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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.—St. Matthew xvi. 16-19.



"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 Præscrip. xliii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. No other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood. is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, seethers. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, ascribious"—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.

- OCTOBER 21—Sunday—XXI aft Pent 4th Oct Purity of B. V. Mary gr d com of the Sunday SS Hilariou Abb and Ursula, &c.
- " 22—Monday—St Basil B C. & D. doub. 14th June
- " 20—Tuesday—Feast of the M. H. Redeemer gr dou sup
- " 24—Wednesday—Saint Raphael, Archang gr dou.
- " 25—Thursday—St. Bonifacius I P C d com SS Chrysanthus and Daria Alm sup
- " 26—Friday—St. Evaristus P M d sup
- " 27—Saturday—St John of Facundo doub. 15th June

SECTARIAN LITERATURE.

Since the day that good old Irishman, Col. Johnson, discovered the beneficial qualities of the waters of Saratoga, never has that smiling village been more gaily or fashionably attended than during the past season—rival chiques and leaders of ton have aped the style and position of European aristocracy to the extent of all that was ridiculous and uncomfortable. Fair maidens have exhausted blandishments, and silks, and furbelows upon the mustachioed snobs, and exhausted honest men's patience & their own pockets, toadying wealthy Parvenues. Men of little minds have courted the attacks of an infamous print to blazon forth their names in positions which they never occupied, while the humble Church of Saratoga "for them" had no attraction. Balls, fetes, concerts, dress, scandal, all have played their part on this stage of fashion, creating, as they may, pleasure or pain, but *nous verrons*. Amid all this gaiety in this bustling villege, a tall, lank figure, in black might daily be seen emerging from the suburbs, bearing on his dark and bilious visage the marks of bitterness and discontent, prowling through the different hotels, down the main street, and then out again to where fields and flowers looked gay, this dark man wandered, casting, as he went, a gloom upon the face of nature. Children paused in their joyous sports, and babes clung tighter in their nurses arms; the dew tipped flowers sparkling in the morning sun shrank beneath his gaze, for it was the gaze of one who trades in calumny and all that is vile against the Church of God. This strange pedestrian was engaged in no less a business than: collecting for the Dowling, Norton & Co. Madeira martyr fund, to aid which he was endeavoring to sell a No Popery publication of his own styled "Facts in Madeira." First buy my book, be horrified, astounded, melted, and then fleeed. Who says the American people can be humbugged?—Thousands of dollars have already been contributed to this "mare's nest," and the fund is daily increasing. We have been told farms had been purchased for the martyrs to grow hemp upon (ominous employment), and yet the papers say the whole affair is a failure. There are no farms, and certainly no martyrs such as their admirers would lead us to believe.

I had an opportunity of looking over "Facts in Madeira" at many of the Saratoga Hotels, where the author had placed them gratuitously for the inspection of visitors, no doubt deeming this a cheap and decided mode of advertising. "The Facts" consist of a series of state and refuted statements made by a Scotch adventurer named Kalley* relative to some riots caused by him at Madeira, all of which he charges upon the Catholic Clergy and the Catholic Religion, without any proof beyond

*Kalley is an Irishman.

his own bigotted and uncharitable conclusions. The veracity of his statements may be measured by his own words, when he winds up a prosy narrative of outrages on British Protestants by saying: "the British Consul at Madeira, although appealed to, would not notice the affair."—(p. 79.) Now, if there had been any truth in the matter this could not be, as no power is more ready to resent insult, particularly on a weak opponent, than John Bull when there is cause. But Mr. Kalley brings a witness to corroborate his tale—a Captain Fate, of the Royal Navy, who seems to have kicked over tar buckets and jib booms, and entered the No Property lists, quoting scripture and cant with as much fluency as though he had been born with a white cravat round his neck, and a Fox's Martyrs under his arm.

All this, however, is nothing to the filling up by the author, gems of fancy conceived by one whom a sectarian paper lately pronounced "a man full of christian love." Alas! I fear the congress water, or some other agent, has carried it all away; but, kind reader, judge for yourself—"listen to the voice of love"—hear his enlightened christian-loving sentiments towards Catholics. He would exterminate Popery because had she the power she would be all that is abominable, but "she dare not now act out her system—she dare not outrage our laws and opinions. The hierarchy of the Romish church could never consummate their plans if our country should they come forth in their true colors. (p. 8.) The Catholic Bishops and priests of Madeira declare the bible is a book from hell." (p. 16, Facts in Madeira.) Another portion of the facts, in speaking of Catholicity, says: "Be on your guard against her accused witcheries, for it is true, that though in some respects she exhibits the malignity of hell and the most horribly appalling corruption, there are others in which she appears enticing, and she intoxicates myriads with the wine of her fornication." (p. 17.) If that's not christian love then its something else.

Respecting the evils to which the martyrs were exposed in Trinidad, the Facts says: "Catholics constitute the majority of the inhabitants, and you well know what Catholics are and what they will do." (p. 157.) Think of that, Bible radicals—there's a bit of meditation to stir up your christian love—no need of reflecting on the 8th commandment, or the 18th chapter of St. Luke. After wandering through a prairie of facts and charitable conclusions, the author consoles himself with the infantine idea, that Catholicity, or as he styles it Popery, is on the wane. (p. 44) Poor dear gentleman, in what remote region has he been dreaming for the last ten years. Here, where, his brethren have been alarming quiet people about the awful strides of Popery, but he, deep calculating man, finds it on the wane. This would be a lump of sugar, indeed, were not Catholic temples, and colleges and schools, and nunneries springing up on every hill, in every valley, on every plain; were not Catholic priests increasing in number from tens to hundreds, and congregations to thousands, were not the enlightened and virtuous protestants of the land daily seeking peace and refuge in the Catholic church; if all this and a thousand other daily signs were not daily passing before the eyes of waking men, then Catholicity to animal vision might seem to be on the wane. But gentle, loving man, let me not disturb your dream; sleep on, sectarian friends, if the delusion consoles you enjoy it, it is—but fair you should have something for your trouble.

Space will not admit of many extracts from this instructive work; the following, however, must not be omitted, it is a fair specimen of "facts in Madeira." "A poor man attending

confession tendered to the priest a bit and a half, which he had with some difficulty reserved from his daily earnings, when the priest turned round with an oath, and hoped he might turn as black as his hat if he would ever confess a man for less than a pistareen." (p. 51.) The author is a bungler stopping here; he should have made the priest, like the cabman in Pickwick, take off his coat and offer to fight the penitent for the amount. All he adds is, that the poor man never went to confession again. In page 29, we notice another incident, which, no doubt, will be equally astounding to Catholics: "On the 31st of May, 1845, (nothing like particularity in dates,) a man was tried in Madeira for refusing to pay homage to a piece of cloth fixed upon a stick and called the Holy Ghost." But by far the greatest outrage perpetrated on Mr. Kalley and his brethren, was that of a pastoral letter issued by the Bishop of Madeira, an extract of which is printed in capitals in "the facts," accusing Dr. Kalley of "dictating to the people those doctrines of yesterday, conceived in impiety by caprice, and extracted from the dark bosom of Protestantism." (p. 99.) After this, forbearance ceases to be a virtue. At page 95, we find another piece of persecution. One man, whose property was worth \$1,500, sold it for \$100. A hard case, to be sure, but not quite so bad as that of Catholic farmers under Protestant rule in Ireland, who, according to this standard, must be double distilled martyrs, as latterly many have been obliged to relinquish freehold property without a penny remuneration, the taxation being more than the product of the land.

Mr. Kalley complains of the Madeira soldiers being inefficient and tame in repelling the mob who assailed the Protestants. What thinks he of the Protestant Government of Ireland sending out her troops to protect a gang of armed Orange ruffians to "Dolly's Brae," on a deliberate mission of insult and outrage on the Catholic people, by which means many unoffending persons were murdered?

If the author of "Facts," wishes to find Religious intolerance in its strength and purity, let him visit parts of Northern Protestant Europe, where a Catholic temple or Priest dare not exist. If he is not a traveller, why, then let him look into his own heart.

He does not tell us what branch of Protestantism his martyr friends have selected, whether Methodist, Mormon, Baptist, Lutheran, Puritan, Shaker, or what. Like the independent Cockney voter, probably they vote according to their conscience and them as tips most. How they could have gleaned any spiritual comfort or information from the Bible seems miraculous, as it is stated (p. 93) that to preserve them from the Papist they kept their Bibles plastered up in the stone walls of their houses.—After this, it is to be inferred, when they attempted any form of Religion out of the Church they naturally went to the wall.

Although we can see no claim those immigrants have to extra sympathy more than any other adventurers, yet we do not question the right sectarians have of spending their money as they please, but we do object to their creating false sympathy and filling Reverend pockets by assailing the Catholic Church and slandering the clergy and authorities of Madeira. If they would find real objects of commiseration let them turn to Ireland, where, under a Protestant government, hundreds of Catholics are day after day driven out upon the cheerless road to perish and their wretched dwellings destroyed. These are facts. Still, Catholics never use them to create ill will against their dissenting brethren. Such a burlesque on Christianity they leave for their sectarian friends.

No doubt, in most Catholic, as well as Protestant, countries, there are numbers who, though born of Catholics, are, through their own or their parents neglect, as ignorant as ever Kirwan was when he discovered the errors of Popery. They will not be taught. The Catholic Religion imposes too much restraint; therefore they avoid it altogether, and row up in blindness. Among such classes sectarian ministers may find proselytes, but they make no converts from Catholicity. Such persons never were Catholics but in name, as is fully proved by the nonsense they are made to speak throughout "Facts in Madeira." It is their interest, of course, to tell as many hobgoblin stories as will keep alive the morbid ignorant bigotry which brings them to America free of expense, and supplies their wants afterwards. It is the interest also of a trader in such scum to crawl about, like some noisome reptile, among those who were seeking respite from the cares of life to stir up every dark and bilious drop lingering round their hearts. It is his interest, too, to sell his book. Abusing and misrepresenting God's Church is their existence; without it, Protestantism and its thousand offshoots would be as dead, rotten and forgotten, as it will be when the One True Church stands a lasting monument of God's glory and goodness.

On the whole, however, I don't think Catholicity will be entirely annihilated by "Facts in Madeira." Even Protestants understand such game too well to give publications of the kind more than a passing thought—a conclusion, probably, some of your readers would wish had been arrived at by

VINCENT.

THE DIPLOMACY TO THE HOLY SEE.—The following is the speech made by M. Martinez de la Rosa on behalf of the diplomacy accredited to the Holy See, now at Naples, to the King of the Two Sicilies, with his Majesty's answer:—"Sire—The diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See believe it necessary to fulfil an agreeable duty in offering to your Majesty their respectful homage. Having followed the Holy Father when he sought an asylum, we were witnesses of the filial affection manifested by your Majesty in making the Supreme Pontiff forget that he was in a strange land; and your Majesty would have succeeded if even Pio Nonu could forget that he was separated from his own people, whom he so well loves. The cause of justice, thanks to the Most High, has triumphed; and when history shall make mention of these events, for ever to be remembered, it will, after having mentioned the evangelical patience which the Holy Father has manifested in those days of affliction, associate the name of the Monarch who has given to the Supreme Pontiff in his estates an hospitality so worthy of a great King." To which the King answered:—"Gentlemen—I am much flattered by the expression of the diplomacy near the Holy See. I have only fulfilled, in offering hospitality to the Holy Father, the duty of every Christian Catholic. It is for me a great consolation to hear that the sufferings of the Holy Pontiff Pius IX. are near their conclusion. He has given to all in the days of his sorrow an example of true resignation to the Divine will. I am glad of this opportunity of expressing to you, gentlemen, the supreme satisfaction I have experienced in receiving you during your sojourn at Gaeta, and I am most happy in having the opportunity of thus appreciating your devotion to the Holy Father."

M. Martinez de la Rosa said he rejoiced in offering the personal thanks of every one of his colleagues for the handsome manner in which they had been received by his Majesty.

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

The Nativity of the B. V. M.

Rejoice O man! let hymns ascend of praise and jubilee.
The Virgin-Queen of earth and heaven to day is born for thee!
The 'fairest lily of the Vale'—of 'Jesse's root' a vine—
A hallowed branch from Juda's stock and David's royal line—
The 'Star of Jacob'—Israel's hope; pure, bright, at length
To chase the midnight gloom that lowered o'er earth four thousand years—
To usher in Salvation's Sun, whose radiant, saving light
The Prince and Powers of darkness shall confound and put to flight!

To day is given the Virgin chaste, whose womb shall soon enshrine
The nations' hope—the Prophets' theme—the 'Light of Light' divine!
God's only Son! who from His throne descending, will assume
Man's fallen—nature penalty—will rescue from the doom
To which Eternal Justice has condemned our rebel race—
Will die for man! will shed His blood! sin's soul blot to efface.
Then O rejoice! the holiest form on earth that e'er yet trod
To day is born the Virgin spouse—the Mother pure of God!

Halifax Sept. 8.
(The above would have appeared upwards of a month ago, but it was mislaid.—Eds.)

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

GENTLEMEN,

Anything savouring of Catholicity is, I know, most welcome to your columns. With this conviction I have thought it advisable to furnish you with a few items relative to the cause in this Province, in order that you and your numerous readers may see what a very fair footing we have gained in New Brunswick, Orangism and bigotry notwithstanding.

Though not a professional traveller I have nevertheless of late accidentally got upon a few unknown roads that have taken me over a considerable portion of this vast Diocese. To begin at the Nova Scotia side I have visited Sackville, Dorchester, the Bend of Pettitodiac, Sussex Vale, Norton, St. John, Fredericton, the River St. John for about 96 miles, nearly all the Miramichi, Nelson, Newcastle, Douglas Town, Bartibogue, Chatham, St. Andrew and St. Stephens. Regarding those places which I have not seen, I made anxious enquiries and obtained the most accurate knowledge. I will therefore, give you some sort of description concerning all, generally and particularly.

Sussex Vale for many reasons first on the list, is a most beautiful locality formed by very towering hills, about fifty miles above St. John, in the direction of Kennebecasis River. About four years ago this mission had not been formed. Only once a year a priest could pay it a visit. Since that time a Missionary has been established there and great improvements have been made. There was neither Chapel, nor Glebe House on his arrival—a sad prospect for comfort. He immediately began to rouse up the people, who though extremely poor seconded his proposals as much as possible. The foundation of a Church was laid, a subscription list opened and in about eighteen months, the people of that district had the soul-felt happiness of having in their midst a glorious little Church glittering in the Sunbeams, and telling with its graceful cross pointing on high of the hope that is held by the faithful. The edifice is fifty five feet long and thirty wide, with a sacristy twenty feet square. In the front of the Church there are three doors, each of which leads to a separate and distinct aisle. There are on the first flat sixty five pews capable of containing each five persons, and in the gallery there is accommodation

of the same kind for about seventy. The pews are perfectly finished, being paneled within and without, painted in imitation of mahogany and varnished in the upper mouldings. The sanctuary extends across the whole breadth of the Church. The altar is elevated only three steps and above it surmounted by a gilt cross is a purely white canopy, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order. To this church there is attached a pretty Glebe House built in perfectly cottage style. There are also six acres of excellent land for the use of the clergyman and best of all there is not a fraction owing for either Church, House or ground.

The Chapel of Dutch Valley is thirty five by twenty five feet, not yet finished, but going on rapidly. The frame was raised only a short time since. This place is attended once a month.

In White's Mount there is a neat little Chapel forty by twenty five feet, with a vestry in proportion. Here there are two acres of fine land for the benefit of the Missionary.

Norton Church is fifty by thirty five feet. It has a tabernacle of solid Mahogany, with gilt pillars in front, and lined inside with silk purple velvet. The gallery is supported by Corinthian pillars—the ceiling is elliptic and the altar from its elevated position gives it a very splendid appearance, as you approach from the tower door. This building stands upon the most beautiful part of the Kennebecasis. The stream flowing on in stillness and sunshine through greenest intervals, presents one of the most enchanting scenes that a lover of the beautiful would sigh to look upon. It had so peculiar a charm for a certain friend of mine, that he embalmed its beauties in some twenty stanzas which perhaps I may be able to furnish on some other occasion if the gentleman's modesty can only be prevailed on to give them for publication. But glide we down, tho' reluctantly, this romantic river, and here ahead of us is Little River or Petit Riviere. There's its little Chapel forty by thirty feet. It has its pretty spire and vestry, and grave yard, and glebe lot and on the whole is about the handsomest thing of the kind "going." And this is the place where the Orangemen go prowling round! Let them enter you shining roof and kneeling down before that blessed crucifix, mark the representation of the God of love, who proclaimed peace to men of good will and who loved even his enemies, even to death; and perhaps their obdurate hearts will be softened and their ashy cheeks reddened with shame at the thought of their murderous deeds. This is, however, no play-ground, so we wend our way to St. Martin's. Three years ago a Catholic visitor would find very little chance in this locality. If he were a mere nominal one, which by the bye, is an absurdity, a paradox—he could I know spend some exceedingly pleasant days here. 'Tis situated on the shore of the Bay of Fundy and has constantly blowing upon it, the fresh free gales of the wide Atlantic. It is, moreover, a stirring place from its trade and ship building, and numbers a large quota of inhabitants. It forms a perfect semicircle on the shore having its entire circuit well studded with fine spacious buildings which would not disgrace the fair squares of some of our haughty high places. The blue ridges of distant Nova Scotia are quite perspicuous and the sportive porpoise and albacore exhibits their sea-green tails above the bright waters of the neighbouring flood. It has its verdant fields too, and its forests tall—its valleys and its streams and a blue bright sky laughing over all, but what are these to the true Catholic if something else is not there? How will Sunday rise to him if the 'sweet going bell' sounds not to prayer? Ah! there's nothing calm but Heaven; and if it's no place to hear of heaven, surely such a place is neither calm, nor bright nor true. And such a place was St. Martin's three years ago. To be sure there was a sort of Chapel there; but the absence of cross and spire equally proclaimed it a conventicle of heresy. And further: with its un-catholic front,

here was even something else that made it seem still more un-catholic. No priest was there. And "come to meeting," and "come hear the word of God," and "you know you'll hear nothing bad there," were words often repeated to the steadfast tho' nearly forgotten child of the true faith.—But now what do we behold? I will tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is a high hill towering over St. Martin's, and on that hill there is the thing desired. I don't know how it happens, but it mostly always happens, and this is what happens; that we, Catholics, with all our want of taste and means hit upon the most eligible spots of all others for our churches. Come early, come late, it so falls out. I could point at several instances of this, but perhaps they may turn up of their own accord before I shall have done with my delineations. Well, on this selfsame hill there is now a beautiful church, thanks to God, and the zealous indefatigable missionary who is in charge of the place. And hard by it he has procured a new, comfortable, spacious house with lands, tenements, &c. all the property of the parish. And all around these possessions so long desired he has got erected a beautiful fence white as snow, so that the scene on the once dreary hill is now the greatest centre of attraction in the far-famed fair Saint Martin's. This church is 60 feet by 36. The front looks really splendid. The altar is most tastefully got up indeed. The facing of it is movable at will. The antependiums belonging are changed according to the Festival. A set of finished candlesticks stand around the Tabernacle with excellent effect. The price of them, I was informed, was £35. The vestry is perfection itself. Drawers and vestment stands are everywhere about. The confessional looks not so dreary a thing as poor Protestants take it. 'Tis all it should be. Then as for vestments there is scarcely an end. I counted eight albs myself with just a passing glance. One of the vestments cost £20, another £15, another £12, and so on. We have not seen the like of them except in one place more, of which in time we will make due record.

We are now on our way for St. John, but I do not in the meantime pass by Lake Lomond without bidding its little chapel hail. Another hill, as I am alive! Yes in the very choicest spot of all the country round this little temple of the True God stands. What a sweet sequestered haunt! I spent a very pleasant Sunday here once, and heard a holy sermon against the great evil of the day—love of money and the world. But, alas! what little effect has the word of God on three-fourths of the people now! The ingratitude, the blindness of Jews were nothing to the apathy and wilful crimes of Christians. The soil of man's heart has run wild into thistles and thorns, and the Gospel seed is choked long before it can take root. What a falling off from the time when Saint Peter preached his first discourse. But I forget myself; at all events I am ruminating here on my own coldness as well as that of others. There is room for improvement everywhere. Lake Lomond chapel then, as I should have said before, is 30 by 20 feet. 'Tis but an oratory, yet quite large enough for the people there. It has the visit of a clergyman every month, and it is well provided with all things necessary for worship and sacrifice. More anon.

Yours, &c. M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept., 1849.

"We hope," says the *Daily News*, "Lord Brougham is not about to be come a Puseyite, but the following account of Brougham Chapel, by a correspondent of the *Carlisle Jour.*, looks a little suspicious:—'Having a wish to see this chapel, which I had not been in since I left Penrith, thirty-nine years ago, great was my astonishment to find it metamorphosed from a plain whitewashed chapel to a tabernacle, all glorious within: with sardonyx, topaz, jasper, sapphire, emerald, amethyst, agate, onyx, beryl, chrysolite, and carbuncles set in gold, with a new ceiling blazoned with heraldic devices of all colours, which dazzled my sight for a time and bewildered my understanding, to these

were added carved oak seats, high armchairs at the altar, high candlesticks, and many more high things I cannot name. But the greatest curiosity, and the one which most attracted my attention—not unmingled with feelings of disgust—was a new reading-desk, fitted up very lately, and which you tell us was cast at Carlisle. Of the various articles I ever beheld introduced into a chapel belonging to Protestants, this excels them all. A winged bull, a winged eagle, a winged lion, and a winged man support its base, and base supporters they are. What on earth have such things to do in a Christian church in the nineteenth century? They would have been all right in the land of Egypt 500 years before the birth of Christ, when stone worship was common among the unenlightened heathens. But this is not all. The congregation is solicited by an inscription around the desk to 'Pray for the soul of John de Burgham.' When did the gentleman live? This ought first to be ascertained; because, if he never lived, he had no soul to pray for. Was he a saint or a sinner? A sinner, no doubt, by asking people to pray for him so late on. It is common in our Church, at this day, to require the prayers of the congregation for the sick and afflicted, and it was also common to inscribe such things on tombs as 'Pray for the soul of John de Burgham' before the establishment of the Protestant religion; but, though the Romanists still pray for the dead, it is not permitted in our Church."

*Protestant ignorance. These are the four distinctive symbols of the Evangelists from the celebrated Vision of Ezekiel.

We are informed by a correspondent from Edinburgh, that the foundations of a great Catholic cathedral church are to be laid in that city in the month of November next. The architect is M. Pugin.

On Tuesday, the 31st of July, a review of the destitute poor of the parish of Aughagower was held on the fair green of Aughagower, where about 3,500 paupers were assembled to answer to their names. Some of these poor creatures, who had to travel a distance of fourteen Irish miles, were carried on carts; others in baskets on asses, while some were conveyed on wheelbarrows. I remarked, in particular, a poor girl, about eighteen years of age, seated in a wheelbarrow; she was fair advanced in dropsy—her face was white swelled, and she could scarcely open her eyes. I spoke to her, and she replied, with difficulty that she got the use of the wheelbarrow from a kind neighbor, and that the people drove it on a distance of five miles, lest she should be deprived of her allowance of Indian meal. She moaned pitifully, and regretted she was not left at home to day, as she thought she would die on the road. I also observed in the crowd a man on horseback; he had neither shoes or stockings; his feet were very large from dropsy, and scarcely any clothes. He could not endure the pain of being taken from the horse, as he said he had suffered much while he was being put on the horse's back.

At twelve o'clock Colonel Hegro, one of the vice-guardians, took the chair, assisted by the relieving officer, and called out the heads of families, when each family came up to prove their existence; I waited until half-past three o'clock, when duty called me away, and it was due to the gallant colonel to state that he treated the suffering crowd with kindness, and that he seemed to sympathize in their sufferings. Such a scene of sickness, destitution and nakedness, no pen could depict—such a condition of a population never was witnessed, without a house to shelter them. Nothing remains for them but the grave. In the reign of Cromwell, who burnt the corn fields in the south, the people ate grass; and in the reign of Queen Victoria the people are necessitated to eat nettles and herbs of the fields, and in the end to die by the most horrible of deaths, starvation. These are the poor who hourly surround our houses craving something to eat, while there is not one to relieve them, and notwithstanding all the aid we have received from his Grace of Tuam, from the General Relief Committee, and from charitable individuals, and for all which we are most grateful, I confidently hope that the charitable and humane, who are blessed with wealth, will consider the necessities of 3,500 souls, all of one parish, not to mention the hundreds who are at home sick. How are all these to be fed? Who will clothe them? who will employ them? they have no tillage. The government, whose duty it was to provide for them, have not done so. If they were Mahomedans they would be better provided for.

PETER WARD, P. P., Aughagower.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—We have been favoured with a copy of the first number of a new journal entitled the *Arrogant Monthly Journal*; a journal which is written, printed, and published on board her Majesty's steam frigate *Arrogant*. It contains four pages, and is about the size of, or rather larger than a sheet of foolscap paper; and is conducted by Mr. A. D. Dundas, an officer on board the *Arrogant*. The articles are all original, and written by the officers of the ship, and consist of descriptive accounts of various places; two articles, "Notes on Vancouver's Island" and "Coal in the Straits of Mazatlan," are highly interesting. There are also other articles and paragraphs of a miscellaneous character, written in good style, and exhibiting elevated sentiments. It will be obvious to all that the officers of the navy possess peculiar advantages in the acquirement of much useful and interesting information; and the means thus taken for imparting it cannot fail to be a source of entertainment and instruction during the monotony of a voyage, or the tedium of lying in harbour. The following extract from the introductory remarks shows the troubles and perplexities which have ushered the first number of this journal into existence:—"Called away at a moment's notice, when 'time and tide will wait for no man,' we have returned and found the type a shapeless mass, and our manuscript at the mercy of the public. But these were not half our grievances. We broke the press, our ink rollers melted, and we ran short of type; notwithstanding all which we have weathered the storm, and, reader, you have now the fruits of our labour."—*Hampshire Independent*.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.—The article alluded to, signed *Vincat* was copied from the *N. York Freeman*. It is the production of a very witty and true-hearted Irishman, and was printed by mistake in our columns without the proper acknowledgement.

Senex recommends us to print a Prayer Book for the use of the aged and purblind with the large type which is sometimes used in this Journal which he says he can read 'without his specs.' We are glad to hear it.

Fair Play writes to inform us that some 'unmannerly loafers' had the meanness to hiss and groan at the St. John Boatmen on the day of the race in our harbour. These cowardly wretches were in a small boat not far from the rowers. For the honour of the city we hope it is not true. The St. John Boatmen won their victory in a masterly and creditable manner, and should not have been subjected to the smallest insult.

Verax.—The letter alluded to was inserted as one of the best specimens of the writer's powers. Having justly censured some of his other productions, it could be no harm to give him the benefit of this.

A Lady.—As far as we know, the Bazaar in question will take place immediately after Christmas. The other question we cannot answer.

Civis.—We beg to decline for many reasons. We do remember the offensive articles alluded to, and that one of them remains to this day without an apology. But for us, they revealed no new turpitude either on the writers or publishers. One had just as much principle as the other. The slaver of their disgusting praise would be poured out as freely as their abuse, if it would promote their selfish views.

We pity from our heart the silly dupes who have been moved by their crocodile tears of repentance.

Soda we are sure thinks himself a very amusing wit; but he is, in our poor judgment, flatter than the flattest bottle of his namesake. Did such an *omadhuon* really imagine we would permit him to discuss the principles of the Temperance cause in our columns.

A Merchant.—We will not retract one word of what we have said about the lying character of *Willmer and Smith*. We often feel insulted when we see some of its gross calumnies on our religion, copied into what are called Liberal and friendly Journals. We know that it is from those perverted statements that the majority of readers here form their opinions of Catholicity on the Continent of Europe. The next offensive lie of this kind we see copied here, we will brand as it deserves.

THE VISITATION.

During the recent Visitation a very interesting portion of the Diocese was visited by the Bishop, and a great number of persons confirmed. Cemeteries were blessed according to the rite of the Roman Pontifical at Yarmouth, Salmon River, St. Mary's Frenchtown, Annapolis, and Aylesford. Four new Churches were consecrated; St. Louis's at Annapolis, St. Joseph's at Kentville, St. Lawrence's at Aylesford, and St. Vincent of Paul's at Salmon River. The two latter have been very recently erected. Confirmation was administered in each of those places, as well as at St. John's, Windsor, St. Croix near Digby, St. Mary's, Clare, St. Maude's Metcghan, St. Anne's Felbrook and at Yarmouth. The Bishop preached at the different stations, and there was also a sermon from Rev. Mr. Nugent at Yarmouth, from the Abbe Gendot at Argyle, and from the Rev. Mr. Geary at St. Mary's. Various improvements were suggested and resolved upon in the different Churches, and arrangements were made for commencing a New Church between Sissiboo and St. Mary's. A large number of Books and religious objects were distributed at each of those places, and we have heard that a considerable impulse was given to the piety and zeal of the faithful by the visits of the chief pastor, the instructions of himself and his Clergy, and the imposing ceremonies of our Holy Faith. We have been promised some interesting details of a few of those Country Missions which we hope to lay before our readers at a future day.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

First in importance is the probability of a General War. Austria and Russia having defeated the revolutionists seem now determined to reap the fruits of their victory. Russia has for many years cast a longing eye on Constantinople and India. She has by slow but persevering efforts prepared herself to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity, and the long-wished for time seems to have arrived at last. The *casus belli* is a formal demand on the Turkish Government to surrender forthwith some of the defeated revolutionists who have taken refuge in the dominions of the Sultan. This may, or may not be a pretence; but the real objects of Russia can be no longer concealed, and there is no doubt she will be heartily supported by Austria. Both Powers have seen clearly that English

intrigue, English gold, and English spies were deeply connected with the revolutions of Europe. We are certain that they will repay England for this treacherous conduct and that they will be aided by many other powers. The only hope of an alliance that England can have in support of Turkey will be France, and an English alliance with France we look upon to be a rope of sand. The thing is unnatural, contrary to all experience, and would not last six months. Hence, we foresee that if England should be plunged into a war with Russia, Austria, Prussia, Naples, Spain, &c., the chances are that when she is fairly committed her Gallic neighbour will leave her to her own resources. Thus with Ireland discontented, with India and Canada ripe for mischief, with the mill-stone National debt crushing her to the earth, with Brother Jonathan squinting at Cuba with one eye and British North America with the other, England has no very comfortable prospect before her at the approach of 1850.

The Pope is still at Portici and there seems no likelihood of his speedy return to Rome. *On dit* that the French Government are relaxing in their demands, and that the French troops are likely to be soon recalled, their places at Rome to be supplied by the Spaniards.

The Potato rot continues in Ireland, and the alarm cry of famine is again heard.

The Provincial Council at Paris has been closed with much solemnity. All the venerable members were presented by the Archbishop of Paris to the President of the Republic.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS.

AT THE
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
Directly opposite W. N. Selzer & Sons, and the
Province Building.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received his FALL STOCK of **DRY GOODS**, from GREAT BRITAIN, by the following vessels, viz:—*MICAOE*, from Glasgow; *DIVON*, from London; *ADELAIDE*, and *ALBERT* from Liverpool, G. B.

Among which will be found, a very large and extensive assortment of

FANCY and STAPLE GOODS,

—COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING, VIZ:—

Tartan and Gala PLAIDS, fine Wool and Union CLOAKINGS, black and white ditto. A large choice of Rich Printed Cashmere, Plaid Wool, Neat, Black and Embroidered SHAWLS; also, a few Rich Embroidered Shawls, something very new and neat in style; French and English DE LAINES, Cashmires, Gala Checks, Fancy and Mourning Checks do; Coburgs, Silk Striped Black Orleans and Coburgs, do; black and cold Gros de Naples, Bonnet RIBBONS, Ribbon Velvet, Cap Ribbons, Silk and Satin Neck Ties, White and Grey Lands Wool Hose and half Hose of all kinds; black and cold Kid and Cashmere GLOVES, in variety; Fur Gloves and Gauntlets; White and Fanciful London made Shirts, black silk and Velvet figured Coat Buttons, Great Coat, ditto; Vest and Jacket ditto; Braids, Bindings, Silk, Twist, and a capital assortment of Taylor's Trimmings; Tortoise Shell Side Combs, Dressing Combs, Hair Brushes; black and cold Silk Bandanna Handkerchiefs, Muslin and Tamboured Collars, Dress and Lace Caps, Blond Quilling, Black Silk Lace Lace, white Lace Insertion, Wire ground Cotton Edgings; Black Silk Fringes and Gimps, chain Gimps, of all colors; Worsted Braids, black and colored Satin VESTINGS, Velvet do; Cashmere Mullers' Black Crapes, white and Drab Satin Stays, France ditto; Oil Cloth, Muslins of all kinds, Brown Holland Pinatures, Pique Cloths, Beavers, Broad Cloths, Doekings, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Blankets, Kersays, White and Striped SUMMERS, Cotton Neckers, Grey COTTON, Red, Blue and White FLANNELS.

1 case of FURS,—Consisting of Squirrel Cuffs, Victorines, Jeannette Bows, Squirrel Muffs, Mock Sable, &c.

25 bales Blue and White Cotton WARP.
20 boxes of Leseners No. 1, London STARCH, 66 lbs. each box.

50 chests of Good TEA.
All of which will be disposed of at the lowest prices for Cash only.

N. B.—Countrymen will find it to their advantage to call at the Manchester House, where they will find goods as cheap as any in the market, and of the best quality. Socks, Homespun and Yarn, taken in exchange for Goods. Lots of Cotton Warp, which will be sold very low.
Sept. 29.

K. SKERRY.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

THE CROSS.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square. Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets; Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwalli streets; Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church. Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf. Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to 'his Journal':—

Ketch Harbour—John Martin, J. P.
Portuguese Cove—Mr. Richard Neal, Senr.
Bear Cove—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
Herring Cove—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.

Ferguson's Cove—Mr. William Conway.
Quarries—Mr. O'Keefe.
North West Arm—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
Upper Prospect—Peter Power, J. P.

Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the
Sacre Cœur.

Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the Sacre Cœur have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEACOCK, Superioress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.
Halifax, July 14, 1849.

CITY CLOTHING STORE,

North Corner of Duke and Water Streets.

WINTER IMPORTATIONS.

THE Subscriber has received per late arrivals from Great Britain, his usual supply of
Ready Made Clothing,

Of the newest fashion and style, suitable for the Winter Season. Also, a varied assortment of super-fine West of England CLOTHS, Beaver, Pilot, Whitney, Fancy Doekings, Cassimeres, Tweeds; Men's China Silk, Merino, Lambs Wool, Brown Cotton SHIRTS and DRAWERS; Fancy Regatta and White Cotton Shirts, (trimmed with Linen,) Outfits, &c. together with the residue of his former Stock, will be sold either Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest possible prices to suit the times.

Articles made up at his Establishment in a fashionable and durable style.

Seamens' Clothing of every description constantly kept on hand.

Orders from the country punctually attended to.
Oct. 13. RODGER CUNNINGHAM.

LONDON

THE LATE KING OF SARDINIA—A solemn High Mass, for the repose of the soul of King Charles Albert, took place on Wednesday at the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn-fields. The Service commenced at eleven o'clock. The Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was sung by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, V. A. L. D. The Assistant Priest the Rev. Wm O'Connor, M.A., and Senior Chaplain of the Sardinian Legation. The Deacon the Rev. Dr. Baldacconi. The Sub-Deacon Rev. Di Melia. The Master of the Ceremonies the Rev. John Wheelo, M.A. More than one hundred Catholic Clergymen, habited in surplice, stole, and cassock, assisted in chanting the solemn office. The singing was under the direction of Signor Sixto Perez. The music was Mozart's short "Missa De Requiem." After the High Mass, the Funerary Oration was delivered by the Bishop; after which followed the Absolution according to Roman ritual. The whole terminated at one o'clock. Prince Maurice de Montleart, half brother to his Majesty King Charles Albert; Baron de Isola, Charge d'Affairs of Sardinia; Count Corti, Attache to the Legation; and the Chev. Heath, Consul-Gen., were stationed near the bier during the service. Among those present at the ceremony were the French Ambassador, Baron and Baroness Montherot, and M. de Breuille, Secretary of the Embassy; the Belgian Minister and M. Drouet, First Secretary of Legation; the Brazilian Charge d'Affairs and M. Pinto, Attache to the Legation; General Count de Chabannes, A.D.C., Prince Torremuzzo, Baron and Baroness Marochatti, Madame Dupont, Count Avigdor, Mr. Panizzi, Count and Countess Repoli, Dr. Granville, Mr. Gallenga, &c. The diplomatic corps attended in their uniforms, the members of the order of knighthood wearing their respective insignia. Several gentlemen from the Foreign Office attended in private and stood round the catafalque. Some of the Foreign Ministers were prevented from being present at the solemn rites by absence from town. The chapel was hung with black draperies. The bier was of black velvet and silver lace, with the crown, the orb, and other emblems of royalty placed on the top. It was elevated in front of the altar, and had displayed at each corner the Royal and national standards of Sardinia. The bier and the insignia of sovereignty were covered with crape, spotted with silver stars, and the colours were also looped up with crape. Beneath the coffin were large escutcheons of the Sardinian Cross, surmounted by a crown, and escutcheons were displayed in front of the gallery bearing the insignia, of the Sardinian orders of knighthood. Above the whole was a canopy of black drapery, suspended from a very large crown, which was surmounted by a cross. The crown and Royal Arms of Sardinia were emblazoned upon a hatchment executed with great taste and elegance. The following was the inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of pious, noble, and valiant Charles Albert, King, soldier, citizen, favoured by God, and beloved by the people; in prosperity moderate in adversity firm; who departed this life at Oporto, on the 18th June, 1849. Pray for his peace and repose." After the ceremony, the members of the diplomatic corps who were present were introduced to the Right Reverend Dr. Wiseman.

WENLOCK AND ALDENHAM—NUMEROUS CONVERSIONS.—The morning of the 2d September, 1849, was for several of the inhabitants of Bridgenorth, Middleton, Lenley and Aldenham, a heavenly time, full of holy rejoicing. The Rev. Father Ruitz, Missioner of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, and Superior of the above Mission, assisted by a Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and four other clergy, habited in copes, presented themselves at the door of the church, and after the usual interrogations, introduced processionally eight recent converts, besides seventy-two others previously received, which makes up the number of eighty newly-admitted children of our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church. As they were introduced, the "Veni Creator" was intoned, after which the Rev. Father being seated in the midst of the presbytery, one after another of the converts knelt down before him, and the ceremonies prescribed by Holy Church and the usual prayers were gone through. The converts were then baptised, and a sermon was preached explaining the sacrament of Baptism and the duties implied by a reception into the Holy Catholic Church. Solemn Mass was then celebrated, followed by the "Te Deum" the Litanies of our Blessed Lady, the "Pantum Ergo," and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the

functions being performed with great dignity; and it was truly touching to witness them, considering the number of persons who had just voluntarily embraced the true Faith. At the invitation of the Rev. Father Superior of Aldenham, a *dejeune* took place in the ruins of the beautiful Abbey of Wenlock. One of the converts, an ex-Protestant Minister, took the opportunity of publicly retracting all he had said and done in his ignorance, against the Catholics, and of expressing the happiness he felt in his mind, that God had given him light and grace to know his errors and to embrace the true Catholic religion. Many persons afterwards presented themselves to thank the Rev. Father for the erection of a Catholic Mission in Wenlock, and we understand several Protestants have expressed to him the doubts they felt relative to their religious beliefs, and Catholics applied for confession, who had hitherto neglected their religious duties. On the 3rd September Mass was celebrated for the first time at Wenlock since the fearful epoch of the "Reformation," the chapel was crowded with a devout concourse of the Faithful. The Rev. Father Ruitz, in returning to his residence at Aldenham, in the habit of a Missioner, with crucifix at his side, was courteously saluted by the assessors by. [The above is the substance of a letter kindly forwarded to us by a worthy Italian Catholic who was present.]—*Tablet*.

THE PAPACY AND CIVILIZATION—"I am far from joining," says the Roman correspondent of the *Chronicle*, "in the indiscriminate invectives which the great majority of English polemical writers and travellers in Italy have directed against the Papal Government of former days. It was always the munificent patron of science and learning, and under its auspices the arts of peace flourished, whilst the larger portion of Europe was immersed in ignorance and barbarism. The Leos, the Pauls, the Clements, the Benedicts, the Gregories, have left memorials of their grandeur, upon which the rudest of mankind cannot look unmoved. I speak not merely of the glorious fane which they reared for the service of religion, and in which the great architect of the universe is worthily worshipped, but of edifices and ordinances of public utility and civic beneficence, which prove that the Pontiffs always attentively regarded the health and comfort of their subjects, and were often the zealous friends of industrial progress. In spite of all the assertions to the contrary which I have read in the books of English tourists, who take their ideas of the Papal States from what they see on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome regard the Roman agriculture as equal or superior to the vaunted rural economy of Tuscany. Throughout all the eastern and northern provinces, where nature has not, as in the west, frustrated the efforts of industry, or churlishly stinted its rewards, the face of the country everywhere bears the marks of skillful and careful cultivation. The neatly-divided fields and plows, the well-trimmed fences, the absence of anything like slovenliness in the appearance of the rich and teeming crops, would do no discredit to the foremost agricultural science of our own country, though the Roman work with a much less complicated machinery than is now the fashion in England. I am well aware that I should tread on dangerous and delicate ground if I approached the terrible questions of thrashing machines, or bullocks versus horses; but, after all, these are matters of mere expediency, to be regulated by the circumstances of each particular country. The well-built towns, mostly perched on the crests of the hills (a memorial of feudal times), have an air of stateliness and grandeur, especially from a distance, which I have never seen matched elsewhere. Nature, indeed, has been lavish of her gifts to Italy; in no country of the world are all the substances which best subserve public commodity found in greater abundance, though coal and iron, the great staples of manufacture, may be deficient. In one particular we have a lesson to learn from the urban economy of the Romans. Fountains of the purest and coolest water embellish the public places of the cities, and gurgle through the streets in living rills that allay the virulence of the summer heats, and supply the first want of life in a plenty that may well be envied by the inhabitants of cities like London, whose store of water is drawn from filthy streams, and stinted by the rapacity of monopolising companies. The fountain of Trevi, at Rome, forms a monument to Benedict XIV., nobler than his restoration of the Lateran; and the *Acqua Paola* may well incite the devout Catholic to bless the memory of Paul Borghese."

MR. BENNETT, OF ST PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE—The Rev. Mr. Bennett, incumbent of St. Paul's, Pastor of the Prime Minister of England, and a Tractarian of the first water, has just published certain prayers, of which the following are extracts—"It may be suggested, in order that the prayers may be offered up at the same time, that the following hours would be appropriate, namely—six, nine, a.m.; twelve, noon; three, six, nine, p.m.; twelve midnight." In the part of the prayers headed "Intercession," the following petitions occur—"O Thou who didst die and rise again, to be Lord both of the dead and the living, whether we live or die, Thou art our Lord. Lord, have pity on living and dead." And again we have the following—"For the souls of those who are in pain and suffering, We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord. For the souls of the dying now instantly meeting Thee, We beseech Thee to hear good Lord. For the souls of those departed in the Faith of Thy holy name, that they may have their perfect consummation and bliss, we beseech Thee to hear us good Lord." On this precious Prayer Book the *Record* makes the following remarks—"We do not know how the Bishop of London regards those directions given to the people of his diocese to pray for the dead; nor are we surprised to learn, that the Rev. Cyril N. Page, of the Broadway, Westminster, on whose ministry the young people of the National Society in that locality attend, is busy circulating the document among his people. It is the third edition of the publication which lies before us. How the National Society can subject the young people committed to their care to the teaching of a person of whose instruction this is a specimen; and how men of scriptural principle can remain connected with a society who year after year, amidst strong remonstrances to the contrary, persist in having the children of the society so initiated into the principles of Rome, it is difficult for a simple minded Christian to imagine."—*British Banner*.

DEATH OF THE SUPERIORESS OF BAGGOT-STREET CONVENT—It is with exceeding great regret we have to record the death of Mother Mary Cecilia Marmion, late Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Baggot-street, which sad event occurred on the 15th inst., in the 47th year of her age, after a short but severe illness, which she bore with true Christian patience. The holy lady, who has been so distinguished for her great charity and zeal, had the happiness of seeing several new foundations of the institute established through her exertions, not only in Ireland and England, but also on different parts of the Continent, and in the New World. The solemn Office and High Mass for the repose of her soul took place on Monday last, at eleven o'clock, in the chapel of the Convent, and was attended by nearly fifty clergymen from the different parts of the city and county. Immediately after the Mass, the body was conveyed to the burial ground at the rear of the Convent, preceded by the procession of the Clergy, and followed by about forty of the religious sisters, whose sorrowful countenances indicated how much they felt the loss they have sustained, but which must, if possible, be still more severely felt by the numerous poor for whom she provided protection and relief, and who could always with confidence look to her as a tender and affectionate mother. Surely a life spent in such holy and charitable labours must be entitled to participate in that encomium—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

THE SCRAMBLE—Anything like the excitement in the west of the county Limerick, between cess collectors, poor-rate collectors and landlords' bailiffs, hauling, dragging, and scrambling one with another, in the effort to be first in the seizure of the occupiers' corn, has, we are informed never yet been paralleled. The scramble for coppers flung among a crowd would afford but a faint notion of the struggle between the "limbs of the law," for the unfortunate tenant's only dependence. In most of the instances not a morsel of grain food, not one sheaf of corn has been left. In the potato crop the disease is advancing, and in one or two months that resource will also disappear.—*Limerick Examiner*

MARRIAGE OF THE CLERGY—The following is announced under the head of "Ecclesiastical," in the *Oxford Herald*:—"In consequence of the death of Mrs. Summer, lady of the Bishop of Winchester, his Lordship has acquainted the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Diocese of Winchester that the visitation, intended to have been holden at the latter end of the present month, will not take place this year."

ANGLICAN OPINIONS ON THE SYNOD OF PARIS—"Our readers," says the *Guardian*, "will peruse with interest the outline given below of the course of proceeding adopted by the Council. The members rise at five a.m., and take their meals together, and observe the hours, and pass a considerable portion of the day in religious exercises. It is difficult to avoid contrasting this with the frigid and easy semi-convivial sort of character which such an assembly, it may be feared, would wear in England. It is in the spirit which prompts these observances that the English Clergy must assemble, if the Councils which we hope to see restored are to be of real benefit to the Church; and, in matters of detail, they may, perhaps, borrow some useful hints, from the practice of a Synod convened under the auspices of so very learned a canonist as Archbishop Sibour."

IRISH TALENT—Two Irishmen now preside over the most eminent corporations of savants in the United Kingdom. Lord Rosse being the President of the Royal Society, and Doctor Roman Robinson of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now assembled at Birmingham.

We understand that the Rev. Angus Mackenzie, of the Roman Catholic congregation, Eskdale, has received 3*l*. from Sir Robert Peel for distribution amongst the poor of that congregation.—*Inverness Courier*.

ASSOCIATION

For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax, 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable "Institution" of the Propagation of the Faith was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 2*l*.

Paper Hangings and Borders.

THE Subscriber has received by the Brig. Halifax a large assortment of ROOM PAPER, Window Blinds and Borders, of New Patterns and low Prices. JAMES DONOHOU, May 6. No. 30 Hollis Street.