

THE CROSS.



W. W.

SERVICES.

VOL. I.

No. 5.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 11.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 8, 1845.

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY 9—First Sunday of Lent—Vespers of the following day.
 ... 10—Monday, St. Scholastica, Virgin.
 ... 11—Tuesday, St. Anthems, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 12—Wednesday, Theodosius, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 13—Thursday, St. Gregory II., Pope and Confessor.
 ... 14—Friday, Lance and Nails of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 ... 15—Saturday, St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

ORIGINAL.

THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

(Translated from the Latin of Sannazarus, by a Student.)

[Continued.]

Peace, meantime, holding her indulgent reign,
 O'er all the land, and all the spacious main,
 Augustus bids War's brazen portals close,
 And locks in firmest bonds his vanquished foes,
 That by may therefore, estimate his forces,
 And know his mighty kingdom's vast resources,
 And all the subjects of his wide command—
 His edict, lo! is publish'd round the land
 For every province quickly to be known,
 And loud declar'd before his sovereign throne.
 One law, then, moves all nations far and near,
 And first Armenia's mountaineers appear.
 Then wild Armenia's famous habitants—and then
 The rough Naphata's archer-men,
 A people—skill'd to roam their borders round,
 And guard on foes Armenia's dowery ground,
 About whose circuit the Euphrates strays,
 And swift Araxes cuts its winding ways.
 The nation of mount Taurus are enroll'd;
 The numbers of Amanus there are told.
 The Icarians next—the Cilias fam'd for fight,
 And all that roam Pamphalia's woody height,
 Next those—the bold blest Tigris-towns' plains.

Delightful Lycia's happy, frugal swans;
 The mighty Heleges in war renown'd,
 And all the neighboring provinces around,
 And Ghidus, Ceramus pour forth,—and all
 That make abode within that Carian wall,
 Where high surrounded by huge piles of stone
 In many a ruin round its base strewn,
 Stands that proud fabric, the Barbarian queen
 Raised to her spouse, who press'd the battle-green.
 And they whose country first Macander loves,
 Then Cayster washes with his rapid waves,
 Whose waters sweet, refreshing all the scene,
 Feed the bright swans that grace their margin green!
 And those where Pactolus adorn the lands,
 And where the Hermas shows his golden sands,
 These too who dwell about the Rhietian towers,
 And Ide, Cerene, and the Mysian powers;
 And Sige, and Troy, the theme of poets' strain,
 Whereon King Priam held of old his reign,—
 The land of War—the country of the Brave,
 And famous nook for many a hero's grave;
 To which the roving sailor still is wont,
 Aswat he sweeps across the Hellespont,
 To point his comrades, saying—"lo! 'twas there,
 The sea-man's steed, when, with disherel'd hair,
 Their mother, Thetis, wand'ring along the shore,
 And wept her lord Achilles then no more!

By these are followed the Bythian bands,
 And all the people of the Pontic lands,
 And wild Caranot, and Sinope high,
 And every tribe that Halys wanders by;
 The number, too, of Cappadocia's sons,
 Amidst whose soil the freshening Iris runs,
 And all the counties which Thermodon sees
 And the Caucasians and the Hyabes.

From every spot where warlike Thrace extends,
 And Rhodope with chalyb Aenus bends,
 Where through the roughness of Marceotes' soil

The thund'ring Ascius' foamy torrents boil ;—
Where the fresh woods round Halyachmon rise,
And where Pharsalia's field of glory lies ;
Where Phyllipi extends its bloody plain,
Renow'd for many a valiant Roman slain—
The people throng together to the throne,
Obey the mandate and their force make known.

In order next, ye neighb'ring cities came,
Whose walls now crumbled are, no more the same,
Immortal Greece, renown'd through every shore,
For arts and arms, for chivalry and lore !
Then all the people of Epirus' coast,
Whose rugged cliffs among the clouds are lost,
While round their bases dash the billows high,
A scene of terror to the seaman's eye :
With these prepar'd Alcinoüs palace stands,
And the Liburnian, and Illyrian bands,
The nations all that overspread those shores,
On which the water of Ionia roars.

Thou too enroff'st thy multitudes, bright land !
That spreadest o'er sea and shore thy wide command,
Clime of the mighty, chivalrous and free,
Place of high daring ! Land of Victory—
About whose bounds the Alps high tow'ring rise,
In broken order piercing to the skies,
While the old Apennine divides the whole,
And two vast waters still contiguous roll,
Next issue forth the nations of the Rhine ;
Then those who dwell where Danube's waters shine,
In beauty clothing, as they onward rove
Through many a dark, and many a lonely grove,
Valley and garden, meadow, field and plain,
Until at length they mingle with the main.
And Gaul pours forth her mighty multitude,
—The land that Cæsar's gallant hosts subdued,
Through which flow forth the Arar and the Rhone,
The bright Sequana and the swift Garone.
And they who dwell around the Pyrenees
And near the pillar of great Hercules,
On Anas' bank—on Duria's flowery bound ;
By Bactis deep, with many an olive crown'd,
And Tagus rolling o'er his golden sand,
With all the people of Iberia's land.
And Lybia rouses all her spacious shores,
The wild Getulians and the swarthy Moors,
With every horde that dwell on Atlas' head
As well as those amid the forests spread ;
—Th' unwearied rover of the desert drear—
The simple swain—the rugged mountaineer—
And the grim hunter, who in arms array'd,
Pursue the lion through the dusky glade,
Forth now the number of Massyla moves,
And those that wander thro' Hesperia's groves ;
And those that settle on the mountain-brows,
Where golden apples crown the bending boughs ;
And those that fertilize that rocky ground,
Where once in pride rose Carthage the renown'd,
Though now, alas ! a solitary shore,
With fallen fences and pillars scatter'd o'er !
What days of sorrow, toil, that city cost
The hapless Troy and all her valiant host ;
Her ruins name, she scarcely now retains,

But lies unknown amid her proud remains !
Yet we, vain beings—at the thought will sigh,
That those frail bodies must wax weak and die,
Whilst we behold whole dynasties decay,
And gorgeous cities crumble thus away ! !
An equal ardour fires the Mæccian tribe,
Who with the Barcoans their names inscribe,
To these succeed the Nasimonian hoards
Who live beside the Syrtes' sandy fords,
And strip the bodies of the recent drown'd,
With whom those shallows spread the coast around,
Or, naked, plunge for treasures down the main,
Thus boldly twining danger into gain ?

(To be continued).

(Continued from No. 3)

MISREPRESENTATION.

The committee conceive that in charging against the Pope the receipt of £10,000, from the King of Naples, you meant to bring an accusation of bribery ; you meant (or must necessarily be understood to mean) that the Pope received £10,000 as a corrupt inducement to declare “ a woman a Saint.” The payment of £10,000 to cover the necessary expenses of an investigation such as I have described, cannot be made the subject of a charge, even by the most bitter enemies of the Holy See. If the services of barristers, attorneys, and law stationers are in requisition, they must be remunerated ; and if there are to be grand ceremonies, the necessary expenses must be paid. Nor can the Pope be reasonably required to discharge out of the taxes imposed upon his own subjects this kind of outlay, which springs from a matter of common interest to all Catholic Christendom. If, then, you mean to charge bribery, corruption, or any indirect proceeding whatever, you must—I take it—charge the payment of a *second* £10,000 for bribery, besides the sum paid or payable for legitimate expenses. Is this the accusation you bring against the Pope ? If it is, the Committee respectfully beg you to lay some grounds to establish the probability of such a charge ; because, without some tangible grounds to go upon, there really is some delicacy in writing over—as you suggest—to the dignified officials of a foreign country to enquire whether they or their sovereign are corrupt scoundrels and swindlers.—An American Protestant, who was to write over to the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London to put such a question touching their conduct, would be thought very simple, and not far from a madman or a fool. Is it not obvious that if the accused persons be innocent, they will deny the charge truly ? if they be corrupt, they will not stick to add falsehood to corruption.

(S.) As to the purchase by the Begum from the Pope of a single Mass for a large sum of money.

The concluding observations under the former head, on the absurdity of a direct inquiry addressed to the persons accused, apply here also. It is obvious that no result can follow from such an inquiry; and the Committee therefore not wishing to make themselves the laughing stocks of the whole reasonable world, decline to enter upon it in the manner suggested. But here too, as before, the Committee beg you to give them some more definite information as to the purport of your charge. That there would be no impropriety in any wealthy Anglican, moved thereto by genuine charity, making a large donation for the spiritual support of the province of Canterbury, and begging the Archbishop's prayers in return for this benefaction, the Committee take it for granted you will admit. That there is no more impropriety in a wealthy Catholic leaving a sum of money to the Pope, with a similar intention, expressed after a Catholic fashion, seems too obvious to be disputed. The Committee then are at a loss to understand the precise nature of this charge, and beg to be furnished with a more distinct statement before they apply their minds to a consideration of it. They submit that you must be ready to prove something more than a legacy with a trifling condition annexed, before you can lay the foundation of any charge of corruption or impropriety.

(4.) As to the imprisonment of the physician for recommending his patients not to fast, the Committee conceive you to be under some extraordinary delusion. Their own personal experience as well as the knowledge they have of Roman life, enables them to give this statement a flat contradiction—without, however, in the least, meaning to imply that you have brought it otherwise than in good faith. They assure you, however, on their own knowledge, that recommendations such as you speak of by physicians, are of everyday occurrence in Rome.

(5.) The punishment of some students of the Propaganda "for having Protestant books in their possession," is a charge which the Committee are not anxious to rebut. The Propaganda College is a place of education, of which no one is compelled to become an inmate, and which, of course, has its own rules and regulations. Among these regulations the Committee would be very much surprised to see one allowing the indiscriminate perusal of pernicious books. Even a Protestant College, having any pretensions to discipline might be expected to place some limit upon the perusal by its alumni of Hobbes and Shaftesbury, Tom Paine and Bolingbroke, Rousseau and Voltaire. The ecclesiastics, whom the Propaganda sends into the world, are generally supposed to be not altogether unprepared in the department of polemics—a proficiency in which necessarily implies a

diligent study of some of the leading productions of Protestant theology. But all books are not equally proper at all ages; and as it would be thought not a very judicious method with a stripping of unformed mind to teach him a spirit of devotion out of Voltaire, or a belief in the inspiration of Scripture out of Paine; so neither do the Committee consider it would be a prudent course with the immature youths of the Propaganda, to teach them the doctrine of Transubstantiation out of Jeremy Taylor, or the supremacy of the Pope out of Barrow, or the elements of Catholic worship out of the approved Homilies of the Anglican Church; nor do they believe that any reasonable man would approve of such a preposterous arrangement. As to the "punishment," it is obvious that the rules for the management of such an institution must be enforced; and if broken through, the offenders must be punished.

The Committee having thus gone through the various charges you have brought forward, trust that they have met them fairly and have shown no disposition (they certainly have felt none) to shrink from any legitimate investigation of the matters at issue. They have gone thus fully into each point, because they judged from the tone of your letters that though you are labouring under very natural misapprehensions as to many matters connected with Catholicity, yet you have no formed or deliberate design either to slander the Church of which it is their greatest happiness to be the devoted and affectionate children, or to defame its members; and it is in the full hope they have not misjudged you, that they wait (at your convenience) for a reply to this communication.

I have the honour, &c.

(To be Continued)

ST. CHRYSOSTOM AND EUTROPIUS.

THE reign of the emperor Arcadius was disgraced by many proofs of weakness and inconsistency, not among the least of which was his conduct in regard to the eunuch Eutropius. Born in an obscure condition, this person had succeeded in ingratiating himself into the imperial favor.—Honors were showered upon the favorite; riches followed, of course, and the establishment of this minion of fortune surpassed that of his sovereign in luxury and magnificence. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was insolent, ambitious, haughty, and self-sufficient in the highest degree; these are qualities native to the character of such adventurers. To such a height was his presumption carried, that, at last, nothing less would content him than the consulship, and the singularly misplaced title, in his regard, of "Father of the Emperor." He had exerted his interest in behalf

of St. Chrysostom, in his election to the see of Constantinople; but had afterwards taken part against him. The Saint's intrepidity of character, the apostolic zeal with which he labored for the correction of abuses, as well public as private, and the fearlessness with which he exposed and reproved them in every station, could not fail to bring him into collision with the favorite, whose animosity was not confined to the archbishop alone, but extended to the whole church, whose immunities he attacked. The law passed in 398, against the privilege of asylums in churches, was his work. In carrying this point, he deprived the church of an immunity altogether in unison with the character of that religion which, like its divine Founder, is the refuge of the oppressed. In 399, this minion of power had reached the zenith of his greatness, and ruled with a tyranny that knew no bounds.

At length the day of retribution came. The gross manner in which he had abused the emperor's favor, and the scandal which his conduct excited, inflamed the people and the army against him.—Gainas, the popular general, presented himself boldly before Arcadius, and demanded the dismissal of his favorite. This demand was enforced by the eloquence of Eudoxia, the emperor's wife, who, with tears in her eyes, presented her infant children to their father, imploring his justice for some insult received from his presumptuous minister. Thus urged, the weak Arcadius was not long to yield, and signed his favorite's condemnation. The magic spell was at once dissolved:

Eripitur persona, manet res.—LUCRETII.

Down falls the mask, and the reality
Stands in its native hideousness before us.

Men wondered at the charm that had held them in thralldom. The acclamations that so lately hailed the merit and the fortune of the favorite, were changed into clamors, reproaching him with his crime, and pressing his immediate execution. In the hour of distress and despair, his only refuge was that same church which he had persecuted, and the asylum of whose altars he had been instrumental in abolishing. St. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian and the tenderness of a parent. On the following day, when the news of his refuge had been published throughout the city, crowds of the common people mingled with the infuriated soldiery, rushed to the cathedral of St. Sophia, that they might exult over the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The moment was critical: St. Chrysostom, insensible to danger when the voice of charity demanded his presence, made his way through the infuriated crowd to the spot where lay crouching the victim of the public indignation, his features pale as death, trembling

like an abject slave, and clinging to the altar for protection. There was no leisure for meditation. The orator ascended the pulpit, and in a burst of extemporaneous eloquence, addressed his excited hearers to this effect:

"If ever there was a season in our lives in which we might exclaim, *Vanity of vanities and all is vanity!* it surely is the moment before us. Where is now the pomp of the consulship, where its honors and costly insignia? Where the blaze of torches that preceded the triumphal march?—Where those maddening shouts of applause?—Where the crowded hall, the sumptuous banquet, and the midnight revelry? Where is the tumult with which the city resounded? Where the noisy acclamations, the fulsome of flattery so ^{shly} poured forth by the thousands that thronged the theatre? All have vanished! a tempestuous gale has stripped the proud tree of its foliage; it has exposed to our eyes the naked trunk, it has shaken it to its very roots, and threatens to scatter its fragments to the winds of heaven. What has become of those summer friends, of the sumptuous banquet, and the swarm of parasites, of the goblets of exhaustless wine, of the arts that administered to luxury, of the worshippers of the imperial purple, of those cringing slaves of interest, whose words were as servile as their deeds? They were the vision of a night, the illusion of a morning dream, that has melted before the beams of day; they were spring flowers that withered with the fleeting spring; they were a shadow, and it passed away, a brilliant vapor, that shone for a moment, and has vanished into air. O! how true then is that saying, and how incessantly should we repeat those words of the Holy Spirit—*Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!* These words should be inscribed in letters of light upon the walls of our houses, over the doors of our apartments, in the places of public resort; nay, on our very garments should they be written; but far more should they be engraven upon each man's conscience, and be made the theme of salutary meditation.—By continually repeating these warning words, we should learn what value to set upon the illusions of fortune and the friendship of men.

• • • • •
"With enmity still rankling in your hearts, will you have the hardihood to approach the holy mysteries, and with the same lips that exhale imprecations, to repeat that prayer in which we are commanded to say, *Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?* It is possible that this man may have been guilty of great crimes, that he has indulged in violent excesses against you. I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of rigor; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny.

of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation.

Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercies to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger which threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the emperor will approve—but, far more, the King of kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproves the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth he love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favor of heaven, we shall add honor to the church, we shall merit both the clemency of the emperor and the applause of the whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us therefore hasten to the feet of the emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humble supplicant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen."

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for, see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving this homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterized as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to perpetual exile in the island of Cyprus. Even there the implacable resentment of his enemies pursued him. He was hastily recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to lose his head.—*U. S.*

Catholic Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

'Death' mysterious and awful as thou art, for the Christian thou hast no terror,—he looks to thee for the realization of his brightest dream of happiness,—he sees, with the piercing eye of faith, a brighter and a happier world beyond the grave, and his spirit pines until it reaches that blest abode.—What, then, is death to him, but a kind and welcome friend—a visitant sent in mercy by the Father of all, to lead His weary pilgrim to eternal rest? Why, then, do we regard the departure of our pure and loved ones with such deep sorrow and regret? Should not affliction prompt us rather to rejoice that for them the goal is won, and earthly trials and suffering are no more?

Weak and inconsistent human nature mourns, with peculiar bitterness, those who have passed from earth in the morning of life's changeful day; yet are they not favored in being thus exempted from the ordinary probation of mortals, and removed from worldly temptation and trouble, "ere sin could blight or sorrow fade? But one brief year ago, I thus addressed one who dwelt upon the blissfulness of early death: "Wherefore are the early-called deemed happiest and most blessed? Better, or at least it seems to me, happier, to remain till the spell which the world ever throws around the youthful spirit is unbound by years, or by sorrows, and wearied, it seeks, and sinks gladly into that repose, to which, in its early spring-time, when the earth seems full of beauty and of love, it is even unwillingly compelled." I spoke thus in the pride and gaiety of heart—and strangely do those words recur to my now altered view. In my circle of friends at that time, was one, who, in early youth, surrounded by those who loved her well, and in the flush of health and beauty, seemed destined for many and happy days on earth—but, alas for us,

Then came the blight upon our flower:

Consumption's fatal breath

Had doomed our rose-bud of an hour,

To bend its head in death:

And calmly and resignedly was that fair head bent to the inevitable stroke—peacefully and happily did that gentle spirit pass to eternal bliss—and as I stood beside the bier of the 'pure, endangered dead,' I wept to think that I was still a wanderer on earth—that earth, hitherto so 'bright before me'—now so dark, when contrasted with the abode of the loved and lost one. When I view the trouble and disappointments daily occurring around me, I shrink appalled at the thought that such may yet cloud my destiny; and while, with feelings almost allied to envy, my thoughts revert to my departed friend, deeply do I feel that 'blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.'

S. E. A.

[FROM THE N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[The following passage is selected from the second article of the January number of the above work. The article is headed "The British Reformation," and contains a review of *sixteen lectures on the causes, principles, and results of the British Reformation*, by Bishop Hopkins.]

Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation. By J. H. Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Vermont.—Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co., 1844. 12mo. pp. 387.

We agree entirely with Bishop Hopkins, that "the aspect of the religious world, at this moment, presents the same elements of controversy, only under varied forms of practical application, which agitated all Europe three hundred years ago."—A little over three hundred years ago, under pretence of religious reform, and of reviving the faith and worship of the primitive Christians, a portion of the nominally Christian world seceded from the Catholic Church, and set up new establishments for themselves, with such forms of worship, such symbols of faith, and under such systems of government, as they judged most advisable. The Church then existing,—and which had been regarded by the whole Christian world, condemned heretics and schismatics excepted, for fifteen hundred years, as the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,—as was to be expected, condemned them as heretics and schismatics, declared them out of the pale of the Church and severed from the communion of Christ.

For three hundred years, the seceders and their successors have been laboring to effect a reversal of the sentence then solemnly pronounced against them, and to convince the world that they were wrongfully condemned; that their private establishments are really living members of the Church of Christ, and that they, in founding them, acted by the authority of Christ himself, and did not break the unity either of the orthodox faith or of the Lord's body. They have been zealous and diligent, have had learning, talents, genius, and power on their side, but they have labored without success. The sentence has not been reversed; their claims have not been admitted; and never has the necessity of their undertaking to defend themselves been greater than now. The religious world at this moment seems farther than ever from reversing the sentence recorded against them. The Church from which they seceded is now, if possible, more vigorous than ever, and counts a larger number of members than at any former period of its existence. Its missionaries have penetrated to almost every nook and corner of the

globe. It is rapidly regaining the ground it had lost in France, England, and Germany, and has obtained a new empire in America; while, on the other hand, the Protestant churches, cut up into innumerable sects, are everywhere languishing and disappearing. Nowhere do they gain on Catholicism; nowhere have they gained on Catholicism for the last two hundred years. In fact, they everywhere lose ground. They have lost it in Ireland, in France, in Germany, and are losing it in our own country and even in England. And, what is perhaps more discouraging still to their cause, in the bosom of each and all of their communions there is a wide and deep feeling that the separation from the Catholic Church, if not absolutely unauthorized, was unnecessary and ill-advised; that what was substituted for the Church does not and cannot supply its place; that Protestantism has proved a failure; and that nothing remains for us but either to return to Catholicism, or to lapse into complete infidelity.

The seceders, through their successors, are, therefore, unquestionably under the necessity either of abandoning their cause or of renewing the controversy. It is no time for them to be idle, no time for them to sleep, and to dream that the controversy is over. The Church has abandoned none of its claims, and never will abandon any of them; for its authority it has inherited from the Apostles, and its faith it holds as a sacred deposit from Christ the Head. It has made, and will make, no compromise with error and schism. It must be all or nothing. It has not ceased, and it will not cease, to exert itself with all fidelity, zeal, and diligence, to recover every revolted province, and to secure the heathen and the ends of the earth to God's dear Son for his inheritance. The Church does not sleep; she does not cease from her mission. Everywhere does she bear witness for her Lord; everywhere is she ready to combat for the truth, and shed the blood of her martyrs for the salvation of souls. She will give no rest to heretics and schismatics. If, then, they mean to defend themselves, to maintain the ground they have acquired, they must be vigilant and active. Nay, they must do more; they must meet the question fairly, in open and rational debate. They can no longer call on the civil power to secure them the advantage; they can no longer rely on penal enactments to stifle the voice of truth.—They can no longer maintain their cause by false charges and misrepresentation. They must now debate the question, and debate it fairly; and yield, if they cannot sustain themselves by good and sufficient reasons.

We regard it as a happy day for the Church, that she has, at length, secured in most Protestant countries the liberty to speak and write in her own

defence. This is all she needs. She asks no other advantage of Protestants. She knows the strength of her own cause and the weakness of theirs; and if she can only be met in fair discussion, she fears not the result. All she asks of Protestants is, that they consent to reason, instead of declaiming, and confine themselves to facts instead of falsehoods.

All appearances indicate that in this country the great debate is coming on, and is likely soon to absorb the attention of the American people.—The better portion of the community are daily losing their interest in political disputes,—their confidence in the ability of government alone to secure even the temporal well-being of a people; and are beginning to feel the necessity of a religion, fixed and firm, immovable amid the fluctuations of time, and able to command the passions, subdue evil propensities, wean the affections from things of the earth and place them on things above, and direct all our energies to gaining the kingdom of God and his justice. Our sects are breaking up. Puritanism has exhausted itself, and Congregationalism totters to its fall. The Presbyterian Church is divided into hostile factions, and the powerful sect of the Methodists is torn by schisms and internal divisions. The Baptists must follow the fate of their Calvinistic brethren. The Episcopalians, boasting of their "admirable liturgy," and pretending to be "a branch" of the Catholic Church—divided between high and low church into two parties, one seeking to get rid of the name of Protestant, the other to retain it,—having the form of godliness without its reality, must ere long fulfil the prophecy, that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. Union in the bosom of any of these sects is out of the question, much more the union of them all in one body. What have they, torn with intestine divisions, cut up into cliques and coteries, each armed against each, each controvcrting and confuting what each advances, to offer to satisfy the religious wants of the American people? Do they not see that their power is gone? How are they to recover it? They may exhort one another to union and peace. But what principle, save the negative principle of hatred to Catholicism, have they on which to unite, or which can be the principle of peace? Do they not see that their contentions are inevitable, their divisions impossible to be healed? They deserted the principle of unity, the ground of peace, when they left the Church. They have foolishly, like the rash builders in the plain of Shinar, attempted to build a tower which should reach to heaven, and God confounds their speech, and disperses them abroad.

In this state of things, the great question of Catholicism necessarily comes up. The Catholic Church steps forth in the majesty of ages, splendid

with the robes of light, and beautiful with the beauty of holiness, and offers to a distracted people, worrying and devouring one another, the olive branch of peace. She has a faith, once delivered to the saints, which she has preserved unimpaired through all the changes of time, to offer them; she has a worship consecrated by a long line of saints and martyrs, now reigning with Jesus in heaven, to offer them; she has a Church, which, like the ark of Noah, rises sublime on the deluge of waters, in which are the chosen of the Lord, and safety for all within to offer them; and will the distracted mind and the wearied heart slight her offer? "Come unto me," she says, in the name and tones of her Master, "ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And is her invitation one not likely, in these days, to be heeded? We have sought repose, we have found it not; we seek it everywhere, and we find it not; we seek it in this sect or in that,—it is not there; we seek it in infidelity or indifference,—it is not there, for there is only the repose of the charnel-house. Where, then, shall we seek it? To whom, then, shall we go? To whom, but the blessed Jesus in the Church which he has founded as the medium of access to him, who only has the words of eternal life?

We do assuredly look upon the times as auspicious for the Church. We do assuredly look upon the spread of Catholicism in this country, as likely to be speedy and extensive. Its adversaries must, then, meet it, must renew the debate, and defend themselves if they can. That they will, there can be no doubt. They will go over the old ground, and free themselves, if in their power, from the old charges of heresy and schism. For with the spread of Catholicism revives faith in God, faith in Christ, faith in the Church; and with the revival of this faith, men cease to sit down easy under the charge of heresy or schism. Heresy and Schism become again words full of meaning, and of a terrible meaning, which cannot be looked in the face. Orthodoxy recovers its old sense, and men feel, that, without the true faith and the true Church, they are without Christ, and without Christ they are without God. The sects must prove that they, as sects, are members of the Lord's body, and that they maintain the true faith; or else abandon their pretensions, and acknowledge themselves to be rightfully condemned as heretics and schismatics, and therefore as dead branches, severed from the vine, whose end is to be burned.

STATE OF RELIGION IN ST. THOMAS, &c.—GROSS INTOLERANCE OF DENMARK.—In a letter by the last packet from St. Thomas, in the West Indies, I have received, among other interesting details, the following account of the gross and shocking spirit of religious intolerance, under the banner of the liberal, professing and Protestant, all-interpreting Denmark. The best French priest I have met here (says my correspondent) is the Rev. Father Abbé Mignon. He is as full of love for Ireland as if he

were an Irishman. His situation is a good one, but the persecution and tantalizing laws of the beggarly Lutheran King of Denmark makes his position anything but enviable. The Catholic religion is here persecuted in every possible way. Every ranting and fanatical sect, whether Moravian, Lutheran, Dutch, Aetoin, or under any other motley name or grade, is at full liberty to make proselytes from the Catholic faith, but the Catholic Church is strictly and violently prohibited from making converts. If a Catholic should assist in recalling any one to the religion of his forefathers, he is liable to be put off the island at a moment's warning, and the convert to be sent in irons to Denmark, there to abide the penalty of the law! Hence, every day the priest is under the distressing and cruel necessity of refusing baptism, and also to refuse receiving converts. Every Catholic marrying a Protestant is forced to sign a bond to rear his children as Protestants. There are some adults at present waiting to be baptised and admitted into the Church by —, a pastor who is on the eve of his departure hence and the mock-liberal King may follow him if he desires for doing his sacred duty. They are now striving to make the whole slave population Moravians, and the Governor-in-Chief has issued an order to levy a fine of one dollar for every child absent from the Moravian instructions on Sundays, which is insidiously held at the very hour they should be at Mass; and this fine is to be paid not by the proprietor, but by the already enough execrated overseer. There are many Catholic proprietors here; but I have not heard that any reclamation has been made against this tyranny, except by the family of —, who has not one Protestant among his people. The poor Catholics here are in utter ignorance of many rights to which they are entitled, since the capitulation made by the French, who stipulated for the independence of the religion, but which the Government keep concealed. The only practical way to obtain a mitigation of those barbarous laws, would be to get a copy of the capitulation out of the archives of France, and publish it in the London and Paris papers. In your zeal for the advancement of religion, if you put any train to that effect in operation, you would render a lasting benefit to the Catholic people of St. Croix and St. Thomas.—[Dublin Correspondent of the Tablet.

KINSALP.—RECEPTION OF A NUN.—The Convent of the Order of Mercy, so recently established in this town, under auspices the most favorable, had the happiness of witnessing on Thursday last the first religious ceremony within its sacred walls. The young woman who has made the enviable choice (a Miss Lynch, of Cork; in religion Sister Mary Joseph) possesses those acquirements and accomplishments, united with solid piety and great zeal for the glory of God, which will render her a useful and efficient subject. The venerable Bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, officiated on the

occasion, assisted by a considerable number of clergymen. A few months only have elapsed since those religious ladies commenced their heroic work of charity, and they already command the admiration and esteem of every class and persuasion. The unremitting care bestowed on the education of the numerous poor female children and their assiduous attendance on the sick poor of this impoverished town, have well earned for those holy nuns a new title—'The Sisters of Heaven,' given them here by the objects of their solicitude.—[Cork Examiner.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers to the Cross, will please to bear in mind that the Terms of this paper are FIVE SHILLINGS per annum, *in advance*. In order to make remittances convenient for the country, FIVE COPIES will be sent to one address for *One Pound*, and TEN COPIES for *Two Pounds*, where the *advance is remitted with the order*.—Transient subscribers can pay their advances to the nearest agent. The publisher has come to this conclusion, knowing the difficulty and the expense involved in collecting small isolated subscriptions such as those to the "Cross."

The "Register" and "Cross" will be sent to one address, for one year, by the payment of half the yearly subscription in advance—Ten shillings. The Publisher will continue to send the "Cross" to Country subscribers for one month, when he expects all those who are friendly to the work, will have made arrangements to meet his demands, on the terms above. Of course, *all those who do not comply with the terms*, will have no reason to find fault if their papers are discontinued after that time.

The 'Register' and 'Cross'

Can be had at the London Book Store, and of Mr. James Donohoe.

NOTICE—All persons having demands against the Subscriber, will please render their Accounts; and all persons indebted to him, will please make immediate payment to James Donohoe, to whom all debts due him have been assigned. Halifax, 9th Jan., 1845. JOHN P. WALSH.

NOTICE—Mr. JOHN PARAKE WASH, of the City of Halifax, Printer, having by Deed of Assignment, dated the 8th day of January, instant, appointed the Subscriber His Assignee, and having Assigned to him his books, debts, and all other personal property whatsoever, for the benefit of those to whom he is indebted, such of his creditors as reside within this Province becoming parties to the said Deed of Assignment within three months from its date, and such as reside out of it in six months (herefrom, it being provided by the said Assignment, that all parties who shall not execute the same within the said times shall be excluded from all benefit and advantage to be derived therefrom. All persons indebted to the said John P. Walsh are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber he having been duly authorized to receive the same and to give discharges therefor, and all the creditors of the said John P. Walsh are requested to call at the Store of the Subscriber and execute the said Deed of Assignment.

JAMES DONOHOE.

Halifax, 9th January, 1845.

No 26, Hollis St.

Published by A. J. STEWART, No. 87, Sackville Street, Halifax. Terms—FIVE SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, *exclusive of postage*. All Letters addressed to the Publisher must be post paid.