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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 WILL 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 Proserp. xxii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Christ 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 herald of the Church, by 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. 11.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JAN. Y. 10.

COMPITUM;

OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church.

We promised to return to this delightful Book, but it is so unique, so completely a production sui generis, that we despair of being able to convey to our readers in any mere description, an idea of its merits. The erudite and pious author points out the different roads in life which lead to the Catholic Church, and which are entitled The Roads of Children—of Youth—of the Family—of Servants—of Hospitality—of Hope—of Honours—of Honour—of the Schools—and of Travellers. As we intend to indoctrinate our readers with the noble and beautiful ideas of Mr. Digby we shall commence our series of copious extracts with the following lines:—(page 4 of the introductory chapter):

Reader, in whatever direction we look, the ruins of noble ages are disappearing fast. Each year some fragment falls. Under such an impression, it is therefore natural to wish that there might be an attempt to contrive some means of possessing a source of interest, if not as great, at least analogous and less quickly perishable, by forming a book that might correspond with the mind and conversation of that representative of other times—a book in which, as in such a house, the noise of the present change-loving generation would be excluded, so that, however we might be disposed to admire or to disapprove of what now agitates the crowd, there would be there an absolute silence, if not a total ignorance, concerning it. A place in which we might find, as it were, chambers all strewn with rolls and records derived from ancient times; some in long parchment, and worm-eaten and full of canker holes, others in clasped books, breathing the peaceful thoughts of the illustrious men in days of yore. antique pictures, such as those I mean, that seem actually to place the dead again upon their feet, grand imposing figures like those portraits by Titian and Don Diego Velasquez de Silva. then stores of almost endless variety, accumulating from many ages—all things in disorder, perhaps, covered with dust and cobwebs, not the least trace of the art or desire of producing effect.—“Nostrocismis and barbarismis,” as the author of the Rule of Hermus says, the reader will find in his work, nevertheless, along with things foregone and muddled heaps, much that is valuable, interesting, instructive, deeply affecting perhaps, capable of reviving long-banished and impressive thoughts, or of awakening curiosity to inquire respecting things that had been never learned. I may err; but methinks many would desire a book to which they could turn thus, as they would visit one of these old retired and half-forgotten mansions in the country, where no modern changes or frivolities have had influence or access; full of ancestral traditions, ancestral faith, ancestral manners, nova ibi verba, quia vetusta, as Sidonius Apollinaris says. Where are antique portraits, old manuscript and fragments, piles of ancient things innumerable, showing a thousand moral paintings, which yield matter for reflection more pregnantly than words. The book, of course, would please not the million; it would be caviars to the general, who would recoil from it as they would turn away quite horror-struck on only peeping up the

long solemn avenue that led to the old mansion from the farthest gate; but there would be some whose judgements in such matters agree with mine, and with the young, who, on the contrary moved partly, perhaps, by that sense inherent in our nature which prevented the Greeks from over placing in their temples a representation of contemporary events, would regard the plan of such a book as excellent, as they would feel the prospect of such a visit inspiring and delightful. The idea of a composition of this kind had grown familiar to the stranger who writes these pages. But circumstances at length permitted him to act upon it, at the same time suggesting the precise plan and matter which he has adopted in composing the present work, which may be called sylvain sermonis antiqui, like that of which Suetonius speaks. He loved woods.

Often he, as fayer are wont, in privis place, Did spend his dayes and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

Under the vast shade of branches, who, in fact, can be insensible to the charm of that silence, of those fretted vaults, of those umbrageous aisles, whether lighted by the cheerful beams of morning, or at the hour so sad and solemn, familiar to the reader of our old romance, as that when dog and wolf are undistinguishable. It is pleasant to be near such scenery, though only by remembrance, to fancy one's self again beneath the archings of the grove

Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age, Lighten'd with living splendours; and the flowers Tinged with new hues, and lovelier upsprung, By millions in the grass—

On the elevated range which prematurely hides the setting sun from a city in France, whose ancient is better than its recent fame, and yet, in which many of this age have followed gentle studies in their youth, there is a gloomy forest bearing the venerated name of the great saint, whose huge abbey towers still form one of its chief ornaments. With students of that land, which in days of yore the Bretons styled the country of forests, he often took an evening walk outside the gates, to gaze from a distance on that tranquil scene, but during the summer months coming to reside at the very skirts of the wood, the stranger became familiar with many of its secrets. In the house where he was lodged, there was a small upper room of which the window received the light of the setting sun, and displayed in full beauty the vast undulating tract of the forest as far as the eye could reach. An old map of all its alleys, suspended there time out of mind, was the only decoration of that little delicious chamber, and on that map he used often to trace his walks, unravelling the intricate mazes through which he had wandered during the day. A certain Palmer-like guest one night, as he remained with him alone, observed that it would be well to draw out a map of the intellectual forest, through which men travel from youth to age, noting each turn of the various tracks that predecessors, as if with human feet, have worn, and showing how wonderfully nature has provided avenues and attractive openings to guide all pilgrims safely to their end. There was, besides, here a local peculiarity, which seemed to add a peculiar force to the suggestion; for, in the level forest's central gloom was one bright spot where stood a convent, girt by a smooth sunny lawn, towards which innumerable paths conducted from all sides the least practised wanderer. Once a monastery of Augustine Friars, a holy sisterhood now possessed it; the lady abbess, an aged woman of noble blood, and of more noble mind, whose prayers were sought for by former emperors and more

recent queens, had for her chaplain a real man of God, and now it is to be believed with Him, enjoying the peace he ever loved. Truly the house he lived in was a type of the serene interior world in which he spent his days; and may this passing tribute to his memory be received with indulgence, as part of the debt of friendship that is now sanctified by death.

This ancient forest, this vast intricate labyrinth of boughs, through which were found so many paths proceeding from all sides, and yet all centring in a religious house, seemed to the stranger to present a lively image of that mysterious existence which the mortal race is leading upon earth for so in the centre of the vast wilderness through which our spirits wander the Catholic Church stands alone, with all ways concentrating and meeting in it; along all of which signals and crosses have been set up to show how every path leads to it, even when men desire most to stray the farthest. The image, indeed has often been used. In that most ancient monastic monument, which is entitled Regula Magistri, the life of man is thus symbolically painted: ‘from the stock of Eve and Adam generated, we descend,’ it says, ‘upon the way of this life, and taking the temporal yoke of a foreign existence, we preambulate the road of this world in ignorance and uncertainty. Suddenly, on the right hand, towards the east, we behold an unexpected fountain of living water, and to us hastening a voice comes crying, Qui sinit, venio ad squam.’ What is life? asks the disciple, in an old chronicle, which seems to be the work of our Alcuin, who to the question of Pepin, What is man? replied, ‘A passing traveller.’ Life, answers the monk interrogated, is a forest, a wilderness through which man has to travel from youth to age.

Ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta Partibus textum cœcis iter, anepitemque Nilie vis habuisse solum, qua signa sequenda Palleret indeprentus et irreparabilis error. Thus far then the comparison is familiar, having been used by celebrated authors as by Don Juan de Mens, the Spanish Ennius, in his poem El Labyrintho, by Strengelius in the work through which he compares the dangers of the world, under diabolic seduction, to the frauds of the Egyptian Labyrinth; by brother Jerome Lauret of Catalonia, the monk of Mont Serrat, in his book entitled Sylva allegoriarum, by Antonio de Escobar and Mendoza, and by many others; but if we take advantage of the peculiar feature presented by this tract of the land of forests, where all ways converge in a centre representing that point towards which, as we shall prove, the human spirit tends, which the Greeks, as if endowed with true knowledge, called reus, the last end, referable itself to nothing else, but to which all other things are to be referred, we shall find that it is in an especial manner one of those figures which St. Isidore says are of the greatest utility, by enabling men to explain things much more easily than by any other mode of discourse; that it induces a train of thoughts which may lead us far delightfully over ground abundantly fruitful in the riches of solid learning; for it will not be useless or difficult to show how through this tangled forest of life, darksome and intricate as it may at first appear, there are innumerable roads which all conduct men to the citadel of truth, if they would only follow the directions afforded them on each side, reading

• Apud Luc. Holstein Codex Regularum. † En v 588. ‡ Labyrinthi ab Ægyptiis structi fraudes cum mundi a diabolo reducti pernicia collata. § D Isidori De Summo Bono, lib iii 14.

the signals set up, as it were, by the hand of God, to direct the pilgrim wandering safe through every way, and then, that having such signals, it is not pardonable to go astray, in this journey which may render us worthy of the eternal home.

It shall be our object then, in the following books, to show not only, as the historian says, ‘that all these things for which man, through build, or toil, obey virtue,’ but that all words and scenes—whatsoever may be spoken or beheld, the tastes, passions, prejudices, interests, that sway each being, all sources of ideas, even to the weak touch that moves the finest nerve, and in one human brain causes the faintest thought, shall at some time or other wait upon her purposes in the highest religious acceptation of the term, either guiding or binding men to the Catholic Church, where nought enters of what validity and pitch soever, but falls into abatement and low price, being lost in the general effluence. Some of the heathen philosophers taught, that whosoever would use his ear to listen, might hear the voice of his guiding genius ever before him calling, and, as it were, pointing to the way which is his part to follow, sounds which, it is said, were really heard by the Apostle of Ireland, when in a vision of the night, reading the word Hiberniacum, which occurred in letters given to him by one who said he had come from thence, he thought that at the same moment he heard the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochlaid, in Tirawly, near the Western Ocean, who exclaimed, Rogamus te, sancte puer, ut venias et amboles inter nos; which so moved him that he could read no more. Othris, in a blessed ages, as the Stoics, accounted reason, which they called the Hegeiaimon, to be the common Mercury conducting without error those that give themselves obediently to be led accordingly. But whatever inference a great English poet drew from such observations, those whom truth itself enlightens, believe for certain that there are express ministers sent from highest heaven to discharge this service to the souls of men, as St Peter Damian and all the Holy Fathers teach, following the sacred Scriptures. St Benedict, as Siebert writes, going from Subiaco to Mount Cassino, wherever two ways branched off beheld two youths, whose office it was to direct him which to take. Many, clothed in simple human flesh, are made unconsciously to perform this angelic ministry, and circumstances and objects of every form are employed to supply the place of living monitors; for no road of life, whether solitary or frequented, has been left without some influence to guide those who follow it to the Church of God, into which every stream of truth must empty itself, as doth an inland brook into the main of waters. If men who wandering on would only inquire for their true country, and evince the anxiety of Telemachus inquiring for his father, saying

En us mox eiposi broton 6 assan akoues. Ek Dios;

they would not be left in long uncertainty; for even in the absence of living guides, they would be led to mark more objects innumerable on all sides, which can supply the requisite direction, in the moral forest, as in Shakespeare's wood, the trees will serve as books, and, as it were, on these books we shall find thoughts characterized, that every eye which looks shall see truth witnessed every where, and, indeed, ‘Why should a desert silent be?’ for it is unpeopled?

• Ogygia seu Rec Hiber. Chronolog P iii v 85. † De la Corda, De Excellentia calcium S p. riuotit. c 19. ‡ H Od 216.

Regule Solitariorum, l. ap. Luc Holstein. Codex Reg. † iv 3.

No; tongues we find in every bough that solemn sayings show, not alone 'how brief the life of man runs his erring pilgrimage, but the far higher lesson expressed so comprehensively by Lopez de Vega, that 'the wisest man goes astray when he takes a single step without God'† and that all steps are lost which lead us further from that central glory where is the meeting of immortal ways. Through the dense obscurity of this forest, as St. Amadeo de Huttenve says, 'we shall be led by innumerable signals to discover the source of Divine grace the Saviour of the nations, the star of Jacob, the pillar of truth; for truth speaks to us in every object in the way, and at every turn: 'Vocat per se Deus,' says St. Gregory, 'vocat per Angelos, vocat per Patres, vocat per Prophetas, vocat per Apostolos, vocat per Pastores, vocat etiam per nos, vocat plerumque per miracula, vocat plerumque per flagella, vocat aliquando per hujus mundi prospera, vocat aliquando per adversa.' You see, then, how wide is the range allotted in this work for our thoughts and our observations.

But let us observe more closely the resemblance which exists between this leafy labyrinth of France, with its convent in the midst, to which all paths conduct, and the great obscure tract of life through which the human race is wandering; for as many several ways meet thus in one forest, as many fresh streams run in one self sea, as many lines close in the dial's centre, so many a thousand actions, thoughts and wishes end in one faith, and are all in it perfected and crowned; yes, truly, within the labyrinth of life there is a central point where peace divine inhabits, all rays diverging from that body in whose virtue lies the bearing of all that it contains. Through diverse passages this bright lamp of the world rises to mortals, 'and as the soul,' to use Dante's words, 'through members different yet together joined, in different powers, resolves itself; even so the intellectual efficacy unfolds the goodness multiplied throughout all spiritual and material things, on its own unity revolving still.' The Divinity has been compared to a circle whose circumference is infinity, the centre being his goodness, every thing in the world revolving round it, and being directed to it as the rays which issue from one point—the Church in which the Son of God incarnate dwells, might be expressed by this same image, and in the words of St. Bonaventura, which Pope Innocent III uses in this very sense, saying, 'the centre is everywhere, and the circumference no where—immutable itself, all things are subjected to its purposes; most perfect and immense it is within all things not included, without all things not excluded, above all things not elated, below all things not succumbent. Being the highest unity, it is all things in all things, though all things are many, and it is but one, to see which thus sacramentally considered with the eye of faith, is to see all good.' In the words of a Roman author, which can be thus transferred; 'Sacer est, eternus, immensus totus in toto, immo vero ipse totum, extra, intra, cuncta complexus in se; omnium rerum certus, et simul incerto, for how can man know fully any thing, qui sui nesciat, aut mens hominis videre, quæ mundus ipse non capit!'

Thus, in the spiritual geography there are columns of Hercules, beyond which none can ever pass; for the Church of God, as a French author observes, is for man both a centre and a horizon, placed at the last term of all calculation as eternity, at the last term of all love as life and beauty, at the last term of all thought as unity. Such is the universal throne which faith erects, where many shapes one tribute ever bear; and of the Church we may say, in the words of the same Roman author, 'Purior est, profectior furor egredi ex ea, et tanquam interna ejus cuncta plane jam sint nota, ita scrutari externa.' 'In every order of things,' says Gerbet, 'whatever is the centre manifests itself as such in a thousand ways; every thing reveals unity, for all belongs to it.' So the Catholic faith can easily be traced by only following the lines which diverge from it, thence originating as all numbers from unity; and even as Dante notes of the difference between what he beheld—where every one as more in number distant from the first was tardier in motion; and that glowed with flame most pure that to the sparkle of truth was nearest, as partaking most of its reality, and that which contrariwise takes place in the sensible world, where divinity shows more in each round as each is vider from the centre; so where we might least expect to find the attraction of faith, as having strayed farthest, we may find its power at the greatest strength to bring back wanderers the longest and least extricably lost. The city of God in this respect resembles what the poet sings of

'Mille capax aditus et apertus undique portas
Urbs habet; utique fretum de tota flumina terra,
Sic omnes animas locus accipit ille.'

But let us
'Mark what radiant state faith spreads
In circle round her shining throne.'

For 'what can man desire that is not found in fullest perfection there in God? If wisdom delight you,' continues St. Thomas of Villanova, 'here is the wisest; if beauty, here is the most

beautiful; if power, here is the most powerful; if glory and riches and pleasure, here are all these united in their true excellence.' 'If riches be loved,' says St. Augustin, 'here they are preserved without danger, if honour be loved, here it is gained without partnership with the unworthy, if safety be loved, here it is possessed without risk of incurring loss; if life be loved, here it is found where it will endure for ever.' For as God in heaven is centre, yet extends to all, so from Catholicism radiates all that is true and just and beautiful; while every object that reflects perfection leads the soul back to it as to that central point St. Hildegard beheld, at which finite forms touch the infinite.—Rupertus compares it to that fountain in the midst of Paradise which irrigated the whole earth 'Omnes aquæ potabiles atque salubres,' scilicet he. 'ubiqueque fluunt, vel undecumque apparent et de fonte Paradisi per occultos meatus originem trahunt, et ex ejus dulcedine hoc habent, ut potabiles sive salubres sint.'

We shall see how truly this observation may be applied to the Church in relation to all human arts and actions, and therefore by what a powerful, though sometimes secret, attraction the pursuit of every laudable object, the practice of every virtue, and even the exercise of every faculty of our nature, leads to an appreciation of the divinity of the Catholic faith.

'The feet signify the affections,' says St. Amadeus. We direct our steps as our will directs. 'The old poet said, and in one sense truly, that the word 'loving' is the beginning of the evil:

—Alla Philomena èstin arché tou kakou.

It will be the object of this work to show, that in another and still wider sense the same word is the beginning of felicity. 'Si potest dicere licuit, 'Fralit sua quemque voluptas, quanto fortius,' says St. Augustin, 'nos dicere debemus, trahit hominem ad Christum, qui defectatur veritate, delectatur beatitudine, delectatur justitia, delectatur sempiterna vita, quod totum Christus est.' See, then, how many must be the openings through which the traveller catches a glimpse at the Catholic Church as he proceeds along the various roads of life, since the secret and mysterious laws of moral affinity are constantly employed in creating them, to whichever side he directs his steps.

But here we are met by a sad reflection at the outset, for all follow not these straight and easy ways. On the contrary, most studiously avoid them, 'quasi,' to use Pliny's words, 'non eadem questionem semper in termino cogitationis occurrunt, desiderio finis alicujus.' Though it is true also that many who refuse for a long time to follow these converging lines, by their side wanderings along the multiplicity of intercrosses which are intersected by them, only learn to estimate the number of them more till at length, moved by grace divine, they come to the conclusion that can be expressed in words of greater assurance than those of Plato, where he said it is the repose of the soul and the end of the journey. That many, however, do choose long to wander vainly, and that many never find the clue, is indeed most certain; but the thought which leads me through this work is briefly this: to show that on every one of the roads of life, at every stage, in all conditions, and under all the varieties of impression which result from the different pursuits and studies of men, they have the Catholic Church, standing in view, whether near or at a distance, right before them, at which, if led by reason forward, they must arrive by as necessary a law as any which exists in geometry; but that those who choose not to recognize it may turn and strike off from the way on which they find themselves, hoping to lose sight of it on some other, though they are sure to be disappointed in their search for solid ground of doubt, or involuntary ignorance, since from the next path they take there is the same bound still plain to human intelligence, and so on in continued circling, changing one avenue for another, from childhood unto age, from age to death.

'There is delusion in the world, and woe, and fear, and pain.' 'It is a wild and miserable world,' adds the same poet, 'thorny and full of care, which every fiend can make his prey at will.' But into this mortal desert, where every thing is in disorder, confusion, chaos; where actions and principles intertwine, blend together, become inextricable as branches and impervious underwood in an immense primitive forest, the men of faith have indeed entered with axe in hand, and, following their Divine Master, have traced there on all sides distinct and sure paths, by which they guide us safely towards this centre inundated with light, where rises on a lofty and immovable rock the holy prize for which every human heart is yearning. These are the roads of which the sacred Scripture witnesseth, saying, 'Semita justi recta est', 'Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas, et ostendit illi regnum Dei'; and also prophesied in the words, 'Hæc erit vobis directa via, ita ut stulti non errent per illam'; and also, 'Et erunt prava in directa, et aspera in vias planas'. And yet to many 'how this present world seems as the spot where mysteries converge, but to diverge afresh! How comes it that so often each seems more like a man flying from something that he dreads, as if from that fearful precipice which Bossuet describes at the issue of the road

of life, towards which the human race is forced to advance by an invincible force till it reaches the fatal brink, into which it at last falls, rather than one who seeks the thing he loves? It is that man may forget the end of his course, and then that the impulse given him to attain it will remain; and if he mis-employs it, he uses it only to lead himself more astray, descending into deeper and deeper gloom. It is that in the forest of life there are certain fearful springs, which make dizzy and insane those who quaff them; certain wild flames that lure the traveller on with treacherous dance till he is lost in the dark wilderness—error his guardian, and the night his bride; certain strange images, at float before the soul of the wearied till he sleeps like Endymion; certain false guides that recommended fatal turns into crooked paths, for, as St. Thomas of Villanova says, 'while the paths of the just are straight, the impious walk in a circle, always proceeding, and never making any progress.' The way of God is a straight way, and therefore, as St. Bruno remarks, the Psalmist prays, saying, 'Directum me fac in semita recta'; but the enemies of man ever strive to turn him aside into curved paths having no issue, which only wind round and round the centre, and never join it. Wandering on through the dark thickets, he crosses, it is true, at each step the straight, even paths to eternal peace; but his will is not moved to follow them; the dark fiend there casts his shadow; still he turns right or left whither the wood is most obscure; and so walks round in error, often, alas! irreparably lost, though still hearing on all sides the gracious calls from everything, as well as in silent books, which in their silence say more to the mind than thunder to the ear; and yet men listened not, nor listen; but walk darkling to their doom.

'O infinite centre,' exclaims St. Thomas of Villanova, 'infinite good, thence infinitely attractive, what can retard a creature capable of such good from rushing into thee! O the weight of sin which causes souls thus to recoil from their true centre! It is as great a miracle to see these souls suspended thus, detained from it by every breath of wind, as it would be to see rocks hanging in the air.' Yet this miracle is beheld in each erring pilgrim through life's enchanted forest, who follows false images of good.

Non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem;
Ut volueris visis rapidissima milvius extus,
Flecutur in gyrum.

'Thus the wretched soul,' says St. Thomas of Villanova, 'as no creature can suffice to her, wanders round in a circle, through each with great labour; as it is said of the wicked in the Psalm, 'Caput eorum circumtus eorum,' and again 'In circuitu impij ambulat.' As nature, indeed, tends to unity, so do all wills; but then, they being free, can turn whithersoever each desires, as there is not the same necessity in wills that there is in nature.' The human will, therefore, by error thus misguided, describes a circle, or, if converted only for a moment, concentric circles.

'Non secus ac liquidis Phrygijs Mæander in undis

Ludit, et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque.' The way is straight; the very essence of truth, as a great author says, is plainness and brightness, the darkness and crookedness is our own. The wisdom of God created understanding fit and proportionable to truth, the object and end of it, as the eye to the thing visible. If our understanding have a film of ignorance over it, or be bleared with gazing on other false glisterings, what is that to truth? If men would but purge with sovereign eye-salve that intellectual ray which God has planted in them, then they would discern the illumination of the pillar; and if no other cause forbid, its beams would ever be their guide. The notices, the signal posts, as it were, in life's forest, are found in the olive groves of Valencia, at every turn, standing on the side of the road, and legible enough.

'No labyrinthous e flexibus egredientem
Tenu frustraretur observabilis error.'

But if men will not read them, or be directed by them, they are free to do so. The rabbins and masters of the law of Moses were not converted after seeing the miracles of the Messiah; and St. Matthew followed Him at the first word which he heard from His lips.

Though we are pressed by time, let us observe in conclusion that human life was actually shown to Marina de Escobar in mystic vision as resembling a journey through such a region as I have been describing. 'Here,' she says, 'were many roads and paths, some wide and straight, leading directly upwards to a delicious plain; others narrow and winding in different directions, branching off on all sides into innumerable intricate tracks. 'See,' said an angel to me, 'the diversity of ways which God employs for directing souls to their salvation. On that straight way yonder, which represents the divine law, I was lately guiding one that God committed to me; and it proceeded for some time safely, till it came to that narrow defile, which signifies a great perfection, and then it descended by that crooked path which you observe. Then I succeeded in leading it back again; but the demon tempted it again to escape from me, and so it turned down to that marsh, where it engulfed itself; but I drew it out and

cleansed it, and again led it back to penitence, and then God gave it such strength that it proceeded unflinchingly up those steep sides which you see there, and then it came to the narrow path of contemplation, by which it proceeded along those strange unknown ways God alone understands; for no one can tell whither they lead, or where they end, further than that they pass through solitude to God. But know, that many souls whom we lead through these scenes perish by persisting in following tracks which only bewilder and deceive.'

Among the books of Raymond Lully we find 'Liber de Vis Paradisi et Vis Inferni.' These ways are thus multiplied, we might almost say, to infinity; but all of them are reduced by St. Bonaventura to two, of which he thus mystically writes: 'To the two eternal manors of which St. Augustin speaks there is approach by two journeys: to the first we arrive by the investigation of reason with love; to the second by damnable omission with grief. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the way in which we go, the truth to which we come, and the life in which we shall remain, shows us both manors and the two journeys, the one intrinsic and secret and eternal in Himself, because He is the country and habitation of the soul; the other extrinsic and without Himself, which is the eternal exile of the soul, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. The journey to the first manor is by the multifarious way of access to Himself; that to the second by the multifarious ways of departure from Himself. It shall be my endeavour in the course of this work to show, by passages extracted from ancient books, what are the journeys by which the human spirit proceeds and arrives at that intrinsic secret and eternal manor, and to point out how many of these converging paths the pilgrim has crossed, having at each intersection guidance afforded to the centre, which, if followed, would have led him to it from the first. We shall find, however, that even while resisting the central attraction, and forcing, as it were, a passage from it through the entangled thickets of error, there will be still some openings at his side to direct him back to the beauty that he flies from. Moreover, we find that with a good intention it may be even sometimes well, for the purpose of exploring the immensity of truth, to take, as it were, the side-alleys or by-ways which branch off from the main roads, looking so solemn and inviting to the fancy; for by keeping in memory the direction of the principal lines, there will be so little risk of losing the way while we acquire the experience of mysteries, that, as Autolyeus sings, even when we farthest wander here and there, we then shall by reason of that acquiescence, most go right. But whether we follow the direct avenues, or strike off with prodence into the by-ways, we shall come to the conclusion that all roads through the intellectual or the spiritual forest can lead men, under celestial guidance, to the source and summit of perfection, which is faith in the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. 'Multis viis ad Deum tenditur,' as Cassian says. We shall observe how even the saints, separated often during the journey, found themselves together during the end; and therefore we shall learn never to censure those who pursue a different path from ours, or become discontented with our own. Thus vast is the region through which we are now about to direct our course. 'Though,' as Sir John Maundeville says, 'traweth not that I will telle you all the townes and castelles that men schulle go by; for than shoulde I make a large tale.' The main roads and many of the side-alleys I will show which lead through life's forest to the Church; and with all helpful service I will lead ye where ye may more near behold what shallow-searching books have left untold, and what contemplative men fall off amidst these shades alone, have sat to wander at and gaze upon.'

'Sunt quibus novum opus est intactæ Palladis arces

Carmine perpetuo celebrare.'

The attraction of the Church shall be my theme. Her worth I will essay to celebrate; and so 'attend ye towards her glittering state;' though all I can is nothing to her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing, she being herself alone. It is through her woods that we shall wander, where as on the luxurious banks of rivers in the new world we may behold, suspended on the course of waters, grouped on rocks and mountains, dispersed in valleys, trees of all forms, of all colours, of all perfumes, mixing, growing together, and mounting into the air to heights which fatigue and baffle vision. For, as St. Thomas of Villanova says, 'the Church, having to keep up on earth a perpetual fire, that of charity, must needs possess for this purpose vast forests. Truly these are not wanting to her. She has immense woods where she cuts down daily; and such is their density and extent that they can never be exhausted. She has the vast wood of creatures, the wood of the Scriptures, the wood of examples, daily rising up in the Church. She has fuel to abundance; but the fire only God can give.'

The past therefore shall rise, and we shall behold the present. For the world in all its immensity and variety is comprised within the forest of the Church containing those trees of life, each tree bearing such precious fruits which Antonio de Escobar so carefully describes. There

* Hom 36 in Ev.
† Dante in 2.
‡ De Sacro Altaris Myst
§ Itinerarium mentis in Deum 5.
¶ Phn Nat Hist ii.
‡ Etudes sur les idées et sur leur union au sein du Catholicisme, ii
** Esquisse de Mem. Chretienne, i. 140.
†† n. 25.

* St Thom Vill Dom xvii post Pent 11.
† Epist xlv. ‡ Milton.
‡ Vesp The Wasps, 77.
§ Tract 20 in Joan. ¶ De Repub. vii
• Isa xxvi. †† Sap x
†† Isa xl

* Etudes sur les Idées. &c.
† De S Adelerino. Sermo.
‡ St Bruno in Ps xxvi.
§ Dom xvii post Pent 11
¶ Ovid Met ii 716
‡ Ovid viii 3.

* Vt Ven Virg Mariane, &c i lib i c 8.
† De Septem Invenibus Aternitatis Prolog.
‡ I. P. Rigacci l'Art de traver avec Dieu.
§ Serm de Assumpt Virg 10.
‡ In Evang Comment tom i.

are, as a recent author says, fine views on this side, and castles on that; mountains worth climbing here, and rivers sweet to trace there; memorials of old ruined empires, and old wise books, and picturesque old cities, and it is not, as the same author says, that they lie off the road—they are on the thoroughfare; and it is profitable to examine them. Of forests, men have written histories, poems, romances, and records in various forms, as in the latest instance perhaps to which the forest of Fretoy has given rise. This forest of the saint, combining, as I have shown, so many features peculiarly adapted for the purpose of supplying symbolical instruction as a *silva vite*, or *reductio mentium in fidem*, shall be the subject of my investigations. Father Constantino de Barbagon, the Capuchin, wrote a book entitled, 'Les Secrets Sentiers.' Here, too, we shall have to explore the sweet delightful secrets of those interior roads on which we shall meet with divers pilgrims who will make us acquainted with various histories from the olden time. I shall not begin as the *Cyclic poet* formerly,

'Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum,' but this I may say, referring to the books written in days of yore, I will sing the man.

'Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

PIUS IX.

Monsignore Palma—Count Rossi—Queen Victoria—Mrs. Cogswell and the other old women of the Church Colonial Society.

Our Correspondent *Biblicus* has addressed us another letter, and enclosed a printed Report, apparently official, of the speech which called forth the remarks in his previous letter. At the same time he tells us he is so well pleased with our observations of Saturday last, that the insertion of his first letter is unnecessary, as he thinks we are well able "to give the Devil his due." (Jew?) For this dubious compliment we know not how to express our thanks. The speech in question is indeed a singular specimen of Hebrew eloquence, and opens in the following pompous strain:

"May it please your Excellency!
My Christian Friends!"

We sincerely hope that this ignorant and rabid effusion did not please His Excellency. We do trust that brazen lies, ignorant twaddle, shameless calumnies against the living and the dead, did not "please" His Excellency.

But we must nail a few of the lies and the rap that uttered them to our counter.

1. It is a lie that the Roman people ever "worshipped as a God" Pius IX. or any other Pope.

2. It is a shameless lie to assert that the Catholic Religion is only a "ceremonial religion."

3. It is a lie that the recent events in Rome are "a verification of the Scripture" in the sense of the old doating orator.

4. The "presumption" that "the present Pope is now a protegee of Queen Victoria," is, thank God, an unfounded one. We know well the sort of protection His Holiness would receive from the British Government.

5. It is a thumping lie to declare that "the Pope has recently prohibited the use of the Scriptures to all laymen who acknowledge his authority." Neither he, nor any other Pope, has prohibited their use, but their *abuse*, either to laymen or clerics.

6. It is a lie that any Cardinal was assassinated in Rome, and that "the act was loudly applauded by the citizens." Count Rossi was a layman, an old political refugee, a professor for many years in the infidel French University, and one whom nothing but the disjointed state of the times could have thrust into the Ministry at Rome. Mgre. Palma, who was shot by accident whilst he was walking in a part of the Quirinal far distant from the scene of insurrection, was a simple priest—a most learned, and holy man, who for nearly forty years has been reading the Holy Scriptures every day.

Having thus briefly disposed of the main facts, or rather impudent fictions, of this wanton and unprovoked philippic delivered in the presence of the Governor, we will now consider one or two of its shallow arguments and unfounded inferences.

The old Jew maintains that it is because Great Britain loves and circulates the Bible, she has been preserved from all the calamities of other countries in Europe, and that her faith must be true because she enjoys temporal prosperity. We deny the assumption and the conclusions deduced therefrom. Great Britain neither loves, nor circulates the Bible. First, the Book which she calls the Bible, is not the pure Word of God, but the corrupted fabrication of men. It is a distortion of God's word, shamefully perpetrated by wicked and fallible men to justify their scandalous apostasy from the Church of God. It came forth not with the approbation of the Church

of the Apostles, or of her Bishops, Doctors, or Pastors; no; but with the authority of "His Majesty King James the First"—that heartless, unnatural son—that miserly, pitiful, pelting, paltry pedagogue—the munificent patron of learning, who rewarded one of the greatest scholars of his kingdom by a Royal permission to beg! It was under his inspiration the Church of England Bible came out, and we defy any Protestant who reads it to make an act of faith in its divine authenticity. The men who translated it were weak, fallible men. They had not an original copy of the Scriptures in their hands at the time. No; nor had one original copy, nor the original of one page of the Scriptures been in existence for long centuries before they were born. Their translation, then, was made from copies, which copies were themselves copies from innumerable transcripts in successive ages before them, and all of which came down to them through the hands of Catholic Popes, Bishops, priests and monks—in a word through the Catholic Church against which they impiously rebelled. What certainty could they have that if the Catholic Church were as corrupt in faith as they represented her, she did not also corrupt the Scriptures to justify her erroneous doctrines? The Catholic Church maintains that the English translation of the Bible is not the genuine word of God—that it is a mutilation of that word effected for the basest purposes, and to justify a schism which began, as all the world knows, in robbery, sacrilege and lust, and which ended in the most hideous heresy that has appeared since the days of Simon Magus. We therefore emphatically deny that England either loves or circulates the Bible. She palms off a mere human production, and she does so as an attempt to prove she is a Christian country. She wears the false Bible as a religious mask.

But we feel pressed for space, and we must reserve the continuation of our arguments for next week. In the mean time what will Mrs. Grundy say to the above?

"Stowe, after laboring forty-five years for the general good as well of posterity as of his own times, in compiling those works which have immortalized his name, was reduced to poverty in his old age; and when his claims were represented to King James I, the British Solomon in recompense of his toil and as an encouragement to others, was pleased in his royal inclination to issue letters-patent under the Great Seal of England, authorizing the said John Stowe to collect amongst his loving subjects their voluntary contributions and kind gratuities." (The beggarly rascal we don't mean poor Stowe.) How justly does the amiable writer from whom we have copied the above, add this pithy remark: "Licence to beg was not the encouragement afforded to the learned by Catholic Kings!"

NEWS BY THE STEAMER.

The Pope is still at Gaeta surrounded by the Cardinals and all the Diplomatic Corps. He refused to see or hold any communication with the deputation sent to invite him back by the authors of the late disgraceful proceedings. By the latest accounts it is stated that seeing the storm which they excited about to burst, and unable to allay the general discontent, the Ministers have resigned. All parties represent them as a set of imbeciles quite unfit for the position into which they have forced themselves by murder and sacrilege. His Holiness suffers no inconvenience from his residence at Gaeta, and has sent for his grand Pontifical Vestments, intending to officiate at Christmas. The people of all the surrounding country are overjoyed at his presence, and seek every opportunity of testifying their feeling towards him. The King and all the Royal family of Naples spend the greater portion of their time with His Holiness. A consistory has been held in which several appointments have been made, and much other business of interest to the Church has been arranged. General Zucchi, Commander of the Papal troops, has maintained order at Bologna, and has refused to obey any orders sent by the Roman insurrectionists. He writes to Mamiani that he will soon meet him, and make him account for his late cowardly and insolent conduct. Rome is deserted; her cowardly citizens have an opportunity ere this of knowing that without their Pontiff and their Prince the city would be soon only a contemptible village. All accounts state that the Pope would be now welcomed back with universal joy. What will Rome be during the joyous festival of Christmas without the Pope? The Mamiani Ministry made several overtures to Cardinal Castracane before their resignation, and were willing to unite themselves with him in the Government, but he wisely

refused to have anything to do with them. Some of their agents have stabbed the faithful servant of the Count Spaur, who drove His Holiness from Rome to Gaeta.

Prince Louis Napoleon has been proclaimed President of the French Republic; his majority over Cavaignac and all other competitors was over five millions. A new Ministry has been formed under the leadership of Odillon Barrot. We are happy to see the names of two distinguished and practical Catholics—Counts Falloux and Tracey—among the names of the Ministry. These gentlemen have been only second to Montelambert in their able and persevering advocacy of the rights of the Church. The Count Falloux, who has received the post of Minister of Instruction and Worship—in which he will have to transact all affairs in connection with the Church and the Clergy—is the author of a life of the illustrious St Pius V. These appointments augur well for the interest of the Church in France. It is stated that Napoleon has determined that the Pope must be reinstated in spiritual and temporal authority in Rome.

The trial of Mr Gavan Duffy had not made much progress. Every effort was made by his counsel to quash the proceedings. A summary of the panel from which his Jury was to be selected has been published, and as has been the case in all the other trials the proportion of Protestants is far greater than that of Catholics.

GOOD NEWS FOR PARSON UNLACKE AND MRS. COGSWELL—DOWNFALL OF POKERY IN PARIS!

There will be at least a *Te Deum* in the Round Church, with the old Sternhold and Hopkins accompaniment of

'Glad homage pay with æt'nal mirth,' when they hear the recent wonderful news from the French Capital, some of which, from private letters, we hasten to give them:

1st—Count de Falloux a fervent Catholic, the Author of the beautiful Life of St Pius V is appointed Minister of Public Instruction in France.

2nd—M. de Fracy another devoted Catholic, is also appointed to the Ministry.

3rd—An Ordination was held by the Archbishop of Paris, on 23rd December last, when 24 Clergymen were ordained Priests, 52 received Deaconship, 25 Sub-Deaconship, 36 minor orders and 15 Tonsure.

152 in one day and one Diocess!

Surely the Joy-bells of the Theological Tub (y'clep'd the Round Church) will ring loudly to-morrow, and there will be a delightful tune on the Jew's harp in the back parlour of the eloquent and saintly Mrs Cogswell.

NUISANCE IN THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

We have made the promised enquiries into this subject, and we find we were right in stating that wherever the blame rests, it is not with the Clergy. They have made several fruitless attempts to get this humbug piece of public architecture removed. Appeals have been made to the finest feelings of nature and religion, but who could expect a sympathetic response from the Board of Ordnance? The rotting gun carriages, never to be used, are of more importance in their eyes, than the bodies of departed Christians which lie around, or the feelings of their surviving friends. It is curious too that several of Her Majesty's troops are buried in the consecrated ground all around this condemned shanty, and that they have been interred gratuitously,—the Catholic Church in Halifax providing a Clergyman and everything necessary. If it were only out of respect to the memory of those brave men, we think the Military Authorities should abate this nuisance. 'The Duke,' we are positive, would do it in an instant, if he understood the real facts of the case. The Board of Ordnance is soon to be broken up, and the duties transferred to the Horse Guards. We must not therefore despair, though we should prefer the officials here would do one graceful act before their dissolution.

We have been informed that in a recent correspondence with the Vicar General, the Officers of the Board in Halifax proposed to have this crazy building transferred to the Catholics to the vicinity of the South Barracks. Accordingly two Carpenters, a Protestant and a Catholic, were appointed and paid to inspect the building. They reported that it was absolutely impossible to remove it, such was its dilapidated condition; and so we believe the matter rests. The Catholics of Halifax must either perform an impossible, or put up with this nuisance for some time longer.

They have already waited with patience for five years and more, and we think we speak the general conviction when we say that if the Cemetery of the Holy Cross were not a Catholic Burial Ground, the nuisance in question would have been removed five years ago. In life or in death Her Majesty's Catholic Subjects never get fair play. They are called upon to take the oath of allegiance, and then by an insulting and absurd inconsistency are summoned to the jury box to be told there contemptuously to 'stand aside,' because they are unworthy of belief on their oaths! They are sworn into the Queen's service, and sent to every part of the Globe to protect the interests of the Empire, and no provision is made for their religious instruction, whilst costly churches are built, and well-salaried Clergymen are provided for their more favoured comrades of the Protestant Church. Is this justice?

We are of opinion that the Military Authorities both at home and abroad owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Clergy of Halifax, who for many long years past discharged gratuitously all the duties of their ministry to the numerous Catholic Soldiers who were quartered in this Garrison, and we think the paltry compliment of removing the rickety old Gun-Carriage Shanty from the Catholic consecrated burial place, ought not to have been refused.

But why, we respectfully ask, has not application been made to the Governor on the subject? One line from him to the Commander in Chief would settle the whole affair.

PIUS IX.—ST. MARY'S.

On Friday 5th inst. the Vigil of the Epiphany the Votive Mass *Pro quacumque necessitate* was solemnly celebrated at St Mary's by the Bishop and Clergy. The Litanies of the Saints, &c. were recited before Mass, and at the conclusion his Lordship granted an Indulgence of forty days to all the faithful present. The Cathedral was filled just as on Sundays and all seemed engaged in fervent prayer for the happy estate of their beloved Holy Father, and the peace of Christ's Church on earth. The whole Christian world are now engaged in prayer for the same noble object, and we have every hope that their prayers will be heard, and that the present calamities of the Church will redound ultimately to the greater triumph of religion and the more extensive propagation of the true faith. The ungrated sufferings of Pius IX have evoked the sympathies of the world, and already the most gratifying demonstrations of attachment to his person and devotion to the faith have been manifested throughout Europe. Even in France the Peter's Pence are about to be collected, and two sterling Catholics have been appointed amongst the new French ministry by Louis Napoleon. The sanguinary ruffians at Rome are beginning already to feel the indignation of mankind, and the vengeance of heaven.

The Pope was to celebrate the Christmas festivities at Gaeta where he has held a Consistory of Cardinals, and transacts all the business of the Church. Gaeta is likely to become as firm as the Christian, as it was in the Classical world. Our classical readers will remember that it is celebrated in the *Æneid* as the burial place of the nurse of *Æneas* after whom the town has been called.

"Tu quoque historibus nostris *Æneia* nutrit
Æternam moriens laudat. Caeta, dedisti
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuos ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna (si qua est ea gloria)
signant."—*Æn vii. 14.*

* We except, of course, the old women who assembled at the recent meeting of the Church Colonial Society in Halifax.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter relative to "a late Dipping Match" but we must peremptorily decline its publication. The case rather demands Christian pity than misplaced ridicule. Moreover, we never wish to interfere in the religious concerns of others, unless when they wantonly provoke us, as in the case of the Church Colonial Meeting. And even that we would have passed over in silent contempt, but that the Governor has intermeddled, and heard the string of lies and abuse which old Cogswell the conjuror drew out of her mouth.

PERSEVERANCE.—"In vain we do good, if we forsake its practice before the end of life, as in a race it avails not to run speedily for a time, if we halt before we reach the goal."—*St Gregory M. l. i. ca. 1. Job 56.*

Gymnas of the Heart.

No. 3.

MEDITATION.

Saviour! with secret sighs to Thee,
I bring my heart, and bend the knee:
Be Thou alone my living Head,
To feed me with celestial bread;
That grace and truth from Thee may flow,
To make me in Thine image grow!

A wanderer through this lonely vale,
I feel the world around me fail:
Lost in the watches of the night,
Thy Cross alone can give me light;
Oh! let its sweet directing ray
Transform my darkness into day!

A brook runs oft along the road
That leads, O Lord, to Thine abode:
And murmuring on, through doubts and fears,
It swells into a tide of tears:—
Ah! let Thine intermingling blood
Hallow and heal that bitter flood!

Delusive friends—irrisive foes,
At every step my path oppose.
Remind me, Lord—that in Thy fold,
A traitor once his Master sold;
And that a world could place with scorn
Upon Thy brow a crown of thorn!

Sometimes the light will seem to shine,
With radiance more than half divine,—
And then, behind a sable cloud,
Its glory hide in gloomy shroud:—
Let such eclipses bring home to me,
The sad, dear scenes of Calvary!

There let those words, which told so well
Thy Mother, what none else could tell;
There let thy last expiring groan,
For deep transgressions, not Thine own;
There let the woe, which quenched the sun,
Atone for all that I have done!

There let the spear that open'd wide,
A double fountain from Thy side,—
Achieve the death of inward sin,
And make me whole and pure within.
Restoring all our nature lost,—
The ransom which a soul hath cost!

There on that tree of glorious shame,
Acknowledge, Lord, my worthless name.
To Thee I look, to Thee I fly,—
There let me live, and love, and die!
Through Thee accepted, blest, forgiven:
Led by Thine hand from earth to heaven!

At the Christmas examination of the Pupils of St Mary's College the following young gentlemen distinguished themselves in their respective Classes, and received premiums:

Edward Butler—1st Premium for Greek
Philip Holden—2nd do
E. Butler—1st Class, Latin
J. Quinan—2nd do do
W. Dillon—3rd do do
Butler—1st do French
Wallace—1st do do
V. Buckle—2nd do do
James Wallace
John Quinan } 1st Class, English
V. Wallace
William Dillon } 2nd do do
William Buckle }
William Farrell } 3rd do do
John Kennedy }

BOOK-KEEPING.

John Quinan—1st Class
James Wallace—2nd do

ARITHMETIC.

John Quinan } 1st Class
James Wallace }
John Bates }
C. Sullivan } 2nd do
James Ward }
Robert Ast } 3rd do
Thomas Daly }
James O'Keefe }
Michael Bates } 4th do
John Kennedy } 5th do
S. Ward }

WRITING.

V. Wallace } 1st Class
John Quinan }
William Buckle }
James Wallace } 2nd do
E. Warren }
Thomas Ward } 3rd do
James O'Keefe }

GEOGRAPHY.

John Quinan—1st Class
V. Wallace, } 2nd Class }
James Wallace, }
William Dillon, }
John Dillon, junr. } 3rd Class }
J. Quinan, }

SPELLING, WITH EXPLANATIONS.

V. Wallace, }
J. Quinan, } 1st Class
T. Ryan, }
Wm. Farrell, } 2nd Class
M. Bates, }

READING.

John Quinan, } 1st Class
V. Wallace, }
David Hunt, } 2nd Class
James Eustace, }
M. Ryan—3rd Class
John Kennedy, } 4th Class
D. Ward, }

CATECHISM.

James Wallace, } 1st Class
V. Wallace, }
John Kennedy, } 2nd Class
William Farrell, }
J. O'Keefe, }

GOSPEL HISTORY.

Jeremiah Quinan—1st Class
Thomas Daly—2nd Class

WALES.

OUTBREAK AGAINST THE IRISH IN CARDIFF.
—ATTACK UPON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MISSION HOUSE.—CONDUCT OF THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES.—The hostility of the lower classes of Welsh towards the laboring Irish in many parts of South Wales, and especially at Cardiff, has been greatly on the increase, since the commutation of sentence that was granted about a couple of months since to two Irishmen, who had been found guilty of murdering two Welshmen. Unhappily on Saturday night last, a strolling Nabby at Cardiff, happening to be an Irishman, murdered a Welshman under circumstances of great provocation, without being as yet apprehended, and this seems to have determined the countrymen of the latter to give free course to their long fermenting purposes of vengeance. Sunday passed quietly, and in his evening service, the Rev. Mr. Millea, Catholic Missioner at Cardiff, earnestly exhorted his hearers not to oppose the claims of justice—but in case any of them should have concealed the murderer, to abandon him to the laws. This exhortation, at which several of the Welsh townspeople assisted, seemed to give much satisfaction.—On Monday, about one p. m. the Rev Mr Millea observed the three waggons, drawn each by three horses, deposited in the street, and opposite to his dwelling-house, heaps of stones, which at the time he supposed were meant for patching the street, although they were too small for such purpose. In the neighborhood, too, he noticed groups of people during the afternoon, but had no suspicion of any evil design. But about ten minutes after six, a large mob, amounting, as he believed, to about 9,000 persons, gathered before his windows, and pressed into the small open space in front of his house up to the street door. Some voices cried out that the murderer was concealed by him, and threats were made that if the door was not opened, the mob would break in. Rev Mr Millea threw up the front window of his sitting room, energetically declaring that he knew anything of the murderer, and said that though he could not admit a mob into his house yet he would gladly afford every facility of search, were a magistrate or the superintendent of police to come forward. A cry was then raised to break the windows—and to prevent this, the house door was opened to two police, and three other men, who examined the house, church and premises, without making any discovery. Two stones were thrown through the church windows, and the mob moved off. An attack, however, was made upon the houses of the poor Irish in various parts of the town. Mr Millea escaped in disguise. After his departure the mob re-assembled and smashed with stones all the church windows and house. It was said in the crowd that Mr Millea had gone to bed ill, in a front room, and against the windows of this room the mob was chiefly directed. The mail, which passed through Cardiff at 4 p. m., reported that the town was in great tumult—hundreds of poor Irish were seen hurrying away, their property having been destroyed. It was pretty certain the police were aware what was likely to take place, and Mr Millea had no warning to provide for his safety. The police were earnestly supplicated to interfere but declined, without any reason being assigned. Later events subsequent to Monday or Tuesday, may inculpate still further the criminal misconduct of the authorities; but it is more than sufficient to call for Government investigation, that they made not the slightest effort to avert the destruction that they know to be in progress during several hours. Nor can it be alleged that they were unequal to the power of the mob; for there were

in the town 66 soldiers, under Lieut. Todd, besides 75 pensioners. For the credit of the officer in command at the barracks, it ought to be mentioned, that the moment he heard of the outbreak he placed his men under arms, and kept them so most of the night; but, as he observed, he could not act without orders from the civil authorities, and these were never given. It is reported that Mr Millea's departure from Cardiff is annoying to some of the magistrates, who pretend that they would have been answerable for his safety. Little security of this they gave him before he left town. The mayor, who went into Cardiff yesterday, gave one man into custody whom he heard saying that all the Irish ought to be killed—and at half-past three special constables were sworn in.—*Cor. of the Tablet.*

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

(Continued.)

It is better to do well than to say well.
If the Parson be from home, be content with the Curate.
Oil and Truth will get uppermost at last.
Nothing is so bad as to be good for nothing.
Love thy neighbor, but pull not down thy hedge.
If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.
A fool may chance to put something in a wise man's head.
Say well is good, but do well better.
Seek till you find and you will not lose your labor.
The Crutch of Time does more than the Club of Hercules.
The wise man knows he knows nothing, but the fool thinks he knows everything.
Two things a man should never be angry at what he cannot help and what he cannot keep.
We are born crying—live complaining—and die disappointed.
Were it not for hope the heart would break.
When it pleaseth not God, the Saint can do little.
Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.
Alms giving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.
A liar is a bravo towards God, and a coward towards men.
An Atheist has got one point beyond the Devil.
A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

Correspondence

HALIFAX, Jan. 10th, 1849.

To the Editor of the Cross.

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscat.—VIRG.
Sir,—There appears in the last Number of the Cross some remarks referring to an old woman's abuse of Pius the Ninth. The contemptible effort, regarded as to its own intrinsic demerits, might barely extort a grimace from a baboon. However, it is like the manifestation of that unkindly feeling which fools often exhibit, whilst their more wary sympathisers deem it more prudent to be silent. But, whether it better becomes the foes of Papal authority to gloat over the misfortunes of the present illustrious Pontiff, or to mourn the infatuation of his misguided subjects, is clearly discernible to every right-judging mind. For the ingratitude of the Roman people to their Sovereign must embitter every soul that affectionately prizes true liberty. The rioting at Rome is the greatest blow that has ever been inflicted on popular freedom. Hereafter, when Princes come to rule over subjects that are slaves, they will be far from conceding spontaneously authority to be turned against themselves, when they remember the indignities shown to Pius the Ninth. If Protestants of a certain kind, would think of this, they would never feel gratified at the political embarrassments of Papal affairs, over which some of the English papers so much exult. It does not seem so strange that the enlightened pride of England should slight the Pope in his temporary downfall, when, here, at the very outskirts of civilization, where the savagery of the Indian and the rude polish of the Nova Scotian are in actual contact, we have an anti-Popery display. But, unfortunately, it is not for the bigoted alone we are to feel sorry, that the causes of the recent events at Rome are, generally, so little understood. It is a matter of surprise to our Catholic brethren, that the Pope should be forced by his Catholic subjects, from his throne and See.

When the turn that State affairs had taken after the anarchy of the first French Revolution had so hideously abused its own power, and consequently wasted its strength, is understood, it will not be hard to imagine the causes of the political convulsions in the Roman States during the last year. The atrocities that were perpetrated by the Revolutionists in the name of Liberty, or popular Sovereignty, excited the disgust of the majority of mankind, and the very names were of themselves a terror to the guard-

ians of society. The anti-revolutionary sentiments were more prevalent in Italy, where the love of order is such a predominant feeling amongst the higher classes. It was particularly so in the Roman States, where Religion added its influence to humanity. Then justly has it been said of France, that

"Fatal has her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every clime."

However, after some time the people naturally revolted against such restrictions, as were placed on the community. Thus, when the immediate predecessor of Pius the Ninth was placed in the Holy See, a rebellion was excited in the provinces against his assumption of the Tiara. Gregory the Sixteenth quelled the insurrectionary movement, by the aid of foreign intervention, and the fidelity of those subjects who adhered to him. Though the form of resistance was destroyed, still the spirit of disaffection existed. The Pope had to use force to attain his rightful position, and then the necessity of circumstances compelled him to govern with a steady, stringent, unwavering sway. And through whatever medium the feverish-eyed politicians of the present day may look back at the reign of Gregory the Sixteenth, every judicious mind must acknowledge that it was the only course he could have expediently adopted during his time. The plotters of conspiracies, and promoters of saint-embellishments, were apprehended and confined. The reluctance of the discontented to such a rule and vigilance of the rulers to maintain their situation, became greater daily. Besides, the whole length and breadth of the Italian peninsula was flooded with writings of every kind, from the powerful eloquence and deep political philosophy of Gioberti, to the ridiculing poetry of Giambi, that exaggerated the prospects, warmed the hopes, formed the desires, and excited the passions of the whole race. These incentives to obtain freedom made the real causes of discontent feel the more burthensome, till the affairs of the Roman States assumed such a threatening aspect as to make every one dread that something awful to Religion and the State was about to transpire. Here Providence interposed and withdrew the then reigning Pontiff from the troubled scene of which he was the most wearied actor. The most violent then revered the remains of the dead Pope, and never thought of doing anything outrageous until he should be consigned to the tomb. The sudden election of the present Pope took all parties by surprise. Then the discontented looked towards him as the person from whom they were to obtain redress. The lovers of order and tranquillity, agitated between the desire of seeing something done to soothe grievances and the fear of popular tumult, turned their eyes anxiously upon him. And there was none more fitting than Pius IX. to take the reins in his hands, when the whole government machinery jostled on such a perilous track. He understood well the pangs of the State long before he ever dreamed that the responsibility of being its physician would ever devolve upon himself. He ascended the Holy See manfully, and soon struck a masterly blow in the right direction. He published the amnesty. His doings down to his refusal to wage war on Austria, are matters of history. The Italians doubly hate the Austrians for being a foreign race and the domineering masters of Lombardy. The Pope would not declare war against Austria. In not doing so he acted wisely against the prevailing will of all Italy. He knew he would lose his popularity, but he acted upon what was right and disregarded what was popular. He saved himself from the disgrace of failure, and the broils of diplomatic negotiations. He warded off any pretension the Austrians might have to overturn his dominions. But his democratic Ministry and Assembly were influenced by the furious passions of the populace, and endeavored to get beside his authority. The ministry had to yield to the Pope and were dismissed. Another Ministry was formed, but the Pope and his Ministry were in their turn obliged to yield to the reaction that has ensued. This is the cause that Pius IX. is an exile, as appears to your friend

NARRATOR.

Births

January 8—Mrs Kline, of a daughter
" 8—Mrs Gear, of a son
" 8—Mrs Phillips, of a daughter
" 8—Mrs Mahenan, of a daughter
" 10—Mrs Lonergan, of a daughter
" 10—Mrs McCarthy, of a daughter
" 10—Mrs Frailo, of a son
" 10—Mrs Hurley, of a daughter
" 10—Mrs Walsh, of a son

Married.

January 7—Philip Healy to Susan Martin.
7—Peter Power to Elizabeth Thompson. 8—Richard Henry Swinburn to Margaret Brennan. 8—Daniel Buckley to Margaret Kelly.

Died.

January 6—Anne Francis, daughter of Patrick Costin, aged 4 years. 7—Mary Finn, daughter of Wm Finn, aged 18 years; Catherine Caulfield, native of Ireland, aged 27 years. 10—William Finney, native of Kilmacthomas, Co Waterford, aged 70 years.