of Vicar General of the Diocese of Halifax. On making enquiries we have ascertained that such is the fact, and we are confident that his numerous friends in this city as well as throughout the Province will be delighted to hear of his well-merited promotion to this important and honourable office. Mr. Conolly has been occupied during Lent in giving a series of valuable and instructive Discourses in St. Patrick's Church at the North End.

## LITERATURE.

## CORPUS CHRISTI AFTERNON.

'Well! we have had a glorious day of it!' said my old friend the Colonel. 'I little thought when I was young, that I should have lived to see Corpus Christi kept in England as we have had it to-day. Thank God that He has spared me for such a happiness.'

These words were addressed to an audience that it did one's heart good to see. It was in the porch of his old Gothic house that he spoke them, when all the family had adjourned thither after dinner on Corpus Christi evening, and a lovely evening it was. Around him was his family, young as yet, but brought up in the sterling piety of the old school. Some were seated in the porch, some on its steps, from which they made little starts, by way of forays, to pick up flowers, which remained strewed upon the ground after the procession.

'How beautiful the procession must have looked,' exclaimed one, 'as it wound along the shrubbery. I almost wished I could have seen it from a distance—but at the same time, I would not for the world have been out of it.'

'The birds seemed to join in the music,' interposed another little prattler. 'I am sure there was a thrush going along with us all the way, flying from tree to tree.'

'The people too behaved so well, and seemed so perfectly to enter into the proper feeling of every thing, that I could have fancied myself in a Catholic country,' remarked a more sedate member of the circle.

'And the children from the school, how neat and devout they looked,' added the good old Colonel. 'God bless them all.'

'And then the banners, and the cross, and the canopy, and all the lights, and the incense, which dear Alfred managed so well, how beautiful, now grand, how delightful it was!' fairly cried out a sturdy little fellow, who clapped his hands with glee as he asked in continuation: 'but when will Corpus Christi come again?' and he looked quite choy-fallen when he was answered, 'Not till next year, dear.' Indeed this announcement seemed heavy to all the circle; for a year looks a long period to children. There was a pause for a few moments, till the good Colonel broke it, by saying:

'Let us not repine that the day is past, but let us be thank for its blessing. To me, in my old age, it has been a day of wonders and a day of joy. We will not let it close in melancholy; so come, children, what shall we do to occupy the time till night-prayers?'

'You must tell us stories,' they all exclaimed with one accord. 'Yes, dear papa,' do tell us some of your pretty stories.'

'But what shall they be about? Come to the

votes,' exclaimed, full of glee, the party thus appealed to.

'Why,' said Alfred, a fine boy of fourteen, as manly as a soldier on the lawn, but like a little saint in his surplice in the chapel, 'you know I always like to hear about those fine old knights who went to Holy Land, to rescue our Lord's sepulchre from those terrible Turks, about their battles and their grand spoils. They were grand men those!' And all the boys sided with Alfred.

[To be continued.]

## A SHORT CHAPTER ON RECRUITING.

[From the Cork Examiner]

Mars and other such war-inspiring deities may betake themselves to the many-crowned Olympus for all that Paddy cares—for since Father Mathew rose in the ascendant, Paddy is as insensible to the music of the fife, or the dissonance of the drum, as Achilles to the clamour of the affrighted Greeks, or Coriolanus to the tears of the Roman matrons. Once upon a time—and, as the old women rhapsodists invariably add, 'a very good time it was'—that is, to the Crimp Sergeant *et hoc genus omne*—a moderate allowance of harmonious bird-lime was sufficient to ensnare Pat into a hero. Two Sergeants, a drum and fife, and an oily-tongued fellow in the rear, made up a very respectable recruiting party—and Paddy was the brave boy for such a little party! In those fine times the recruiting officer could take what apple-buying urchins understand by the mystic words, his 'pick and choice' out of the whole troops of aspirants to the laurels of victory, of speculators in that lottery, of which the blank of a 'wooden leg' is considerably mitigated by the decoration of a 'goulden chain.' Now, alas, how sad the reverse. No longer can there be a selection of the broad-shouldered, the full-chested, the stout-thewed—a bandy leg, affectionate and oft-kissing knees, irregularities of the spine, and eccentric departures from the perpendicular, are no longer the barriers, that they once were, to the blushing honours of a red coat, and to the high privilege of butchering one's fellow-creatures for a shilling a-day. So below Zero has recruiting fallen in Ireland, that we do verily believe a skirt of Falstaff's ragged regiment would be marched through Cork or Coventry, and deemed to be quite as good 'food for powder' as better men. But what is the most provoking and unconscionable thing of all, is the vast expenditure and lavish outlay of 'sweet sounds' all to catch one or two unhappy flats. The recruiting party of the 24th Regiment, which paraded our streets on Saturday, was absolutely imposing—sufficient in all conscience to turn the head of every servant-maid of the city. Sergeants innumerable, and corporals beyond mention, head-

ed the array. Then came the full band of the regiment—then a great flaring Union Jack—then a host of red-coated gentlemen decorated with flaunting streamers—all, even to the little drum, looking the picture of contented happiness! The whole picture was what Sir James Graham would call ‘touching,’ sufficient under ordinary circumstances to melt the most obdurate heart, or rather influence it with a warrior’s ardour. But, alas! the times are not what they were; and, in spite of colour, streamers, naked swords, and ‘heavenly strains,’ the gudgeons did not bite. We believe these fishers of men hooked one human fluke, who looked fearfully bashful at the end of the seductive string, and quite out of his natural element. What can be the cause of all this insensibility?—this un-Irish shrinking from the shock of arms?—this strong infusion of caution into the once-impulsive nature of the Irishman?—this national and individual adoption of Falstaff’s celebrated axiom, that discretion is the better part of valour? To whisper the truth, the fact is, that education and railroads, intelligence and steam, are driving old notions out of the world’s head; and Paddy has a taste for learning. But that, people may say, is the case with France and Belgium, and other countries, and yet *their* armies are unthinned. Well then, we add, is the *lash* used on the Frenchman’s back for the slightest infraction of discipline?—are soldiers condemned to privy-cleansing?—are warriors compelled to scour barrack-rooms on Sunday?—is there not, moreover, an opportunity for humble merit to rise to distinction?—is the Plebian doomed to remain a Plebian—never to rise above his order?

TESTIMONIES IN FAVOUR OF CATHOLICITY  
FROM  
MARTIN LUTHER.

THE WORDS OF LUTHER REFERRED TO IN THESE TESTIMONIES.—VOLUME I. Edition of Donat Richzenhain. A.D. 1560

GOD IS TO BE ADORED IN THE MOST HOLY  
SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR

Whoever does not believe that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ are really present in the holy sacrifice is right not to adore it in the Christian or carnal sense: but, whoever believes it, (and, convincing proofs oblige us to believe it,) cannot certainly, without sin, refuse to adore the body and blood of Jesus Christ. If the body and blood of Jesus Christ are present we must admit that Jesus Christ himself is present: for His words do not lie, and He is not separated from His body and His blood. When He lay in the tomb, He was not the less Jesus Christ, and, worthy of veneration, although He had no longer blood in His body. Moreover, we ought, as Saint Paul teaches us, chapter xii. to

the Romans, ‘mutually to esteem and respect one another, for the love of Jesus Christ, who dwells spiritually in the midst of us by faith.’ It is true that there is this difference: Jesus Christ is seated in heaven and He is present in the holy sacrament, and, in the hearts of the faithful. For he has ascended to heaven, there to be adored, and that we may acknowledge in him the Lord and Master of all things. Philem. 2.

On the contrary in the holy sacrament, and in the hearts of the faithful, He is not properly present to be adored there, but to operate with, and to assist us. In like manner He did not become incarnate upon earth to be adored there, but to serve us, as He Himself has said:—‘I am not come to be served, but to serve, and to give my life for many among men.’ From all this it does not follow that we should fail to adore Him, for many men adored Him upon earth, and He was not opposed to it. He received the adoration of the magi, of the blind, and of many others.

Luther, vol. I, p. 127, b. Jena.

In the most august sacrament of the Eucharist, which we must also adore, we receive truly and really the body and blood of Jesus Christ, whether we be worthy or unworthy of it.

Luther, vol. viii. p. 331. In the year 1546.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Eighteenthly. No Christian, at the hour of death, supposes himself to be alone, but, feels certain that, when the blessed sacrament is presented to him, many eyes are turned towards him. First, God Himself and Jesus Christ are present to him, and why? because he has believed in their word, and because he has participated with faith and love in the blessed sacrament; and then the angels, the saints, and all christians are present to his mind. For, there is no doubt, and we have evidence in the blessed sacrament that they are all members of one body, that they will assist him in overcoming sin, death, and hell, and that they will all comfort him. It is thus the work of charity comes into operation, and that the communion of saints appears in all its reality and efficacy, Jesus Christ commands the angels, the saints, and all creatures, to turn towards him their regards and their attention, in order to receive him in the eternal tabernacles.

Luther, vol. i. p. 162, a. p. 163, a. Jena.

Thus it is said, in relation to the blessed sacrament of the altar:

When the priest has given me the most sacred body of Jesus Christ, it was a sign of the communion of saints, of the angels, and of Jesus Christ; a pledge of their love, of their care, of their prayers, of their compassion and assistance in my combats against sin and hell.

Luther, vol. i. p. 381, b. Jena.

## General Intelligence.

## PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

The narrative of Makrona Mieczyslawka, Basilian Abbess of Minsk, or the History of a Seven Years' Persecution, suffered by her and her Nuns; written from her own words, and under the orders of our Most Holy Father the Pope, Gregory XVI., by the Rev. Father Maximilian Rylo, Rector of the Propaganda in Rome; the Abbe Alexander Jelowski, Rector of St. Claudius, in Rome; the Abbe Aloys Leitner, Theologian of the Propaganda, in Rome. Beginning on the 6th of November and ending on the 6th of December, 1845, at Rome.

## I.

Expulsion from Minsk, Imprisonment and Persecution at Witebsk.  
(1838—1840.)

Continued.

Nepomucena Grotkowska died of a dreadful blow with which the Tgumena, or Abbess of the Czernice, broke her head by striking her with a log of wood, because the poor nun had presumed to use a knife in order to scratch out a spot of tar on the floor, and that she had endeavoured uselessly to do away otherwise.

Soon after, these whippings ended the martyrdom of two other nuns, Susan Sypinski, and Coletto Sielawa: the latter died on the very day of the torture, in consequence of an incident I shall now relate.

We were tormented by hunger; but from time to time, God fed us by inspiring some poor people to throw over to us the remains of their bread. Sister Coletti having perceived it on that day, advanced to receive the alms; but a Czernice having seen her, struck her with a stick which the Czernice always wore at their side, like a sabre, and that they ever now and then used to beat us with. After beating the nun, she slapped her face, tore her cheeks, and dragged her along by the hair, and at last threw her with such violence against a piece of wood that Coletta had a rib broken. The poor martyr opposed no sort of resistance, as we never did, but on that same night she expired on my knees.

We had been a few months at Witebsk (1839), enduring trials and tortures of all kinds from Michalewicz, when Siemaszko reprimanded him with not being able to overcome our constancy nor to force us to apostasy. Michalewicz, frightened at these menaces, wrote back to Siemaszko that we were ready to go over to the schism, and that, under his hands, we had become like soft wax. In the meantime, and before his principal arrived, he doubled our tortures, in order to obtain

in reality what he had so falsely announced to Siemaszko. The better to succeed in his plan, he divided us and shut us up in four different dungeons. The one I occupied with four of my sisters was a cold, dark, damp cellar, filled with grubs and worms that ran all over us, got into our eyes, our nostrils, and even our mouths.

Without having concerted about it, we all began on that day a *neuwaine* for each other, to obtain the grace of mutual perseverance. The three divisions we were separated from, received for food during the two first days, a pound of bran bread and a pint of water; and this ratio was afterwards reduced by one half. As for ourselves, we had neither bread nor water; but we ate the remains of rotten vegetables left in the cellar, and which the worms had not completely eaten up.

In this new prison we passed some happy, nay, even some cheerful moments. We were constantly at prayer, and we composed an extempore hymn, that became for us both a distraction and a consolation.

"My God! we wear these chains by thy will, accept our sufferings, and never cease to support us.

"Expelled from that dwelling where our labour was so delightful, to whom shall we offer our complaints against the crimes of those traitors?

"Let us suffer on, oh! servants of the Lord! If we fight out this battle, he will one day dry our tears by granting victory to Faith.

"Then shall we break our chains assunder, then shall we surmount all barriers. Let thy divine will be done! Thou wilt crown us in heaven!"

Michalewicz went every day from prison to prison, bearing in hand a paper destined to receive our act of apostasy. "What is the use of resisting?" said he; "all your sisters have already abjured the Roman Church; here is the act they have subscribed; they are now free and happy, *taking their coffee*. Come now, children, subscribe; *the coffee stands waiting*." And then, addressing himself to me: "Well, Mrs. Abbess, is it not better to become once more an abbess, than to be thus eaten up alive by worms? Come now, do sign; your other children have done that already."

It was by such means he endeavoured to deceive us. We trembled for each other. At last I heard within me a voice which cried out: *Snatch the paper*. I snatched it out of the apostate's hand, and opened it . . . I found a blank sheet of paper!

"Ah! you villain, Judas, liar, the very agent of Lucifer! . . . return to your good master!"

Michalewicz had no stick with him, so he con-

tented himself with forcing worms into my mouth, and went away quite ashamed of himself.

As soon as the week was over, the doors of our prisons were opened, and we returned to our usual labour.

Upon finding every one of us at the wheelbarrows, we greeted each other with inexpressible joy. "Oh, dear mother," exclaimed my sisters, "so then you are still with us?" "I am with God," returned I. "And we also; we are with God" . . . . And we all fell on our knees to thank God for having given us one more victory, and we began the *Te Deum*; after which I said to my companions—"We have been resting ourselves for a long time my dear children; let us now try to work hard. Come, to work, to work."

Siemaszko was not long in answering the invitation he had received from Michalewicz. For one whole hour the bells announced his arrival. The Czernice ran to meet him, whilst we waited for him in our prison. Siemaszko came to us, accompanied by Michalewicz and his clergy. After greeting us with mildness, he said—

"Well, I am glad to see you."

"And we also; we bless your presence, if you come to us like a good bishop, like a good shepherd; but if you come again as an apostate, leave us, leave us . . . ."

He replied that he had come upon our own invitation; an invitation which, added to our declaration of adherence to the *orthodox* faith, had filled his heart with joy. He consequently, said he, named me the Superior General, and as the insignia of my new dignity, brought me a beautiful crozier, as well as a decoration, that was a signal proof of his Imperial Majesty's favour.

We at first thought Siemaszko stark mad; but at the same time we were involuntarily seized with most shocking misgivings . . . . We were afraid of having a traitor amongst us . . . . My sister nuns at first looked at each other, and then their eyes were all at once rivetted upon myself. "Thou infamous wretch," I exclaimed, "what dost thou say? who called thee hither to tempt us again?" . . . . "Why, your ownself," retorted he. At these words my sisters uttered a most distressing groan, followed by as deep a silence. . . . I was oppressed by the most excruciating anguish. I again snatched the pretended petition out of the hands of Siemaszko; I opened it before my sisters, and we read, in large characters, the name of Michalewicz; but still the felon's hand had trembled.

"So it is thou, infernal monster, thou who deceivest even Satan, thy master?" . . . . And I threw away, indignantly, the fatal paper.

The wretch dared to answer me by a new lie :

"Blood of a Polish hound! You have all licked my very feet, asking me, in the most humble manner, to write this petition."

"And do you not fear God whom you offend by such an audacious falsehood? You know better than any one that we fear neither martyrdom nor death; how then should we ever have asked you to call in your accomplice, the man whom you acknowledge as your Archbishop, but who is for us nothing else but an apostate like yourself?" Then, addressing myself to Siemaszko, "This cross, which you bring me from the Emperor, hang it on your own heart, so richly loaded with them already; in former times villains were tied to crosses, but now-a-days I see that crosses are ad to villains. Avaunt, thou shalt tempt in vain the servants of the Lord."

Siemaszko appeared surprised, but yet he changed not his tone, being determined this time to win us over through mildness. As soon as he was gone we wept for joy, thanking God for such a signal grace, and my sisters pressing round me to give full vent to those feelings the apostate Bishop's presence had forced them to suppress.

On the very same day, Siemaszko ordered a Russian Pope, called Andrianow, to make an inquiry into the truth concerning the petition signed by Michalewicz. This person witnessed our constancy, and threatened us with the greatest tortures, even with death. Nothing could shake our fortitude, God Himself supporting it, and the Pope left us, uttering a thousand insults against us.

The next day, Siemaszko ordered us to be whipped before his windows, and thus repaid his visit with our blood. He then left the place, after ill-treating Michalewicz, who avenged himself by an aggravation of cruelty towards us. Not content with beating us, he now pelted us with stones and his example was followed by the Czernice, and by the very children, who persecuted and ill used us by means of sticks, bent double, in the form of a *knout*, or whip. No possible means was forgotten to increase our labour;—one instance amongst a thousand. The Czernice made us carry water from the river, to make the tea, mixed up with brandy, which they took several times a-day. We carried this water in copper vessels, exceedingly heavy, and at our arm's end, in order, said the Czernice, that the *Polish spirit should not get into the water*. The distance was great, especially in winter, when we were obliged to take a long round-about way to get to the river. If, exhausted with fatigue, we approached the pail for one moment to our body, the Czernice, who were ever by our side, immediately seized the pail, and emptied it over our heads, forcing us sometimes to begin again four or five times running. A bath like this, taken in winter, covered us with

ice for the rest of the day. We had nothing else but blows to make us warm, and, to be sure, they were never wanting.

To be continued.

PUSEYITES, ANGLICANS, &c.  
DR. PUSEY'S SERMON BEFORE THE  
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

(From the Times.)

Sunday morning it became the turn of Dr. Pusey, canon of Christ Church, to preach before the University of Oxford for the first time since his suspension in 1843. The interest excited upon this occasion was very great; a number of members of the University came from London and other distant places. Dr. Pusey being a dignitary of Christ Church, the sermon was preached in that cathedral. The place was, of course, crowded to excess the moment the doors were opened. It was with great difficulty that the University authorities made their way to their places, accompanied by Dr. Pusey, who slowly, and with very grave aspect and downcast eyes, passed on to the pulpit, where, however, he was instantly lost sight of, owing to his kneeling on the very floor of it for his private devotions, during the entire time while the congregation sang the 147th psalm, new version. After the Psalm, the rev. doctor simply recited the Bidding Prayer and the Lord's Prayer, and proceeded at once to the sermon, which occupied nearly an hour and a half in the delivery, but the substance of which is subjoined.

Dr. Pusey read as his text:—"Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.—St. John xx. 21—23.

The preacher began by observing, that it would be in the memory of some, that when, nearly three years past, Almighty God, for secret faults which He knew in him, and from which he trusted He designed to cleanse him, allowed him to be deprived for a time from that his office, he was endeavoring to mitigate the stern doctrine of the heavy character of a Christian's sins, by pointing out the mercy of God, which met the penitent with the means of restoration and the earnest of pardon. In so doing it seemed best, first to dwell upon the unfathomable mercies of God in Christ, whereby the hearts of penitents might be the more fixed upon Him, the source of all mercies, and their faith be strengthened, and they the more hope that no depth of past sin could utterly sever them from the love of Christ,—nay, could sever them from

no degree of fullness of his unspeakable love; for what bounds could there be to the compass of His love, who, being Eternal God, so compassionated us as to take our nature upon Him that He might die for us and live to make intercession for us? So might it be hoped that they who, educated in imperfect systems, suspected all who spoke of the channels of divine mercy, as though they forgot Him, its ever-flowing source, might be less indisposed to the truth, and they who received it might have their souls the more firmly fixed upon Him 'who is the truth.' When, further, the preacher on a former occasion began to speak of the means by which God applied this grace, he wished to dwell upon those sacred gifts by which He vouchsafed to impart it to us, before speaking of those acts, equally His gifts unto us, by which he wrought it us, that so we might have it the more impressed upon us, that all is of Him; and of these gifts the preacher, not meaning to speak controversially, had spoken of the holy Eucharist to the penitent as a sacrament and as a commemorative sacrifice; upon which latter subject he would simply rehearse the words of the Apostolic Bishop Wilson, in the *Sacra Privata*—"May it please Thee, O God, who hast called us to this ministry, to make us worthy to offer unto Thee this sacrifice for our own sins and the sins of Thy people."

To proceed now to speak of that great authoritative act, whereby God in the church still forgave the sins of the penitent; for the forgiveness of sin, every gift of mercy or of grace, by whomsoever or howsoever it came to us, was from Him; in baptizing, absolving, teaching, consecrating, the Church or her minister was not instead of, but the instrument of Christ. What said St. Tatian, St. Ignatius, and others? That while God alone could forgive sin, they truly honoured Him who, instead of casting back upon Him the office He committed to them, received his command given in the Gospel. So St. Chrysostom—"Whatsoever the priest hath entrusted to him, is of God alone to give." Our own acts of devotion bore witness to the same thing. In our daily service the solemn Confession and Absolution preceded the use of the Lord's Prayer, that so we might become fitter to use His divine words, and to praise Him. The Absolution was received kneeling—a humble posture not used at any mere exhortation, or declaration, or teaching. It was entitled 'The Absolution or Remission of Sins, to be pronounced by the priest alone;' for which in a daughter church, in compromising times, was substituted 'The Declaration of Absolution, to be made by the priest alone.' The 'power to pronounce,' as well as declare forgiveness, implied an authoritative and present act. Such was our least solemn form of absolution; and, as the penitent might be supposed a believer, the absolution became more authorita-



trive and failer, until at last, in the private absolution when the conscience most felt its burden and had laid it down at the feet of her Lord, the priest thus spoke:—"By His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Nor could here be any question of freeing from the censures of the Church, or restoring to communion, from which among ourselves none were in practice shut out who did not shut out themselves; it was a private act between the sinner's soul and God in the presence of the priest. And parochial ministers were bound to invite their people to open their grief, not in sickness only, but before the holy communion, if they could not quiet their own consciences, that they might receive the benefit of absolution. In visiting the sick man, he was not to be waited for, 'but moved to make a special confession of his sins,' and then 'if he humbly and heartily desired it,' absolved by the authority conveyed to the priest in the words in which it was given by our Lord to his apostles. All this doctrine of our Church as to absolution was the more solemn as being embodied in acts in the name of Almighty God himself, in his daily worship, at the holy communion, or in silent preparation for it; and when the soul was approaching its last conflict, in that moment which summed up all the past and decided eternity, when after the deep confession one voice alone was heard, the rest in silence receiving it, the penitent awaiting with intense earnest longings those words of awful comfort which the Church commissioned her priest to pronounce—this might well make us think more deeply how very serious a doctrine it was which was so imparted. But our Church also bore witness to a further, and in some sense more awful and more painful part of the doctrine of the keys—the power not to loose only, but to bind; not to remit only, but to retain sin. She yearly expressed her sorrow at the loss of the 'godly discipline, whereby persons who stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord;' and in her articles she spoke of such as 'being cut off from the unity of the Church, were to be taken as heathens, until they be openly reconciled by penance.' But this whole subject of discipline did not belong to him (the preacher,) nor need he speak of that power of 'binding,' which in our Church, equally with that of loosing, was conferred on her priests, since such power was to be exercised only towards the impenitent, and his office was chiefly with the penitent, whose consciences were oppressed by the memory of past sin, and who longed to know how they might be replaced in that condition in which God once placed them. Probably one ground why so little needed to be said in the New Testament as to the forgiveness of sins of a Christian very grievously fallen, was that our Lord had left a living provision in His church, whereby the penitent, however fall-

en, should be restored. And in healthful times, when discipline was observed, and people were in earnest about their souls, and felt the pressure of their sins, and the darkness of the absence of Divine grace, the forgiveness of sins was seen, and witnessed, and felt, and shone forth in the renewed health and life of the soul, whose restoration was furthered by the Church's love and prayers. The penitent then saw the oppressed set free, and knew that his own chain of evil habits might be loosed; the Church could give account of the source of her power, appealing to the commission given her by her Divine Lord, and the workings of that power were the pledge of it to all; saying to the lame by the decrepitude of sin, 'Walk,' and 'run in the way of God's commandments;' and to the leper, 'Wash in Siloam (him who is sent), and let thy flesh come again as that of a little child.' She showed that she was clad with the power of her Lord, and no one needed to ask, 'By what authority doest thou these things?'

Concluded in our next.

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### BIRTHS RECORDED.

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AT ST. MARY'S.

- MARCH 18—Mrs. Mary Hogan, of a Son.  
 " Mrs. Mary Maher, of a Son.  
 " Mrs. Priscilla Lane, of a Son.  
 " Mrs. Mary Donovan, of a Son.  
 19—Mrs. Jean Tobin, of a Son.  
 21—Mrs. Mary Dereen, of a Daughter.  
 " Mrs. Ellen Carey, of a Daughter.  
 " Mrs. Mary Morrissey, of a Son.  
 " Mrs. Honora Hutcheson, of a Daughter.  
 24 Mrs. Catherine Bell, of a Daughter.  
 25—Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of a Son.  
 26—Mrs. Anne Regan, of a Daughter.  
 " Mrs. Margaret Power, of a Son.

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### INTERMENTS.

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AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- MARCH 24—Frances, daughter of Samuel and Mary Adams, aged 1 year and 8 months.  
 " Margaret, daughter of William and Catherine O'Brien, aged 9 months.  
 26—Mary, daughter of Michael and Johanna O'Brien, aged 3 years and 8 months.

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

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