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THE CROSS.

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.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1843.

No. 10.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- May 7. Sunday III. after Easter, Feast of the patronage of St. Joseph.
8. Monday, Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
9. Tuesday, St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. Confessor and Doctor.
10. Wednesday, St. Antoninus Bishop and Confessor.
11. Thursday, St. Alexander I. Pope and Martyr.
11. Friday, SS. Nereus, Achilleus and Domitilla, Martyrs.
12. Saturday, S. Stanislaus, Bp. and Mart. (from 7th inst.)

Spiritual Maxims for May.

From St. Vincent of Paul.

1.

We should give our first care to our salvation, and our own perfection, in imitation, of the Son of God who began by *doing good*.

2.

A natural inclination makes us require that things which are advantageous to us should be done quickly. This, however, we should repress, in order to accustom ourselves to the practice of holy indifference, and to leave to God the care of manifesting his will, being assured that when God wishes an affair to succeed, delays will not injure it, and that the less industry there is on our part the more there will be of the wisdom and power of God.

3.

Oh! what a little thing is required to become a Saint! We have only to do in all things the will of God.

4.

Should we not consider perseverance in our vocation, success in our business, victory in our temptations, to return to God after we fall into a sin, in a word, final perseverance in the grace of God, and the acquisition of eternal bliss—all, as effects solely produced by prayer.

5.

We charm the hearts of men, and gain them over by teaching them with meekness, and in an humble manner.

6.

Every one should say to himself, Though I should have all virtues, if I do not possess humility, I deceive myself, and whilst I consider myself virtuous I am only a proud Pharisee.

7.

We are happy when the Lord places us in a condition to honour his poverty by ours; we are then under the happy necessity of depending in all things on Divine providence. We have a thousand opportunities of relying on his bounty, of sympathizing with the miseries of the poor, and of practising many acts of patience, humility, mortification, and conformity to the will of God.

8.

Our Lord Jesus Christ would not give permission to him who had be-

gain to follow him to go bury his own father. He excludes from the number of his disciples him that does not renounce his father, and his mother, and still more him that does not renounce himself.

9.

A modest exterior and good example are a silent but most efficacious sermon. These virtues are the characters which, as it were, distinguish the true servant of God from those who are slaves to their senses, and as they spring from an interior grace they necessarily produce wonderful fruit in all who witness them.

10.

It is absolutely necessary, either for our own advancement or the salvation of others to follow in all things the beautiful light of faith.

11.

Dignities have their thorns like other conditions of life, and superiors who wish to fulfill their duties both by conversation and good example, have much to suffer.

12.

It is necessary to have practised for a long time what we wish to teach others. By this means, the word of God when it proceeds from our mouths, will produce one hundred fold.

13.

We should come to no resolution in important matters when we are agitated by hope or desire, because, as the success of human enterprise often de-

pends on the activity and ardour with which they are followed, so on the contrary the success of God's works depends on that humble submission to his will which peacefully awaits the moments he himself has marked out for the accomplishment of his designs.

14.

Do the will of God in all things, and in all places. Be ready to live or die according as God shall will. This is the disposition of good servants of God, and of men who are truly apostolic. It is the mark which points out the true children of God who are always disposed to accomplish all the designs of so good and sublime a Father.

15.

Prayer is absolutely necessary for those who labour for the salvation of souls, either to nourish in them an ardent desire of making new progress in devotion, and fervour, or to inspire them with new zeal and courage in the services they render to their neighbour.

16.

Those who are animated with true charity cannot prevent it from appearing outwardly, and exterior acts are usually proofs of the interior dispositions of a soul.

17.

A charitable word is all that is sometimes necessary to convert an obdurate heart. In like manner one bitter word is capable of afflicting a soul and plunging it into a sadness that may be most injurious.

18.

When we consider the virtue of humility only in a speculative manner, it seems beautiful, lovely, and wonderful; but when there is question of practising it, we find it most repugnant to nature. We are displeased with what it requires, because it wishes us always to take the lowest place, to put ourselves beneath those with whom we live though they are our inferiors, to bear calumnies without a murmur, to seek for contempt, to love subjection. Now, we have a natural aversion from all these things.

19.

We should not for all the wealth of the world permit the least thing against God, or our own conscience.

20.

Afflictions are the most certain pledge that God can give us of the love he bears us.

21.

Retreat and silence are absolutely necessary to those who labour for the salvation of souls.

22.

A superior should endeavour by a holy management to prevent any abuse or faults that are likely to happen, for it is much easier to prevent them beforehand than to correct them afterwards.

23.

It is not always suitable to do everything that one can. We should rather

confine ourselves to what charity requires, and what is conformable to Gods will, taking our Lord for our model in this respect, who did not wish to do all that was possible for him.

24.

It is certain that by labouring for our own perfection we render ourselves more capable of promoting the perfection of others.

25.

He that puts his confidence in men, and who, relying on his natural talents, or fortune, does not place his reliance in God, separates himself from God.

26.

The maxims of the Gospel are entirely opposed to those of the world.

27.

Nothing is more injurious to a community than to be governed by superiors that are too weak, and that are anxious to please others, and to make themselves beloved.

28.

Interior recollection preserves us from dissipation, which is the source of tepidity in those who from their state of life are bound to inspire others with fervour and the fear of God.

29.

The state of him that suffers for God is most happy and most agreeable to the divine Majesty, since the Son of God himself wished to crown the hero-

ic actions of his life by these excessive torments which caused his death.

30.

We should not judge of things by their exterior or their appearance, but according to what they are in the eyes of God, and in as much as they are conformable to his good will.

31.

Conformity to the Divine will is the treasure of a good Christian, and it eminently comprises mortification, perfect submission, renunciation of self, imitation of Jesus Christ, union with God, and in general all the virtues, which are virtues, only because they are conformable to the will of God, which is the origin and rule of all perfection.

The Mysterious Penitent.

DURING the time the Venerable Pope Pius VII. was in Paris in 1804, there was an individual whose face he met everywhere he went—whether he was going out, or coming in—looking from the window of his carriage or his palace—proceeding from the Tuilleries or Notre Dame. The man who was thus continually before the Holy Father, appeared to be about thirty years of age; but his figure was wasted, and his

hairs had already become grey. His exterior, though it bespoke no poverty, was much neglected; and the only trace of youth that you could perceive in him, was in his piercing but gloomy eyes, which assumed an indescribable expression, whenever they were fixed on the Sovereign Pontiff. Pius VII. at this memorable period was grateful to Providence, whose inscrutable designs had brought him into France: He was prepared to meet there if not insult, at least indifference, and yet he received nothing but attention and respect at all sides. Men who were steeped in crimes of the blackest die, during the stormy days of the Revolution, were at the sight of him filled with respect, with terror and repentance, and cast themselves at his feet, acknowledging their crimes, and imploring forgiveness. Philosophers who denied the immortality of the Soul, and gloried in the profession of Atheism, suddenly subdued by one of his words or looks, prostrated themselves before him, and received his Apostolic Benediction with tears in their eyes. Pius VII. enjoyed beyond measure this sweet triumph of majesty and meekness. He conjectured too that the man who was following him with so much perseverance, had some strange disclosure to reveal. Accordingly as he was one day on his way to St. Cloud, he ordered his carriage to stop at the entrance of the Champs-Elysees, and having satisfied himself by a single glance that the unknown was still pursuing him, he sent one of his officers to

tell him that the Pope wished to speak to him.

The man slowly approached, and when he had come up to the carriage, he fell on his knees and bowed down his head without uttering a word.

The Pope said to him in the kindest tone. My child! you have been following me for a long time. What is your object? Have you any request to make; or do you desire our paternal benediction?

The stranger shook his head in token of dissent,

What is your name?

The unknown moved his lips, but the Pope alone heard what he said.

Do you wish to confess to me?

Yes, Holy Father: my crime is so great that I am persuaded there is but one man on earth who has received from God sufficient power to impose suitable penance on me, and impart me the grace of absolution, and Your Holiness is that person.

My child, replied Pius VII. with much gravity, we must never doubt of Heaven's mercy. Your crime is, perhaps, exceedingly great, but surely God is infinite in goodness.

Oh! after what I have done, said the unknown, whose voice became fainter every moment, after what I have done, it is perhaps an insult to Heaven, to ask its forgiveness.

No, but such a thought as that, is an insult to the divine clemency. As you are still permitted to live, you must see

it is because the Almighty wishes to give you time to repent. I will hear your confession this evening.

Holy Father, you must have great courage. Oh, I hope that we will be quite alone, and that the doors will be well closed.

Pius VII. reflected for a moment, and cast a look at the stranger which pierced his inmost soul. After a moment's silence, he said: "Take this paper, my child. With this pass signed by my own hand, you will gain admittance to me at any hour."

He took the paper, concealed it in his bosom, bowed down to the earth, and departed.

On the evening of the same day he had an interview with the Pope which lasted more than two hours. No human being will ever know what took place between them, during this solemn interview. But when it was over, and the Pope had rung his bell, the Cardinal who first entered was so terrified at the paleness of the Holy Father, that he was about to put the stranger under arrest. The Pope made a sign which prevented the Cardinal, and with a gentle wave of the hand, directed the stranger to withdraw.

About two months after this scene, a stranger presented himself before the Mayor of the little town of ———, and declared that he had come to reside there. The conduct of this man soon became the subject of universal curiosity. He took up his quarters at the ex-

tremity of the town in a retired house where three persons did not pass in the day. A woman whom he regularly paid, brought him every morning his provisions for the day—a loaf and some water. He slept on two boards, and though at this period the winter was extremely severe, he never kindled a fire. His furniture consisted of a table, a chair, and a large crucifix. He had also a Book on which he often meditated: it was the Bible. The anchorites of Thebais did not live in greater austerity.

The astonishment was still greater, when on the arrival of Sunday this man was seen coming out of his house, all in black, with his eyes cast down, and directing his steps towards the Parish Church. When he arrived under the porch, which was supported by two heavy pillars of Roman architecture, he stopped near one of them, fell down on his knees, and in this manner, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice. When Mass was over, he retired slowly, and without seeming to perceive the interest he had excited. There was, however, an extraordinary paleness observable in his countenance. Next morning, and the following days the same scene was renewed. He regularly returned to his place under the porch.

The Cure went there to look for him. My Son, said he, do you require any assistance or consolation?

No, father, I only require prayers.

Will your penance be a long one?

It ought to be, for atonement should be always proportioned to crime.

The most contradictory reports were soon spread abroad concerning this mysterious personage. Several of the inhabitants wished to speak to him. He gave them to understand, that he was enjoined, during the whole course of his penance, not to speak one useless word. His grave manners, too, awed the boldest amongst them, and at length from having been an object of curiosity he became one of pity. At the end of a year, people gave themselves no farther trouble about him. But, when a stranger occasionally entered the Parish Church, and asked who was the man that was kneeling motionless under the porch with his face buried in his hands, the person questioned would make the sign of the cross and reply: It is the Penitent.

Ten years had rolled on, and for a long time people had ceased to think of the stranger when the Vicar of the Parish died. The Priest who was appointed his successor had been but recently ordained, and was named Stephen. He was an austere and melancholy young man, who from his first step in life, had been struggling with misfortunes. After having sounded all human knowledge he discovered its shallowness, and fled for refuge into the bosom of a religion whose mysteries explain the mysteries of science, a religion which offers to the children of misfortune a second haven against all the storms of life. God had gifted him with

an ardent and contemplative imagination, but his meditations were no longer devoted to any but heavenly things, and the poetic spirit which filled his soul, had found a sister in the poesy of Christianity. His eloquence was sweet and insinuating, and his manners most amiable. There was, however, so much simplicity mingled with all this, that he was taken for a very ordinary character. He hid with so much care every spark of his genius, that no one suspected what a brilliant light was burning within him.

The first time Stephen saw the Penitent he felt himself attracted towards him by an indescribable kind of sympathy. He enquired his history. People told him all they knew, which was very little. But their account of his austere life, and the mystery which hung around him, increased the interest with which the penitent had first inspired him. He did not venture to speak to him; but every time as he entered the Church, that their eyes met, his looks wore a sublime expression of consolation and pity, which seemed to say, I unite my prayers with yours: do not despair!

Providence brought these two men together. One day the Penitent entered the Vicar's house. Reverend father, said he, for the last ten years I have given all my substance to the poor... Oh! I had no merit whatsoever in doing so. I was merely obeying an order. I was permitted to reserve a small rent

which was quite sufficient for my poor support. But a bankruptcy has taken this last resource from me. I must now labour to earn my bread. I do not repine at this stroke of heaven; far from it. If it still thinks of me to punish me, it may one day remember me in mercy. I have come to ask you to procure me work, and I have applied to you rather than any one else, because you seem to take some interest in my case. I do not deserve this sympathy, Reverend Sir, but I beseech you nevertheless to have pity on me. I cling to life, observe, not for itself. But if I die at present; if I die before I complete my penance, I shall be damned without resource, damned for all eternity! Oh! Sir, enable me to live.

I know not what fault you have committed, replied Stephen, whose emotion had reached its height, and it is a secret which I will never ask you. But, ten years of repentance give you a claim to the indulgence of men, if not to the forgiveness of heaven. You may therefore be assured that I will endeavour to make myself useful to you. You shall live; you shall live to receive the absolution which you expect, and you will live after having received it.

Oh! if heaven grants me the first grace, interrupted the Penitent, I will ask it for a second.

And what will that be?

A speedy death.

You have then no hope of comfort on earth?

And perhaps none in heaven also.

Take care, Sir. Life is a gift of God, and we must respect every thing which he bestows.

When I shall receive the absolution which I expect, life will be only a burthen to me. I shall never conceive the thought of taking it away. But, will I be guilty of a crime in asking God to call me to himself?

Stephen was silent. It was not the moment to give either instruction or comfort to the penitent. He hoped, moreover, that he would make the attempt at some future time with better chance of success. He enquired what kind of work would suit him best, so as not to interrupt his habits of silence and retirement. He offered him an engagement to copy manuscripts, and it was accepted.

From that day forward a closer intimacy grew up between the Penitent and the young Vicar. Stephen shewed so much affectionate care, so much paternal tenderness, that the penitent was at last powerfully moved; and he whose soul seemed closed for ever against all human affections, began to open itself to friendship.

He said on one occasion to the young Priest, I made it a rule not to speak to any one during my penance, and I have kept this resolution for more than ten years. Since I have seen you I have found it impossible to maintain this silence any longer. But, how could I have inspired you with the interest you feel for me? How could you suffer

your hand to clasp mine? How could you, who are pure and spotless before the Lord, approach a miserable sinner like me?

Stephen replied: It is because the robe of repentance is nearly as white as the garment of innocence—because we are all sinners, and full of weakness; and besides there is no virtue which God loves to see practised on earth more than charity.

Do you know a thought has crossed my mind, in spite of me, said the Penitent, that God would not have sent you in my way unless he had an intention of forgiving me one day. You are in my regard, like the dove which brought the olive branch to the ark as a proof that the deluge had ceased. You are an angel whose mission is to sustain me to the end of my pilgrimage.

No, said Stephen, I am a man like yourself. I love you, and I sympathize with you.

And then they prayed together. The penitent imagined that his prayers more easily penetrated the skies when they were mingled with those of the Vicar. Although this good priest concealed his visits as much as possible, the report of them soon spread through the town. Public curiosity revived, and people began to wonder what sympathy could exist between two such men. In a short time, however, this curiosity again died away.

Often, on leaving the penitent, Stephen would fall into an involuntary reverie. He would frequently ask him-

self, how could a crime have been committed by a man in whom he could never discover even the shadow of an evil thought. and what could have been the crime which required so terrible a penance! These reflections would pass through his mind in spite of him, even when in company with the stranger. One day the Penitent perceived what was passing in his mind, and said to him. If you were not a priest, I would long since have related my whole history to you. It is an example which you could any day make use of for the benefit of such blind and insane young men as I have been. This cup of shame I would be well satisfied to drink, that I might offer to God an additional atonement. But you are a Priest; such a confidential revelation would have all the characters of a Confession, and the Pope has forbidden me to approach any sacrament during the whole course of my penance.

The Pope? interrupted Stephen.

The Pope himself. It is to him I have revealed my crime. He alone has sufficient power to give me absolution to whom it was said, through Peter: Whatsoever you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed also in Heaven.

But, said Stephen, the absolution of any Priest who is possessed of jurisdiction would be sufficient if you truly repent of your sins. However, if his Holiness has made your crime a reserved case, you certainly cannot be absolved without jurisdiction from him, unless in the article of death when the church in her mercy imparts a power to every Priest to absolve the dying sinner. But how did you see his Holiness?

The Penitent related all the circumstances of his interview with Pius VII. in Paris. When I entered his Palace, said he, I was pale and trembling like

an assassin who is stealing to the couch of his victim. I was introduced to him and I fell instantly on my knees. And when we were alone—

He suddenly stopt. A cold sweat ran down his forehead. He looked at Stephen in the face, and for some moments there was a solemn silence between the two.

I am not able to tell you, resumed he in a stifled voice, what passed during this interview. It is enough to say that after having heard my confession, the Pope revived for my case, the most severe penance of the primitive Church. He ordered me to renounce all,—my parents, friends, fortune, to bury myself in a corner of France, and to follow the penitential course which you see me practice. Perhaps, said he, on these conditions we may one day give you absolution. I did not dare to hope for so much, and I made an effort to kiss his knees, but he shrunk back.

You will write to me once a year said he to me, in a severe tone, and you will render me an exact account of your employment of your time. I will believe your words, because I believe in the sincerity of your repentance. You will receive a letter signed with my own hand, when the justice of heaven shall be appeased. Then, and only then, can you enter the Church, or approach the holy table,

A month after I snapped all the chains which bound me to life. My family imagine I am dead; and so I am effectually to them.

And your penance has continued for ten years?

Ten years: and is it not very brief?

But have you ever heard since from the Holy Father?

Never!

Stephen's countenance fell. Unable to utter a word, he clasped the hands of the penitent, and retired.

In a short time after, the penitent fell sick. He paid no attention to what he conceived a slight indisposition, for he imagined his constitution was strong. But his fastings, watchings, and abstinence had undermined his health. One day he dragged himself along to his usual place under the Church porch, but had not strength enough to return. They were obliged to carry him home. From this time his illness became more serious every day, and Stephen was constantly beside him. When this poor man saw he was in danger of death he lost all his resignation and firmness; he despaired of obtaining pardon from God. The agitation of his mind frustrated every attempt at his cure, and he was in a hopeless state.

Oh! save me, he would cry to Stephen; save me. I cannot die. Oh! if I die without absolution I am lost, I am damned! Oh! take pity on me and save me. Oh! absolution.

Stephen wrote to the Court of Rome, but he did not expect the letter would be in time.

As the young Vicar had his duties to discharge, he required some one to remain with the penitent during his absence. He chose me for the purpose, and I was not a little proud of this mark of esteem.

I took up my post by the bedside of the penitent, and never quitted it. We forced him to use a mattress and a little covering. Stephen and I paid him all the attention in our power, but it was quite useless. During the day he enjoyed a little rest, but would fall, at night, into horrible ravings. Stephen made every effort to confirm his hopes in the divine mercy.

You will not die, said he to him; it is your agitation alone which causes your danger. You surely will not die; and besides, ten years penance like your's

are an atonement sufficient for any crime.

For any crime except mine, replied the penitent, wringing his hands.

O man of little faith, said the Vicar, don't you see you are offering an insult to heaven by doubting of its mercy? Listen to me then: if at your last hour, the permission to absolve you does not arrive from the Pope—and God grant it may arrive!—you will make your confession to me, and I will take on my own soul the responsibility of your absolution.

But there was no necessity for the fulfilment of this solemn promise. The deep repentance and sorrow of the stranger had found favour with heaven.

It was at the close of a day which the sick man had spent more tranquilly than usual, but which was not the less a day of agony in my eyes. We had given up all hopes of a letter from the Pope. Stephen had gone out, and had promised, at his return, to administer the last Sacraments to the dying man.

On a sudden I heard the sound of rapid footsteps. The door opened, and Stephen rushed in crying out: a letter from Rome!

A hectic flush passed across the pale cheek of the penitent, and his dying eyes sparkled with joy.

From Rome! repeated he in a feeble voice! from Rome! Give it to me: give it to me! Oh God! is it the very day of my death that you have chosen for the day of your mercy! O Lord! this would be a two-fold grace!

He raised himself up, took the letter, and tried to break the seal; but his trembling hands refused to perform their office. He handed it to Stephen. Read it, said he. it is my sentence. I have not strength enough to open this letter, and even if I had, there is a mist over my eyes which would prevent me from reading it. Oh! do read it for me.

Stephen read; the Letter contained the absolution of the Sovereign Pontiff. It was signed by Pius VII. himself. It informed the Penitent that his censures were now removed—that he might enter the Church and approach the holy sacraments.

The anathema is removed, said Stephen. Let us return thanks to the Lord who has been moved by your repentance. And he fell on his knees and took the penitents hand. It was icy cold; the unfortunate man had fainted away.

I ran to call for help. It was with great difficulty he was brought back to his senses. When he opened his eyes, Ah! why did you awake me, said he to us in a low voice; I had such a delightful dream! I thought some one had taken a great weight off my breast which had lain on it for many years!

It was no dream, said Stephen gently, showing him the Apostolic Brief; and he read it a second time.

When he had finished, the penitent was so pale that we imagined he was going to expire. Nevertheless he took the letter, and pressed it silently to his lips.

My dear friend, said Stephen. your strength is exhausted; any further excitement would be dangerous to you, and you must preserve yourself for the new life into which you are about to enter. I will go and return thanks to God in his holy temple, because he has been so merciful to you. Here is a physician who will pay you every attention which your case requires. To-morrow.—

The penitent made us a sign to stop, and after having collected himself a little, he said. I am dying. Don't attempt to deceive me for the few moments I have to live. Oh! it is a great favour of the Almighty to take me out of life, on the very day I received my pardon! Bro-

ther,—for at present I can call you so—brother, the wishes of a dying man are sacred, and you cannot refuse the request I am going to make. I wish to be brought to the Church, at the gate of which I have sighed and mourned for so long a time, and to the foot of that altar which I have so often looked at with eyes of envy. Oh! for pity's sake, get this done! there is not a moment to lose. I am a poor exile that wishes to breathe his last in his own country: I am anxious to die in the land of promise.

But you are so weak, replied Stephen, in a voice broken by his sobs. To-morrow—

To-morrow will be too late cried out the dying man in great pain. Oh my God! if I could only go myself to your temple, without any assistance!

He made a convulsive effort to collect his strength, and staggered a few paces. But his knees tottered under him, and he fell into our arms.

Stephen exchanged a rapid look with the Physician. The latter took the penitents hand, and after a moments silence he said shaking his head. 'You may do what he wishes.'

The sick man heard this decision and clasped the hand of him who pronounced it.

Stephen then gave the necessary directions. A litter was brought on which the penitent was placed, and we slowly proceeded in the direction of the Church.

When we arrived beneath the porch Stephen made a signal to stop for a moment. The Penitent prayed with fervour. He beheld the stone on which he had knelt weeping for so many long years, the pillar against which he had often rested his wearied frame, and the image of the Blessed Virgin before which he had so often prayed. At the sight of those objects his eyes filled with

ears and heavenly joy shone upon his countenance.

We entered the nave; it was almost deserted. A few of the faithful were praying here and there in the shade of the small chapels. The organ was sweetly repeating a portion of a musical mass which was to be chanted on the following day. The departing rays of the sun glittered like gold through the stained windows. This solitude, harmony, and mysterious light, prepared the soul for the holiest emotions. The litter was laid down near the entrance of the Choir, and Stephen went to vest himself.

On seeing the altar, the burning tapers, and the sacred vessels which were taken out of the Tabernacle, the Penitent was seized with a convulsive trembling, an unspeakable terror. He shook violently in our arms, he buried his face in his hands, and some faint exclamations, escaped him. He gave us to understand that he wished to be placed on his knees and when we gratified him, he fell on his face and cried out Pardon O my God! pardon pardon! The sacrilege was horrible! I have betrayed like Judas! But oh I have wept so bitterly! Pardon, pardon!

Stephen approached him, stooped to his ear, and conversed with him for a considerable time. At his words the Penitent seemed to revive; his brow became more unclouded, and a ray of hope sparkled in his eyes.

Father, said he, in a faltering voice; the moment is come, to confess my crime. Let all who are here approach. May this last punishment.

Stephen interrupted him My dear brother, you have been absolved, and I trust our Lord has shewn you mercy in consideration of the depth and sincerity of your sorrow. Forget the past, of

which we wish to know nothing, and prepare yourself to receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ which I am about to administer to you.

We all at once began to pray and the Penitent communicated.

When he received the sacred host a cold shivering passed over his countenance. He looked up to heaven, pressed the hand of Stephen with a sweet smile, and then a gentle sigh escaped from his mouth. It was his last.

5, ESSEX-BRIDGE, DUBLIN, }
18th February, 1843. }

REV. SIR,

I am directed by the Central Committee of Ireland, for the Propagation of the Faith in Foreign Countries, to forward to you the Report of the year just concluded, and to request, that you will allow us to take this opportunity most respectfully to pray your continued exertions in this noble cause, which every day presents itself with additional claims upon Catholic zeal and piety. A very little effort on the part of our Clergy would place Ireland the second on the list of contributors to this truly Catholic work. May we then hope not only for a continuance of your own personal exertions, but also, that you will endeavour to enlist others, who as yet may be ignorant of the immense good effected by this Society, or apathetic in the good cause. Accompanying this report you have an extract from the truly feeling appeal of his Holiness,

which would, no doubt, if generally made known to the faithful, have a powerful influence upon them: in addition to which, we beg to remind you, that no less a sum than £30,000 has been allocated during the past year to the British Colonies, and consequently almost exclusively for the spiritual wants of our poor countrymen.

A. O'CONNELL, Hon. Sec.

REPORT

Of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Irish Branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, for the Year ending January the 2nd, 1843.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Received from the 3d of January, 1842, to the 2d of January, 1843,	7289	19	8½
	<hr/>		
	£7289	19	8½

DISBURSEMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Remitted to France	5917	2	4
*Printing of Annals, &c.	938	6	10
Carriage of Parcels to Subscribers,	123	19	3½
Advertising in Newspa- pers,	126	0	6
Expenses of Administra- tion, including Rent, Stationary, &c.	185	10	9
	<hr/>		
	£7289	19	8½

Names of the Dioceses, and the sum which each has respectively contributed, during the year to the Funds of the Association.

DIOCESSES.

	£	s.	d.
Armagh,	87	7	7½
Ardagh,	15	7	8
Clogher,	30	1	0
Derry,	1	1	8
Down and Connor,	15	5	10
Dromore,	7	10	10
Kilmore,	59	17	10½
Meath,	388	6	10
Raphoe	14	15	3.
Dublin,	2296	12	11½
Ferns,	342	11	11
Kildare and Leighlin,	481	11	2
Ossory,	440	11	10
Cashel	509	5	5½
Cloyne and Ross	506	16	8½
Cork	885	3	4½
Kerry	22	13	6
Killaloe	131	3	7½
Limerick,	203	0	1½
Waterford,	687	12	10
TUAM,	70	5	0
Achonry,	52	15	9
Clonsert,	43	3	6
Elphin,	63	6	1½
Galway	71	16	10
Kilmacduagh	16	14	6
	<hr/>		
	£7289	19	8½

* During the year there have been printed seventy thousand seven hundred and fifty copies of the Annals, containing three hundred and twelve thousand eight hundred sheets—the paper exclusively of Irish manufacture—forty-five thousand copies of the Prospectus, &c., five thousand Collectors' Books, as well as other papers not cited above.

EXTRACT FROM THE ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS, POPE GREGORY XVI.

"Above all, we recommend strongly to you the Society for the Propagation of the Faith," founded 1822, in the ancient and noble city of Lyons, and thence extended far and wide with wonderful celerity and success. We recommend to you, with no less solicitude, the other similar associations founded at Vienna in Austria, and elsewhere, although under other names, but equally intended to propagate the faith, and protected by the favour of religious princes.

"This truly great and holy work, which maintains, increases, and strengthens itself by the scanty offerings and prayers of the members—this work, which contributes to support the labourers of the Gospel, which exercises the works of charity towards the neophytes, and which delivers the faithful from the fury of persecution appears to us to be in the highest degree deserving of the love and admiration of all good men.

"And we must not suppose that so great an advantage has been conferred in our days on the church, without a special council of divine Providence: while the infernal enemy torments, by every sort of machinations, the cherished spouse of Jesus Christ, nothing could come more seasonably than the assistance of the united efforts of all the faithful, who are inflamed by the desire of propagating the Christian faith.

"Accordingly, we, notwithstanding our unworthiness, called to watch over the church, have neglected no opportunity to festivity, after the example of our predecessors, in the clearest manner, our affection for this important as-

sociation, and to excite in its behalf the charity of the faithful. You then, Venerable brothers, who are called to share in our solicitude, do you apply yourselves assiduously to give to this work a daily increase among the flocks confided to your care. Sound the trumpet in Sion, and see that those who do not yet belong to this pious society, may, by your admonitions and paternal persuasion, speedily become members, and they who have already joined it, may persevere in their resolution."

From Travels in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c., by Wm. Rae Wilson, Esq., F. S. H., M. A. R.

Palentine Mount of Olives.

After visiting the ever memorable garden of Gethsamene, I passed a narrow bridge over the Brook Cedron, and proceeded to the summit of Olives,

"A mount by fame through every region known."

lying to the east of Jerusalem, forming part of a chain of hills, north and south. One particular spot is shown, whence Christ poured out his last farewell in a strain of heart-melting pathos, and pronounced that ever memorable prophecy which has been so awfully and strikingly fulfilled, even to the very letter.* A short distance to the right, is the place, where, in compassion to our ignorance, he gave a form of prayer so beautifully and simply comprehensive, that with it all which learning and talent have effected in the composition of human liturgies, will not for one moment bear a comparison.

* Luke xix. 41. 44.—The army of Titus encamped on this very spot, and cut down the olive trees with which the mount was covered.

Were I to describe merely, in part only, those peculiar sensations experienced at the moment I reached the summit of this sacred elevation, and stood on the very ground trodden by the sacred feet of the Son of God, all that language could express would fall infinitely short of it. It is not too much to say that the warmest glow of ineffable delight was kindled in my heart, and of that solemn nature of which a reader cannot form a just conception, and it vibrated with emotion I had enjoyed at no former period, a gratification far more pure than can possibly be derived from the corporal senses.

But it is vain to trust to a trembling pen to describe those exquisite feelings of delight I enjoyed on this occasion, which I shall recollect to the latest moment of my existence. To taste that exalted pleasure, the reader must not only possess a heart sincere in the belief of revelation, but stand upon that identical spot, and be favoured with a vivid image of those grand and glorious labours of redemption accomplished within the scene I surveyed, by Christ, before those who were the favoured witnesses of his exalted power, clemency, and charity.

How can I express that torrent, which rushed upon the soul and penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart, when I reached the summit, so eminently blessed by the presence of the Son of righteousness, who, in the bright effulgence of his glory, had come to dispel our darkness, and where he had actually ascended to the right hand of the Majesty on high, to procure gifts for men

“ Methinks I see him

Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Across the severing clouds; but, faint the eye,
Thrown backwards in the chase, soon drops
its hold,

Disbled quite, and jaded with pursuing.”

It will be observed that on this summit there are three pinnacles. On the centre one, Jesus took his place; here are the remains of a small chapel, denominated “the Ascension,” of an octagon form, built by Helena, mother of Constantine, who has left behind her, in and about Jerusalem, as also other parts innumerable monuments of her faith and labour of love, and I own I never heard a name in Judea, Galilee, and Samaria mentioned with more profound respect and admiration. I found in a rock, or stone, the impression of the left foot or sandal of a man, represented as that our Saviour had left on his *ascension to Heaven!* This is most devoutly saluted by pilgrims. I took an outline of it, which is ten inches long and four in breadth. Admitting then this was formed to mark the place, he appears to have stood with his left hand towards Jerusalem, a most appalling sign, and his face was directed to the north, or Judea.

No person, in the slightest degree acquainted with the revealed Word of God, can stand on this sacred and commanding height, and from which, it may be observed, the city is as under the feet, without perceiving that boundless field which opens for contemplating the wisdom and goodness of the Omnipotent Creator of all things, the infinite variety of stupendous and most miraculous events which occurred on this chosen part of the earth during past ages, demonstrative of his power, and marked as the seat of the redemption of the human race; besides, the top of the mount the very identical spot where He, who walked on the wings of the wind yet condescended to wear the habiliments of mortality, and to sojourn in the world, was victorious over death, and the grave, where the empire of Satan fell.

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