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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 16-19.



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? —TERTULLIAN Præscrip. xxii. "There is one God, and one Church, and one Christ founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is ad mortuus, impious, sacrilegious." —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem. "All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God. —St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi.

Calendar.

- FEBRUARY 1—Thursday—St Ignatius B M Doub.
2—Friday—Purification of the B V M Doub II cl.
3—Saturday—St Dionysius P C Doub sup com St Blasius B M.
4—Sunday—Septuagesima, Sunday semid.
5—Monday—St Agatha V M Doub.
6—Tuesday—Prayer of Our Lord Jesus Christ great Doub sup comm St Dorothy V M.
7—Wednesday—St Romuald Abbot Doub.
8—Thursday—St John of Matha C Doub.
9—Friday—St Zozimus P C Doub comm St Apollonia V M.
10—Saturday—St Scholastica V.
11—Sunday—Sexagesima Sunday semid.
12—Monday—St Telesphorus P M Doub.
13—Tuesday—Comm of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ grt Doub.
14—Wednesday—St Agatha P C Doub sup comm St Valentine.

COMPITUM;

on,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church

Last over the long line of eastern hills peeps the first faint smile of morn; and we take our way beneath the forest's solitude, intending to survey life's varied wandering and the many ways through which the mind of man is led to discern the bright citadel of truth, whither as to a central point all wishes tend, while still opposing passions and external wiles are leading it astray; and as a woodman when he comes into the thick-grown forest of Ida casts his eyes on every side to determine the spot where he will first begin to labour, though he has abundant supply on all sides, so do I look around through this immense and intricate region to fix upon a point of departure where our observations may most advantageously commence. Perhaps we should be guided in the first instance by the natural order of time, and take the instance of childhood's views as presenting the first of these avenues, through which the soul is lovingly invited to pass with right intention in a straight and happy course to its glorious and eternal end. Sweet is the announcement that we enter on the road of children. Even in the natural forest it can attract, like that of Fontainebleau, by its desired fountain, its rock of the two sisters and the friendly hill. The spirit's first amaze on entering this probationary wilderness is a theme removed beyond our investigation; we only know that it is expressed in cries.

As we advance, joy and fear are the first impressions, as if caused by the sublime silence and the solitary horror of an umbrageous forest, and all that chequers the phantasmal scene that floats before our eyes in wavering light. When Hagar, after wandering with her child in the wilderness of Bersabee, at length, when the water was exhausted, laid him under a tree, and withdrew a short distance not to see him die, and lifted up her voice and wept, we read that God heard the voice of the boy. The cries of infancy are thus heard by Him who understands best what they signify. They mean, we may easily suppose, what the good St Julian, Archbishop of Toledo, says so beautifully of himself, "Blind and weak, from the desert Idumea, I seek my eternal country, Jerusalem. Therefore stretch I forth my hands to thee suppliant that I

* Gen xxi.—The Road of Children.

may be led in safety, and preserved from the dangers which infest the way.

The starlight smile of children, answering the sweet looks of women, suit well the murmur here of the unrepeining brooks—

'And the green light, which shifting overhead Some tangled bowers of vines around mo shed.'

Let us follow them, sleeping in arms ere the end of each day's wandoring, watched over by bending angels, who kiss their little hands, and weep perhaps when on their candid brows anxiety would write to-morrow.

In all ages, men of observing and contemplative mind have been struck with the mysteries of childhood. 'Facile est hanc cernere in primis puerorum actatibus,' says Cicero, 'quamquam enim verior ne nimius in hoc genere videas; tanem omnes veteres philosophi ad incunabula accedunt.' The Persians, indeed, so far from studying infants in the cradle, would not even see their own children before they had attained their seventh year; in order, said they, that they might not grieve if they should lose them early; but with the mysterious affinity between childhood and whatever was most divine in human thought, the whole ancient world seems sufficiently impressed. The stern Stoics themselves, seem on the point of dissolving at the image of the grace of first youth, which they styled the flower of virtue.

Cicero appeals to the testimony of children to prove the justice of what he has laid down, to show 'Omnia hausta e fonte naturæ;' and Plato in his laws pursues the same line of argument. 'If children,' he says, 'be taken for the judges here, would they not declare in favour of this opinion!—would not the suffrage of the young be given so—?!' Fortitude and a horror of injustice, say Roman authors, can be learned from Cato's questions when a child, seeing the heads of the proscribed in the hall of Sylla, and asking Tarpedon his tutor why there was no one to kill the tyrant. 'What more admirable!' exclaims the Pagan historian; 'the boy did not fear the conqueror in his presence. If Marius had been in his place, he would have thought more of flight than of achieving the death of Sylla.' Hence, in the judgement of the ancients, the dignity of the task which consisted in developing the faculties of childhood, as when the poet says—

'Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem Occupet extremis in vixis baba senectus.'

And, in fact, whenever nature was not systematically opposed, all history attests the influence exercised by children. Sergius Galba was about to be condemned, when the sight of his little children weeping moved the Roman people to acquit him, mercy, not equity, deciding the case: the acquittal, which could not be pronounced on the score of innocence, respectui puerorum data est. Similarly Aulus Gabinius, having only the licitor and the dungeon before his eyes, owed his deliverance to the interest excited by the view of his son prostrating himself at the feet of his accuser.

Some few of the Pagan philosophers themselves seem to have felt 'how solemn a thing it is to keep company with little children, so lately arrived, as it were, out of another world and from God's neighbourhood, who are now in that wonderful state, as a modern author says, where in we were once, and did not, alas! comprehend it, till it had slipped away from us.' They

* Do Finibus, v 20. † Val Max. ii. ‡ Diog Laert. § Do Finibus, i. ¶ Do Legibus, lib ii. †† Val Max lib ii. ††† Hor Ep i 20. †††† Val Max viii. ††††† Faber.

seem to have recognized, in other words, that there are avenues to truth naturally opening at the first steps in human life, through the sensibilities and undeveloped intelligence of the child. But not to linger at our first setting forth amidst the darkness of heathenism, let us observe how prodigiously these mystic avenues were widened and multiplied, when the darkness of paganism, with its obstructions and delusions, had passed away, and left the forest wholesome.

The Catholic religion invests childhood with the sweetness and sanctity of a religious mystery, placing it in the number of those which men contemplate as joyful on the beads; and hence the new device of love to succour infancy, in France is called, not the cradle, but the crib, as if each new babe by the choice which the Church reckons on in its baptism, was really another Christ.

Taking our way over heathy paths through the vast shade of a strange forest, if by chance we meet some little lusus and inquire from him the distance to a given point, he will probably represent it as farther than an older person would represent it to be from the place which we have reached; but in this moral wilderness the parties will exchange answers, for to the early age of man, the way to his true centre is the nearest. In life's first walk, as in the gardens of Armida, blossoms and fruit abound at the same time: grace seems to be the act of nature herself, so exquisitely the wild and cultivated united.—Marina de Escobar, when only three years of age, used to be heard repeating, 'I love God more than my father, and mother, and sun, and all things else;' and she used to place herself in secret corners of the house, or field, and say, 'that she would find God, who was her life, in solitude.'

'Thus did she kneel, lisping sacred names And looking, while her hands and eyes Are lifted to the glowing skies, Like a stray babe of Paradise, Just lighted on the flowery plain, And seeking for its home again!'

A child born of Catholic and pious parents in a land of faith, is like guileless Adam in the groves of Paradise—

On! the joy Of young ideas, painted on the mind In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads On objects not yet known; when all is new And it is lovely: he looks around, and Lo, as if return'd to Eden bowers, every thing is very good.'

For all things are seen with the redeeming light of Christ's cross and passion. Wherever he lifts his eyes the holy cross or other symbol of our faith, presents its gleam or shadow, and as the poet wishes, mingles with his dreams, drawing him up by silent power to the felicity of heaven.

History relates that a father obliged to leave his child often in its cradle, used to put in its hands to amuse its eyes some flowers, the child loved to consider these odoriferous and varied forms; but the first impressions exercised on it a slow and mysterious action, which only increased with age, and this child which played with flowers became the celebrated Linnæus.—Thus does the perfume which escapes from the symbols, manners, and minds of catholicity, insinuate itself into the young heart, and diffuse in it secretly the divine germs, which later expand with the warmth of faith into the beauties of a serene and holy existence. Truth comes to it in the persons of venerable and beloved priests, 'inclining to the lowest child of Christ the fruits from Heaven's third height themselves have won,' in the smiles of its mother, in the sound

* Vt Ven Virg. Marius de Escob p 13.

of the cheerful or solemn bells, in every thing that it sees and hears; for though the sense of divine things is so profound, that one may dig for ever without coming to the roots, their fruit is so near as that we have not to raise our arm to gather them. Thus nourished are those first affections, those shadowy recollections, which, be they what they may, are yet the fountain light of all our subsequent days; which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour, nor all that is at enmity with joy, can utterly in after-life abolish; for the heart loves them to the last, whatever intervenes between us and our childhood's sympathy, still reverting to what first caught the eye. The young stranger accepts from the Church whatever she presents to him—

—'Dona parentis

Miratur, rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet; The child that cannot tell what he would have, will kneel and hold up hands for fellowship; and then, exclaims a recent poet, what a look is that! 'When fresh from sleep with lips of artless modesty and joy, it lips a hymn not understood by its own self, but dutefully learnt in simple faith.' He cites a child that sung the Alma Redemptoris, and then adds—

'This Latin knew he nothing what it said; For he too tender was of age to know; But to his comrade he repair'd, and pray'd. That he the meaning of this song would show, And unto him declare why men sing so.' But children often know more than they themselves suppose; and well might the French poet say, 'Let us not silence those sublime voices—let us leave those children on their knees—we have need that childhood should pray thus for us all.' 'I remember,' says Marina de Escobar, 'that when I was a little girl, and did not know what was meant by mental prayer, I used to consider with great emotion the mysteries of the life of Christ.'

'I call education,' says Plato, 'the virtues shown by children when the sentiments of joy or sadness, of love or hatred, which rise in their souls are conformable to order, without their being able to render an account of it; though when reason comes to their aid, they can render an account of the good customs to which they are formed, and it is in this harmony between custom and reason that virtue consists, and the Zumpsonia Zumpsona men, arete. The Christian philosophy proceeds on the same principle which the profoundest wisdom of the ancients thus anticipated. Such is the dignity and joy of childhood's faith, which manhood's wisdom needs to keep alive, a spirit of wandering simplicity, that is delighted with all the types it finds on earth of heaven, and which maturer wisdom has only to ratify and admire; as even a poet in his wandering lost, is able to recognize, exclaiming—

'O sweet morning dream, I pray, Pass not with the matin hour; Charm me: heart and tongue allay. Thoughts that ache, and eyes that lower. From the fountain to the shrine Bear me on, thou trance divine; Faint not, fade not on my view, Till I wake and find Thee true.'

'Qui mane vigilans ad me, invenient me.'—In the house of all other princes, continues Antonio de Guovara, it is the custom never to open to early visitors, but persons must come at noon, whereas this rite shows us that those who would transact business with Jesus Christ, should repair to Him at the dawn of their exist-

* Etudes sur les Idees. † Morris. ‡ An. viii 730. § Vit. Ven. Virg. Marina de Escobar, l. ¶ De Legibus, lib. ii. †† Lyra Innocentium.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL—HALIFAX.

The above had under their consideration, the Petition of certain inhabitants of the North Wards of the City of Halifax—with 1200 signatures annexed, and of the Roman Catholic faith, praying for aid to a school which they wish to establish in that quarter. Your Committee have evidence before them, furnished by the Right Revd. Bishop Welsh, and the Revd. Mr. Conolly, that in Wards No. 5 and 6 there are not less than 1275 children between the age of 2 and 14, 850 fit to go to school, of Catholic parentage, the great body of whom are comparatively poor, and many of them not able to give their children the benefits of education. During the last few years three or four successive teachers have obtained there the gratuitous use of a large school-room, and yet the return of fees was so inadequate as to compel them respectively to abandon their occupation. The distance from the Catholic school at the Chapel, to which a grant of £100 a year is secured by the School Bill, renders it impossible for these children to attend the classes there. Under these circumstances the Committee have concluded to recommend that the sum of £50 should be appropriated for the purpose of founding a Catholic school in the Wards above referred to—but they leave it to the House to decide whether it ought to be drawn from the funds already set apart for Education in the County of Halifax, or by an additional vote from the Treasury.

We clip the above from the report of the Committee appointed by the House last Session to enquire into the School question, and we beg to direct the attention of our readers to the amount recommended by the Committee for the education of 850 children male and female. Twenty-five pounds per annum for teaching 425 boys whose parents are so poor is certainly not an extravagant sum; and the bright pedagogues who will consent to teach such a numerous gymnasium of hapless urchins, must indeed be a literary star of the first magnitude—Halifax contains about 25,000 inhabitants. It is well known that the Catholics of the City form nearly half that number, and that there are more poor children amongst them requiring Education than in all the other denominations of the City put together. Taking their numbers and their poverty into account, we hold that if the Catholics were treated fairly they would receive fully one half of the entire sum granted for Common Schools in Halifax.

And how much, think you, gentle Reader! have they hitherto received?

One sixth!!! of the entire grant.

The Protestant Schools of the Town receive £5 for every pound that the Catholics receive, though we believe that the whole of the Protestants of every denomination, do not exceed the number of Catholics by one thousand!

But if the Catholics do not bestir themselves this Session, and make the House ring with their complaints they deserve to wear this degrading badge of inferiority and slavery for four years longer.

We shall do our duty at all events, and will not spare friend or foe who refuses to acknowledge our just claims.

PIUS IX.

Queen Victoria—Mrs. Cogswell, and the other old women of the Church Colonial Society.

We resume this subject to-day according to promise, and continue to disprove the arguments of the old Jewess who lately figured at the Church Colonial Society.

We denied that England either loved or circulated the Bible.

We proved in our last, on the authority of those from whom she received the Scriptures, that the Bible which she circulates is no Bible at all, but a mere human figment. She does not love the Bible, first, because she has not got it to love, and next because she habitually violates all the leading precepts contained in the Scriptures, nay, even those that are to be found in her miscalled Bible. 'England loves the Bible,' does she? Let us see. She has wasted the whole Indian Peninsula with fire, sword and pestilence. She has sacrificed millions of the unfortunate inhabitants to her insatiate lust of gain and power. She has stirred up revolts, and excited civil war in every province of India, to afford herself a pretext for stepping in, robbing both parties, and adding fresh Kingdoms to those she has already plundered. She long connived at the murderous abominations of Juggernaut, and degrading heathenism of the Hindoo, for whose idolatry she to this day fabricates, and sells millions of Idols in one of her chief manufacturing cities.

Is this 'loving the Bible,' Mrs. Cogswell? No; the love for the Bible which England has manifested in India, is such a love as the Devil himself would admire. He loves the Bible too, Mrs. Cogswell, and knows how to quote it as glibly as the Church of England, and with pretty much the same application.

'England loves the Bible,' does she? Let us now come from India to Ireland, and examine her love for the Bible there. England in Ireland has shewn all the concentrated malice of hell. She has robbed, pillaged, murdered, calumniated, and all in the name of the Bible. She has confiscated the whole Island twice, and a half over; she has given the fat of the land to her sacrilegious robbers and cut throats; she has quartered her Bible expounders on an unfortunate people, by bullet and bayonet, by fire and sword, has she compelled millions to support those hypocritical plunderers, whose horrid food was a mixture of scalding tears, and warm blood, and the very marrow of the people's crushed bones. After centuries of cruel, wasting, remorseless, diabolical oppression, she has converted that beautiful but helpless country into a pestilential desert, a howling wilderness of which her sorrowing sons throughout the wide world can justly say with the great dramatist,

—'Alas, poor Country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile, Where sighs and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who?—

This is the state of poor Ireland after centuries of English oppression and murder; and call you this loving the Bible, Mrs. Cogswell? No; the hellish policy of England to Ireland was not drawn from the pages of inspiration, but from the sanguinary and fiery records of Pandemonium. Not God, but the Devil wrote those bloody characters in which English law in Ireland was inscribed. 'Love one another, as I have loved you. Be merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful. Do unto others as you would wish to be done to. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not kill.'—These and many other kindred Precepts of the Bible, never appeared, Mrs. Cogswell, in the Irish Edition of the English Bible; or if they did, England does not, did not love the Bible but hated it, with a ferocious malignity, if we may judge from her conduct in Ireland.

Let us now return to England herself, and see how she loves the Bible at home. Charity begins at home says the proverb, and perhaps as she has shewn very little love for the Bible in foreign parts, she has reserved it all for herself. How does England love the Bible in England? Ask her millions of Dissenters whom she compels to support her bloated Church, contrary to their conscience and feelings, though they have as good a right, on her own admission, to interpret the Bible for themselves, as any old wig block on her bench of Bishops.

Ask her starving artizans, and her ignorant labourers, who are abandoned to spiritual and temporal destitution by the richest Church in the world.

Go down into her mines and ask the naked females, and the youths in hay bands, who lead there a lower life than the animals of the field,—ask those hapless sons and daughters of once 'proud and merrie Englands' who dont know the sacred name of God or Christ, nor the days of the week, nor even the name of their very sovereign,—ask them Mrs. Cogswell whether England loves the Bible or not!

Enter her manufactories, those charnel houses of corruption and vice, behold the maturity of guilt in the innocence of years, the wide spread demoralization of both sexes; the obscenities, the blasphemies, the oaths; the brutal ignorance of religion; the daily immolation of immortal souls, and fair forms to the God of gain in those temples of Mammon; the ceaseless toil both day and night, without repose or holy-day; ask the toiling infant who has known no childhood, who was dragged from its mother's breast to the torturing wheel—ask all, young and old, in those dens of infamy and suffering, whether England loves the Bible or not!

Step into her Poor Houses, those Iron Bastiles with adamant keepers, which England has built for God's own Poor, in place of the noble Catholic Monasteries, Alms-Houses and Asylums which she levelled to the dust.—Step

in there and behold all the ties of nature rent asunder, the husband separated from the wife, the child from the parent, the brother from the sister—see them locked up and guarded like felons, their soup and porridge distilled to the consistency of water, and the brief span of their wretched lives measured by arithmetical calculation:—go then to Epsom and Ascot, to the mews of Buckingham Palace, and the stables of the nobility. Go to Tattersall's and Battersea Fields, to the cruel Cock-pits and the pugilistic rings. Go to the Dog-Kennels, the Fox Covers and Game Preserves of Bible-loving England—see how the brute creation are provided for.—Contrast their condition with that of those in the Bastiles who are made after God's own image. Listen to the piteous cries & wailings of the latter, to their terrible temptations to doubt the existence of a Providence, to their half-formed wishes that they had been born *beasts* and not men—and ask them—No, don't dare to ask them—but lay your hand on your own heart, Mrs. Cogswell, (if you have a heart) and ask yourself whether England loves the Bible or not.

Go to the gaols and penitentiaries, to the Police Courts and the Gin Palaces—to the halls of legislature, the Bishop's bench, and the fat pluralist's stall. Go there, and behold Paganism in its most odious forms, ignorance in its greatest blindness, vice under its most fearful aspect, brutal obscenity almost causing the Devil himself to blush, sanguinary, unchristian laws grinding the faces of the poor and patronizing the wickedness of the wealthy; *men of God* promoted to apostolic poverty not on account of their learning, piety or zeal, but because they were the hopeful tutors, flatterers, toadies, or relatives of villains in power! Contemplate all this, Mrs. Cogswell, and repeat if you dare, your calumny on the Holy Word of God, by saying that "England loves the Bible." England love the Bible indeed! We will believe it, when we believe that a certain old gentleman in black loves *Holy Water*!

But the end is not yet. We will pursue our examinations and shiver to atoms the clumsy pile of fabrications that were built up at the late Colonial Church Meeting.

UNITED STATES.

We have received late papers from Boston and Philadelphia—but the New York Freeman's Journal has not made its appearance in these parts for some weeks.

We are happy to find that our excellent contemporary, the Catholic Observer, of Boston, is about to increase to double its present size; and we earnestly hope it may meet the encouragement it deserves, not only in the populous Diocese of Boston, but elsewhere. We believe that a Paper like the Observer must be to many a secondary means of conversion, and every true lover of the Faith would wish to see numerous copies of it scattered over the villages of New England. It will make its way where the voice of the Catholic preacher is never heard. The Observer praises, and most justly, the present number of Brownson's Review. It is full of sound, original thinking on the important subjects of which it treats. Brownson deserves all manner of encouragement, for it will give a sound, healthy tone to Catholic opinion in the United States. We do not, however, agree in all the opinions expressed in the present Number. We are grateful for his eulogy on O'Connell; we are delighted at his cool, sensible lecture to the Young Irelanders, though there are some noble exceptions amongst them, to whom his remarks do not apply—but we differ from him altogether, in his estimate of the power of what he calls the English party in Ireland. Mr. Brownson is an able reasoner, an honest man, and a genuine Catholic; but he does not know Ireland as well as we do; and he may believe as when we assure him that if the National party in Ireland had to deal only with the English in Ireland, the contest would be over in twenty-four hours. Indeed, we hardly believe a contest would be attempted; or if it were, Mr. Brownson's English party in Ireland would not make even a small Ash-Wednesday *collation* for the Irish people. Neither do we think his recommendation to the National party to conciliate the English in England, and play them off against the English in Ireland, a sound or practicable advice. We believe the thing to be impossible; nay, we believe that it is not the will of Heaven that the Celts and Saxons should unite in the manner recommended by Mr. Brownson. The national antipathies—or hostilities, if you will—have now persevered for seven hundred years

ence, and seek Him from their birth. O my God, my God, I confess it is true, non vigilo ad to diluculo, but on the other hand, Lord, thou wilt not deny that I have been from my birth a Christian, and that ever since I have had any memory, I have named myself always thine.— That there are mystic apertures to children through this life's dark-tangled labyrinth, enabling them to see divine truths by a process inexplicable, no one in more observing ages had any doubt, and, in fact, of such guidance there are traces still, of which the stranger could himself largely speak. But waving matters that might seem to indicate parental fondness, let us hear allusion to memorable history of which we shall know more hereafter. In the street of Condal at Barcelona, at the old palace of the counts, is an ancient stone figure of a nurse with a child, and a man at their feet who looks at the child. This represents the history of brother John Guerin, a hermit of Montserrat, in the cloister of which monastery there is an old picture of the same, with an inscription in Gothic letters in the Catalan tongue, dated, 1239. The penitent, kept as a savage or almost wild animal in the count's stables, was at length discovered by the child, who said to him, Frare Joan Guara levat, pusque as cumplida ta penitencia, car Deu te a remes ton peccat.† The child, like an angel, had beheld his soul.

But leaving such mystic ground, see how many avenues to the Christian doctrines are opened in the dispensation of the first age—

'Hast thou been in the woods with the honey-bee? Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?

With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?

With the butterfly over the heath, fair child? Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat; Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells, And brought back a treasure of buds and bells?!

Do you suppose that this child has read no deep meanings, while looking thus with its reverent spirit through nature's book? Then, to be undeceived, hear St. Thomas of Villanova, 'You know,' saith he, 'the manners of boys, the characteristics of children—that these are innocence, simplicity, purity, truth, and humility. They have no shameful concupisence, no ambition, no care for riches, no anxious sollicitudes, neither malice, nor fraud, nor suspicion, nor hatred. The son of an emperor plays with the shepherd's son: he has no disdain. Never will you hear from his lips the Quis sum ego, et quis tu? His tongue utters what his heart feels. All is pure; so that the very word boy, or puer, is derived from purity. O happy state of of boys! O golden age of children! Add intelligence, and what will be wanting to make them angels? the same beauty, the same countenance, the same native hilarity in both. O how often when I see them pass, do I wish that they might grow in intelligence and not in stature? Truly it would be good for them to continue thus until Christ shall come. Now then this state of boyhood we must imitate, however difficult the task may be, as the Psalmist shows, saying, *Cormundum crea*—since it is easier to create than to purify. Let us beseech God to create us thus afresh, and to give us this second childhood, to which we can never attain without his grace.‡

* Epist. lib. ii. † Dom Louis Montegut Hist. de Notre-Dame de Mont-Ser. ‡ Mrs. Hemans. § S. Thom. Vill. Serm. de Div. Mich. Ang. ii.

DIOCESSE OF BOSTON.

Rev. M. P. Gaither has been appointed to the charge of St. Vincent's Church in this city.

Rev. M. Dougherty has been appointed Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Old Cambridge, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. T. G. Riordan has been appointed Pastor of St. John's Church, East Cambridge.

Rev. J. J. Doherty has been appointed Pastor of St. Benedict's Church, Springfield, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. J. Roddan has been appointed Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Quincy, and of the missions connected with it.

Rev. James O'Donnell has been appointed with Rev. C. D. French to Lawrence city, Andover, and neighboring missions.

Rev. M. McGrath returns from East Cambridge to Charlestown.

Rev. M. McDonald is appointed Pastor of Manchester, Concord, and neighboring missions.

—Catholic Observer.

since the invasion of Ireland. We think they are fated to endure for ever. Our own creed on the subject is, that God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, makes use of England's persecution for Ireland's spiritual welfare and glory—that more Saints are going to Heaven from Ireland, than from any country on earth—that through the exiled Irish, He is extending the true Faith throughout the universe—that He chastises Ireland because He loves her—that He permits the temporal prosperity of England as the greatest curse that could befall her, for there will be no chance of her conversion or salvation until she is humbled to the dust by misfortune—that when the designs of Heaven respecting the diffusion of the Gospel are completed, England will be punished temporally as well as spiritually; that her fall will be the most dreadful and ignominious the world has ever seen, and that when that solemn moment of God's vengeance and justice shall arrive, IRELAND, her long-suffering victim, will be the instrument chosen by Providence to scourge that haughty nation and to vindicate the ways of God to man. England herself seems to have an instinctive dread of this. She seems ever haunted by the ghost of her Irish victim—Ireland is the night-mare that oppresses her—Ireland is the hand-writing on the wall, that points to her inevitable doom.

The United States Catholic Magazine has been discontinued, and we think wisely. A Weekly Catholic Journal in Baltimore, which is to be substituted for the Magazine, will be much more useful to the cause, than a badly-supported Magazine. We join in the eulogy of the Observer, on the article headed *Christmas*, in the last number of the Magazine; but our praise is chiefly given to Viscount Walsh, the distinguished author of the article in question (see *Tableau des Fetes Chretiennes* art. Noel. p. 51). In fact, there has been scarcely any original matter for a long time past in the Magazine.

The New York Nation of the 6th, which has just come to hand, gives clearer indications than before of an anti-Catholic, anti-clerical, and—let us say it openly—Infidel spirit. The eulogist of the red barricaders of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the calumniator of the Irish clergy, the vilifier of the Pope, has now completely thrown off the mask. It now advocates the confiscation of the Pope's temporal dominions, and his instalment at Rome as a simple Bishop. It behoves the friends of Religion and of rational liberty in the United States to look to this subject in time; and we humbly think that every Catholic Journal in the Union should at once proclaim its opinion on this wicked and abominable attempt to prostitute the principles of genuine freedom, and to stab the Catholic Religion to the heart, in a cool, calculating, mercenary crusade. For we hold, that whatever doubts might have been hitherto entertained as to the patriotism of the Nation, they must now be dispelled. It is a regular business of Dollars and Cents—a cold blooded resolution of the question: "Shall we gain more in America by attacking the Catholic Clergy or not?"

If the spirit of the Irish people be not long since extinguished—if there be an Irish nation, or an Irish people at all, it is entirely owing to the Catholic Clergy. Both at home and in exile they fostered, encouraged and promoted the national feeling. Without them O'Connell's magic voice would have died away as the idle wind. Without them England would have long since trampled out every vestige of Irish nationality; and surely it is too bad that a few raw, inexperienced, and headlong men, who appeared on the public stage only three or four years ago, and whose appearance has excited only the ridicule of the world, should presume to calumniate that venerable body of men, the real guides and saviours of the Irish people—that inestimable Clergy whose warning and prophetic voice they despised, and whose well-known devotion to Irish interests has been proved in every trial. Who that reads the true and graphic letter lately published by Mr Dillon, in which he describes the miserably armed band of followers that surrounded Smith O'Brien, as being unable at any time to cope with a single company of the Queen's troops—who that reads this honest letter, we say, will not admit that the Irish Clergy would have been lost to every sense of humanity and duty, if they did not save their beloved people from wholesale massacre and ruin?

Our remarks, however, are intended to apply to only a few of the Young Irelanders—for we believe, nay we know, that there were very many amongst them of sterling, lofty principle,

and pure patriotism, whose conduct and motives would do honor to any cause. We know there were amongst them men who would rather lay down their lives than injure the cause of religion or morality. They meant well, but they were deceived, their honest enthusiasm got the better of their cooler judgment; they loved Ireland not wisely, but too well; through love of her they staked their all. Of such Irishmen we are proud, for such we feel unbounded admiration, sympathy and respect. Their very enemies must respect them. From the very beginning we disapproved of their violent attempts—not because we had any doubts of the justice of their cause, but we knew too well they were unable to cope with the formidable power of their gigantic antagonist. We often expressed our regret, in this Journal, that they should even unconsciously play the game of the crafty enemy. For such men, even after their failure, we have no word of bitterness or reproach. Our heart could indulge in no accents but those of sympathy and sorrow. But your trading Patriots we abominate; your Infidel Irishmen we loathe and fear more than we do the "Hyrcanian tigers" of Orangeland itself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Academicus on the Colledge question has been received. We say in reply, *Pas encore mon ami*! The time has not yet come, and your argument will keep. We must rest on our oars until we see in what direction the Executive bark will steer. We fully admit with you that in the popular cry raised, on the subject there has been a pretty considerable sprinkling of Bunkum and delusion. We could say the same regarding the cry about the Common Schools. It is not an increase in the number of those schools that is so much wanted, as an increase in the efficiency of their management and the competency of their teachers. In some parts of the Province which we happen to know, the Common Schools have become a common nuisance, and the occasion of low disreputable jobbing, before which even the Road Money jobs are honesty itself. But of this, and other matters germane, more anon.

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS.

HYMN FOR THE EPIPHANY.

O ye who now would seek your God!
Lift up your eyes and look on high;
His sign of glory beams abroad
In radiant lustre through the sky.

Lovelier and brighter than the morn,
That Star announces to the Wise,
That the Redeemer Christ is born,
Appearing low in mortal guise.

Unlike the changeful moon, that light
Pours not, o'er midnight skies, its ray;
But far and wide it glitters bright,
And ever rules the gladsome day.

Though the clear orbs that beam aloft
Do never altogether fade,
Yet, is their shadowy light full oft
Obscured by many a gloomy shade.

But this one stands for evermore,
It never sinks beneath the cloud,
Not e'en a shadow spreads it o'er,
To dim its glow with misty shroud.

Now flies away each comet, far;
Now every baneful planet's glare,
Before the Infant Saviour's Star,
Is banished from the healthful air.

And lo! approaching from that part
Where first the day begins to shine,
Men, skilled in many a mystic art,
Behold in joy the heav'nly sign.

And when That sings its blaze about,
All others hide their fitful gleams,
Not e'en the Star of Morn shines out
With all the beauty of his beams.

"Who is this mighty King?" they said,
"Extending o'er the stars his sway,
Whom heav'nly things behold with dread,
Whom skies and light and all obey!"

"A wondrous sight do we descry,
Which lives beyond the bounds of time,
Older than chaos and the sky,
Mighty—unspeakable—sublime!"

This is the king of Juda's trust,
Whom all the Gentiles shall adore,
Promised to Abraham the Just,
And to his seed for evermore.

That first-born son of faith and grace,
By whom was Isaac freely given,
Knew well that his predestined race
Would number e'en the stars of heaven.

Now blossoms forth that wondrous flower,
Which from the Root of Jesse springs,
Extending far its wondrous power,
Above all earthly, heavenly things.

Amazed the Magi followed on,
With eager eyes to heaven upturned,
Whilo'er that sacred starlight shone,
Making their path where'er it burned.

At length, that beam, so fairly bright,
Above the Infant Saviour stayed,
And showed the place, with slanting light,
In which his lovely form was laid.

And when their eyes beheld him now,
Their store of riches they unrolled,
And offered him, with many a vow,
Myrrh, frankincense, and sparkling gold!

Receive, Sweet Babe, those marks of love,
Which shadow forth thy power, thy fame,
Thou, whom thy mighty Sire above,
Hath honored with a three-fold name.

The glitter of that golden hoard—
That Sabine incense, sweet perfume,
Proclaim thee glorious King and Lord—
The myrrh pours trays the darksome tomb!

It speaks of that where Christ should lay,
His mortal form deprived of breath,
Whence rising soon he spurned the clay
Add scatter'd far the bonds of death.

O Bethlehem! thou favored spot!
Thou pride and glory of the earth,
To day, behold! it is thy lot
To claim the great Messiah's birth.

Ay—thine is the maternal sod
That gives the Sire his only Son—
A man who cometh down from God—
A God who puts man's nature on.

The same whom that almighty Sire
Had destined to possess a throne,
Foretold by the prophetic choir,
By other voices, too, made known;

Whose sceptre should extend its sway
Above the sea, the shore, the sky,
The rising and the setting day,
And Hell below, and Heaven on high.

But envious Herod finds, with pain,
The mighty King of Kings, at hand,
Who comes, o'er David's throne to reign,
And over Israel hold command.

Raging he gives his slaves the word—
"The foe is come we are no more!
Ye satellites! unsheathe the sword,
And make the cradles float in gore.

"Go seek those nursing bosoms all,
To which an infant-man is pressed;
Let every child beneath you fall,
Slain on the suckling matron's breast.

"For Bethlehem I do not love;
There fraudulent mothers dwell, I know,
That would, by stealthy means, remove
The hateful person of my foe."

With blades of death and breasts of ire,
Then flew those slaves to deeds of blood.
The new-born babes, transpierced, expire,
And widely rolls the purple flood.

O scene of horror unsurpassed!
The little head all cloven lies;
The brain is o'er the pavement cast,
And from their sockets start the eyes.

Or, while their hearts still quivering beat,
Into the dreadful deep they're thrown,
Where, soon as breath and water meet,
In death they sink with scoble moan.

Hail! First-fruits of that fair array!
Whom, in Religion's earliest hours,
The foe of Jesus snatched away,
As blasts the gale the budding flowers!

First victims of your Lord divine!
The tenderest of his martyr'd band!
Ye stand, enwreathed, before his shrine,
And sing his praise with palms in hand.

But what avails that fearful deed?
Ah, Herod! where is now thy joy?
A thousand babes too truly bleed,
But not for thee the Heavenly Boy.

The offspring of that Virgin-maid,
Was all among his slaughtered kind,
Who fled the fury of that 'ado
Which left such broken hearts behind.

Thus Moses, chief of Israel's train,—
The figure of th' incarnate God,—
Frustrated all that edict vain,
Which wicked Pharaoh spread abroad.

A cruel law did he ordain
To seal unhappy Juda's doom,
For, every man-child must be slain,
Soon as it issues from the womb.

There was one matron, full of love,
Who disobeyed the tyrant's will,
And, trusting in that Arm above,
By stealth preserved her children still.

And soon the glorious King of Heav'n,
Did make that holy child his own;
Through him the law of God was given,
Engraved on monuments of stone.

In such a one who may not see
Our gracious Lord prefigured plain;
He bade the bravo of Egypt flee,
And freed his race from slavery's chain.

Our leader triumphed o'er hell,
And brought us from death's dismal shade,
To fearful bondage doomed as well
Beneath the chains which sin hath made.

That led, through Ocean's dark retreat,
The people hallowed by the stream,
And purged them with the waters sweet,
While o'er them shone the pillar's beam.

Before the army's dread array
He lifts his sacred hands on high,
And lo! proud Amalec gives way—
Type of the Cross's victory.

But the true Josua now is here,
Who leads his own beloved band,
After full many a weary year,
Triumphant to the promised land.

Who, deep beneath the Jordan's bed,
Doth lay the twelve stones firmly down,
In which the Apostles' names are read,
Whose glory is the Christian's crown.

With justice, then, those ancient Wise,
Believed they looked on Juda's Lord,
When we behold the prophecies
With Jesus' deeds so well accord.

He is the King of all those, who,
In olden times ruled Jacob's fold;
He is the mighty High Priest, too,
Of the new Temple and the old.

Before him Ephraim's children fall,
Him doth Manasse's house adore,
The twelve tribes hasten forth and all
Proclaim his praise from shore to shore.

Yea—o'en the Heathen's godless line
Devoted to their orgies dire,
No more shall light the demon's shrine,
With sacrifice of impious fires.

The famous gods of former day,
Of wood—of metal—and of stone—
Shall pass, e'en like a dream, away,
While Jesu's faith shall stand alone.

Then sing, ye nations! joy and sing
Judea—Egypt—Persia—Thrace—
Rome—Scythia—Greece—lo! one great King,
Now rules earth's universal race!

Ye saints and sinners! lift your voice,
And sound your Prince's praise on high,
Living and dead, and all! rejoice,
For no one shall hereafter die.

M. A. W.
Now Brunswick, Jan. 5, 1849.

* Moses.
† Exodus xvii. 11.
‡ Josua iv. 9.

THE CHOLERA.—The Clergy of the County of Meath have published a document, recommending that the people should respect and observe a medical declaration, by over 2,600 doctors in England, Ireland, and Scotland, that intemperance is the surest and most deadly ally of Cholera. We hope their influential recommendation will be acted on all over Ireland, ay, and all over Irish America too!

AUSTRIA.

The following extracts from a correspondent of the *Chronotype*, will be read with interest —
VIENNA, Nov 11, 1848

The state of siege,—that great remedy for revolutions,—was never applied with more rigor than in Vienna. The city is paying dearly for its unquiet propensities. Industry and commerce are dead, and social life is almost suspended. The number of persons who must become paupers is enormous. Several branches of labor which employed large numbers of persons are entirely stopped. For instance, there were about ten thousand workers in ivory who made fancy articles for which there is no longer a market, an equal or greater number who made fancy lamps are also out of work, and the same is true of other similar trades. The city depended for its prosperity not so much on its commercial position as on the fact that some thirty thousand noble and wealthy families spent their incomes here. Now the Emperor and Court are gone never to return, and the nobility are gone with them. In addition to this, the two great markets for Austrian fabrics, Hungary and Italy, are shut up. The consequence is that Vienna is ruined. To remedy the present distress of the laborers the Common Council have undertaken to provide labor for the unemployed, or at any rate to keep them from starving. Men are to receive 15 kreuzers (12½ cents) a day, women that have children to provide for the same, and others 10 kreuzers. On this scanty pittance thousands who have hitherto lived in comparative comfort will drag through the next six months of misery. Hitherto the Vienna workmen have been comparatively well off; they have had better wages than those of other large cities, and been accustomed to better living.

Here in Vienna, as well as every where else, the revolution interfered sadly with the pleasure of the few travellers who wish to see the Art as much as the armies of Europe. The Belvedere has been turned into barracks, the pictures have been covered so as to be safe in this Vandahish use of the galleries and all the private collections are closed; indeed some of them are quite dispersed, their owners having taken every means of getting them out of the dangers of the siege. The houses of the ambassador were chosen as the safest depositories of these treasures, and when they will be restored to their places and again opened to the public is uncertain. One thing however cannot be boxed up or turned into barracks. I mean St. Stephen's church. There the lover of art may satiate himself. It is in all respects one of the finest churches in Europe, but the interior is especially grand and impressive. The stone is nearly black with age, and the mighty pillars mount with an awful heaviness to the high arches of the roof. I never felt fully the "dim religious light," till I stood in the aisles. The doors are open through the day and I hardly ever pass it without going in, there are always worshippers kneeling on the pavement or kissing the lathed door of a chapel where lamps are constantly kept burning before some relics of sanctity. I went in the other evening just after dark. In the body of the church, here and there, lamps were hanging, giving just light enough to render distinct the outlines of objects in their immediate vicinity. The canopies on the altar were lighted and a crowd of people were gathered around it. It was a very fine scene, and as I went in I heard the shrill voice of the priest chanting and the hoarse and quick response of the people at regular intervals. The effect of the whole was overwhelming, it was dramatic beyond description.

Correspondence

To the Editors of the Cross.

GENTLEMEN,—

As an old Subscriber and admirer of your valuable little Journal, I read your recent articles on the wanton attack lately made by some old woman here on our great and good Pope, with all the attention they deserve. I hope you will forgive me when I say that it is a pity to waste so much valuable powder and shot on game so contemptible. I also think that you might have commented on the speeches delivered, without introducing the name of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, for it is not alleged that he said anything offensive on the occasion.—Parson Unacko's hatred of his native Country and of the Catholic Religion are so well known that I am not surprised at any thing you say against him. But will you be able to convert him by your severe castigations, or make the Round Church Square with true Orthodox principles? I do not believe it. The greater part of those who are attached to the Established Church have too deep an interest in it, to forsake its communion. They are si. cound together by a pecuniary tie which is very difficult to break. What would you think of praying for their conversion, for, in my opinion, Prayer alone can accomplish that very difficult job?

With best wishes for the success of the Cross, I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

AMICUS.

We thank *Amicus* for his candour, and good wishes, and we have inserted his letter with much pleasure. We are always anxious to receive a kind hint from our friends, and if possible to avail ourselves of it. However, with the greatest good humour, we must differ from our Correspondent on this occasion. Mrs Cogswell may indeed be very small game, and far from us be the thought of contradicting so undeniable a proposition. But when she uttered her venomous lies, she was surrounded by some very large game, by officials, Big-wigs, and even—God bless the mark!—by the Queen's own Representative. What would be very insignificant and contemptible as coming from the old Jewess alone, is swelled into importance by the high and mighty presence in which she delivered her bold and stupid oracles. The occasion, too, was one of no little moment, and the living and the dead who were so daringly and foully attacked, were personages most endeared to every Catholic heart. It was a singular feature in the late onslaught: on the benevolent and noble-minded Pius IX, that in almost every other part of the world, even in Protestant Countries, the ingratitude which he has experienced, and the sufferings he has endured, have excited both indignation and sympathy, so that it was reserved for Halifax to exhibit a batch of boobies, belching forth in "beastly hollowings" their bigoted bile, and grossly insulting eleven or twelve thousand of their Catholic fellow citizens who had given them no provocation. If all this be done, and in the presence of the Governor too, and with the Kettle-drums and trumpet flourish of "May it please your Excellency," and that a Catholic Journal is to be silent, then we had better have no Catholic Journal at all!

We thought, and we still think, that silence under such circumstances would be both base and cowardly, and that we would deserve a repetition of those calumnious reproaches at the next meeting of the old women so often alluded to, if we allowed the present audacious attempt to escape the chastisement which it so richly deserves. When the Catholic public and our religious superiors tell us that a Catholic Newspaper is not wanted, we will instantly throw down our pen. But as long as we can wield a pen, we will chastise as it deserves such insolence as that exhibited at the late Church Colonial Meeting. The *Established Church*, as our worthy Correspondent improperly terms it (for we say that there is any *Established Church* here)—this skeleton of a Church, now numerically the weakest in the Province, ought to have an especial horror of *the Cross*. We have been compelled, before now, to tell them some bitter and home truths, and we think they had better let the poor unoffending Papists alone. They are deeply in our debt, and we owe them nothing, except a vast amount of forgiveness. They should be the last to attack the Catholic Church, for they are the first to beg from us. They meanly beg their Ordinations from us, though we tell the sturdy beggars that they are a parcel of impostors, and that there is not one validly ordained Priest or Bishop in the whole Church of England—nay, that that very holy and scriptural man, so bespattered at the late Meeting—we mean the so-called Archbishop of Canterbury—is a mere layman (Mrs. Cogswell, get your scent bottle!) like ourselves. The best proof of the above is, that if a Catholic Priest apostatizes to the Church of England, he is permitted to officiate as a Priest without any new Ordination, whereas, on the contrary, if a Church of England Parson renounces his heresy, becomes a Member of the one true Church, and aspires to the Ecclesiastical state, he is ordained anew, from the rite of Tonsure upwards, he receives all the Orders, minor and holy; so that his Ordination by the Anglican Bishops is not reckoned worth *one brass farthing*, by confessedly the oldest Church in Christendom.

Out of respect to our Gracious Sovereign, we wish to speak as reverently as possible of Her Majesty's Representative. But we do not think we have said too much, on his perhaps accidental and innocent connection with the anti-Catholic calumnies at the late Meeting. We do not deny His Excellency the legal right (God forbid!) of entertaining his own religious and political opinions. In his own household, amongst his private friends, he may indulge any opinions he pleases. When he assists at the ordinary Sabbath or other services of his Church, we cannot, do not

blame him, if, for instance, the preacher, instead of enforcing some moral or Christian duty, or proving some tenet of his creed, has the bad taste to abuse his absent neighbors, and to thunder out all manner of anathemas against us poor Papists. Of all this, we say, we could not complain. But we are of opinion—of course we are open to correction—that Sir John Harvey was sent to Nova Scotia to discharge, in the name, and as the Representative of the Sovereign, functions far different from those of presiding or assisting at intricate Religious Meetings of an extraordinary kind, where thousands of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, under his Government, are wantonly abused in their absence, the venerable Head of their Church colored with the foul slime of calumny, and the fundamental tenets of their Religion falsely represented. Of this we complain, and shall complain again, if necessary, and we do not believe there is a single Member of the Cabinet at home, from Lord Grey to Lord John Russell, who would not admit that our complaint was well founded.

What would we think of her Majesty herself if she assisted at a Public Meeting where the millions of her Catholic subjects were foully abused as in the speech of Mrs Cogswell? Our correspondent's suggestion about Parson Unacko is well worthy of attention. His conversation is indeed "a difficult job," but nothing is impossible to God. Though we require prayers for ourselves very badly, we cannot refuse the invitation to pray for him, and we call upon our readers to do the same. We hope he has many Catholic ancestors in heaven who will pray for his return to the Church of his forefathers.

THE POPE.

[Translated for the "Cross" from the "Ami de la Religion."

We have received news from Gaeta of the 19th of December. As we had expected, His Holiness held a Consistory on the 11th, on which occasion several Bishops of different nations were appointed. Three Churches in our country were proposed. The Metropolitan Church of Avignon, and the Episcopal Churches of Noyes and Digne. The information concerning Mgr. Jaquet, as Bishop of Nantes, had not at that time arrived. The acts of the Consistory had not been printed, up to the time of the departure of the Courier.

The health of the Holy Father continues excellent. Notwithstanding the trials which afflict him, the serenity of his soul was never greater, and the serene expression of his countenance is most touching. He recently was pleased to visit three ships of war—French, Spanish and Neapolitan. He gave his benediction to the crew of the *Vauban* with a kindness which profoundly affected our countrymen. It is impossible to express the devotedness and respect with which the august Chief of Catholicity is surrounded in his retreat. The Royal Family of Naples are almost every day with him. The Cardinals (who at Naples and Gaeta amount to the number of twenty), the Foreign Ministers, and the Roman Princes, rival each other in showing their eagerness to express their veneration towards his august person.

We find in the third of some bulletins issued, the following touching incident, which we hasten to republish. The Holy Father being troubled and hesitating between his love for his people, which inclined him to remain in Rome, and the sacredness of the Pontificate and dignity of the Sovereign, which he could not reconcile with a longer sojourn there, received a letter from the Bishop of Valence, encouraging him to remain firm in adversity and to prepare himself for new trials which seemed to threaten him. With this letter the Bishop sent him a holy Ciborium—the same which the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI had carried with him in his painful travels. On receiving this letter, and at the sight of the Ciborium, the Holy Father thought he received an order from Heaven to quit Rome and follow in the footsteps of his Predecessor. No longer hesitating, and having formed his resolution, he yielded to the entreaties of the Foreign Ambassadors, which they had been making for many days. What recollections does not the mention of Pius VI. call up in France!

The *Tempo*, of Naples, gives details of much interest, on the sojourn of His Holiness at Gaeta. The 6th December there was a meeting of the Cardinals who are with the Holy Father. After the meeting, the three Cardinals Macchi,

* Pius VI. died at Valence.

Cassano Serra, and Gazzoli, representing the three chief orders, waited on His Majesty the King of Naples, to thank him for all he had done for the Holy Father, and for the hospitality which he had extended to all the Cardinals and Prelates of His Holiness's suite.

His Holiness desired that a sum of money should be given to the Hotel-keeper of the *Jardinet*—who, on refusing it, said he felt already more than recompensed, since he could count as the happiest day of his life, that on which His Holiness had deigned to take shelter unknown in his humble Hotel. The Holy Father has sent this good man a morocco case, with his arms, containing two gold medals and three silver ones. On one side, is represented our Saviour washing his Apostles' feet, and on the other the effigy of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The 8th December—the Feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin—a salvo from all the batteries of the Fort, and all the Italian and foreign vessels in port, announced the solemnity. His Holiness went to the Cathedral. In the carriage with him, were their Eminences the Cardinals Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College, and Antonelli, pro-Secretary of State. He was received at the entrance of the Church by the Bishop of Gaeta and his Chapter. The Holy Father celebrated Mass at the Grand Altar, assisted by the Cardinals Antonelli and Macchi. The King, Queen, the Royal Family, and all the Court, assisted at it. His Holiness gave Communion to the King, Queen, Princes, Princesses, several members of the Diplomatic Body, and a great number of the Faithful. After Mass, His Holiness heard a second Mass, he then ascended the balcony of the Episcopal Palace, where he gave his benediction to his august hosts, and to the Neapolitan troops, with whom were assembled the crews of the French and Spanish steamers, and to an immense number of persons who knelt on the road and in the vessels which were decorated. On the same day His Holiness received a deputation from Pontecorvo, and on the following day one from the *Civita* Guard of Beneventum. These two deputations expressed the greatest devotedness and submission. Beneventum and Pontecorvo are on the boundaries of the Kingdom of Naples, but belong to the States of the Church.

To the Editors of the Cross.

Gentlemen,—Having some time since, through the medium of your Journal, called the attention of our community to the fact of their being in the rear of others in a knowledge of Music's ennobling influence—with a view of creating a desire amongst them for its acquisition, and the establishment of a Class by which the musical resources we possessed would be developed,—I am much delighted to perceive that the subject has been taken up in good earnest by our respected Organist Mr Hagarty, who has, with most laudable zeal, and much expenditure of valuable time, succeeded in founding a Class—viz, the St. Mary's Singing Class—which will in time be productive of the many advantages which on that occasion I endeavored to show would be derivable therefrom.

On the two last nights of practice, I had the pleasure of witnessing the exercises of the class. They consisted of exercises in the arrangement and harmonized for four voices—chanting one of our fine old Psalms—the "Laudate" and "Magnificat"—and singing a part song; all of which were executed with much taste and precision, evincing considerable progress made since the formation of the Class.

I must confess, however, that my disappointment was considerable, at witnessing the comparative fewness of the numbers attending the Class, seeing the trouble taken and expense incurred—a Piano forte having been placed in the Class Room, and every other means taken to render the teaching complete and efficient.

I hope, for our own sakes, this will be no longer the case, and that a greater disposition will be shown on the part of our worthy seniors, to extend the sphere of its usefulness, by encouraging their youthful charges to come forward and avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded them—which if not embraced may not be offered again—of acquiring a knowledge of this beautiful, humanizing, and among the "Arts Music the divinest"—is the hope of one who wishes well to their advancement.

ADESTA.

[We regret that the above communication was accidentally mislaid for some days, or it would have appeared sooner.]—Editors.