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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 7.

God forbid that 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, FEBRUARY 13, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY 14—Sunday—Quinquagesima Semid.  
15—Monday—St. Martin V. and M.  
16—Tuesday—St. Gregory X., P. and Conf.  
17—Wednesday—Ash Wednesday.  
18—Thursday—St Raymond of Pennafort C.  
19—Friday—Crown of Thorns of our Lord J. C. G.  
20—Saturday—Prayer of our Lord J. C. G.

### FAMINE IN IRELAND AND THE HIGHLANDS.

Fifteen hundred Pounds sterling were voted by the Assembly of New Brunswick a few days ago for the suffering people of Ireland and the Highlands, Nova Scotia voted the munificent sum of one thousand pounds, but the difference between this and the New Brunswick Grant has been amply made up in abuse by a villainous article in the *Morning Post*. The wretch who wrote it, must have thought that the Irishmen of Halifax were divested of all spirit, when he dared to publish that heartless comment on the famine-stricken victims of that noble nation. The creature who could chuckle over the agonies of the famished and the dying, must have more of the fiend than of the man, in his composition. Our beloved country, it is true, is now groaning under the weight of a terrible visitation; but the Almighty hand that strikes is one of mercy and justice. Tens of thousands are already released from all the ills that flesh is heir to, and have exchanged, we doubt not, the cruel slavery of their earthly prison, for the glorious and enduring liberty of the children of God in heaven. At the same time, the justice of Providence is, and will be fully vindicated. Ireland hangs like a mill-stone on the neck of her oppressors. The alien government, the domestic tyrant, the iron landlord, the grasping tithe-proctor, the surplussed plunderer, are all brought upon their knees by this stroke of Divine vengeance. Never, never can they bring Irishmen back to their former degraded position. The potatoe scourge will excoriate the back of her hardened-oppressors far more deeply than all the harangues of the Repeal Association.

But, because Irishmen at home and abroad are of opinion that if Ireland had the management of her own affairs, as we have in Nova Scotia, she would cease to be an object of pity to surrounding nations, as well as of deep disgrace to England, they must be insulted by that graceless whelp of the *Post*! Because the Irish even in the midst of their sufferings, do not forget their old and true friend—because they are not ungrateful to him whose giant arm at one stroke burst asunder the bonds of ages, and shivered to pieces, the doors of St. Stephen's—because they still look with confidence to this Political Moses for their entire deliverance from Egyptian bondage, their screams of woe must be mocked by the foul ribaldry of the '*Post*!' We tell the catiff to beware. We have a jack-plane sharp enough, we promise him to take shavings even off his callous hide.

Once for all, we repeat, that we are sincere lovers of peace. Our columns afford abundant proof of this. But those who imagine that the Editors of the *Cross* will look on with folded arms whilst their country and their religion are wantonly insulted by every jackanapes of a talentless press, or a bigotted party, were never so mistaken in their lives. Peace then for us on honourable terms, with all creeds, and all parties, or else

“THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS attended Church at St. Mary's on Sunday last. The appearance of a military company in St. Mary's was a novel and affecting scene. Should they ever have an opportunity of meeting the enemy, they will give a good account of themselves.”

We have extracted the above from our Boston contemporary, and we have done so to record our humble disapprobation of the fact and the opinion. We could never see the propriety of Irish Catholic interference in the Mexican war, nay we always pined from our hearts the foolish conduct of many of our misguided countrymen in the States, who without any obligation whatsoever volunteered their services for the purpose of “killing and slaying” an unoffending Catholic people with whom they had no cause of quarrel. The whole civilized world are unanimous in condemning the unprincipled conduct of the Americans

in their wicked and wanton aggression on the Mexican people. No casus belli existed which would warrant the invasion of territory, the pillage of property, the destruction of human life, with all the desolating horrors which war brings in its train.— If there had been a conscription, or a forced enlistment in the United States, it might be difficult to blame those who should be compelled to enter the invading army. But we are sickened at the thought of Irish Catholics voluntarily placing themselves in a hostile attitude against a harmless people, and courting the criminal infamy of shedding innocent blood. Many of our countrymen have, we fear, already lost not only their lives, but their immortal souls in this unjust war; and if half what we hear from themselves of the shocking immoralities of the American camp be true, the unfortunate Catholics, who survive will never recover from the dire effects of its irreligious example. We believe that God, in his justice has already severely punished this insolent and vain-glorious band of blood-shedding plunderers, and that the whitened bones of thousands on the plains of Mexico will form not only a living monument of God's vengeance but also an instructive homily to that modern Gascony which has sent them forth to do their bloody work. Yes, as sure as there is a God in heaven, that nation of braggart insolence, hollow pretensions, and mock liberty will pay a heavy penalty for her crimes against Mexico. Shame upon the Catholic who has volunteered his assistance in this disgraceful war! Eternal shame to the Irishmen who would seek to rob a whole nation of their liberties and subject them to that cruel yoke whose galling tyranny they have too often experienced themselves! We have no sympathy nor communion with any Irish Catholic who has embarked in this war. We believe it involves their damnation, and that every life taken by one of those *Volunteers* is, to all intents and purposes, a murder in the sight of Heaven. Of course it might be otherwise if they were forced to serve by the State, or if they were defending their adopted country. But when will Irish Catholics have sense either at home or abroad? When will they cease to fight the battles of their ruthless enemies? Not many years since they madly rushed to fight for infidelity, and the destruction of the Catholic Religion in Spain. They poured forth their blood and their lives in a quarrel with which they had nothing to do. They murdered the descendants of that gallant Milesian race from whom they boast their own origin. They helped a set of unprincipled adventurers to dethrone a rightful monarch, and to despoil one of the fairest nations in Christendom. And what was their just reward? The sad history of the Irish Legion, their unpitied misery, their despised beggary, their shocking mutilation, their horrid and un lamented deaths proclaim the indignation of an offended God.

The Irish fought nobly in the war for American independence, and ever since with their numbers, their industry, their treasure, and their lives, they have contributed to the aggrandizement of the Stripes and Stars. They have felled her forests, drained her marshes, fertilized her plains, erected her towns, built her ships, dug her canals, manned her fleets, and recruited her armies. And what has America done for them in return? How has she treated the helpless exiles of this gallant nation, and the persecuted children of this glorious Faith? It is useless to deny the fact. It is rank folly in Irishmen to conceal the truth from themselves. They have been cruelly treated by America. They have been more despised than any nation in Europe. They have encountered more jealousy and opposition than the

emigrants from France, England, Germany, or Scotland. Not only have they been insulted as a nation, and every attempt made to deprive them of the rights and privileges of all other citizens in the land of their adoption, but their Religion has been persecuted, their liberty of conscience invaded, the holiest mysteries of their faith held up to ridicule and scorn, and their property wantonly destroyed. This is history, and it cannot be unwritten.

The Irish Catholic, therefore owes little to the United States. Instead of being welcomed as a victim of oppression from another land, the Irish exile has not unfrequently met with more ill-treatment in the boasted land of liberty, than from the Saxon despot in the country of his birth. But how can we be surprised that the Irishman is not respected, if he will not respect himself? If foolish, thoughtless Paddy will hire himself out, like a mercenary Swiss, to cut throats for anyone that will pay him; if for the mere love of fighting, he will rush, Shillelah in hand, into the midst of every battle; if he will make himself a laughing stock to the enemies of his name and race and creed, how can we blame them for their sovereign contempt?

The Irish Volunteers then, who attended Church at St. Mary's Boston have we repeat it very little of our sympathy whether as Catholics or Irishmen. We do not, however deny, that their appearance in a Catholic Church, "was a novel and affecting scene." Would to God, it were more novel, and less affecting! We hope the congregation prayed fervently for their conversion: Oh! how the Anti-Catholic and Anti-Irish authorities of New England who are still accomplices after the fact, in the robbery and pillage of the Convent, must have laughed in their sleeves at the gullibility of those silly Irish Volunteers!

It is hoped, that if they should "have an opportunity of meeting the enemy; they will give a good account of themselves." We would like to know what account they would be able to give of themselves, if they should be summoned to meet their God, during the prosecution of this unjust war.

"Quo, quo scelesti ruitis! aut cur dextris  
 Aptantur onses conditi?  
 Parumne campis atque Neptuno super  
 Fusum est Latini sanguinis?"

Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus,  
 Nunquam nisi in dispar feris.  
 Furorne coecus, an rapit vis acrior?  
 An Culpa? responsum date.

CATHOLIC BAPTISMS IN HALIFAX.

The following table will give an idea of the increase of the Baptisms in Halifax for 5 years after 1829,

1850	—	—	322 Baptisms.
1831	—	—	331 do
1832	—	—	457 do
1833	—	—	448 do
1834	—	—	407 do

The Baptisms of last year, 1846, were 505.

SIMULTANEOUS ABUSE OF CATHOLICS.

It would seem that all the low curs of bigotry were now barking in concert against their unoffending Catholic neighbours, because the latter have

thought proper to resent, or rather, to protest respectfully against a contemplated insult to their creed.

When will Catholics open their eyes to their humiliating and ignominious position? When will they refuse to become accomplices in their own degradation? They elevate to the dignity of seats in Parliament members of the Presbyterian communion as well as of other Protestant Churches, and that obscure print, the *Guardian* of the 5th inst., contains a most insulting and calumnious article on "Monks and Nuns," on "Popish Ceremonies," on the "baking of thin cakes and wafers which the Church of Rome asserts are changed into the body and blood of Christ, including *also his soul and his bones*, when the priest pronounces over them four Latin words."

Catholics of Nova Scotia, read this, and hang your heads for shame. Was it for abuse of this gross and blasphemous description that you elected Presbyterian Representatives? Can this be the Presbyterian organ? Does it proclaim their opinions on the most sacred rites, and the most holy institutions in your Church? Even if they entertained those opinions we would expect more from their gratitude if not from their good taste, than to countenance a publication in this offensive form.—But the damning fact still remains—that the *Guardian* is the Presbyterian Organ, that Catholics in this Province return Presbyterian Members to Parliament and that they have never been in the habit of abusing the Presbyterian Religion. This, we must say, is a riddle which we cannot solve, nay, we look upon it as a disgraceful anomaly. If we provoked those attacks, there might be some excuse. If we were in the habit of printing gross, calumnious and offensive caricatures of our Protestant neighbours of all sects, a fierce retaliation like this though most unchristian, would not be unnatural. But, we maintain that Catholics are always on the defensive, and what is worse, that their apparent indifference to abuse, is a direct encouragement to their cowardly traducers. This is not as it should be; it is an ignominious position, and the sooner we change it the better.

To return to the *Guardian*. We tell it and its party frankly, that we care very little for its abuse. We will not however become the instruments of our own degradation. We know how to retort with terrible effect on the soul-destroying doctrines and practices of the traitorous and bloody Knox, as well as the gloomy, suicidal tenets of that faggot-lighting, hypocritical monster, Jack Calvin, the Robespierre of Geneva. And *apropos* of Geneva. We tell the *Guardian*, and we proclaim a fact notorious to Europe when we do so, that the name of Christ is openly blasphemed at Geneva, that his Divinity is unblushingly denied, that infidelity is the order of the day, and that the infamous city of

Calvin is the foulest sink of immorality in Christendom.

Is it not marvellous that those who fatten and thrive on the industry and support of Catholics, will not suffer them to profess their religion in peace? What have we done to the *Times*, or the *Post*, or the *Guardian*, or that brainless mountebank, the (an) *Christian Messenger*, whose unceasing vituperation we have treated with the silence of contempt, to merit the yells of this rabid pack? There are two Catholic Bishops in the Province, and have they not manifested a desire to live on terms of peace and harmony with their fellow citizens of other denominations? Have not their clergy done the same? And yet, what more common in the pulpit and the press than abuse of "Popery" and proclamations of war against "Rome?" Instead of preaching up morality to their flocks, or discussing subjects of general interest to their readers, they make furious appeals to the worst passions of our nature, hurl the most offensive epithets of abuse against their neighbours, and teach Christians to hate each other *for the love of God!*

"*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!*"

Do we not remember—and we pray the especial attention of the Catholics of the Province to this fact—do we not remember the vile and cowardly commencement of the Free Church delegation in this country? There was a split in the old country amongst themselves—a mutiny in their own camp—a civil war of abuse and recrimination—a controversy with which Catholics had nothing whatsoever to do. The would be independents, those who foolishly quarrelled with their own bread and butter, who wanted to set the Imperial Parliament at defiance, and to reject the civil authority by which alone they lived, moved, and had their being—these rebellious madmen, (whose devotion has cooled down at a wonderful rate, since the Free contributions have become scarce,) sent out in all the fervour of their first fanaticism, a troop of sanctimonious mendicants to collect coppers in America, or in more congenial phraseology, to raise the wind for the purpose of inflating the flapped sails of that uncouth and ill rigged bark, yclep'd the *Free Church*.

The sleek missionaries arrived. On whom, think you, Catholics of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, did they first pour out the vial of their abuse? On the English Parliament? On the Queen's Government? On the "false brethren in Scotland who made alliance with Belial, who clung to the "loaves and fishes," who refused to draw their long pronged forks out "of the flesh-pots of Egypt?" Oh! no, no, no! They knew a thing or two, far superior to that.

The sly rogues wanted to touch the *pockets* of their audience: Hence they began with poor

"Popery." Their first discourses were all seasoned with abuse of the Catholic religion. Whilst their dexterous hands dived into the purses of the gaping gawks who listened, the whites of their angelic eyes were upturned to heaven in indignant protest against all the abominations of Rome! They basted the good old Pope with the damaged flour of their barrel oratory.\*

But we must conclude for the present. Our language is warm, but we make no apology for it. A series of wanton and unprovoked insults will arouse the most patient. The whole tribe of traducers if suffered to escape with impunity much longer, might begin to believe that Catholics were divested of all feeling; insensible to all insult; or so ignorant or incapable, as to be unable to defend themselves. We are lovers of peace from principle and feeling but if a war be wantonly waged against us, we know how to grasp with vigour our numerous weapons of defence. Perchance too, when we shall have parried successfully the blows of our adversaries, we may carry an unwelcome war into the enemy's camp. Come what may, Catholics shall be no longer insulted with impunity, in the Province of Nova Scotia. ]

#### FANCY BALL.

We have received half a dozen letters under various signatures, complaining of the insolence of some "pert hussy" who attempted to appear at the late Ball in the dress of a Religious novice in a Catholic Convent. All the accounts agree that it was a miserable attempt, and that although a beads and Cross were paraded sometimes from the neck, and anon from the girdle, this piece of sauciness looked more like an ugly counterfeit of Jane Shore doing penance in a white sheet, than a novice of any religious order. One correspondent says, "she looked as if her clothes were thrown on with a pitchfork" and another more severe, that herself as well as her dress were the very antipodes of a Nun. It is hard to refuse credence to the concurring testimony of so many, and yet we would fain hope there must be some mistake. One of our informants who gives his name, assures us he heard Protestants boasting that after all the reclamations of Catholics, Miss —, appeared at the Ball as a Nun, in spite of them. If this be true, we think no punishment too severe for her. If any feather headed creature has thus ventured to brave public opinion and offer a public insult to the Catholics of Halifax she must be prepared for the consequences. Even if the affair were perfectly harmless, the moment it was made a point of honour, Protes-

\*Itinerant preachers sometimes spout from hog's heads in the old country.

stants should have avoided, and Catholics deeply resented the perpetration of such an insult.

Since the above was written we have seen in one of the Journals an account of this Ball in which it is mentioned that one of the characters was a fair novice who seemed to belie the sanctity of her profession by the dangerous twinkling of her eyes. This is certainly a further confirmation of the fact. What shameless impudence to wear the sacred garb of religion for the purpose of captivating the attention of silly men! Twinkling eyes indeed! Faugh! We suspect that the eyes must have been long twinkling in vain, and that the thought of the cloister was a *dernier resort* after all former matrimonial speculations had failed. Whoever this twinkling dove may be, we hope this will meet her eye, and teach her that such flights of fancy are not to be essayed with impunity. She courted notoriety, and we hope she has got enough of it. If we can discover her name, we may perhaps do something more to enhance her claims to immortality. Before we dismiss the subject of bashful females, we may as well acknowledge here the receipt of a Letter signed *An Observer*, who complains that "a woman who occupies a conspicuous position in the Church is in the habit of taking out her Prayer Book and pretending to read, the very moment the clergyman begins to preach." We cannot believe with *An Observer* that "this is done to show contempt for the Word, and the Minister of God," it may arise from ignorance or inadvertence. We would recommend him, however, to apply personally to any of the clergymen of St. Mary's, and if he can establish the existence of this, or any other impropriety in the House of God, our lives for it, that he will see a timely remedy applied.

A Catholic *Philomath* who dates from the neighbourhood of Hawes' Pump Upper Water St. "humbly begs leave to ask the gentlemen of the Cross, whether it is not a sin and a shame for Catholic parents in Halifax to be sending their children to all kinds of sectarian schools whilst they have so many of their own?" Though our *Philomathic* friend and admirer does not appear to be entirely disinterested in this query, we will give it a brief and general answer.

First, that there are some Catholics here, but, thank God, very few; who are not ashamed of any thing, except of their own religion. And secondly that those parents who expose their children in their infancy to the danger of losing their precious faith, will have a terrible account to render to the living God, for the murder of their innocent souls.

## ST. MARY'S AND ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On Monday Evening 8th inst, in the Parochial School Room a Lecture on Temperance was read before the above Society by the Rev Edward Daley, V. P.

Doors were open at a very early hour; and when the Lecture commenced (at half past 8 o'clock) the room was densely crowded.

His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Patron of the Institution and the Rev. Mr. Nugent, President, were also present.

At the close, the Rev. President having pronounced a handsome compliment on the Lecture, stated to the Auditory that the Paper just read, was but a commencement of a series, in which the Rev. Lecturer having now laid down the origin, and principles of Temperance, would, hereafter, be enabled to present his subject in its practical features.

The Lecturer, in reply to an unanimous vote of thanks from the Meeting, briefly specified his plan of treatment. Our natural tendency to good, and our corresponding aversion to evil;—our particular tendencies or appetites impelling our passions; their real nature vindicated and their proper end shown; their corruption and acendancy consequent upon the fall; hence the origin and necessity of a principle of restraint; this principle resolving itself into Temperance widely accepted and Temperance as a moderamen in sensual gratification; intemperance in eating and drinking; and lastly intemperance as popularly applied to intoxicating liquors—to form the subject of his next Lecture.

Several gentlemen are expected to furnish the Society with a variety of Lectures in the course of the ensuing winter and spring.

At a quarter to ten o'clock the meeting separated.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

GENTLEMEN,

I am an Irishman and a Catholic, and as I dearly love my country and religion, my blood boils when I see an insult offered to either. I am afraid the people of this Province who syndle us out of our rights, and abuse us into the bargain, do not know at all the stuff we are made of. My heart was scalded when I saw that stupid *Times* blathering away some time ago against the Irish Catholics of Nova Scotia. The dirty slave could not eat his pudding and hold his tongue. It is not enough for him, and the likes of him, to rob us of our fair share of the givings out, but he must trample on us too. As sure as God made Moses, we'll remember it to him, if he does not mend his manners. However, it is not about the *Times* that I

sat 'down to write to you now, but about that Presbyterian blue-rag the *Guardian*, which I suppose you never see. He has an article about nunneries and monkeries, and the Blessed Sacrament, which no gentleman or christian would ever publish in the face of ten thousand Catholics. It is too bad if we must put up with these doings. But, if Catholics will let themselves be abused, they have no one but themselves to blame for it. Some of the papers here have not even the manners to call us by our own name, but must sling their dirty nicknames of Papists and Romanists in our teeth. As for the *Guardian* I don't wonder at anything he does, when I remember how one of their great Rabbi's behaved himself to a Catholic Priest here in Halifax. This poor little creature, whose narrow visage would tell you at once, all the contraction of his mind, was invited to dinner by a respectable member of his own flock. He went at the appointed time. But there was a Catholic Clergyman also invited; and when the priest entered the room, this pany vinegar cruet jumped on its legs, ran out of the drawing room for its stopper, and quitted the house without saying as much as by your leave. This was 'going out of Roine,' with a vengeance. There's a Christian pastor for you! How like our Saviour at Simon the leper's house? 'What a lamb of a man!' as Punch would say. What a caution to sinners! what a spectacle of grace! Indeed to say the truth, I never meet him of a morning since then, but I lose all appetite for my breakfast. Maybe he had a hand in cooking the no popery dish for the *Guardian*. He certainly sacrificed a dinner for his principles, and I know he claims all the honors of a Confessor, as well as Defender of the Faith. The poor, benighted priest was wicked enough to remain and eat his dinner, and give thanks to God and his worthy host that it was so good, and shew, that though he was opposed to their principles, he knew how to love his fellow-men.

Gentlemen, I request you will look at this *Guardian*; because I know if you take it into your holy keeping, you will do it justice. For God's sake, teach good manners to 'people of his kidney, &c. I make them let their honest neighbours alone. The time is gone when Catholics could be kicked and cuffed. As I hope I have never disgraced my name or country, I am not ashamed to give it, and I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

P. POWER.

Our shrewd correspondent will see that we have in some measure anticipated his wishes, respecting the *Guardian*. We have, nevertheless permitted him to tell his own story, but we must beg of him to waite his future favors in a more legible hand, as it was with much difficulty we could de-

cypher it at all. In fact we had to transcribe it for the compositors, and take not a few liberties with the Orthography as he will perceive. What a pity that a person of such intellect should not try and finish his education!—(Editors of the Cross.)

### ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.—SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Collected by Messers Thomas Walsh and Wm. Jamieson.

Mr Bulger's Family, Maurice Bride, Wm Jamieson, Thomas Walsh, Mrs Neville, and Wm. O'Brien 2s 6d each; Michael Flannery, George Sinclair, Timothy Carrigan, James English, Michl McGrath, Martin Murphy, Richard Walsh, Lawrence Gooley, and Mrs Horn 1s 3d each; John Murphy, James Daley, Wm Ryan, Wm Nugent, Mrs Whelan, Mrs McCormack, Widow Payne, and James Sutherland 7½d each.

(From the Dublin Review.)

THE RITE OF ADMINISTRATION OF HOLY ORDERS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLISH AND LATIN EXTRACTS FROM THE ROMAN PONTIFICAL PUBLISHED BY LAWFUL AUTHORITY, DERBY, RICHARDSON AND SON.

(Concluded.)

It is also a fact not a little curious that the form of words in which the Anglican Church ordains her priests did not come into use in the Church till the 11th century, and so constitutes a signal witness against her of the falsehood of her profession of exclusive deference to the earlier centuries. The third imposition of hands, by which is given the power of absolution, in a form common to the Church of England with ourselves, is not we believe, by any divines considered to be more than supplemental. Some few make the matter of the Sacrament to consist in the delivery of the sacred vessels with the accompanying authority to offer sacrifice; but the majority lay the stress on the second imposition of hands on the ground that of the various ecclesiastical ceremonies in ordination, the imposition of hands alone is directly named in Scripture; and that moreover, neither the "traditio instrumentorum," nor the third, or supplementary imposition of hands, has ever found a place in the Greek Church. In truth it is often a marvel to us that men who attach so just an importance to the right administration of the Sacrament as many of those who still cling to the Anglican Church, should feel, or seem to feel, at ease on ground so obviously and almost avowedly precarious as that which they occupy. They rest, we believe, on the single plea of the Apostolical Succession a claim which we might concede them for the sake of the argument, without so much as approximating to a

settlement of the whole question at issue. There still remains against the pretensions of the Anglican Church, the serious fact, that the present ordinal, defective as it is, is the successor to one more defective still, which was yet in use long enough to vitiate the orders of a whole generation; a fact which, when added to the heretical intentions of of the framers and users, and to undoubted negligences in the administration of sacraments and sacramentals, might surely go the length of raising at least a doubt upon matters relating to the essentials of salvation. Yet the great moral divine of later times has ruled, we know, that "in points of faith and eternal salvation, not merely is it unlawful to follow the less probable of two opinions, but even the more, nay, even the most probable. For in such cases we are obliged to embrace the course of safety and by consequence that religion which puts men in a condition of safety, namely, the Catholic; for all other religions being false, howbeit some of them may have better warrant of probability than others, must needs deprive their subjects of the sacraments and other means necessary to salvation; and thus involve, in the case of each individual," (not protected by the plea of invincible ignorance,) "the wanton risk of his own everlasting happiness."\*

## LITERATURE.

### THE GARLAND OF HOPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MISFORTUNES.

It is a trite remark, that in this world, the cup of happiness is seldom presented without some mingling of bitterness, and Hermaun and Theresa were doomed to experience the same truth. They also met with misfortunes; but they bore them with that patience and resignation, which in part divest them of their asperity, and, in the eyes of God, render them useful and meritorious. A scarcity came upon country; the price of provisions was greatly augmented, and the resources of this worthy family no longer sufficed for the support of eleven persons; for Theresa had now nine children claiming her attention, which of course took up her whole time, and prevented her from doing work any longer for the inhabitants of the village.

One day, the good mother said to her husband, "I have sad news to tell you; in a few days our provision of flour will be exhausted; this morning the shoemaker brought home three pairs of shoes which he mended; and two new pairs for the chil-

dron. You stand in need of a coat for every day wear; and I am at a loss to know where we shall get money to meet all these expenses. What are we to do?"

"Be not distressed about this my good wife," responded the schoolmaster, "God will provide.—In this commune there are families much worse off than ours. Remember the words of the canticle:—

"Loved objects of thy watchful care,  
Oh Lord! we trusting look to thee,  
For bread we make an humble prayer,  
Relieve us in our misery;  
Father! to thee thy children cry,  
And little will their wants supply."

Whilst they were engaged in this conversation, a knock was heard at the door, and soon after the curate entered the room; the children who were at work, rose up, and respectfully saluted their pastor.

"I have just been to visit a sick person, and as I found myself in your neighbourhood, I thought I would give you a call. But what is the matter?—You appear to me to be extremely sad."

"I would mention to no one but yourself the subject of our troubles," replied Frederic "here is what makes us sad; and he pointed to his nine children.

"I understand you my friend; but for this, there is a remedy. Come and see me this evening, and I will give you some bushels of wheat to make bread for your children; I would give you some money but I am unable to do so—my purse is exhausted.—This is all between ourselves. Adieu—I leave you.

The good family was made quite happy, and testified their gratitude to the worthy curate in the liveliest manner. "With this wheat," said Hermann, "we shall be able to make out till harvest, and then we shall have plenty of bread. How good the Lord is! He sends us assistance at the very moment when we have most need of it. Let us then thank Him with our whole heart, and always put our trust in Him."

Some time after the children were attacked with the scarlet fever, and received the most solicitous attentions from their mother, who passed many sleepless nights by their bed. Her husband aided her all he could, and often supplied her place that she might obtain a little repose. But other trials came to harrass this interesting family; the want of money often caused the tears to stream down the now careworn cheeks of Theresa.—These sufferings were not without advantage to the children: for they learned, during these days of trial, how to appreciate the tenderness of their parents, and one day Catharine said to her mother:—

"My dear mother, I shall never forget all that you have done for me, and I shall always endeavour, by my obedience and industry, to evince my gratitude for your goodness and affection. I shall likewise engage my brothers and sisters to love you more. Now I feel the value of health, and I shall pray to God, not to afflict you any more with sickness, that you may not have so much trouble."

At length the harvest came and spread abundance over the country. The school master, by degrees ameliorated his condition, and got his business in better train happiness once more entered into the bosom of his family, and their days glided on calmly, amid plenty and content.

(To be continued.)

## A RECENT DIALOGUE HELD IN BOSTON.

SCENE—*a parlor—elegantly furnished. Deacon Bile sitting in an arm chair on one side of the fire place, reading a book, and Mrs. Deacon Bile in a rocking-chair on the other side reading another book—children in different parts of the room.*

Enter Mary (a pious Irish girl lately arrived in the country and well instructed.)

Mary—Please Ma'am, may I go out this evening?

Mrs. Deacon B—Why, Mary, this is Saturday night—why do you wish to go out Saturday night? Where do you want to go?

Mary—To confession, ma'am.

Mr. Deacon B—(looking fire over his spectacles, and contracting his face into rasps)—Wretched girl! confess your sins to a man?

Mary—(trembling)—Is that wrong, sir?

Mr. Deacon B—Yes, you poor deluded creature.

Mary—I thought, sir, we were commanded to confess our sins one to another.

Deacon B—Do you think that *man* can forgive sins?

Mary—Yes, sir, if God should give him the power.

Deacon B—But did God ever give such power to any man?

Mary—I believe he did sir, if the Apostles were men.

Deacon B—But you poor ignorant child—does it not say in this precious book—who can forgive sins but God only?

Mary—(blushing deeply)—Yes, sir; but I thought it was only the Pharisees who crucified our Lord who said that.



Deacon B—(starting from his chair)—Go right out of this room, you insolent girl. Do you pretend to quote scripture to me? (Mary going.)—stop—If ever you ask to go to confession again, you lose your place and leave my house, mind. (Exit Mary.)

Mrs. Deacon B—Did you ever see such impudence?

Deacon B—My dear there is nothing these priests don't teach them. Come, children, it is time to go to the inquiry meeting.—*Boston Catholic Observer.*

### GREAT TROUBLE IN THE RONGIAN CAMP IN BRESLAU.

In the second volume of his "Efforts for Reform" Theiner has drawn the outlines of Ronge's character so true to the original, that his old friend with his adherents have sworn vengeance against him. The Rongian consistory of Breslau threatens to send Theiner to the pillory for some acts of his former ministry so heinous and shameful. The two reformers speak and write of each other in terms such as never were used against them by a Catholic pen. While they struggle amongst themselves, Catholics can of course but remain impassible lookers-on, and pray for the conversion of both.

### BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- JANUARY 2, Mrs. Tobin of a Son.  
3, " Rigby of a Son.  
7, " McDonnell of a Son.  
11, " Martin of a Son.  
11, " Burke of a Son.  
11, " Barron of a Son.  
12, " Cahill of a Son.  
12, " Drummond of a Daughter.  
13, " Neville of a Daughter.  
13, " Keating of a Son.  
13, " Mahor of a Daughter.  
13, " Murphy of a Son.  
14, " Flynn of a Son.  
18, " Anthony of a Son.  
18, " Fenton of a Daughter.  
19, " Quinn of a Daughter.  
19, " Maher of a Son.  
19, " English of a Son.  
20, " Greene of a Son.  
25, " Hurley of a Son.  
26, " Cowley of a Son.  
26, " Howard of a Son.  
29, " Scott of a Daughter.  
31, " Heany of a Daughter.

- FEBRUARY 1, Mrs. Muskel of a Daughter.  
1, " Whelan of a Daughter.  
1, " Anthony of a Son.  
2, " Murphy of a Daughter.  
2, " Thomas of a Son.  
2, " Baker of a Son.  
2, " Anderson of a Son.  
2, " Bell of a Son.  
2, " Jones of a Son.  
4, " Driscoll of a Son.  
4, " Kelly of a Daughter.  
6, " Duffy of a Daughter.  
6, " Murphy of a Daughter.  
6, " Devine of a Daughter.  
7, " Keating of a Daughter.  
7, " Scanlan of a Son.  
7, " McCarty of a Son.  
7, " Patterson of a Son.  
7, " Maher of a Son.  
9, " Weston of a Son.  
9, " Moran of a Daughter.  
11, " McDonnell of a Daughter.

### MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JANUARY 7, Patrick Cullen to Mary Ann Power.  
8, Jacob Finnegan to Catharine McDonnell.  
12, James Johnston to Mary Ann Kirty.  
12, Nicholas Hurley to Eliza O'Mara.  
12, Alexander Campbell to Catharine Morrison.  
12, Wm. Newman to Margaret Downey.  
19, James DeCourcy to Eleanor Sutton.  
25, John Bradshaw to Margaret McCarthy.  
25, Edward Pinslar to Mary Murphy.  
26, Thomas Duggan to Mary McGuire.  
27, John Aeton to Elizabeth Lisk.  
FEBRUARY 2, George Baur to Elizabeth Scott.  
3, John Inglis to Margaret Maher.  
6, Patrick Murphy to Maria Philips.  
6, Wm. Holland to Ellen Croley.  
6, John Butler to Johanna Farrell.  
9, James Walsh to Mary Hannigan.  
9, Jacob Power to Johanna Butler.  
9, John Granville to Rosanna Walsh.

### INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

- FEBRUARY 8, John Wall, Native of the County Cork, Ireland, aged 50 years.  
8, Mary Goggan, Native of the County Longford, Ireland, aged 78 years.  
8, James Butler, Native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 40 years.  
10, William, son of Thomas and Catharine Fahy, aged 9 years.

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