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# THE CROSS.



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VOL. 1.

No. 41.

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

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 8, 1815.

## CALENDAR.

- Nov. 0—26 Sunday after Pentecost and 2d Sunday of November  
—Feast of the Dedication of the church of St Saviour.
- ... 10—Monday—St Andrew Avellinus, Confessor.  
... 11—Tuesday—St Martin, Bishop and Confessor.  
... 12—Wednesday—St Martin I., Pope and Confessor.  
... 13—Thursday—St Nicholas I., Pope and Confessor.  
... 14—Friday—St Deus dedit I., Pope and Confessor.  
... 15—Saturday—St Gertrude, Virgin.

## ST. MARY'S.

Our Cathedral was beautifully decorated for the Great Solemnity of All Saints. Six splendid Candlesticks and an Altar Cross of gilt bronze, were placed upon the High Altar; two Reliquaries with a portion of the True Cross and other relics were also exposed, and Five Lamps burned in the Sanctuary, in honour of the Holy of Holies. The first Mass on Saturday and Sunday was celebrated by the Bishop, and a great number of the faithful received the Holy Communion. At the High Mass, on both days, he also gave the Pontifical Benediction. After Vespers, on Saturday and Sunday, Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given by his Lordship, who explained the various Indulgences granted to Purgatorian Societies by the Sovereign Pontiffs, and exhorted the people to the salutary devotion of praying for the

Dead. The Temperance Pledge was then administered to 32 persons.

At 7 o'clock, on Sunday evening, the Office of the Dead was recited, in English, by the Members of the Purgatorian Society, and at the same hour on Monday evening.

As the commemoration of All the Faithful departed was transferred to Monday the 3d instant, there was an Office and High Mass for the Dead on that morning, at ten o'clock, during which the Church was hung in black. The Bishop presided and performed the Absolution at the end. The High Mass was offered by Rev. Mr. Tracy, assisted by Rev. Messrs. McIsaac and Hennessy. A large number of persons were enrolled in the Purgatorian Society, and it was announced that during the winter months the Office of the Dead would be recited by the Members, at 7 o'clock, on Sunday evenings, in St. Mary's, and not at the Cemetery Church, as has been the case for some time past.

## PROPHECY OF BOSSUET WITH REGARD TO THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

At the close of the Seventh Book of his immortal work, "The Variations of the Protestant Churches," the illustrious Bishop of Meaux speaking of England, writes thus:—

"It is to be hoped that so learned a nation as England will not always remain under this seduction. The respect they entertain for the Fathers, and their curious and continual researches into antiquity, will bring them back to the doctrines of the first ages. *I cannot believe that the Chair of Saint Peter, from which they received their Christianity, will always be the object of their hatred.* The time of vengeance and illusion will pass away, and God will give ear to the prayers of his Saints.

The Right Rev. Dr. Baggs, Bishop of Pella, and V. A. of the Western District in England, departed this life at Prior Park, near Bath, on the morning of the 16th of October last. His Lordship had resided for many years in Rome, where he was Rector of the English College, was appointed by the Holy See, in 1844, to succeed the late Bishop Baines. Dr. Baggs was a prelate of the most amiable dispositions, and was universally respected for his piety and zeal.

#### ALL SOULS' DAY.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICOMTE WALSH.)

Concluded.

Under the marble cross which extends its arms over the rich—under the black wooden cross which protects the grassy grave of the simple villager, Religion pronounces the same words when the day of All Souls arrives. Attend and hear.

Blessed are those who sleep in the Lord!

The Lord will speak, and the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God.

He who hears his word, and believes in him, passes from death to life.

The hour cometh, and all those who are in the tomb will hear his voice; and those who will have done good will arise into life, and those who will have done evil will arise to their condemnation.

When this last hour shall come, the hour at which God has resolved to awaken the elect from their sleep, a voice shall issue from the throne, and from the very mouth of the Son of God, which will command the dead to come to life. *Ossa arida, audite verbum Domini!* "O ye dry bones, listen to the word of the Lord!"

At the sound of this all-powerful voice, which will make itself heard in a moment from the east even to the west, and from the north to the south, the entombed bodies, the dry bones, the cold ashes and insensible dust will be moved in the hollows of their grave.

All nature will begin to be moved, and the sea, and the earth, and the abyss, will prepare to render forth their dead, whom they imagined they had swallowed as their prey, though they had received them only as a deposit, which they were faithfully to restore at the first command; for *Jesus, who loves his own even to the end,* will take care to collect together before him, from all parts of the world, their own precious remains. We must not be astonished at this wonderful care, for it is written, *that he sustains the whole universe by the word of his might.*

The whole vast extent of the earth, and the entire immensity of the world are only as an atom before his eyes; he poises on his finger the foundation of the earth; the entire universe is in his hands. And he who so well knew how to discover our bodies in nothingness itself, from whence he has drawn them by his word, will not suffer them to escape from his power in the midst of his creatures; for this matter of our body is not the less his, because it has changed its name and form. Hence he will know how to collect together the scattered remains of our bodies, which are always dear to him, because he once united them to a soul which is his image. Into whatever corner of the universe the law of changes may have cast our remains, he will preserve them there, and though the violence of death should reduce them even to nothing, God will not lose them on any account; *for he summons that which is not with the same facility as that which is. And Tertullian had reason to say that nothingness belongs to him.\**

I ask, with confidence, is there any worship under the sun that knows how to console death so well as the Catholic? Ah no! not one. It is true that other religions besides ours require a belief in the resurrection of the body. But this is all. They do not say, that the living can hasten the bliss of the dead; whilst we, Catholics, by our prayers, and by our great sacrifice of expiation, deliver the souls of those whom we bewail. The friendship of a Protestant can do nothing for his departed friend. The friendship of the Catholic is not arrested by the marble of the tomb. It removes, if I may say so, the earth which has been thrown upon the coffin to liberate the friend whom it regrets. We have already said that in our belief we prolong our affections even in despite of death.

Hence the *Day of the Departed*, is one of those feasts which the people comprehend best: In our Churches, around the catafalque, in the cemeteries, amongst the sumptuous monuments and the graves where the long grass and the blue mallows shoot up, we behold them praying with a sadness min-

gled with hope. . . . . And why should not hope descend into our hearts, when we ask peace and repose for our relations, for our friends, who have passed to another life?

In these admirable prayers of the Church, sometimes there are cries of grief, sometimes cries of hope. Death laments itself, rejoices, trembles, is reassured, sighs, and supplicates.

"The day that they have given up their spirit, they return to their original earth, and all their vain thoughts perish.

"O my God! remember not the sins of my youth, nor my ignorance!

"O God! cease to afflict me, for my days are nothing!

"When you shall seek in the morning, you shall find me no more.

"I am weary of life: it has become a burthen to me. O Lord! are your days like the days of mortal men, and are your eternal years like our transitory years?

"Why, O Lord! do you turn away your face, and treat me as an enemy? Ought you exert your power against a dry leaf, against a leaf which is blown away by the wind?

"Man, born of a woman, lives but a short time, and is filled with many miseries. He is like a shadow which never remaineth in the same state.

"My days have passed away, my thoughts have vanished, all the hopes of my heart are blasted. I have said to the tomb: thou shalt be my father; and to the worms, thou shalt be my mother and my sisters!"

One voice says: "My days are vanished like smoke, and my bones have fallen into dust."

Another replies: "My days have declined like a shadow."

"What is life?" demands the priest.

"A little vapour," replies the crowd.

"The dead are asleep in the dust.

"They will arise as they were.

"They will awake again.

"Yes, glorious in the Lord.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their good works follow them, and they rest from their labours in the bosom of God!

"From the depths we cry unto thee, O Lord!

"Lord, hear our voice!

"If thou wilt reckon all our iniquities, oh! who shall be able to endure thy judgment?

"But mercy is great in thy hands! O Lord! be thou merciful to us. From morning unto evening in thee doth Israel hope!"

Either I am blinded by great prejudice, or never did sorrow and fear, grief and hope, employ more captivating words than those that are used in

the Prayers for the Dead. There is in them more than the sadness of the earth, more than the plaints of the living. The voices of those who exist no longer are mingled with the sounds of those who weep on earth, and they issue forth from the silence of the tombs for this great concert of tears and lamentations.

David, Job, Tertullian, Bossuet, Chateaubriand, have supplied me the words in which I have written on the Day of the Dead. If I were to appeal to each one's memory, I should be again certain of creating deep emotion; for, amongst those who shall read these pages, nearly all have worn mourning around a tomb—nearly all have witnessed the carrying out of a coffin, and recited a *De Profundis* beside the grave—nearly all have heard the lumps of clay falling into the earth, and resounding so mournfully on the boards of the coffin. But we shall not call forth such torturing recollections. All Souls should not be a day of fear, but rather of hope, and almost of consolation.

From the beginning, the Church has always prayed for her departed children. She, who knew the mercies of the Lord, did not cease to offer for the dead the sacrifice which redeems souls, and opens for them the gates of heaven. But Saint Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, was one of the first to establish a general commemoration of all the faithful, and for this solemnity he chose the morrow of All Hallows.

In a short time this observance was adopted and practised throughout the whole Western Church by the authority of the Apostolic See. Soon after, it was placed amongst the number of those feasts whose observation is of precept both to people and clergy.

This feast of sorrows, of reminiscences and prayers, had become general in England, even at the beginning of the thirteenth century, as appears by the council of Oxford, held in 1222. It is there ranked among the solemnities of the second class.

(The pious and talented author here relates that he knew a Scotch Lutheran, who was converted to Catholicity, in consequence of our doctrines of purgatory. This young man had the misfortune to lose a beloved brother, who was carried off in the midst of a ball. He fell into the most profound melancholy, and was tortured with apprehensions as to the fate of his brother in another life. The physicians, and his friends, recommended him to travel, and it was on his voyage to France that Vicomte Walsh met him. They soon became acquainted, and on landing went to the same hotel. We shall now suffer the author to conclude the story in his own words.)

Ah! said he to me, one All Soul's Day, I am going to adopt your religion for the sake of my dear brother. . . . Oh! when I shall be able to pray for my dear brother, I will breathe again; I will live, that I may be able, every day, to implore the bliss of heaven for that brother, whom I have loved so much on earth! Your religion enables me to assist him after death. Your prayers take away from the tomb its terrible silence. You still converse with those who have departed out of life. You have understood human weakness—that weakness which is no crime, but which, however, is not *parity*: and between the confines of heaven and hell, God has revealed to you a place of expiation. Perhaps my brother is there; I have become a Catholic that I may assist him, that I may deliver him, that I may console myself here below, and remove that dreadful weight which oppresses me. When I shall be able to pray, I will feel that weight no more,

Yes, prayer is the respiration of the soul, and especially near the tomb. There the accompaniments of death, the earth falling on the coffin, the sealed marble weighing heavily on the departed, the worms and corruption approaching—in spite of all our efforts, in spite of the oak and leaden coffins, to devour the little that is left us of our relations and friends; all these would break the heart. But prayer removes this heavy weight, which presses on our souls, and allows them to breathe.

Prayer is like a dew which makes happiness verdant again, and which renders prosperity more sweet.

Prayer is like a clear, beautiful morning which rises on our sorrows to chase away our darkness, and to enable our eyes, that are suffused with tears, to behold the heavens.

Hence religion has mingled it in all her festivals, and throughout the Christian year, it ascends unceasingly to God, with the merits of good works, and the smoke of incense.

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### LITERATURE.

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#### A TALE OF SUNDAY.

"The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."—ST. MARK II. 27.

Continued.

While thus engaged, he had timidly looked around him for his friend, but in vain. He was sure that the very persons near whom he sat were his family; the resemblance at once struck him: that kind old man was his father, there were his brothers. But where was he? Could he be unwell, or was something wrong? their countenances did not intimate it. But he was soon roused from his thoughts, by a sound such as he had never before heard bursting

upon his ears. It was the full peal of the organ. Imagine the effect of it for the first time, on one who had never heard any thing beyond a shepherd's pipe! how noble, how majestic, how overpowering. He felt almost impelled to start up, and checked himself with difficulty. But his eyes soon got the better of his ears, and all his attention was engaged once more by the sense of sight. A procession was slowly entering into the sanctuary. Acolytes and choristers in robes of virgin white, the officiating priest in what he thought royal magnificence, the incense tossed in balmy clouds from the silver censor, the cross, the lights, all looked to him like a vision of another world, silently and solemnly passing before him, till each one in the ceremonial had taken his place, and the chancel was filled with its ministers, some kneeling towards the altar, others standing in beautiful order to chant. And now there joined the organ's rich peal, the richer music of the human voice, playing amidst its rolling notes as a powerful swimmer among the waves, now half buried and lost among them, now upborne by them and rising over them, giving them life and interest. But among the new and thrilling sensations which the combinations of sounds sent through Hans, he caught every now and then a note or a melody, which sent him back, he knew not how, to his merry green pastures. After much attention he caught the truth—it was the voice of his friend, singing that very strain which first led to their acquaintance. And there he was, more fair and angelic than ever, in his white surplice, that seemed to become his appearance and his nature, far better than his shepherd's dress. There was not one in that youthful band that looked more pure and innocent; and how much more did Hans now love him! Nay, he felt a reverence for him such as he had never felt for his own minister; it was to him as though that place and habit made Fritz a being of another order, and made it an honour to himself to be admitted to his friendship.

And now a pause took place; the venerable priest turned from the altar to address his flock. There was gentleness in his look, there was benevolence in every feature; each grey lock seemed a pledge of mildness and charity. He was to Hans's eye the minister of a covenant of love, and Dr Grabstimme of one of fear. And the text soon showed it. 'God,' he commenced, 'is love.' (1 John vi. 14. Germ. trans.) He expatiated on the goodness of God, and his infinite amiability that described in glowing terms that flowed from the heart, how he wishes to see his creatures happy, and how he wishes them to love him, and to rejoice before him in grateful affection. When he closed by inviting all to love God who so much deserves it, his eyes beamed with kindness, and his face was kindled up with a glowing expression of the feelings he described. Hans caught the flame, his heart seemed to expand within him; and for the first time, love became an ingredient in his religious feelings. The ceremonial

proceeded, the chime burst forth again; but there was a worship going on within, there was a music in his breast, which made him almost blind and deaf to all that passed without. At the conclusion of the service, when all were leaving the church, Hans was still kneeling with his face buried in his hands, and the tears streaming through his fingers. He was roused by a gentle tap on his shoulder. The good old man whom he had seen near him stood beside him, and kindly addressed him, saying, 'My child, you are a stranger here, what is your name?' 'Hans!' he replied. 'Then I know you,' said the good man, 'come to my house, and you will see Fritz.' He followed silently, and the two young friends were soon in one another's arms, shedding tears of joy.

Hans was made welcome by all: could Catholic hearts have made him otherwise? The tears were soon dried up by all (for others wept as well as they), and all sat down smiling to the temperate, but abundant meal. A Sunday dinner with good humour, with cheerful talk, with an abundance of domestic kindness and of affectionate attentions was indeed a treat. And after it came Vespers, in which Hans was taught to join, and then they all proceeded to the place devoted to manly sports, when all talked, and enjoyed themselves, and seemed like brothers, for who could be otherwise after they had knelt together before the same altar? There was no brawling, nor disputing—who could quarrel on such a Sunday? And when the little bell rang again for evening prayer and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, all obeyed the summons without a murmur, and walked like one family to their dear parish church. How poor Hans enjoyed it all, until, alas! the hour was come for departure. He lingered as long as he could, then took leave of all the family: but Fritz insisted on accompanying him to their common boundary. The friends walked in silence, each occupied with his own thought. It was a glorious evening again, and the western sky was still glowing with the radiance of the departed sun. The light was reflected upon Hans's fine countenance, as turning to Fritz, he took him by the hand and said, 'Fritz, now I can understand how you should love the Sunday.' 'And has not this,' rejoined Fritz, 'been a pleasant Sunday for you, Hans?' 'My Sunday,' answered Hans, 'is not finished yet. God grant it prove not still the bitterest of my life. He was gone, and Fritz found himself alone, and in tears. 'This is the first time in my life,' he exclaimed to himself, 'that I have shed tears of sorrow on a Sunday!'

Concluded in our next.

The most certain way of getting rid of an enemy, is to make him one's friend.

To be well informed, produces two great advantages: one decides less, and one decides better.

## OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Our God is present every where,  
In land, and sea, in earth, and air;  
Should you on eagle's pinions wend  
Your flight to earth's remotest end—  
Scathe heaven's vault, or fathom hell,  
There does his minute being dwell:  
Shall darkness hide thee from his sight?  
To him thick darkness brings not night!

Yet to the humble, those who keep  
Their hearts in love, who mourn and weep,  
His holy presence comes more full,  
To guard, to guide, to watch, to rule,  
The lowly soul, more intimate,  
Receives his dew, and owns it great,  
And as it looks around, above,  
New increase drinks of grace and love.

But ah! to those who turn away,  
Apart from God, to rest on clay,  
God too shall turn away and leave  
Them empty, 'till they wake to grieve,  
Too late their loss—too late to mourn—  
Too late to dream of a return—  
Too late to clasp the Blessed Cross,  
For theirs are then the pains of loss!

Oh, by the love that Jesus bore—  
Here let us turn—here weep—de-plore—  
Here let God's holy presence come,  
Here in thy heart prepare a home,  
Here by confession's searching light,  
With glowing love and heart contrite,  
Receive thy God within thy breast,  
Where, watchful ever he may rest.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

## PERFECTION.

The two feet by which we walk to perfection are, mortification, and the love of God; the first is our right foot, the latter our left.

It was by the use of these two virtues that the glorious patriarch of the Friars minors, the blessed S. Francis of Assisium, attained the most exalted degree of perfection. So austere and so rigid was the life which he led, that at the hour of death he was constrained to beg pardon of his body for having treated it so ill; and by the great fervour of his love towards God, he acquired both for himself and his religious order the lovely title of Seraphic. When S. Francis of Sales wished to induce any one to live a life devoted to Jesus Christ, and to abandon that of a worldling, he would not speak to him of external things, such as affectation in dressing the hair, and vanity in apparel, or such like things; but he spoke only to the heart, and concerning the heart; for well he knew that if the hardness of that was overcome, all

was done, and every thing else would follow of itself; and that when once the true love of God had taken possession of the heart, all that which is not God would soon appear but as nothing. It was thus also that S. Philip Neri directed his penitents; he was not wont to exaggerate too much certain vanities in dress, but he winked at them for a time, in order to attain more easily his great object, the reformation of the heart. On a certain occasion a young lady asked him if it was a sin to wear high-heeled shoes; his only reply was, "Take care you do not throw yourself down:" and a certain young nobleman, who used to visit him, wore very large ruffles round his neck;" after some time, the saint said to him, tapping him on the collar, "I should caress you more often if your ruffles did not hurt my hands so much:" and with these hints they both corrected their failings. A certain ecclesiastic also, of noble family, who was in the habit of wearing coloured dresses, with all the vanity of a worldlying, for fifteen days resorted to him for his spiritual advice, but the saint never said a word all that time about his dress, but only endeavoured to make him penitent for his sins; after which, the man began to grow ashamed of his vain dress, and laid it aside; and after a good general confession, gave himself up entirely to the direction of the saint, and became one of his most intimate and familiar friends.

### HOSPITAL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AT LESSINES, BELGIUM.

I was so fortunate as to have the guidance and company of one of the principal directors of this noble institution. We entered through a well enclosed farm-yard, with all suitable farm buildings, and above all, an immense barn piled to the very roof with prime wheat. In the farm-yard was a very old man making mortar. I asked him if he belonged to the establishment, and if the inmates were obliged to work? The question rather created astonishment; and the answer was:—"No, no; he is doing that for his own amusement." One of the grand features of this farm-yard was an immense tank for keeping the urine of the animals until required for use. There was also good stabling, cow-houses, store-houses, washing and drying-houses, and every requisite. And now for the manner of its support. There is grazing land enough for fifteen cows belonging to the institution, and about fourteen acres of arable land—that is, land that can be cultivated. There are 150 old and sick persons in the hospital; and as you enter by a spacious door, and through a spacious passage, the very fragrance of the place hints as to what you are to expect. As you enter

you are received by one or more "Sisters of Charity," whose holy, and whose only, work of care is attendance on the poor sick, and old and infirm. The whole is managed by 21 "Sisters of Charity," and 4 "novices." Two of those sisters sit up every night to attend to the slightest want, or even whim, of a patient: and the manner in which they administer to the wants of the sick is most angelic. Let me give you an instance as I go on. Outside of the hospital, for the old men is a splendid terrace, where they smoke, and from which they may descend into a beautiful lawn to walk. When the sisters brought us out to see the old men smoking and amusing themselves, one poor old blind man got up to go into the hospital, and in crossing the threshold of the door his foot slipped, when one of the sisters ran to his aid, not as though he was a "burthen" but as if he were an object of love. One of them helped him by the arm to the chair near his bedside. Oh, how my heart jumped with joy at this act of religious kindness; and how "Andover," and "the bones," and the "deadstone," where living paupers are "laid out" in England, flashed across my mind. It appeared to be the delight of those angelic women to hear the old men prattle. One of them asked a very old man how old he was; and he commenced with a laugh, "I am 90, and I have a wife yet: and you see," putting his hand on his head, "I have a good wig of my own too." The sisters all looked cheerfully and approvingly at the old man, and laughed heartily together. There was a bolster and pillow to each bed, with covers as white as snow, and sheets equally white: every thing, in short, delightful. At the foot of each bed was each patient's tea-pot, cup, saucer, plate, knife, fork, soup-basin, cream-jug, and spoons: indeed, every thing that could be required. An arm-chair stood beside each bed. The sisters were washing the floors, off all of which you could have eaten, they were so clean. Vines were encircling every window. The working room was actually a conservatory.—*Northern Star.*

There is a thread in our thoughts, as there is a pulse in our hearts; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

Neither do our wishes, nor the great stir that we make, forward in a single degree the arrangements of providence.

The true Christian is a sincere man, solitary, little in his own eyes, which he always keeps open and attentive to his weaknesses, as much as he closes them to the weaknesses of others.

## General Intelligence.

### RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

The persecution, says the *Journal des Debats* in a recent number, against the Polish Catholics continued with greater barbarity than ever. The following report we borrow chiefly from the *Univers* :—

“ On the 23d instant the Polish refugees in Paris attended a funeral service, celebrated in the church of St. Roch, in honour of the 47 nuns who were recently martyred in the town of Witebesk, with a refinement of cruelty that one would refuse to credit, had not witnesses in every respect worthy of belief attested the fact. This convent has been established from time immemorial near the town of Minsk, and the inmates fulfilled, among the people, the same duty as our Sisters of Charity. They instructed the children, provided for the widows and aged, and assisted the poor by the fruit of their labours. They had unfortunately for chaplain a priest called Michlewicz, one of those creatures whom tyrannical governments invariably select to fill the chief offices of the church. This wretch, having become bishop, apostatised, and wished to involve in his guilt the sisterhood. After besetting them in every kind of way, and vainly resorting to promises, persuasions, and threats, perceiving that he could not obtain his object, he determined to punish by severity. During the night, by his orders, Cossacks surrounded the convent, seized the nuns with the most revolting brutality, bound them with cords, and conducted them thus to Witebesk nearly 20 leagues from Minsk, compelling them to walk the entire distance. At this place they were confined to a convent of schismatical nuns, in the capacity of servants, or more properly speaking as slaves. Those who are unacquainted with the profound ignorance, dissolute morals, and ardent fanaticism of these Greek nuns can form some idea of the dreadful treatment which the Basilian sisters were compelled to endure. Forced to perform the most vile offices, supplied with a quantity of black bread scarcely sufficient to support nature, each of them moreover received regularly every Friday 50 lashes, so that their extenuated bodies were covered with wounds and sores, yet they showed even more courage under these trying circumstances than their enemies exhibited ferocity. Encouraging each other to suffer patiently for the glory of God, they persevered in the Catholic religion. The anger of the apostate Suinayko increased. He caused these holy and self-devoted creatures to be ironed and sent to the galleys. Their nourishment had latterly consisted of half a salt herring daily, with a small measure of water. This diet was now changed to half a pound of black bread,

with the same quantity of water, and thus, whilst suffering from hunger and thirst they were compelled to act as labourers to the masons employed in constructing the episcopal palace. Several of them were driven into the river up to their necks, and from time to time plunged under the water, because they persisted in refusing to apostatize; others condemned to labour in mines, were placed where the danger was most imminent, and were in many instances killed; finally eight of them had their eyes torn out. Their faith surmounted these severe trials, not one of them gave way, though thirty of them sunk under their sufferings. Among the seventeen who yet survived after the death, or rather after the triumph of these thirty martyrs, three only possessed sufficient strength to avail themselves of an occasion which presented of escaping their unmerited punishment. The schismatic nuns who guarded them having become insensible from inebriety, after one of the orgies consequent upon certain of their fetes, they were enabled to climb over the door of their prison, and thus escape unobserved. It was not without regret that they abandoned their companions, and renounced the glory of dying with them, but they hoped to their faith and to their country; moreover, it was made expedient that Europe should be made acquainted with what had transpired. After encountering a thousand dangers and hardships they succeeded in entering Austria, and one of them, the venerable superior, is actually at present in Paris. It is this lady from whom we have gained the above facts, and we also take from the Polish journal the *Trois Mai*.”

“ These facts appear startling,” observes the *Journal des Debats*, “ but, unfortunately, when Russian policy is concerned, everything is credible. The Emperor is resolved to bring all his subjects to the orthodox Greek Church. The autocrat will not tolerate any religion in his European states except his own. All resistance is treated as rebellion. We will not, however, call upon Europe to join in a crusade against the Emperor of Russia, and we have no desire to see return again the time when God’s creatures cut each other’s throats in the name of religion. We would wish to see the spirit of tolerance which has triumphed in civilised countries, take the place of those odious excesses. To go back to the period when Catholic armies destroyed by fire and sword the Christian sectarians of Alby appears to us a bad means of preventing the persecutions arising from Russian policy and orthodoxy.”

### DEATH OF THE REV. MR. KIER.

Death has inflicted upon the Catholics of Waterford a heavy and awful calamity. It has deprived religion of one of her brightest orna-



ments—it has robbed the poor of one of their best and most kindly protectors, and it has taken from the Catholic priesthood one whom his clerical brethren respected and loved, on account of the many virtues and amiable qualities of which they knew him to be possessed. The Rev. Edmond Kier, one of the Catholic curates of Trinity Within, is no more. He died on Monday last, at one o'clock, of malignant fever, caught in the discharge of his duties. When the report of his demise, which may be said to be almost sudden, was spread through the city, an universal gloom at once pervaded the entire community. The charities which he was in the habit of dispensing—the readiness with which he assisted at the bed of sickness—the patience with which he sought and courted the reclamation of the sinner, who came under his care—these and his numberless other acts of charity and active benevolence, were the topics of universal conversation. He was indeed a most excellent and exemplary priest. He was in the prime of life, not having, we believe, reached his 30th year, and to all appearance he had as yet many a year to live.

The remains of this much lamented clergyman were interred, on Wednesday, in the yard of the Great Chapel. An immense concourse attended the funeral.—*Waterford Freeman.*

#### RELIGION IN DUBLIN.

Some time ago the Catholics of Dublin were driven by persecution to hold divine worship in obscure hovels—in bye-lanes of this city. On one occasion an old house in which they had gathered together for the purpose fell, burying many beneath the ruins. This calamity raised a blush on the face of persecution itself, and the law by which Catholic chapels was closed up was in some degree relaxed, by permission of the authorities. But it was not till the administration of Lord Chesterfield, one hundred years ago, that its enforcement was at last discontinued. Now, however, thanks to the patience and perseverance of the good and true of those times, to their prayers and the prayers of the saints, and to the Almighty's crowning blessing upon all, the most distinguished and prominent edifices in the second capital of the British empire are the churches of the Catholics.

Comparing the situation of the Catholics of Ireland in the dark seventeenth century with their position at present—not exempt, though it be, from dangers, we have an encouraging instance of the blessed fruits of piety and patience, and humbly trust, that God will one day visit us in mercy, if we have but the fortitude to struggle through trials without fainting. When the old house—in Back-lane, we believe—fell upon the timid worshippers within, who would have imagined that the children of that despised community should, a few genera-

tions farther on, be worshipping in, and still rearing new temples to their God on the very ground where the proud and the cruel trampled them to the dust?

There are several chapels now in the course of erection in and around Dublin.

The new chapel at Blackrock has just been consecrated.

A very elegant Presbytery has been erected in connexion with St Peter's Church at Phibsborough.

The new Church of St Lawrence, North Wall, is steadily progressing to completion.

The new Church of St James, James's-street, is in the same situation.

The new Church of Chapelizod, which adds most picturesque feature to the view of the town from the Phoenix Park, has just been completed.

A new chapel, on the site of the old one, is in course of erection at Malahide.

The new Church of St Mary's, Haddington Terrace, on the South Canal, within the parish of Donnybrook, has been open for service a considerable time.

There are other localities, particularly Sandy-mount and Cullenswood, where, in consequence of the daily increasing extent of the city, and number of the Catholic population, new churches will ere long be required, and will show themselves, no doubt, when the want is felt.

The figures of the Blessed Virgin, St Laurence O'Tuathal, and St Kevin (Caombghein) Bishop of Glendalough, intended for the great church in Marlborough-street, are all three nearly completed. The figure of St Kevin is that of a handsome young man, mitred. The spectator remarking the beauty of the face, will call to mind the legend of Kathleen, and think, perhaps, it had some foundation in fact. It is, we need hardly say, the subject of one of Moore's delightful melodies—"By that lake whose gloomy shore"—which has been rendered into the vernacular by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. We have been assured by good judges that the Irish version surpasses the original in sweetness. The lamented Griffin also tried his truly Irish genius on the same theme:

Old acquaintances are better than new friends.

What a delight to discover in the works of nature, the benevolent intention of the Creator.

A modest air is much more becoming than what is called a genteel air.

He who praises us is never a fool in our estimation.