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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 9.

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, FEBRUARY 28, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- March 1.—Sunday—1 of Lent.
 2.—Monday—St Simplicius, Pope and Conf.
 3.—Tuesday—St Martina, Virgin and Martyr
 4.—Wednesday—Ember.—St Lucius, Pope and Martyr.
 5.—Thursday—St Casimir, King of Poland, Conf.
 6.—Friday—Ember. Lance and Nails of Our Lord.
 7.—Saturday—Ember. St Thomas of Aquin, Conf and Doctor.

ST. MARY'S.

The largest congregation seen for a long time, filled our Cathedral on Ash Wednesday. The Ashes were solemnly blessed by the Bishop, and distributed to the Clergy, and attendants in the sanctuary. His Lordship then read the 50th Psalm, and the Litanies of the Saints, after which he commenced Mass, attended by the Rev. Messrs. Conolly, Tracey, Nugent and Hennesy. The Holy Sacrifice being over the distribution of the ashes was resumed by the Bishop and Clergy. Several thousands of the faithful received this penitential and impressive rite with the salutary *Memento* which accompanied it *that they were but dust, and unto dust they would one day return.*

INTEMPERATE ORATORS.

"Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle."—HOLLIVAS.

We perceive with regret in one of the Morning papers that a member of our community whose years ought to be a guarantee for more sense, has been making 'a holy show' of himself in 'the spout

ing lino' before a motley audience, during the past week. This poor man would be much more respected if he confined himself to his workshop and the education of his children. No matter what he may think to the contrary, we believe he is much more qualified for the discharge of those important duties, than for reading lectures at popular assemblies to the Clergy of Halifax. For the present we shall say no more on this subject, but conclude with the apposite wish of the Scottish Bard.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see ourselves, as others see us
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us
 And foolish notion!"

ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We see from a late number of the St. John Liberator, that there are a handful of misguided persons in that town, pretending to belong to our Church, who fancied they might bring themselves into some notoriety by opposing the just wishes of their good Bishop, and the overwhelming majority of his beloved flock on a question of obvious utility to the interests of religion in the Diocese of New Brunswick. The Catholics are naturally anxious to have the Church possessions throughout the Diocese legally secured for ever, so that it would be impossible to divert them from the sacred purposes to which they are devoted. With the exception of a few places in America (where religion was in its infancy) this has been the custom throughout the whole Catholic world, because it

is in conformity with the spirit of the Church as manifested in her Canons and Ordinances. But no matter how just, or holy an undertaking may be, the devil is always sure to excite some opposition, and the holier the work, the greater is the violence of his agents. We should like to look into the faces of the would-be disturbers at St John, and to have the gratification of asking them a few questions. Perhaps our esteemed contemporary could satisfy our curiosity on such simple interrogatories as the following :

Are these men good scholars? Can they read and write? Do they know their catechism, or understand the principles of the Catholic Religion? Do they observe the commandments of God and of his Church? Are they moral, chaste, temperate, and honest? Are they good fathers, faithful husbands, and dutiful children? How often do they go to Mass, and approach the Sacraments? And, as they presume to have more knowledge than the Bishop, clergy and people, in religious matters, do they approach the Holy Communion at least once a week?

Our last question shall be of a more temporal nature.

How much do those men contribute yearly to the support of their Pastors? We confess we ask this question, because we know from experience that in Ireland itself, the most violent scoffers against the O'Connell Tribute were those degenerate and ungrateful Irishmen who never contributed a farthing to the Emancipator of his country; and those also, who made most noise, and affected most indignation at the proposal for pensioning the Irish Catholic clergy, were miserly wretches who never gave a voluntary shilling for the support of Priest or Church.

If the above questions cannot be answered satisfactorily, we would recommend the good Catholics of St. John and Portland to hire a vessel (she won't cost much, as she need not be large,) and to offer those creatures a free passage to Gibraltar. They will find some congenial spirits in the Junta there—men whose hearts are harder than the Rock of Gibraltar itself—who will receive them with open arms. If the vessel should touch at Halifax on her way to the Pillars of Hercules, and if she have sufficient room, we could add four or five to the passengers whom we could well

spare—persons of kindred genius and dispositions, who, with no religion themselves, will not suffer others to enjoy theirs—restless beings who will not allow their neighbours to live in peace.

• In days of yore, no expression was more common in the old country, when any one was troublesome, than to say *I wish he was in Halifax, or I wish he was sent to Nova Scotia*. Whenever we shall hear again, at this side of the Atlantic, of any brainless booby under the name of a Catholic attempting to disturb the peace of the Church of God, our prayer will be: *I wish he was shipped off to Gibraltar!*

THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

It will be seen elsewhere, from a report of the Secretary, that this most useful Society has just held its Annual Meeting, and elected its officers for the ensuing year. We feel very great pleasure in recording our opinion on the time-honoured and charitable career of this excellent body. Year after year has it distributed its generous and timely relief to the afflicted children of the Green Isle, and like an Angel of Mercy, cheered many a drooping heart in the stranger land. It has done more; beneath its charitable banner it has on every recurrence of the National Festival collected together in the Temple of God, as well as at the festive board, our fellow-citizens of all climes, creeds, and politics, and thereby contributed to the promotion of social harmony. Most fervently do we wish all manner of prosperity to the Charitable Irish Society of Halifax, and in order to ensure it a long career of usefulness, we would conjure the respected Members to adhere on all occasions to the very letter and spirit of its constitution, and not to suffer the turbid waters of political or personal strife to enter for a moment into the pure fountains of charity. May we hope that St. Patrick's Day in the morning will shine upon an united Body of Irishmen in Halifax, that all past misunderstandings will be consigned to a generous oblivion, that with 'one heart and one soul' they may meet before the holy Altar of their Ancient Faith, and return suitable Thanksgiving to the God of their Fathers for the blessings bestowed on Ireland through the ministry of its sainted Apostles.

We have received a Letter signed a *Catholic*. It is caustic and witty, but very mysterious. It is full of hieroglyphics, and as we do not claim the skill of *Œdipus*, we must leave the solution of the Riddle to the *Illuminati* alluded to by our correspondent. We have ventured to form a conjecture with regard to the Universal Letter Writer, who, according to a *Catholic*, is such an adept in the science of legerdemain, but if our surmises be correct, we think it a pity 'to break a butterfly on a wheel.' This poor butterfly is not so much to blame as the "company of parasites and flatterers, that with immoderate praise, and bumbast epithetes, glozing titles, false elogiums, so bedawb and applaud, gild over many a silly and undeserving man, that they clap him quite out of his wits. *Res imprimis violenta est laudum placenta*, as Hierom notes: this common applause is a most violent thing, (a drum, a life and trumpet, cannot so animate) that fattens men, erects and dejects them in an instant. And who is that mortal man that can so contain himself, that 'if he be immoderately commended and applauded, will not be moved? If he pronounce a speech, he is another Tully or Demosthenes: if he can make a verse a Homer, Virgil, &c. And then my silly weak patient takes all these elogiums to himself; if he be a scholar so commended for his much reading, excellent style, method, &c., he will eviscerate himself like a spider, study to death:

Laudatus ostentat avis Junonia pennas:

peacock-like, he will display all his feathers."

The author from whom the above quotation is taken, though quaint of speech, is a keen observer of human nature. And, if we do not mistake the identity of this hair-brained letter writer, we would seriously recommend him, when his mesmeric and somnambulist studies are finished, to devote himself to the modern languages, and not 'to waste his sweetness on the desert air' of Nova Scotia, by bombastic and sesquipedalian 'words of learned length, and thundering sound' which the very children are now beginning to laugh at.

TRANSATLANTIC EPISTLES.

[To the Editor of the Cross.]

Sir,

For the last few months the Cunard Steamers from Liverpool have creaked beneath the ponderous weight of sundry Epistles, both private and public, in which the 'Great Moral Power' and 'Majesty of

Intellect' of some of the 'Finest Minds' in Europe, were exhibited to the wondering gaze of the *Illuminati* in Nova Scotia. The contents of one were hardly digested when the ravenous appetite was ready to swallow the succeeding dose. Expectation was on tiptoe from Steamer to Steamer, when lo! at the appointed time

— "Verbosa et Grandis Epistola Venit
A Capreis."—

What pen can describe the mysterious whispers, the nervous bustle, the sly winks and 'quaint' leers of 'the knowing ones' on the arrival of each Dispatch.

But, alas, alas, I have every reason to believe that it is all BUNKUM, and nothing but BUNKUM. This *Slickian* phrase is not very select, it is true, but it is uncommonly expressive. I certainly could not find in the folio Edition of Johnson a word that would express my meaning better, or one, which less 'needs an accompaniment of commentary.' It is all BUNKUM and nothing but BUNKUM.

With the wise, the good, the really intellectual, in our community, I have long enjoyed a hearty laugh in private at those periodical 'Flashes,' because I knew their transparent folly would speedily be seen through. And if I allude to them on this occasion, even in 'mirthful mood,' it is, because, as a lover of Religion I cannot, in conscience, see the small flock of Junco Gulls, together with a few of the more venerable Birds, exposed any longer to the derisive shafts of an amused public, who already begin to cry out, 'You're a glorious set of dupes!'

Verily, of all the cant in this canting world, the cant of hollow patriotism is the vilest, and of all the pretensions in this world of hypocrisy, the affectation and silly attempts of poor scholars by 'sound and fury, signifying nothing' to get themselves accounted 'Men of Mind' are the most ridiculous.

Thus far have I written, not in the 'luxuriation of sober sadness,' nor 'with the flattery of a Parasite,' but 'with the candour and correction of a Friend.' However, perhaps at some future day, if this gentle admonition should fail, I may be tempted to analyze the 'numbers, matter and source' of those precious lucubrations, not indeed in a spirit of envy, for

"Non equidem invidio, miror magis."

though I hardly think they should excite my wonder either as "it would be a miracle in every order, if they should be any thing better than they are," and as 'they inherit their parent's feelings, the state of things contains the germ of its own perpetuation, and destroys hope.' Epistles passim.

I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

A CATHOLIC.

Of course every classical scholar knows where the beautiful Island of Capri is—in the middle of the enchanting bay of Naples it was in this lovely spot that Tiberius Nero, the *Claudius Beresford* of his day, took up his abode.

We beg to direct the special attention of all Anti-Popery Tract Distributors, not forgetting our *Ow'n* anti-smuggling friend from Lunenburg to the following creditable letter which has been addressed by a Protestant clergyman

To the Editor of the Pictorial Times.

Jan. 19th, 1846.

Sir—Protracted illness has prevented me from addressing you before now, on the subject of an article published in your paper of the 10th of January, and headed, 'The proper Station of Women.' The perusal of that article gave me deep, heartfelt pain, for in it you make a most unjustifiable attack on an innocent, zealous, and charitable body of women. Sir, allow me, a Dissenter from their creed, and pastor of yours, to tell you, it is unchristianlike of you to denounce a number of your fellow-Christians as a degraded class, because they, remembering the words of the Lord, 'He who loveth the danger shall perish therein,' have fled from the allurements and temptations of a vain and deceitful world, seeking to work out their salvation amid that solitude and retirement which Christ has commended Mary for, saying, 'She hath chosen the better part,' also, that he whose life it is their aim to copy, spent most of his life in retirement, and has commanded us to 'leave father, mother, sister and brother, to cleave to the Lord.'

Now, having given you scriptural proof that there is nothing contrary to the law of God in leading a life of retirement, 'under a profession of devotedness to a religious life,' will you inform me what there is degrading or contrary to nature in a number of females, sensible of their individual weakness and inability to contend with the cares and troubles of this world singly? What reason is there against their seeking comfort and protection in the society of one another, and devoting themselves and the love, which others lavish on their fellow-mortals, 'to Him whose love endureth for ever,' who will heal and comfort the drooping soul, and has promised when two or three assemble in his name 'to be in the midst of them.'

There are severities and rigours practised in some convents, which all men of our creed consider harsh and unnecessary to salvation, and that many of the opinions and doctrines held by their inmates we consider erroneous. Still we must not condemn them, knowing that 'Judgment is mine saith the Lord,' and that God does not require all to serve him in the same capacity. How many are, from moral and physical causes, unfit for fulfilling the duties of the married state. Now, if all such Protestant females, following the bright example set them by some of their Catholic sisters, would devote their time, talents, and energies, to the education of youth of the higher and lower classes, to the comforting the afflicted, sick, and destitute, and give their superfluous incomes to the founding of hospitals,

and other charitable institutions, which should be supported and attended by them, there would no longer be a necessity for taxing the industrious labourer for the support of paupers, very little poorer than many of those taxed for their support. Neither would there be a necessity for immense sums being drawn from the public revenue for the maintenance of hospitals, &c., &c; all should be supported as in former ages, by voluntary contributions; for, it is a well-known historic fact, that prior to the abolition of monasteries and convents, at the time of the Reformation, none of the public revenue of England was devoted to their support, or considered necessary; and, at that period, several of the Protestant divines voted for the remodelling, instead of abolition, of convents and monasteries, saying Christ did not destroy the Temple of his Father, but cast out those who bought and sold therein, 'and made a den of thieves of the house of prayer.' If called upon, I am ready to prove this, and also that the primitive Christians, before corruption had stolen into the Church of Christ, recommends a life of retirement and chastity as that most pleasing to God, and that this opinion was held by several of the brightest luminaries of the Church of England.

Often have I regretted not finding Protestant women, as (in the fulfilment of my clerical duties) I have found Catholic Sisters of Mercy and Charity, braving the inclemency of all climates, fearless of the most contagious diseases, undaunted by ribaldry and jests, with which they are often met in the jails, entering the abode of sickness, poverty, and, often, of iniquity. They, the virtuous, mingling with the vicious, seeking to withdraw them from the path of vice, strengthening them in the hour of temptation, by precept and example, promising forgiveness for the past, and giving hope for the future;

"Shedding a tear o'er their erring sister's shame,"

comforting the wounded spirit, and cheering the desponding heart, suffering and sorrow.

Merciful God! are those the women you have dared to call a degraded class of beings! cut off from the land of the living, and not filling their proper station! Sir, they are nobly filling the highest station mortal can fill on earth, preaching peace and good will to all, even those who differ from them in creed, and forgiveness to those who revile them for the sake of Him who forgiveth much to them who love him. To that God I pray, that my flock may follow their example; and to my flock I say—

'Go thou and do likewise.'

I may be told by some, they dread taking such a solemn vow as that which consecrates a creature to his Creator—to that God whose 'yoke is sweet, and burthen light.' To such I answer, I am daily called on to administer far more solemn vows. Yes, often have I trembled, when hearing one sinner call Heaven to witness him swearing to respect and obey!—another, equally weak, who perhaps is the

slave of his own passions, and unworthy of obedience or respect; and, again, when I see women with blighted hearts, coming to the altar of the Most High, and vowing love and truth to one man, when they have long before bestowed all the affection they possessed on another.

What are the general consequences of such marriages? Disunion, discord, scandalous divorces, and separation; neglect and bad example to the children 'lent them by the Lord,' and for whose souls they will have to render an awful account. Better, I say, far better, such women.

"This sad world should leave,
And seek a spot, in mercy lent,
A home before the grave."

Sir, I give you full leave to publish this letter, when, and where you please, though fully aware many persons will censure the opinions I have advanced in it, as the crude ideas of a Protestant Dissenter. Such, I thank God, I am not, but will support those opinions from Holy Writ, if necessary, and remain, sir,

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

An Annual Meeting of the above Institution was held at Masons' Hall on Tuesday evening, 17th inst, at which over one hundred members attended. The large amount of £46, quarterly dues, was collected, which, with the amount available in the Treasurer's hands, make a total of £102, £26 of which was voted to the Fuel Fund at St Mary's, the rest to be left at the disposal of the Committee of Charity.

After the Routine business was over, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected as Officers for the ensuing year, viz:—

J. B. Uniacke, Esq, President.	
L. O. C. Doyle, Esq, Vice President.	
Mr B. O'Neill, 1st Ast.	} Vice Presidents.
Mr L. White, 2d do.	
Mr J. Wallace, Treasurer.	
Mr J. W. Quinan, Secretary.	
Mr W. Walsh, Ast. do.	

The Society resolved to have a Procession and Dinner on the Anniversary of their Tutelar Saint, 17th March next.

The following letter has been addressed to us by the worthy and efficient President of the St. Mary's and St Patrick's Temperance Society. Father Nugent is well able to defend the excellent body over which he presides, and we have no doubt that this wanton and unmerited attack from one whose motives must be so transparent, will only serve to promote the welfare of a Society which has already accomplished so much good. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is a maxim consecrated by the wisdom of ages; but, nevertheless, sometimes sadly forgotten in Halifax.

[To the Editor of the Cross.]

Sir—Perhaps you would allow me to make a remark or two, upon a speech delivered by Mr Joseph Quinan at a recent meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, as reported in the Morning Post of this day.

Mr. Quinan "had no doubt that the Temperance cause in this city was retrograding," although Mr. Murdoch in his opening address to the Society 'spoke cheerfully of the

progress of 'Temperance.' It is quite evident that both speakers could not have alluded to the same Society, and the fact that Mr. Quinan attributes the decline of Temperance, 'not to any apathy here,' shows very clearly the object of his insinuation.

I think it quite clear that the Temperance Society of which I am President, could alone have been aimed at, and though it were true that I had neglected to discharge my duty in that capacity,—yet would it ill become a Catholic to stand up in the midst of an almost exclusively Protestant assembly to publish that fact to the world, and to tell his audience that some of his clergyman were wolves in sheep's clothing who solemnly, but hypocritically, preached what they laughed at in practice.

Scarcely had the assembly swallowed those metaphorical 'tid-bits'—the 'negroes,' the 'farm's' and the 'dollars,' than up jumps Mr. Quinan to try the effect of the ludicrous once more, draws upon his imagination, and exhibits a very pretty picture of a minister of religion, preaching up temperance, and then rushing down from the pulpit to the 'festive board,' laughing and sneering all the way at the dupes of a cause, in which he has neither trust nor belief.

Allow me to tell the Halifax Temperance Society that the picture drawn by Mr. Quinan is not a true likeness of me, that it is a gross caricature of every clergyman of my acquaintance, and that 'apathy and retrograding' do not exactly describe the position and prospects of a Society which has added more to its numbers during the two last months, manro all the 'apathy there' than any Temperance Society in the province during the two last years.

Is it not singular that ministers of religion could listen in silence to the innuendos affecting the character of clergymen, of whom they had no reason whatever to form an ill opinion? Persons who listen with complacency to the abuse unjustly heaped upon others, may soon have to undergo the same ordeal themselves.

I shall conclude by nesting all the parties concerned, that the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society stands in too high a position to be affected by the rash presumption of a man like Joseph Quinan, or by the ill-judged acquiescence of a portion of his auditory. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN NUGENT,

President of the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's
Temperance Society.
St Mary's, Halifax, Ash Wednesday, 1846.

LITERATURE.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED HEART.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

Continued.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart has had numerous opponents from the commencement, and probably has to the present moment, even among christians; but if they deliberately and dispassionately view its object and its end, as explained above, instead of finding any thing to alarm christian prudence, they will find nothing but what is calculated to command their praise and admiration: and it may be truly said that it can only be opposed by those who will not be convinced by the force of reasoning, by the evidence of facts, by the weight of authority, nor by the best authenticated miracles; for the present devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is based upon those solid proofs. Such folks are accustomed to believe only what they will see with their own

eyes, and to reject every thing without examination which is beyond the narrow limits of their comprehension, and to ridicule what is most venerable in religion.

We should despise the support of such men as well as their criticism : being men without religion, their opinions should have little weight. The mysteries of religion, according to the flesh, he kindly reveals to the humble and lowly.

I shall conclude these observations by quoting two other passages from the life of Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque.

"I know of no exercise of piety in the spiritual life, be it calculated to raise, in a short time, a soul to the highest state of sanctity, or to make it relish the true delight which is found in the service of God, than the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Yes, I assert with confidence, were it known how agreeable it is to Jesus Christ, that there is no christian how little soever he might be influenced by love for this amiable Saviour, who would not eagerly reduce it to practice.

"Endeavour," she says, "that persons professing the religious state embrace it; for they will derive so many helps from it, that no other means would be necessary to re-establish the primitive fervour in the most lax communities, and to lead the most fervent to the summit of perfection."

"Our divine Saviour revealed to me that those who are engaged in the ministry will be enabled to soften the most obdurate hearts, and will labour with wonderful success, if they themselves are penetrated with a tender devotion to this adorable Heart.

"The laity will find in this devotion all the helps necessary for their state; namely, peace in their families, comfort in their troubles, and the blessings of heaven in all their undertakings. It is in this adorable Heart that they will effectually find refuge during their lives, and especially at the hour of their death. Ah! how sweet it is to die after having had a constant devotion to the sacred Heart of Him, who is to be one day our judge! in me, it is evident that there is no person in the world who would not experience every assistance from Heaven, had he for Jesus a grateful love, such as is evinced in the devotion to his Sacred Heart."

In another place she says, "our Lord discovered to me the treasures of love, and abundance of graces, which should be imparted to those persons who would consecrate themselves, and sacrifice all to procure for this adorable Heart all the honour, love and glory, in their power; but treasures so great, that it is impossible for me to express them. This amiable Heart, as being the source of all good, ardently desires to be known to men, over

whom it wishes to establish its empire, in order to supply their wants; for which reason, he wishes that they should address him with confidence, and I think that there is no method more efficacious for obtaining what we ask, than by offering it through the mediation of the adorable sacrifice of the Mass.

"He revealed to me, that the desire he had of being perfectly beloved by men, had induced him to manifest to them his Sacred Heart; and to give them in these latter times, this last effort of his love, thereby proposing an object so proper to engage them to love him, and to love him sincerely; that in this Heart he opened all the treasures of his love, grace, mercy, sanctification, and salvation, which His heart contains; that all those who would wish to render to it, and to obtain for it, all the love and honour they could possibly procure, should be enriched with a profusion of those treasures, of which this divine Heart is the fruitful and inexhaustible source."

"He assured me also that he took a particular pleasure in seeing the interior sentiments of his Heart and of his love honoured under the figure of a sensible heart, such as he shewed me, and of which he wished to have a picture exposed in public, in order to touch the insensible hearts of men: he promised at the same time that he would fill with abundance of the treasures of his graces, the hearts of those who would honour it, and that all sorts of blessings and favours would abound wherever this picture would be exposed for particular veneration."

"But what caused me at the same time a degree of anguish, the most acute ever experienced, was, that when his Heart was presented to me, I heard these words: "I have an ardent thirst to be honoured and loved by men in the sacrament of my love, and notwithstanding, I rarely find one, who endeavours, according to my desire, to allay my thirst by any return of love."

Notwithstanding all the opposition this devotion had to encounter, it spread with such wonderful rapidity all over the world, embracing among its members persons of all ranks,) that from the year 1803 to 1822 there were 1962 aggregated sodalities: but how many must have been associated since that time, and what a prodigious number of fervent souls compose this great family! and though separated from one another, they are united by the ties of common love in the adorable Heart of Jesus.

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

It is common enough to hear that England is the finest country in the world. We have all of us

repeated this so often, that every one of us believes it, and would be highly offended to be told any thing of a contrary nature, derogating from our "national dignity." Amongst the things we pride ourselves most upon, are our commerce and manufactures. These are assuredly very vast and very surprising. It is very wonderful to hear how many bales of cotton are yearly imported, and how much raw material is worked up in that time, and how many hands are at work to meet the demand. Especially is it astonishing to witness the machinery by which these things are effected, and to see machines making machines, (as at Sharp and Roberts's, at Manchester,) which strikes one always with a peculiar and fearful feeling. When our wonder and admiration are a little subsided, or rather when we begin to look deeper into the matter, and to consider the life which animated this great body of industry—the human masses, as they are called—which, however, are made up of thousands of individual hearts, and individual souls, our wonder is changed into a mixture of pity and fear. What is the real condition of these hearts and souls? What constitutes their happiness? What are they taught? What do they know? How do they feel? Do they know *who*, and *what*, and *whence* they are, and what they are sent into this world for? They themselves will tell us, perhaps, something about being the "majority," the "basis of government," and "the voice which guides the higher classes;" they would tell us of their "rights," and the "justice which is owed them in political privileges." This is not at all what we wish to hear. Our business is with their *souls*. It is of more consequence to make sure of citizenship in the "New Jerusalem," that is, in the Church of God, than to obtain any amount of political privileges here.

James Howitt worked in Savage's Brass Foundry, at Birmingham. He was a good workman, regular, and sober in his habits, and always laid up part of his earnings in the Savings' Bank. He came at last to be head-man in his department, and Mr. Savage always gave him the orders for those things which required the most delicate workmanship. Howitt was a fine upright good-humoured looking man; and on Sundays and holidays, when he was drest in his best, created great admiration among his acquaintance, and was always the first at their glee-meetings and matches. Among other accomplishments, James had the gift of a coarse and ready eloquence, or fluency of speech, which led him to try his hand at town and parliamentary elections, &c., with great applause, and no small self-satisfaction. In a short time Howitt was led on to join in political unions, and such societies; which might not be very objection-

able, some would say. though it caused him several times to be absent on foundry-days, and some of his work was ill-done. On one occasion Mr. Savage was vexed, and spoke sharply to him. Howitt, who had been declaiming the evening before on the equal rights of peer and peasant, found it difficult to command his temper. He answered in a surly manner; was afterwards sorry, but ashamed to own it; and fretted by the conflict in his own mind, grew pettish and irritable. Some of his companions, afraid of losing their favourite orator, persuaded him to go with them to a large public-house room, where many used to meet at night, and where they induced him to drink, and play also a little. When he was elevated by spirits and success, they took him off to a meeting to be held that night. Howitt found himself voted to the chair, and made a most brilliant speech amid the acclamation of the room. After the meeting came social drinking, and after that, resolutions, &c., and Howitt found himself voted unanimously chairman and collector for the ensuing month. He could not draw back; his pride was flattered, his ambition was excited. The house of commons fluttered before his eyes; he might become the popular member and "people's man." He went to the brass foundry next morning, and work and his paper-cap appeared to James the very dullest and most debasing things imaginable. The divinely-given and honourable office of a labourer and artisan, honest and healthy toil appeared to his feverish mind revolting and galling. In this mood he went to his work, late and slowly; it was tardily and ill done. Mr. Savage came in looking very grave; in a few words he told Howitt that he should employ him no longer; that his character was gone, and that he could not encourage a drinking and idle foreman in his manufactory. Mr. Savage added a few short but kind words on the danger Howitt ran, and the evil courses he was coming to; and then paying him his wages, bade him good morning.

Some months ago these words would have sunk deep into Howitt's heart; for though he was proud and obstinate, he had warm and generous feelings. He was a Catholic, and resorting at stated times to the holy Sacrament, had often learnt on examining his conduct, to mistrust his natural impetuosity. He was now full of his own consequence, he heard the advice with contempt, and taking up his money, he hummed the air of a Chartist song, and marched out of the foundry. His friends, however, did not view the matter in quite the same light; they saw that Howitt had lost a good thing, and was getting out of favour. As long as his money lasted not a few stayed with him, keeping up his spirits with good speeches and songs, and encouraging him to idle away his

chance of a good situation. He joined with one of them at cards in a bond for a bad debt, for which his friend was arrested, and Howitt forced to pay. To do this he was obliged to sell his clothes and most of his furniture to escape imprisonment, and sat down in his dismantled room alone, and at last sobered and in his right senses.

He thought over what was to be done, and went out to try to get some kind of work; for he knew that he was a good workman, and could command good wages. He found, however, that his character, exaggerated and painted in the worst colours, had gone before him. He was looked upon with dislike and suspicion, as a great talker and meddler, and refused employment on one pretence or another. At last he got a promise of a month's trial in a small establishment, very inferior to his wishes, and tired out he turned homewards. He had to pass the very drinking-room which had been the first scene of his misfortunes. The light streamed out on the dark pavements, and the joyous sound of music and laughter gushed through the open door. Howitt paused—should he go in or not? He would only peep through the window, and see who was there. He accordingly peeped in, and was immediately hailed by two of the worst of his former companions. They dragged him in, and challenged him to drink and play at a game with them. He had only two shillings in his pocket, and refused. They mocked at him coarsely, till, stung by their jests, he stayed. He lost his two shillings, and was met with insulting laughter. He rushed to the door, blind with rage and remorse, and ran hastily down the street. It happened that one of the gas-pipes had been taken up there and left in the street, with a large hole, and a heap of rubbish, over which Howitt in his anger stumbled. He fell into the hole, and in his fall broke his leg. He lay there groaning for a long time, till a policeman found and took him up. He was carried home, and after a few questions and a little curiosity, was left to his own reflections. It is easy to imagine what those were—his whole life—his lost time—his wasted strength—his abused gifts—rose up one by one, before him, till he covered his face with his hands, and fairly burst into tears. He was roused by a gentle rustling near his bed, and starting, he saw the compassionate face of a Sister of Mercy from a neighbouring convent gazing at him. At first he felt ashamed—the shame of pride—but a better feeling was waked in his heart, when the Sister spoke mildly but searchingly of his accident and its causes, and his life; he truly told her of his folly, and his contrition; and she gave him, at the same time, Christian rebuke and consolation. Another Sister soon entered with the surgeon, who examined Howitt's leg. It was a compound frac-

ture; and though it could be set, the surgeon thought he would be lame for life. This was terrible news for a proud young man in the prime of health and strength, and vain of his appearance; but Howitt bore it after a while with fortitude, and after some attendance of the Sisters with humility. After his leg was set, however, the pain and inflammation brought on a fever, which reduced him to the brink of the grave. Then it was that James clearly saw and bitterly acknowledged his abuse of God's mercies to him. The Sister who had appeared like an angel of mercy first by his bed-side, and who was long versed in the offices of consolation, with unwearied efforts turned the bitterness of his contrition into a calm and lasting sense of sorrow for his past life—that sorrow which gives promise of wholesome fruits—amendment and reconciliation with God. Howitt had lived like many others; not altogether badly, but carelessly. He had shrunk of late from confession, and left off also frequent communion. He heartily promised to lead a new life, if it should please God to raise him up from his sick bed, and he kept his word. He got up from that bed lame for life, pale, and looking like an old man; but there was calmness in his eye, and true peace in his heart. He could no longer follow his old employment, so he opened a small school; and with the help of the clergy of the town, and the Sisters, maintained himself sufficiently. He smiled when his friends pitied his dull life, and never ceased to thank God for his sickness, and the invaluable blessings which his accident and the Sisters of Mercy had brought him.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- FEB 20—Mrs Johanna Weston, of a Daughter.
 23—Mrs Mary Noonan, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Mary Ann Gough, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Mary Walsh, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Catherine Dunford, of a Daughter.
 24—Mrs Catherine Keefe, of a Daughter.
 25—Mrs Anastasia McWilliams, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Ellen Curran, of a Son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- FEB 24—Jane, daughter of Lawrence and Elizabeth Reardon, aged 5 months.
 25—William Shannahan, native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 39 years.
 26—John, son of Michael and Mary Lee, native of Halifax, aged 11 years.
 27—Catherine, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Holden, aged 12 months.
 28—Mary, wife of John Mulrouney, native of Carlow, Ireland, aged 27 years.