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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 3.

No. 2.

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, JANUARY 9, 1847.

## CALENDAR.

- JANUARY 10—Sunday—Within the Octave  
 11—Monday—Of the Octave.  
 12—Tuesday—Of the Octave.  
 13—Wednesday—Octave of the Epiphany.  
 14—Thursday—St. Hilary, Bishop and Conf.  
 15—Friday—St. Paul, first Hermit, Conf.  
 16—Saturday—Sr. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.

## ST. MARY'S AND ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The new year has opened auspiciously for the cause of Temperance. On New Year's Day, and during the week, the Rev. President administered the Pledge to a considerable number.—Nearly five hundred received the Pledge at his hands last year. May we hope that as many thousands will do so during the present? Unless intemperance be effectually suppressed amongst the people, and especially the labouring classes, we shall hear of nothing but tales of misery, frightful accidents, sudden deaths, fatal quarrels, wretched wives, famished children, shame, degradation and poverty. Unfortunate drunkard! if these lines should happen to meet your eye, be warned while there is yet time. Repent, before it is too late. The death of a drunkard is one of the most terrible of all calamities. On every drunkard's tomb may be written:

"HERE LIES A SELF-MURDERER,"

Shall this be your unhappy lot? It has been the sad fate of many in this community. It may be yours before the close of the present year. Oh! we conjure you to be wise in time. There is no security against a drunkard's death, except in a total abstinence from the occasion of sin.

The Pledge will be given at St. Mary's every Sunday this year, for the convenience of all. The remedy is therefore always at hand. If any one perishes, he will perish through his own fault.

A great number of persons were enrolled on New Year's Day, being the first Friday of the month, in the Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There was a Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament at 7 o'clock that evening, for the benefit of the Members of this Holy Confraternity.

## SECESSION OF GERMAN CATHOLICS AT NEW YORK.

An impostor who has assumed the name of Guistiniani, has been delivering for some time past in the United States, a series of disgusting Lectures. As the Devil never employs his own agents to preach against himself, we are not surprised to hear that the harangues of Guistiniani were well seasoned with the usual quantum of abuse against the Catholic religion. On several occasions many of his hearers were so shocked at the immoral and infidel tendency of his doctrines that they quitted the room in disgust. Nevertheless such was the brazen impudence of the mountebank that he lately proclaimed through the New York papers the astonishing conversion of two hundred German Catholics in that city. The lie was extensively circulated, and we dare say, very generally swallowed. It was published also in some of our Halifax papers, and so much importance was attached to the ravings of this buffoon, that all the Articles

of his new Doctrine were published this week in one of our Journals. We knew from the beginning that there was no foundation for this absurd story. But the following Letter from the ever active and zealous Bishop of New York, sets the question at rest.

*To the Editors of the Courier & Enquirer:—*

In your respectable Journal of the 14th instant, I read for the first time the wonderful account of "some two hundred German Catholics withdrawing publicly from the Roman Catholic Church, with which they had been hitherto connected." As the chief pastor of that portion of the Catholic Church residing in the diocese of New-York, I was startled at an announcement so extraordinary. I enquired immediately of the several Pastors of the city, and no one knew any thing about such a movement.—The clergymen having charge of the German Catholics, had not missed a single recognised member of their respective flocks.

Two Catholic gentlemen called on me, one a German, the other an American, to say that they were at the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, just to ascertain, as they expressed it, the "gullability" of our Protestant friends. The German thinks there were about "twenty-eight" of his countrymen. Of these he knew about seven who had been, or at least claimed to be, Catholics, until they began to "walk disorderly" through contempt of the church's law on the proper conditions of marriage. These bad marriages have always been fruitful of secessions from the one Faith.

As to the points of dissent which this new form of Protestant Christianity has opened with, "rejection of the Pope's pretensions," "priestly absolution," and "generally all the distinctive features of the Roman Catholic belief," they are trite subjects for the capital of a new religion. They are now, and have been much more clearly and intellectually discussed in our evangelical pulpits generally from week to week, than in the Tabernacle last Sunday afternoon. They are a standing dish with the Reformation of Christian doctrine and the only variety now possible is in the seasoning. Whether the Oracle at the Tabernacle used new and more frequent spices to tempt the public palate, it is for those who heard him to decide.

In a report of the proceedings, I am represented as betraying my opposition to reading the scriptures, in a Preface to a German Testament published under my sanction and with my approbation. If the ex Franciscan Priest be not sounder in his new theology, than in the statement of mere human facts, I fear that he will make but a poor

Apostle, after all. I never wrote any Preface to the German Testament!! It had been approved by several Bishops in Germany and at Rome, as a substantially correct German version of the Holy Scriptures; and, as such, I merely sanctioned and approved of its publication. I have the consolation, then to assure you that the German Catholics of New York are firm in their old faith, devoted to their Church, and in the main pious and exemplary. Of course, they are free (in that sense which we are all free to do right or wrong), to join any religion they please to select. But they are satisfied with that which they profess, and not a little indignant at the insult which has been offered to them as a body, by the falsehoods reported from the proceedings of the "Seceders," forsooth, at the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon. From among themselves, they denied any secession whatever.

The person who officiated for the little flock is not, I am told, an ex-Franciscan Priest, but a converted German Jew who having provided himself with a very respectable Italian name, has been going about the country for several years as an Anti-Popery lecturer—in which capacity he has sometimes brought himself and his patrons (as in a Protestant pulpit in Boston, some time ago,) into very awkward predicaments.

As the character of a portion of my flock was brought into question in the reports of the proceedings, I thought it due to the public that this simple statement of facts should be laid before them, so that they may judge for themselves.

✠ JOHN HUGHES,

Bishop, New York.

New York, December 16th, 1846.

(From the Dublin Review.)

THE RITE OF ADMINISTRATION OF HOLY ORDERS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLISH AND LATIN EXTRACTS FROM THE ROMAN PONTIFICAL PUBLISHED BY LAWFUL AUTHORITY, DERBY, RICHARDSON AND SON.

(Continued.)

The first of these rites is that of conferring the Tonsure, or creating a cleric. The Tonsure, as the Council of Trent rules it, is not an order but a state, preparatory and disposing to orders.—It is said to have been instituted by St. Peter; at any rate it is very ancient, and has its name from the cutting of the hair in the form of a crown, as a symbol of the "royal" dignity of such as have their lot cast them in that fair territory.

the Church of God. Others connect it with the Crown of Thorns, as though the Church would repair the indignities offered to her Lord, by converting the memorial of His Passion into a badge of honour. In Catholic countries the wearing of the Tonsure and of the clerical habit, entails the privilege of exemption from the jurisdiction of the lay courts. The cleric acquires likewise the privilege of the Canon; so that the act of striking him with malice is excommunication, ipso facto — The Tonsure also confers the power of holding a benefice at the proper age. In our own country it is hardly necessary to say these privileges are in abeyance; and although the form of giving the Tonsure, is always, under pain of suspension, observed, the badge has not been habitually assumed since the Church was under persecution.

The same rite which reclaims the youthful soldier of the Cross from the service of the world, by imprinting Christ's seal upon him, introduces him into the Sanctuary by investing him with the robe of virginal purity, the symbol of the "new man" regenerated after Christ's image. It is true indeed, that by entering the ecclesiastical state, and even by receiving the minor orders; the return to a secular life is not absolutely precluded, but the Church presumes of every one who voluntarily offers himself to her service, that he has a deliberate intention of persevering in it, although as yet, she does not bind him by any irrevocable engagements.

It is a short but exquisitely sweet and touching office, that, by which our holy Mother consecrates the purposes of such as would devote themselves to her ministries, and obtain part in that choice promise. "Beati qui habitant in domo Tua, Domine; in sæcula sæculorum laudabunt Te." The sweet tones of the sweetest of psalmistry are never heard more touchingly than in this initiatory rite, and the Church furnishes, as usual, a clue to the "intention" in which she employs them by the annexation of an antiphon. The Psalms chosen are those beautiful ones, the 15th and 23rd, and wonderfully does each of them shroud, in that soft graceful disguise which the words of an earlier dispensation throw over the truths of later, what may perhaps be called without affectation—the "sentiment" of the peculiar occasion. The 15th

psalm, which comes first, appears to be said in the person of the candidate; it immediately precedes the act of giving the Tonsure; and embodies a prayer for help, a pledge of fidelity. "Preserve me, O Lord, for I have put my trust in Thee.— I have said to Thee, Thou art my God, for Thou hast no need of my goods." And then of the wicked, (that is, of the children of this world, whose society he forswears,) "I will not gather together their meetings for blood-offerings," (the sacrifice of their goods to the gods of their idolatry,) "neither will I be mindful," (or make mention) "of their names with my lips."

(To be Continued.)

## A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

### BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Continued.

Yes, it was for Jesus I endured all, and did he leave me without a recompense? Oh! let my tongue be sealed in death, when it shall praise Him for the mercy He has shown me, for the recompense He has heaped upon me, for the peace I enjoy, for all, and every thing. Even my very sorrows,—I can but praise Him for them for they led me to joys, unknown, and untasted, but by those, for whom they are prepared.

The step taken, my peace made with heaven, and my soul enjoying the precious fruits of the happy exchange I had made, my thoughts naturally fell upon the good man, who had first been the means of leading me to suspect all was not right with the foundation on which I had been building for eternity.

His answer relative to Ash Wednesday, showed me he was not perfectly satisfied with what he professed himself. Instantly, therefore, I determined to go to him and tell him all that had happened to me, if, perhaps, God might, thereby, convince him, it was better to sell all in this world, to buy eternal life in the next.

I went to him—we conversed for more than two hours. I told him how happy I was, and how infinitely I preferred the scorn and desertion of the world, with what I possessed, to the whole world without it. He looked quite puzzled and said nothing, but that I had taken a very awful step.

I asked him if he would read something I would give him, because that I persisted in asserting he did not know what the Catholic faith really was.

He said he would read anything I gave him. I told him I had done my best to get his bishop to meet the Catholic one, before I became a Catholic but that he would not do so. He said, if it was not treason (these were his words), to say so, he thought his Bishop had done very wrong, but that if I had gone to him before I became a Catholic, he certainly would have done anything to save me; for he thought I had done an awful thing, and he pitied me from his soul, being so misled.

This was all very good and natural, but now for the proof of his sincerity. "Will you," said I "come and meet my bishop, and prove your rule of faith before him?" "No," said he, "certainly not, you are past hope, therefore, why should I do so useless a thing? Had you applied in time to save your soul, I would have done that, or anything else, but not now."

Why I did apply to him was, I thought my friend Miss —— had done so, for I knew he was a favorite of hers, although not belonging to the same form of worship, and although I do not know positively whether she did or not, I really believe she did—but that is nothing to the present purpose. Well, said I, that is just and fair, but one soul is just of as much value to you as another, especially as I never saw you before, but once in my life, and never may again, I come to you therefore in behalf of another, who has witnessed my conversion, who sees that I have failed to get any Protestant clergyman to meet a Catholic one, or to defend his faith, will you come therefore, for the sake of this person, who is no other than the husband of my dear friend, and who, I have every reason to believe and hope, will very soon follow my example, simply because he sees that you are all afraid to defend the faith you profess.

After some hesitation he said, "I do not think I am called upon to do so for Mr. ——, for if I did, I should be called upon by Mr. A——, and Mr. B——, and Mr. C——, and thus I should be taken up instead of attending to my own people, to whom I owe more than I can accomplish." I here urged his inconsistency and demanded if it did not strike him there was something the matter, when no Protestant clergyman would dare to face a Catholic priest. "Oh," said he, "it is exposing our truth, for we all know what a clever man Dr Gillis is." But said I all the talents in the world can never prove a lie to be truth; no you know it cannot, therefore come, in the name of God, if you think you possess truth and the moment you confound my Catholic clergyman, I cease to be a Catholic. I was very earnest indeed, for I hoped the man was sincere, and I felt if I could only get him to come, his own

eyes might be opened. I did not, therefore, stand upon any ceremony, and my impertunity was so great, that he was constrained to meet me half way. "I will tell you then," said he, "what I will do for you. I will hear Dr. Gillis discuss with you the rule of faith, and I will go behind a screen, and when he is gone, I will prove all he said to be false!!!" Mr. D——, you amuse me, I am utterly amazed, and can hardly believe my own ears, said I, and can only say. I regret, indeed, that no one is present, but these walls to witness your words.

Whoever reads this, need not be surprised I did not give him the opportunity of giving me this proof! We parted.—My feelings of sorrow being much greater, for him, and better founded, than his for me. But I did not give him up. I knew him to be a good though deceived man, and I still hoped. I believe he was perfectly puzzled at my earnestness, for he promised to read two tracts for me.

Some days after I felt anxious to know the result upon his mind of the perusal of my pamphlets. I went, therefore to him again, and conversed for another two hours. To the best of my recollection "The Church of Peace and Truth," he had nothing whatever to object, except there was some quotations from Scripture in it, which he did not think applicable. But in the other, he said there was a horrid blasphemy, which was quite sufficient for him, and that was, the Blessed Virgin, being styled 'The Mother of God.' I was so surprised at his denying this that I could say nothing, for I thought we must have misunderstood each other. So I left him, still begging, as a great favour, he would read Dr. Wiseman's lectures on Transubstantiation, as he objected much to that doctrine. He said, he would. However, when I got home I thought over all we had said, and all I might have said, and I thought I would make one trial more, by writing the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Once more I intrude myself upon your notice humbly hoping that the sincerity you have witnessed in me, will plead an excuse to you, in my behalf for such intrusions. Oh, why is it that I am so anxious—so solicitous about you? why?—but because, by the providence of God, I was directed to you, when a stranger in a strange land as his minister, and one on whom I felt I had a claim, as such, to solve a difficulty. Your reply was such, as to prove to me I was on an insecure foundation for my immortal soul, and that you were not yourself perfectly satisfied with every appointment of your own church. From thence as also afterwards from your own mouth, I learned; that although you feel quite calm, you feel quite certain that you have found a Saviour able and

willing to save your soul, still you will till death fear and tremble, feeling it is not impossible your rule of faith may be fallible, and therefore, not such as will stand you, at the awful day of judgment. This, then, along with the universal voice pronouncing you a sincere and godly man, makes me feel interested for you, beyond what words can express.

"But why, again should this interest be excited towards one, who professes himself satisfied with the faith he holds, although he cannot prove it infallible? why, but because (if I would not be misunderstood as comparing myself, who am less than the very least, to one so capable so learned, and so devoted as yourself.) it is but one short month since I held with powerful sincerity, the very same faith you, this instant, rest upon; yes, and I held it zealously.

"Nevertheless, within that short space of time, it has pleased God to show me a more perfect, more united, and a better rule of faith, one worthy of God because infallible—a way so strait that the eye can see with clearness even to the very end of it, so garnished with truth and certainty, that the soul let into it from a bye-path, on first finding it, is so overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, that in telling others of the way she has found, they can but suspect her of madness; so great is her delight for it is a way so simple and safe, that the way-faring man though a fool cannot err therein—a way in which all are invited to go, and from which none will be excluded, but those who will not try for themselves, whether it be all, it is so joyously and fearlessly declared to be by those who have already tried it.

Twice I have had the privilege of conversing with you, since this happy change in my faith. On those occasions nothing passed from you to shake my present views, much to strengthen them. You will, perhaps, start at this, remembering the isolated passages of Scripture you brought forward, supposing them capable of overturning doctrines, founded on the whole tenor of Scripture. But I shall not detain you to speak on this subject, but bear with me, while I remark upon the expression you used as referring to the Blessed Virgin being called in a Catholic Book 'the Mother of God.' It was, you said, blasphemous.

At the moment you made use of the expression, I was so utterly astonished at such a term being applied to such a subject, by a Bible clergyman, I really forgot everything, in a feeling of deep humility and gratitude, that to me such blessed realities should ever have been revealed, while the wise, and the great, and sometimes the good, (for you are a good man, and too good a one to remain in a faith that cannot be maintained and proved, before

the learned and unlearned, the talented and ignorant) are left uncalled.

"What can I do for you? One thing I have in my power, and cannot be prevented using it; I can pray for you and I will. But may I beg of you to open your Bible, which you profess directs you, and from which you declare your rule of faith to be drawn, doing all it commands, and refraining from all it forbids, and tell me if the following passages do not declare Mary ever blessed, to be the Mother of God; Isaiah vii. 14, ix 6; Matt. i. 18, 20, 23; Luke i. 35, 42, 43, 44, 45, 48, xxviii. 37; Acts i. 14, xx. 28. If they do not, then as a Protestant I could but despair, since my very mother tongue must be re-studied to enable me rightly to understand this rule of faith, which according to my present knowledge of English, leads me to a directly opposite view to yours. So, what is to be done? What Protestant can hope for heaven, if to get there, it be necessary to live up to their rule of faith, and yet the talent necessary to understand it aright is such, that even their own ministers cannot trust themselves to speak or declare their rule to one of a different faith? Oh! what, tell me, is to become of the ignorant and unlearned? must they all perish? No, no; let them come into that church, which has a rule adapted, to all capacities and understandings, and in doing so they will do well; for it will be the faith God himself intended for them, as God in justice could never have sent a rule of faith so difficult to be understood, and so incapable of being defended and proved.

Indeed, my dear sir, I cannot but wonder how it is possible to raise a doubt as to the propriety of calling the Blessed Virgin 'Mother of God,' for if our Lord Jesus Christ be God, as I conceive is clearly stated above, how can the Blessed Virgin be anything but Mother of God! This is the faith the Apostles taught us, although they made not use of the word. But you will say, perhaps, is Mary then the Mother of the Deity? My answer is, that being mother of the man, who was united to the Eternal Word, so as to form one person, she ought to be called the Mother of God, though not the mother of the deity. Besides, all Protestants acknowledge the four first Councils of the Church; and, at the third, at Ephesus, Nestorius, a bishop was excommunicated for exactly saying as you do, that Mary was not Mother of God. You will find the above remarks in St. Cyril's writings in Butler's Lives of the Saints, which fell under my notice, since I last saw you. I need not try further to prove my sincerity, but, would to God, you would inwardly resolve to investigate this matter, yes, even at all hazards, your reward would be

great. More I cannot therefore do than pray for you, which I will do in all sincerity.

Yours,

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

(His Answer.)

"MADAM,

An unusual pressure of urgent duties, has prevented me from answering your letter before now, and, even now, my reply must be brief.

You are entirely mistaken in supposing, that I feel a moment's doubt or hesitation respecting the infallibility of the rule of faith, on which I rest—and your misapprehensions in this respect, notwithstanding the repeated declarations I have made to you on the subject, prove to me how correct I have been in resolving not to discuss the matter before you—proves indeed how absurd it would have been for me to have entertained the proposal for a moment.\*

The texts you adduce, respecting the expression "Mother of God," you must allow me to say, are completely wide of the mark; they tend to prove the divinity of Christ, which doctrine I hold, but they leave the expression entirely unsupported, and I therefore repeat what I said before. "that it is unscriptural as well as unreasonable, blasphemous, and false."

I beg to return Wiseman's book, which I have read. It bears the stamp of the writer's mind, learning, ingenuity, and plausibility, but sooner might you build a castle on a cobweb, than the doctrine of transubstantiation upon his argument. In spite of his talents and his special pleadings, the doctrine hangs like a millstone about his neck, heavy in its iniquity, dishonoring to God idolatrous in its practice, and ruinous in its consequences. I beg you to excuse this short reply to your long letter; but you must, I think, be aware, that all which appears so new and attractive, and convincing to you, is neither the one nor the other to me; and you ought not to expect me to give the time to write out formal refutations of errors which have been repeatedly and fully exposed from the press. I cannot do more than express the bitterness of sorrow that I feel, for the fatal step you have taken, and my earnest prayer that you may yet be recovered out of the snare which has been laid for you.

Your's very truly,

D. T. K. D.

Need I produce more facts, to excuse myself to those of my family, who may read what I have

here stated. Will any condemn me for the choice I have made?

My case stands thus; I find my soul in danger,—I first apply to a bishop of my former church, to come forward and save it, at the same time, pointing out the danger and the enemy that threatened it; but he says, "No, I cannot face the enemy openly—I must know your mind first, for I fear I should fight with weapons unsuitable and unavailable!" Then, I try a second—a man with less policy, but more courage than the prudent bishop, and he says, "oh, yes; I will meet this dreaded man;" but before they are five minutes together, he acts on the principle of a good retreat being better than a bad stand, and up he starts and runs out of the room.

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### VESPER HYMN.

Father of Light, who light and day  
Hast bound in one for ever sure,  
Who Earth's foundations firm didst lay  
In heavenly light, to rest secure.

Thou didst the glowing morn a vito  
With ev'ning pale and call it day,  
Confusion dark shall shun thy light;  
Lord, hear us when we weep and pray.

Let not our heart, oppressed with crime,  
From thy salvation's gift depart,  
Nor worldly thoughts of fleeting time,  
In sinful deeds enslave our heart.

Teach us to seek the gate of heaven,  
And thence the gifts of Life attain;  
Let every sin from us be driven,  
No vice on our affections gain.

O Righteous Father, hear our prayer,  
Father of all and thine own Son;  
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,  
Who reignest ever Thro' in One.

AN ABBEY BURNED.—The ancient and noble abbey of Dissentis, in the canton of the Grisons, was entirely consumed in the night of the 28th ult.—Its magnificent church, its treasure, and its rich and splendid library, were completely destroyed. The friar who discharged the functions of cook perished in the flames. The abbey of Dissentis, founded in the seventh century by Sigebert a Scotch Benedictine, had been before burned in 1790.

\*Strange, if I was so much mistaken, that in less than nine months after the date of this letter, this worthy gentleman should have dissented from the Church, foreaken his parish and flock, to become a nonintrusionist.

## General Intelligence.

### MIRACULOUS CURE.

The Univers has received the following letter from the Abbe Cheruel, which we translate for our readers :—

“ Rome, Nov. 12, 1846.

“ MR. EDITOR,—

God, who is pleased to glorify his faithful servants, has deigned in his infinite mercy to grant to the prayers of the Mother Makrina, that courageous Abbess of Minsk whose history you have so often brought before the public, a cure, of which I think it useful to give you an account, for—the Holy Spirit tells us—“ To confess and make manifest the works of God is honourable.”

The following are the facts:—A young French Priest, M. l'Abbe Blanpin, Missionary of the Sacred Heart of Mary amongst the negroes of the Island of Bourbon, had completely lost his voice during two years in consequence of his Apostolic labours. He came to Rome last summer, in the hope of recovering under the influence of the climate of Italy that voice that he had lost in the service of God. On his arrival I had the honour of becoming acquainted with him, and of being edified by him. He spoke in so low a tone as to be scarcely heard, and he could not maintain a connected conversation except by means of a slate. Full of submission to the will of God, he neglected not, however, any natural means which science offered to him: but no remedy availed, and by the advice of his physicians he went to the ‘Eaux Bonnes.’ There he found two skilful physicians, who soon discovered that their skill would be unable to effect a cure, and sent him to the “Eaux de Caterets;” these, however, proved of no service.

“ He obtained no amelioration, and towards the end of October he returned to Rome, still in the same state. Some days since he paid a visit to Mgr. Luquet, where he met with Bishop Pompallier and another person, who advised him to have recourse to the prayers of the venerable Abbess of Minsk. The young missionary recognised in this advice an inspiration of Heaven. He went to the Mother Makrina, who received him with deep interest, and ordered him to say five Masses in the Church of San Salvator in Campo, in honour of the Precious Blood, and seven others in honour of the seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin. She enjoined him in addition to come every day to her to recite a prayer before the image of that Madonna, to which the Holy Father had been pleased to attach indulgences.

“ The pious missionary abandoned all medical treatment and punctually followed the spiritual prescription of the Abbess. Ten days had gone by and no result had manifested itself. On Saturday, the seventh of this month, his confidence in God was unshaken, but he made known to the Mother Makrina that he had experienced no symptoms of improvement. Then the Abbess made him kneel down before the image of the Madonna and requested him to pronounce aloud the holy and venerable names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

“ The Abbe Blanpin made the attempt to obey and was enabled to articulate with a very faint voice even the sacred names that he was required to invoke. The Mother Makrina said to a religious who was kneeling near her, “ He will be cured.” Then turning towards the missionary, “ Go home,” said she to him, “ and hourly repeat aloud the names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, joining to them each time three Hail Mary’s.” The Abbe Blanpin obeyed this command with docility, and at four o’clock in the afternoon he returned to visit the Basilian Religious. The fine thread of voice that he had found in the morning had hourly increased in volume and in proportion as he had followed the prescription, but his voice had not yet attained to its natural state. The Abbess knelt in prayer, then rising, she commanded him in the name of Christ to pronounce aloud the sacred name of Jesus. “ Jesus,” he cried out. He was cured.

“ The tone of his voice had become clear and sonorous. The whole community was instantly informed of the prodigy that had been accomplished; they had assembled around the Madonna, and the Abbe Blanpin recited aloud a “ Te Deum” in thanksgiving. Each one of his accents seemed a hymn to the glory of God and of his servant.

“ Having returned to his hotel, the missionary himself related to all his friends the favour he had just received from God.

“ A young artist, who had long been estranged from religion, was so struck at hearing sonorous and clearly articulated words issuing from that mouth so long mute, that he resolved to be reconciled immediately to God, and to purify his conscience by the confession of his sins.

“ In the meanwhile, every one was desirous of seeing this man whom they had but the day before pitied, and they accosted him with an air of surprise which seemed yet to announce a doubt, and he, as if he would say to them, ‘ Men of little faith, why do you doubt?’ related to all the prodigy that he owed to the prayers of the Abbess Makrin. 1



have myself heard him; his voice is full, it has recovered its natural volume, and he can consecrate it anew to the glory of God and the salvation of the populations who had bewailed his loss.

"The day before yesterday Bishop Pompallier, Bishop Luquet, the Confessor of the Abess Makrina, and the healed missionary were in communication with His Holiness, for the purpose of informing him of what had passed. The Holy Father was overjoyed at it.

"He has given permission for the erection of a chapel on the spot where the Madonna stands, and in the interval, he has authorised M. l'Abbe Blanquin to say a Mass of Thanksgiving before this image.

"Such, Mr. Editor, is the faithful history of a fact which will console, without surprising your Catholic readers.

"When an entire city is witness of such a prodigy it would be necessary—before we could possibly entertain a doubt—to have cars and not to hear.—I remain, &c.,

"L'ABBE CHERUEL."

Univers, Nov. 22nd.

### SINGING.

The following amusing and sensible "reasons for learning to sing," occur in a work of the eminent composer Bird, and published in the year 1598.

1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned when there is a good master and an apt scholar.

2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature and good to preserve the health of man.

3. It doth strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes.

4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering speech.

5. It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

6. It is the only way to know whether nature has bestowed the benefit of a good voice, which gift is so rare as there is not one amongst a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want an art to express nature.

7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voices of men where the voices are good, and the same well-sorted and ordered.

8. The better the voice is, the sweeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end. "Omnia Spiritus laudet Dominum."

Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing.

THOMAS MOORE.—The poet has been made a subject of great anxiety by a statement in a French paper, copied into the English press, of his being seriously ill in Ireland. We rejoice to say there is no foundation for this report, and that the bard is in the best health at his cottage in Wiltshire. We believe he has recently put the finishing hand to his Irish History; and enjoyed the relief from literary labour with his noble friend the Marquis of Lansdowne at Bowood.—*Literary Gazette.*

Faction is the excess and the abuse of party—it begins when the first idea of private interest, preferred to public good, gets footing in the heart.—It is always dangerous, yet always contemptible: and in vain would the men who engage in it hide their designs—their secret prayer is, "Havoc, do thy worst."

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps we receive him indifferently, treats alike the peasant and the philosopher.

"Whether to detract, or to hear a detractor be more damnable, I cannot exactly determine".—*St. Bernard.*

## INTERMENTS.

### AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

From the 1st January 1816 to the 1st January 1847—241 persons. Of that number there are 104 adults, 63 men and 41 women. Children under age of 10 years 137.

The average age is as follows:

Men's age 50 years.

Women's age 36 years.

Children's age 2 years and 6 months.

Out of the Poor Asylum, including the above number are 36—16 men, 13 women, and 7 children.

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