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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 4.

God 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, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- FEBRUARY 2—Quinquagesima Sunday—Vespers of the following day.
- ... 3—Monday, Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
  - ... 4—Tuesday, St. Andrew of Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.
  - ... 5—Ash Wednesday.
  - ... 6—Thursday, St. Hyacinth of Mariscotti.
  - ... 7—Friday, Crown of Thorns of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
  - ... 8—Saturday, St. John of Matha, Confessor.

## ORIGINAL.

### THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

(Translated from the Latin of Sannazarius, l. a Student.)

Our readers are aware that some months ago, we presented them with the First Book of a Poem entitled the 'Birth,' translated from the Latin of the celebrated Italian Poet Sannazarius. We now hasten to lay before them the remainder of that production, and present them, in to-day's number, with the Second Book.

(This part of the Poem opens with the visit of the Holy Virgin to St. Elizabeth—the mother of John the Baptist—her continuance there, and her return home after an abode of three months. Then follows the enrolling of the whole world at the command of the Emperor Augustus—the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem—and finally the birth of the Saviour heralded in by innumerable spirits singing canticles of Joy around the scene of that glorious event.)

### BOOK II.

When now, inspired by Heav'nly grace, the Queen,  
Beholds the wonders of the Power unseen,  
She rises from the place without delay,  
And to the lofty mountains hastes away;  
There to meet her aged cousin dear,  
Bent with the weight of many a fleeting year,  
And to behold the wondrous gifts of Heav'n's,  
Which to that barren matron late were given,  
And first preparing for the destined way.

Her graceful form assumes no vain array,  
No gaudy vesture decks her bosom fair,—  
A veil of whiteness only shades her hair;  
Thus moving forth, like some bright star she seems,  
That o'er the wintry sky shoots far its beams,—  
Or like the morning, peering o'er the plain,  
Or the glad sun just issuing from the main!  
Where'er she moves unnumbered flowers arise,  
Of various odours, and of various dyes;—  
Here cassia blooms, and there the red rose springs,  
And here the hyacinth its fragrance flings;  
Its lovely head the fair Narcissus shows,  
Far o'er the ground the flaming crocus glows;  
The field's best sweets on every side are seen,  
And Spring in all her pomp, adorns the smiling green!

The rapid rivers cease to roll along—  
The hollow vales rejoice—the hills resound with song,—  
The pines around incline their lofty brow,  
And birds unnumbered burst from every bough;  
A thrilling rapture gladdens all below,  
Each wild and stormy blast forgets to blow.  
O'er the wide surface of the fair campaign  
Nought but the Zephyr holds its gentle reign,  
And fills with balm the fair pacific sky,  
And hails the Virgin as she wanders by!

Arriv'd—the partner of the hoary priest,  
With reverence fill'd, with dignity increas'd  
Receives the maid and clasps her to her breast,  
And spoke aloud, and thus her joy express'd.  
Hail happy Virgin! Glory of our name!  
Already conscious of my wondrous fame;  
Thou who alone wast worthy fount of all  
To bear the lighter of man's hapless fall,  
And on our heart's draw down celestial grace,  
And to the stars of Heav'n exalt thy race!  
O whence to me hath this high honor come,  
That thou, my Queen, shouldst seek my humble home,  
—Scarce on my ear thy salutation sounded,  
When in my womb the babe with rapture sounded:

O blest art thou who hast believed the Lord,  
 All shall be done, imparted by his word !  
 The virgin cried :—O who shall sing His praise,  
 What voice resound his wondrous works and ways ?  
 With joyful strain I raise my feeble voice,  
 And in my Saviour's heav'nly name rejoice ;—  
 He hath beheld me from his place on high,  
 And crown'd with honor my humility ;  
 For which my name is blest on every shore,  
 Till mankind fails and seasons roll no more ;  
 He hath stood up and shown his arm of might,  
 And in their boasting put the proud to flight ;  
 He has cast down the mighty from their Throne,  
 And raised on high the lowly and unknown ;  
 He hath with plenty fill'd the hungry heart,  
 And bid the great in emptiness depart,  
 And now to crown his many gifts divine,  
 He sends a son from Israel's lofty line,  
 As he had promised to our sires of yore,  
 And to their progeny forever more.

The senior,\* then, who stood in dumbness there,  
 Surveys the maid and marks her graceful air,  
 Observes the movement of her virgin feet,  
 And prints the ground she treads with kisses sweet.  
 Then lifts his hands, exulting to the skies,  
 And speaks with signs what'er his vow denies ;  
 Shows forth the prophecies of olden days,  
 And dark Futurity revealed displays.  
 —“ Him who shall come like rain upon the flock,  
 The flower that blossoms from great Jesse's stock,  
 The tree unblasted by the crackling fires,  
 The Star arising from the ancient sires.”  
 While thus the Father runs his piercing look,  
 Along the pages of the sacred book,  
 Deep in her breast the virgin dwells upon  
 The coming birth of God's Eternal One  
 Descending down “ like shower upon the fleece,  
 In nature's calm and midnight's solemn peace ;—  
 And tho' full well herself was seen to be  
 That burning bush—that starlight of the sea,  
 The maiden still dares offer no reply,  
 Nor deems her worthy dignities so high,  
 But looking up, her heart to Heav'n she lifts,  
 And readers thanks for all its priceless gifts !

The full moon now had thrice beheld her wane,  
 When she resolves to hasten home again ;  
 And now prepared to measure back the hills,  
 With sweet emotions all her bosom thrills—  
 The placid smile—the ever fond caress,  
 Her aged mother's looks of lovingness,  
 The sweet remembrance of that dwelling dear,  
 Where Heaven's glad tidings echoed on her ear,  
 Around whose roof still honored by the skies,  
 A thousand songs of Seraphim arise—  
 All—all come o'er her with redoubled sway,  
 And prompt her spirit to pursue her way.  
 At length departed from her kindred friends,  
 Fast o'er the hills her joyous way she weeds,  
 No rest—no respite as she homeward hies,  
 Not turning once, on either side, her eyes,  
 (Though o'er her head attendant angels soar.)  
 Till she at last regains the washed-for door.  
 Then deep revolving her immortal dower,

In peace she waits the fair auspicious hour,  
 When free from pain or labours she brings forth  
 The long expected One, the Saviour of the Earth ! !

\* Zacharia the husband of Elizabeth.  
 (To be continued).

### THE SELFISHNESS OF THE AGE.

Brownson, the Reviewer, now resident in Massachusetts, and many a one beside, have traced the social evils of our times, to an increase of human selfishness. Philosophers propound theories, and Religionists preach the gospel ; but the classes to whom we allude find the theories unacceptable, and the preaching vain. Selfishness will combat reason, by reason ; and interpretation, by a refusal to recognize its appositeness. Society seems to require the authority of God, infallibly conveyed and practically applied, before we can hope for a mediation of its evils. It requires a voice, audibly directing and powerfully commanding. Selfishness and pride, can never cohabit with true Catholicity ; and Catholicity is the only power, therefore, that can stay its progress. In our Church—the most conclusive argument for the worthlessness of riches and fame—those things which make men selfish, is the very constitution of its own moral being. In a beautiful article we find the following :—

“ In making poverty a necessary virtue in most of her religious orders, and a cardinal merit in all, the Church has done her utmost to redeem it from that disgrace with which man's carnal pride invests it, and she has given to charity a double value, as the sign and seal of the spiritual communion which makes of all her children one brotherhood in love and grace. Here is the great source of the warmth and strength of Catholic charity.

“ That it is which makes it live and glow with a vigour and kindness all its own—which makes it ingenious in a thousand little inventions to soothe away the bitterness of poverty—which makes it “ twice bless'd, blessing him that gives and him that takes,” so that the rich man feels that in giving he gains much, and the poor man, that he who gives is his friend and brother. This is true Charity—Catholic Charity—which goes straight from heart to heart, and binds them in the sweet and easy links of sympathy and mutual trust, and which, looking higher than the physical wants which it relieves, with pious care surrounds the needy with all that can turn the most obdurate soul to heaven.

“ What is there in common between this charity

and that other is counterfeit,—a chilling, selfish economy, which thinks of the Poor only that there may be quiet in the state, and is cunning to give as little, and that little as ungraciously, as possible,—which stifles every kind and grateful emotion in rich and poor, and is a tyranny even in its mercies ?”

We will not deny that there are Catholics, selfish Catholics, who act contrary to this spirit, by attributing to merely temporal blessings an importance, which turns such blessings into curses. They make them an end, when God intended them only as the *means* of accomplishing a great end. This perversion of *his own* gifts is not only in opposition to his will ; but, also, a species of idolatry, which prefers his creature to Himself. This is the foundation of social evil—and the very thing in which selfishness consists. Catholics favor it ;—but do so *against* their profession, and against a quantity of *resistance*, which renders them the more culpable. Catholics favor it ; but do so with a degree of inconsistency which is an instant check upon its excess ; and which, ultimately and necessarily, corrects itself. The magnificent charities of past times ; and the more magnificent sacrifices of feudal superiors then to the behests of Catholic Christianity exhibit, advantageously ; the motive-power of Catholicism, and its influence in creating great social changes. Pride and selfishness require a more potent application of Religious principle, than we, ourselves, feel inclined to deduce from the word of God. The following may give a feint idea of the practical operation of Catholic Charity in Rome :—

A single one of the foundling and orphan asylums of Genoa, supports between 3000 and 4000 children up to years of maturity.

The organization by which the poor of Rome are classified and registered, is such that the Grand Almoner and his numerous deputies can at once ascertain and relieve, *without offence*, the necessities of the most sensitive.

The pious Confraternities are numerous in every city, having among their members, male and female, the brightest and best of the land, and which make it their duty, some of them to visit and serve the sick in the hospitals, others to have in charge the prisons and penitentiaries, some to attend specially to those condemned for capital crimes, others again to assist poor debtors,—*others to seek out and relieve the modest poor*,—and still others to provide gratuitous legal assistance for those who are unable to prosecute their just claims or defend themselves against unrighteous aggression.

The ‘Asylums for the houseless Poor,’ afford shelter during the night to the homeless wanderer,—which, after a lapse of two hundred years, Protestant Europe is beginning to imitate.

The extensive public works, despite diminished means and the stagnation of business, give employment to the poor.

The noble Free-School system of Rome, for a population less than 200,000, affords 327 elementary schools, educating about 16,000 children.

The extensive Blind, Lunatic, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums, are unequalled for scientific organization, in Europe.

And, finally, the more than princely revenues appropriated annually throughout Italy to remove the wants and woes of suffering humanity, amount in Rome alone, after all the unholy robberies of the French, to *Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year*.

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## LITERATURE.

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### THE ENCLOSED GARDEN.—A TALE.

#### CHAPTER II.

Now it was the wont of the mother of these children to recal the words of her beloved Spouse, and to repeat them with accents so sweet and persuasive, that her instruction glided, as it were dew from heaven, softly on the hearts of those that hung about her lips, and treasured up every fond lesson that she gave them. She early told them how God made them, and for what purpose ; that He made them for love, and that all He desired for the countless blessings which He poured on them continually, was, that they should give Him their hearts. And her rule of love was very easy ; God was love, and therefore they were to love Him, and to show that love by loving one another ; that so they might, here, as it were, prepare their hearts, like golden censers, polished and made meet, for being swung by the hands of holy Angels in heaven. For, she said that Angels watched over them, and gathered their good desires and sighs of love, and these they offered up to God in heaven, like the rising fumes of sweetly-smelling incense.

“Love one another,” she would say to them, early in the morning—as she led them forth in cool calm air, and brought them to the shrine of love, which yet was odorous with the devotional incense of the preceding evening—“love one another,” she would repeat to them, as the day grew apace, and the sun shone high in the heavens, and noontide came : “Love one another,” she would still repeat, as it declined from the zenith, and the slanting shadows fell long over the meadow, and its last rays lighted, then tinged, the red clouds of the West ; and when darkness began to grow, and all wonted and familiar things seemed to wane

away from the eye, still she would repeat the same lesson, and as plaintive and tender as before, her last words as she gave them her nightly blessing, were "Love one another"—so that even in sleep, the heart might re-echo the sentiment, and rest like her own beloved Spouse, who while he slept, yet in his heart kept watch.

Nor was there ever a cloud over her face, save only when her little ones neglected or broke her golden rule. Then, indeed, she was stern, but it was more in sorrow than in anger. And even in her sternest mood, her love was shown but the more; for she would weep when she saw her little ones going away from her, as she was wont to call any such breach of the great law of Love. "Why would you fly from me?" she would say,—“why would the lamb leave the fold, in thoughtless waywardness, to seek the wolf?—why would you forsake one that loves you so dearly, and has done so much for you,—who has toiled and suffered for you, in cold, and want, and lack of all, that you should be rich and want nothing? Give me back your heart, my son, and do not fly from me, for I love you even now in your unhappiness, and I will weep till your return, for I am weary while you are away from my side, and I am lonely as a solitary while even one of you refuses my embraces,—for while you are ungentle one to another, you wound my heart, and thoughtlessly it may be, but yet most truly you are unkind, ungrateful, and ungentle to me.

“He, my beloved Spouse, from heaven, where his home is, looks down and implores you to return. He has Angels at his right hand, many and bright, holy and blessed spirits, who minister before the throne of Almighty God, in the palace of the Lamb, and these He sends sweeping through the bright blue skies, in golden copes, and dazzling wings, to help you unseason,—to lure you, by every gentle means, to come back to me. Sometimes it may be by showing you the worthlessness of what calls you away,—sometimes by making bitter the cup of pleasure,—sometimes by spreading his bright wings over a rose, that you may be saved from its thorn,—sometimes letting you pluck the rose, that, in doing so, you may prick the hand, and by its pain be reproved for your having taken to be a truant from my side,—sometimes the bright and holy visitants touch the quick of your heart, and as you weep, they gather these salt tears, as precious first fruits of your return,—laying them up as pearls of price, to be placed in my treasury, to give me joy out of sorrow.

“At other times, they breathe sweet and unseen influence when you are asleep, pressing you in the sweet fetters of a loving obedience, and smoothing the path, as it were, by strewing rose leaves in the way in which it is your's to walk.

“Come, then,” she would say, in a sweet voice

of plaintive appeal, that touched the soul of her strayed little one, “arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. ‘The winter is over.’ You can love one another; ‘the rain is over and done,’ your sorrow hath made amends for your fault. ‘The flowers have appeared in the land; the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beloved one, and come.’ (Cant. ii. 10-13.) The sun of reconciliation hath risen. The stars shine out with a brighter lustre; the voice of sweet birds, Blessed Spirits, make melody, and the face of all external nature is changed, for you love one another, and the object of your existence and the sufferings of my Spouse is but one object, to make you love God; and now I am happy and contented for I know you love God, and fulfil the end of your being, when you prove this by loving one another.”

Then would she tell them how needful it was that they should redouble their love one to another, in proportion as they had given offence. But though this was her lesson, yet often when any of her children had fallen, on their return, their own hearts told them how ungrateful they had been, and that their ingratitude was as great as the original offence, and that therefore they were bound to love all the more, to do a thousand little offices of affection, in token of their sorrow, and of their firm resolve never to offend again.

M. A.

(Continued from last Number.)

## THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

LIKE one watching the pale sky at eventide, when the sun is down, sees at first through the dim light, only the pale and uniform arch that spans the heaven; but as he fixes his eye, star by star becomes visible, and having once been seen, is lost to the eye no more, but continues in the deep blue sky, travelling onward serenely, till it descends into the dim horizon, or the haze which springs from earth's long dull atmosphere. Such is the true course of the soul of man, in reference to and connexion with the church; from the time when it becomes espoused to her, and through her, to Him who first gave it being, and clothed it in the garment of flesh,—visible, palpable, material. It seems to leap out of infinite space, and by its union in baptism with the Church, becomes a star that gladdens the heart of Angels, and All-hallows in the court of heaven; by co-operating with grace, it is clothed in a mantle of light, and travels onward, till its material shell fades away, and it is lost to the eyes of men. Albeit, if upheld by perseverance, and made strong by the holy rites of the Church, in the infinite beyond our narrow vision, it shall shine as a star, in justice to all

eternity. Once it was impalpable—when apart from grace;—once united, if the haze of temptation and sinful propensity be shaken off, it becomes bright and visible, and goes on its way rejoicing, to be lost and tarnished no more.

Here is the sting of death is in very deed robbed of its virulence, and when the sun of mortal life hath set, neither to itself nor to those that remain is its substance fled, nor its purpose in creation at an end. If robbed in lustre, the soul leaves this world, its powerful intercession is exerted in favour of those who remain on earth; like that of the canonized Saints of the Church, of whom she hath many more than those whom she hath singled out for man's worship,—such as those twelve thousand who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in white garments; or that multitude of tribes, and nations, and people, and tongues, which no man could number. Those, by their continual prayers, obtain perpetual dew of grace to fall unseen into the hearts of men, with that individual tenderness, with which they loved their homes on earth; and mourned and prayed in secret, while yet alive; but whom they still pray for with renewed fervour, all the more powerful now, that it is sinless and immaculate, and that instead of a single sigh sent upwards, it is joined with the united suffrages of all their fellow-saints.

How many saintly innocents are there, taken away hence, ere reason had come, not indeed like those of old, in Bethlehem, baptized with blood, but in the regenerating streams of baptism;—how many lift up their pure hands in the sight of God, and invoke mercy on those, who were their means of life and bliss; whose parents baply mourned over their early loss, and shed bitter natural tears over the waxen stillness of dead infancy, and who for a while refused to be comforted by the words of the Church, whose tones of joy assured them, that *Beati immaculati in via*,—that they have exchanged the perils and snares of an uncertain end, for the beatific vision and angelic nature. Pray, then, dear little ones,—sweet rosebuds of heaven,—for your earthly parents; pray, angels of God, for your brothers and sisters, whose little hearts were half broken when ye went, and whose playful mood was hushed with unwonted awe; when they gazed on the peaceful slumber of death, and on the narrow bed where the vessel that contained your heavenly fire still lay, beautiful in death, as if it had shared in the sudden joy, into which you went, and retained in death a moulded smile of heavenly contentment. Pray, sweet innocents, for her that bore ye, and suffered so much for you,—long sickness, weary pangs, and much anxiety,—and who wept for ye, as is nature's wont. Pray for him who was your father in the flesh; and pray for those who led ye to the font,

and for him who, by virtue of the power of the Church, drove out the wicked spirit from its too fair dwelling, and who poured on your head those cleansing waters of regeneration, which made ye fitting temples for the HOLY GHOST, and meet for what ye now possess—the kingdom of Heaven.

Death is indeed bitter, where the seal of faith has not been set. To such it is hopeless and a void; with the parting spirit all is broken, and neither for the living nor the dead is there a further communion, save only in the treachery of affection, or unavailing memory that veils while it embitters. But in the deep-rooted faith of ages, the sting of death is indeed taken away, the grove is no longer victorious, and hell no longer triumphs. The link that binds the quick, the dead, and the glorified, is not made of flesh, but rather is rivetted and welded by its dissolution, and is made meet to be hereafter renewed in the glorified, what here had its origin in the imperfect state; so that the loosing of a band by death, is made to act doubly on the living and the dead, and to call forth a wondrous interchange of purification, which flows through the alembic of affliction, distilling charity.

We are not one on earth—we are many: the cold and chilling creed that turns a deaf ear to the collective graces that emanate from the Church Catholic, may pride itself in an ideal assembly, but the unhappy individual who embraces it is indeed isolated; he lives apart, and in the midst of thousands he is alone. Each one is one of those for whom the accumulated treasures of the Church have been laid up in store, and if he will not be of the number of those who shall inherit a blessing, he must needs be of those who shall receive a doom. Alas! such an one is isolated—he is a withered and a broken branch, that shall not give out its goodly leaves for ever. He dies, and the shadows of night cover him; those behind weep, but pray they cannot, save only in a natural terror for themselves alone in unavailing sorrow. They are of the number of those who have no hope—a mist, dark and impenetrable, shrouds the future,—no vision of a gathering Angel pours forth in the vast unknown its incense of holy prayers, hidden sighs of contrition, or golden fruits of secret alms-deeds;—no Angel guardian waits for their dead, to shield the soul of the departed from the deep pit, or to guide its way to holy light;—no office of holy Church is offered up for its repose;—no tapers lit attend it to the grave, and point to a joyful resurrection;—no prayers are uttered as the spirit passes away;—no morning, mid-day, nor evening remembrance supplicates absolution and forgiveness for whatever it may have committed through human frailty;—no communion of glory stills the sighs and sobs of natural affection, and makes that

sorrow sweet that draws the weeping survivor closer to the Cross, by the side of her whose soul was pierced through with the sword of grief.—Alas! their dead was but *one*, and they who remain are desolate.

Speak we this in bitterness? Alas, it is not so, but as a motive for renewed desire that not one, but all may partake of the blessings of Christ's kingdom, which is not of this world, though to us begun herein; that the glorious time may come for the filling up of that kingdom, and that through those who now dwell apart that happy time may come. The marriage feast is laid, but there is yet room for many guests; the porch stands open, and on the symbolled pavement of this *NAVE* there is place for countless kneeling worshippers. The clustered pillars were made to hide the tears of the gentle but broken spirit. Why are they not filled, and why should the afflicted not seek refuge in the bosom of a mother that loves so tenderly, and can soothe so sweetly? The pavement was laid for the knees of the contrite, and why then should there be hearts so proud as to stand aloof, and not to seek for consolation where it is alone to be found? Why should the confessionals be deserted, when sin is not deserted? When the rankling of an uneasy conscience pricks, galls, or festers under concealment; when the virtue of absolution might have been given, and that dew of reconciliation poured forth, making him that was a sinner beautiful, and him whose garments were foully stained, white as snow. But, alas, where faith is not, the seared heart knows not of love; it stands apart, though in a crowd; it is desolate, though buoyed up with mirth; it is forsaken when in sorrow; in very truth it is unhinged from the chain of holiness, and in death is indeed, in every sense of the word—*ALONE*.

O Death, bitter and painful, Death in the accumulated torment of lingering fire, and whole disease, wasting the once fair flesh with painful rack and inward pains; O Death, in all the horrors of material decay, welcome, an hundredfold welcome, so as the ray of faith may only pass through the dismal chamber, and we lie tormented at the foot of the Cross. Soon the last struggle shall cease, and then how brightly shall the fruits of a patient forbearance shine rewarded for the brief though fiery trial! How sweet the remembrance of the racking pain, when the soul shall look on the glorified wounds of Christ's holy Passion; how dear to recall the dark struggle of temptation, when the soul in its agony felt no relief but in saying, "Thy will be done;"—here cut, here burn, *pacti non mori*;—when there shall be revealed above the hidden sufferings of the Garden of Olives; or what the sword of grief begat in the chaste breast of our Mother at the foot of the Cross. How alertly shall the meek spirit recall those despites,

by which the bitterness of man oppressed and maligned us, when the mysteries of Herod's court, and Pilate's judgment-seat, shall be revealed before us in wondrous light; and in glory the soul shall repeat the word it learned on earth, "Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did." O Death, under the guardian wing of faith, thy sting is gone: thy bitterness made sweet; thy power is but repose; the body which thou hast dismembered is separated but for a while; it is not dead, but sleepeth, to awake in glory.

There is no death but sin: and happy would it be had it come ere the fatal plunge had been taken. Happy are they who die in infancy, when the dew of baptism is still on their souls, and they are clean in the sight of God. Happy are they who though they lived, and have often fallen, yet made not shipwreck of the faith, but early sought that reparation which is laid up in the treasure-house of the Church, for all that seek it early and contritely. To such, death in its most frightful terrors is better far than doing despite to the Spirit of God, by that sin which is unto death, that mournful suicide of the soul, which wilfully turns from the known truth, to revel again, and wallow in the mire. There are scandals,—there always shall be such;—but if, while we meditate in this holy place, we make not use of the appliances which they afford, we too may waken from our thoughtlessness in the deep gulph of perdition. The porch is passed. We are still in the *NAVE*, but whosoever tarries here must continually remember, that all who truly dwell therein, who have meekly entered by the right way, have but one common bond of continuance,—that bond is *HUMILITY*.

We are in a safe place, but not secure; we are safe while we weep and are humble; we are safe when we cling to the wounds of our Saviour, and seek to live like him; we are safe when we beat the breast and call for mercy; while we water the confessional with our tears; while we waken the lofty echoes with our sighs; while the incense of charity exhales from our hearts, and the *Miserere* is on our lips. But whilst temptations surround, without and within; while the fleshly continent still keep us back, till we have entered into the Chancel of Heaven, by the Porch of death, we are not secure. Like the subtle electric fluid, whose motions are still a mystery, and on the discovery of some wide general laws, learned men do prate so boastingly; there is a fluid still more subtle, for it is spiritual, the laws of which are well known, but unheeded, and that is—*Pride*. Even in the good it rises, and in the very sanctuary of this holy place, puffeth up; so that thousands make a boast of what should lead them to the altar, and to their knees, saying, as St. Peter did of old, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." Hence we are never secure, and must needs be watchful.

The church is collective, and its communion of Saints is the treasure of all; yet, like as wheaten bread is made up of many grains, each individual must first be worthy of admission to the mass, before he can have a share in that wondrous communion. It is God alone gives increase to the number of His elect. It is by His will that the seed is sown in the heart, bringing forth, first the tender blade, then the ear, and in due time the goodly corn. While the early and the later rains are not yet over, the joyous song of harvest may not be sung; we must sow in tears, if we would reap in joy, *Manipula sua portantes*.

"For who are we, that we should lift the head,  
And not with downcast eyes our sins proclaim?  
We, who so oft the ways of sorrow tread,  
And wayward wander in the paths of shame,  
Who lightly hold by heavenly desire,  
And proudly cleave to this vain world's attire!"

### General Intelligence.

From Correspondence of the Tablet.

#### PUZZLES OF PUSEYISM.

SIR—I was exceedingly amused by your very able dissection of the queer doings of the Puseyite schismatics, in your last week's publication. Verily the whole body seem in a most inexplicable plight, from which it will require the churchmanship of a Land (their favorite prototype) or some such dignity to extricate them. Their Lordships of London and Exeter, in particular, are certainly in no very enviable a position, whilst the High Church, Low Church, No Church, white surplice sticklers for apostolic succession, and evangelical black gowns, claw one another most unmercifully. The introduction of the weekly Offertory is a most intolerable nuisance to our modern religionists, as it pinches them in a place where, notwithstanding their great sanctimony, they are proverbially susceptible, i. e. the pocket. As an illustration of this, a friend of mine, albeit one of a Puseyite temperament, in a conversation we held together respecting the various topics which at present agitate the theological world, expressed himself decidedly hostile to this 'innovation' as he called it, as savouring too much of greediness and love of filthy lucre on the part of the clergy, in these terms: 'I never sanction the Offertory by contributions; for being one Sunday at a Church in this town (St. Martin's-in-the-fields) for the first time, and not knowing this custom had been introduced there, I accidentally had but one shilling about me, which I gave however with a sorry grace, as I did not wish to appear singular! Here we plainly see the animus of this gentleman's Offertory tribute in the sacrifice of charity (for I suppose the offerings of the 'faithful' are employed for charitable purposes) at the shrine of pride and singularity, and I doubt not similar motives influence others also. For my part, I rejoice truly that, regardless of offertories, altar candlesticks, faith and such like travesty representations of the

ancient faith, the introduction of which into the Establishment caused me to open my eyes with astonishment, and to dive deeper into theological researches than I had been hitherto accustomed, I have had the grace to return to Catholic unity; and I most cordially invite others of the Church of which I was lately a member to follow my example, and refresh themselves in the pure waters of Catholic doctrines and practises where they will most assuredly taste of that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and which our blessed Redeemer bequeathed to his Church in those ever memorable words—'My peace I leave you, my peace I give you; not as the world giveth do I give to you.'

Liverpool, December 2, 1844.

### IRELAND.

TUAM.—RECEPTION OF NUNS.—On Thursday last, Teresa and Jane Kelly, daughters of the late Charles Kelly, Esq., of Ballymoe, were received by his Grace the Archbishop in the Presentation Convent in this town. High Mass was celebrated on the occasion by the Rev. Messrs. Conry, M'Evily, and Duggan; the Rev. Mr. O'Regan, Master of the Ceremonies.—*Tuam Herald*.

A RELIC.—We have learned that within these few days part of a stone cross of a very ancient date, bearing an inscription in the Irish language, has been dug up from a considerable depth beneath the Protestant Church of Tuam, at which the Rev. B. J. Roche, P. P., Galway, was present. Another portion of it was discovered as a head-stone to some grave, and we are told an arm of the cross was found forming a pillar, or some sort of a support in the Market-house of that town. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale has had the precious fragments—precious from the pious use to which they had been consecrated originally, as well as the religious antiquity attributed to them—carefully put by until the remaining portions have been discovered, when he means, we have heard, to give them an appropriate place in the cathedral.—[Galway Vindicator.]

### FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—In the *Courrier du Havre* of the 25th ult., we find the following:—"Six missionary Dominican Friars have left this during the week for the United States. Two other priests left yesterday for Martinique. Five German missionaries of the Redemptorists, with three brothers of the same order, are about leaving for the United States; as also are seventeen German nuns, who are going to found an hospital there. There are also three serving lay brothers prepared to go."

SPAIN.—A petition has been presented to the Cortes from the clergy of Murcia, praying for justice, and stating, among other grievances, that



they had not received any of the wretched pittance for their support during the last fourteen months!

A Madrid journal having objected to the introduction into Spain of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, on the ground that "it is a machination of the Jesuits," the *Callico* replies on the authority of a letter from Paris, "that the council of the Propagation of the Faith at Paris, far from being full of Jesuits, has among its members, half of whom are decorated with the Legion of Honour, two functionaries of the University, and only one priest, who is besides a secular."

PRUSSIA.—Several journals, says the *Ami de la Religion*, having lately announced that a Catholic parish in Eastern Prussia demanded, through the medium of its cure, the communion in both species, the abolition of ecclesiastical celibacy, and that of auricular confession, without ceasing to form a part of the Catholic Church, the cure of the parish in question has come forward with a formal declaration contradicting such rumours.

A letter from Berlin states that much attention was attracted in that city by the public conversion to Catholicity of eight Protestants, who made their abjuration at Potsdam, on the "Feast of the Reformation."

SWITZERLAND.—The Rev. Mr. O'Kenny, of the Society of Jesus, professor of the English language in the college of Fribourg, has quitted his tranquil occupation, says the *Ami de la Religion*, to undergo the fatigues and privations of the mission to Madras.

ITALY.—Letters dated Turin, November 14th, mention a new conversion to Popery. It is said that on the previous Sunday Miss Louisa Cambridge abjured Protestantism in the convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Genoa, and entered the cloisters as a novice.—*Times*.

ROME.—On the 18th ult. was celebrated at Rome, with great solemnity, the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica of St. Peter's, which took place for the first time in the fourth century, and was renewed by Pope Urban VIII., in 1626, when that illustrious pontiff concluded the works that have rendered the new basilica the most august of the wonders of the world. Cardinal Mattei, Archpriest of St. Peter's and Bishop of Frascati, officiated at the solemn Mass, at which his Holiness, surrounded by the cardinals and pontifical court, was present.—*Drario di Roma*.

A letter was received in Rome, informing his Holiness of the conversion of one of the most considerable of the Druses of Mount Lebanon.—*Freeman*.

BELGIUM.—The Feast of St. Cecilia was celebrated in Brussels by solemn Masses, concerts,

balls, and banquets. The: Majesties attended a magnificent concert at the Grande Harmonie, which may be considered the most aristocratic club of this city. They were received with every mark of respect.—*Journal de Bruxelles*.

The Jewish writer, Lombroso, who resides at Turin, has just embraced the Christian religion. This is undoubtedly one of the most important conversions that has occurred for many years.—*Ibid*.

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