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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 6.

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

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 7, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- FEB. 8.—Sunday—Septuagesima.
9.—Monday—St Zosimus, Pope and Confessor.
10.—Tuesday—St Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.
11.—Wednesday—St Antherus, Pope and Martyr.
12.—Thursday—St Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.
13.—Friday—St Gregor, II., Pope and Confessor.
14.—Saturday—St Agatho, Pope and Confessor.

THE "MELANGES RELIGIEUX" OF MONTREAL.

We remember to have seen a statement in the papers some time last year that this useful periodical was about to be suspended. It seemed incomprehensible to us, how the Catholics of Canada could afford to lose the services of so valuable an organ, Judge of our agreeable surprise when we received a few days since a copy of the 'Melanges' of so late a date as the 20th. of January, and when we found in its pages a flattering notice of our own humble labours. We are thankful for the good wishes of the Canadian Editor, and we beg to reciprocate his kind sentiments. We can assure him that the 'Cross' has fully realized the wishes of its founders, that it has been a source of instruction and comfort to many of 'the domestics of faith,' who, in the remote and scattered settlements of this and the neighbouring provinces, are not often blessed with the sight of a priest, or the ministrations of religion. The *Cross* was commenced in March, 1843, in connection with the Halifax Branch of the Glorious Association for the Propagation of the Faith. For a long time past it has been the *only Catholic paper* in Nova Scotia, the *only journal*

which has enjoyed the confidence and support of the Bishop and the Clergy. The *Cross* has confined itself exclusively to religious subjects, avoiding with the utmost care all political topics, whether local or foreign, because that spiritual kingdom which the *Cross* would wish to propagate and extend, is not 'a Kingdom of this world.' There are politicians, and political writers enough, heaven knows, 'to whose wranglings and disputes God has delivered up the world,' according to the expression of the Wiseman. That powerful engine, the press, is indeed set in motion for every transitory object, whilst the *one thing necessary*, the great affair of salvation, is unhappily neglected.

The *Cross* moreover studies to defend its own principles without wounding the feelings of those who are outside the pale of the Catholic Church. Hence, it is read by many who do not belong to our communion, and who would turn with disgust from the violence of polemics. It *has been read* by several who once hated our doctrine, because they knew it not, but who now have learned to love the beauty of truth; because they have become the enlightened children of the True Church. We could wish that there was a publication like the *Cross* in every Diocese of America, and especially in those where there are large numbers of our separated brethren. The Diocese of Halifax in point of Catholic population is perhaps one of the smallest in America, and its resources are limited indeed. Yet be it told to the credit of its faithful people, that

In addition to numerous other works of charity and zeal, it has sustained, for the last three years, the cheapest Catholic periodical in the world.

HERRING COVE AND FERGUSON'S COVE.

A meeting of the Catholics of Herring Cove was held a short time since under the presidency of the Rev Mr Doyle, to consider the state of the Catholic Church in that Settlement. The old Church is not by any means sufficient for the accommodation of the people, and is also in a very tottering condition. It was unanimously resolved that a new Church be speedily erected on a more appropriate site and in a locality where there may be sufficient room for the purposes of a Cemetery. A spirited subscription was immediately set on foot, and the good Catholics of the neighbourhood promised their Pastor that they would lend him their hearty co-operation in the execution of this pious work. The dimensions of the New Church will be 55 by 35, and the Rev Mr Doyle lately contracted in the County of Queens' for the frame of the Building. He secured at the same time a frame for the intended little Church at Ferguson's Cove. We hope that both will be considerably advanced before the close of the next Summer. We will watch their progress with great interest, and will freely give the use of our columns for any thing connected with this blessed undertaking. Ferguson's Cove is one of the most picturesque and delightful spots in the vicinity of Halifax, and when the New Church shall be completed we understand it will be visible from almost every part of the city.

ST. MARY'S AND ST. PATRICK'S

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

It is delightful to witness the steady progress of this Society which has already accomplished so much good in Halifax. On Sunday last an additional number were enrolled. The Rev John Nugent who preached an eloquent and instructive discourse on the Gospel of the day, announced at the close of his sermon that, as President of the Society, he was about to administer the Temperance Pledge, and earnestly conjured his hearers not to lose so favorable an opportunity. The word of the Lord, spoken by the voice of his Minister, did not return to him in vain. No less than seventy candidates approached the Altar, and expressed their determination to remove one of the most fatal causes of sin. The Pledge was administered by the President, the newly enrolled received each the Episcopal Benediction,

and the whole scene was one which afforded evident delight to an edified and numerous congregation.

WINDSOR.

Every part of this extensive Mission has been now visited by the Rev Mr Hannan. The accounts of the state of religion vary in different places. In some districts where the visits of a Missionary were of necessity, 'few and far between,' fervour had decayed, and faith itself was languishing. In others the pure lamp of religion shone brightly, and the piety of the faithful responded to the zeal of the priest. It would be invidious to specify particular places, for there are some who are sleeping in the lethargy of death, who are in that lukewarm, tepid state, 'neither cold, nor hot,' which is so strongly reprobated in scripture, and which God holds in such utter abomination as to 'spew out of his mouth, like water.' Let us hope that those to whom we allude, will hearken to the voice of God in time, embrace the opportunity now afforded them, make atonement to the Almighty for their past infidelities, and return with heartfelt sorrow into the bosom of their Holy Mother the Church. We have every confidence in the persevering zeal of Mr Hannan, and we trust he will prove an instrument of salvation to many in that part of the Diocess.

TRAPPIST CONVENT AT TRACADIE.

We publish with great pleasure the following letter with the subjoined poetical effusion which have been forwarded to us by an esteemed correspondent. We are certain it will be read with much gratification, not only on account of the venerable age of the writer, and her singular conversion to the Catholic Faith, but also for the just tribute which it pays to the merits and virtues of the holy community at Tracadie.

To the Editor of the Cross.

Sir,

The enclosed is the production of Mrs Janet McNab of Cape Breton, a lady who has attained the venerable age of 88 years. She was lately converted to the Catholic Faith by the instrumentality of the fathers of the Convent at Tracadie, and has been for the last fifteen months a resident in the Nunnery at Tracadie. She composed this little piece in gratitude for the great benefit of faith, and to testify her sense of the great kindness she has received from both branches of the Trappist Order at Tracadie.

Should you deem it worthy of insertion in your valuable periodical, you will much oblige yours, &c,
A SUBSCRIBER.

[For the Cross.]

TRACADIE CONVENT.

BY THE WIDOW OF THE LATE CHARLES McNAB, ESQ.,
*Had sweet retirement, free from sin and care,
 Where age no trouble knows, nor youth a snare,
 Two saint-like fathers here, with heavenly grace,
 Preside, support and sanctify the place,
 Like angels sent from heaven, to explore the road,
 That leads the doubting sinner back to God.
 The country round enjoys their pious care,
 Where sickness eases, you'll ever find them there,
 Physicians of the soul and body too,
 They daily each, a Christian task pursue,
 Mother superior, too, with native grace,
 Conducts the female portion of the place,
 Her form majestic—cultivated mind,
 And conscious virtue, in her face we find,
 Her friendly smile confirms her gentle sway,
 And all with pleasure, her commands obey.
 In quiet harmony the sisters move,
 Each striving who will shew the greatest love,
 To their Redeemer and this Mother dear,
 To give offence is all they seem to fear,
 A troop of little orphans too, are seen,
 In summer evenings sporting on the green,
 Well clad, well fed, well taught to sing the praise,
 Of their Redeemer in their early days,
 More I could say but my ill-natured muse,
 Accords not with a wish to profuse!*

BERMUDA.

The Catholics of Bermuda—make the announcement with unfeigned pleasure—will be soon gladdened by the sight of a priest, and of one who has on a former occasion brought them the consolations of his ministry. The Rev James Kennedy has again undertaken to discharge this charitable duty, and to bear the glad tidings of salvation to our afflicted fellow-Catholics in the Bermudian isles. Mr Kennedy has already made this winter two important missionary visits, one to the county of Cumberland, where his presence produced a fervent revival of faith amongst our long-neglected brethren, and another to the remote eastern parts of the vast county of Halifax. An immense number of Confessions and Communions have been made, on account of those visits, and the foundation of much future good has been happily laid. We believe that in consequence of the information on the state of religion in Cumberland, which has been afforded to the Bishop by Mr Kennedy, it is the intention of Doctor Walsh to station a permanent missionary in that county, as soon as possible. We have heard the good Father speak in grateful terms of the kindness and hospitality which he received from our fellow-citizens of all denominations in that beautiful part of the province, and we feel it a pleasing duty

to make this public acknowledgment of the fact. Indeed we may fearlessly state as a creditable proof of the kindly feelings of the people of Nova Scotia, that there is far less of acrimony and dissension on the score of religion in this province, than in any other part of the empire we have ever known.

We congratulate the Catholics of Bermuda on the happiness that awaits them, and we are certain that they will prepare with all diligence to avail themselves of the precious opportunity that is afforded them. None but those who have been long deprived of the sweet consolations of their religion, can tell the joy that is felt at the sight of the long-desired and long-expected Minister of Heaven, who will bless their unions, regenerate their children, feed and sanctify themselves by the word of life and the Bread of Angels, by the efficacy of the Adorable Sacrifice, and the holy sacraments of our religion. We have reason to know that when Mr Kennedy shall return to his flock at Dartmouth, from this charitable visit, he will be succeeded by a resident clergyman at Bermuda. Eternal honour to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith through whose assistance this work of mercy will be accomplished.

LITERATURE.

THE WOODEN CROSS.

A RELIGIOUS TALE.

Chapter 5.

[Continued.]

Her arrival at the village was a source of joy to her husband and children who had been impatiently expecting her. She did not wait for morning to pay the farmer the sum she owed him. How happy she felt at being relieved from this terrible weight which had so sorrowfully burthened her! From this time forward the affairs of Sophy prospered beyond all calculation.—The order and prudent economy which she had introduced into her house joined to a sincere and straightforward conduct to every one, insured her happiness and attracted a general esteem. Religion continued, as before to form the basis of all her undertakings.—The greatest harmony always reigned in her family she prevented by her wisdom every thing that would be likely to disturb the peace of her household. She superintended the education of her children with an ever increasing zeal, and inspired them with the same principles of piety which she had received from her virtuous mother, and which Madam de Linden had only strengthened and developed in course of time. If a cloud happened

to arise, or any difficulty to appear, Sophy endured it with fortitude, and attached herself the more closely to God.

She was one day sitting at her shop door engaged in mending a pair of her husband's stockings, when she saw a poor man creeping along by the aid of a crutch whose white hair indicated his very advanced age. Sophy arose, and got a little bread and meat which she presented to him. The poor man received it with thankfulness, and asked permission of his benefactress to sit down beside her for the purpose of eating it; which she granted. Soon after she even gave him a tumbler of wine which he drank with the most heartfelt expressions of gratitude. The poor man entered into conversation with Sophy, and seeing her goodness of heart begged her to give him a night's lodging. 'I cannot,' said she, 'do so on my own authority, but when my husband returns I will speak to him of it.' The poor man therefore remained until the arrival of William who came home from the fields where he had been with his two children.

When he entered the house Sophy followed him to his room, and informed him of the poor man's request. William consented, and the children prepared a little room at the end of the court which served as a store room for their goods and fitted up a bed there.

In the evening the poor man was admitted to table with the family, and they helped him to supper. He spoke with fluency, and his manners proved that he must have once received a good education. He eat and drank heartily, and when supper was over he begged their permission to relate some incidents of his life. As the shop was not much frequented at that hour they allowed him to proceed: "You behold in me," said the poor man, "a victim of one of those calamities which the great ones of the world cannot take too much pains to avoid for the happiness of the human race. I too, once shared my bread with the unfortunate. My house has often been their asylum, and I never closed my door against any one in distress. I little imagined then that I should be one day obliged to exist on the charity of others. My father, at his death, left me one of the finest farms in the country. I reckoned twenty-five horses in my stables; more than fifty cows, and two hundred sheep. My barns were always filled with corn, and some years after my marriage I was possessed of sixty acres of land in one of the finest districts. I was as happy as one could be here below. I had a son too on whose education I bestowed great pains. I had the misfortune to lose my wife seventeen years after my marriage. Heaven seemed to wish that she should be spared the grief of witnessing all I have suffered since her death. My son,

then sixteen years of age, was growing up stoutly by my side, and I already pictured him with a certain kind of pride at the head of the excellent property, which I had acquired for him. War broke out soon after on the frontiers of the country.

I was for some time in great fear for my son, who was already strong and much grown. But as he had not attained the age required by law, they could not make a soldier of him. Many of my domestics were compelled to enter the service.—Notwithstanding all the contributions we paid in money and provisions of every kind, we could not be secured against the results of the war; for our troops, after prodigies of valour, were obliged to yield before a more numerous enemy. Our frontiers were immediately occupied, and the desolation of war was brought to our doors. After several marches and countermarches, our soldiers retired to the interior of the country, and left us at the mercy of our enemies. As my farm lay near one of the principal roads by which the armies passed, I was exposed to all the fury of the enemies forces. Some new calamity occurred every day. Entire regiments were quartered round my house, and every thing was pillaged. As long as I had anything to give them I escaped pretty well. But as my resources could not always continue, I was more than once in danger of being put to death.

"All my servants had quitted me. Indeed I had no employment for them, nor any means to support them, as I was in want of the common necessaries myself. My son also was left me. We lay upon the ground. All my furniture and linen had been plundered. One evening a troop of lancers approached the house, and in a short time the officers demanded provisions. I told them that I had none, and that they might be convinced of the fact by looking at the desolate state of the place. They were not satisfied; and imagining that I had concealed some provisions, they grossly insulted me, and struck myself and my son whom they treated as a spy. We threw ourselves at their feet, and conjured them to have pity on us, but in vain. They pinioned us together like two criminals, and dragged us along in a cold October night.

"After a march of several hours, they halted in a little town where we were cast into an infected prison. On the following day they separated me from my son, and from that hour to this, I have not heard a word of my darling child. I cannot tell whether he has died in a foreign country, or whether he may not be dragging out a miserable existence at this moment in some distant land." Here the old man burst into tears, and after a few minutes pause, thus continued—

"I was treated as a prisoner of war, and shut up, far from my native place, with a number of

other poor creatures in a convent, from which the monks had been expelled. I pined away here for a long time, and the bad air of the place greatly injured my health. All the nourishment we received in the day was a few ounces of bread as hard as a stone, and sometimes a little bacon, and this was my treatment for more than two years.— However, a peace was signed, and it was agreed that an exchange of prisoners of war should take place. We were therefore set at liberty, and were allowed a small sum to bring us to our respective homes. My companions, who were much younger set out immediately; but I was unable to follow them. A swelling in my leg, occasioned no doubt by the damp of the prison, prevented me from accompanying them. I am obliged to use crutches, and am dragging myself along towards the place of my birth. I am still eighty leagues from it, and in consequence of being so feeble, I can make very little progress in the day."

Well! said William to him, we read in the Gospel that a drop of water given to the poor in the name of Jesus Christ, will not go without its reward. I'll tell you what you'll do. Remain with us until you recover. Your health is not so far gone as not to be restored with a little care and rest, and your age promises you many years of life yet. We will give you to-morrow another room in place of the one you are to occupy to-night.— We too were unfortunate; but Providence came to our assistance, and it is right that we should in turn do good to an afflicted neighbour like you, and by this means discharge some of the debt which we owe to the divine goodness. What do you think, Sophy?

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

"I WAS NAKED, AND YE CLOTHED ME."

Mr. Drummond, a rich Liverpool merchant, was one day walking quickly through some bye lanes to the Docks where he had business, when his attention was caught by three little children, who were crying violently, one of them seemed to be hurt, and the two boys were as much frightened as their sister. "What is the matter, children? What has happened to your sister?"

"She has fallen out of the door, Sir, and hurt her shoulder; I think her arm be broken." Mr Drummond lifted up the little girl, who screamed violently; he took hold of the arm, which produced greater shrieks, and some of the neighbours even gathered to know what was the matter. Mr Drummond was in a hurry—"time and tide wait for no man;" and he had some invoices of the Ganges, one of his ships, to inspect; nevertheless, he knew that charity, even what is called unnecessary charity by some (as if any charity could be so); was

never lost, and that do what we will for our neighbour, our debt towards Our Blessed Lord remains as large as ever. He, therefore took up the little girl in spite of her cries, and sending one of the byo-standers for a surgeon, he walked up the steep steps of the door-way, and laid her on a bed in the only room. And what a room! Some of our excellent and warm-hearted Irish friends cannot boast of cleanliness as one of their characteristics; and this was certainly not a neat dwelling-place; the floor was dirty, not a whole brick could be seen, the ceiling was low, and covered with mould and smoke; three beds huddled close together at one end of the room, and evidently intended for the whole family, a rickety table, and two chairs, and a few pans were all the furniture. This was only the effect of poverty, and poverty in itself is always a holy a dignified thing. Our Blessed Lord was poor, His dear mother and the apostles were poor, the Church was for a long time poor, and its Head was hidden in the caves and dens, unknown and destitute. Believe me, poverty is a holy and a blessed thing; but there is a sordid beggarliness a disorder and slovenliness which poor people are very apt to get into, and which they persuade themselves is a necessary effect of their condition which is as repulsive as it is unnecessary. In this room for instance, how different would have been its effect had beds been clean and smoothly made up the floor well scrubbed, and the table and chairs bright, the pans stuck up against the wall, and the potatoes put into a sack, instead of strewing the floor! So thought Mr Drummond, when he had laid his burden on the unmade bed, and after vainly looking for a decent chair, sat down on its edge by her, and tried to get from her the reason of her accident. It was a very common one—Johnny had been building a castle with the potatoes, and Mike with his father's shillelagh was going to batter it down. The assault was carried on in such right-down earnest, that Katie was forced to interfere, to save a broken head and black eyes, such as might formerly have become Donybrook fair. In doing this, she was pushed backwards, and fell down the open door into the street.

"But how is it that you are left alone in this manner? Where are your Father and Mother Katie?"

"At work, Sir: Father works at the Docks, and Mother goes out nursing; she always leaves us at home, and we have nothing to do but play."

"So it seems. And why don't you go to the Convent-school? Don't you know that the Sisters of Mercy have lately opened one hereabouts?"

"Yes, Sir; Mother said we should go, and we

wanted to go so much, that is, Johnny and I, for our tapestry and drawing for some time, I want Mike says he will never learn anything but you to help me.' soulgering, but we have no clothes to go in. This ' We are quite ready, Papa ! what can we do is all the socks I have, and no petticoat, nor shoes for you ?' or stockings, nor bonnet at all.'

Poor Katie's wardrobe was scanty indeed, her cotton gown was in holes and dirty, and her many-coloured and bruised feet were quite bare. It ' Raddy even to put away your screen and paintings ?' asked he smiling ; but added more seriously ' It is to perform a religious office that I ask this sacrifice—I wish you to help me in *clothing the naked.*' was quite plain, too, that she spoke the truth ; her large innocent eyes were still full of tears of pain, and an ingenuous blush at her own ignorant and destitute condition tinged her cheek. ' The surgeon came in at that moment, and put a stop to Mr Drummond's questions ; he looked at the shoulder, which had really slipped out of its socket, and slipped it in again. This painful operation the little girl bore with astonishing fortitude, and gratefully thanked him when it was over and the pain gone. Mr Drummond then sent for a tidy neighbourly body, whom he knew by sight, to sit with her, gave her some money to get what was necessary, and went on his way. All the time he was mechanically pursuing his business, and while he thoughtfully walked homewards, his mind was occupied with one idea. He took the same lanes in his way back, partly to see Katie and her parents, partly to call on their neighbours, to ascertain if many of them were in the same condition. He called at sixteen houses, and found in nearly all of them the same case ; the children were kept at home, and deprived of the inestimable blessings of religious instruction, to say nothing of regular and ordinary habits of living, by the want of clothes. He found Katie better, her eyes sparkled with true Irish gratitude when he went in and the rough parents thanked him with the good grace of warm and affectionate hearts. He spoke to them on the advantages they missed for their children, by allowing them to run wild, and contract all kinds of evil habits in idleness. They assured him with tears in their eyes, that they well knew the risks their children ran, and how they slaved to get the children even food. He promised to see if any thing could be done, and recommended Mary Reilly (the mother) to wash her house and keep it in better order, which she promised, and then he wished them a good night.

He went home to his own drawing room, and found his four daughters engaged in various works of fancy, three of them were working tapestry, one was drawing a water-coloured landscape. They all were round him in a moment, put his easy chair by the fire, and poured out his tea. He looked at them affectionately ; why should not such bright and warm feelings be employed in God's service ? ' My dear girls he began, ' I am going to beg of you to put away

Mr Drummond unfolded his plan : he resolved to set apart a yearly sum of money (exclusive of his other charities) for buying clothes for poor children, to be given to the most deserving and most needy, with regularity and discretion ; he wished to confide the distribution of the clothes to his daughters, and that they should at least superintend, and share in the making of them. The two eldest especially, entered heartily and sincerely into his proposal, and henceforward, together with works of fancy and mere amusement, this really Catholic family carried on with one heart and mind the object so admirably suggested to their excellent father. He lived to see Katie grow up, an admirable and religious daughter and wife ; he lived to see Johnny ordained, and sent out as a Missionary Priest to New-South-Wales, and full of years and good deeds, he died amid the blessings of the children whom in Christ's name, and for His sake, he had clothed.

— — —
 " IN PRISON, AND YE VISITED ME."

Father Thomas walked up and down the broad quays on the banks of the Tagus, which pours its brimming waters through the beautiful city of Lisbon. Lisbon you know is in Portugal, and Father Thomas was a Portugese monk, full 300 years ago. That matters little to us ; in the Church of God there is as it were, no such thing as time. Those who are dead and gone are only removed from our earthly sight ; the saints are still alive ; and they at least, if our faith fails to do so, can look forward rejoicingly, over thousands of children of God yet unborn.

The broad and deep blue river was full of ships of war, and the noise and preparation was heard throughout the vessels, among which glided a hundred little boats, carrying provisions or arms to and from the shore. Every where the voice of hammers and mallets resounded, mixed with the cries of men, and the creaking of ropes or yards. A hundred gay flags were flying, and the busy men on the shore were shaking hands between whiles with their friends, or taking tender leave of wife and child.

The monk continued a while his measured walk

his eyes fixed alternately on the ground and the distant horizon towards the sun, after which he seemed in thought to yearn, for anon his lips moved, and his eyes filled with a tear, as if something dear to him lay there and beckoned him to come. He shook hands with no friends, nor exchanged greeting with any of the passing throng; he was a spectator in the busy scene of life, not of this world, nor having any concern for its affairs, and so he walked to and fro, looking through all and above all, just as his eyes gleamed ever over the blue Mediterranean to something beyond which was unseen,

At length the greetings were over, the last preparations came to a close, the gates of the palace opened, and a tide of soldiers and retainers poured forth. There were trumpet-notes, and clashing eastern music and gay banners waving; then came a white horse, with flowing mane and trappings of silk and gold, to bear the king Sebastian to the shore, and the cross was carried before him by venerable bishops, and a long train of priests followed after with hands upraised in prayer. Then the white sails were spread abroad, and the ships soon lessened in the distance, till at length they looked like the wings of sea-gulls floating on the dark waters. The quays were deserted, and the monk had disappeared.

Yes, amid all that gay and triumphant pageant, and hearts beating high with hopes of victory over the Moors, there was one who shared neither hope nor triumph; but who bore a heart calmly fixed and sternly bent, to share in the utmost toils of heavenly love, and the utmost pains of the cross. Father Thomas sat among the servants and lowest retainers at the head of the galley, with a wooden crucifix in his hand, and his eyes ever bent forward on the track they were pursuing, as if the winds themselves were too slow for his ardent desires. At length they landed in Morocco; the king immediately gave battle to the Moors, and Father Thomas flew from rank to rank, holding his crucifix aloft, and urging the soldiers to do their utmost, without fear, in the battle; for if they conquered, the rewards of victory were theirs, but if they were overcome, paradise itself was their glorious meed. Bravely they fought, and bravely died; for, alas! the punishment of God, for his own inscrutable ends, came upon the Portuguese; and they were routed and slain by the infidel host. Father Thomas was wounded, and taken prisoner. They threw him into a dark and poisonous dungeon, stripped off his habit, and cruelly scourged him. And when they left him with his wounds festering and bleeding, he raised up his hands and praised God for His goodness, in that he had allowed him to share the sufferings of Christ. The next day they tormented him again, and the next too, till his life was well nigh gone; and then they

removed him to a pleasant room, and brought him rich food and wine, and wicked companions to tempt him to change his faith, and become like them, an infidel. 'Take me back to my dungeon,' he said; 'let me again be scourged and racked, for better are ten thousand times such tortments, than one moment of blasphemy of Christ.' The Moors, enraged, cast him again into his dungeon, and being exhausted with their own wickedness, they left him 'for a season' in peace.

Father Thomas was not slow to make use of this blessing; he rose up forgetting his wounds, and went about the prison from cell to cell, washing and dressing the other prisoners' wounds (for there were many with him), begging food for them, and, above all, instructing and preparing them for death, or submission to God's will. Like an angel, he moved here and there, the crucifix ever in his hand, the love of Christ burning in his heart, ministering to and consoling them all. And after a time, they allowed him to go out into the country and visit the other Christian captives, who were scattered through the neighbouring villages, dying without help, or a word of Christian comfort, and their bodies cast out by the Moors to be eaten by dogs. Father Thomas was moved to deepest compassion by their wretched condition; his loving heart bled and died for their sorrows, his ardent charity consumed him day and night, so that his own miseries and crosses were quite forgotten in his love for them; he travelled hither and thither, begging for food and clothing and medicine, which he then took back and gave to each. Every day was spent in this manner; first, after his own devotions, he visited the sick and heard confessions, exhorting to patience and a good life, and impressing on all the worth and value of sufferings, for which he had such love, that to be without them, to him was death. Then he instructed the ignorant, and children for whom he had great tenderness and love; then he went out wandering through the country for alms, exposed to all burning heats, and insults from the Moors, who knew he was a Christian; then he visited the neighbouring sick, and heard their confessions, also instructing them; and when he came back worn down and wearied, he refused often to take food or rest, till he had again gone his rounds through the prison. Such an one could not long be forgotten: some great nobles of Portugal, and some ladies, who knew and loved this saintly hermit, offered great ransom of gold and jewels for the captive monk: and the Moors listened to the proposal, and offered Father Thomas to cross the blue Mediterranean, and go back to his own Christian land. The tears might well come into his eyes, remembering that fair land, and its earnest faith: the towers of its glorious Churches might well rise before him; where from year to year for so many centuries, sacrifice and prayer had gone up to Heaven, like clouds of incense at even-tide service. If such thoughts, as well they might, rose up before him, one glance at

his Crucifix dispersed them all, for he answered immediately, that he should be glad and thankful to have such ransom paid, for there were many captives among the Christians, but for himself, he had vowed to live and die among the Moors, for the sake of those who were bound.

He well knew what he undertook in this vow; he well knew that such a life followed closely on the footsteps of Christ, in all its poverty, its ceaseless toil, its agony, its daily death. Such an one must be baptised with His baptism, and drink of His bitter chalice. It was for this that Father Thomas embraced such a cross, drinking deeper and deeper of its sufferings and its wounds. As he drew near to the Heavenly crown in his labours among the poor captives, he doubled his fasts, his disciplines, his heavy penances; the more was he purified by Divine love, the more vile did he conceive himself. Lent came, and every day of that holy season Father Thomas preached, holding up his Crucifix with severe warnings, with greater weeping, with more intense exhortation as he saw that his end drew near, and faith was failing among them (what would he have thought now!) and Christians were apostatizing, for they were impatient of captivity. At the end of Lent, his wasted frame gave way, and the sickness of death was upon him. On Good Friday, the awful day of the finishing of our redemption on the Cross, Father Thomas received the Last Sacraments, and prepared for his end with great devotion and compunction. The contition of great Saints should make us tremble. After this, not able to rest in his labours, he sent for the Christian captives, and gathering himself up he fixed upon them his eyes kindled with heavenly fire, and exhorted them to persevere, for if captivity on earth was hard to bear, what would it be for ever in hell? Then raising for the last time the voice which had never been heard in other service but that of God, he prophesied that on such a day, if they fainted not, they should be set free. One more word he said, 'Jesus—Redeemer;' and breathing away his meek and ardent soul in that last sound, departed to that place where none are bound either to Satan, sin, or death, to receive the Crown laid up for such as with Divine charity ransom both body and soul from chains.

On the day that he mentioned, the captives were set free and returned to their own country.

Note.—Father Thomas, a Hermit of St. Augustine, went to Africa with king Sebastian of Portugal, and died in labouring for the captives taken by the Moors, in 1582. The filling up of the story is of course purely imaginary, excepting the incident on his death-bed. See "The Sufferings of Christ," written during his imprisonment.

CONVERSIONS.

AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT.—The Rev. J. McGlenie, Perpetual Curate of Marks, Somerset; the Rev. T. W. Marshal, Vicar of Swallow Cliffe and Ansty, Wilts; the Rev. H. G. Coope; Salisbury; the Rev. Mr. Birks, of Arley, near Northwich, Cheshire; and Mr. Woodmason, jun., of Littlemore.

AT ST. CHAD'S, BIRMINGHAM.—James Boone Rowe, Esq., and Frederick Fortescue Wells, Esq., son of Lady Elizabeth Wells, of Holme Park. The two last named gentlemen are students of Trinity College, Cambridge.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—We feel pleasure in stating that Henry Chester, of Cartown, Esq., D. L., has added another to his many claims of public respect. He has this week given to the Rev. Mr. Callan, P.P. of Termonfeckin and Sandpit, an acre of ground in perpetuity, rent free, as a site for a chapel, &c., in the parish of Sandpit, and in addition the sum of £20 towards the erection of the building.—*Drogheda Argus.*

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- 28.—Mrs. Ann Phelan, of a Daughter.
- " Mrs. Margaret Calloner, of a Daughter.
- FEB. 2.—Mrs. Mary Buck, of a Daughter.
- 5.—Mrs. Jane Jordon, of a Son.
- "—Mrs. B. Young, of a Daughter.
- 6.—Mrs. P. Maher, of a Daughter.
- "—Mrs. Ellen Cleary, of a Daughter.
- "—Mrs. C. Crowley, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JAN. 28.—Maurice Murphy to Margaret Ferris.
- FEB. 2.—Michael Ryan to Bridget Doyle.
- "—Thomas Rigg to Mary Webster.
- 3.—Charles Ring to Mary Fletcher.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- FEB. 1.—Alice, daughter of James and Ellen Dunn, aged 10 months.
- 3.—Nicholas Walsh, native of Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 52 years.
- 4.—William, son of William and Ellen Kavanagh, aged 7 months.
- 5.—Patrick Whelan, native of county Waterford, aged 54 years.
- 6.—Denis McKenna, native of Kerry, Ireland, aged 63 years.