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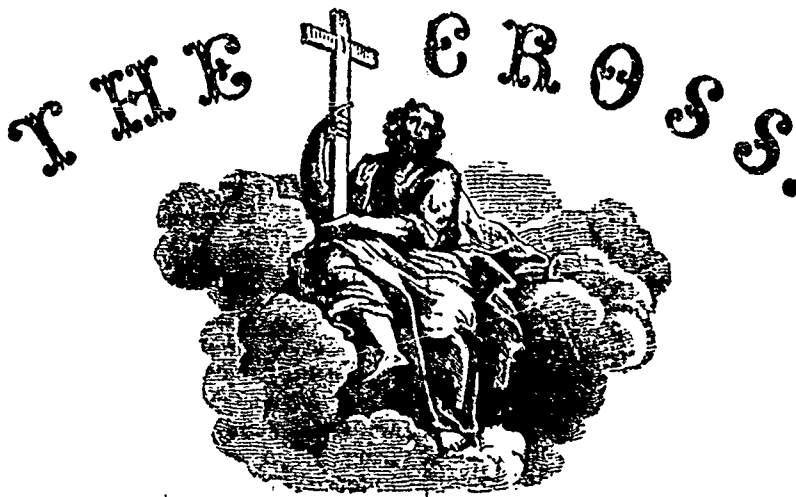
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JESUS said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER. AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 16—19.



"Was anything concealed from PETER, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?"—TERTULLIAN Proscrip. xxii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon PETER. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, ascribable."—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebsm.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, PETER the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusol. Cat. xi. 1.

Calendar.

- OCTOBER 14—Sunday—XX. aft Pont 3rd Oct Maternity of B V M g dou com of the Sunday sup.
- " 15—Monday—St Teresa V Joub.
- " 16—Tuesday—St Mary Magd de Pazzi V d 3d June.
- " 17—Wednesday—Saint Hedwiges Queen widow sem.
- " 18—Thursday—St. Luke Evang doub 2 class.
- " 19—Friday—St Peter of Alcantara C doub.
- " 20—Saturday—St. John Cantius C doub.

UNHOLY ALLIANCES.

No truth is more certain nor more necessary to be frequently meditated than that the life of man upon earth is to be a continual warfare. There are enemies within and without; within and without one's country; within and without the Catholic Church herself; and, the worst of all, within and without the breast of every man, even of the best. It is therefore the trial of him that would fight well, to know on which side and when to make war, when to rest passive, and where to seek for appropriate allies.

In the management of a man's own personal character and conduct, he will find evil passions that court alliances with him under fair professions, of moderation, or of zeal, or of something else, and which display the ugly hideousness of their tendencies only when they have long gained secretly the complete mastery of the soul of their wretched possessor. It is only then that he who is the slave of passion is carried away from all the proprieties of his most solemn professions, and commits follies, and gives scandals that make even those most anxious to excuse him turn from him with blushes and abandon him to his self-sought infamy.

The same rule holds in public life and its relations. The Lamennais', and the Venturas, and the other men who, in narrower spheres, have first been good, and then made their noise, and at last fallen from their estates as Priests or as Religious, have not taken their fatal leap at once. They have commenced, we may suppose, with intentions ordinarily pure. Then they have been flattered, and puffed up by the flattery. Then they have sought to be flattered, and made this the end of their exertions. In such a frame of mind it is not so strange that they seek out new paths that they may be distinguished. Presently they come in contact with the just proprieties, or with the good order of society. If they are subjects of a monarchy they pay servile court to

kings and fawn around the steps of nobles. If they live in Republics they strive to fan the flame of an excited democracy, that they may bask in the heat of its favour—not forgetting meanwhile to seek the solaces that they can gain for the rich. But all these which they seek at the instigation of the same passions, the courts of kings and nobles, the popular voice of the people, and the favors of the rich, when sought universally and on principle, can be had only at a price

Then comes the rapidity of the descent. Then comes the perplexity of "reconciling Catholicity with the spirit of the age." They have lost the noble freedom of those who, seeking first God and His justice, take it for granted that with them all else that comes or happens will be well. These unfortunates, on the other hand, let their Catholicity be the thing taken for granted—calculate as if they had no power to forfeit their name as Catholics or religions, any more than the awful responsibilities of having assumed the name, which indeed they cannot escape; and so try every way in which to betray the God of Heaven to their new found idol.

Good men and bad are from time to time alike subjects for the praise of the world. But the difference between them is that in the hour of trial in the hour when "the world will love its own," and will hate those who are not its own—then the good man takes his part. Then we see how little he holds by his reputation. Then we see how little he cares for the world or its opinion, any farther than that he may not give it scandal, or lose an opportunity of doing it good.

And then, too, is the hour for the corrupted and the depraved. This is Judas' hour. "What will you give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" Judas must have his coin. If he can pick it from the Lord's treasury it is good for him; if he cannot he will sell his Lord rather than not have it. Judas must have his revenge, and if Peter looks on him with suspicion he will betray Him whom Peter loves. Judas must have his companions, and if the Apostles disown him he will go over to the Jews and Infidels.

But the lesson to be learned from this is, that the world will forever corrupt those that become its companions. Its very friendship is called enmity with God; and no man can make up his mind to stay friends with it at all hazards without losing his character as a Christian. The way of the Cross is the sole way of life, and the history of Jesus Christ and His

Apostles and Saints ought to be all of use at the same time, our example at our meditation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY OVER THE HUMAN RACE.

Man may, as generations gone by have done acquire power and dominion and wealth; but yet it is only under the great mantle of Catholicity that the soul of man can find real happiness during his mortal career. Though he may extend his territories and increase his wealth; though he may progress in the science of investigating nature in all her wondrous works, and though he may receive the praise and the admiration of the whole world, yet all is nothing without riches bestowed by the spirit of the Catholic Church, and those are humility of soul and self-abnegation.—Having these, we are prepared for the coming of Him who "came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Having these, the Divine words will be accomplished in us—"Every one that humbles himself shall be exalted."

These reflections owe their origin to my recent converse with the people of the modern Babylon—London. Though we may talk of England's injustice and of her cruel treatment of poor Ireland, yet in London we find the highest degree of moral civilization, and at the same time the most frightful blindness as to the only means of man's real happiness. The vast multitude of the Londoners are, whilst daylight shines, occupied in a constant current of trade and amusement. In the mercantile circles one rapid torrent of commerce is going on. Millions of money changing owners in the short space of six hours: ships discharging their cargoes from all parts of the world, and taking in their exportations for every quarter of the universe; foreigners coming in by every gate of that vast emporium of all nations to wonder at the metropolis of the Queen, upon whose dominions the sun never sets. The hour of fashion has arrived and all the splendid vehicles of the nobility are in motion. Though the regal regions of the West-End a throng of those gorgeous pageants may be seen moving along. All is life and splendor. Throughout all this scene just described, no poor one of Christ dare hold out his hand to solicit an alms from the passing member of commercial or fashionable life. No! The sun that enlivens all the splendor of London, must hide his brilliant rays in the far western ocean, before gover-

ty dare show its face in the public streets of the British metropolis. The fetid atmosphere of the cellar and the garret must be imbibed during daylight by those whose means of existence is the gift of benevolence. And oh! what a scene London presents under gas-light. Those resorts of commerce and fashion during the day are now empty of their daily occupants. The rich wine is regaling the wealthy occupant of the splendid mansion; and he who during the day was telling over his profits in the counting-house, is listening to the cheering strains of music in his drawing-room, and sipping of his goblet of generous beverage. But where are the poor—the tens of thousands of London poor all this time?

As in every other part of the world, so in London there is a day called Sunday, or the Sabbath. And from an early hour of the morning the whole city is preparing for the day's prayers and amusements. The barbers at work, the hair-dresser is at work, the old clothes man is in his stall driving his trade; the gin shop, tired of Saturday night's revel, is closed. At seven the bells of the various churches strike out their invitatory peals, and you may see some persons walking into the "place of worship." But the hour has not yet arrived for London's worship. The sun must have been telling the glory of the Creator, enlivening all those splendid beauties of creation, and cheering the hearts of the simple and the pure before the London worship begins. Eleven o'clock comes and then for "Worship!" The streets are thronged with all the gaiety of holiday dress. The well dressed female struts along, exhibiting all the perfections of the dress-maker's skill; her hands embrace a gilded book, which seems to contain her whole devotion! 'Tis too manifest from the clean appearance of the edges that the sacred treasure is seldom intruded upon. The prayer is in the book! Service is over, and then again the streets of London are full of joyous passengers (?) The gentlemen, whom I may seem to have forgotten, are occupied in the safe conduct of the ladies to their respective homes. A sanctimonious cant of countenance indicates the interior man. That sweet placid feature, so peculiar to the peaceful-minded Christian, is not to be discovered in the face of the London "worshipper." No, no! His religion is too mechanical. 'Tis a mole of lending gravity to the scene of life, and not a step to the joy, the glory of heaven. The evening of

Sunday comes on, The bells again ring out their invitations to "worship." Again the streets exhibit their morning concourse and again the worship-houses are visited. But the parks and squares have their devotees. Fashion is the ruling deity of Sunday in London. The devil has his own hours for service. London is truly called the "Modern Babylon."

Catholicity I born in the stable at Bethlehem, nurtured in the blood of Calvary, and flourished in the slaughter of myriads of followers of a crucified Head, thou alone canst calm the tempest of human passion, assuage the howling of temptation and make man happy in the midst of trials! Human intellect may exult in its victories over scientific difficulties, may boast of a ratiocination almost unconquerable by theological acumen, but yet Divine Catholicity rules paramount, even in the heart of the mighty British nation. The gilded palace of royalty has within its folding doors, for certain high personages, the sacred figure of the Crucifix, and the relatives of royalty have enshrined nearest their heart the emblems of Christianity. The gorgeous saloons of English nobility exhibit the longings of the soul for something more than the mere terrestrial pleasure—but yet, for fear of human pride taking offence, these things are kept to the distant corner.

The Amphitheatre of Rome has been watered by blood of Catholic Martyrs; the record of every nation of civilized Europe have told the tale of suffering for the Faith of Christ; the innumerable monuments of ancient art announce to us that, soon as paganism had given place to Christianity, the heart of man was delighted to make its home midst the sombre shade of the Cloister and the Abbey Church. The very earth, in many cases, announces the grand fact, that Catholicity is the real benefactor of the human race, and hence we find such luxuriant plains the concomitant heritage of the Abbey-Castle of our present nobleman. Oh! when shall we again see the plains of Europe covered with those holy men whose highest ambition is to cultivate the soil for man's support, and to train up the youth of their day in the path of rectitude! Now-a-days the invention of some trifle is lauded to the sky because of its adding to the progress of trade and commerce, whilst the grand science of salvation is left to creep its way midst the most trying difficulties. But yet, Catholicity progresses. Man knows, and he cannot deny, even to himself, that this world is after all its science and its commerce and its greatness, but a mere state of transition to a SOMEWHERE ELSE. And after he has passed thro' the vast vortex of juvenile indulgence, and after he has accumulated a large portion of this world's wealth, the thought comes to his mind again and again—"for what have I labored?" Hence we find the grey-headed nobleman and the tired-out merchant striving to give the evening of their days to the great work of Religion. But here again comes another difficulty! Throughout Europe those men find a variety of ways pointed out as leading to man's only home. They see, too, houses raised in every direction and called the Temples of the Most High. They behold men of every age profess that their respective professions are the sure roads to happiness, but yet—ONE, AND ONLY ONE, found to afford satisfaction. The gorgeous church has been often visited; the loud peal of the organ and the choristers have been often heard with delight; the sermon has been heard, and it has charmed the ear by its brilliant oratory, but yet the secret of the soul's content has not been found. So was it in those days, when the poor fishermen emerged from Galilee and proclaimed Jesus and Him crucified as the only rock of happiness and safety to the human race; and so will it be till time is no more. Man may boast of progress in science and art, and he may say that he has outstripped the old and ignorant prejudices of his forefathers, but yet he must return to the thought—"Man's days are few, and there is a futurity." Here, then, we have a solution of the se-

cret why London, the great Babylon, with all its fashion, commerce, and wealth, is so thronged with "Houses of Worship"—It is full of such, and yet there is a great amount of discontent upon the great subject of the "Road to Heaven." The "Houses" are full every Sunday, and they are empty every day of the week. From their noble spires peal forth the sweet chimes of Catholic days, but those holy notes of invitation to prayer are counted, only, as indications of the passing hour.—When the sweet sound resounds from the belfry—no "Ave Maria," as formerly, is repeated. Alas no! And on Sunday when the solemn tones of the great bells call men to prayer, 'tis not the solemn group you see going to church to acknowledge their own littleness and unworthiness, but the proud assembly of wealth and fashion going to contend in splendor before Him who "exalts the humble and humbles the proud."

But we have delayed too long over this sad topic, turn we then to a more cheering one.

Midst all the splendor of London there is a secret spring emitting its waters of consolation in which the thirsty soul languishes to regale. The back street and the deserted house of corruption present to view the successors of the humble fishermen. I said Mass in one of those evocated dens of Satan, but there now officiate the holy sons of Saint Philip Neri. The same hall that re-echoed the sounds of devilish revelry now reverberates the sweet words of inspired Psalmody, and that very place where, in time not long past, Satan's altar stood, is daily offered the immaculate Victim of Salvation. Full of the zeal of their holy founder, the children of St. Philip Neri, all converts from Protestantism, preach without ceasing the sacred doctrines of the Catholic Church. Not only on Sundays, but upon every day, you may find in this retired place many persons drinking in the grace of conversion from the lips of the Oratorians. The sacred fount of baptism is daily shedding its healing waters upon the heads of converts to the Catholic Faith.

But the Oratorians are only one small portion of the spiritual fishermen of England. Throughout this vast population the clergy of the Catholic Church are daily extending the fold of the one shepherd. Locality after locality is making its exertions to erect the "True House of God"—and Fashion, and Commerce, and Science are bending the neck to the sweet yoke of the one shepherd Jesus Christ. Midst all this mighty revolution in England, how consoling it is to the heart of the Irish Catholic Priest to reflect back a look upon his own country! Here was every means tried to extirpate Catholicity from the soil—but all in vain! The child was authorised to exterminate his parents and become the possessor of their property, did he but swear to Protestantism; the most infamous character might seize upon the person of his neighbor, and even slay him—the scaffold was daily in requisition for the murder of Catholic Priests and schoolmasters, and yet the Faith outlived all these and more than these, and now buds its fruits in the Royal Palace of England. Ireland is more Catholic to-day than she ever has been. Her people have been mowed down by persecution, by famine, and by pestilence, and yet the loud and incessant cry is Catholicity! Catholicity!! Catholicity!!! The hovel of destitution finds Catholicity its only sure comforter—the emigrant to America finds Catholicity his sweet protector on his perilous journey over the waters of the Atlantic, and his best star of guidance, and the sinner who hopes for salvation finds Catholicity his only sure bulwark against the storms of temptation, the terrors of death and eternal ruin. And America, too, is becoming Catholic. For a time it may be that the progress of Empire will impede that of the Faith; but the influx of Catholic immigrants will infuse into the very heart of the Republic the benign spirit of Him "whose delight it is to be with the children of men." And when that spirit rules America, she, too,

will exult in the splendor of a Church that has for its founder the Eternal Son of God; a Church that ever elevates the soul above the things of this transitory world, and that prepares man for the eternal possession of that happiness measurable only by Him that makes it.

MATTHEW SCALLY, O.C.C.

### PROGRESS OF RUIN IN THE WEST.

We copy the subjoined from the *Mayo Constitution*. Our readers are familiar with the condition of the poor farmers from Mayo, and are perfectly capable of judging how far these unfortunate people are qualified to withstand the accumulated demands of landlords pressing for rents contracted in the days of protection and potatoes, and which are, on landlord showing, double the present value of the land, and poor rate collectors pressing for rates which in themselves amount to a full rent. This is the intolerable pressure which suggests to the poor people the desperate resort of cutting down and carrying off their crops on Sundays, when a merciful law gives the poor man a Sabbath day's rest from fleecing. Rich or poor the farming population of the West are unable to sustain the pressure now made upon them. It must be remembered that the rates of five shillings and five shillings and tenpence, now struck in the poor law unions of Mayo, do not constitute the whole amount of rate struck within the year, but follow close upon the heels of rates of a similar amount, struck last spring, and for the enforcement of which the lands have lately been swept clear of stock: as for the enforcement of the present rates, together with the landlords' rents, they are now about to be swept bare of the crops. At the same time that the collectors are distraining for their rates the landlords are also distraining for their rents. The landlords, to be sure, are nominally liable for half the rates—that is, the tenants have a right to use the collectors' receipts up to half its amount as a discharge for so much rent, but this privilege, it is evident, that the tenant cannot use to any purpose until he has first paid up every farthing (save whatever the poor rate receipt may stand for) of the impossible rent to which in other times he made himself liable. If, as seems to be now the case in Mayo, everything is to be swept away from the tenant, we have no objection (but rather the contrary) that the guardians of the poor, even under an imperfect poor law, should make good a timely line upon that which it appears the poor tenant must at all events lose. But how fearful a picture does it present of the devastation of the country worse than any wrought in other lands by invading armies, to see landlords on the one side and poor rate collectors on the other, swooping down upon the harvest the moment the sickle has entered it, and engaging in desperate competition with each other for the seizure of a crop which is inadequate, at existing prices (fivepence farthing a stone for oats!) to satisfy the demand of either, while of the tenants who have toiled, and begged, and starved, and gone naked, in order to till and rear the crop, the few who have endeavoured to use the opportunity of the Sabbath-day to save themselves a few sheaves for food, are about to be hunted down with all the vindictiveness of laws disinterred for the purpose, as conspirators and felons.

Our readers will understand that the *Mayo Constitution*, from which we quote, is in sympathy with and the organ of the Mayo landlords. All its complaint and indignation is reserved for the poor rate collectors, and it has no wrath—nor even mention—for the competing harpies.

The following is the article of the *Constitution* :—

#### POOR RATES—FREE TRADE.

Notices have been posted throughout this union, dated the 5th inst, announcing the fact of a rate of five shillings in the pound having been struck on the Castlebar union. We also hear that a rate of 5s. 10d. has been laid on the Westport union, and rates equal in amount on the other unions of the country. This is bringing matters to a crisis. The moment has now arrived when the consideration must be—will the country survive this exaction, or are we to be legally engulfed in ruin? This startling subject is one which, while it may appear chimerical to many at this moment, will, we fear, be brought sensibly home to them ere this year has rolled its round. For, let us for a moment contemplate the aspect of this country, the meagre crop which a certain class are busily engaged in crying up as a panacea for all the misery which has enveloped the population for the past four years, the poor rates which are just laid on, and the free trade policy, which is the hydra monster rearing its head over the rest—and what must be the inevitable conclusion which any sane person must arrive at? Why, that in the midst of such all classes and ranks must sink into the common whirlpool of destitution. It is quite plain that the landlord, in his present condition, can no longer support the masses which surround him, despoiled of rents, and sunk each day in debt by his deserted farm bearing a burden by taxation, and the few tenants who now possess a fraction of his estates being either unwilling or unable to pay any rents. Then as to the farmer and grazier—to such a condition is the country reduced, that the cereal crops will scarce suffice to pay the labour and seed, and support the grower's family, thanks to free trade, which has worked an equal ruin for the grazier, whose cattle are depreciated to such an extent as to give no remuneration; and yet in the midst of this general state of bankruptcy, brought more speedily about by the injustice of this monstrous policy, the impoverished half-starved tenant, insolvent landlord, beggared traders of Mayo are called upon to pay an enormous impost, equivalent to the full value of the entire crops in Mayo. If the landlords and those on whom the poor rate will more immediately press, are apathetic on this point, we are not to blame. We say it is their duty to try and have the burden lightened, as they cannot have it removed; the attempt is worth the trial, for we are confident if a proper representation be made of the true state of the country, rendered doubly precarious by this odious free trade scheme, we are sensible the government will not drive people into the madness of despair; as it is folly to hope for or think that a five shilling rate will be levied from farmers receiving but 3s. 6d. per cwt. for their corn. Let but the taxation be reduced in amount, and there may be a likelihood of its collection, but the present tax is beyond endurance.

ARRIVAL OF THE RT. REV. DR. PORTIER.—The Bishop of Mobile, who left this port for Europe on the 30th of May last, and who was charged with carrying the proceedings of the late Baltimore Council to the feet of His Holiness, has already returned, and, after a short visit to Canada, passed through this city on Tuesday last on his way to his See. Owing to the great throng of persons and of affairs at Gaeta, Bishop Portier remained there but fourteen hours, having meantime received the assurances that the earliest Congregation that should be assembled should take up the important matters referred to them by the Council.

Bishop Portier, during his short stay, had a touching interview with the Illustrious Pius IX., and, like all who have seen him, he expressed himself as greatly impressed by the evidences of goodness, wisdom, and sanctity, that abound in the Confessor-Pontiff.

In less than five months from the beginning of May last, the Bishop of Mobile will have travelled between fourteen and fifteen thousand miles, besides discharging the important duties that have occasioned his journey.—*N.Y. Freeman.*

THE POPE.

His Holiness is admirably lodged in the Palace at Portici, and I am not surprised, when passing through its large and well furnished saloons, sitting in the spacious balcony which commands the sea, or walking in the quiet grounds, whose shade and retirement are so consoling to an agitated mind, that Pío Nono should not desire to press his departure for the Quirinal. I therefore calculate on his long sojourn here, particularly as the accounts from Rome are anything but satisfactory, a late despatch having stated that the Triumvir-Cardinals were afraid to go out of doors to visit the now Commander-in-Chief, General Rostk, unless protected by a strong escort of French troops. I do not believe that the Pope himself would run any risk, or that a single Roman is capable of insulting him. The town of Portici was illuminated in honour of the Pope the night before last, and yesterday it was all alive with excitement in witnessing the procession which accompanied him to the Cathedral of Naples, where a high mass was celebrated by His Holiness in person. The whole line of road was crowded with faithful people, who cheered with all their lungs as he passed along, and his carriage was followed by a crowd of youths, waving white handkerchiefs, and praying for his blessing. The Cathedral was thronged by all the nobility and gentry of Naples, who knelt with pious devotion as the Supreme Pontiff passed, and the service was performed with all the pomp of the Roman Catholic religion, the mass being said by the Pope himself, assisted by the Cardinals.

The Pope in his appearance is much changed during the three years of his agitated reign. His hair has become nearly gray, and his countenance, though still retaining all its saintly placidity, is marked by some lines of care. In fact, the expression of the face is the exact reflection of his mind, which, whilst resigned devoutly to the dispensation of Providence, cannot avoid suffering for the sorrows it undergoes, and the affliction which weighs so heavily on the people. The common plaster busts of Pío Nono are excellent likenesses, and those who wish to study the combined expression of unaffected devotion, unbounded philanthropy, and saintly philosophy, will find them there united. Besides those religious qualities for which the Pope is so justly esteemed, all who have access to him are loud in praising the courteous and noble bearing with which he receives them. He is a gentleman and a priest, and never was the Roman Catholic Church more worthily represented than by him. Unless on great occasions, the Pope's costume is particularly simple. A friend of mine, who saw him yesterday, says he wore a *soutane*, or cassock, of white thick muslin, coming down to his feet, and concealing all his under dress, a white skull cap, and slippers of white stuff embroidered in gold. He wore on the third finger of his right hand a large ring, which he gave to be kissed by those who were presented, the form in such case being that the visitor, as he advances towards the Pope, bows several times, and as he comes near bends one knee, and raises with an ungloved hand the finger which the Pope offers to the mouth. As the same friend gives me a description of the Cardinal Minister of State, who at this moment directs the political machine, I cannot resist repeating it. Cardinal Antonelli is of the ordinary height, about 5 feet 9 inches, but so excessively thin and spare, particularly in the lower parts of his person, that his legs are mere spindle shafts, with scarcely any fulness to mark the calf. His physiognomy, is, however, most expressive; the forehead is largely developed, and his eyes, of a jet black, express intelligence and decision. The brow is full and overhanging; the eye seems buried within the socket, and some persons fancy that a red spot can be distinguished in the centre of the pupil. The mouth is equally remarkable with the upper part of the face; the lips are very large, and as the least emotion puts them into movement, a range of large white teeth is at each instant disclosed, which, have taken in unison with the expression of the eye, does not render the general effect one of overflowing benevolence. There is, however, no want of high breeding on the part of the Cardinal Minister, and every one who has the *curée* speaks well of his courtesy. The Cardinal's usual costume is confined to a full suite of black cloth, with a small cloak of black silk, red silk stockings, with shoes and buckles of gold, whilst his rank is indicated by the small crimson skull cap which covers the tonsure.—*Times Correspondent.*

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

THE NEW NATION.

Charles Gavan Duffy, is again in the field. Last heard of in his editorial capacity a short time previous to the memorable battle of Boulagh, he has at length, after a series of skirmishes with the Attorney General, ending in a battle of smoke under cover of which Mr. Duffy was fortunate enough to escape, entered upon a new campaign, in which he promises to exhibit a series of operations on an entirely new and original principle. This at least we are given to understand in his proemium, in which he declares that the old mode of proceeding is now obsolete, and that henceforward we are to enter upon a new era. In his second number Mr. Duffy becomes more explicit as to the mode of action which at the present crisis he would recommend. He says with much truth "we cannot fight," and he proposes that Ireland should conquer its rights in detail.

We are glad to find that Mr. Duffy has become a convert to this opinion. It is an improvement and we do not despair of the ultimately becoming a practical and sensible man. In this very principle lay the grand distinction between O'Connell and the Young Ireland party. The ostensible and immediate cause of the rupture was an unmeaning dispute about his lawfulness of using the sword in extreme cases. As a general proposition the decision of it could affect the cause of Ireland in no possible way; it was only in its application to the existing circumstances of the country that it possessed any interest or importance. O'Connell never meant to deny that there are seasons when nations are justified in taking up the sword—no man in his senses would attempt to support such a position. What O'Connell condemned was the perpetual recurrence of such themes in the orations and essays of the young Ireland leaders. He foresaw the issue of all such declarations, and gifted with the experience of fifty years passed in a not uneventful manner, he raised his prophetic voice, and warned the ardent enthusiasts of the consequences of the perilous course on which they were entering. That he shewed his usual wisdom in the view which standing on the brink of the grave, he took of Irish politics, we who have lived to see the result cannot doubt. But what was Mr. Duffy's course on this occasion? did he display any of that consummate wisdom for which he would wish us to give him credit, did he shew that utter absence of selfishness which we ought to look for in a politician of his purity and disinterestedness? did he in fine exhibit a particle of gratitude to the man who had for forty years stood forward alone and unsupported, as the unflinching champion of the Catholics of Ireland? We are afraid all these queries must be answered in the negative. The nation joined issue with O'Connell on a mere quibble unworthy of a moment's consideration, it scrupled not to make use of any means to obtain an unprofitable victory, and finally it laboured with all its might to degrade the beloved Liberator of his country in the eyes of the people for whom he had done so much: This we believe to be an impartial account of the difference between the old and young Ireland parties. O'Connell's policy was to conquer their rights in detail, to ask for everything, to accept anything, to coalesce for the time with any party which was favourable to them, to oppose even friends if nothing could be gained by them.

The young Irelanders on the other hand adopted a different system of tactics—their rule was to accept nothing short of unconditional repeal, they would have no half measures, they would enter into no treaty, they would accept no favour from the brutal Saxons—like Hannibal they had vowed eternal hostility to the enemies of their country, and *per fas aut nefas*, were determined to abide by their vows. We can admire heroism in poems and histories, there it is productive of no unpleasant practical results, provided the hero drags down no one along with him; his self devotedness and contempt of danger deservedly obtain the need of our praise. But in politics and real life it is different; there the hero generally becomes a Don Quixotte, his consistency becomes obstinacy, his courage is mere rashness—and it is well for him if his adherence to his principles do not precipitate him into the coal hole of St. Stephen's, or hurry him into the battle field of Boulagh. And now that the anti O'Connell party have been in possession of the political arena for more than two years, what is the political creed which is published by their foremost man? Why it is tacit confession of error in their previous course, and a virtual recurrence to the policy practised by Mr O'Connell for so many years. Mr. Duffy

now says "we must conquer our rights in detail."

But though Mr. Duffy seems to have learnt something by experience, we are sorry to see that the old leave of young Irelandism is not yet wholly eradicated. He still sighs after the day dreams of fraternity and equality, which were once all powerful to enchant and allure him on to revolution. Garibaldi and Mazzini are mentioned with a degree of kindly sympathy. Switzerland the land of the brave and the free, where freedom was enjoyed with such temperance, is regarded by him with an anxiety which cannot be too much extolled. What! attack the integrity of the country which shewed so much forbearance to the Jesuits of Fribourg and the inhabitants of Lucerne, this is an atrocity which Mr. Duffy can hardly suppose even such despots as the imperial slave drivers of the North will dare to attempt. France according to Mr. Duffy is a Judas Republic, we presume because Raspail and Blanqui were not allowed to assume the reins of government, and the restoration of Pius IX, and the expulsion of those who had polluted and desecrated the Holy City, was the assassination of Roman freedom.

These are Mr. Duffy's own words and from them our readers may judge how well calculated he is to lead in the work of Ireland's regeneration. The most charitable construction to place on Mr. Duffy's words is to suppose that they were written under the influence of delusion similar to that of Rip Van Winkle. For the rest Mr. Duffy seems to have lost none of his old predilections, he still preaches up Davis and Carlyle and Emerson who, though undoubtedly men of genius, are not the authors whom we should select as the text book for a Catholic or for any Christian people.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer arrived on Wednesday. The news from the Old World is not of a very important character, with the exception of that which relates to poor Ireland where the Potato disease has reappeared. We fear there is much more suffering in store for that afflicted land. The U. States will gain immensely by a failure of the potato crop. Both the agricultural and the shipping interests will begin to look up on the arrival of this news. The Pope is at Portici near Naples, and shows no sign of an intention to return to Rome. He has published a manifesto in which he declares his determination to establish all the improvements and make all the reforms which he promised before the late sanguinary revolution. We look upon this document as an *Ultimatum*, no matter what the papers say about further concessions. The Pope can afford to wait, but the French Government cannot, for they have to meet the Assembly immediately, and the whole of their ridiculous conduct in this Roman intervention will cause them serious embarrassment. His Holiness has formally condemned the works of Rosmini and Gioberti and the celebrated Sermop of the unhappy Ventura. The latter has made his submission in a letter to the Archbishop of Paris. He is indeed an object of pity, and another instance of the melancholy fall of a great man. He was an able Philosopher and Divine, and a first rate orator, and his defection from the sacred cause of order and religion was therefore the more scandalous. He was guilty of no gross immorality, nor did he ever renounce the Catholic Faith; but in the hour of the Church's bitterest trial he took part with her enemies, and patronised the foreign murderers in Rome. We were surprised some time ago to see the dangerous principles of Rosmini,ologised in a leading Catholic Journal. He too, has submitted to the condemnation of his works.

The great Neapolitan festival of *St. Mary's Church at the foot of the Grotto* was lately

celebrated with unusual pomp, and the King and Royal Family of Naples received the most unbounded demonstrations of the affectionate loyalty of their people. This is the Sovereign who was stigmatized as a Nero last year in the lying English Papers which have deliberately misrepresented every thing continental for the last two years. Foremost amongst them is that unblushing vehicle of slander and falsehood *Willmer and Smith*, a paper which wickedly misrepresents every thing connected with the Catholic Church and is thoughtlessly copied by many liberal journals at this side of the Atlantic, which would not willingly give currency to its barefaced calumnies. We have long made it a rule not to believe any thing that is said of Rome, Ireland, or the Catholic Church in the mendacious columns of *Willmer*. The Provincial Council was going on in Paris. Two Irish prelates were present at it. The new Bishop of Cloyne has been consecrated in the Church of Fermoy. Numerous conversions to the Catholic Faith still continue to take place in England.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

A friend in Paris has kindly sent us the September Number of the *Annals*. It contains an address from the Fathers of the Seventh Council of Baltimore to the Presidents and Directors of the Two Central Councils in France, Letters from the Chinese Missions, &c. We may publish some of the contents on a future occasion.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh returned to town this week after nearly a month's absence in the Western part of the Diocese where he was engaged in the duties of the Episcopal Visitation. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Hannan, of St. Mary's. We understand his Lordship proceeded as far westward as St. Anne's near the Tusket River, about 240 miles from this city.

EASTERN PASSAGE.

Mr. C. O'Sullivan acknowledges the receipt of 5s each from Mr. William Lemasney and Mr. Wm. Skehan for the Church at the E. Passage.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

THE CROSS.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square.

- Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets;
- Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets;
- Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church.
- Mr. Richard O'Neil, Water Street;
- Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.
- Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth.

The following gentlemen, to whom we tender our best thanks, have kindly promised their valuable assistance, as agents to this Journal:—

- Ketch Harbour*—John Martin, J. P.
- Portuguese Cove*—Mr. Richard Neal, Senr.
- Bear Cove*—Samuel Johnson, J. P.
- Herring Cove*—Mr. Edwards Hayes, and Mr. Nicholas Power.
- Ferguson's Cove*—Mr. William Conway.
- Quarries*—Mr. O'Keefe.
- North West Arm*—Mr. Patrick Brennan.
- Upper Prospect*—Peter Power, J. P.

WHY BARNEY MCGUIRE GAVE UP POLITICS.

"Good mornin, Tim!"

"Ah, Barney me boy, is 'bat you? How's the world threaten ye?"

"Purty fairly, thanks be to God; how's yersel Tim?"

"Bravely! bravely! what way's the 'lection goin'?"

"Troth its little call I have to poletics now, Tim; so dont be axin aggravatin' questions."

"Why, I thought, Barney, you was a red hot poletician?"

"I was, Tim, six months ago, but I've sould out, taken the pledge, an become a dacent man agin.—Why, Tim, half them poleticians or office seekers is the biggest thieves alive."

"Well, troth, I believe ye, Barney. Its little an Irishman makes be them in the long run."

"Makes is it? He makes ruination an disgrace loss av time, av character, an sometimes loss av sowl."

"But ye dont mane to say all poleticians is alike?"

"Be no manner a manes, Tim. Somes is av various an upright min as brethe the breath a life, but its little call poor Irish boys has to the likes a them; the dirty workers wont let them; no, no, they keep appaling to us as Irishmen an not as American citizens, making us a kind av distinct party, just a if we didnt love the country and the institutions as well as the best a them, and thin its the hard work they give us for doing their bidden."

"For all the world, Barney, like knockin a man down an kickin him for fallin."

"Just so; what I say, Tim, is, that an Irish boy has no call to be'mindin their meetins or flattery, its only ladin him astray. If he's got a vote let him make use av it to the best av his thinken, an lave the rest to office seekers; it'll save himself a dale of trouble an his country a dale of disgrace. Lord knows, the sort av Irishmin we sometimes see on 'lection tickets is credit to any country; min without education, breedin or principle, nothin to recomin them but the name, which afther all, is only a thrap to inshure Irish votes for fat office seekers on the same ticket. Only look at Mickey Doolan, the ass he's makin av himself, settin up for assissor; why its not twelve months since he druv coal cart, but thin office seekers, to catch Irish votes, kep puttin him in chairs an on commatees, an callin him esquire, til he's got so big a piece av cloath wouldnt make him a breeches, an so lazy he wouldnt work, barrin ye gave him six hours out av every five to rest himself."

"Well, Barney, take any boy without farm that's been born an bred in slavery an put him red hot among these poleticians to be flattered an made much of, its enough to turn his head."

"Thru for ye, Tim, but when Irishmen sees themselves made tools an step ladders av, why dont they quit an not lave it in the power av dacent min to find fault. Whats all their meddlin for? Sure the biggest place an Irishman ever gets among them is a polis-man, an to get that he must drink, an talk, an fight, an loose his Religion, an without that a man's no more nor a baste. Half these poleticians is Infidles, or Furriers, or Socialites, an the boy that takes up with them is very soon little better."

"Talkin a that, Barney, shure Corney Donovan is on the polis."

"Is it long Corney?"

"Sorra word a lie in it, and small blame to him, when he gets five hundred a year for just patchrollin the block with a star on his bussum like the Juke a Leinster."

"Well, its all mighty fine, Tim, as long as the wages last; but do you think Corney's got a use av his place, or that he'll be fit for anything whin his time's up. No faix; a mechanic or labourin man, Tim, who idles about for two years, smokin here and meddlin there, an mixen wid bad characters, wont be vullin to tackle hard work agin; he cant do it; his hands is soft an his bones is stiff, an his mind is lazy. So he's nothing left but poletics, an thin may be us a 'will o' the wisp' he'll be follin for the rest av his days. Corney's too dacent a man for them, ruffins is more useful, and they get redder places, for the labourer is worthy av his hire, as ould Feeney the guager used to say. Just look at me, the state I was left in be that thieren robber, Gammon, the chap that stud for altherman last spring two years, an aftherwards cleared to Calafurney without payin his debts."

"I never hear the rights a that scrape, Barney how was it?"

"Well just walk on a bit an I'll tell ye. Ye see, this tavin villin knew I had influence in the factory, an was purty well acquainted in the ward; so he kem to me an suthered me to canvass for him at the polls, as he said the run would be tight, an if the others got in no Irishman could live in the country; so he gev me a tin dollar bill to thrate the boys, an a hint that if he succeeded I was a mudo man, and could pick and choose for meself. I worked purty hard all day av election, bawled meself hoarse, got two black eyes an dhrank as much bad licker as ud burn the bowels out av an ostrage—but that's all I got barrin a murthering headache, besides bein out av work for two morital months, an them's the two months Gammon kep me runnin afther him, puttin his finger in my eye about a keeper's place on the Island, bad luck to him; it's undher a keeper he ought to have bin."

"I wonder, ye didn't keep clare av thin afther that?"

"Well ye see, Tim, times was gettin slack, an me brains was blown out hearin a parcel av idle bloaters go-therin and talkin av Paddy this an Darby that gettin fine corporation places, where there was great pay an nothin to do; so one afthernoon as I kem up Broadway, who should I meet but Gammon. Mither McGuire, ses he, puttin out his hand an shakin me as if I was his aunt or foster brother, how are ye! your lookin bravely, ses he; thank ye, says I; the evenins dusty, ses he, wont ye come in and take a dhrink? There's no use in throwing a good offer over one's shoulder, ses I; so in we went to one av the most beautifullest oyster cellars Fiver laid eyes upon; lukin-glass from flure to cornish, an pillars all gilded over with goold. What'll ye take, Mither McGuire, ses he; punch, sur, ses I, as I'm not particular; punch it is, ses he, slappin me on the back; what beken av ye, ses he, this six months? I had a great place intirely for ye, but didn't know where to find ye. Well, Altherman, dear, ses I, whin ye wanted me to help you, it was aisey enough findin me; so with that he began coughin mighty hard, as if the punch was goin agin him; never mind, ses he, p'raps I'll make it all up before long. More power to ye, sur, ses I; the sooner the better; so down we sat and discourses as aisey as possible. Barney, ses he—for we was on the third tumbler an guttin mighty thick—there's some talk av nominatin me for altherman this spring, an I want you on the nominatin commatee, which can be done if your agreeable, ses he. I'm agreeable, ses he. Now to tell the honest truth, Tim, I knew no more what a commatee meant than a cow does av a holiday, more nor it was something big used by poleticians, but I didn't want to let an my ignorance to Gammon; so lukin mighty wise I gave the table a thump, spillin half me punch, and out I kem: Altherman, ses I, the ward knows its juty, and what consarns a man, if he's a man, ses I, is no one's business if he's thure to the commatee, ses I. Oh! oh! ses Gammon, with a consated grin, I see ye'r an ould practitioner: with that I gev a wink, as much as to say 'I'm at it since I was a baby.' Stuck to me, Barney, yer sowl, ses ye, and yer fortune's made. Altherman, dear, ses I, risin my voice and me fist—for the licker was in me—ye know me an—How, yer wisht and make less noise there, ses the chap at the bar. But there's no use goin over all our discourses, Gammon made an ass a me butherin up the Irish, an I made an ass a meself dhrinkin punch till I awoke up next mornin in the station house, before a justice av the paze, who fined me two dollars for bein dhrunk, an five dollars for breaking two decanters an tearing the shirt aff a bar-keeper. From that time till purty near election I loafed about workin one day, and idlin two, maddlin and talkin poletics an nonsense, till I felt as if I couldn't do without it."

"But did they ever put you on the commatee, Barney?"

"Av course they did, an a blessed commatee it was; only listen—first there was two gassoon boys av lawyers—then there was a countryman av ours they called Tim—the heart's blood av a ruffin, a stout, chunky chap with good clothes, an a face that ud make a brass knock-er blush; he kep a poother house in the ward til he chated an abused so many spirit dalers his own grand-mother wouldnt give him credit, so he put Esquire to his name an turned poletician, then there was Pete Wilson, the policy-daler, that robs poor nagers be manes av insurin lottery numbers, Sam Shyster, the mock auctioneer, Bill Stubbs, the boordin-house runner, an' an ould red nose chap they called Pop, who slept all the time when he was dhrinkin, for two nights we ballyragged one another till, to save sp'itin our own heads, we split the ward and mane two tickets, both regular nominations, av cootse."

"Well, did Gammon get in?"

"Not he, faix; some av his dirty work and double dalins got wind the day av election, so that before 12 o'clock it was almost murther to mintion his name near the ballot-box. I knew nothin av it though, being all th mornin dhrummin up rothers in an omnibus pl. thered over with bills, when Gammon axed me to go down an make a speech for him to rally the boys, as he said some vagabonds was elyin him; so off I set, like a gaum as I was, to Van Pelt's barroom where the polls were held, an gettin on a stool I began. Vothers av the ward, ses I, don't be dhrrawn away be the colloquain av enemies; vote the regular ticket, George Washington Gammon, the poor man's friend—the honest—the —, I hardly had the words out av me mouth when the stool was whipt from unther me, an I found meself sprawlin in the street. Pitch into him, ses one; murther him, ses another. Its lettin off chape ye are, ses Bully Jackson, making a dhrive at me. An —, gentlemen, ses I; give a poor boy a chance. An wid that I tuck the measure av Con Duffy's nose wid me fist; tripped up Sam Smith, an knocked out all like O'Dell's front teeth wid me elbow; for five minutes we had as purty a runnin fight as you'd wish to see; but they was too much for me. I declare to ye, if it wasnt for the blessin av Providence an Pat Casey's cellar door that was open—be rasin av which I fell in an bruck two av me ribs; the sorra screed they'd a left av me; but that's not all, six weeks afther, whin I kem from the hospital, what de ye think Gammon told me?"

"Troth I dunna."

"He told me he wished meself an all the bluddy Irish was in —, that it was a disgrace for any dacent man to be consarned wid them, an if I show'd my praty face nigh his door agin, he'd set the dogs at me. From that 'blessed minute' me mind was made up, I swore agin poletics, and now, thanks be to Ged, I'm a inan agin, and mane to keep so."

"Well, dear knows, Barney, but you was hardly thrated. Now, Barney, don't ye think there's a dale a humbug about some av these meetins they be's gettin up for Ireland?"

"Av coorse there is: half av them sometimes is only to call attention to some chap who is either up or thryin to be up for office—vampires, who makes speeches an thrades upon the wrongs av our poor country. Mind how the vagabonds turn round now an abuse poor Dan. Heaven be his bed this day—a man, who's memory should be sacred in the breast av every thure Irishman; he raised Ireland to a position which gained her the respect an admiration of the world;—England feared her in the dignity an growin might av her moral strength; she feared what she could not conquer, an what she ultimately should yeald. Who fears or respects her now?—ask 'Young Ireland!' Just before election time, a lot av these political Esquires gets up an Irish meetin, one Esquire takes the chair, another secretary, an another calls the meetin to orther—(be me conscience its a little orther goes a great way with some av them.)—then mither somebody or nobody—the chap lookin for office—is called to make a speech, which he does be puttin himself in a parsperation, tellin how Ireland is the first flower of the say, an that Curran an Grattan was Irishmen, an that Queen Victorice's a Turk an ould Russell's another, an that he himself has Irish blood runnin somewhere in his veins, if he could only find it—and that he hates the British and loves the Irish, an so on till the omadhams thinks he's in earnest, an pays in their money; then the meetin breaks up an Ireland breaks down; an that's all they know about it."

Look at their Hungary meetin the other day; sorra hair half them spouters cared if all Europe, from China to the Black Say was hungry as long as they get Garmin votes. But to end our discourse, Tim, for I see I'm keepin ye—Irishmen would be more respected an better citizens if they'd just vote according to the best av their thinkin, an lave office-seekin and the rest to poleticians who only make jackalls av them, an whin their turns sarved, thrate them accordingly.

VINCENT.

ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.—During the month of November, 1843, the writer was travelling in one of the night-trains from Albany to Utica. The weather being very cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. Among the number thus brought into juxtaposition were a clergyman and an atheist, and as the latter was very loquacious, he soon engaged the minister in a controversy touching the relative merits of their respective systems. They soon became much excited, and thus continued to dispute, to the great annoyance of all present,

until long after midnight, although often requested to desist, and though it had been especially urged upon the clergyman that he "was casting pearls before swine."

In answer to an inquiry of the reverend gentleman, as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied, "Man is like a pig; when he dies, that is the end of him!" As the minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion; and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tones and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed, "Arrah, now, will ye not let the baste alone; has he not said he's a pig? and the more you pull his leg, the louder he'll squeal!" The effect upon all was electric, the clergyman was humbled, and apologized for his thoughtlessness and folly. But upon the atheist it was perfectly stunning; he had been "answered according to his folly;" and confounded with his own argument by an illiterate Irish woman. God had evidently used the "foolish to confound the wise," and while he remained in the car he was literally speechless, and he seized the first opportunity and left, although he had paid his passage through to Utica.—*American Messenger.*

The wealth of a man is in the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.

Reason once debauched is worse than brutishness.

ASSOCIATION  
For the Propagation of the Faith,  
Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable "Institution of the Propagation of the Faith" was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations:

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us."

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession; receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.