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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SALES

VOL. I.

No. 23.

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

HALIFAX, JULY 19, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- JULY 20—Sunday X. after Pentecost—St Jerome Imilian.  
 ... 21—Monday—St Alexius, Confessor.  
 ... 22—Tuesday—St Mary Magdalen, Penitent.  
 ... 23—Wednesday—St Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.  
 ... 24—Thursday—St Vincent of Paulo, Confessor.  
 ... 25—Friday—St James, Apostle.  
 ... 26—Saturday—St Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

## ORIGINAL.

### ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP.

The Catholics of Halifax had been eagerly watching the signal staff for some days, expecting to behold the intimation of the Britannia's approach. They were a little disappointed, on Thursday morning, to find a heavy fog settled over the harbour and the city. It was feared that the steamer should be obliged to stay outside until the weather would have cleared. However, as the *Hibernia* had entered noiselessly and successfully, during a similar fog, a watchful eye was directed towards the harbour during the morning. The people were not disappointed. At a past 12 o'clock, the noble pilgrim of the Atlantic presented her gigantic proportions, making her irresistible way towards her old station. Shortly the people were seen in hundreds making for the wharf. They looked with outstretched neck and eager eye, among the passengers: and after a brief period their repeated cheers announced their recognition of the Right Reverend Doctor Walsh. His Lordship stood on the promenade of the vessel, and repeatedly bowed to the enthusiastic people.

About a quarter before one o'clock, the Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Rev. Mr. Conolly, and Rev. Mr. Tracy, accompanied by a number of respectable gentlemen of the city waited on his Lordship, and were most affectionately and paternally received. The Bishop appeared in the best possible health and spirits, and delighted at his re-union with his Flock.

His Lordship and the Clergymen left the Steamer about half-past one, and was received upon the wharf with another hearty cheer again and again renewed. The People then went down upon their

knees and prayed and received the Right Revd. Prelate's blessing. His Lordship proceeded after considerable delay and with two of the Clergymen entered the Hon. E. Kenny's carriage. The immense concourse then proceeded towards the Curfew cheering and rejoicing as they went.

Arrived at St. Mary's His Lordship proceeded towards the Sanctuary and knelt at the foot of the Altar. The Church was soon crowded. All the Clergymen in the City, the Ecclesiastical Students of the College, and the Society of St. Aloysius (young Boys who attend at the Altar) entered the Sanctuary; and the Bishop intoned the 84th Psalm, "*Benedixisti*," &c, which was sung by His Lordship and the Clergy. The "*Laudate*" followed, which, having been concluded, His Lordship ascended the Altar wearing his Stole; and having called upon the Rev. Mr. Connolly to read the Papal Bull committing to His Lordship the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Halifax, &c, he sat down at the Gospel side of the Altar. The Rev. Gentleman just mentioned, then ascended the Altar and read the Document, after which the Bishop intoned the "*Te Deum*." The usual prayers concluded the interesting Ceremony.

In the evening about 9 o'clock, p. m., the Temperance Band accompanied by multitudes of people proceeded to His Lordship's residence, at the South end. They delighted the Pastor and the Flock, and did honour to both. We felt really proud of the Band. His Lordship came forth kindly on the platform and was received with acclamation. He addressed the People, thanking them for this unexpected manifestation of their love, and exhorted them to peace, charity, and christian oblivion of the past. He looked upon all as his Spiritual Children. All were equally precious in his eyes. He would not, by word, or action, or omission, voluntarily give any human being reason to suppose that he was any other than the common parent of his people. His Lordship concluded amid great cheering.

Thursday was a day of great happiness to many and many an anxious heart. It was a day pregnant with a mighty change in the religious and literary condition of the Catholics of this Province. We ourselves, like the Patriarch of old, have 'longed' to see it—we have 'seen it and are glad.' During a period of six years we have watched its dawning, and prayed for its light. Our first hope was

smiled at, our preceding expectation was almost pined, as a weakness, but we knew to 'whom we trusted' and we hoped on God has given us our reward. The Fountain of freshness and grace is in possession of the Flock, they can sit down by its waters and slake their thirst for ever. Not without labour and anxiety, and weariness, and temptation, have been the days of the past few years; but—in all solemn thankfulness we declare that the event of Thursday was more than an equivalent for them all. *Hæc Dies quam fecit Dominus : exultemus et letemur in ea !*

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## LITERATURE.

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### THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

#### PART II.—ITS DARKENING.

Continued.

He loathed his very life, he gnawed his very heart in sorrow, and the most desperate thoughts, even of self-destruction, began to haunt his mind. His companions saw him sometimes looking over the edge of a precipice, as if deliberating whether to throw himself headlong, or feeling the point of a dagger, as if meditating a self-aimed blow. But a cold shudder would creep over his frame; he would draw suddenly back, or cast the weapon away; while his companions would break into a coarse unfeeling peal of laughter, and dare him to accomplish his thought. Yes: thanks to Heaven, Pierrot had not yet lost his belief in Eternity; he remembered there was a bottomless gulf below the depths of the precipice, and that there was a sword of Divine justice, keener than the dagger's point.

But his companions saw that they would soon lose their hold on him, that his desperation would drive him to some deed that would betray them. They, therefore, with artful villainy changed their course. They assured him of their willingness to release him from his painful life. One, only one more enterprise did they require him to join, it was an easy and safe one; and after that they would quit the neighbourhood, and he should be left at peace. At peace! little did they know or care, how effectually they had riven this from his heart, how they had banished it from his life! Still, to him there was comfort in their words; and he almost longed to commit the crime which was to be his last. A day was fixed for it, yet a month off, and this seemed like an age to Pierrot. Nor could any entreaties prevail on them, to communicate to him the nature of their intention. Only he clearly saw preparations making at their houses, for a complete and sudden flight; and in this he felt he had the best pledge and security for the truth of their promises.

Let us, in the mean time, return to consider his poor wife and child. Every month of the period, over which we have traced Pierrot's evil course, had sunk them deeper in misery and in sorrow.

Of the character of his crimes they had no evidence; for as he never brought home his share of plunder, and as he kept a moody silence and reserve, they had no grounds on which to suspect farther than he was engaged in something very wrong. Even when at home, he could get but little work, for no one now cared to employ him; and so his once neat and happy dwelling bore marks of poverty, neglect, and decay. And within, too, all was sorrow and distress; no cheerful conversation, no smile, no confidence. The mother and the daughter, indeed, understood one another, but it was more by silent sympathy, than by exchange of sentiment; for each feared ever to swell the other's grief, and repressed the gushing tear or wept alone. And let this be added to the praises of the poor, that none better than they have the inborn delicacy to honour virtue in distress, and refrain from sarcasm and reproach against those whom bitter trials oppress. Never was the conduct of Pierrot, though now notorious and a public scandal, cast into the face of these two forlorn ones, morally indeed a widow and an orphan. But rather it seemed as if a tacit honour was paid to their suffering innocence; every one made way for them, every one seemed to soften his voice as he addressed them; many a little present, artfully conveyed, so as to repress all sense of obligation, made its way to their cottage to soothe their distress; and many a kind hope that God would console them, was whispered at the church door in their ear.

And He did, in truth, console them: for without His Presence, His Grace, His Light, His Food, their hearts would long since have been broken by despairing sorrow. Again and again did they kneel at evening before the altar, and there ever found they the calm and peace which resignation to the Divine Will alone can give. It was on one of these occasions that a new association of ideas led our little contemplative to consoling thoughts akin to those which we have seen the Sanctuary's Lamp had before suggested; only from the sorrows of the Mother, it guided her to those of the Son. She had been reading in her little rude picture-bible, and had there seen illustrated the vision of Zacharias (chap. iv.) in which is described the golden candlestick before the altar, on either side whereof stands an olive tree, the overhanging branches of which feed, through golden funnels, the sacred lamps with an unsailing light and unction (verse 12.) To this her thoughts reverted as the soothing light of the lamp fell upon her; and wearied much with sorrow, she fell into one of those calm moods of meditation in which the thoughts arise spontaneously, and pass, as on a mirror, before the mind, seeming but the reflection of objects presented by an external but invisible

power. It appeared to her as though the lamp before the altar were enlarged in its dimensions, and became a golden font, in the midst of which burnt a flame celestial in its purity and its brightness; while over its hedge flowed on every side, a rich amber wave of purest oil, some of which was caught up by unseen hands in gold phials, and borne away as a precious treasure; while some fell in drops like balm upon her and others, and where it fell, closed a wound, or healed a sore, or soothed a pain, or stilled a throb. It dropped upon her lips, and it was bitter with the bitterness of mirrh, but withal savoury, and as a cordial to her breast. Then as she wondered whence came this marvellous overflow of abundance, (like filling the widow of Sarepta's vessels), she saw above a branch of a dark and gloomy olive, which overhung it, and distilled into it from its purple fruit thick clammy drops of its healing juice. And when again she wondered whence this chosen plant derived its sacred sap, she looked naturally down towards its twisted roots, and there beheld One prostrate as in anguish and prayer. His face could not be seen for his pale forehead touched the ground; but His dark robe seemed as studded with princely gems, rubies or carbuncles of sparkling brightness. And by degrees these increased in size, and began to flow, trickling as a dew upon that consecrated ground. For they burst through those pores, whence virtue went out to heal all. By these was fed and enriched, while it was hallowed, that tree which first, after the deluge, put forth branches of promise, of peace, and of hope, and sent by the dove, the first tidings of reconciliation to the world baptized. And hence the fruit of that tree was made the third in order of earth's most precious produce, joined ever to the 'corn and the wine' in the threats and the promises of prophecy,\* and forming with them the triple power whereby men are multiplied† and strengthened in sacramental life.

To that thoughtful child's heart there seemed as clear connexion between this consecration and its fruit, as there was between our Lord's descent into the waters of Jordan, and the mystical sanctification of that cleansing element. The olive consecrated by the holy unction of our Redeemer's first blood, became to the Church a sacred tree, whose juice can soften, nourish, heal, render at once supple and strong, the soul sacramentally, as the body naturally, and alone is fit, with the produce of the industry of the virgin bee, to light up the Sanctuary of God.‡ These musings of the

sorrowful child brought their consolation, by leading her thoughts to that scene of sorrow, in which even agony of mind may learn resignation. And this thought struck her. *If in the courts of the heavenly Jerusalem it shall be said to holy virgins, spouses of the Lamb, 'God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness,' shall it not be said that here below there is an oil of affliction too, with which the servants of God are anointed, and rendered thereby no less pleasing?* And happy the virgin who waiting for her bridegroom, has her lamp trimmed with this holy oil, aye, and plenty of it in her vessel too, lest it be extinguished. And if it fail her, oh! let her hasten in time thither, where best it can be found and procured, to the Mount of Olives, the hill of unction and of light.

While the youthful contemplative was enjoying these thoughts, and praying that her lamp might be found burning whenever the summons should come, her mother touched her shoulder, and admonished her that it was time to return home. The visions of her childish imagination melted away, and she found herself once more, basking in the mild lustre of the Sanctuary Lamp.

#### PART III.—ITS EXTINCTION.

'The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and the lamp that is over him shall be put out.'—Job xviii.

It is a trite remark, that as a lamp will shine the more brightly in proportion to the darkness which surrounds it, so will virtue appear more brilliant when the gloom of adversity has closed around it. Or, still drawing our illustration from our subject, we may say, that as the lamps of Gideon's soldiers did not show their dazzling brilliancy, till the vessels of clay in which they were enclosed had been bruised, broken, and utterly crushed, so did the virtues of Pierrot's wife and daughter break forth with increased lustre, the more their poor humanity was bowed down, the more their bodies were wasted with want, and their hearts broken with affliction. Upon that of the daughter a new grief seemed now to have come; but though it passed occasionally like a cloud over her brow sufficiently distinct not to escape her watchful mother's eye, yet was it always succeeded immediately by a bright serenity, which clearly came not from earthly consolation. While they were sitting together at their work in silence, a sigh would escape her, a tear would steal down; but the next instant her hands would drop upon her knees, her eyes and countenance be turned towards heaven, a bright smile would beam upon her features, and her lips would move as if addressing some one near.

solical principle, but seems positively unbecoming. With what can it associate the mind except with the most bituminous and sulphurous classes of natural productions, and with the exhalations of the depths of earth—things and places more akin to the awful, than to the consoling, dealings of God with man?—Ed. C. W. I.

\* Deut. xi. 14; and xxviii. 51. Jer. xxxi. 12. Os. ii. 8.

† Pa. iv. 8. "By the fruit of their corn, wine, and oil, they have been multiplied."

‡ To burn gas (as the lamp) before the Altar, or upon it, is not only in contradiction to every mystical feeling and sym-

In those moments her mother ventured not to address her, but would gaze on her in admiration and awe, believing her to be in close communion with better spirits.

At length, one day she asked her what now so much occupied her thoughts. 'I will conceal nothing from you, my dearest mother,' replied the child: 'the truth is, I can hardly bear to think, that in a few days my term of consecration, under your vow, will expire, and that I must put off my white garment, and resume that of the world.'

'And yet, my child,' her mother answered, 'it is better for us all that it should be so. You are now getting strong enough to go to work in the fields, and this is impossible in your present attire. Nor can I go, and leave you alone at home. It is necessary that we should exert ourselves more and more; for' — She paused, for what she was going to say would have been a reproach to her husband, and that she would not utter. But her tears expressed her meaning. Her daughter replied:

'It is not that I grudge toil, or shrink from being like what I in truth am, a poor peasant girl; but I feel as though, on putting off this religious attire, I shall be exposing myself more completely to the dangers and temptations of the world; and, perhaps, losing some claim to that protection of the Queen of Heaven, as whose child I have been till now brought up.'

'But it is time, my dear mother, that I should tell you of an offering which I made on that night when, for the first time, he absented himself from home, and have often since repeated before the altar. There I have again and again prayed that I may never be allowed to put off my white garments. but may be allowed to bear them down into my grave unstained; and farther' — she hesitated a moment, she added, 'I have begged of God to take my life in exchange for my dear father's conversion and return to virtue. I cannot help hoping that my prayer and offering have been accepted.'

Her mother was greatly troubled on hearing this, and hastily answered: 'Beware my child, lest you tempt Heaven. May God hear your prayer on behalf of your poor father, but not on that condition. Indeed,' she added, after a moment's reflection, 'I do not see what reason there is to fear it; for never, in spite of our sufferings, did you seem to me stronger or in better health.'

It was now, notwithstanding, finally arranged between mother and daughter, that on the morning of the anniversary of the vow, they should proceed very early to the church, so to enjoy a few hours' silent prayer, by the light of the sacred lamp, which the child loved so much, before receiving communion in thanksgiving; after which, she would change her white dress for the ordinary peasant's cloak, and so return home. And these preliminaries, with the priest's consent obtained, who

both forebore to reveal, again to the subject. Only Marie seemed ever intent on it, in her thoughts, now occupied in preparing the dress in which she should make her last appearance, as one consecrated to God, that its whiteness and purity should be perfect; and in weaving a garden of choicest flowers, as her last offering, to crown the image of her Lady and Patroness.

But once again we must withdraw our reader's attention from the contemplation of the virtues of mother and daughter, to trace the ruinous course of the unfortunate Pierrot, and see him plunged, at last, into the lowest abyss of guilt and degradation. The month was expired, which had been agreed on for the commission of the crime, promised to be his last. The day in fact was come, on the night of which it had to be perpetrated, and still an impenetrable secret was preserved by all around him, as to what it was to be. By this time, every thing worth moving in the houses of his two accomplices, was packed up, ready for flight, and mules were in readiness to carry their baggage and families over the frontiers. As to himself, he had not taken any measures, either to fly or to secure himself against the pursuit of justice; not merely because he was in such ignorance about the crime, that he knew not how he could best shape his course, especially with his family on his hands; but also, because he was almost reckless as to consequences, and hardly cared what the result might be. A prey to remorse, to shame, and to bitter grief, he would have preferred a prison, the gallows, or the scaffold, to his present state; and forgot all consequences and all risks in the assurance that, after this one crime, he should be freed from his present thralldom. During that last day of their partnership in guilt, his companions strove to occupy his thoughts, and divert him from unpleasant anticipations, by their wild discourse; and after their meal, they plied him with strong drink, which, if it did not actually intoxicate him, dulled his faculties, and heated his blood. He was ready for any thing, and he seemed to have made up his mind for any crime, in a desperate mood of excitement, almost amounting to phrenzy. And still he shuddered within himself, at thinking, that possibly murder might be demanded from him: no other wicked deed now seemed to him terrible or impossible. And yet, when the proposed crime was unveiled to him, it was one as much beyond his thoughts as this, and appeared to him no less frightful; and he shrank from it with a trembling horror that staggered his very companions.

It was not till late at night, when on the point of starting from the house, that the object of their expedition was revealed to Pierrot. It was no less than to plunder the church of Mont-Marie, to strip it of its silver donatives, its rich altar plate, the ornaments of its image and its tabernacle, and carry the whole of the frontiers into Spain. They had made all necessary arrangements for concealing or

melting down their rich booty, so as to escape detection.

Had a thunderbolt struck the head of the unfortunate Pierrot, he could hardly have been more stunned than he was on hearing this. The moment he was a little recovered from his first amazement, he began to storm, and protest that no consideration on earth should ever prevail on him to commit so horrible and ungrateful a sacrilege. But his companions now knew their power, and dealt with him as a skilful angler does with a fish that feels the first smart of the hook; they gave him play and allowed him to vent his feelings; and then, when he had exhausted his first burst of passion, began to draw him into the full gripe of their wicked might. For this purpose, they represented to him, that it was too late to draw back—for if he attempted it, they would immediately fulfil their threats of delivering him up. They told him that it was mere folly to shrink from the commission of one crime more, which they had promised him should be his last; that if he ever repented, it would be as easy to repent of this, as of its predecessors; if not, that he was fully lost by what he had already done, and could not make his case worse. Many other wicked arguments and persuasions they employed; and when at last all else had failed, they savagely threatened to wreak their vengeance upon his family, and to proceed at once to murder his wife and daughter.

[To be continued.]

### EXCLUSIVE SALVATION.

We extract the following from the first chapter of Baxter's Tenets:

'The belief of the Catholic church on the subject of exclusive salvation has been much and frequently misrepresented by the enemies of her creed. They have long believed, that this church in the plenitude of her uncharitableness has doomed, and still dooms to certain reprobation, all those who did not profess her code of faith.

Without adverting, in support of this tenet, to the creed of the reformed churches, which were once as peremptory and unrelenting as ever our enemies have deemed the church of Rome, it must be understood, that the Catholic church, in matters of faith condemns those only, whom she calls heretics. These she has always condemned, and these she still condemns. But what does she mean by a heretic? For from this meaning alone, are we to discover the justice or injustice of her condemnation, and pronounce whether she be charitable or uncharitable. A heretic according to all sound divines, the definitions of general councils, and particularly the catechism of the Council of Trent, is 'One, who despising the authority of the church, which he has sufficient reason to believe is the true church of Christ, contrary to its decision obstinately adheres to a false and impious opinion.' (Cat. Concil.

Trid. Ar. ix. part 1.) As St. Paul pronounces heresy to be a crime, (Titus, chap. iii. v. 10,) it must be a voluntary act, and the Catholic church has always deemed it so. Obstinacy in known errors, or in rejecting the known truth of revealed faith, is an essential requisite to form a heretic; and it is only against characters of this nature, that the church levels her anathemas of condemnation. And what thinking and reasonable man will refuse to condemn them? If the truths, which the Son of God disclosed to men, merit their assent, their obedience, and their veneration, certainly the man who obstinately, and therefore, knowingly and willingly, disbelieves and rejects them, deserves the condemnation of every consistent Christian.

'I need hardly remark, that the Catholic church does not consider him a heretic, who sincerely professes another creed, in regard to the falsity of which he does not entertain a fear, and is disposed, if he did discover his falsity and the divine authenticity of another creed, instantly to reject his own, and embrace the true one. Catholic moralists even pronounce it to be eminently sinful in a man, who professes a different creed, and is in his own mind convinced that it is the true one to reject it, and embrace Catholicity. If a man entertain rational doubts of the veracity of his own creed, the importance of religion and self-charity, require that he should attempt to resolve those doubts; if he do not make this essay, but remain contented from any prejudicial motive, in the profession of this doubtful creed, then he is a traitor to his own salvation, and must stand condemned by every man of sense. Although those, who sincerely profess dissenting creeds, containing the essentials of Christianity, do not belong to the Catholic church in the eyes of men, they do nevertheless belong to her in the sight of God, and, as such are real members of the church. By baptism, by whomsoever or wheresoever it be given, they are initiated into the church of Christ, (and the Catholic church deems herself that Church;) and as by the supposition, they have never wilfully and obstinately rejected any known tenet of divine faith, they still remain members of that church.

"Although ignorance of the true religion, when joined with uprightress and sincerity, be not an insurmountable barrier opposed to salvation, it is nevertheless certain that there is a TRUE RELIGION, whose peculiar advantages render its discovery eminently important, and the greatest of blessings; and, that there is, and only can be, one religion of this sterling character. Faith is an essential ingredient in religious worship; for 'without faith it is impossible to please God.' (Heb. xi. 5, 6.) and 'he who believes not shall be condemned.' (St. Mark, xvi-5. 16.) Now faith is certainly the belief of revealed truth; for the belief of falsehood can

not honour God, whose being is essential. Truth, is one, single and indivisible : for if it be true that Christ is God, every other assertion to the contrary is false. Consequently, as truth is one, and faith the belief of truth, there can only be one true faith or only one true religion, since faith is an essential in religion.

'The Catholic church therefore, does not in unison with the ever veering ideas of some modern sectarians, consider every form of religion equally good, or deem it immaterial to what society of Christians a man is associated. She believes, that a principle of this nature would destroy the essence of pure religion, and amount to an acknowledgment, that God could be indifferent to our belief of truth or falsehood. Indeed, a principle of this nature would seem to imply that the incarnation of the Son of God was hardly necessary, since it would then be immaterial, whether we believe or disbelieve the doctrine, which he has delivered and enforced.

'I hope that this exposition of the Catholic faith on the tenet of 'Exclusive salvation,' will contribute to render our creed less odious and deformed in the eyes of our dissenting brethren ; and introduce into their minds a conviction, that they were mistaken, when they conceived the Catholic church intolerant, bigoted, and uncharitable. No solid argument against this exposition can be adduced from the unauthorised writings or actions of Catholics. This is the doctrine of the universal Catholic church, extracted from her general Councils, and the universal belief of her members, the only true source, from which her doctrine can be gathered. Catholic kings, and even Popes, are not impeccable ; but their actions, when they stand in opposition to Catholic principles, are only the actions of men, whose conduct is evil ; and the candid, liberal and consistent character, will not attribute them to the religion which they professed. A Judas was found among the twelve Apostles whom Christ himself had elected.'

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### General Intelligence.

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[From the Pittsburg Catholic.]

#### CATHOLICITY OF THE CHURCH.

That Catholicity which is equivalent to universality of extent and duration, was to be characteristic of the church of Christ, is manifest from the very nature of that institution. Christ established his church that it might be the medium of communicating to man the truths to which He had revealed, and the graces which he had purchased by his sufferings. He did not intend that its saving influence should be confined within the narrow

limits of Judea. The features of exclusiveness which had marked the synagogue were no longer to exist. The nations that long sat in darkness and the shadow of death, were to be enlightened, and men of every country and every clime were to be united in the bonds of Christian fellowship, to become members of the one fold under the One Shepherd. The accomplishment of these designs essentially required the church to be Catholic. The same truth is clearly conveyed in the words of Christ when he commissioned his apostles "to teach ALL nations" to be witnesses of his doctrine, "to the extremities of the earth ;" and it is yet more fully established from the writings of the ancient prophets, who describe the empire of Christianity as extending "from sea to sea," and "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." Nothing could be more beautiful and explicit on this subject than the language of Isaiah, chap. 60, when addressing the church, he says, "the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought."

In accordance with these splendid promises we see even in the days of the Apostles, the church extending its empire far and wide, and the peaceful standard of the cross planted in regions where the Roman eagles had never penetrated. We see the early Christian writers constantly appealing to this grand characteristic of the true church, as a decisive argument against the pretensions of every innovator. "Show me," says St. Austin, addressing himself to the unbelievers of his time, "show me the church, if it be yours ; show me that you are united in communion with all those nations which are blessed with the light of truth ; show me a single passage in the Sacred Scripture that would seem to insinuate that the church could be confined to Africa ? Or, if you cannot, then yield to the force of truth. It is WE, and no others, that possess the inheritance of Jesus Christ ; because it is WE that alone are united in communion with the whole christian world." "What," says St. Jerome, "becomes of the promises which God made to his Son, that he would give him all nations for his inheritance, if either the church have perished, or be shut up within the limits of an island ?" But it is quite unnecessary for our purpose, to prove from the Scriptures, or the testimony of the Fathers, that the church should diffuse itself throughout the universe. It is admitted by almost every denomination of Christians—by their acceptance and use of the Apostles' creed. The

is still more clearly evinced, by the abortive and ridiculous attempt made by certain classes, even in violation of all the proprieties of language, to assume to themselves the title of Catholicity. The feverish anxiety which they display for its possession, shows how they value that title. It makes them indirectly admit, that their church can have no claims to truth, if it be not in some shape Catholic; and hence they wish to have at least the name, though they can have no pretensions to the reality. The only question then to be decided by the Christian in determining his faith is, which is the Catholic church? This is a fact of history, which may be easily and clearly ascertained. Can any of the various denominations claim for themselves Catholicity of duration or extent? They are all sent as of yesterday when compared to the establishment of Christianity. Their very names indicate that they are the creation of no very distant period; a few centuries back and their existence was not heard of. Their claims to universality of diffusion are still worse founded, a few millions will comprise the total amount of their members; and these few millions confined to a mere corner of the universe. But Protestantism in general may perhaps claim to be Catholic in its extensive diffusion. If Protestantism could be taken to imply any positive kind of Christian belief, we might contend that such a belief had a very general diffusion. But Protestantism is a merely negative term, and to use it as expressing any species of religion, is going contrary to all established notions of what religion is. If a collection of churches, disagreeing in the most vital points of revelation, continually anathematizing and condemning each other, presenting every variation of doctrine from Puseyism to Parkerism, can claim to be a church; it cannot, most certainly, be the church of Christ, which the scripture represents as one-fold, as a body having all its members joined together in harmony and unison under one head.

But even taking all denominations of Protestantism they will not number more than 50 millions—about one fourth of the Christian world, so that even the entire aggregate of discord and dissension could not deserve the title of a Catholic. It remains now to show that the church, in connection with the Roman See, and to which alone the appellation of Catholic has been given with universal consent, is the only religious institution that deserves that name. Its perpetuity of duration, tracing as it does the line of its Pontiffs in an unbroken series back to the days of Peter. To ascertain whether it has universality of diffusion we need only mention some of those nations in which its doctrines are professed. Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Austria, Bohemia, and Poland,

the provinces of the Netherlands, the Kingdoms of Sicily and Sardinia, with a few fractional exceptions are entirely Catholic.

In England, Holland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, though doomed to a lengthened and systematic persecution, quite sufficient to have crushed any mere human institution, the church still maintains her footing. In fine, in every kingdom of Europe the Catholic religion is not only known, but very generally professed. It is alone professed in many kingdoms, and it is partially professed in all. In America her members far outnumber those of any other communion. In Asia, the cradle of Christianity, and long the nursery of eminent saints and martyrs—in Asia, where vice and superstition have unhappily erected their thrones—the Catholic religion still possesses many churches. In China and Japan, in Syria and Persia, on the banks of the Indus and the borders of the Euphrates, from the shores of the Red Sea in those of the Corea, and from the frozen gulfs of Siberia to the sultry extremity of Cape Comoro, the Catholic religion has votaries—millions who believe her doctrines, venerate her mysteries, and submit to her injunctions. She then alone can with justice claim the title Catholic; and it should be observed that the one hundred and seventy millions which, even according to Protestant historians, she numbers in her communion, are not held together by the belief of a few common principles of Christianity, without any bonds of connexion or unity. In all those regions, though differing in every thing else, Catholicity is one and the same—all are united in the same belief, all join in the same form of worship; no circumstances of time or place can affect that worship. The neophyte Indian, converting his rude wigwam into a temple, can assist at the same sacrifice which is offered under the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's.

#### PROGRESS OF INFIDELITY.

Every American, who loves his country, must be appalled at the rapid progress of infidelity in our blessed republic. That hideous monster of sneering unbelief, which had heretofore hid its odious head and skulked in darkness, now ventures to stalk about in open day, and to exhibit his fiendish features to the gaping multitude, with as much complacency as if they were not blackened by the smoke of the bottomless pit, and did not smell of brimstone! The infidels of America have just held a public and numerous attended convention in the City of New York. The speeches delivered on the occasion have been spread out before the community in that vehicle and sewer of filth the New York Herald, and, we believe, in other papers!! What makes this infidel convention the



more remarkable is the circumstance, that it was held in the very week of the great religious anniversaries of New York City. The infidels, it seems, are determined to hold their anniversaries as well as the Biblicals!

It requires no great depth of philosophy to trace the connexion between sectarianism and infidelity: between the ceaseless cant about the Bible, and the rejection of the Bible altogether. The sects, while making such a parade about the Bible, are split up into divisions innumerable about the meaning of the Bible: and they are, at the same time, indulging in all manner of uncharitableness towards each other, and especially towards those whom they do not consider as holy as themselves. Can we wonder, that, in this general unsettling of all religious belief, men of sense, finding nothing but perpetual variations, varieties, and inconsistencies in Protestantism, should turn with disgust from it, and plunge into the gulf of downright infidelity?

Such a course is natural enough. Protestantism in the United States is but running the race which it has already run in Germany and throughout the continent of Europe. It has sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. It has boasted its love for the Bible; and, in the end it has rejected the Bible altogether, after having first woefully distracted its meaning and frittered away its great doctrines.

The last American Almanac presents us with the astounding fact, that more than half of our population over 21 years of age belong to no church whatever:—that is, that this large proportion is composed either of infidels, or of persons indifferent to all religion!! And yet this is an age of boasted enlightenment! And this is a land of "open Bibles!" Gracious heavens! Upon what times we have fallen! Nor have we yet seen the worst.

Would it not be well for the "League" to let their Catholic brethren alone for a while, and turn to the reclaiming of their infidel fellow-citizens? We barely offer the suggestion.

**CATHOLICITY IN GENEVA.**—'Forty years ago,' says the Evangelical Observer, U. S., 'there was a Romanist citizen in the city of Geneva, the sphere of Calvin's labours.' It is not so now: for, according to Dr. Cheever, two-fifths of the whole population of Geneva are at present Catholics. The doctrines of the Reformers are on the decline in this strong hold of Presbyterianism, for out of forty pastors of the national church, but three are said to be evangelical, the remainder being Unitarians, who, remarks the Observer, 'it is well known, esteem indifference to evangelical religion, the very charity of the Gospel.' Unitarianism and Rationalism prevail in the national

church; and these, the Observer fears, can never withstand 'the flood of Romanism.' 'The mass may yet be celebrated in the church where Calvin preached.' Christians all over the world should pray for the continued success of this 'revival of pure and undefiled religion in Geneva.' This ancient hot-bed of darkness, error, and despotism, is now being blessed with 'evangelical light, and truth, and liberty.'

**PRESBYTERIAN DEFINITIONS OF FAITH.**—The late decision of the Presbyterian American church in general council assembled regarding the validity of Catholic Baptism, has been treated with unmeasured contempt and ridicule by the Episcopalian Papers. One of them expresses wonder why in the dogmatical tract, styled a 'Report of the Committee &c.' there was so little of scriptural reason given for this astonishing decision. There is a reason undoubtedly for such omission, which these learned 'doctors in Israel,' if called upon would be very sorry to give.

We may perhaps expect by way of retaliation to see Episcopalian baptisms condemned at the next meeting of the meek brotherhood.

We had prepared for the amusement of our readers a few extracts from the speech of Professor Thornwell on that famous occasion. But want of room compels us to forego this pleasure for the present.

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