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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 5.

and 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, JANUARY 31, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- FEB. 1.—Sunday—IV after Epiphany—St Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr.
2.—Monday—Purification of B V M.
3.—Tuesday—St Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.
4.—Wednesday—St Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Conf.
5.—Thursday—St Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
6.—Friday—St Hyacinth of Mariscotti, Virgin.
7.—Saturday—St Romuald, Abbot.

* On this day the 17th Anniversary of the Election of his Holiness, Gregory XVI., the Collect for the Pope is recited.

NEW GARRISON CHURCH.

On the 16th instant a General Order was published, announcing that this handsome structure would be opened for divine service on the following Sunday. The ceremony accordingly took place, and a Discourse, suited to the occasion, was delivered by the Lord Bishop. The Church in question is a valuable addition and a great ornament to the North End of the City. Certainly its architectural beauties suffer no diminution from the fact of its being placed in immediate contrast with that unsightly, confused and crazy pile, denominated the North Barracks. We are therefore bound to suppose that the erection of a New Church, will necessarily produce the construction of a New Barrack, more in harmony with the improving spirit of the times, and better calculated to ensure the comfort both of officers and soldiers, and when the old barracks shall be swept away,

may we hope that the street which bears its name will share a similar fate. We cannot imagine any thing more disgraceful to the city than the present condition of this infamous locality, where vice with brazen front exhibits all its beastliness, and dens of profligacy, like so many jaws of hell, lie open day and night to swallow their hapless victims. This is the plague-spot of Halifax; this is the hideous cancer which is eating its way into the vitals of our community, corrupting innocence and honesty, destroying the peace of families, bringing down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, rendering the mysteries of crime familiar to our youth, and poisoning, in their sources, all the fountains of public morality.

Is it possible that our city authorities can devise no remedy to abate this enormous nuisance? Could not our Legislature check those public and notorious offences, against decency and virtue? Could not some wholesome quarantine be established, to preserve our city from this all-destroying pestilence?

But, we have unconsciously wandered from our purpose. The opening of the New Garrison Church, is no doubt a subject of congratulation to all who will share in its services. However, it is built exclusively for military members of the Church of England. This would be all very well, if there were not members of *other creeds* in her

Majesty's service. We presume that under our free constitution the soldier who is engaged in the service of the Crown is rewarded, not for his *peculiar religious opinions*, but for the faithful performance of his military duties. The money too by which the army is supported, and by which this New Church has been built, was contributed through the taxes and public burthens, by our fellow-subjects of every denomination. There are ten millions of Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland, who contribute their quota to the public treasury. One third of the army, at home and abroad, are Catholic. When the last census was taken, a very few years since, there were about seven hundred Catholics in the Garrison of Halifax. In the hour of danger, in the day of battle, we never knew of any distinctions or exceptions having been made with regard to the soldiers of different creeds.

We therefore firmly maintain that the state are equally bound to provide for the religious and moral instruction of its Catholic, as well as its Protestant soldiers. How stands the case with regard to Halifax? Church accommodation has been always paid for, and secured to the soldier of the Church of England. A military chaplain has been regularly paid a handsome salary, with allowances. No Church accommodation for the Catholic soldier has been provided or paid for. Not a single shilling of remuneration for his services has been given to any Catholic priest in Halifax, for the last quarter of a century, though the number of Catholics in the garrison has always considerably increased the labours of the resident Catholic Clergy. Is this equal and impartial justice? Is this the spirit which should prevail in the British army in the 17th year after the great measure of Catholic Emancipation?

Let us not however be misunderstood. We are far from grudging our gallant fellow-subjects any religious advantages which the state may afford them. But £2000 of the public money for the erection of a Protestant Church, and a respectable salary for the maintenance of a Protestant Military Chaplain, *without a single sixpence* for the religious instruction of the poor Catholic soldier—these are crude anomalies which we can neither digest nor comprehend. We shall most probably return to this subject again.

ST. MARY'S.

Several new Pews have been just added to this Church. They are not only an accommodation to many of the parishioners, who were hitherto unable to obtain seats, but a decided improvement to the interior of the sacred edifice. At the various Masses on Sunday it was announced that the Pledge would be administered after Vespers next Sunday by the Rev. President of the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society. The faithful, and especially those who from sad experience, feel, that they cannot contain themselves within the bounds of Christian moderation, were earnestly exhorted to avail themselves of this seasonable opportunity. The Bishop stated some facts with regard to intemperance in the town which were both disgraceful and alarming. In a cold climate like this, the greatest caution should be used in the quantity and quality of our drink. The new rum and other kinds of spirituous liquors, which are frequently sold in Halifax, are almost worse than poison to the constitution, and have the horrible effect of depriving the habitual tippler of his senses in a very short time. When this liquid fire is poured down the throat, the very vitals are scorched, the coats of the stomach are destroyed, the heated and maddening fumes ascend to the brain, which is also set on fire, the most glorious creature of God, made after his own image, is degraded below the level of the beast, the Christian is transferred into a demon, the rational being into a drivelling idiot. No, there is not in all nature any thing half so vile, so brutal, so disgusting, as a filthy drunkard, from whose blasphemous and obscene mouth the steams of the bottomless pit seem to issue forth. When he rushes out from the grog-shop into the street, with the eye of a maniac and the fury of a wolf, with palsied hands, and tottering limbs, and bloated cheeks, he is surely more dangerous than 'the mid-day devil' himself. He is then ripe for all sorts of mischief. There is no weapon so deadly which he will not use, no deed so vile that he will not perpetrate, no language so beastly with which he will not pollute the pure air of heaven.

When senseless cattle are found straying or doing mischief we lock them up in pound. If a large *Iron Cage* were set up in some conspicuous part of every town, and every drunken brute

confined these like a wild beast to prevent him from doing mischief to the public, it would be more worthy of the policy of civilized man. We never encounter one of those human Hyena's in the Street without instantly thinking of the *Iron Cage* and the *Menagerie*.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE HALIFAX TRUCKMEN.

Through the abundant produce of the Charity Sermon on Sunday last, the Committee have been enabled not only to provide a great quantity of clothing for the poor, but also to purchase a large stock of fuel, consisting of coals and firewood. As soon as our brave truckmen heard of this charitable intention they volunteered their services in a body and drew home to the Cathedral yard an immense quantity of fuel, which is to be distributed from thence to their suffering fellow creatures.— The same worthy body of men were always ready to lend their valuable services to the cause of religion and charity. Their gratuitous assistance on this occasion has added considerably to the funds placed at the disposal of the Committee. It was really edifying to witness the fervid zeal, and hearty good will, with which in quick succession they deposited at St Mary's the precious burthens which will warm and enliven many a desolate home. They have deserved and will receive the thanks of the community. They have ensured for themselves and their families the prayers of the poor and the choicest benedictions of the God of Charity, who will not suffer a cup of cold water given in his name, to pass without its reward. We therefore need not say, *God bless them!* for their work of charity has brought with it its own benediction.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The Examination of the children who attend Catechism in this Church was held last Sunday. Thirteen classes of boys, and nineteen of girls were examined. The Bishop and Rev. Mr. Tracy were present, and the various teachers who have been most punctual during the year, in the performance of this good work, were complimented on their diligence and zeal. The premiums will be distributed on to-morrow, shortly after the last Mass, at St. Patrick's. We are gratified to hear

that the Catholics of the North End are anxiously directing their attention to the improvement of their new church, and the erection of a suitable altar under the invocation of the Patron Saint of Ireland. From the various costly articles brought home by the Bishop for the embellishment of this altar, we have no doubt that it will be, when finished, the most beautiful in the Province. We are equally certain that there is not an Irishman in the Province who would refuse his mite towards the completion of St. Patrick's Church, in the capital of Nova Scotia.

THE CLOTHING FUND.

The contributions to this excellent charity have been greatly increased since our last publication. After Vespers, on Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Conolly delivered an instructive discourse on the Gospel of the Day, at the close of which he made a pathetic appeal on behalf of our indigent and naked fellow-creatures, who require so much relief at this rigorous season. An abundant collection testified the deep impression made by the preacher on the charitable feelings of his hearers.

LITERATURE.

THE WOODEN CROSS.

A RELIGIOUS TALE.

Chapter 4.

[Continued.]

You may be quite easy on that point, my good Sophy. There is no injustice in keeping this cross, for it was the intention of Madam de Linden to leave you one of her most valuable articles. It is possible that this lady did not know herself the treasure that was in the wooden case that contained this cross; and even had she known, you would certainly have a right to choose whatever you liked best. You might have chosen the beautiful pearl necklace which her husband had given her on the day of her marriage, and which no one could hinder you from taking, and yet the choice of this would have certainly excited the clamours of the relatives, although it is worth double the price of the cross. Your disinterestedness, your piety, and your love for the deceased induced you to select an object which to all appearance was of little value. The relatives approved your choice, and even laughed at your simplicity, and now that this cross contains a treasure they can make no demand. God has directed your choice, and you have thus laid up something for a day of distress. Your noble bene-

factress too has her wishes fulfilled. These diamonds are magnificent, and are probably worth 3,000 crowns. With this sum you may pay your debts and be fully re-established in your business. Keep the wooden cross as a memorial, that it may always remind you of your obligations to it for the comfort you will enjoy."

The excellent old man then proposed to Sophy to shew the cross to a jeweller in the town, who examined the diamonds and made an estimate of their value. The priest asked him if he intended to buy them, and at what price. The jeweller said he would pay three thousand crowns for them; one thousand on the day of purchase, another in twelve, and a third in eighteen months. This information delighted Sophy who thus beheld an end to her sufferings. She wrote an account of it to her husband to console him, and remained in the town until the bargain should be concluded.

Two days after the jeweller came to the priest to sign the agreement, which being done, he gave a thousand crowns to Sophy in part payment, and took away the cross.

The affair however was soon reported in public, and came to the ears of Madam de Linden's relatives. It produced a great commotion amongst them. They met together to devise the best means of recovering the cross from the jeweller, and of annulling the contract between him and Sophy. She herself was ordered to appear before the family, and it was with fear and trembling she obeyed, and after getting the advice of the good clergyman, she was received with cold indifference; they did not even offer her a chair to sit down. When all the family had been assembled one of the ladies said to Sophy,

"My good woman, we have heard a very ugly story about you. We always had a great opinion of your honesty until now, and how is it that you have deceived us? Can it be true that the wooden cross which you chose contained a gold cross set with diamonds and valued by a jeweller at three thousand crowns? And you had the boldness to keep the article after you had discovered this, and never to tell us one word about it! Now this is open robbery, and we did not expect such a thing from you. Give us up the cross therefore, or if not, we are determined to take legal steps to oblige you to restore it."

Mr de Hagen of whose honesty and disinterestedness we have spoken before, here observed:

"My dear cousin, I confess I am less astonished at Sophy's selling an article which really belonged to her, than at hearing you talk in this manner. How could you conceive the least idea of Sophy's dishonesty? For, what is the question in dispute? You either acknowledge Sophy's right to have made her choice; or not? If you admit her right, and you cannot deny it, what have you to complain of? Do you remember your conduct on the day we were

dividing the property, and the insidious way in which you urged her to select a dress? And when at length she decided on taking this cross, it drew a pitiful smile from you, and you laughed at her simplicity."

"Sophy is a mere hypocrite," replied the lady in a furious passion, "for she knew well what was in the cross, or she would not have asked it."

"Well, suppose she did, said Mr de Hagen; tell me how could you prevent her from selecting the cross? You certainly could not. And what then can you do, or why do you complain? Your injurious suspicion of Sophy is quite destroyed by her noble conduct to Madam de Linden. If she was aware of the treasure contained in this cross, why should she wait until this moment for the purpose of selling it. You know how hard pressed she was to pay for her house. You know the sad state of her affairs since the failure of the banker who had the care of her property. You have heard that the farmer who had advanced her what was necessary to support herself and family, was on the point of selling all her property! and how can you imagine that if she knew she possessed such a treasure she would allow matters to come to such a crisis? It is contrary to common sense to believe it; and I cannot suppose she would have endured so much if it were in her power to retrieve her affairs by legitimate means. Hence, do not tell me any more that Sophy is a hypocrite, or that she has appropriated to herself an article which did not belong to her. You have no right to molest her, and the law, for I have taken legal advice, is against you. I have now one advice to give you, and that is, to put an end to this affair as soon as possible, and to say no more about it, for the public, which already knows too much of the matter, will laugh at you in its turn, will censure this discreditable conduct, and will accuse you as you deserve, of a disgusting rapacity."

The relatives of Madam de Linden who were so enraged against poor Sophy, had not a word to say in reply to this conclusive reasoning, and kept a sullen silence. Sophy wished to add a few words in her own justification to this excellent defence, but Mr de Hagen begged her to say nothing. She therefore went away satisfied, and hastened to the Priest to tell him all that had occurred. This worthy man congratulated her on her triumph, and advised her to set out at once for her village, and to bring the thousand crowns to the farmer.

Before leaving the town poor Sophy went to the church where she had formerly prayed with so much fervour, and knelt on the steps of the very same altar at which Madam de Linden had found her twenty years before plunged in grief and sorrow for the death of her mother. There, tears of gratitude flowed from her eyes at the remembrance of all the benefits of the Lord since that period. She besought him to continue his mercies to her and

her family. She spent more than an hour in prayer, and at length set out on her return home.

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

"I WAS THIRSTY, AND YE GAVE ME DRINK."

'And was it for this that I brought ye from your own mountain-land, far, far, across the snow-peaks of the Alps, my beautiful boy! my own dearest Luigi! and thought to see ye grow rich in your manly age? And now your eyes are dim and sunk, and your long hair matted and tangled, and I shall see you die before my face! Would, blessed Mary, that we were back on the mountains of Savoy!

'Oh, mother! do not speak of Savoy! If you knew how I pine, how I thirst for those sunny hills! One draught of that air, one mouthful of snow would cure me! Mother, my heart is burning with thirst! give me—give me something to drink!

'My child, I cannot; we have walked as far as we can, and there is no house, no human being in sight; the sun beats down hotly on your head. God help us! I must either leave you, or see you die before my eyes.'

'Mother, my brain is on fire! Drink! drink! Oh! would I might have had but one mouthful of snow! I see all those mountains of Coire, and the red sun rise on the peaks. I hear the tinkle of the herds winding upon the mountain, and the call of the maidens. I hear the water rushing down the rocks! Water! water! Ah! there is the Angelus-bell! Mother, kiss me! the angels are coming to fetch me away!

'Resa hung over the boy, and looked into his dark and burning eyes, over which the film of death was apparently stealing. His glazed forehead and dry parched lips shewed the fever that raged in his veins. He was her last tie to this world, the last bond which had kept her heart from bursting beneath the weight of suffering and poverty she had gone through, since she came to England. The poor Savoyard's dream of England is of a land of plenty and of gold—of generous hospitality and lasting friends. 'Resa came with her three boys to realize something for her parents and her own old age. In London they landed, and in the chill of that gloomy and vicious atmosphere, her dreams of happiness were soon changed into fears of every kind. The boys hired themselves, as the Savoyard's custom, to an Italian image seller and maker, who treated them harshly, and wrung from them all their hard-won gains, excepting the barest pittance, which, without their mother's exertions, would not have kept the family from starving. Besides this, if they did not fill up a certain sum every day, he beat them cruelly. Two of the boys fell victims to their master's fiendish avarice, in different ways. Jacobi, or as his brothers called him, 'Cobi,' a gentle bright-haired creature, as sunny, and joyous, and variable, as the skies of his own Savoy—drooped, and at last died in his mother's arms—like a flower

struck by the frost which droops its head and withers away. When the workhouse shell was carried carelessly away by two paupers, and laid in the unseemly mould of a London church-yard, heedlessly and hastily committed to its kindred ashes in the rain, by an overworked Protestant curate, and she thought of the Processional Cross—the Holy Litanies—the pious charity of her own Confraternity—'Resa thought she had drunk nearly to the dregs the elixir of suffering. But there were still some drops undrained. Her eldest boy, Pepe, sturdy, proud, and passionate, resisted for a long time the cruelty and injustices heaped upon him: but at last the bitterness of his heart overflowed; on being struck by his master one day, on returning from a weary and unsuccessful walk through the greater part of London, he suddenly seized the board on which he had been carrying his images, and aimed at him a blow which brought him to the ground gushing with blood. Frightened for his own safety, he fled immediately, joined a band of desperate men, some of them his own countrymen, who were going into the country house-breaking, and was soon after taken up and transported for life. Poor Pepe! at home with thy own schoolmaster and priest, thou wouldst have lived honoured and respected to a good old age. 'Better any death,' as 'Resa said to the chaplain at the Sardinian chapel, 'better any death, than such a trial as this.'

She hastened after this, to leave a city which had brought her so much misfortune, and where a curse for every sin seemed to have fallen from God for the punishment of its inhabitants. She took with her her only remaining child, and on a hot dusty day in the middle of August, they set out on the Essex road, not knowing, and little caring where it would lead to, so that she might meet a cheap sea-port, and embark on her way home. Luigi had been hardly worked and poorly fed, and the fear of ill treatment, and close cellars, had worn him down with fever. He had his image-board to carry, which was all his earthly wealth, and the clothes of his mother and himself. She was loaded with some articles of furniture. They walked along the dusty roads, mile after mile, and life seemed to ebb from him at every gasp, but for his mother's sake he would not utter a complaint. At noon-day his strength gave way, and turning his heavy and burning eyes on her, he asked his mother for something to drink. She had nothing, and there was no house at which to ask charity; so the boy setting his images on the ground, sank down under the hedge, faint, and gasping for breath. The shaggy dog, who had shared all his wanderings, sat down mournfully by his master, licking his hands.

A fine carriage rolled swiftly by, filled with tender-hearted ladies; but they were too busy

discussing the Polka to observe our group. A large merry riding party were trooping through the drives of the park behind them, and the echoes of their ringing laughter reached the ears of the agonized mother. Life and death, joy and sorrow, lie strangely near each other in this world's mysteries. At that moment 'Resa's hand unconsciously felt for her medal (a miraculous medal), and grasping it closely, she murmured, "O Mary! Mother! conceived without sin, have pity upon us!"—Hark! that was another sound! a chapel bell, the 'Angelus,' which had reached the strained and quivering nerves of the boy, was borne sweetly on the summer air. There must be some house, some hamlet near. Roused by hope, the nearly desperate mother raised the boy in her arms, slung him over her shoulders, walked stoutly forwards in that direction. She was not mistaken in her hopes; on turning the corner of a little wood she came in sight of a small village-green. On one side stretched the woods of a magnificent park, and on the other, on a gentle bank, stood a newly-built Catholic chapel, whose bell had brought her to the spot. Near it stood a substantial farm, and a kindly-looking dame was feeding poultry before the door, evidently preparing to go to church for her prayer-book was in her other hand. 'Resa panted forward, and laying her burden gently on the ground, looked up imploringly into her face. The good woman surprised, asked what she wanted. "Water! water!" gasped the Savoyard; "in Christ's name a drink of water for my boy." "And that he shall have, and more too," replied the good dame; "whatever is asked in that Name cannot be refused by me;" and running into the house, she brought out a goodly pitcher of milk and slices of bread. The refreshing draught brought the poor boy to his senses. He had nearly died of thirst, but when this was satisfied, he sat up and said he could go on his journey. The farmer's wife said this could not be; she kept him for several days, till they were strong and able to travel. When her landlord, who had built the chapel and lived close by, heard of their distress, he gave them money for their passage. 'Resa and Luigi went back and lived to a good old age; but they never forgot to pray twice a day for the Christian woman, who, in remembering the commands of our Lord, had saved a life to be spent in His service.

Monsieur Wiseman, Bishop of Melipotamus, *in partibus*, and coadjutor to the Apostolic Vicar of the central district of England, has just addressed a letter to the bishops of France, in which he expresses the hopes which the feelings now manifest in England gives rise to. According to Monsieur Wiseman the conversions to Catholicism on

the other side of the straits are not only becoming numerous and more brilliant, but the old prejudices are disappearing, and more people than ever are intent on the return to unity and anxious for it. The Catholics of England have learnt with gratitude the sympathy with which their continental brethren watch their progress. Mons. Wiseman demands that the Catholics of France will continue to join in their prayers, and solicits of the Archbishop of Paris a grand manifestation in behalf of the English church. The reply has not long been awaited; the Archbishop of Paris has addressed a letter to his clergy, wherein he urges the priests of his dioceses, who may have due devotion, to offer up once at least the Holy Sacrifice, and all pious souls to take the Communion once or several times for this pious purpose. — *Paris paper.*

General Intelligence.

THE BILL TO INCORPORATE THE R. C. BISHOP OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Petitions in favour of this measure will be presented for signatures in the vestries of the Catholic Churches of this City and Portland, on to-morrow in the fore and afternoon, when it is expected all who have not as yet attached their names to them will then do so. The object which the Bishop has in view in looking for this measure, is to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the flock over which God has given him charge; and we are sure the faithful through his Diocese will second his application to the Legislature by numerous signed petitions.

The intelligent and good Catholic will ever look up to his Bishop with respect and veneration; he will regard him as his spiritual father—bound to him by the most sacred and holy relations—as having to receive from him the nourishment of his immortal soul. He will then consider as addressed to himself, in relation to his Bishop, this command of God—"Honour thy father in action, in word, and all patience, that his blessing may be on thee and may always remain with thee." The good and intelligent Catholic believes, with the great St. Cyprian, that "Christ said to His Apostles, and through them to all Bishops who succeed them by Vicarial Ordination, *whosoever hears you, hears me*"—that "the Bishop is in the Church and the Church in the Bishop"—that without the Bishop there could be no Mass, no Baptism, and no other sacraments, and, in fact, no Church; because, without him there could be no Priests to offer sacrifices or confer sacraments. Upon the Bishop the Holy Ghost has imposed the

burden of governing the Church within his Diocese. "Take heed to yourselves," says St. Paul, to the Bishops of Ephesus, "and to the flock over which the Holy Ghost has placed you, to govern the Church of God." It is not alone, then, from the Common Father of the Faithful, the Vicar of Christ on earth, that he receives power and jurisdiction to govern the Church, but from the Sovereign Lord and Creator of all things. From Heaven he receives the charge and commission to provide his Church with Priests, to see that the sacraments—the channels of grace—be properly and duly administered to the faithful, and that everything connected with the House of God and the service of the Altar, be in decent and becoming order; and whilst fulfilling his ministry in discharging these duties, the blessed Apostle reminds the flock in what manner they ought to conduct themselves towards him—"Obey your Prelates, for they watch as having to render an account for your souls."—*St. John Liberator.*

From the Kilkenny Journal.

FUNERAL OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. KINSELLA.

On Monday this city had to witness the melancholy ceremony of the consignment to the tomb of the mortal remains of the venerated Bishop of the Diocese. At an early hour St. James's chapel was opened, where the corpse was lying in state, arrayed in full pontificals, having been removed thereto from the Episcopal residence. The most holy sacrifice of the Mass continued to be offered throughout the morning, on several altars, for the eternal repose of the soul of the deceased Prelate. At eleven o'clock the solemn office for the dead commenced: the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel, the Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford, together with upwards of one hundred and twenty of the second order of clergy were in attendance. His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel intoned High Mass, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kealy, administrator of St. John's, as Deacon, and the Rev. Robert O'Keefe, as sub-Deacon. The Rev. Robert O'Shea, administrator of St. Mary's, acted as Master of the ceremonies. The sacred edifice was densely crowded; the mass of the inhabitants of the city and its environs being anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of their excellent Bishop; and there were also great numbers, both of clergy and laity, from the neighbouring county of Carlow, to whom his lordship was endeared by ties of early association and companionship. With scarcely an exception the shutters of every shop throughout the city were closed during the entire day, and, at one o'clock,

when the melancholy procession was about to set out, every door was closed, and there was a total cessation of business. The arrangements for the funeral were conducted in a most orderly manner, under the active superintendance of Mr. Wm. Kenly, who acted as Marshal, and a most efficient body of stewards, selected from the Trades. The different trades and unions mustered in St. James's green, and the other citizens, who were attired in scarfs and hat-bands for the occasion, in the Bishop's gardens, and the procession moved in the following order:—

	The Marshal on horseback.	
	The St. John's Hibernian Union.	
	The St. John's Union.	
Stewards.	The St. Patrick's Temperance Society.	Stewards.
	The St. Patrick's Union.	
	The Victuallers' Society.	
	The Leinster Union.	
	The St. Canice's Temperance Society.	
	The Broguemakers' Society.	
	The Conductors.	
Stewards.	Drs. Cane and Kinchela, Physicians to the deceased.	Stewards.
	The Students of St. Kieran's College, two and two.	
	The Clergy, two and two.	

Stewards.	Pall Bearers.	THE COFFIN,	Pall Bearers.	Stewards.
		Borne on a Bier.		
		Mourners.		
		The Citizens, two and two.		
		The deceased Prelate's own Carriage.		
		Most Rev. Dr. Slattery's Carriage.		

The Carriages of Sir John Power, Bart., Kilsfane; of Colonel Bryan, of Mr. Cahill, of Bonnetstown; of Mr. Henry J. Loughnan, Patrickstreet; and of several of the neighbouring gentry closed the procession.

The number of those who were arrayed in scarfs and hat-bands amounted to nearly 700, including the great majority of the neighbourhood, and almost every citizen of respectability. There was no distinction of creed visible on this solemn occasion; numbers of Protestants of the highest rank joined in the *cortege*, equally as anxious as the Catholics to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased. Among those who paid this tribute of respect, we noticed the Marquis of Ormonde, Joseph Greene, Esq., R. M., and several members of that family; the Messrs. Bayly, Capt. Helsham, &c. The flag on Kilkenny Castle

was also hoisted half mast high on the occasion. The order of the procession was most decorous, and the services of the stewards were scarcely decorous, and the services of the stewards were scarcely called in requisition; to use a common expression, "you might hear a pin drop," as the multitude moved along the streets. The concourse of country people that lined the flagways was immense, and could only be estimated by thousands. On leaving St. James's Chapel, the procession moved through Upper James's-street, James's-green, Blackmill-street, Dean-street, Vicar-street, Green-street, over Green's-bridge, through Michael-street, Upper and Lower John-street, over John's bridge, through Rose-lun-street, High-Street, Lower James's-street, and thus back to the Chapel. As the procession entered once more the Chapel-yard, the Clergy recommenced intoning the psalms, and continued the funeral dirge until the body was lowered into the grave prepared for it, between the monuments of the Right Rev. Drs Lanigan and Marum, the former Bishops of this diocese.

CONVERSIONS IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

Northampton, Dec. 3, 1845.

DEAR SIR—Though "it is good to hide the secret of a king," yet "it is honourable to reveal and confess the works of God," (Tob. 12, v. 7,) and I, therefore, again trespass on your columns to insert the following short statement, which I trust will be edifying and interesting to your readers.

On Friday last, the 28th ult., I had the comfort of receiving into the church the Rev. Michael Watts Russell, Rector of Benesfield, in this county, together with his lady and sister; and on the following day I administered to them the Sacrament of Confirmation, and the Holy Eucharist. It would be difficult adequately to describe the unaffected humility and sincere devotion with which these pious converts have odified us. The ceremony was rendered more interesting by the presence of the devout Faber, who came to witness and share the happiness of his dear friends. Surely, in these late occurrences, which have crowded upon us from Elton and Bennesfield, we plainly recognise the hand of God's special mercy! I have received into the church from this locality sixteen devout, and fervent, and well-instructed converts. The humble faith and ardent devotion of these good people are mainly owing to the instruction and training of the pious Faber; who has led them by word and example to a high degree of enlightened and ascetic piety, the rectory of Elton having been for some time past conducted on the model of a monastic institution.

A sacred duty now devolves upon me, viz., to

furnish the ordinary means of grace, the holy sacrifice and sacraments, for these interesting neophytes. For it would be too much to expect them to maintain their fervour, without the ordinary aid of religion.

On Sunday last I offered the holy sacrifice at Oundle, which is a centre point between the two parishes of Elton and Bennesfield: and was delighted to see a repetition of a sight so devout and holy. The converts, rich and poor, were all present; the humble Faber served mass; several received the holy communion; and all returned to their houses with serenity and peace visible in their countenances. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the worthy and hospitable Catholic family at Oundle, in whose house the congregation is at present accommodated. They were unremitting in their attention to the wants and comforts of the converts, to whom they offered the most heartfelt congratulations, and the most warm-hearted hospitality. I hope, with God's blessing, to be able in due time to provide a larger and more public place of worship, where instructions may be given, the holy sacrifice offered, the sacraments dispensed, and the means of grace afforded, so as to extend the present flock into a large and flourishing congregation. I am, with every good feeling, dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ,

† W. WAREING.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- JAN. 24—Mrs. Catherine Spence, of a Daughter.
 26—Mrs. Catherine Purcell, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Catherine Flynn, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Julia Tucker, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Catherine Walsh, of a Daughter.
 27—Mrs. Elizabeth O'Donnell, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Isabella M'Cormick, of a Daughter.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- JAN. 25.—Thomas, son of Thomas and Isabella Maguire, aged 4 years and 2 months.
 " Sarah, daughter of Michael and Bridget Murphy, aged 3 years.
 26.—David Ryan, native Fermoy, county Cork, aged 60 years.

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