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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 14.

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. 11.

HALIFAX, APRIL 4, 1846.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOLS. NORTH END.

It will be remembered that during the recent Session, a numerously-signed Petition was presented to the House of Assembly, by Mr. Comeau, praying for a grant towards the support of the Master and Mistress of those populous schools. The Petition was referred to a special Committee, who, in their report, recommended it to the favourable notice of the School Commissioners. We have therefore every reason to hope that the just claims of the poor Catholics who reside in that part of the city, will be speedily attended to, and that their children will not be deprived of the blessings of a useful education. It should never be forgotten that whilst the Catholics of Halifax are nearly approaching to one half of the entire population, the only support they receive for common schools is a salary of £50 each to the Male and Female Teachers at St. Mary's Parochial Schools. We think we could in various parts of the country, point out nearly half a dozen schools, all receiving some public assistance, but whose united scholars would hardly equal the numbers of both sexes who attend St. Patrick's Schools, especially during the mild seasons. 'Fair play is the jewel' and we are sure the Catholics of the North End will get it.

We have made a few remarks above on the aims of one of our useful Schools in Halifax, and

we are induced to return to the important subject of Education, in order to observe that since the removal of the Rev. Mr. Doyle from Liverpool, and of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy from Prospect, there is not, as far as we know, one Catholic Commissioner of Schools, from Halifax to Yarmouth, or from Digby round by Windsor to Halifax. There are the Rev. Mr. Doyle and Rev. Mr. Phelan at Ketch Harbour and Prospect, Rev. Mr. Lyons at Lunenburg, Chester, and Sherbrooke, Rev. Mr. Power at Liverpool and Caledonia, Rev. Mr. Carmody at Yarmouth, Rev. Mr. Byrne at Clare, Rev. Mr. McLeod at Montegan, and Rev. Mr. Hannan at Annapolis, Cornwallis, Windsor, Petite, &c. We believe that not one of those clergymen is at present a Commissioner of Schools. We should be curious to know the number of clergymen of other denominations who are Members of the Educational Boards throughout the vast district to which we have alluded. But we cannot reasonably blame any one, but ourselves, for this state of things. If we neglect our own interests, how can we blame others for attending to theirs? The anomaly which exists with respect to the Education Boards extends almost to every other department. We think we could name a respectable county in Nova Scotia where there are about 1500 Catholic Freeholders, whilst those of all other religions scarcely amount to five hundred. And yet, the latter have a majority on the

Magisterial Bench. We could point out worse cases than this, but we forbear, for various reasons to do so for the present.

We repeat again and again that Catholics have to blame themselves, and themselves alone. They have been fighting the battles of others, and whether victors or vanquished they have left the spoils of war behind them.

It is true that under a sound political system in this country, there would be no necessity for advocating exclusively the interests of any class or denomination of the people. We fully subscribe to the principle that all the inhabitants of the Province should labour in common for the promotion of the public good—that in distributing places of trust, emolument or influence, the question should be, not whether the candidate belongs to this, or that denomination, but, whether he is the best suited to discharge a public duty, or the person most likely to promote the interests of the Province. Yes, this is all very fine in theory. Mutual co-operation, reciprocal concessions and sacrifices are exceedingly beautiful, no doubt. But, as we are a little fastidious on this point, we could never bring ourselves to admire any system, no matter how beautiful, *where the reciprocity is all on one side*, or rather where there is a cruel monopoly of kicks and cuffs on one side, and of comfits and sugar-plums on the other.

‘A Chezzetcooker’ has written to thank us for the sympathy and advocacy of the Editors of the Cross, which, he says, have excited feelings of lively gratitude amongst that virtuous and orderly people. He solicits a continuance of our kind patronage, and expresses a hope that as so much road money has been voted this year, something will be done to the break-neck thoroughfares of that long-neglected part of the county of Halifax. The people of Chezzetcook shall have the benefit of our humble support, such as it is. We promise them that if their miserable road be neglected this summer, the fault shall not be ours. If some useful expenditure in this way were soon begun, it would confer a two-fold advantage on the people of that neighbourhood. A judicious outlay now would not only improve the settlement, but help the poor people over the crisis which is impending. We would remind them just now of their own sensible proverb. *Aide toi, et le Ciel vous aidera.* Let them not give way to an unmanly indolence, or an unchristian despair. Let them

meet the temporary difficulties of their position with increased energies, and persevering industry. And, as we take the liberty of giving this advice, we beg to direct their attention to an Advertisement which has appeared during the last three or four weeks in the *Times* and *Acadian Recorder* in which the Government offer to receive Tenders for the supply of 100,000 Chezzetcook bricks this summer. Here is an opportunity for securing employment to numbers, and for attracting some useful dollars to the spot. We hope our friend ‘a Chezzetcooker’ will advise his neighbours not to neglect it.

ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

THE BISHOP'S BILL.

Since our last number went to press, we have received a copy of a St John Newspaper, in which a portion of the debate on the above celebrated Bill is given. A perusal of some of the speeches filled us with mingled feelings of indignation and sorrow. The excellent Bishop is spoken of by all parties in the highest terms of praise, and yet by the opponents of the Bill he is actually dealt with as if he were a common swindler, a person unworthy of trust, and only waiting for a favourable moment to seize on the Church property, to convert it to his own use, and to abstract it altogether from the Province. We don't imagine for a moment that any of the parties who thought proper to follow this line of argument, believed in their hearts that those dangers to which they darkly alluded, really existed. Neither do we give them any credit for their unwonted anxiety about the security of Catholic property, for, if all the Catholic possessions in New Brunswick were destroyed or alienated to-morrow, we are sure those empty babblers would bear it with the most edifying resignation. Oh, no! like the little knot of disturbers who flung a semi-Catholic mask over the hideous face of their ill-concealed bigotry, they were

“willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike.”

Bishop Dollard was forsooth a most worthy Prelate, and an honest man, but his successors in the see of New Brunswick were to be sacrilegious plunderers who would convert the patrimony of God and the poor to their own use, and rob the sanctuary of its most precious ornaments. Heaven defend the Catholic Church from the hypocritical protection of such legislators! Do they imagine that the Holy

See will elect such unprincipled clergyman to the vacant bishoprics of the Catholic Church? Do they know that each bishop at his consecration takes a solemn oath on the Holy Evangelists, and in presence of at least three bishops, that he will not sell, give way, alienate or unjustly dispose of any Church property confided to his care? Can they honestly believe that they, members of other communions, are more anxious for the preservation of Catholic property, than the Catholic Bishop, the Catholic Clergy, and the overwhelming majority of their flock? Are they not aware that the handful of opponents to this Bill, number amongst them individuals who are Catholics only in name, who never practise the duties enjoined by their Church, who by their insolent dictation, and impious interference have dared to usurp the functions both of Bishop and Clergy, and thereby lighted up the flames of religious discord in the city of St John? No doubt, it may be said, there are some respectable exceptions; some unsuspecting men who by the artful representations of others have been seduced into this false position. We give them the full benefit of this honourable admission. *Valeat quantum valere debet.* But, we certainly cannot wish them joy of their associates.

We said that we were filled with regret at the perusal of this eccentric debate, in which hardly one of the speakers knew what he was talking about. As far as we have read, the path and marrow of the question was left untouched, unless by Mr. Dal. The other speakers generally spoke *for and against* the Bill, complimented and insulted in the same breath, the Catholics and the Catholic Religion, created imaginary giants and forthwith most valourously demolished them, made sundry desperate passes at arms, against Quixotic windmills, and enchanted castles, knew and didn't know the sentiments of their own constituents on the subject, were exceedingly anxious to gratify the wishes of the Catholics of the Province, but by some unaccountable fatality, or obliquity of judgment, contrived to vote *against* the Catholic Bishop, Clergy and people, and *in favour* of the Spartan Band of 110, whom no doubt they must have looked upon as the small number of the Elect, the very Quintessence of Catholicity in New Brunswick! Poor innocent souls! What a charming simplicity is this, and how seldom it is met with in this deceitful world!

Out upon such disgusting Pharisees! Give us an

honest, open foe; and if we cannot admire his principles, we will at least respect his candour. But as for your puling, mawkish, dastardly bigot, who seeks to cover his cloven foot with a tattered rag of mock liberality, we have nothing to give *him* but our unmitigated scorn.

Catholics of New Brunswick! you are a third of the population of the Province, and you had not one member of your creed, or exponent of your principles in the House of Assembly whilst this solemn mockery was being enacted within its walls.

If there had been even ONE Catholic Representative in the House, his very presence would have shamed into silence some of those vapid orators who had neither the wit nor decency to shroud their own ignorance of the subject which they ventured to discuss—who

"Discourse upon a thing 'till all men doubt it,
And talk about it, Goddess, and about it!"

Certainly the pluvius nebulosity of that humid atmosphere must have deeply penetrated the otherwise impermeable skulls of those legislative wiseacres. We should be sorry to think that the fair region which lies at the other side of the Bay of Fundy, resembled in aught, that classic land, in which Cadmus smote a dragon, and built a city: but when you read the rhetorical rhapsodies of its Ciceros and Hortensii,

"*Prootum in crasso jurares aere natos!*"

Thank God, we could shew them countless specimens of enlightened liberality in Nova Scotia which would do honour to any age or country; and we are certain that there is not a single member in either of our Houses of Assembly who would utter one word which would wound the feelings of a Roman Catholic, or treat any petition from the Catholic Bishops, Clergy and people, in the manner that the Bishop's Bill has been dealt with in New Brunswick.

ST. MARY'S.

The Second Conference of the Clergy in the District of Halifax will be held at eleven o'clock on Tuesday next. The subjects to be treated of, are: in Sacred Scripture—The Three First Chapters of the Epistle of St Paul to the Hebrews,—and in Theology—Various practical questions on the Holy Sacrament of Penance.

The Holy Oils will be solemnly blessed by the Bishop during the Pontifical Mass on Thursday next.

Various complaints have been recently made concerning the ruinous state of the Fence at the Old Cemetery of St. Mary's. Its present condition is certainly not very creditable, and we hope that before long the parishioners will see the necessity of erecting a solid, permanent, and ornamental fence around the hallowed resting place of the Dead. We could say much on this, and other topics of even more pressing religious interest to the Catholic community. 'Sed nunc non erat his locus.' Those who are so uneasy about the state of the Cemetery fence, and other crying wants may rest assured that there is spirit and generosity enough amongst our people to accomplish any thing which the credit of their church or the welfare of their children may require, when it is properly laid before them. People must not be too impatient or unreasonable. 'Rome was not built in a day,' as the proverb says; and it should be remembered that great things have been done in Halifax for the last three years. We are not afraid to predict that before three years more, the Clergy, the Churches and the Religious Institutions of Halifax will, with the blessing of heaven, and the assistance of a zealous people, be in as efficient and respectable a condition as those of any city in North America.

We have received further accounts from Chezzetcook which give a sad picture of the state of some of the poor people there. One of our letters is from the Rev. Alexander McIsaac who is now their resident clergyman, and who from his intercourse with the people has the best opportunity of being acquainted with the real state of things. In a distressing calamity like this, folks at a distance should not be too incredulous, and they should not forget that this is the first time the industrious people of Chezzetcook have called for any public relief. The following is an extract from Mr McIsaac's letter:

'The people here are in a very deplorable state. There are very few families that must not depend on their creditors for sustenance, until they raise a new crop. Exclusive of the eastern side of the harbour which is equally destitute, there are thirty families who have no kind of food, and no means of getting any, unless from a poor neighbour, who, perhaps, ere long will be as badly off himself. The following is a list of their names:

(We do not think it necessary to publish them.)

'It is pretended that they are not in such distress, as they are represented to be. I wish it were true. But, alas! the reverse is the case.

They are, and some of them have been for a long time, suffering. In order to remove suspicion, it was deemed expedient to hold a Meeting of the Parishioners, and the existence of distress has been confirmed by the testimony of six trustworthy persons, selected by the people for that purpose.'

'The people of Chezzetcook have not been hitherto extravagant or remarkable for petitioning for relief. No; since their first settlement there is hardly an instance of their asking any favour or assistance. If they have done so this year, it was because necessity obliged them. They seem to think themselves that if their case has not been taken into consideration, it is all owing to neglect, and that their interests are totally abandoned. Nothing is more common when they meet in groups to talk over these things, than to hear one of them exclaim with a sigh: *Ah! whatever may be the chance of others, there is none at all for a poor Frenchman.*'

We commend the above to the perusal of the incredulous, and we again promise this suffering people that the Cross will not cease to advocate their claims, until full justice be done them. The Acadians of Chezzetcook are as good subjects of her Majesty as any other people in the Province, and should be treated accordingly. We would request their worthy brethren in Clare, and through the West generally, to consider the state of the people of Chezzetcook, because we think without much inconvenience to themselves, they might be able to send them some seasonable relief in food. This would be an act worthy of their religion, and of the Great Country of their common origin, and we hope the hint will not be lost sight of.

The Rev. Mr. Hannan, of Windsor, has been zealously engaged for the last four weeks in visiting the Missions of Cornwallis, Annapolis, Bear River and Digby, and we are gratified to hear that with very few exceptions, all the Catholics in those places have availed themselves of the precious opportunity to approach the Sacraments and comply with their Easter duties. The Catholics of Annapolis have nearly completed all their arrangements for finishing their Church and Cemetery in the course of the Summer. All our accounts speak most favourably of the zeal of the poor Catholics at Annapolis, and of the warm interest they take in every thing connected with the progress of their religion.

HOLY WEEK.

The Holiest Week of the entire year is now approaching—the Week in which so many mysteries were accomplished, so many prophecies fulfilled, so many triumphs achieved, so many torment-

endured and so many lessons of patience delivered by the meek and suffering Jesus. During this week he fully accomplishes the will of his Heavenly Father. He is betrayed, denied, abandoned by his disciples—his soul is sorrowful even unto death—his agony expresses from every pore of his body a perspiration of blood. He bears upon himself the iniquities of us all—he bends beneath the accumulated guilt of ages both past and future. He is betrayed by a traitor's kiss, he is hurried as a malefactor before unjust tribunals—he is mocked, scourged, spit upon, derided as a fool, delivered up to the fury of a barbarous soldiery, and the blood-thirsty rage of a still more barbarous rabble. He slowly and painfully drags his heavy Cross along the dolorous way that leads to Calvary, and on that place of skulls, that mount of Death, his innocent flesh is nailed to the Altar of his Great Sacrifice, and amidst the shouts and imprecations of his enemies he is raised aloft between Heaven and Earth a naked, bleeding and mangled victim. His piercing Crown of Thorns is on his head and over him is written the title of his royalty, the cause of his death. For this kingly dignity he was born, for this he came into the world; and after three hours of intense agony, during which he attracts the love of his faithful subjects, and establishes his absolute dominion in their hearts, he dies the King of Love, and in his death perpetuates the reign and triumph of his love on earth, while time shall last.

In this week he enters the royal city as a King and is received with hosannas. Alas! in five short days those sickle Jews will change them into crucifixes. When he beholds Jerusalem at a distance he sheds over it tears of love. Happy city over which Jesus wept! Thrice happy, O Jerusalem, if those precious tear drops had melted thy stony heart, and taught thee to know the day of thy visitation! Daughter of Sion he comes to thee meek; and thou wilt receive him with all the fury of revenge! He comes to thee sitting on a lowly ass; and thou wilt exalt him on an infamous gibbet.

In this week his treacherous disciple—the man of his peace, in whom he hoped, who eat his bread, will betray him into the hands of his enemies, and sell for a few pieces of money all the Treasure of Earth and Heaven. He will be first feasted on His precious Body and Blood, and will afterwards with an ingratitude which deserves ten thousand hells, deliver up that adorable body to the manacle, the buffet and the scourge, the spittle, the fool's garment, the mock sceptre, and bloody crown, to the rude nails and sharp lance, to all the bitterness of vinegar and the nauseousness of gall—to the hard, cruel and agonizing bed of the cross! He will also basely sell that priceless blood which when it touches one spot of earth will wash away all its abominations, which 'pacifies the things that are in

heaven and on earth,' which contains such boundless and purifying efficacy that it is able to cleanse even the terrible crime by which it was shed.

In this week too, on the eve of his passion, 'the night in which he was betrayed,' Jesus 'having loved his own who were in the world loved them to the end—loved them to his last moments, to the end of his painful life, to the end and term of all love—loved them with a pure, constant, generous, ardent, disinterested and excessive love. And as a dying proof of his love this 'merciful and compassionate Lord, made a memorial, an abridgment of all his wonders; he gave food to those who fear him' He bequeathed them the legacy of his Body and Blood, his soul and his divinity, that they might eat thereof, and through him live for ever. He left them the body that was broken, and the blood that was shed for love of them, that whenever they received them they might 'show forth his death' and commemorate his infinite love 'greater than which no man hath' for it was a love 'as strong as death,' a love which triumphed over the bitterness of death.

During this week he delivered his parting instructions, made his affectionate prayer to his Father for the Disciples whom he loved, commended to them charity, unity and peace, washed their feet as an example of humility and love, sung a hymn of thanksgiving to his Father, made the most perfect act of resignation to his will in the garden, wrought many wonders, converted many sinners, displayed a divine patience and admirable silence which astonished even his enemies, asserted his kingly dignity even whilst he is treated as a slave, and is made obedient to death, even the death of the Cross!

In this week he triumphs over sin, death and hell—destroys the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, opens for his children the kingdom 'of his admirable light,' takes away its sting from death, its horrors from the grave, converts the gibbet of infamy into a standard of glory, bears off an entire world as the spoils of his victory, 'leads captivity captive, and bestows gifts on men,' visits and consoles the gloomy prison of the Saints of old, bursts assunder the bonds of Death,—the Child of sin, and rises from the tomb in the majesty of his own power, after having caused the angels of heaven to rejoice, as well as the creatures whom he had redeemed, and offered to his eternal Father the greatest homage, the sublimest glory,—the fullest atonement which even a God could render to a God.

Oh! this is indeed a great week, a mysterious week, a holy week, a week of mercies innumerable, of graces most abundant, of lessons most eloquent, of sorrows most profound, of love most attractive! Well might it have been asked in times of old, Who will refuse to be converted in this week? What sinner's heart will remain obdurate? What eyes can behold the sufferings of Love, without floods of tears? Who is so wicked that in these days he will not become

holy? Who so intemperate that will not become sober? Who so passionate that will not become meek? Who so loquacious that will not become silent? Who so uncharitable that will not forgive? Who so impure that will not become chaste? Who so unmortified that will not become penitent? Who so dead in sin that will not be restored to the life of grace?

In this week also the Church, the Faithful Spouse of him who loved her to death, seems to exhaust all her heavenly resources to shew more fully the extent of her feelings. The most beautiful and touching passages of the Book of Life are chosen for her liturgy. David, and Isaiah, and Jeremy, the Prophet of Sorrows, are called into requisition, and their thrilling words are wedded to the most plaintive sounds of music, and accompanied by the most affecting ceremonies, every one of which is an instructive Sermon preached, through all the senses, to the heart. In this week she has her Solemn Benediction, distribution, and procession of the Palms, —her melancholy prophecies of the passion, and her Gospel narratives of the death and sufferings of her Spouse. Her altars are naked, desolate, and covered with mourning. She and her children fast according to his own prediction, 'for the sorrowful days have come in which the Bridegroom is taken away.' She has her Tenebræ and office of mourning, in which she bewails the extinction of the 'Light of the world.' All her sounds of gladness have died away, her joyful words are heard no longer. She is fastened to the Cross with Jesus. The Cross is her whole theme—the subject of all her homage, the Great Book which she presents to her children, that they may read in its bloody pages all the enormity of sin, and all the love of its Destroyer. In this week too, her charity is unbounded. As Christ died for all, She prays for all. Not only her erring and disobedient children who have risen up ungratefully against this best of Mothers—not only those 'other sheep which are not of her fold' but the Heathen, the infidel, nay, the Deicide Jew is included by name in her petitions for mercy. In this week, she admits to pardon her penitent children, and baptises her Catechumens in the fountain of Regeneration.

Oh let us spend this Holy Week as becomes the Saints. Let us renounce our 'dead works, to serve the Living God,' Let us hasten to Calvary with our Beloved Mother, and under the branches of the Tree of Life which is planted on its summit, let us refresh our wearied souls and repose in peace. Let Jesus Crucified be our only Knowledge, and his wounds our assured refuge.

Let us read them over one by one, and suffer them to transfix our souls as arrows of divine love. Let those bloody apertures in the body of our king, be so many eloquent mouths to exhort us to love him. His sacred side has been opened for us, and a passage thereby made to his most loving heart. Let us enter in by the way of love, and embrace with our

whole hearts that most affectionate Heart which loved us so much, and which we have so often cruelly wounded. Let this be our refuge and everlasting repose. And when our hearts shall be entirely united to Jesus, let us die with him on the cross, to sin, and we will deserve to rise with him at Easter to all the glories of a new life.

General Intelligence.

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

Continued.

Thus the practice of the Church became the comment upon Holy Scripture; just as the apostolic rite of infant baptism pointed out the meaning of our Lord's words, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' about which otherwise there might have been much doubt; or as any of the creeds which rested on Holy Scripture taught us meanings of the Divine word, which but for them we should never have received. Now, the commission upon which the authority of the Church rested, as it had ever been understood by the Church itself was given in part in different words, at three different times; before the resurrection first to St. Peter as the type of unity, then to all the Apostles (both these being in promise,) and then to all, in fulfilment, in the text. The greatness of the power thus entrusted to man might well exceed our belief, and make us tremble to execute it, and almost doubt, as men had doubted, whether we had it. But our Lord premised his commission with these few brief words, conveying at once its extent, and the rule and guidance of it: 'As my Father hath sent me even so send I you.' The very words were beforehand a comfort to the penitent; for to what was our Lord sent but to save that which was lost? 'Here,' as said St. Cyril, 'was set forth the office of the apostolate, to call sinners to repentance, to heal the sick in body or in spirit, to bind up the brokenhearted.' 'And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost;' to shew that he who created man in his own image, 'breathing into his nostrils the breath of life,' was now about to recreate him in a more perfect and divine way by union with himself. And then He said, 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained.' Understanding the words in their plain meaning, of a power lodged in the Church to forgive sins in His name, the very words expressed the fullness of the pardon; the same word was used by which He himself forgave. 'Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven

unto them,' was the blessed echo of his own words, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;' it was the very word by which he prayed for his murderers on the cross, and taught us in His own prayer to pray for forgiveness. If any would restrain this power to the Apostles only, why not, as said St. Tatian, in the like way restrain baptism also? If the one, then both, were committed to that Church with which our Lord promised to be to the end of time; by baptism to remit all sins, original or actual; by absolution to remit all which by the frailty of our nature any might afterwards contract. What sins, then, might 'be remitted?' All which were not excepted; and these were none. All might be forgiven, for which God put into the heart the desire to be forgiven; the unpardonable sin alone, said St. Augustine, was not forgiven, because the sinner asked not forgiveness. Though his sins weighed down the sinner, defiling his memory, clouding his faith, destroying the power of ordinances, chilling the heart, weakening the will, or even bringing him into relapses, let him with earnest purpose lay down his sins at the Lord's feet, hating them for His love's sake who had so loved him, and He had said, 'Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them.' Here was no putting off for forgiveness to a future day. The effects of the sin upon the soul might often be to be worked out by sorrow and toil; the forfeited crown and larger favour of Almighty God might be to be gained by subsequent self-denial through His grace, or suffering for Him, but our sins, when we were fit to receive those blessed words, were forgiven at once, 'They are forgiven.' As though He would express the swiftness of the pardon in the same words as in the prophet, 'Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am; so, as soon as the priest had pronounced his forgiveness on earth, the sins of the true penite it were forgiven in heaven. That word, 'are forgiven,' contained a whole gospel of forgiveness—ful., present, absolute, universal forgiveness. As our revered Hooker said, when a literal interpretation of sacred Scripture would stand, the furthest from the letter was commonly the worst. The psalms, too, which the Church daily put into our mouths, the histories of penitents which she recited to us as ensamples, the writings of the law, the instruction of Proverbs, each supplied some separate note in the divine harmony of that angel chorus, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.' Why, then, did men shrink back from this plain meaning of our Lord's words? Why, but for some imaginations of inherent unfitness, an inability to reconcile to themselves how such 'treasure' should be in 'earthen vessels,' how this power should be entrusted to those who might not use it aright, or might make it but an occasion of sin? But was it not on that very account more according to the analogy of God's dealings since the foundation of the world? Had not He who 'hung the earth upon nothing,' and had made sand to bound the proud waves of the sea, and man alone the lord of this earth, ever shown His almightiness in seeming weakness, that it might be seen that 'the excellency was of Him?' When had he not used means inadequate in order to bring about His end? How was it stranger than that the Lord should 'hearken to the voice of a man,' and the sun stand still at His word, or that through the indwelling of His spirit the voice of the tent-maker in bonds should make Felix tremble, and 'almost persuade' the king in his pomp to belong to the sect everywhere spoken against, and silence the wise of this world, and go through the earth making Jew, and Greek, and barbarian, obedient unto the faith? 'It is not ye that speak, but your Father that speaketh in you.' 'That men upon the earth,' said St. Gregory the Great, 'might have so great power, the Creator of heaven and earth came to earth from heaven; that human weakness might rise beyond itself, the divine might was made weak below itself.' It might be a part of the dignity by the incarnation conferred upon our nature, that God would rather work his miracles of grace through man than immediately by themselves. God, indeed, when he entrusted man with His divine authority, did not part with it so as to confirm that which, through the sin either of him who used it, or him for whom it was used, was done contrary to His will. 'His pardon,' said St. Tatian, 'is in such wise not refused to true repentance, as that no one thereby prejudgeth the future judgment of Christ.' 'We do not,' said St. Cyprian, 'anticipate the judgment of the Lord, who will come to judge; but if he should find the sinner's penitence full and entire, he will then ratify what has been determined by us; but if any have deluded us by a feigned repentance, God, who is not mocked, and who looketh on the heart of man, will judge of those whom we have not seen through, and the Lord will correct the sentence of his servants.' Yet did not God the less, through his servants, what was done aright in his name, because others spoke in that name perversely; he spoke through His true prophets, although others whom he sent not, in his name 'prophecied deceits.' Baptism was not less the laver of regeneration, because it benefitted not those who received it feignedly; nor was the holy Eucharist less the bread of life, because to those who presumed to receive it unworthily it did nothing else than increase their damnation. He did not less speak through those who preached his

Gospel, because others proclaimed Christ 'out of envy and strife;' nor did He less by the Church loose true penitents, because they who came feignedly to that ordinance did by the fresh sin but rivet all their former sins faster upon them. His (the preacher's) sole object in all this was the comfort of penitents. Elsewhere he had sought from the practice of primitive antiquity to vindicate the state of our Church, in which confession was dispensed with as matter of necessity and left to the consciences of individuals. Yet certainly they who, leaving private confession discretionary, put their hand to the work of restoring public discipline, thought not things would be amongst us as at present they were. Ridley spoke of public discipline as one of the marks whereby the true Church was known in this dark world; and Latimer said of right and true confession—'I would to God it were kept in England, for it is a good thing.' Yet God in his wisdom, suffering public discipline to come to nought, had thereby the more cast the Church upon herself, and would, it might be trusted, make her discipline the purer in that He had deprived her of all outward aid. We might even be thankful, that the yet remaining rules, requiring all her members to partake of her ordinances, had passed into disuse; to encourage indiscriminately the approach to the Holy Communion, without a corresponding inward system, whereby they who were entitled so to do should know intimately the hearts of those whom they so encouraged, had brought us to an amount of carelessness and profanation which, if known, would make many a heart of those who had so done to sink and quake. It was of God's manifold mercy to this portion of his Church, that he had at the same time by his Providence allowed all remains of that outward compulsory system to be broken down, and by his Spirit within had aroused people's consciences to desire the full conditions laid up for the Church; so should the whole be the more seen to be his work, and discipline be not the constraint of the disobedient, but the longed-for refuge of earnest minds, the binding up of the brokenhearted, the austere yet legitimate chastisement of the flesh, that the soul might be saved in the day of the Lord. We could bear no sudden restoration, but in this and all things must wait patiently for his hand, who was so graciously and wonderfully restoring us. *Volentes per populos dat jura.* We must patiently wait until God gave to parents more anxious care for their children, or more confidence in her ministers, or to these more skill in guarding the souls of youth. All would be well with our Church, if she outran not by impatience the deep orderly movement of the spirit of God. Yet, since on this very subject, unhappily, a vague suspicion in general prevailed among us,

and this was festered now by the circulation of the work of an infidel of impure mind in another land, warning was the more needed that, amid any corrupt abuses through man's wickedness of the individual application of the power of the keys, we ourselves lose not its healthful use. The influence of the clergy must raise or depress their people, and the more so the nearer the intercourse was; but whatever danger there might be lest an unskilful priest should convey knowledge of evil to the soul, instead of guarding it, our peril lay not there, but rather in the unhindered tide of corruption, sweeping away its tens of thousands, where the heart, unopen to parent or to priest, lay open to Satan's snares.

Concluded in our next.

CALENDAR.

APRIL 5—Palm Sunday.
 6—Monday in Holy Week
 7—Tuesday in Holy Week
 8—Spy Wednesday
 9—Holy Thursday.
 10—Good Friday.
 11—Holy Saturday.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

MARCH 28—Mrs. Margaret Beageley, of a Daughter.
 31—Mrs. Mary Monaghan, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Catherine McLoughlin, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Bridget Buckley, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Anne Leahy, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Catherine Leahy, of a Son.
 APRIL 2—Mrs. Anne James, of a Son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

MARCH 28—Robert, son of Capt. Thomas Crockett, aged 5 months.
 30—Patrick, infant son of Richard and Mary Maher, aged 15 days.
 31—George Williams, (coloured man,) native of Halifax, aged 25 years.
 " Mary Pendugrass, native of Ireland, aged 60 years.
 APRIL 2—Jane, daughter of Edward and Ellen McDeed, aged 2 years.
 " Bridget, daughter of Patrick and Margaret Barry, aged 2 months.

Published by A. J. RITCHIE, 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.