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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 3.

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

HALIFAX, JANUARY 16, 1837.

CALENDAR.

- JANUARY 17—Sunday—II After the Epiph., Feast of the Holy name of Jesus.
 18—Monday—Chair of St. Peter at Rome.
 19—Tuesday—St. Canute King and Martyr.
 20—Wednesday—St. Fabian P. and St. Sebastian Martyrs.
 21—Thursday—St. Agnes V. and M.
 22—Friday—SS. Vincent and Anastasius Mm.
 23—Saturday—Desponsation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SADLER'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

We promised to notice again this beautiful Edition of the learned work of Alban Butler. It is now a twelvemonth since it was commenced in New York; and such has been the spirit with which it was undertaken, that the whole is completed. The enterprising Publishers have expended between two and three thousand pounds, in producing a respectable Edition of the Lives of Saints, and it is but justice to say, that their laudible efforts have been crowned with success. It is printed with marginal lines, in beautiful new type, and on paper far superior to what is generally used in the States. The whole of the valuable notes are given in extensa, and the work is so distributed that it may be bound in either four, eight, or even twelve volumes. On the supposition, however, that it would be more convenient to bind it in four volumes of about 700 pages each, there are four illuminated Title pages, in gold, and colours.—We should not omit the Illustrations, twenty-five in number, several of which are executed with great spirit, and reflect much credit on the native artists. On the whole we are greatly pleased with the appearance of these volumes, and we think that Europe has never produced an Edition of the Lives of Saints which could be at all compared with this. Moreover, the price is moderate, so that the book is within the reach of all, and as it

has been issued in cheap parts, it is still more easy for every Catholic family to secure the possession of so valuable a treasure.

We would beg to recommend the work not only to Catholics, but to persons of other communions, and we can assure them that it would be difficult to find so much useful and varied information in any other English work with which we are acquainted. The lives and sufferings of the primitive Christians, the Ecclesiastical and profane history of every age and nation; laws, languages, and literature; Christian and Pagan antiquities; geography and chronology, the two eyes of history, music, painting, and architecture;—everything in a word, which could interest the Christian, or the man of letters is to be found in the erudite pages of Alban Butler. Above all, the true genius and spirit of the Catholic Church, the real nature of her dogmas and the venerable authorities by which they are supported, the profound and instructive meaning of her rites and ceremonies, the purity of her precepts, the holiness of her members are portrayed in "the Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other Principal Saints, compiled from original monuments, and other authentic records, illustrated with the remarks of judicious modern critics and historians."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Quarterly meeting of the Collectors and Members of the Halifax Branch of this Association will be held on Friday Evening next the 22nd inst., at 7 o'clock in the Vestry Room of the Cathedral. A distribution of the 'Annals' lately received from Europe, will take place on that occasion.

It was announced at St. Mary's last Sunday, that in future, all Funerals should arrive at the Church before, or at the latest, three o'clock on week days, and two o'clock, on Sundays, and that the precise hour be communicated to some of the Clergy-men. It was also strongly recommended that the remains of

the Dead should be privately brought to the Church, on the evening before, or, early in the morning of the day of interment so that the soul of the departed might share in the prayers of the faithful, and that the Adorable Sacrifice might be offered up in the presence of the Body, before it is committed to the tomb, according to the ancient and venerable usage of our Holy Mother the Church.

FIRST COMMUNION.

The necessary instructions are given by a clergyman at St. Mary's twice a week, viz.: on Mondays and Wednesdays at 12 o'clock, to all those who are preparing for their First Communion. Parents should not neglect this precious opportunity.

CONFIRMATION.

As the Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered in Halifax in the course of the present year, both to young persons and adults, this early notice is given in order that all those who have not received this Sacrament, will commence their preparation without delay. St. Alphonsus Liguori, inclines to the opinion that it is a mortal sin to neglect this Sacrament. We would say to all grown up persons who are not yet confirmed that they should look to this important matter in time. The facilities afforded here in Halifax, are so numerous that no one can be excused for the want of opportunity.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Collected by Messrs. Philip and William Compton.

Miss Moylan 8s 1½d.; Mr Cormack, Miss Thompson 2s 6d each; Mr Murphy, Miss Warren, Mr D. McKenna, Mr J. McKenna, Mr Garby, Mr Kennedy, Mr Corcoran, Mr Tracey, and Miss Roach 1s 3d each; Mrs Walsh, Miss Walsh, Miss Fitzgerald, Mr Dowd, Mrs. Dowd, Mr. Shea, and Mr Mellom 7½d each.

For January—Mr. Cormack 2s 6d; Mr Tracey, and Mr. O'Brien 1s 3d each; Mrs Walsh, Mr Walsh, D. McKenna, J. McKenna, J. Garby, John Dowd, Mrs. Dowd, and Mr. A. Mellom 7½d each.

Collected by Messrs Edward Eustace and Patrick Going.

Philip Healy, and Martin Fehnert 5s 2½d each; Thomas Granville 5s; Mrs Macoroy, Mr and Mrs Brady, Mrs O'Brien, John Mahoney, Mrs Smithers, and Michael Quinlan 2s 6d each; McDonnell & Healy, Murty Shea, John O'Neil, Patrick Barry and John Howley 1s 3d; Thomas Howley 3s 9d; Mrs Rafter 7½d.

Collected by Messrs Pierce Ryan and William Walsh.

Patrick Farrell of Mainadieu 1s 3d; Simon Peelrine of Tor Bay, and Joseph Daniel, Senr. do 1s 3d each; Alexander Buodrot, of Tor Bay, and Joseph Buodrot, do 2s 6d each; Domnick Buodrot of Tor Bay, and Louis Buodrot do 1s each; Peter Buodrot of Tor Bay, Edward Buodrot do, Frederick Daniel do, Andrew Daniel do, Thomas Richardo do, Matthew Daniel do, Charles Peelrine do, Joseph Gouchier do, Simon Peelrine do, Louis Peelrine do, and Michael Peelrine do 7½d each; William Burke, Mrs Barron, John Kelleen, Thomas McGee, Daniel Hogan, Jeremiah Sullivan, William Pierney, John Dillon, Patk. Maher, Oliver Brennan, and Richard Dawson 1s 3d each; Bridget Power 3s 1½d; A Friend 1s 6d; Patrick Tobin, James Dunn, Michl Connors, Michl. Morrissey, Patk O'Malley, John Dunn, and James Leary 7½d each.

Collected by Messrs Holden and Grant.

Mr Fox, Mrs Bates, Patrick Connors Mrs Heany, Edwd Keating, Michl Walsh, Mr Lyons, and Mrs McCarty 1s 3d each; Wm Maher, Bridget Gorman, Ellen Callahan, Mrs Dunphy, Mrs O'Neil, Margaret Hartery, Rose Kelly, Patrick Walsh, John Coughlen, Mrs P. McCarty, Mrs Dooley, Mr. Quilty, and Mr Laby 7½d each; Mrs Patrick Costin 10s; Mary O'Brien 1s 10½d; Susan Martin 2s 6d; A Friend 3s.

Collected by Messrs James Kelly and John Tuohil.

Mr Michael Tuohil and Margaret Hawl 1s 3d each; Mr Lee, Wm Casey; John Doyle, Wm Carew, Wm. Foley, Edward Power, and David Moffit R. A. 7½d each; Mr. James Kelly 10s.

(From]the Dublin Review.)

THE RITE OF ADMINISTRATION OF HOLY ORDERS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLISH AND LATIN EXTRACTS FROM THE ROMAN PONTIFICAL PUBLISHED BY LAWFUL AUTHORITY, DERBY, RICHARDSON AND SON.

(Continued.)

Words, which the Christian eye seems to recover (like some precious vein of metal for a time overlaid,) in the exhortation of the Apostle to the Ephesians, "Let not wicked men and their works be so much as named among you, as becometh saints;" even those "Saints who are in his land," as the same psalm proceeds; "to whom God has made wonderful all his desires." The key-note of the psalm, as used by the Church, is found in

the verse taken from a later portion of it: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my chalice; it is Thou that wilt restore my inheritance to me."* These loving words the candidate repeats at the dictation of the Bishop; while the tonsure is being given, as if prolonging the strain of the psalm which has gone before, and harping upon a favorite note, "Tu es qui restitues hæreditam meam mihi." With what especial force must those sweet words strike on the hearts of those, our lately reconciled brethren, whom the Church, if she so please, may now, or hereafter call into her service! Exiles from their true home, nay, "outcasts of the synagogue," their Lord has taken them up, "pater meus et mater mea dereliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit me;" "Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ et calicis mei; Tu es qui restitues hæreditatem meam mihi!"

After a short prayer that he "the hair of whose head" through (pro; for the sake of) divine love, has been laid aside, may remain always in the love of God, and without spot for ever;" the choir begins the antiphon of the following psalm, in which the Church, now in her own person, pronounces the words of maternal benediction upon the child whom she has thus adopted into her closer embrace, and reminds him into what kind of privilege she has elected him.—"The earth is the Lord's, &c. . . . who shall ascend into the mountains of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? The innocent in hands and clean of heart. . . . He shall receive a blessing from the Lord and mercy from God his Saviour," (these are the words of the antiphon,) Nor is the concluding portion of that triumphant psalm less appropriate; where the angels in parted companies, like the two sides of a choir, discourse with one another in notes of jubilation, upon the entrance of the King of Glory within the heavenly portals. For the Church on earth is the mirror, however dim, of the Church in heaven; and our Lord who vouchsafes to be represented by the weakest of his members, is imaged (and all such images have a most momentous reality) in His entrance into His Glory, by the admission within the Sanctuary, which is the terrestrial court of heaven, of each one to whom the Church opens her sacred gates. What a marvel is this Book of Psalms! How rich in its resources, how manifold in its provisions! No event is there, apparently, in the incalculable order of Divine Providence, no event ecclesiastical, national, domestic, personal, for which it is not possible to find a "proper psalm." In joy and in sor-

row, in thanksgiving and in fear, in war, and in peace, in times of refreshing, and in times of death in life, at the hour of death, and even after death — here is the treasury of the rich things of God, the giver of piercing shafts, the mirror of the Church and of the soul, in which the Christian seems to find his own case anticipated, his own needs expressed, the unknown depths of his heart fathomed, his scattered thoughts brought into shape, his stammering lips gifted with utterance.

The 23rd psalm ended, the Bishop proceeds to invest the candidate with the garment of his estate. In practice, the use of the surplice is not absolutely restricted to ecclesiastics; it is often worn by boys not yet tonsured, and by those who take part in the duties of the choir in parish churches. But such things are rather forced on us by our necessities than consistent with the strictest views of ecclesiastical propriety. At any rate, ecclesiastics alone wear the surplice of right; in the case of others, it is a matter of toleration and indulgence.

The words in which the Bishop confers the surplice, presents one of those instances of the vivid application of Scripture for which our offices are so remarkable. "Induat te Dominus novum hominem qui secundum Deum creatus est in justitia et sanctitate veritatis." A fitting introduction indeed, to that state which may be truly called the paradise of the Church, as the Church is the paradise of the world!

We have scarcely left ourselves the space for going, as could be wished, into the sequel of this wonderful series. We need hardly acquaint the reader, certainly not, if he be a Catholic, that there are four minor, and three sacred orders in the Church, the Tonsure as we have said, being not an order, but a state; and the Episcopate although in one point of view, a distinct order, as involving distinct powers, yet being in this enumeration, regarded merely as the plenitude of the priesthood. How many of the orders are to be accounted sacramental is one of the vexatæ quæstiones of theology; that the priesthood is so is "of faith;" that the Diaconate is so, is certain though not of faith; and again it is certain that in one sense, all the seven orders are sacramental, as making one sacrament, the "Sacramentum Ordinis" represented in the priesthood in which they all conspire. Thus the Office of the Ostiary or Door-keeper, is to guard the Sanctuary from irreverent intrusion; the symbol of his function being the keys of the Church, by which he is to admit the faithful, and exclude the heretic, and excommunicate. Here, again, we are reminded of the decay of discipline; but the very existence of such offices amongst us, is a solemn lesson, and

*We quote in English because we are engaged with a translation; but we owe the reader an apology for depriving him of the original, the spirit of which so oratorates in the best English rendering.

a venerable memento! Again, the Lector or Reader, who comes the next in order, may instruct the catechumen for the sacraments, a power involved in that which is conveyed to him, at his ordination, of reading the sacred Scriptures and other religious books in the Church. The relation again, if the Exorcist to the priest is derived from his office of releasing the possessed, and thus qualifying them for the reception of the Holy Communion, from which it is the great object of the evil spirits to debar them. And here again, we are recalled to the early ages of Christianity, when the accursed agency of evil spirits was of course, most busy; though reason enough there is to rejoice in the preservation of such a remedy throughout all ages. Practically, indeed, the work of the exorcist is merged in that of the higher orders; in the priesthood and diaconate to which is attached the office of baptizing. The exorcist can only discharge his proper functions by the express delegation of authority. As we ascend in the scale the bearing of the orders upon the priesthood is still more evident. The acolyte, who comes next to the exorcist, and immediately before the sub-deacon, obtains at his ordination, the right of handling instruments and vessels which are used in the Holy Sacrifice, (although not those which come in immediate contact with the Adorable Sacrament,) viz. the Candlestick which bears the light of Christ, and the cruets, which contain the wine and water before consecration. These last, however, are delivered to him empty that he may understand his especial duty to be that of filling them. It is properly the sub-deacon who ministers them, when filled, through the deacon, to the priest.

(To be continued.)

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Continued.

Then, others, I am told, are ready to come to my succour, but when the danger draws near, they urge they cannot come privately, for fear of dissension, but they would come publicly and openly, by which, they knew, if they had not the advantage in argument, they would, at least, in numbers, as all these dissent from the enemy they dared not meet. And lastly, another offers his assistance, because he could not resist my impertunity, but it must be behind a screen.

All this, on the one hand, whereas, on the other I find the greatest readiness to do everything, or

anything, that my soul requires, to make it at peace with its Maker. The true Shepherd says, "Yes I will brave danger for even one of my Master's sheep, even to the loss of all things, for life, to me is only worth having, as I can make it the means of succouring and protecting those, over whom I have been appointed a shepherd."—I have made my choice, and those who will condemn me, must.

More reasons I could give for this great, this glorious change, yes, this happy, this peaceful change. Many more, indeed I could give, but will the patience of the reader bear with me, in addition so unnecessary? Will not every candid, unprejudiced heart, with one spark of sincerity or truth in its composition, pronounce me guiltless. To have resisted, would have been to have fought against God, and, though most unworthy of the great honour of being called upon to bear a reproached name, for Christ's sake, nevertheless, the grace has been given me, and I must declare it, though with fear and trembling, lest, as he has not spared some of the natural branches, so He might not spare me an ingrafted one. But through the power of that daily food, prepared for my soul, I will hope unto the end. I am happy, more than happy. I have obtained a possession for myself, and an inheritance for my children, as rich as it was unexpected, as satisfactory as it is secure.

My bible, is now a treasure to me beyond all price; it led me to Catholicity, and, as a Catholic, I can render it the honour due to it. To me, it is infallible, because, I have it from an infallible Church.

No more, to me, belongs the prerogative, of hearing my preacher condemn him. I know if he holds not truth, he never could be in the place where my instructor stands. And my bible is to me, like a beautiful picture, reflecting some renowned artist's sublime imagination. I can contemplate the light and shade with rapture, as long as I have them as he has left them, but let some presumptuous student bedaub it, with his unskilful touches, and I turn with disgust and dissatisfaction, from what was, originally, instructive as beautiful.

After feasting my soul till Easter week, in the dear land of my soul's birth, I returned to Dublin, but not the happy home, nor to the embrace of those dear ones, whom I had so lately left—A mother's love had weathered the storm—she came to meet me, but her love was changed. She came to mourn over her disgraced child—she came to conduct me to cold and lonely lodgings, and, to break to me the news, that I rendered myself unfit longer to be the guardian or protectress of my children, and, that those children could no longer gladden my heart with their presence, at least, not until

their father's wishes were known upon the subject. She came, in short, to mingle her tears with mine—to mourn over the wreck I was reduced to, but to avert which, I had no power. But let me pass over this moment of agony—this moment, in which nature was tried to its extent, but over which grace had a glorious and a complete victory. However to prove my case, I shall copy a letter I had occasion to write to the Rev. J. G——g,* a great star! before whom, my beloved, and well intentioned Father, insisted I should come to be shown the fallacy of all my new notions. As this great man by his own account was about to turn the whole Catholic world Protestants, he was, in consequence, just the man to annihilate me. I cannot refrain from giving this letter, because by it, will be seen what passed between us, and an additional instance given of the instability and uncertainty of the Protestant faith, and of the insufficiency of Protestant argument. My dear father was present during this meeting, and, as I felt over anxious on his account, as to the defence I should make, I, in consequence, omitted some things, which I could not rest, till I had repaired by the following letter:—

“Rev. Sir,

“It is not, when most depends upon our words, that we are always able to choose the best. The very importance we attach to our defence when arraigned before a judge, incapacitates us for making a good one; hence, it is, that the laws of our country have provided for persons so situated.

“It was something of this kind, prevented me, when brought up before you to give a reason for my change of faith, from saying much, that under any other circumstances I should have said. I felt most deeply, both for yourself and my beloved parent, who was by, knowing, that God could, if it pleased him, through my words, remove the film from both your eyes, which has been strengthening with your strength, and forming since your birth. I felt, in short, over anxious, forgetting that my own inability and utter unworthiness, would but tend to God's greater glory.

The defence, therefore, which I could have made, I was incapable of doing, through my human frailty and want of faith in God.

“During that meeting, you reminded me, that I should have to account before God, for every word that passed between us. This truth had caused me many prayers previous to seeing you, and now urges me to make this effort, to endeavour to repair what I then left unsaid; for I feel, I, at least, was unfaithful to the trust committed to me, and the opportunity offered, of declaring God's truth.—Bear with me, therefore, dear Sir, and believe me, I

am most sincere; and pardon the apparent presumption of my supposing, that I, who am so ignorant and incapable should direct you, who are so learned. Bear with me, I ask again, because I am sincere, and remember my presumption springs from the thoughts, that not many wise, not many learned, are called, but the foolish and the base of this world and those that are not, to bring to nought those that are. With the timidity, therefore, of the little maid, who, venturing her simple appeal to a great king, was made the means of great results, do I hope to bear a message to you, Sir, and to tell you, the argument you held against me, proved your faith unsound, and not according to Scripture.

“Your first assertion against me was, that in becoming a Catholic, I had forsaken my reason, my senses, and my bible. Whatever answer I made you to this, I now beg to say, my reason such as it is, led me to become a Catholic. Born and reared a Protestant, I should ever have remained as such, had it not been for the good Providence of God, who directed me to one, who inquired of me, why, and against what I was protesting. I said ‘the errors of Popery,’ (the same, I suppose that you termed their weak point, and upon which you assured my father, you were so capable of attacking them.) I was naturally requested to name them, I did do so, one after the other. To many of my charges, I was answered, they are not them.” The rest were proved to me to be scriptural. It now became my turn to inquire, what Catholic doctrine really was, for I found out I knew nothing of it, and, I confess I had the sincerity about me, to believe the faith I had would stand any test, otherwise, reason told me it could not be from God, and if not, the sooner I changed it the better, no matter what the results. When I heard what the Catholic faith really was, I was compelled to assent to its being most reasonable. That faith has existed unaltered through all generations, the chain reaches unbroken, from Christ to the present hour; whereas the Protestant faith, I knew to have sprung out of the reformation; (falsely so called,) commenced by Luther, who has himself left on record, that in his religious opinions, he stood alone in the world; therefore, my reason told me, that the faith which commenced three hundred years ago, could not be the faith, which Jesus Christ had left us, eighteen hundred years ago. I also knew, from history, that the Protestant articles of belief, were in the reign of Henry VIII, but *etc*; that afterwards, in the reign of Henry VI, they were changed to *forty-two*; and lastly, that in Elizabeth's day, they were, as now, *thirty-nine*. My reason told me, all this was not of God. Therefore, by my reason, so far, I became a Catholic.—Blame the reason, if you like, that is quite another point, but, such as it was, it was it led me into Catholicity.

*Rev. John Gregg, a celebrated Preacher in Dublin.

"My dear sir, try and forget for one moment, that word so horrible to Protestants, "Catholic," and also, the creature who addresses you, and ask yourself, what it was Christ promised to his disciples, as the head of his Church. He promised them his Holy Spirit, and that, that Holy Spirit should guide them to all truth, and if he did guide them into all truth, and if they fell from it afterwards, as you say, what becomes of the second part of his promise, that he would be with them all days even to the end of the world? What was the use of sending truth to the disciples, to benefit all the world, if those, that followed, were to forsake and fall from it? No, no, sir; the Scripture abounds with promises to Christ's Church, that once He gave himself for the redemption of man, He would never forsake His Church or people afterwards. He also has said, by his Apostle, that his Church will be without spot or wrinkle, and that in it there should be but one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, one fold; and let me ask you, sir, where is the oneness of anything Protestant? We hear of such a Protestant minister being so celebrated, but, is not I ask you honestly, the next question, what doctrine does he preach? The Bible, I say, is replete with promises to the Church of God. Look to Isaiah liv., indeed the whole of Isaiah. And what does Christ say in the New Testament? "Whosoever hears you, hears me; and whosoever rejects you rejects me. For I will never leave you nor forsake you, I will be with you always, even to the end of the world." Think of all this dear sir, and tell me, did Christ forsake his Church from the sixth to the fifteenth century, as Protestants say? oh, surely not, when He said, He never would. 'Think not, because I say, as Christ said, there should be but one fold, that I exclude any. No; if a Catholic rejoices at his being in this fold, he never forgets that Christ also said, "He had sheep of another fold, which He would also bring." The silent prayer, therefore, of every good and sincere Catholic is, that each dear friend and relative, in the Protestant faith, may be of that fold, and may yet be brought into it. Such my dear Sir, though you may not be able to appreciate it, is my earnest prayer for you and others.

Your next point against me was, that I had forsaken my senses. So far from having forsaken them, I find them all called into daily exercise now whereas, as a Protestant, as far as religion was concerned, I never used them at all. I now see the beauty of truth, I now feel the beneficial results I now hear the gospel promises, I now have foretaste of their fulfilment, and lastly, I have a secret smelling savour of what shall be given both here and hereafter, to those who remain firm until death, to the measure of grace delivered to them; whereas, as a Protestant I knew the truth was beautiful, but

I could not see it; I therefore prayed hard that I might, and God has more than answered me. I did not feel the benefit of truth, but I prayed that I might, and God has in this also heard me, for now that I possess it, I not only know it, but am satisfied to the full. I heard the Gospel it is true, but in such a variety of forms and shapes, that I was unable to decide, which was the perfection of truth, until I had recourse to my stronghold 'prayer,' to be directed which to choose, and I have been at last enabled to decide. I had also a foretaste, but it was only that one day, I should possess what I now enjoy, and a sweet smelling savour of what my soul is now inhaling to its unspeakable joy and peace.

"The third and last point was my Bible, that I had forsaken it. Now, we will suppose for one minute that I have, am I worse off than the thousands who lived and died for the first ninety-six years after Christ's death? There was no Bible then at all. But I will go even further, and ask now, am I worse off than the myriads and myriads who lived and died for the first fifteen hundred years after Christ? There was as good as no Bible then.—But I will not allow I have forsaken my Bible, for I know and feel it is only now I can truly appreciate it.

"Speaking of the Blessed Sacrament being really the body and blood of Christ, as Catholics believe it, you first asserted there was not one passage in Scripture to warrant such a supposition, and next that it was entirely contrary to reason.

Now, as to the first, I asked you, was it a point conceded, that I understood English? You did me the favour to suppose it. I then referred you to the sixth chapter of St. John, where Christ declares this mystery. The disciples and the Jews, who were by, said, but how, for like you sir, they understood him literally, and thought it contrary to reason. However, our Blessed Saviour instead of enlightening them, which surely he would if the case would have admitted it, simply answers them "I tell you, upon oath, VERILY, VERILY, IT IS MY FLESH, and unless ye eat of it, ye shall have no life in you." And again, for fear there should be any misconception about it, as He had chosen that substance to convey himself to the world, He goes on to say, 'he that eats me, even he shall live by me. At this, even his very disciple murmured, and some forsook him for the saying; but He merely said to them, does this offend you, if so, how much more will ye be offended when ye see me rise whole and entire to my Father in heaven? Oh sir, I ask you would not our Saviour have explained, if He could to have saved those who forsook him?—but no, He does it not. When I had finished, you very quietly told me, I had made a great mistake, for

that chapter did not apply to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at all. This was something quite new, however I turned to the eleventh chapter of 1 Cor 29th verse, where it says they that communicate unworthily, eat and drink their own damnation not discerning the Lord's body. I asked you if this referred to the Sacrament, to which you instantly replied yes; then I refer to the marginal reference of my Oxford Bible, and it refers me from that passage to the sixth chapter of John. Now sir, I ask you, is it likely God would damn us for not discerning what by your account is not there to be discerned? or what on I or any Protestant to do? We are told to examine our Bible, and compare Scripture with Scripture, and either my Bible has led me astray, or you are under a mistake.—Which it must be I leave you to decide.

“Having gained this advantage over you, you instantly changed the subject, and urged the unreasonableness of the doctrine of transubstantiation. It was contrary, you insisted, to reason, for, indeed neither reason nor sense will permit us to believe such a doctrine. But that you, a Bible clergyman, should condemn my belief on such grounds, not a little surprises me, and, indeed I am sure, any candid person would allow such an unexpected charge, was enough to put me quite off my defence.

I now beg to tell you, sir, it is not by reason nor by sense, any Catholic hopes are to be saved, but by faith, and that transubstantiation is above both, I allow, but not more so than the incarnation of our Lord. I remember I said this to you and that you answered “yes, but we saw our Lord.”

(To be concluded.)

“If good people,” said Archbishop Usher, “would but make goodness agreeable, and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.”

“Ask yourself what progress you have made in charity, and according to the answer of your heart you may estimate the measure of your approach to heaven.”—*St. Augustine.*

“You will never be devout, and one of the interior life, unless you resolve to be silent respecting others, and attentive only to yourself”—*Thomas a Kempis.*

It is a duty not to allow yourselves to think of any living man, still less to treat him, as if your hopes of his amendment were utterly gone.

POETRY.

HYMN.

Now are our limbs refreshed with quiet sleep,
And from the couch we spring;
Father, Thy children let Thy presence keep,
For unto Thee we sing.

Thee first the tongue shall chaunt and speak Thy praise.
Thy glowing heart would win,
That thou, O Holy One, of all our ways
May'st be the origin.

Let shades of darkness yield to dawning light,
Night to the star of day,
Struck by its rays, the ill that loves the night,
Shall vanish quite away.

Suppliant to Thee we turn, Thy grace implore,
Cut off each deed of blame,
That so our tongues may sing Thee evermore,
And glorify thy name.

Merciful Father, hear us in Thy love,
And Thou co-equal Son,
Who reignest through all time in Heav'n above,
With Paraclete all One.

General Intelligence.

THE LATE DOWAGER MRS. CONSTABLE MAXWELL.

(From a Correspondent of the Tablet.)

On Sunday, the 15th instant, the remains of this venerated lady were removed from her residence in Thorp Arch for deposition in the family vault lately built by her son at Everingham Hall. The hearse, followed by three carriages, in which were her near relatives, and a mourning coach containing her domestics, left Thorp Arch about mid-day passing through the city of York, and arriving at the village of Everingham about half past five p.m. Here was presented an affecting spectacle, expressive at once of veneration to the deceased and sympathy with her family. When the hearse had reached within about a mile from the Hall, the villagers, young and old, of their own accord, were seen advancing in procession to meet it, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, and parting to receive it fell in with the torch-bearers who were in immediate attendance upon it and conducted it to the gates of the church. Here the body was received by the Rev. Chaplain, attended by the acolytes and torch-bearers in procession, and the members of the family who had previously arrived to join in the last solemn offices of religion to their departed parent. The coffin being removed from

the hearse was borne by the Brothers of the Holy Guild, along the avenue and across the lawn into the Church and placed upon the catafalque prepared for it near the rails of the chancel. Vespers for the Dead, were immediately commenced and the body continued to be watched by a succession of parties throughout the night. The church having been for some time under a course of superb and costly decoration was only fully re-opened for Divine service on the Feast of All Saints, and ere that glorious Octave had closed was doomed to be saddened by the obsequies of the founder's mother. The contrast between the joyous and festive expression of the gilded ceiling and glittering capitals in all their freshness, and the mortuary banners to the number of thirty and upwards, charged with white crosses and ranged along the walls and round the chancel, was peculiarly touching.

Early on Monday morning the relations and such of the clergy as were within reach began to arrive, with the view of assisting at the Dirge which was appointed for nine o'clock. We believe fifteen of the clergy with the venerated Bishop were present at the service. The assistants at the conclusion of the Office having withdrawn into the Vestry, the cross of the procession was again seen advancing into the church, and a Mass of Deposition, *coram Episcopo*, commenced. Even on such an occasion we cannot but mention the music, which was most impressive, and was performed throughout, both by the organist and the choir in a spirit manifestly in sincerest harmony with the scene below. After Mass, the absolutions as contained in the Roman Pontifical, *pro Nobilibus*, were successively pronounced, and the body was raised from the catafalque. As it proceeded down the aisle, the most pathetic and irresistible of Antiphons was intoned, "In Paradisum deducant te Angeli," and the remains of the beloved and venerated lady were carried in procession to the vault. Mrs C. Maxwell lies buried in the southern angle of the church formed by the chapel of the Sacred Heart. She had completed the seventy-sixth year of her life, which she had passed in almost equal portions in maiden, married and widowed state. She had the happiness, shortly before her death of seeing, without exception, and, we believe, at the same time, gathered around her, every member of her numerous and now widely dispersed family. She had another, which she valued more—that of receiving her Lord in Holy Communion at Mass in her own domestic oratory in comparative health on the day on which she died. Thus in the fulness of years, as all will confess, and in the fulness of virtues, as all who knew will avouch, she descended to the tomb

as gently and mature as the autumnal leaves which fell in grateful showers around her grave.—"Ecce sic benedicetur homo, qui timet Dominum."

There are certain dispositions which appear full of mildness and sweetness as long as every thing goes on their way; but the moment any contradiction or adversity arises, in an instant they are in a flame, and begin to rage like a burning mountain. Such people as these, are like red hot coals hidden under ashes. This is not the mildness which our Lord undertook to teach us, in order to make us like unto himself. We ought to be like lilies in the midst of thorns, which, however they be pricked and pierced never lose their sweet and gentle fragrance.—*St. Bernard.*

Whenever you are engaged in bringing about a reconciliation between enemies, in composing a law-suit, or in persuading another to do something, endeavour always to be as mild as possible. You will always do more and prevail farther, by yielding and humbling yourself, than by austerity and over earnestness. Does not every one know that more flies are caught by a single ounce of honey, than by a hundred barrels of vinegar?—*St. Francis of Sales.*

A new species of corn, and very productive, is said to have been discovered by an individual of Upper Canada.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

- JANUARY 10, Edward Payne, Native of Tara, County Meath, Ireland, aged 46 years
 10, Margaret, Wife of Edward Walsh, Native of the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 40 years.
 13, Mary Eliza Daughter of James and Annabella English, aged 7 years.

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