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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 xv. 15-19



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 Proserip. xxii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair 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. Whosoever is devious by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, 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 Jerusalem, Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- DECEMBER 10—Sunday—Second of Advent.
- 11—Monday—St. Damascus I P C Doub com &c.
- 12—Tuesday—St. Melchias P M Doub Sup com &c.
- 13—Wednesday—St. Lucia Virg M Doub com &c.
- 14—Thursday—Translation of the H House of Loreto G Doub from the 10th this month.
- 15—Friday—Octave Day of the Conception Doub.
- 16—Saturday—St. Eusebius D M Semid.

Select Tales.

THE CROSS AND BEADS.

OR, KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

Colonel Templeton, after his short interview with Mrs Dowser, stepped into his gig, and rode out as usual, to pay a morning visit to his tenants and commune with them, on the saving truths of the Gospel.

In the box of the vehicle were deposited sundry copies of the Old and New Testaments bearing the words "Kildare-street Society" stamped on their covers; and by their side a number of controversial tracts, under different titles, viz. "Antichrist Exposed," "Romanism Defeated," "The Man of Sin cloven down by Five Blows of the Holy Bible," "Popish Idolatry," "Dairies of Piety," "Primroses of Devotion," "Dahlias of Faith," &c., &c., all written in a simple, easy style, to suit the humblest capacities.

The good man, as he rode along, felt very happy. He was laboring on a great mission,—journeying, like another Barnabas, (the difference being only perceptible in his estate and mode of travelling,) to convert the gentiles to faith. It was a happy, blissful reflection; and then, if his thoughts turned back for a moment to the busy metropolis he had so lately quitted, why it was only to congratulate himself the more, in having exchanged the haunts of vice, and infamy—the vortex of aristocratic corruption—for the quiet, retired little vineyard of souls intrusted to his care. "The Bible," he whispered to himself, complacently, "might be regarded as the seed, and the pamphlets the little watering-pots of religion." And he drove on the faster for the thought.

In the fields, on either side of the road as he passed along, he saw his tenants busily employed at the harvest—some reaping, others housing or stacking their grain. Children of tender age, were to be seen here and there, gleaning the few ears of corn that lay on the field after the reapers; and others still younger, seated in groups round small peat fires, roasting in the hot ashes their little feasts of new potatoes. These hardy children had no foolish trumpery of dress, like their proud little brethren of England, to cover the extremities of their persons—no, they had been taught from their cradles, like the free Indians of North America, to look upon freedom from such embarrassments as a privilege of their race. How very pleasant it was for Col. Templeton to reflect, that all these children he saw in groups around him, might, in a certain sense, be considered his own property! Certainly. Was not the soil his own—and did he not propagate them on it? Did he not force them, as we might say, on that nutritious esculent, the potato? Could not the potatoe be regarded as a sort of manure for the growth of human flesh? Had then he had another cause for self-grati-

fication: for what was his object in raising them?—not the lust of riches.—not the sordid motives that influence the black slave owner,—no, it was the glory of God and of England. They were destined to glorify their Creator, under his guidance, by walking in the pure light of a reformed gospel, and a retrenched and purified faith, and to glorify England by contributing a portion of their labor to the support of the most magnificent oligarchical government in the world, and a portion of their blood to fight the battles of an empire, the proudest and most powerful the sun ever shone upon. Surely such reflections were enough to make any man's heart glad, so the colonel raised his head higher, and trotted on at an accelerated pace.

When about three miles from the village of Donegal, he came in view of a small hut, or hovel, built on the roadside, on a barren moor, and of very wretched appearance. This hut was scarcely ten feet square, very low—so low that a boy of sixteen could not enter without stooping,—built of round rough rocks, and covered with green sods. An aperture cut in the roof served for a chimney, the door was made of willow twigs, platted close together in the style of a wicker basket, having its interstices filled with mud to keep out the cold, and the window was a round opening, from which a stone was taken, in the side wall, and through which the bottom of an old hat was visible. It was the habitation of Kathleen Kennedy, one of Mr. Ebenezer Good-soul's converts. Whether that gentleman was correct in placing her as he did to his account with the Kildare-street Society is yet to be seen, but certain it is, she was poor enough to be converted. The colonel alighted, fastened the reins of the bridle to a stunted tree on the roadside, and approached the house.

Against the gable of the hut, four or five children (the eldest of whom could not be more than seven years) were busily engaged building a little stack of half-saved turf, that lay scattered about the premises. The two eldest had apparently taken charge of the structure, for while they prepared and laid on the material, the younger ones were hurrying to and fro in the capacity of servers or attendants. It was no matter of surprise to Colonel Templeton, to observe how cheerfully they performed their work, notwithstanding the inconvenience they must have felt from the long pointed tatters of their dress, that now, saturated with the bog-water through which they passed occasionally, flapped heavily against their legs and sides. No, it was the proof of a hardy race, and of a patient, enduring people. It was refreshing to think how inured to privations these children would be in after years, when their country called them away to fight its battles amid the snows of the Canadas, or under the broiling sun of the Indies. With what pride could England point to the future heroism and fortitude of these children, and with what pride would their own hearts be hereafter filled, when, returning perhaps from Canada, or Afghanistan, they received a smile from their sovereign, and three pence half penny a day from their country, as an acknowledgement of their services! Happy children of the white slaves of the north!—fortunate starvelings of a beggarly race!—innocent progeny of brutalized, dust-kissing, scorned, and branded helots!—ye little knew what a glorious influence you might yet exercise over the destinies of the British empire!

Within the threshold of the hut, and on the floor, sat an infant muzzling a potatoe. Opposite the child, and but a few yards beyond the hovel, its mother was busy washing in a stream

that ran murmuring and rippling by the wayside. The child had now eaten as much of the potatoe as satisfied his present cravings of hunger, and began to throw it on the ground and catch it up again in the wantonness of a playful spirit, laughing merrily at the sport. Beside the boy lay a little lean dog, watching the child intently, and licking his lips, as the precious morsel rolled over close to where he squatted. At length, the child's excitement increasing, it threw the potatoe on the ground with more violence than usual causing it to roll over within the dog's paws. The little starved animal, no longer able to withstand the temptation, caught up the potatoe, and ran away round the house with its long tail between its legs, evincing by its cowardly and precipitate flight the consciousness of having done a very dishonest, as well as disreputable act. The child, robbed of its plaything so suddenly, screamed, and cried bitterly to its mother, as if in appeal, against this daring injustice. The poor woman ran over immediately to pacify the infant, and taking it up in her arms, said, as she rocked it to and fro—

"Hush, *alanna!* hush, *asthore machree!*—shure I'll get another for ye, dear; hush now, an' I'll bate that nasty Piper."

"Well, honest woman," began Colonel Templeton, who had followed her to the door unobserved, and whose voice so near and sudden seemed to startle her not a little—"how long has this hut been standing here?"

Kathleen courted humbly and respectfully, as turning round, her eye rested on the richly dressed gentleman before her, but she remained silent, being somewhat confused at the question. "When was this cabin built?" he again demanded.

"It's up about three weeks after last Candlemas, sir." (Hush, hush *asthore!* she added in an under tone—here, Bridget—hush *alanna!* bight—here, take the wean till I spake to the gentleman.) "Indeed, then, sir, it was the good neighbors God reward them, gathered up here and pit it together for us, awhile after Candlemas last."

"And where did you live before that time?" "Down there in Minadreen, sir, av ye iver wur in it."

"And who was your landlord?" "One Colonel Templeton, av ye iver heard tell av him, but I'll warrant ye did, barrit ye'r a stranger in these parts."

The colonel nodded. "An' indeed, sir, a snug dacent bit of lan' we had, till misfortune overtuck us; but shure it's thankful we ought to be whate'er comes; may be it's our deservin', maybe it's all for the best."

"And where is your husband—is he living?" "He's livin' yet, 'am tould, Goodness be praised for his mercies; but 'am afeard it 'ill not be long." Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke.

"Is he sick?" "Sick enough, sir; they say the doctor's give him up."

"Ho! then he's not at home?" "Noa, noa fareer, sir, he's not. Poor fella! he's far away from us with the cowid strangers, that cares little about him, maybe."

"Where?" "In jail, sir," replied Kathleen, raising to her eyes a corner of the tattered handkerchief that covered her shoulders. "Go into the house, Bridget—go in dear, an' bring the childer along with you. Go in, an' don't be gapin' at the gentleman, without a totther to cover ye."

"And why is he in jail, my good woman, eh—Bibbianam, I suspect?"

"Noa, indeed then, sir, he niver meddled or made with it, since the priest spoke agin it—not sayin' but many's the time, sir, he was provoked hard enough to join them."

"Have you ever seen Colonel Templeton?" "Niver, sir, but I know he's very rich, an' wudn't miss a trifle to a poor body."

"Perhaps not, if the poor body were deservin'."

"As to that, sir, I don't know; but iv poverty makes us deservin av charity, mercy knows we have enough of it here. If Providence don't send us some help afore many days, we'll have to beg our bit an' our sup through the country lake the rest o' the poor creathurs that's goin'." But there's some hope afore us yet, sir; we musn't despair till the last. I was tould, when the colonel 'id come he'd bring somethin' to relieve me in my distress. God grant it. Many's the prayer I prayed in the dead o' the night when the childer 'id be sleepin' about me, for that hour to soon reach us."

"If you long to see Colonel Templeton, be he now before you?" "You, sir?" ejaculated Kathleen.

The colonel bowed, and smiled patronisingly. "Oh, hierna!" exclaimed the poor woman, terrified at the thought of having spoken so long and so familiarly in such a presence. "I beg yer honor's pardon," she added, while her voice trembled with agitation—"I beg yer honor's pardon for bein' so bowld as to—"

"As to what?" inquired the colonel, observing her hesitation.

"As to spake to yer honor in regard to the Agent an' the Proctor."

"But you have told me nothing but the truth—have you?"

"Noa, indeed, yer honour, more nor if the book was in my han'."

"Who told you of my coming here to comfort you in your misfortunes?"

"The Bible Reader, sir."

"Which of them—Mr. Good-soul?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Ah! your name is Catharine Kennedy?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"All these children are yours—are they?"

"Yes, yer honor, an' two more that died when eight days old."

"Mr. Good-soul was right, my good woman. I have brought you a present—a very valuable present indeed." The colonel stepped over to the gig. Kathleen raised her eyes to heaven, and crossed her hands upon her bosom. She could not speak; but the big tears rushed out, and trickled down her pale cheeks. They were the tears of unspeakable gratitude—a far sweeter and holier tribute than the lips of angels could offer. "Go in—go in, Bridget dear, *ahasky!*" she muttered at length, as she wiped the drops from her eyes; "go in, an' bring the childer with ye—that's the colonel himself, *asthore!* and God be praised, he has somethin' with him to relieve us. Go in, an' I'll let ye see it all when he goes away."

The good man having taken a parcel of considerable size from the vehicle, carried it in his arms carefully, and stooping low, entered the hut.

Having placed his goodly person on something resembling a chair, he requested Kathleen to approach him.

With joy beaming in her careworn but still handsome face, (for Kathleen Kennedy was once the beauty of her native village,) her heart

beating rapidly in anticipation of the bounty that God sent her in the hour of distress, and surrounded by her children, each holding a portion of her tattered garments, and gazing anxiously in the face of the stranger, she stood there, gentle reader—the traces of recent tears are visible on her faded cheeks—she stood there, the living epitome of her country before the mercy-seat of England.

Kathleen's eyes were riveted on the parcel. She saw, in an instant, her children clothed with the garments it contained,—their hearts bounded happily as they contemplated their new holiday dresses,—in a new gown and buskins, cheerfully setting out on her long journey to visit poor Ned in Lifford jail. As the colonel slowly unrolled the bundle, there was a pause of painful suspense—pain not arising from doubt, but an absorbing anxiety—and, except the rustle of the paper that wrapped the parcel, no sound was to be heard, not even a breath, from the members of that ragged group.

Reader, the gentleman who occupied the chair had an income of twenty four thousand pounds sterling per annum—the woman before him, one bushel of potatoes for herself and her little ones!

At length the valuable present was drawn forth, and placed in the woman's hand.

"There," said the colonel, looking up compassionately in Kathleen's face; "there—blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Kathleen in an instant recognized the gift, (it was a small duodecimo Bible—Goodsoul had once before presented it to her,) and as she did, the warm blood which the excitement of hope had called up for an instant to her pallid cheeks, rushed back rapidly on her heart, sickening and freezing as it went. It was a moment of bitter anguish. Full of the long-cherished hope that for days and weeks before had enabled her to battle with adversity,—now at last about to reap the reward of her patience and long suffering—now about to witness with her own eyes an immediate alleviation of the corporeal wants of herself and her desolate children, she was prepared to kneel before the instrument of Divine mercy, and shed tears of gratitude at his feet. But it was not to be. No. It was the price of the soul that should clothe the body.

Kathleen returned the book, but made no reply in the words "it was the heart that spoke." She turned up her eyes in a mute appeal to the burning bosom of her Redeemer, from the cold charity of man.

The children still holding on by her dress, and perceiving her endeavours to repress her rising emotion, as she rushed to accept the present, burst out into tears, and strove to drag her away from the stranger.

"This, my poor woman, is the Holy Bible," resumed the colonel. "It is sent you by the Almighty—refuse it not, for it is the bearer of glad tidings. It will cheer you in your solitude, and comfort you in your afflictions."

"It's at no use to me, yer honor—not the taste," she replied, whilst the words seemed half-choked in the utterance. "Whisht! asthorc, don't cry—dear."

"No use—the Bible no use!" "Shure, seen a word myself can read, yer honor."

"What, refuse the bread of life!—the—"

"Am not refusin' it, yer honor, I know it's good: but I thought yer honor had somethin' to give me for the childher—if it was only a rag to cover their naked bodies, I'd be thankful. I was thinkin' yer honor might give myself the price av' pair o' shoes to carry me to Lifford to see Ned afore he dies. Ochone, ochone, sir, I thought when I'd once see yer honor, I'd be soon on my journey to the father i' my helpless childher; but it seems it wasn't afore me. An' there's five spengle i, yar! I was keepin' to buy somethin' to nourish him when I'd go there, if I had only a decent rag to carry me to the strange place—"

"But listen to me."

"An't the good, kindly neighbors—may the Almighty in heaven reward them for it!—was to keep the childher for me till I'd come back again. An' shure I was dhramin' last night at afeel, that I was sittin' aside Ned where he was makin' stones in the jail, an' him askin' me about the creathurs at home, an' me tellin' him all."

"Woman," exclaimed the colonel, "will you permit me to speak?"

"I bog yer honor's pardon."

"Well, listen to me attentively."

"I will, yer honor."

To be continued.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

DIED.

At Carleton, Chaleur Bay, on Thursday morning, the 23rd inst., of Typhus Fever, contracted in attendance on the sick, after 14 days' extreme suffering, which he bore with most christian fortitude, the Rev. FRANCOIS FELIX DESRUSSAUX, Priest and Missionary of Carleton, aged about 30 years.

During the four Apostolic years of Rev. Mr. Desruisseaux, at Carleton, twice he was sent to preach the Gospel to the unenlightened natives of the Labrador coast—the dangers and fatigue of which he underwent with truly christian zeal—and for his indefatigable exertions on his missions, he was highly complimented by His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec.

Carleton loses by the death of the Rev. Mr. Desruisseaux, a sincere friend, and religion, one of its brightest ornaments. His funeral took place at the Parish Church at Carleton, on Saturday the 25th inst., accompanied by a great concourse of his parishioners, as well as by crowds from the neighboring parishes, who came in a body, to demonstrate their respect for the deceased. His remains were deposited under the Altar of the Church in a Vault prepared by the order of the Rev. J. B. N. Olsamps, Priest of Restigouche, under the direction of the intimate friends of the deceased.

The loss of a minister endowed with such great and good virtues will be long felt by the inhabitants of this and the adjoining parishes—Carleton, 28th, Nov., 1848.—COMMUNICATED.

CONFIRMATION.

Twenty seven persons were confirmed in the Church of the Assumption, at Pleasant Mills, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, on Sunday last. The Church, which is a frame building, was erected about eighteen years ago through the exertions of the Rev. Edward Mayne, who died some years afterwards of consumption at Saint Augustine, in Florida. The congregation consists of some farmers living at a considerable distance from the Church, and of laborers in the Glass Works. Some came about twenty miles on this occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. About twenty received communion, among whom were an aged couple, the man nearly eighty years of age, who came fourteen miles fasting. The Rev. E. Q. S. Waldron visits the congregation on the third Sunday of each month. At his request one of the Father Redemptorists will visit it on the next stated day (17th December) for the benefit of the Germans, who are numerous.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

SUPERSTITION.

A remarkable instance of the folly and pernicious consequences of consulting fortune-tellers, has just occurred in the neighborhood of P—. A man, having three hundred dollars in his possession, returned late at night to his boarding house in a state of intoxication. The next morning, not finding his money, he suspected that the landlady had stolen it, and as she denied all knowledge of it, he resolved to consult an astrologer in the neighborhood. Being assured that his suspicions were founded in fact, he communicated them to his fellow-boarders, all of whom forsook the house. To make assurance doubly sure, he consulted one of the same class of diviners in this city, where, to our shame, they abound, and pursue a most lucrative practice. Here again he was confirmed in the same judgment. Afterwards, the whole money was found where he had dropped it, and all grounds for suspicion were completely removed; but, in the meantime, the character of an upright woman had suffered, to the prejudice even of her interest. Our age glories in not believing in witchcraft;—but the prevalence of the superstitions and impostures of astrology is manifest from the advertisements which crowd the columns of the newspapers. This surely is disgraceful to the age of light. It is said that fashionable ladies go to consult these lying oracles, and gentlemen fools are not wanting.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOLS.—The Catholics have free schools of their own in the city of Cincinnati, which are attended by 3000 children. The schools are not entirely free, as each pupil pays 25 cents per month. This is thought by those who have observed its operation, to have a good effect on the school.

LONDON.

The Catholic Telegraph copies from the London Post, the following particulars connected with the late installation of the Bishop of London.

"The Papal rescript was not read. We were however, informed that it is the same as has been hitherto issued on similar occasions. It does not give the title of Bishop to Dr. Walshe, although, of course, he is such *de facto*, but simply that of Vicar Apostolic. There is more than a nominal difference between the two positions, for whereas the Pope cannot, except for a proven canonical fault, (and then only, we believe, in conclave,) remove a Bishop, a Vicar Apostolic is removable by his Holiness at pleasure.

A slight sketch of the life of Dr. Walshe may not be altogether uninteresting. He is an Englishman, and was a Protestant. He was educated at St. Albans. Soon after he embraced the Roman Catholic faith and went to St. Omer's College. He was in France during the Reign of Terror, and was, at the instance of Robespierre, thrown into prison, where he remained for eighteen months. He then came over to this country, and was for many years chaplain to the famous Dr. Milner, author of the "End of Controversy." After some years he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, where he has since remained. He is now in his 72nd year. He is of short stature and seems extremely worn and emaciated, but his eye is quick and intelligent, and the expression of his countenance meek and benevolent.

His coadjutor is the Right Rev. Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, one of the greatest living scholars the Roman Catholic Church can boast of. It is reported that along with the profound knowledge of the dead languages, he is one of the ablest of oriental linguists. Dr. Gillis, of Edinburgh, said of him that he brought into the church the learning of an Esdeas. His exterior is the very reverse of the Bishop's. He is of lofty stature and powerful frame, possessing a dignified and commanding look. His manners are courteous and it is said his views are tolerant and capacious, without any of that narrow prejudice and bigotry which is frequently to be met with in churchmen. He is fixed upon for the successor of Dr. Walshe.

The Cathedral is advancing slowly towards completion. The Rev. Dr. Doyle, the London-road Chapel, the founder of it, states that there is £11,000 due upon it, and that £8,000 more will be necessary to complete it. The tower is in a very backward state. It will be, when finished, 180 feet high, and the spire 110 feet, making a total of 290 feet. The walls of the tower are eight feet in thickness. How such an edifice was raised in so poor a mission seems surprising. A collection was made during the ceremony in aid of the building fund.

A New Sect.—"There is a religious society in Chicago," says the Spirit of the Times, "who have no Priest nor Deacon. Every one speaks that pleases, and utters such doctrines as come uppermost."

What else can be expected from the Protestant rule of faith, but the endless formation of new sects, the last always exceeding the others in absurdity and folly? That a sect like this, in which there is no recognized regular ministry, in which any one preaches and exercises the functions of a minister that pleases, and utters such doctrines as come uppermost, that such a sect should, as no doubt it does, claim to be true "church of God," is indeed laughable and foolish. Yet it has as much right to do so as the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Baptist sect, and all the other Protestant sects; because it is based on the same fundamental principle—"private judgment" and "free interpretation of the Bible." And neither the Lutherans nor the Presbyterians or Calvinists, nor the Methodists, nor the Baptists, &c., nor all together can prove that this new sect is wrong as long as they argue from their principle of private judgment, as the sole rule of faith. And thus is the Protestant rule of faith sound, and productive of unity.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Since 1799 all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius V.; the Directory was overturned under Pius VI.; Napoleon fell under Pius VII.; Charles X. under Pius VIII.; and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The military chiefs of Vienna are carrying out their triumph in a spirit of the most complete self-confidence and determination. Two distinguished revolutionary leaders have been summarily tried by court-martial and shot; one of them, Robert Blum, although certainly a dangerous and seditious person, yet had come from Frankfurt to Vienna in a quasi-diplomatic capacity. We hardly think this slaughter will much assist the Imperial interest. Mere force cannot be kept up, at this time of day, for any great length of time; it spends itself, whilst moral power is daily augmenting. Revenge also propagates hatred. If a Constitutional Government is to be restored eventually, such wrongs done and suffered make all cordiality, all gradual policy a thing hopeless of realization. However, certain it is, that these inexorable Austrian Generals have shown high qualities, and that the murderers of Latour, Lichnowsky, Auerswald, and Brea, have no right to howl at their retaliation, ill-judged and revengeful though it may be.

Encouraged by this reactionary success, the King of Prussia has actually occupied Berlin with 15,000 men, and ordered the Diet to Brandenburg. General Wrangel, an unscrupulous soldier, executed his task with a dryness which was almost amusing. It may, however, well be doubted if Frederick-William will prove himself capable of carrying out the bold line he has taken. What is he to do next? A step like this destroys all the sense of liberty in an Assembly; it may be necessary, it is true, but then it indicates a state of society that can neither bear its vices nor their remedies. It implies a despotism which Frederick-William has not force of character enough to wield.

In France the week, eventful as usual, has beheld another great historical event—the solemn promulgation of the Constitution. The whole affair appears to have been heavy; the starving atmosphere without fully accompanying the coldness, indifference, and absence of conviction evinced by almost all present. There is a certain tameness, too, in the preamble containing the spirit of the new Constitution, which on the one hand exhibits no very deep faith in its authors, and on the other bears the marks of the long battle it has fought with the enemies of social order. Still, it is something to hear a nation proclaiming that it will never war for the sake of conquest, and something, too, in the midst of such an ocean of religious and political infidelity, to hear it declare, in the presence of God, that there are rights and duties anterior and superior to all positive laws, and that for its basis it acknowledges the family, labour, property, and public order. We must also give a certain insight to the fact that the nation has brought its Constitution to receive the benediction of the Church.—Whatever the follies and selfishness of its leaders, this at least, as well, and, one would hope, cannot but end well.

General Cavaignac's moderate circular has come out, and appears, though somewhat late, to turn the scale rather in his favour. Ledru-Rollin's is curt and savage in its tone, copying the revolutionary traditions. The division in the camp of the ultras between him and Raspail destroys the chance of either.

No change of moment is reported in the wretched affairs of Switzerland. Mgr. Marillet remains a close prisoner in the castle of Chillon, no Catholics, lay or ecclesiastical, being allowed to visit him. At Friburg the Grand Council have quartered troops in the houses of all "suspected" Catholics; committed many to prison, and are pursuing that too generally successful system of persecution, which consists in worrying, vexatious impositions, fines, and disabilities. In the Valais, the spoliation of the Convent of Mont St. Bernard has been completed. The Procurator of the Monastery, a virtuous and talented religious, was arrested, and is now in the prison of Sion.—*Tablet.*

CONVERSION.—A Lutheran Clergyman, John Engelbert Snyder, a native of Coblenz, in Germany, and for some years a resident of the United States, first at New Orleans, and afterwards at Columbus, Ohio, made the profession of faith and was received into the Catholic church at St. Louis, on the 16th July of this year.

ANOTHER.—One of our contemporaries announces the conversion of Mr. R. A. Bakewell, late a student of the "General Theological Seminary" of the Episcopalians and son of a clergyman of that denomination.

From the U. S. Catholic Magazine.
MISSION OF RED RIVER.

Letter of the Rev. Mr. Bellecourt to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Loras, Bishop of Dubuque.

PEMBINA, June 16, 1848.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Since my departure from Du-
buque, I have had no opportunity of writing to
you, except from St. Paul's, where I was very
much pressed for time. I left this place, on my
way to Red river, with a Canadian journeyer; but
after one day's travel one of our horses was so
seriously injured by a blow from another horse,
that I was obliged to send back the Canadian and
his family to St. Paul's. The loss of their com-
pany, however, was compensated by that of two
half breeds, who had just arrived from Red river,
and were to return without delay. We proceed-
ed happily on our journey as far as the crossing
of the river of Red Lake; but, finding that the
stream had over-run its banks in consequence of
the heavy rains, we were compelled to construct
canoes of tarpawing for the transportation of
our baggage, and to make a raft for the convey-
ance of the waggons, harness, and other effects.
But such was the rapidity of the current, that
the men who had charge of the raft, perceiving
that they could not conduct it safely to the shore,
abandoned the whole concern, and reached the
opposite bank by swimming. On this occasion I
lost upwards of fifty dollars, besides the expense
incurred by sending for the effects which had
been saved, and which the loss of our vehicles
had prevented us from bringing with us. For-
tunately, we experienced no other disaster, al-
though the crossings, at all the other rivers, as
far as Pembina, were as difficult as that to which
I have just alluded.

The news of my design to establish a mission
in this place having preceded me, a large num-
ber of men or half breeds had collected to-
gether, and on my arrival received me with an
indescribable joy. Having left behind me at the
river of the Red Lake, as already stated, the
requisites for celebrating mass, I immediately
set out for the mission of St. Paul, on the As-
saboine river, to get the articles which I left
there last autumn. On the 6th of June, the
feast day of the bishop of Joliotopolis, I happened
to be at his residence, and I stated to him that
Pembina was likely to become an important post
for the interests of religion; that it would be
easy from this point to evangelize the surround-
ing nations, and that a number of missionaries
might find here a wide field for the exercise of
their zeal. He seems to be much pleased with
the idea of this missionary station. A numerous
band of Santeux were now waiting for me, and
you would have supposed, from the reception
they gave me, that they were Christians; but
they are all infidels, and emigrants from the Red
Lake. I was acquainted with them, and they
were much attached to me; but, having no juris-
diction within the limits of the United States, I
have never undertaken to instruct them on reli-
gious matters.

There is at this place a population of nearly
five hundred souls, and before next autumn it
will be upwards of one thousand. I rejoice in
being located here, for I have every reason to
believe that God will deign to make use even of
so feeble an instrument as myself for the glory
of his name. The language spoken here is the
Santeux. Some indeed understand French, but
the Santeux is universally used. I intend to
establish a school, in which both languages will
be taught, together with the catechism. Mea-
sures will be taken also for the erection of a
chapel. As a temporary affair, we are about
putting up a shed, made of the bark of trees.

Oh! how I wish that those good people of
Paris and Lyons, who so often and so generously
devote their means to the propagation of the
faith, could witness the happiness which these
poor creatures around me experience in having a
priest residing among them! How rejoiced
would they be at the prospect of the good which
their charities might accomplish, if they would
only appropriate a small portion of them to this
distant mission! The rule which I can com-
mand for this important object, was contributed
by some generous-hearted Canadians. Our
expenses are enormous, besides the necessity of
transporting everything in carts, for a distance
of six hundred miles, and over a desert which it
is very difficult to traverse. Have the goodness,
Monseigneur, to use your influence with the So-
ciety for the propagation of the faith, that they
may turn their attention to this portion of your
work. Next year I shall have the assistance of
two priests, whom I selected among the clergy
of Montreal, and I flatter myself that your diocese

will possess in them two generous apostles. I
shall probably locate them among the Mandans,
to whom I intend to write by an early opportu-
nity. I have already notified these Indians, that
the period of their happiness was drawing near.
It afforded me great pleasure to learn that they
had concluded a peace with the neighbouring
nations. The way seems to be opening for the
instruction of this people. Eternal thanks to
the supreme Shepherd, who thus designs to
bring all these tribes into his fold! I will report
to you whatever success may attend my efforts
in this new field of labor. Your solicitude for
the salvation of these Indian nations makes it
unnecessary for me to commend to your kind at-
tention either them or their poor missionary,
Your devoted priest,
G. S. BELLECOURT.

P. S. Have the goodness, Monseigneur, to
furnish me, as soon as possible, with the most
ample facilities. It would be well also to obtain
for me powers from the bishop of Milwaukee, in
case I should need them. These facilities, with
such as I have received from the bishop of Ju-
liopolis, would enable me to exert, without any
restriction, my feeble capabilities.

BELGIUM.

We find in the London Daily News of Oct.
20, the following remarks on Belgium. It is un-
necessary to remark that what the writer attri-
butes to King Leopold is in fact due to the sober
and intelligent principle of the great body of the
people, and this principle they have learned from
the Catholic Church, to which the great majority
of the people are so profoundly attached:

"Amidst the political convulsions of the con-
tinent there is much to be shocked at and to
shun, but little to envy or imitate. In the latter
rare distinction one country stands pre-eminent.
That one is Belgium; and we should gladly see
the attention of all Europe, even for a short time,
centered on that point. The eyes of the world,
like those of individuals, are too often turned to-
wards objects of meretricious interest. The
startling and strange are far more attractive than
the calm and wise. And, putting this morbid
longing for excitement in its very best aspect,
men are more prone to gaze on the dangers they
should avoid than the examples they should fol-
low. It is thus that the conflicts in Paris, Nap-
les, or Frankfort, have greater fascination than
the *faits* of Brussels. But the latter, after fur-
nishing four days of pleasure to large multitudes,
carrying their enthusiasm to the utmost verge of
sane enjoyment, speak a loud and deep lesson to
countries of more general importance, but, in the
present state of things, of far less consequence.

"We will not stop to combat the too common
notion that the influence of nations must be pro-
portioned to their geographical extent. We
need not dive into historical research for proofs
to refute that delusion. The Holland of two cen-
turies back and England at this day are speci-
mens enough of the narrow limits which suffice
for a nation's power when the principle of union
prevails. And even while we write, Belgium,
under theegis of that principle, shows a front
of constitutional force which frowns to shame the
feebleness of population seven or eight times
greater than hers. While France and Germany
seem breaking up into the primitive chaos of so-
cial existence, Belgium, small, compact, and
firm, shows a solid mass of patriotism, ready to
meet, and certain to repel, the rush of hostile in-
fluences, come they from within or from without.
When the revolution of February threatened to
run not over Europe, Belgium was the first and
nearest country reckoned on for sympathy, if not
for conquest. The world, ignorant of the old
traditional antipathy of the Belgian people
against France, looked with certainty to their
adoption of the institutions so hurriedly and loosely
raised on the broken throne of Louis Philippe.
And it is a most important fact that the dis-
couragement given by the Belgians to the emis-
saries of the Provisional Government of Paris,
and the prompt defeat of the band of ruffians on
the outskirts of the Belgian soil, gave a decisive
check to the efforts of that party which still fills
the rest of Europe with horror and affliction.

"From the day that saw that furling hope of
humanity's refuse dispersed at the village, bear-
ing the bizarre but appropriate name of *Risquons
Tout*, the Belgian people, rousing as from a le-
thargy of prosperous inaction, started into new
life, and commenced in real earnest the work of
national consolidation, and this not merely by the
assembling of a numerous military force, by the
arming of their fortresses, or the enrolment of

their civic soldiery. A bold irruption by a hos-
tile army might have overwhelmed those insuf-
ficient defences. But the Belgians did far better
than all this. They upheld their crippled finan-
ces by the prompt payment of a large forced
loan, they roused the national mind, smothered
provincial rivalries, and instinctively adopting
the most obvious measure of safety, they unani-
mously rallied round the King, their true and
never failing tower of strength. Much as the
despots of Europe owed to Leopold for his ac-
ceptance of the throne, which, in 1831, saved the
continent from a bloody struggle and a doubtful
fate, more is assuredly now due to him by the
constitutional monarchies, whose best chance ex-
ists in following the example which he and his
subjects are shown forth. Had the marauders
of *Risquons Tout* succeeded, in March last, to
force the Juices of Belgian neutrality, where
would the sea of red republicanism have found
limits for its ensanguined waves?—Would not
Holland be now submerged in a flood more dis-
astrous than if the living waters had borne
down her dykes and swept across her surface?
Would not Prussia and the lesser German states
have seen the Rhine outswollen by the fierce
tide of anarchy and blood that would have
swamped them all? And what would now be
the actual situation of England herself, were the
unchecked hordes of France marshalled in
threatening attitude or even in dubious amity
on the banks and at the mouth of the Scheldt?
Belgium, we do not hesitate to say, is at this
moment, next to England, the surest bulwark of
constitutional liberty. A good position. And
while she may safely look to seek the unquiet
mind of France turning its views towards the
mountains of the south, less difficult to pass, or
mayhap to appropriate than the plains of Fran-
ders and Brahan, we on our part, should give
no niggard heed of applause to the new formed
barrier of European well being."

EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

In some of our last numbers, we have noticed,
as occasion has been presented to us, the flour-
ishing condition and the encouraging prospects
of several of the educational institutions which
this diocese possesses. Thanks be to Divine
Providence, to the zeal and exertions of the Bish-
ops and of the Clergy of Kentucky, this diocese
is now rich in institutions of this kind; and
parents of every class and rank have thus an
ample and fine opportunity of procuring to their
children a proper education. It is for them to
appreciate its duty, to avail themselves of it, and
to discharge conscientiously the momentous ob-
ligation which they have contracted. Their
children are next to themselves, they are in the
sight of God responsible for them, and they will
be asked a severe account of what they have
done or omitted doing for the eternal welfare of
their children, as well as for their own. They
must therefore take a proper care of them—
They owe it to God, they owe it to society,
they owe it to themselves, and the consolations
which they fondly anticipate will be in propor-
tion to the cares bestowed upon their offspring,
whilst they are young, and to the sacrifices they
make for them. But it is evident that the obli-
gation on the part of parents to take a proper care
of their children, implies that of procuring them
an education suited to their condition, and above
all a Christian education.

It is particularly on this state that the future
destinies of the child depend. Generally speak-
ing, he will be in his manhood, and in his old
age, what the education of his youth has made
him—virtuous or vicious, according as he has
received a good or a bad education.

To procure to children a good, a Christian
education, it is necessary to place them in insti-
tutions, and to send them to schools in which this
education is given, and let them enjoy that pre-
cious advantage during a proper length of time.
We may say as a general thing, that the teach-
ings received at home from parents, are not suffi-
cient, and that it is not enough to send the chil-
dren to school only until they know how to read,
and to write, on the ground that they can after-
wards receive sufficient religious instructions at
home. Some parents, particularly in this coun-
try, where there is no school at hand, find it ex-
pensive to send their children to distant boarding
institutions; and the poor may find it hard to
be deprived for three or four years of the weekly
earnings of their children even when they can
send them to gratuitous schools.
This, however, should in no way deter them,
and they should look to the result, to the

happiness of their children, to the great advanta-
ges that will accrue to their souls, to their daugh-
ters, and to themselves, from the sacrifices they
make, to the merit they have in the sight of Al-
mighty God and before society, by their zeal and
their exertions; and to the sorrow and bitter-
ness they would prepare to themselves by their
negligence and their wrong spirit of economy—
Parents, at their death, can leave to their chil-
dren nothing so precious as a truly Christian
education; and far better would it be for these
to be poor with a religious education, than to be
rich without it.

For us, Catholics, which are the institutions
and the schools in which our children can re-
ceive an education truly worthy of them—a re-
ligious education! Catholic schools, Catholic
colleges, and Catholic academies alone.—Be-
cause in these alone they can imbibe the princi-
ples and maxims; in these alone they can ac-
quire a knowledge of the sublime dogmas; in
these alone they can be trained to the practice of
the precepts—our holy religion. In scarcely
any others would they receive even moral in-
structions, and in some their morals would be in
danger. Catholic parents, we entreat you to
remember this. Hence would it be most desira-
ble that there should be in every congregation
in the diocese, if possible, a Catholic school to
which the poor as well as the rich could send
their children; and indeed this should be sought
even at great sacrifices on the part of the Catho-
lic population. All Catholic parents, therefore,
should send their children to Catholic schools, if
it be in their power; and if they neglect doing
it, they do not discharge as they ought to do, the
important obligation of taking a proper care of
their children, because they do not give them a
proper opportunity of receiving the education
which becomes them. Some unreflecting parents
do not, perhaps, see any important difference in
the result, whether their children frequent the
city day schools or Catholic day schools, so long
as they have them under their own care; but we
know it to be great. We know it is so even in
places where they can attend divine service
every Sunday and festival day, and receive once
a week catechetical instructions; and we know
it to be deplorably so in country places which
are visited but once or twice a month by the cle-
rgymen. The few children (and we rejoice to
say they are very few) who do not frequent our
Catholic schools are found at the ages of twelve,
fifteen, and sixteen, totally unprepared for their
first communion. They know not their cate-
chism, they know not their prayers, which others
know at the age of eight or ten. There is no
piety in them, no spirit of religion; and you
begin to perceive in them something worldly,
a pride, an indifference towards the Church, a
spirit of insubordination, a love for amusements,
which are not found in those who are educated
by Catholic teachers, and which seems to fore-
tell what but too often happens—their falling off
from their religion.—*Louisville Catholic Advocate.*

"It is characteristic of heretics not to confine
themselves long to the errors which caused their
departure from the Church, but daily to grow
worse, and by adopting worse errors to split into
many sects, so as by contention and confusion
to be subdivided among themselves."—*St. Gre-
gory.*

CONFIRMATION.—On last Sunday morning at
8 o'clock, the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, ad-
ministered the Sacrament of Confirmation, in St.
Mary's Church, to upwards of two hundred per-
sons, of whom twelve were converts to our holy
faith. The Bishop also preached at half-past
10 o'clock, to a large audience, in his usual im-
pressive and happy style.—*Truth Teller.*

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—HOSPITALS.—We find
in a French paper, a statement which shows the
great advantage of entrusting hospitals and all
institutions of the same kind to the care of the
Sisters of Charity.

The National Establishment for the insane, at
Charenton, near Paris, had been conducted by
persons hired, until about two years ago, when
the Government placed it under the management
of the Sisters of Charity. From the annual re-
port of the state of the house, it is seen that,
since the Sisters have the care of it, the expenses
are every year about 30,000 francs less than
before, although the number of patients is
greater. And yet the establishment is found
far better kept, and its inmates are far better
attended. What large sums of public money
would be saved in this country, by placing our
hospitals and our asylums in the hands of the
Sisters of Charity.—*Catholic Advocate.*

ST. EDMUND'S POINT.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

The fleeting steps of far fled times have pressed
Three with the softness of their starlight tread,
As on they flew to their eternal fair,
Leaving the dusky sign imperishably there.

The Catholic, wherever he may be located, or
whenever he may chance to wander in this
beautiful island, never fails to meet with objects
of deepest interest, upon which he gazes with
saddened delight; the shattered arches of a
once mitred abbey, the gray old parish church,
the way-side chapel, the broken cross, meet the
view in every direction, and add the greatest
charm to English scenery. We often find the
remains of ruined sanctuaries, in the most lovely
situations, by the side of pleasant streams, in
verdant valleys, and sylvan shades; but this
does not indicate, as some would have us believe,
that our ancestors had temporal enjoyment in
view, in selecting such delightful situations as
sites for their religious establishments: the beauty
of these localities was greatly enhanced by the
tastes and industry of those who dwell in their
shades. We more frequently find the remains
of these holy retreats in situations which forbid
the idea of all worldly enjoyment, on the exposed
promontory washed by the stormy sea, on the
summit of rugged mountains, in the midst of
black and inhospitable fens (as Croyland,) and
in the forest depths.

The storms of nature, and the ruder storms of
man's unholy feeling, have spent their utmost
force upon the magnificent remains of Catholic
art with which this country abounds; but they
are beautiful still, and whilst a stone remains, or
the dark grass shadows forth their foundations,
they will be visited, and venerated by those who
have remained steadfast in the faith; they will
call forth those sweet recollections, which none
but those Catholic feelings can enjoy, whilst
faithful records of those who have sanctified these
spots, are preserved in our libraries, and will
afford lessons of greatness, of goodness and
piety, for all future time.

The Norfolk coast is remarkable for its wild
romantic scenery; the sea side towns and villages
are but little known to the fashionable world, if
indeed we except Farnmouth and Cromer; but
they are more charming to many on this account,
for their quietness and seclusion; the town-worn
merchant, or the invalid, wants not the rattling
coach, the news-room, and the incessant hum of
men, to recruit his exhausted strength, but some
retired spot, where the change of scene and
manners is complete, the only noise the everlast-
ing sound of the great waters, the only sight the
glorious sea, and the healthful occupation of
rural life.

The very small village of Hunstanton in Nor-
folk, is situated on a promontory and nearly sur-
rounded by the sea, the oak trees near the coast
are cowed and stripped of their branches—were
stunted dwarfs, giving evidence of the very ex-
posed situation. Here is a magnificent cliff, about
a mile in length and seventy feet in height, it
rises perpendicularly from the sea; the huge
blocks of stone, piled in the most picturesque
manner on the beach below, a few health seeking
visitors, the waves which gently wash the foot of
the cliff the coast-guard in their uniform, the
fisherman and their huts, the handsome light-
house, and though last not least, the ruins of
SAINT EDMUND'S CHAPEL, or TOWER, form some
charming scenes.

Saint Edmund's chapel is on a summit of the
cliff, and now a shapeless ruin, the side walls re-
main, and the apertures once filled with the
 tracery and stained glass of the windows. It
appears to have been built of the undressed stone
of which the cliff is formed, but though a thou-
sand years have passed over it, its walls still
remain; and if not interfered with by man, they
will probably remain another thousand years,
though still gradually going to decay, whilst the
sea, the everlasting sea, will bear no trace of
man's ravages;—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation dawn beheld, thou rollest now"

SAINT EDMUND, king and martyr, about the
year A. D. 856, built this royal tower, as a country
solitude, and here he secluded himself a whole
year, to get by heart the Psalms; many devout
persons at that time used to know the Psalter
without the book, and repeat it at their work or
on their travels. We find in Balzer's Lives of
the Saints, that St. Edmund, "though very
young, was by his piety, goodness, humility, and
all other virtues, the model of good princes; he
was a declared enemy of flatterers and informers,
and would see with his own eyes, and hear with

his own ears, to avoid being surprised into a
wrong judgment or imposed upon by the passions
or ill designs of others. The peace and happi-
ness of his people were his whole concern, which
he endeavoured to establish by an impartial ad-
ministration of justice and religious regulations
in his dominions.

The light house is a handsome building, wor-
thy of this great maritime country and the object
for which it is designed—the saving of human
life. The old man may be observed, in the dark
nights, trimming his lamp; there comes nothing
to alarm him at this dizzy height the only distur-
bers (his lonely vigils are the sea fowl), which
fly bewildered at his light, and are easily taken
in great quantities; the lamp is upon the most
scientific principles, and the reflection may be
observed more than forty miles.

The beacon light dances over the ruin, invi-
ting our attention as it were, and calling to our
memory the great saint, whose prayers have
been so frequently echoed by the mouldering
walls.

Years hence and perhaps Hunstanton may be-
come a populous town, and another Saint Ed-
mund's chapel may rise from the cliff.—*Dolton's*
Magazine.

From the Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine.
COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1848.

MR. EDITOR:—As the object of your paper,
is the religious and intellectual improvement of
youth, a few words regarding an institution, of
which the object eminently is to promote that
end, will not be out of place in your columns;
and will not I trust, be unwelcome to your read-
ers. The College of the Holy Cross, Worcester,
Mass., is the institution to which I allude.

When six years ago, the lamented, and I
hope, now Sainted Bishop Fenwick, determined,
with his limited means, to raise an exclusively
Catholic College, and to place it in the very
centre of Protestantism, few dared to predict
success for the undertaking. Some pointing to
the blackened walls of Mount Benedict, said it
were vain to erect another institution for educa-
tional purposes, in a land where the torch of the
incendiary, with the knowledge of the municip-
al authorities, fired the peaceful home of inno-
cent children and defenceless women, that soon
another evidence of the boasted religious freedom
of New England, would be given in the smoul-
dering ruins of the Holy Cross—others insisted
that Catholics would never alone support such
an institution; while those who considered the
design practicable, limited the students to a very
small number. Notwithstanding this general
diffidence, the Bishop persevered in his determi-
nation—he built the College, and placed it under
the care of the pious and learned members of
the Society of Jesus. Now that his experiment
has stood the test of trial, we find the College
with more than double the number of students
hoped for by the most sanguine—possessing an
extensive and valuable library, say 10,000 vol-
umes—free from embarrassment, and holding a
high rank among the Colleges of the country,
while prejudice has been subdued into silence, if
not softened into respect. All this has been ac-
complished by the untiring exertions of Rev. Fa-
thers Mully and Ryder, both of whom, by
their suavity of manner, their erudition and
piety, have won for themselves the admiration
and respect of all who had the good fortune, to
make their acquaintance, and gained for the Col-
lege many warm and devoted friends.

This year the students of the first class are
terminating their course by the study of Moral
and Natural Philosophy. The apparatus for the
latter study has been procured this year at a
very considerable expense. Every Catholic
must feel interested in the career of the young
man, who will be the first graduates of this Col-
lege, who have had the benefits of an entirely
Catholic education in our own country. May
they do honor to their Alma Mater, and their
holy religion.

The situation of the College is in the highest
degree favorable. Attached to it, is a well tilled
and productive farm abounding in good water;
from this latter advantage, Father Ryder, has
taken care to derive great benefit in supplying
the bath and wash rooms—these, in their ar-
rangements, are superior to anything of the kind
that I have seen in any similar institution. The
practice of bathing is of obligation for the stu-
dents through the year. This practice promotes
very much the health and personal comfort of the
students. But more than any thing, the good

spirit visible among the youth of Holy Cross, is
deserving of admiration. No where could there
be found more of that filial confidence in their
teachers and superiors, so pleasing in youth, and
apparently so little compatible with the American
character. This is no doubt to be ascribed to
the wise regulation of the revered Founder. The
principle of exclusive Catholicity is the glory of
the College of Holy Cross. In it the parent finds
security, for it ensures purity of morals and firm-
ness of faith,—the instructor finds facility, and
joy in the discharge of his duties, for it promises
him docility, and furnishes him with powerful
motives, by which to lead those under his
charge;—and the student, himself, finds, besides
the solid advantages of a truly religious educa-
tion, the sweets of cheerfulness, of mutual confi-
dence and love. May we not believe, that this
same genuine Catholicity that has hitherto
drawn down upon it the blessing of God, which
has been visible in it since its commencement.

The College, at present, is under the direction
of Rev. Father Early, so favorably known in
Philadelphia. To Philadelphians I need not
say that the College, in such hands, is sure to
increase in usefulness, and advance the cause of
our holy religion, in the training up of youths,
who will hereafter become the pride of society,
and the glory of religion.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Much has been said and much has been writ-
ten of late upon the subject of education. And
indeed, it is a subject in regard to which it is
much easier to say than to do—much easier to
preach than to practice. Education, even in its
narrow and restricted sense, as pertaining mere-
ly to the mind, is a task of no ordinary charac-
ter and of no little difficulty. What then may
not be said of Education in its enlarged and com-
prehensive sense, the education, not of the intel-
lect only, but also of the heart, manners and
morals. Ah, it is a work which requires all the
wisdom, skill, and tact of a man, and, indeed,
much more—it requires assistance from above.—
But however difficult, it is one of Supreme im-
portance. It is one, we fear whose importance
is far from being duly estimated by those whom
it chiefly concerns. The carelessness of parents
generally, in regard to this matter, is evinced in
so many ways, and proved by so many painfully
obvious facts, that it would be vain to deny it.—
Let us look around us. Do we not see parents
intrusting the education of their children to men
who are strangers to Christian principles? Do
we not see parents placing their children as ap-
prentices to masters who know nothing of the
fear of God? Why is this? It is not because
parents are indifferent to the welfare of their
children. On the contrary, it is that that they
seek, and for it they are often ready to make any
sacrifice in their power. But alas, they do not
realize the fact that the knowledge and practice
of religion are infinitely more important than all
other attainments. They seek the good of their
children, but it is the good of their children in
this world only. They lose sight of the world
beyond. They do not consider that their chil-
dren have immortal souls, and that these souls
must be trained for God and for eternity. They
look only at the temporal; the eternal is for-
gotten. They wish to see their children rich,
or learned, or renowned among men. These
are the ends which they propose to themselves
in the management of their children, and the
means which they employ are, of course, of a
corresponding character. The teacher is se-
lected who is most celebrated for his learning, no
matter whether he be a Christian or an infidel.
The master is chosen who is best skilled in his
trade, no matter what may be his moral princi-
ples, or whether he has any at all. The profes-
sion or position in life is fixed upon, which holds
out the greatest prospect of wealth or worldly
honor, no matter how perilous it may be to the
soul. Alliances are desired and sought which
will promote their temporal interests, no matter
how unsuitable upon religious and other grounds.
Parents who thus act incur an awful responsi-
bility, or rather an infinite amount of guilt. Should
their children be lost hereafter, will not their
blood be required at their hands by Almighty
God? This is a subject upon which parents
cannot bestow too much consideration nor too
much solicitude. And if by these few remarks
we shall succeed in awakening their attention to
its importance, our labor will not be in vain.—
Cath. Herald.

GEMS FROM THE "HUE AND CRY"

The following "gems" appears in the last
two numbers of the *Hue and Cry*—

Under the head of "English Police" we have
the following:—"Stolen from a house in Liver-
pool, a lady's plain gold ring, set with one (only)
large rose diamond, surrounded with eight lesser
diamonds, all in silver—not transparent"

James Wilkins, who lodged in Marlborough
street, is described as having stolen £24 10s and
other articles of wearing apparel!"

A servant named Jane Allen stole £10 from
her master at Kingstown, it is alleged;
means "a small key" 35 years of age, of
size, and black hair!"

There was a cow stolen from Mr Cour, of
Lislea, Armagh, the colour of which is set down
"as rising six years old!"

A cow, stolen from Barren, County Clare, is
described as all white, except some yellow on the
neck, three years old horns value £5!"

KILKENNY.—"Stolen from off the lands of
Jerpoint hill, a three year old heifer with calf at
the top of the tail!"

LIMERICK.—A mare was stolen from Mr James
Power, of Clenquinn, which is set down "as a
smart tidy mare, a short tail, and a saddle mark
near the off forelock!"

MAYO.—Mr Henry Irwin, of the Barony of
Costello, lost a mare, but instead of describing
the animal, Mr Irwin himself is actually describ-
ed as follows:—"Grey colour five years old, 14
hands high, switch tail, and three of her feet
white!"

MONAHAN.—James Goodwin stabbed a man at
Coolaskea with "a knife 17 years of age, 6 feet
3 inches, with fresh complexion, and curled hair"
(rather a formidable and remarkable knife that.)

TIPPERARY.—Two heifers, found at the turn-
pike gate of Tomish Bridge, are described "about
the size of Kerry!"

WATERFORD.—Michael Scanlon stole £15
from Peter Daly, of Cappoquin. He is describ-
ed as having very thin eyes, and "is a weaver by
trade, and a quack doctor!"

WICKLOW.—James Goodman (and Ellen Ka-
vanagh, of Redcross Arklow. Goodman "has no
whiskers on a very red long neck," and "it is
supposed they have gone to Dublin because they
are natives of the county Wicklow!"

Maria Boyle who stole 13s from Louisa Byrnes
of Bride street, is described as wearing a gown
"all blue with a white stripe."

Bessy Brinnan stole a quantity of money and
clothing from the house, 49, Clarendon street;
but instead of her description we have the de-
scription of the house as follows:—"24 years of
age, middle size, red hair, which has the appear-
ance of falling off, brown eyes, pale face, fair
complexion, has a mark on the forehead, and
walks with lameness!" (The above piece of con-
fusion arises—No, we want tell the reason.)

In a description of Antony Lawler (who stands
charged with a merderous assault on James Len-
non, near Rathvilly, county Carlow), we have
his whiskers set down as "small, smart, and of
active appearance!"

Two heifers which were stolen from Catharine
McCarrey, of Starlogford, county Donegal, are
described—"1st, four years old, all black except
some brown on the back; 2nd, all yellow colour
with white on her back!"

Biddy Conroy absconded from her uncle, Thee.
Murphy, Pashacorry, county Galway, taking
£7 with her. The *Hue and Cry* says the dress
of the girl cannot be described as she has three
dresses, "one a blue spotted; one a brown ditto,
and one a brown stuff ditto, and a blue flannel
cloak, and it is supposed she will be dressed in
one of them!"

Births

- December 2—Mrs Klino, of a daughter.
- 8—Mrs Piercey, of a daughter.
- 4—Mrs Dunbanny, of a son.
- 4—Mrs Morrissey, of son.
- 4—Mrs J B Phillips, of a son.
- 7—Mrs Kelly, of a daughter.
- 7—Mrs O'Brion, of a daughter.

Died.

- December 3—Catharine, infant daughter of John
and Mary Walker, aged 8 months,
and 16 days.
- 6—Mr Patrick Donohoe, native of the
County Kildare, Ireland, aged 74
years.
- 6—John Tysman, native of Ireland,
aged 43 years.