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Jesus said to his disciples, Whom do you say that I am!

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.

Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? —TERTULLIAN Prescrip. xii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Altar founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious. —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herid 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.

- February 1—Thursday—St. Ignatius B M Doub.
- 2—Friday—Purification of the B. V. M. doub II cl.
- 3—Saturday—St. Dionysius P C doub sup comm St Blasius B M.
- 4—Sunday—Septuagesima Sunday semid.
- 6—Monday—St. Agatha V M doub.
- 8—Tuesday—Prayer of Our Lord Jesus Christ great doub sup comm St. Dorothy V M.
- 7—Wednesday—St. Romuald Abbot doub.
- 8—Thursday—St. John of Matha C doub.
- 9—Friday—St. Zozimus P C doub comm St Appollonia V M.
- 10—Saturday—St. Scholastica V.
- 11—Sunday—Sexagesima Sunday semid.
- 12—Monday—St. Telesphorus P M doub.
- 13—Tuesday—Comm of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ grt doub.
- 14—Wednesday—St. Agatha P C doub sup comm St Valentine.

COMPITUM ; OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church. Continued.

O golden age of childhood! when heaven and earth, as poets say, 'seem blended at the distant hill, prophetic intuition of the faith of him who hath indeed become a child,' yielding to the impulse of an infancy outlasting manhood! A thousand fantasies begin to throng into the memory of venerable priests, and kind, gracious beckoning monks and nuns, and gentle tongues that syllable men's names on sands and shores, and desert wildernesses, and all creating thoughts which in one way or other lead us to the rock on which we have secure rest for ever. Children in their tabernacle know the secrets,—not of cities, not of human society, not of history, but of God—their fair eyes are full of infinite sweetness—their little hands, joyous and blessed, have not committed evil—their young feet have never touched our defilement—their sacred heads wear an aureole of light—their smile, their voice, proclaim their twofold purity. O the paradisaical ignorance coveted, perhaps, by angels, of all the errors which heresy has sown to later times; what cruelty to intercept the view of children by suffering their feet to get entangled in such briars, and their minds to be thus cankered, as is the bud bit with an envious worm; ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, or dedicate his beauty to the sun! Later they will not thank you; for happier had it sufficed them, to have known good by itself, and evil not at all. As terns and other birds, from arctic solitudes, when found flapping their long silver-tapering wings over our rivers that wind through woodlands and rich yellow meadows, show no fear of man, but keep close hovering over the blowns who with stones and staves assail them, so these innocent souls coming first amidst the crowded haunts of life, are ignorant of evil, and of all danger unsuspecting.

The stranger lived with children who had never heard of Protestants till after they had enjoyed eight summers. They used to cross themselves devoutly as they passed before the poor old desecrated churches in England, thinking they were still their own. In Salisbury,

and of them declared that he thought it in so ruined a state, that it would require a year's labour at least before the holy mass could be said in it again. Here had been much secrecy observed; but how many matters were to be told to them, meet and agreeing with their infancy! how many sympathies were to be directed well, which afterwards might impel the man, like a loving child, to shed at times some small drops as from a tender spring, because kind nature doth require it so. But how, you ask, can these have any especial affinity to truth whose fascination seems to arise from their very weakness? like her described in the sweet lines,

'Loving she is, and tractable, though wild: And innocency hath privilege in her To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes; And feats of cunning, and the pretty round Of trespasses, affected to provoke Mock-chastisement, and partnership in play.'

The mystic voice of cloistered sanctity will assure you that it may be so. St. Gertrude, speaking of the faults of her own childhood, would lead one to suppose that God regarded the slight nervous little sister as the father of a family would dote upon her, though rejoicing in the gracious elegance of many children amongst whom this child was the least promising to a strange eye, having not the strength or beauty of the rest: for on such a child she says a father will have so much paternal compassion that he will cherish it more than all the others, and give her many little presents, as if especially prizing her from the sense she entertained of her own infirmity.† And so will God draw nearer and nearer to the feeble, to whom with all humility we may ascribe the words, 'Congratulamini mihi omnes qui diligitis Dominum, qui cum essem parvula, placui Altissimo.'

O how like in all this, the stranger said, to my Leitia, and the rest that follow her, the prettiest that ever ran on the green sward—gentle radiant forms, from custom's evil taint exempt and pure, that bloom on mossy banks and darksome glens, lighting the green wood with their sunny smile. Oh! that all such may ever prove what Shakespeare's Gloucester feigns to be, 'too childish, foolish for this world.'

Now the stranger could understand the poet when he says,

'She was all I had To love in human life—this playmate sweet, This child of seven years old—so she was made My sole associate, and her willing feet Wander'd with mine.'

For albeit, endowed with no magic girdle as that the songster of Jerusalem describes—'tender disdains were her's, and repulses that attracted, and levites that endeared, and contentments full of joy, and stores of smiles, and little words, gladsome, arch, and often deep, and drops of delicious tears, and short coming sighs, and soft kisses;' and what another poet calls, without remarking that the Catholic religion will secure them ever, 'pure thoughts, fashioned to her Maker's mind.' O childhood of the human heart that never grows old! how dear to thee is such society! Who could tell through how many sweet bright vistas does truth appear to such children in all they see or hear

'Amid the wild odour of the forest flowers, The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams.'

Oh! if all men's thoughts were like their thoughts ere yet endowed with music and with light to make their fountains flow in poetry, how lovely were the world! how quick and un-

posed the passage through it to the light, and peace and joy of Paradise!

Such children trained to love and reverence, having never heard the tongues of men reproving what is of faith and holy discipline, furnish a most important study to philosophers themselves, for never can men estimate the intensity of bitterness presented to the world's lips in the cup of heresy which raises up clouds to prevent the eyes from looking up these avenues, until they consider what must be its action upon the intelligence and sensibilities of a child.

Never does the great Lutheran schism, combining all earlier errors, appear so hideous as when we consider the impressions which its withering doctrines must produce upon the infant mind. What shall we say of the courage of the man who would venture to repeat before a Catholic child any of these propositions, which so early as in the thirteenth century had been advanced by the Cathari, the Vandois, and the Albigenies, teaching men to show contempt for the cross, contempt for pictures of our Lord, and of his blessed Mother, contempt for images of Apostles and Martyrs, teaching them to scorn sacred vestments, to mock the shorn Priest, to revile the solemn procession, to scout the pilgrimage, the lighted shrine, the sacred bones, and the sepulchre of the holy? Our Lord, for those who would tempt or scandalize a believing child, has only the appalling image of the immortal worm and the everlasting fire. Si quis scandalizaverit unum ex pusillis istis qui in me credunt, expedit ei ut suspendatur mota asinaria in collo ejus et demergatur in profundum maris. Can we wonder that ineffable goodness should pronounce such words! But let us suppose the tempter at his work. What were he best to say? The Church had failed for eight hundred years and more! or shall he say those saints whose names you bear were false? Under what title shall he woo for heresy, that it may seem pleasing to their tender years? Well might a later poet say, that unconsciously the child aims stern lightnings when he resists such cavils against the Church of our Lord, and what his saints have judged.

'God gives the frail and feeble tongue A doom to speak on sin and wrong.'

Their words may be as nothing, yet the unshaped use of them can move the hearers to collection, and accomplish the marvel which the Church commemorates on the day of Holy Innocents, exclaiming, Ex oro infantum, Deus et lactentium perfectisti laudem, propter inimicos tuos. What think you would be the answer of the child to each proud negation! to each fierce Tolle of the crowd! Truly its astonishment and sorrow would be a sufficient refutation, a sufficient resistance perhaps; for as poets say,

'truth its radiant stamp Has fix'd, as an invulnerable charm Upon our children's brow, dark falsehood to disarm.'

Or, as Shakespeare expresses it, 'The silence often of pure innocence persuades, when speaking fails.'

The Fathers of the Order of Mercy remark in their great history, that S. Peter Nolasco, when a boy, held the heretics of that age in horror.—Whenever he saw one at the table of the Count of Toulouse, he left it immediately, regardless of all remonstrances. Truth was before him in all its loveliness. Hear how a modern poet describes a Catholic child in an unhappy land, where he could speak of the Catholic religion as fallen:

Early in years, and yet more infantine In figure, she had something of sublime In eyes which such sadly chose, as napassidone. All youth—but with an aspect beyond the grave, Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline; Mournful—but mournful of another's crime. She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door, And grieved for those who could not return no more.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere; As far as her own gentle heart allow'd, And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear Perhaps because 't was fallen, her sire's were proud

Of deeds, and days when they had fill'd the ear Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd To novel power, and, as she was the last, She held their old faith and old feelings fast; She gaz'd upon a world she scarcely knew, As asking not to know it; silent, lone, As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew, And kept her heart serene within its zone, There was awe in the homage which she drew; Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne Apart from the surrounding world, and strong In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

To those of the household of faith the strangeness disappears; for clear and short they know must be the way to truth before the steps of those whom Truth itself in an especial manner loves. While yet He was on earth, to show how dear was this first sweet age to our Redeemer,

'Whose arms eternal are young children's home;'

little need be said; nor to cite instances of his gracious familiarity with it are we driven to borrow ideal images, as from the book ascribed in early days to St. Thomas, in which our Lord is represented at play with other children, and already exposed to reprehension from some Jews, who complained of profanation on the ground of his amusing playmates on the sabbath day. Doubtless, in a direct manner the great God communicates himself often to the mind of children, and in secret visions to their unconscious thoughts discloses home at their first steps towards it:

'Youth, says the proverb, has no truth; But that is a peevish error: Ingenious Youth, he dwells with Truth, And they travel the same path together. Youth, in the joyful home of Truth, Must ay and for ever abide; And merrily Truth will go forth with Youth, And march with him, side by side!'

But it is through the Church that the ordinary guidance is supplied, and here we may well pause to admire and adore.

'I came to the place of my birth,' says an Arabic poet, 'and cried, the friends of my youth, where are they? And an echo answered, Where are they?' There were sweeter echoes for the Christian at his return. The Church was those of the Church which had blessed and sanctified the pure smiles of his infant playfulness; which had watched his first deep glances of awe, and won his steadfast eye by showing him a path of light, a glorious way to guide his soul on high. St. Germain of Auxerre, we read, preceded to the country of Autun, which he had never revisited since the time of his early youth, and he traversed it in all directions, seeking to recall the emotions which he had felt there [when a boy, and pleased without regrets at their remembrances.

\* Byron. † Lyra In. ‡ De la Motte Fouquet.

\* Mrs. Hemans. † S. Thom Vill Serm do Div Mich Ang ii.

\* Wordsworth. † Incinationes div pict S Gertrud App lib ii 18.

\* Vido Hunter Geschichte, tom. iii. lib. xiv. † Lyra In. ‡ Hist del'Ordre de la Mercy, 80.

SACRILEGIOUS OUTRAGE AT ST. MARY'S.

For the last ten days, the City has been in a state of unusual excitement, in consequence of the Sacrilegious and Robbery which were perpetrated at St. Mary's Cathedral on the night of Wednesday the 17th inst., or early in the morning of the 18th. We made no allusion to the subject last Saturday, both because we were not in a proper temper of mind to discuss it, and because we were unwilling by any premature publication of facts to impede the course of justice. We never for one moment believed that the diabolical crimes of that night were committed for any other purpose save that of plunder; but happily the fact is placed beyond doubt, by the discovery, apprehension and committal of the brace of military savages who perpetrated the deed. But, before we make any further allusion to them, we will briefly describe the nature and extent of their villainous operations.

They got into the Cemetery at the western side of the Cathedral, and made an attempt to break through one of the Church windows, in the very spot where Doherty and his accomplices effected their entrance, the last time the Church was robbed. However, after breaking two panes, the windows had been so well secured that they were failed. They then went to the Vestry door, and by sheer violence burst it open. They also broke through the door of a small room, between the Vestry and the back of the Altar, and made several attempts to burst open an immense Iron Safe, in the hope of getting at some of the Sacred Vessels, but in vain. Even had they succeeded, they would not have gained much, as almost every thing of value in the shape of plate is carefully removed every day after Divine Service. They next broke open the cases, chests and drawers in which the Vestments, Linens and Altar Ornaments were deposited, made their selection from amongst them, and scattered the rest all through the Vestry. They forced open each end of the Vestry Altar, in the hope of getting plate, and then proceeded to the High Altar in the Cathedral. Here their devastations were truly frightful, and such as to cause many to shed tears on the following morning. They took down two valuable bronze-gilt Reliquaries, broke them open and defaced them, and abstracted the Relics. The Tabernacle was tried, but found empty, as the Most Holy Sacrament is carefully removed on each day; but they smashed the large Altar Chart, and burned a portion of the gilt frame. The Sacred Shrine which was deposited last May, with so much solemnity, and at so much expense, was next invaded, broken open, and the contents scattered about the Altar. The Bishop's seat and prie dieu were ransacked in the hope of finding something of value, and a knock-door in the north-western corner of the Church was forced open for the same purpose. They also proceeded to the Temporary Porch inside the Great Entrance Door, and amongst other seats of arms smashed four Poor Boxes to pieces. The booty must have been very small, for the contents are carefully taken out every Sunday. Altogether, the villains must have spent a couple of hours in the work of destruction, before they effected their retreat by the corner of the Cemetery near Mr. Malcolm's houses. Amongst other things, they carried off a Gilt Incense-Boat of beautiful pattern, a Silver-plated Holy Water Pot, an Episcopal Cincture of silk and gold, several gold and bullion tassels wrenched from Stoles, a Stole with massive Crosses on it, which they supposed to be solid gold, four Albs and Amices, four Sou-wates, six cases of Relics (five of which have been happily discovered), a bronze-gilt Cross, seven pounds of Wax or Spermaceti Candles, &c.

When the Faithful came to Mass on the following morning, and the robbery was discovered, it would be impossible to describe their grief and excitement. The Bishop and Clergy carefully collected the remains of everything sacred which had been profaned at the Altar and in the Vestry, and speedy information was given to the authorities. It was soon reported that two Soldiers of the 7th had been out all night from barracks, and had attempted to steal in at an early hour in the morning. They were ordered to be confined to barracks for seven days, and a non-commissioned officer was appointed to watch

them. One of them was observed to throw a small yellow spoon, which he broke into the stove. This was the Incense Spoon that was fastened by a small chain to the stolen article. Another was seen offering a silk handkerchief for sale. This belonged to the Vicar General, and was placed in his drawer in the Vestry, from where it was taken by the robbers. About 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, the pair of marauders deserted the barracks, and though patrols were sent after them, they could not be found. In the course of the night some further clue to the haunts of one of them was discovered, and a strong party of Catholics, accompanied by two constables, proceeded to a house in Dutchtown, which they surrounded. Two having entered, demanded light, and the candle lighted by a woman was immediately pronounced to be one of the Church candles. The scent was quickly followed up, and the two runaway soldiers were discovered together in bed. They were ordered to get up and dress, which they reluctantly did. Meantime the straw tick on which they lay was ripped open, and several of the missing articles, including some of the Reliquaries, were found. This was about one o'clock in the morning. The night was piercingly cold, and when the inmates of a neighboring house were roused up by some of the party, the man of the house came in rather a surly mood to the door to enquire what they wanted with a rope, which they were crying out for. When he was informed that it was for the purpose of tying the villains who had robbed the Cathedral, he desired his wife to get up instantly, that they might take the bed rope out for the purpose. Jones and Lazby, who follows in question, were then pinioned together, and conveyed by their very active captives to the Watch house, where they were locked up for the night. On the following day they were brought before the Mayor, the articles were identified, and a warrant made out for their committal to jail, where they now await their trial. On their way from the Mayor's Office to prison, they were surrounded by an enraged multitude, who groaned and shouted in the ears of the villains, and who would no doubt have taken summary vengeance on the spot but that they were properly restrained by some influential Catholics. Of one thing, however, we are convinced—and it can do no harm to warn both soldiers and burglars of every description—that this is the last time an offence of this horrible nature will escape immediate punishment. St. Mary's Church has been now thrice robbed within a short time, and in each case the villains were discovered. In any case we hold it impossible that the smallest robbery in St. Mary's Church can escape detection, and from the precautions now taken, the most experienced thief will be failed. But to return to our warning. From the indignant feeling provoked on this occasion, and from the determination manifested by the people, we believe that any ruffian hereafter detected in an attempt on a Catholic Church in Halifax, will be very fortunate if he escape with his life. The people seem to feel there is no protection for their religious property, and they will protect it themselves. Some have been heard to vow, that if any similar case should occur, they will save the authorities the trouble and expense of a trial; and though we heartily condemn, we are not much surprised at the resolution, especially when we consider the horrible manner in which every thing they hold dear and sacred was profaned.

We will return to the subject next week, and record our opinions on the causes and origin of the recent robbery. Meantime we would earnestly recommend the sacrilegious wretch who was convicted of the former pillage of St. Mary's Church, who has passed through the very agreeable ordeal of our very comfortable Penitentiary, (we are quite serious in using the epithets,) and who has been lately let loose on this community again;—we would advise him, we say, for the benefit of his health, to try the air of Texas or California as soon as possible. The presence of such a ruffian is an insult to the whole city, and, we say it with reluctance, by no means creditable to those who ought to have saved Halifax from such an infliction.

It is but an act of justice to state, that on the late occasion the Civil and Military Authorities behaved in the handsomest manner. They made every effort and afforded every facility for the discovery and apprehension of the offenders. Jones, the supposed ringleader in the late outrage, was a soldier of the 20th Regt., and was

tried and convicted here for robbery. He was, we believe, undergoing his sentence at the Penitentiary when the Regiment left for Canada. His term having lately expired, he was attached to the 7th Fusiliers, at the North Barracks, where rumour says he corrupted the young man Lazby, his accomplice, who had the misfortune to form an acquaintance with him.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

It was announced last Sunday, that the usual Meeting of the Halifax Branch of this Great Association would be held to-morrow evening, at St. Mary's, immediately after Vespers. We need not exhort the tried friends of the cause to lend their valuable assistance on this occasion. The Halifax Branch was founded in January, 1843, and it has occupied a proud and prominent position ever since. We will "wager a ducat," that at the Meeting of to-morrow not an offensive word will be spoken in their absence of those who differ from us in religion. Such a thing has never occurred at any of the Meetings of the Society. We wish we could say the same of the Colonial Church Meeting. Perhaps they will learn better manners next year. We have been requested, by one whom we respect, to spare the blushes of the old women who have lately engaged our attention, and, in consideration of their sex, to extend them a liberal pardon. Well, we will graciously remit the remainder of their punishment, and, like true gallants, suspend our Crucial scourge for the present. But, take notice, Mrs. Cogswell, and all ye other old women; do not offend again, for we will be "mightily angry next time," as Sambo the black preacher said in a certain memorable discourse.

"Discite justitiam, inquit; et non temere Divos."

LEGAL REFORM.

A Correspondent writes to complain that at the last rising of the Supreme Court, no less than SEVENTY cases were untried, though some of them have been on the docket for two or three years—and suggests various plans for a reformation in the Law Courts. It is right to mention that he throws no blame upon the Judges, who are restricted, as to time, by the Law itself. We know nothing of the grounds of his complaint, or the efficacy of his remedies. In fact, we are rather surprised that some secular Paper has not been selected as a more suitable organ for those complaints anent "the Law's delay," one of the greatest miseries of human life. As we have less to do with the Law, than with the Prophets—wishing, as we do, to keep our Paper exclusively religious, we would recommend our Correspondent to agitate his favorite question in some other Journal. His MS. is carefully preserved, and will be returned on application.

We do not know whether it is the custom here to give the Lawyers a new fee every Term, whether the case comes on or not. Such donations are termed elsewhere *Refreners*—a word used in relation to the *memories* of the Juriconsults, alias, "the gentlemen of the long robe." Their robes may be very long, but it seems their *memories* are sometimes exceedingly short, and hence, we suppose, like the drowsy nation in Gulliver's travels, they require a "Flapper" every now and then, in the shape of a fee, to keep them wide awake. We suspect that our querulous Correspondent is some luckless client, whose sleep is disturbed by the fluttering of long bills of untaxed law costs. We wish we could administer a suitable soporific; but we fear he will think us "Job's comforters," when we give him our serious opinion—viz., that if the grievances in question were odious or inconvenient to the very forgetful gentlemen above alluded to, those grievances would have long since been redressed.

PIUS IX.

Translated for "The Cross" from the "Ami de la Religion."

On the morning of the 10th December, His Holiness celebrated Mass in his apartments, in presence of the Royal Family of Naples. Before Mass, His Holiness conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on His Royal Highness Prince Louis, Count of Trani. During the day the Superior Council of Health, of Naples, composed of the Marquis Garofolo, Duke de Sant'ano, Count of Chiaramonte, Prince de Sant'agela, Duke de Regina, Duke de Castellmardo, &c. &c. were admitted to kiss the foot of His Holiness. The Holy Father replied to the alle-

cution of the President with a benevolence and grace which accompanies all his acts: "I am most grateful for the proofs of hospitality and devotedness I have received from all the subjects of your august Sovereign. I regret to have detained you: on account of the numerous affairs I had to attend to this day, I beg of you to receive my apologies. I bless you and all your families, and I invoke the assistance of the Holy Virgin that God may grant you health of soul and body." Afterwards His Holiness conversed individually with the Members of the Council. The Marquis de Garofolo, President of the Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of the Seven Joys, presented the Holy Father with a Petition praying His Holiness to allow his venerated name to be placed on the list of the Members of the Arch-Confraternity—an honor his Predecessors had consented to grant. His Holiness received this request in the most amiable manner, and signed the act of acceptance with his own hand.

It is already known with what zeal the Count de Spaur, Minister of Bavaria, accomplished the glorious mission of delivering the Holy Father from the hands of his oppressors and facilitating his retreat. The Pope has addressed him the following letter:

"To the Count Spaur:—The aid and support which we have received from you, My Count, at the time of our departure from Rome, makes it a duty on our part to give you a mark of our gratitude. We therefore nominate you Grand Cross of the Order of Pius—and your son Maximilian a Knight of the Order of Christ. We yet hope, that more prosperous circumstances will shortly permit us, more fully to testify our sentiments towards you. In the meantime we pray the Most High to bestow his graces on you, the Countess and your son. Receive the Apostolic Benediction which we give you in the effusion of our heart.

"PIUS P. P. 9th.

"Gaeta, 27th November, 1818."

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

WARD NO. 4.

James Breen	£9 3 0
John Tobin	0 1 3
Luke Franklia	0 1 3
John Cronan	0 1 3
William Walsh	0 0 7 1/2
Michael Glawson	0 1 3
Thomas McManara	0 0 7 1/2
James Sunderland	0 1 3
Lawrence O'Brien	0 1 3
William Shortland	0 2 6
Patrick Power	0 1 3
Richard Ryan	0 1 3
Thomas Bowes	0 2 6
John Landurs	0 0 7 1/2
James English	0 1 3
Owen Kearns	0 1 3
Rody McCarthy	0 1 3
Mrs. James Walsh	0 1 3
Mrs. Michael Kelly	0 1 3
Mrs. Quinn	0 1 3
James Hurley	0 1 3
Patrick Lynch	0 1 3
Edward Murphy	0 1 3
William Smith	0 4 4 1/2
Maurice Brido	0 1 3
Widow Anthony	0 7 0
Michael Bulger	0 1 3
Charles Eaton	0 2 6
George Sinclair	0 1 3
Michael Flanery	0 1 3
James Lawrence	0 1 3
Doctor Magee	0 1 3
Edward Metzler	0 1 3
Mrs. Byrns	0 1 3
Miss Mary Mooney	0 1 3
James Mooney	0 1 3
Thomas Walsh	0 1 3
Widow Sheehan	0 1 3
Mrs. Margaret Brady	0 1 3
John O'Neil	0 1 3
Widow McKenna	0 1 3
Phillip Maher	0 1 3

£3 4 6.

Paid to the Rev. T. L. Connolly, V. G.,

W. BUCKLEY,

January 11, 1849.

Collector.

DIOCESE OF GALVESTON.—The consecration of the Cathedral of Galveston was duly performed, according to the ceremonies prescribed in the Pontifical, on Sunday the 28th ult. The Bishops of New Orleans and Buffalo were present and assisted.

THE REFORMATION AS DESCRIBED BY THE REFORMERS.

From the last Dublin Review.

We promised to give some extracts from the above article which is a review of a recent recent remarkable work by Dr. Dollinger published at Ratisbon. We select the following:—

1. THE MORAL RESULTS OF THE REFORMATION. Upon this head few will be disposed to call in question the authority of our first evidence, the Father of the Reformation himself.

With all his partiality for the child of his own labours, Luther is forced to admit, that it were no wonder if his beloved Germany were sunk in the earth, or utterly overthrown by the Turks and Tartars, by reason of the hellish and damnable forgetfulness and contempt of God's grace which the people manifest; nay, that the wonder is, that the earth does not refuse to bear them, and the sun to shine upon them any longer. He doubts whether it should any longer be called a world, and not rather an abyss of all wile, wherewith those sodomites afflict his soul and his eyes both day and night. Everything is reversed, he laments, 'the world grows every day the worse for this teaching; and the misery of it is, that men are nowadays more covetous, more hardhearted, more corrupt, more licentious, and more wicked, than of old under the papacy.'

'Our evangelicals,' he avows, 'are now sevenfold more wicked than they were before. In proportion as we hear the gospel, we steal, lie, drink, gorge, swill, and commit every crime. If one devil has been driven out of us, seven worse ones have taken their place, to judge from the conduct of princes, lords, nobles, burgeses, and peasants, their utterly shameful acts, and their disregard of God and of his menaces.' 'Under the papacy, men were charitable and gave freely; but now, under the gospel, all almsgiving is at an end, every one fleeces his neighbour, and each seeks to have all for himself. And the longer the gospel is preached, the deeper do men sink in avarice, pride, and ostentation.'—So utterly, too, does he despise of the improvement of this generation of his disciples, that he often wishes that these filthy swine-bellies were back again under the tyranny of the pope, for it is impossible that a race so savage, such a 'people of Gomorrah,' could be ruled by the peaceful consolations of the gospel.

It could hardly be expected, indeed, that Luther would himself attribute the universal depravity, the presence of which he thus frankly acknowledges, to the influence of his own gospel. But he cannot, and does not conceal that such was the popular impression regarding it; and although, of course, he denounces the imputation as sinful and blasphemous, he admits that men 'loudly and complainingly attributed it all to the gospel, or, as they call it, the new learning.' 'I had tauntingly demanded what was the good of all their fine preaching and instruction, if no one followed it, or was the better of it, nay rather, if they grew worse than they were before; it would be better,' they said, 'if things had remained as they were.'—Indeed, not to multiply evidence of a fact so notorious, he himself acknowledges that 'the peasants, through the influence of the gospel, have become utterly beyond restraint, and think they may do what they please. They no longer fear either hell or purgatory, but content themselves with saying, 'I believe, therefore I shall be saved!' and they become proud, stiff-necked Mammonists, and bearded misers, sucking the very substance of the country and the people.'

These are but a few out of a host of similar avowals, which Dr. Dollinger has collected from every portion of Luther's works. Lest it should be supposed they are confined to the early years of the Reformation, and regard only the state of the Lutheran body in the first phases of its formation, we shall venture, even at the risk of being tedious, to select a few passages written during the last years of his life, not a whit less expressive than those already produced. During the years 1540-6, Lutheranism may be truly said to have reached its culminating point, as

far as regards the career of its founder. In a letter of his written to Hermann Bonn, (April 6, 1543), he expresses his exultation at the completeness of his success—'From Riga to Metz—from the foot of the Alps to the north point of the peninsula of Jutland—his realm had been gradually extended. The number of crowned heads and of sovereign princes now in his following, was very great, and later years had notably increased the catalogue. Duke Otto, Henry, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, the Duchess of Calenberg, Archbishop Hetmann of Cologne, and the Bishop of Munster and Osnabruck, were among his most recent adherents. Wolfenbuttel had just been added to the ranks by the ministry of Bugenhagen. The nobility and many of the lower classes in Austria, had begun to feel the contagion. The great body of the German nobility were, at least indirectly, favourers of the movement. Many of the noble chapters had passed over en masse, and others were but tottering in their allegiance. The Imperial Cities were for the most part Protestant; and it seemed but a question of time to complete and perpetuate the conquest thus rapidly and systematically achieved!

Such was the exterior history of the movement; such was the external condition of the Lutheran Communion during the latter years of its founder's life. But how hollow the triumph, and how unsubstantial the conquest which had been thus obtained!

(To be Continued)

MURDEROUS AFFAIR AT NEW-HAVEN CT.

Catherine Harvey, an Irish woman, recently employed by one Henry Ryer as a servant in his house, was reported some weeks ago as having been struck by her employer in such a manner as to cause her death. Ryer, very adroitly went to the authorities himself, as soon as the affair occurred, and made plausible representations of the matter; setting forth that the woman had attacked him in a furious manner, and that he had struck her in self defence. It would seem that the authorities to whom he reported were of that peculiar stamp of Yankees who consider New-Haven the centre of intellectual light and of moral principle for the entire universe, and who judge that foreigners are barbarians. To such, it seemed that as this was only a 'wild Irish woman,' and as Ryer was born and reared in Connecticut there could be no more difficulty in the case, and, we believe, they let him off scot free.

It so happened however, that there were other servants about the house. The master, who was an Englishman, expressed his doubts as to whether the woman in question ever offered any resistance to the brutal attack of Ryer. A boy, was got only on the premises, but adjoining the room where the homicide occurred, and who saw part of it, went farther, and let drop quite enough to render it more probable that the woman who was killed was one of those meek and patient Irishwomen to whom our country and its inhabitants are, in so many ways, indebted; and that Ryer, in striking her, was prompted only by his own diabolical temper and unreasonable demands.

The good Catholic countrymen of the woman, found out, about this time that she was an Irishwoman and a Catholic, and they at once undertook to obtain for her christian assistance and consolations. The Rev Mr O'Reilly, the pastor of New Haven, sought to see her but in vain. He was repulsed from Ryer's house, who would let no one see her, until by the interference of a magistrate Mr. O'Reilly gained a too tardy admission.—He found the woman past speaking, and able to give no account of herself. On Monday of last week, she expired, and was buried on Wednesday by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly in the Catholic burying-ground.

With a praiseworthy and charitable zeal, the Catholic Irish of New Haven agreed, after the funeral, that they ought so have the matter thoroughly investigated, and to see justice vindicated, by ascertaining how far Ryer would be able to exculpate himself from the guilt of murdering poor Catherine Harvey! It was found that Ryer had brought the boy, who would have been the most material witness, to this city; and that, since then, nothing had been heard of him. James Reilly, Esq., was requested by them to come to this city and try to find out some traces of the missing boy. It was from this gentleman that we learned the circumstances of the case, but he failed in learning anything about the boy

We have since learned by a newspaper paragraph that Ryer has been held to bail in the sum of only \$1000, which, we are led to conclude, is the price at which the moral people of New Haven value the life of an Irishwoman. Further particulars have been promised us, so soon as they shall have come to light. In the meantime, we hope that the zeal of these private citizens of New Haven may shame the authorities of the place into taking a matter of this kind into more serious consideration. It was the duty of the public authorities to have endeavored to have found out this boy who was present at the time. It was their business to have seen why an innocent woman, and one with the sacred name of a stranger, was mortally wounded, and then left on the hands of the man that killed her, without examination and without protection and succor. Among Hottentots or South Sea Islanders, we understand such things, but is not Connecticut at least in a half civilized condition? We are in doubt!

The boy above referred to is named Patrick Hepnassy, is 14 or 15 years old, and Ryer says was about taking passage for Charleston, S. C. Any one knowing anything of this boy, or able to throw any light on this affair, is requested to give us information of the same.—U. S. paper.

"THE CHILDREN CRY FOR IT."

The reformation of "the Papist Peasantry of Ireland" is a subject of deep study and unflinching effort to sects whose erroneous and wavering opinions upon religious subjects are practically rebuked by the composed and unflinching fidelity of the Irish people. In these endeavours, no persecution nor persuasion has been left untried—no appeal, secular nor spiritual, has been neglected. Neither age, nor sex, nor circumstance, has proved a barrier to the proselytizing endeavors of these self-appointed ministers of redemption, and still they are as far from the accomplishment of their purpose as at the commencement of their labors. However, we did not propose to indict a family upon that species of profession which, assuming to obey the divine mandate to "feed the hungry," leaves the bread of its charity with proselytism, but simply to relate some particulars of the last campaign of the Protestant Crusade.

During the last fall or summer, a letter was received by a charitable society in this city from a Parish Priest in Ireland, which informed the society that a Protestant Association had been under the pretence of benevolence, collecting from various quarters a number of Catholic pauper children, and had shipped a cargo of them consigned to the Rev. Dr. C., minister of a Presbyterian congregation in Brooklyn, and the writer expressed his apprehensions that some evil was intended. According to this advice, a committee of the Society, as soon as the arrival of the indicated ship was ascertained, called upon the Rev. Dr. C. of Brooklyn, and politely requested information as to the whereabouts of this cargo of juvenile Popery. His Reverence would not understand their business—he became at first dignified and indignant—then theological and disputatious, and finally, upon being threatened with legal proceedings, communicative and submissive. He now confessed fully the whole plot—to import the poor little Irish papists, and by bunding them out in Protestant families, secure their being taught to read the Bible, &c. He consented to the committee seeing the children, only saying, that he wished to accompany them upon their visit. This being arranged, he became urbane and hospitable; called their attention to his splendid library and study; then introduced them to his new church (for meeting house?); pointed out its elegant conveniences to salvation; the ease of its cushioned seats; the mild luxuriousness of the muffled light, and its architectural adaptation to the development of sound, which he demonstrated by delivering sundry "Ho-hos" and "Ha-has" from various parts of the building at the top of his voice, to which the sullen echo responded with like distinctness "Ho-ho, ha-ha." No wonder! (The whole of his discourse, however, he scrupulously avoided all reference to the stupendous organ which presented its decaying front in this Puritan meeting house.) Pursuant to their arrangement, the committee called upon the Rev. Dr. C. on their way to the children, but finding him engaged in his study with a visitor, they left word they had gone, and proceeded upon their errand without delay.—With little difficulty they found the objects of their search in a

they called the children, numbering some twenty, all of a very tender age, around them, and explained to them where they were, and why they had been brought there, whereupon the most dismal wailings proceeded from the intended converts. The committee then informed them that those who wished might leave the place at once, which all but two or three (Protestante born) did with great alacrity. Thus this movement of the Holy Alliance of the Rev. Dr. C. utterly failed—a free passage across the Atlantic being gained to the unpromysolysed young Papists. We have another item on hand which we will refer to next week.—N. Y. Reformer.

A STURDY QUAKER VERSUS THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

From the Dublin Freeman.

To the Inhabitants of Audean's Parish belonging to the Sect called the Church of England, 10, Corn Market, Dec 7, 1848.

Dear Friends—Well and truly may your pastor James Howe, declare that 'He has done that which he ought not to have done,' for his taxation advantage of an act of parliament to take his property without giving me value. His collector called on me and made a demand of 16s 6d, for certain prayers, sermons, &c, performed by James Howe; but as I had never employed him for such a purpose I declined paying the demand. On the 28th of November the collector, Joseph Conway, again called, in company with two bailiffs and two policemen, and on my again refusing his demand he carried away two pounds fifteen shillings worth of my goods. I think it right that you should be aware that the person to whom you look for spiritual instruction makes out his livelihood by thus disobeying the simplest commands of Christ, and I ask you how you can be benefited by the teachings of such a man. It is disgraceful to have other people's property taken for your religion as it would be to have it taken for your bread and butter. If you require such a person, you ought to make up a sum which would enable him to live honestly. It is well you should know that the same James Howe, by his collector, &c, took from me last June 5 x pounds worth of goods, for prayers, sermons, &c, valued by him at twenty-eight shillings.

Yours truly, JAMES H. WEBB.

NORTH LONDON PROTESTANT INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of the above body was held on Monday evening at the National School house, Church street, Islington, at seven o'clock. The Right Hon Lord Ashley took the chair. The Rev. Mr. Hatchins had opened the proceedings with prayer, Lord Ashley addressed the meeting. He commenced by expressing his warm approval of the operations of the society. In the present day it was necessary to direct the disciplined attack of the enemies of their church by a disciplined resistance, and when they found their opponents prepared with all the artillery of war, it was their duty to do all in their power to counteract the assault. At no other period in history had Popery made such decided, open, and tremendous strides as within the last two years, and it was their bounden duty to repel this danger. He would ask them not to be turned by late events from their posture of defence. Their danger had not decreased because the Pope had fled from Rome, for he firmly believed that such was the present temper of man, that if the Pope became an ascetic he would possess more spiritual power than he did as Roman Sovereign. He would therefore conclude by imploring the members of the institute to continue the zeal they had ever evinced in defending their church against the errors and superstition of the Church of Rome.

BISHOP SMITH.

The venerable Bishop of Parium left our city on Monday, in the intention of sailing in the next steamer for Halifax, and thence, after a short sojourn, to return to Europe. We rejoice that his visit to the United States has been agreeable and successful. The charity of our citizens is gratefully acknowledged by the worthy prelate, who has appealed to them for institutions greatly needing aid, and having strong claims on all the friends of religion. About fifty years ago Glasgow contained scarcely any Catholics, whilst now it numbers fifty thousand. They are, however, chiefly Irish, with a good number of

Dollinger, vol 1 p 312. It would be tedious to transcribe the references to the several authors cited by Dr Dollinger. We must be content with the page of his own work, where the reader will find the references most fully and accurately given. Vol 1 208. Page 285. Page 280. Page 213. Vol 1 297. Page 287. Page 283. Page 283.

Quintessence of the Heart.

No. 4.

IN CÆLO QUIES!

There is a world as yet to come,
And come how soon it may,—
Where the blest spirits are at home
In everlasting day!

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

A lie begets a lie till they come to generations.
A good life keeps off wrinkles.
All fame is dangerous, good brings envy, bad, shame.

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

During the examination going on relative to the plunder of timber in the New Forest, Charles Hayter, a lad eighteen years of age, was examined. We copy the following extract from his cross examination:—Mr. Poock: Come, my friend, you need not be afraid to answer you know, just give a plain answer. Do you know whether August, or June, or October, follows January? Witness Noa, heard certain (laughter).—What month does the spring begin in? Can't say exactly.—Does it begin in August? Don't know—never heard.—Do you know as much of the seasons as the other people in the Forest? Oh, yez, yez.—And they know as much as you?—Yez.—Do you know when the new year begins? Yez, believe it be in June (roars of laughter).—Oh, on the 24th, perhaps? Yez, that be it.—Do you know any particular days in the year, such as Christmas, for instance? Oh, yez (with a sobor c' uckle, as if recollecting the good cheer of the period).—Any other day? (no reply).—New Year's Day? Yez.—Any other? Yez, Monday and Friday.—Where do you live in the Forest? Doesn't live in the Forest at all.—Not in the Forest—why where then? Come from Gourley. (Laughter).—(Gourley is on the exact border of the Forest, a hedge or bank just marking the division.) Were you born there? Noa.—How old are you? Eighteen.—Have you ever been to school? Yez.—I suppose you were put to school by the parson? The witness sat, and Mr. Compton inquired—What is the name of the clergyman? of your parish? We aint got a clergyman.—Not got a clergyman? What can he mean? Noa, we've got a vicar.—English Paper.

ORDINATION.

On Saturday last the sacred order of Deaconship was conferred in the Cathedral, by Right Rev. Alexander Smith, Bishop of Parium, and Coadjutor of the Vicar Apostolic of Glasgow, on Joseph O'Keefe, a student of Mount St Mary's Emmetsburg, and on Peter Carbon, a student of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. These reverend gentlemen were promoted to priesthood on Sunday by the same prelate.—Catholic Herald.

ORDINATION ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.—The first ordination, which has ever taken place in Senegambia, was on the 29th May last. Mr. Warlop received Subdeaconship, and Mr. Gallais was promoted to the sacred order of deacon. On the 18th September, the former was made deacon, and the latter was raised to the priesthood. The solemnity of the rites made a deep impression on the people. The Bishop and the individuals ordained belong to the congregation of priests of the Sacred Heart of Mary, a French association specially devoted to the salvation of the Negroes.

ROMAN CATHOLIC JURORS.—At the Thurles quarter sessions on Tuesday, before Mr. Sergeant Rowley, upon the clerk of the peace calling Mr. John Lanigan, of Richmond, Templemore, on the grand jury, Mr. Lanigan refused to take the oath, and addressed the bench as follows:—"May it please your worships, I beg leave to decline acting in future as a juror of this country, upon the ground that the high sheriff has thought proper to state upon his oath that, inasmuch as I am a Roman Catholic, I am unfit to serve as a juror." Mr. Lanigan was about to proceed farther with his observations, when he was stopped by the barrister, who said:—"Really, Mr. Lanigan, these topics cannot be discussed here; this is not the place to enter upon such a subject, and being so good a juror, we cannot afford to dispense with your services." Mr. Lanigan was then sworn. Mr. Going, the sub-sheriff, was on the bench, but made no observation.—Kings Co. Chronicle.

A NEGRO ECCLESIASTIC.—There is at present, in the Orient, a young clergyman of the purest Ethiopian blood, who had lately graduated from the College of Divinity of St Louis, at Paris. By the death of relatives he had fallen heir to the throne of Senegal, but his religious preferences prevailing, he declines the crown, and has nominated, successively his mother and aunt to the regency. In his character of priest, he proposes to devote himself to the moral and religious regeneration of his countrymen.—Home Journal.

Correspondence

CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CROSS.

Gentlemen—
I have read with much satisfaction the very proper remarks which you have lately made upon that villainous old building which is still disgracefully permitted to disfigure our beautiful Cemetery, and to prevent all further improvement there. In common with my fellow-Catholics of Halifax, I have always felt it as a deep insult, and I know that what you have stated is a very general opinion, namely—that this ugly building would be removed long, long ago, if it were not in a Catholic Cemetery. But there is another feeling abroad amongst us, of which you Gentlemen may be ignorant, and that is that Mr. Ince is the only obstacle in the way, and he has been so for a long time—and that it is him alone the Catholics of Halifax may thank for this continued annoyance. For my own part, I cannot see what Mr. Ince wants with the building in question. There is nothing kept in it but a few old Gun Carriages, and if Mr. Ince says that he has no other storage for them in a more fitting place than a Burial Ground, I would beg to ask him why has he levelled so many stores in the Dock Yard within the last three years? I do not live far from Her Majesty's Dock Yard, and I remember very well when a large building was demolished there, which would have held all the Gun Carriages in the Garrison. I believe Mr. Ince knows that his site is now devoted to horticultural purposes. Indeed, this whole business always seemed very strange to me. Either these old Gun Carriages are of any value, or they are not. If they are not, why tease and worry for so many years so many thousands of Her Majesty's subjects, by keeping up this stumbling-block of offence? If they be of value, they ought to be in a more proper place, under military surveillance, within the walls of a Barrack, or Dock Yard, or a Lumber Yard, with a sentinel to take care of them. At present they are guarded only by dead sentinals, for a number of Catholic soldiers are buried around the building. And, if the rickety and rotten-silled shanty which holds them has not long since been burned to the ground or dashed into smithereens, Her Majesty and the Ordnance need not thank Mr. Ince, but the patience and integrity of the Catholics of this town. We could demolish the whole concern in ten minutes, and, if we gave way to our natural feelings, we would do so; but we are restrained by the advice of our Clergy, and we would not commit an act which we know would grieve them. Officials sometimes wonder that Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, are not more attached to English Government. It is very hard for us, when we get nothing but kicks, cuffs, and insults. No other Religious community in the town would be treated in the manner we have been. I was once very anxious about the removal of this dirty old building, but I am now very careless about it. Indeed, I take a pride in showing it off to strangers, and especially to Yankees, as a standing Memorial of the liberality of the British Government in this enlightened age. If I know how to read the signs of the times, I think, Gentlemen, that England will be glad to conciliate the support of the poor neglected Irish before long. I concur in your opinion, that the Duke of Wellington would be the man to remedy this shocking grievance. What would you think if some of the Catholics sent him a Memorial on the subject, with maps, plans, and a description of the old shanty?
I will probably trouble you next week with a few lines more on this nasty piece of bigotry, and I remain, Gentlemen,
Yours, &c,
A CATHOLIC.
Water Street, Jan'y. 21, 1849.

To the Editors of the Cross.

Gentlemen,—The City of St John experienced, on the 3d instant, a most violent gale, which lasted several hours. The storm was one of Bunkum about the Bible Society, and it was principally felt in the Mechanics' Institute of the above place. The wind began to blow from the ranting Judge Parkér—it was increased by Doctor Patterson of the Grammar School—it freshened considerably with the Rev. Mr Harrison—it was accompanied with flashes of lightning from the Rev Robert Cooney, the Apostate—it raged loud and long under the sanctimonious and bigoted Dr Bayard—it shifted north-

ward in the strange Rev. Mr Thompson, of Aberdeen, and for a protracted period roared most stentoriously, rolling frequent peals of thunder at the Pope and the Vatican—it rather died away in the asthmatic breath of the Rev. Mr Robinson, playing, however, somewhat fantastically—if whistled with poetic license under the Rev. Mr Lawson, who by the way, sounded forth things to be laughed at, even in a pedant such as he—it began to grow calm with Dr. Gray, the lady's man—and it ceased, "died into an echo, as it was fit," at last, in poor Mr Busby. It is, therefore, over for another year—come and past not much to our surprise—a sort of artificial equinoctial gale, forgot as soon as gone.

But let us take a passing view of it. One gentleman says that "the God of the Bible is the God of Providence. I should dearly like to know if the speaker of such words knew what he was saying. Another remarks, that it is not from "Free Trade, nor from Railroads, nor from Agricultural Societies," that the condition of New Brunswick is to be improved—but it is from "the circulation of the Scriptures." Well, this is the elixir of rant! A third Solon is pleased to inform us that "the Bible is a precious treasure—a treasure that may be communicated to others without being lost to its owners." Surely this is the pick of the "wise saws and modern instances." A fourth, wishing, I suppose, to improve every thing ancient as well as modern, makes a tremendous flourish about the "Odes of Homer," &c: This book must be one of that old bard's posthumous works; that is to say, one he wrote after his death, as a certain wag once insinuated. We never heard of such a collection before.

The speeches were all "cut and dried" for the occasion—the preachers appeared "neat, trim, fresh as bridegrooms, with chins new reaped"—"the house was crowded jam-jam full"—"hundreds" had to withdraw for want of room; yet, would ye believe it, that with all this "bustle and this bother," only—only 212 10s. were gathered from out this mighty heterogeneous mass of Bunkumizers!!

Heaven forbid that I should utter a syllable against the proper use of God's Most Holy Word. 'Tis the unmeaning cant resorted to in these Bible Meetings, that makes one indulge this strain; and it is the falsehoods spoken on such occasions that forces me to say thing like passion. If any thing new had been said, a person might refute it; but no—the whole "melancholy burden" which these rantings bore, was nothing more nor less than the usual stuff produced on such occasions, and now repeated usque ad nauseam. The charge that the Catholic Church is hostile to Biblical learning, was of course made with a warmth worthy of Calvinistic lying. The rest was

"a tale Told by an idiot; full of sound and fury; Signifying nothing."

Looking now at this periodical revival, I cannot help asking—"Where is the good effected by the British and Foreign Bible Society?" Does it impart knowledge? For my own part, I can declare, in all sincerity, that I have met, even within the past year, with several reading persons, young and old, who knew not who their Saviour was, or how many Persons there are in God. This awful ignorance I have been witness to, not in individuals of the lowest class, but in those of very respectable standing. And they had their Bibles—ay, beautifully gilt ones, with clasps and covers, and all "appendages precious." And they had their parsons, too—very scriptural Masters of Arts. And they went to Church—and more, they went to Meeting—and more, they went to Kirk.—"Turn about with them was fair play."—Thus showing how the poor Bible-alone-reading Protestant is tossed about by every "wind of doctrine." And I have known several families of the same Bible readers differing among themselves in nearly every thing respecting religion. I know of one family which consisted of five members, each of whom had a different belief, which he got by his "private interpretation," out of the same "Family Bible." These are only a few instances of thousands, and they lead us to the inevitable opinion that Protestantism is a mere negation, which would never be heard of again, if the Catholic Church could only once be destroyed. The old story says, "take away the target, and the firing will be done"—and we say, remove the Church, if possible, and Protestantism is no more.

On the whole, this Meeting once a year is an amusing affair. Yours truly, ALPHONSUS. N. Brunswick, January 8, 1849.