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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 20.

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, MAY 24, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- Mar 25—Sunday within the Octave—St Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor. Vespers of the following day.
 ... 26—Monday—St Philip of Neri, Confessor.
 ... 27—Tuesday—St John I. Pope and Confessor.
 ... 28—Wednesday—St. Urban, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 29—Thursday—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 ... 30—Friday—Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 ... 31—Saturday—St Angela Merici, Virgin

LITERATURE.

ETERNITY.

[From the German of Wülfiler.]

'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and thousand years as one day.'

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity?
 Yet onward still to thee we speed,
 As to th' fight, th' impatient steed,
 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift, as couriers homeward go.
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 As in a ball's concentric round
 Nor starting-point, nor end is found.
 So thou, eternity so vast,
 No entrance and no exit hast,
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 A ring whose orbit still extends,
 And ne'er beginning, never ends,

'Always' thy centre ring immense!
 And 'Never' thy circumference:
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 Came there a bird each thousandth year,
 One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
 When all had vanish'd, grain by grain:
 Eternity would still remain:
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 As long as God shall God remain,
 So long shall last Hell's torturing pain,
 So long the joys of heaven shall be,
 O long delight, long misery!
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 The thought of thee in pain how dread!
 In joy how bright thy prospects spread!
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes,
 And there his justice terrifies:
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 Who thinks on thee, thus speaks with God!
 'Here prove me with thy chastening rod,
 Oh! let me here thy judgment bear;
 Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare!
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 'O man, I warn thee oft on me,
 Think oft on me, eternity;
 For I the sinner's woe shall prove,
 And recompense of pious love:
 Mark well, O man, eternity!

THE TRAPPISTS.

DUBLIN REVIEW, Dec. 1844. Art. I.

The first article in the Dublin Review for last December is an interesting paper on the *Life of the famous Abbe de Rance*, founder of the Trappists, by the gifted and well known Chateaubriand. We saw a notice of this work in some of the French Religious papers a few months ago, and the censure then expressed seems fully borne out by what we can learn of the work from the present more copious review. Chateaubriand has given us a dissertation on the life of De Rance, rather than an account of the life itself. It displays too no small portion of that egotism which is seen in nearly all of the later writings of the author of the *Genie de Christianisme*. The most serious fault is, however, its unnecessary dwelling on the dissipation and licentiousness of De Rance's early career while he was one of the leaders of a dissipated court. The work, we are told, was written at the injunction of the late pious abbe Seguin, as a reparation for the lighter productions of the author's pen; and was consequently intended, in some measure, to be a religious work, what then can be more unappropriate in its pages than a warm and glowing description of all the seductions, and voluptuousness of such a life as that of the young De Rance.

Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rance was born at Paris in 1626 of one of the most noble families of France. Cardinal Richlieu was his god-father.

"A child with such expectations deserved and obtained the best education which the schools of Paris could afford. He had one tutor to teach him Greek, another to teach him Latin, and a third to teach him virtue. The latter, we are sorry to say, does not seem to have been as successful or as diligent as the others. The young Armand had scarcely put off the dress of childhood, when he was able to translate the poets of Greece and Rome. We are told that a benefice of some value was then vacant; the name of the godson of Richlieu was, of course, put on the list for promotion. A violation of propriety so outrageous was made the subject of remark: the clergy remonstrated, and the people were scandalized. Caussin, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, sent for the boy. He had a copy of Homer on the table when he came, and requested him to translate a passage, which he placed before him. The youth did it so much to his satisfaction, that he supposed at first that he read it out of the Latin translation at the bottom of the page. This he covered with his hand: but finding that he translated as fluently as before, he exclaimed, "Habes lynceos oculos," embraced him with affection, and made no further opposition to his preferment. He was only twelve years of age

when he published an edition of Anacreon, which he dedicated to the Cardinal Richlieu. A body of such promise and such patronage was on the high road to preferment."

He was accordingly promoted. He pursued his studies at the Sarbonne, where he was one of the class-fellows of the distinguished Bossuet; and was ordained priest in 1651. He seems to have commenced his sacerdotal career with fervour. But the seductions of the court proved too much for his virtue. And after a time if he did not give up the name, he at least almost entirely withdrew from the duties of a clergyman.

"We have hitherto contemplated only the young and gifted cleric, climbing the rugged steep of ambition, and striving for those honours, which his great connexions promised to secure for him. We have seen him the victim of pride, ambition, perhaps of other and less worthy influences. A great mind, and a noble generous heart, were perverted from their high purpose, as many such have been perverted; and we turn with pleasure to the consideration of those events by which they were brought back to God. Why should not we rejoice at such a salutary change in one who is of our own flesh and blood, when even seraphs are filled with joy, on seeing from their starry thrones some poor erring child of Adam returning from the evil of his ways?"

Chateaubriand thus speaks of the first feelings of the convert.

"Veretz, which was once so agreeable a residence, now became insupportable to De Rance. Its magnificence was revolting to him. The furniture which everywhere sparkled with silver and gold,—the gorgeous beds, where even luxury—to use the words of a standard writer of the times—would have found itself too comfortable. The room hung with pictures of great price, the gardens exquisitely laid out, were too much for a man who looked at everything through a shower of falling tears. He resolved on reforming everything. For the sumptuousness of his table he substituted the strictest frugality. He dismissed the greater part of his servants, gave up hunting, and even drawing, an art of which he was passionately fond, was abandoned. Some maps and landscapes from his pencil have reached our times. Some friends who, like himself, had to weep over past excess, joined him in his mode of living, and in the practices of those austerities of which he was subsequently to give so great an example. He seemed to be taking lessons, as it were, in the science of mortification before he began to teach it seriously to others. A man struggling with himself, and seek-

* The part omitted will be found in No. 15, under the head of "Conversion of De Rance, &c."

ing a victory over his passions, must ever be an object of interest to his fellow-men. In doubt as to his future prospects, De Rance consulted with his friends. Some recommended him to go to the foreign missions; to repair to the Indies or the frowning rocks of the Himalaya, and such a mission would have suited the stern and gloomy grandeur of his mind; but the vocation of De Rance did not lead him there."

The example of De Rance soon began to exercise no small influence. Among the earliest whom it called was the Duke of Orleans whom the penitent De Rance attended in his last illness when all save the faithful and devoted priest deserted him.

De Rance "was for a long time undecided as to the course he should adopt. At one period he thought of burying himself amid the solitudes of the Pyrenees, and in some dark dell which the noon-day sun would seldom penetrate, or in some rocky mountain cell where no one should ever reach his lonely hermitage but the reckless chamois hunter inured from his childhood to the storm, to weep over his sins alone, and die to all other interests, save those of God and of eternity. At another he was counselled to embrace the monastic life, and benefit the Church by edifying and instructing his brethren. This advice he finally adopted, though he long cherished a repugnance to this mode of life, and sometimes gave expression to sentiments which were far from complimentary to the cowl and the cassock. But his mind was no sooner decided upon the course to be adopted, than he pursued it without hesitation. He was not a man to turn back when once he had put his hand to the plough. He resigned all his benefices, save one, and sold out his property. Veretz brought him 100,000 crowns. He gave it all to the poor; of the monasteries which he held "in commendam" he kept only the poorest, the most unhealthy, and the least known of all—the abbey of La Trappe in the ancient province of Perche.

De Rance having completed his noviciate, made his religious profession in 1664; and was soon after installed abbot of La Trappe a reformed Cistercian Monastery. The example of his extremely austere life, and the fervour, which he infused into the souls of his brethren soon led him to return to the former rigour of their rule. After his return from a journey to Rome whither he had been sent on the business of his order, De Rance began to introduce that strict discipline, of short sleep, rigorous abstinence and unbroken silence, which distinguish the Trappist institute from the other branches of the Cistercian order.

"From the commencement of his labours in this department, to his death, there are inscribed in the registers of the convent no less than ninety-seven professed religious and forty-nine lay brothers.

They presented themselves for admission slowly in the commencement; but when the virtues and example of the members and the abbot became better known, the postulants that presented themselves were more than they could well accommodate. The penitent who felt his heart pressed down by the consciousness of guilt, and the Christian who aspired to more than ordinary perfection, sought refuge within its walls; and many a contrite and humble soul, on which the recollections of early days pressed dark and heavily, came to tread in the footsteps of the abbot, and prepare for its dread accounting. Something, too, we should perhaps set down to the impulse of that enthusiasm which novelty ever excites, and which is one of the auxiliaries which religion borrows from the earth, and, by employing, consecrates and hallows for its own high purposes. Various as are the ways of God with man, and manifold as are the means by which souls are conducted to sanctity, are the names of those who first presented themselves, and whose characters are described in its early archives."

"The wonders of asceticism and rigorous self-denial which are recorded of the early members of La Trappe, would have been worthy of the solitaries of the Thebaid; and had Pachomius been admitted to contemplate that community, he would have been proud to acknowledge them as brothers. The monks, though living in the same house, were strangers to one another. Each one followed to the choir, the garden, or the refectory, the sect that were moving before him, but he never raised his eyes to discover to whom the feet belonged.

There were some who passed the entire year of their noviciate without lifting up their eyes, and who, after that long period, could not tell how the ceiling of their cells was constructed, or whether they had any ceilings at all. There is mention made of one, whose only anxiety was for an only brother, whom he had left leading a scandalous and disorderly life, in the world. Since he entered the convent, he never passed a day without shedding a tear over his miserable condition, and begging for him from God the grace of repentance and amendment. On his dying bed he asked one request of the abbot—it was, for continuance of his prayers for the same purpose. De Rance retired for a moment, and returned with one of the most useful and valued members of the brotherhood, when the cowl which concealed his features was removed, the dying monk recognized the brother for whom he had so often wept and prayed. An aged monk was once selected to attend a youth of great promise, who had entered the monastery and was dying of a slow decline. Day and night he watched by his bed, with the most anxious care, and the most untiring solicitude—but in vain. The young man pined away like a crushed and broken

flower, and his remains were borne to their resting place, in the ground of the brethren. One day the aged monk was observed standing over the grave of the departed. Tears flowed down his wrinkled cheeks, and his breast heaved with the intensity of his emotion; for a moment, nature triumphed over duty. The inscription upon the grave told him that it was the grave of his only son. He had not seen him since he left him a boy, to the care of his guardians, in the world."

The following incident we should rather expect to meet in the history of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid: A traveller, making his way through the mountains, missed his way; he wandered about some time after sunset, in danger of being dashed to pieces among the rocks, or of sinking in the morasses that surrounded him. About eight o'clock he heard the tolling of a large bell, and, with some difficulty, made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was a large monastery. He sought shelter for the night, and was admitted. One kind attendant took care of his jaded steed, another conducted him to the apartment where he got refreshment, and where a plain but neat bed received his weary limbs. But, from his entrance to his departure in the morning, strange to say, no sound of human voice broke upon his ear. His noiseless attendants came and went, like so many beings of another world, ready to anticipate his slightest wish; but, as it was the hour of silence, even for those who waited upon the strangers, not a word was spoken when he went, or when he came."

Concluded in our next.

CELIBACY OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

Having had occasion, a few days since, to visit a friend who resides in Stillwater, a small village on the banks of the Hudson, I engaged in due time a seat in the Albany and White Hall stage coach. The goodly vehicle being crowded with passengers within, and heavily laden with baggage without, plodded on at an unusually slow gait. We had not proceeded far, when two of the passengers, one a Methodist Minister, the other a Catholic gentleman, commenced a conversation which was in substance as follows. The rev. gentleman having adjusted his spectacles, and shrugged his shoulders twice or thrice, thus opened the dialogue:—

Sir—you made some observations since we left Albany which lead me to think that you are a Catholic. You are quite correct in your conjecture—I do belong to, and firmly believe in the divine origin of the Catholic religion. I thought as much—but surely a gentleman as well informed as you are, cannot sanction or approve of that absurd and unscriptural law of your church, which forbids her clergy to marry, and dooms them to pass their lives

in a state of celibacy. So far am I from regarding as absurd or anti-scriptural, the celibacy of our clergy, that I look upon it as a holy institution, highly honourable to our religion, and eminently conducive to the spiritual welfare and consolation of the respective flocks over which they are placed, as 'the dispensers of the mysteries of God.' In proof of this we need not refer to past ages or other lands. The history of our own country in the year '32, will amply sustain me in what I have said. Sir, let me, even at the risk of being thought impolite, interrupt you for a moment, and ask you a question. Is there not one man, at least, whose name your church honours, and whose memory it venerates, whom you must acknowledge to have been unnatural and inhuman? A man of whom it is said, 'that he never looked a woman in the face.' Can you after this say that this woman-hater could be a Christian, much less a Saint? I have read with much attention the life of that illustrious servant of God, and hold in the highest admiration, the exalted virtues that adorn his character. Let me now, in turn, ask you, by what right you can say, or what proof you can adduce to show, that he was a hater of women? Is it, because unlike your great apostle, Martin Luther, he strictly observed to the hour of his death, the vow of chastity he freely made, when ordained a priest? Is it because he stood to imitate the virtues of his Divine Lord, than whom greater was not born of woman, and follow an example confirmed by the life of the Redeemer himself? Is it because he aspired to be one of those who make themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake? Is it because he sought to be enrolled among those thousands, whose high privilege it is, to follow the Lamb and sing that canticle which no others can learn? Or because, Apostle-like, he renounced all things to follow Christ?

Well, admitting all this, you cannot deny but that your church prohibits and dishonours matrimony. Here again you are in error. Our church prohibits no one from marrying. She only requires those who have freely taken a vow of chastity to keep it, having learned from St Paul the heinousness of violating it, and of casting off like those to whom the Apostle refers, 'their first faith in Christ.' So far from prohibiting or degrading, our church peculiarly honors matrimony. She requires of the parties entering into it, the same pious dispositions she does of those who approach the table of the Lord. What you have now stated, I cannot contradict, but one thing I will say, which you cannot oppose. It is, that St Dominick was the founder of the Inquisition, and must, therefore, be ever regarded as cruel and inhuman. Here again you are grossly mistaken, in as much as St Dominick died on the 4th of October, in the year 1060, and the Inquisition was not established for many years after. Let me further add that it was founded for a purpose of which you, as a Christian, cannot disapprove. It was established to oppose the principles, and check the progress of

Mahomet, at a time, when he threatened and seemed likely to overrun, and destroy the faith of Christ, in Spain, Italy, and throughout Christendom. His Reverence having made no reply, the last speaker added, in a soft and soothing tone—let me now, sir, give you a word of friendly advice. You are aware that three hundred years ago your religion was without a name or an existence. Be cautious then, in raising your voice against that church for which the Saviour died, and pledged his infallible word to protect and preserve to the end of time. You know that the veil which covers and screens you from exposure is a light and flimsy one. If you cast it off, you will stand like the mole emerging into light, blind and naked. Allow the true Priest of God, daily and reverently to approach the altar, and piously offer up the unbloody sacrifice of the New Law, in which Christ declares that he is truly present, while you enjoy the sweets of wedded bliss, and declare like the unbelieving Jews, that 'the saying is hard and you will not believe it.' Thus ended a dialogue which engrossed the attention of all who heard it. Should it happen to please or interest you, even half as much as it gratified me, it will easily obtain a place in the Journal.

SENEX.

General Intelligence.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

For the edification of the *Puritan* and sceptics of its class, we have reprinted the following letter, written by an illustrious Pope, to a literary lady of Venice. The writer is Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), and, as the letter explains, he is acknowledging a copy of an Italian translation of John Locke's writings :

TO MADAM B***, A VENETIAN.

Madam,—You do me too much honor when you ask my opinion of your admirable translation of Locke. Is it possible, that in a town plunged as deep in pleasures as it is in water, a person of your rank should apply herself to the depths of Metaphysics? It is an eminent proof, that our soul disengages itself from the senses, when it would contemplate intellectual objects ; and, consequently, must be incorporeal.

I have read over and over again, with the strictest attention, the inestimable manuscript where you have so nobly displayed the beauties of our language, and with so much elegance changed the parched field of Philosophy into an agreeable pasture. The English Philosopher would be vain, if he could see himself in his elegant Italian dress.

I wish, if it had been possible, that your Ladyship had suppressed that part of the work, where Locke hints that matter may have a power of thinking. It is not like the reflection of a Philosopher who has thought deeply. The faculty of thinking cannot be exercised but by a Being ne-

cessarily endowed with spiritual and intellectual powers. Matter can never have the privilege of thinking, any more than darkness can have the power of giving light ; both the one and the other imply a contradiction ; but men rather choose to *speak absurdly* than not to say *uncommon things*.

I congratulate my country more than ever, on its being honored with a continued succession of learned ladies. It would be very proper to make a collection of those works which display their singular abilities. The translation of Locke will hold one of the first places ; especially as you have found the secret of frequently employing the poetic style to soothe the wrinkles of philosophy, which contract the brow, and whose expression is necessarily hard and dry.

I entreat you, Madam, to print this work, if it be only to convince Foreigners, that science is still honored among us, and that your sex are not so trifling as they are pleased to imagine.

How could you single me out in that crowd, where my small share of merit has placed me ? There are a number of Academicians, especially at Bologna, whose judgment would have been more to be depended on than mine. A man does not commence Philosopher by the possession of Philosophy, and especially that of *Scotus*, whose captious subtlety is nothing but a continual wrangling.

There is more substance in one page of our *Metaphysicians* of the last age, than in all the books of *Aristotle* and *Scotus*. The same censure, however, cannot be cast on *Plato*, who in these days would have been an excellent Philosopher, and probably a true Christian.

I find him full of matter and great views. His researches, without being obscured by the clouds which surrounded the Ancients, extend to the Deity himself.

I could have wished, Madam, you had spared that play of words which disgraces the last leaves of your translation. Trivial decorations are improper in a work of itself majestic. Had Cicero written like Seneca, he never would have been so highly esteemed. Pardon my freedom, but you love truth ; and that quality is greater in my eyes, than all the others by which you are adorned.

You will work a great miracle, if you excite a relish for philosophy at Venice. It is a country where there is a great share of genius, even among the mechanics ; but, pleasure is there, a fifth element, which is a bar to emulation. If we except the order of Senators, who are so much employed that they may be called the slaves of the nation, the people sacrifice to it their time and their rest. They are always in gaiety even while they are at work. But I perceive that I am insensibly speaking of government, and that my letter will very

soon become guilty of *leze-serenite*, or *high-treason* against the state. I know, that the Most Serene Republic is very scrupulous about what relates to their usages and customs, as well as to their laws.

I will confine myself therefore, Madam, to telling you what will admit of no contradiction, and be entirely conformable to the sentiments of the whole Senate; which is, that they cannot sufficiently assure you of the respect due to your genius, your birth, or your virtue, and with which I have the honour to be, &c.

Rome, 10th January 1753.

THE JESUITS.

According to one of the apothegms of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the society must be now in a very flourishing condition. It is said that he used to tell the Fathers of the company, that when the world persecuted them, and reviled them most bitterly, it would be a sign that they were working well in the cause of God.

All manner of enemies are attacking them, and all manner of awful and silly things are charged on them.

Among the queerest things that we have met for some time, is the charge that the Jesuits scattered throughout the world, regularly communicate to head quarters at Rome all the information they gather in the confessional. This statement we have met in various quarters.

Now let us just calculate how easily this could be effected: according to the reports of their enemies, the Jesuits number more than 10,000 priests throughout the whole world. They are nearly all engaged in hearing confessions, more or less; some of them are occupied as much as six or eight hours daily. The very lowest estimate will give us at least 75,000 confessions heard by them daily. These confessions cannot be written on less than 10,000 sheets of foolscap, largest size, closely written, and frequently crossed. Just imagine, gentle reader, Father Roothan at Rome in his room with an immense pile of 10,000 letters laid before him every day! Every morning he sits down and sets to work before such a mountain,—and must finish them before he sleeps—for he will have as many more to-morrow. And if ever the northern mail fails at Rome for two or three days in succession, as it does here—he may have some 25,000 letters *extra* to read on such occasions.

We have calculated his annual postage bill. It must average ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS A YEAR!!
Catholic Miscellany.

A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—Through the great zeal and enterprise of the Rev. Joseph P. Burke, a spacious Catholic church edifice

has been projected to be located in 25th st., near 5th Avenue.

The laying of the corner-stone of the new church will take place on Thursday, May 22; at 3 o'clock, p. m., of that day.

After that ceremony a discourse will be pronounced by the Right Rev Bishop Hughes.

This attempt to furnish additional church accommodation for the very numerous Catholic population of our city will we hope meet with deserved encouragement. We hope there will be a numerous and cheering assemblage at the ceremony of the 23d inst.—[N Y Freeman's Journal.

ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH—

NO. XLIV.

The new number of this interesting and edifying miscellany contains numerous communications relating to the scenes and prospects of the Catholic missions in the Levant, in Siam, and Eastern Oceana. All of them describe instances of missionary devotedness, patience in suffering and attachment to the faith, which remind one of the zeal and fervency of the early ages of Christianity; and independent of the great variety of useful and interesting information which may be derived from a perusal of this excellent publication, it is impossible, we think, to read a single page of it without that profit which the living admonition of pious example must ever produce. A communication from the celebrated Eugene Bore draws a melancholy picture of the state of the Christians in Persia, and in some of the other letters we find equally sad accounts of the petty persecutions to which Christians are subjected by the Mahomedan authorities of Syria and Egypt. Had we room for extracts the present number of those pious annals would furnish us with abundance of interesting ones, but we select, for the present, the following account of the Sandwich Islanders, which we find in a letter from the Rev. Father Desvaut of the society of Pious, to another priest of the same society, dated Sandwich, Oahu, Islands, January 2d, 1844:—

“It remains for me to say a few words upon the present state of these islands, and the manners of their inhabitants. With the exception of a few improvements effected by strangers in the places that they inhabit, the lands are in the same state as formerly. The plains, which are on the sea-shore, are in general very barren: one often travels five or six leagues without meeting a tree; you see no other verdure than a little grass and a few shrubs. Often there is only the bare ground and stones. The streams which descend from the mountains are the only resources of the country. They make various drains to cause the water to flow into the marshes, where the taro is planted. If the stream happen to dry up, there is then a complete scarcity in the country.

"Although there are very arid mountains, particularly to the south, they are generally verdant. It is from these mountains that is procured the wood, necessary for building and for fuel. The Kannacks, naturally lazy, because they have no encouragement, take no trouble to make plantations about their dwellings. They prefer to go seek the wood of which they have need, at two or even three leagues distance. It is true, that if they had a piece of land well cultivated, and covered with trees, the chiefs would soon take it from them. Some of the natives have learned trades; but they are very few. Moreover, the deterioration of manners, hunger, and wretchedness, make here such ravages, that the population is daily diminishing at a frightful rate: I am certain that for ten deaths there is scarcely a birth.

"I have said that the indifferent islanders adhere still to the old superstitions. It is not rare, in effect, to meet doctors of the country, who, when they visit a sick person, order him to offer a sacrifice to the old divinities, a sacrifice which consists in killing a cock, a hen, or a pig, and burying it in the earth after having dressed it. Sometimes they take their hair from the sick person and make a small parcel of it, which they inter with a religious care: we have been witnesses ourselves of these extravagances.

"The things which would excite the greatest disgust in Europe, are an excellent food for the Sandwichers. If a dog, a pig, or a horse happen to die, they devour it to the last bit; they don't even take the trouble to wash the intestines; after having thrown them on the coals they swallow them in the twinkling of an eye. I should, however, apprise you, that nothing of the like occurs amongst our children."

PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN FRANCE.—A recent number of the *Univers* has brought us a most interesting narrative of a touching scene, and one calculated to affect the feelings of every man having at heart the improvement of society and the progress of morality. From the account of our zealous French contemporary, it appears that for some years past the learned and eloquent Father de Ravignan has laboured during the entire season of Lent in inculcating the Doctrines of Christianity with a success annually increasing. The lectures of the learned abbe, which have been closely attended by the young gentlemen of rank, and by the members of the learned professions, had been, each year, followed by results the most desirable. The course of lectures was generally concluded by a series of instructions, during the last week of Lent, to those who wished to prepare for the parochial communion, the number of whom gave evidence of annual increase. In the present year, however, the amount has been

unusually numerous, no less than three thousand men principally of the classes we have above mentioned, having received the Eucharist in the church of Notre Dame. According to the statement in the *Univers*, the immense nave of Notre Dame was insufficient to contain the throng of persons who crowded for the purpose of performing their paschal duty. For more than an hour and a half his grace the Archbishop of Paris and the rev preacher were employed in distributing the blessed sacrament to the vast number who presented themselves. From the same sources we learn that numerous other churches of the French capital exhibited, each of them, a similarly gratifying and edifying spectacle.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, 20 AVENUE, N. Y.—The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in this church on Sunday last, at 8 o'clock Mass, by the Right Rev Bishop Hughes, to more than two hundred and seventy-eight persons, many of whom were adults, and five of them converts to our Holy Faith. Before administering the Sacrament, the Right Rev Prelate addressed those who were presented for this holy sacrament, in a feeling and eloquent manner. During the administration he was attended by Rev Messrs O'Neill and Rien, (the Rev gentlemen attached to the Church.) After the administration of the sacrament the Right Rev Prelate gave their first communion to more than 300 persons. The Bishop preached also at the high mass to a crowded congregation. This discourse was founded upon the Gospel of the day; it was eloquent instruction and eminently befitting the Christian Bishop—no vindictive or relationary feelings—a lucid and convincing exposition of the faith and dogmas of the Catholic church. It was strange to us, to see a Catholic Bishop officiating in an edifice in which, not 4 years ago, we did hear even all that Catholics hold sacred, misrepresented in the most uncharitable manner. It was indeed a proud day for the Church of the Nativity. (lately Presbyterian.) —[Ib.]

GERMANY.—The Rev. Arthur Franke, a Protestant Theologian of Berlin, Prussia, has been converted to the Catholic Faith, and is preparing for the reception of the priesthood. The Ecclesiastical Gazette of Berlin expresses a lively regret for his fall, and remarks that "other defections may yet be expected."

The *Journal de Lille* announces that M. Wicart, Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Cambrai and Archdeacon of Lille, has been nominated Bishop of Frejus.

CONVERTS FROM POPERY.—The various religious papers have of late inserted notions of the conversion of many beighted *papists* in Ireland. At one time we are told that two or three families then perhaps of several hundred persons abjuring the errors of Popery, Romanism, or some such sect. Generally the circumstances of *where, when, who, &c.* being, we presume, looked on as of little importance, are left out. Now and then however localities are indicated, and names mentioned, the Parish of *Dingle* in the county of *Kerry* has particularly been harped on. To judge from sundry paragraphs, Protestantism is or rather was, some time ago, advancing in that district with great strides. As Rev. Mr. Geary the chief Protestant minister of the place went to Belfast to do, what is frequently done in the United States,—to appeal for money from the zealous Protestants of that city. He endeavoured to excite their charity by a narrative of his successful operations. It was announced that 800 Catholics in Dingle had turned Protestants with their priest, a Mr Brasbie. Brasbie, who had before fallen under the censure of his Bishop, had in fact become a Protestant. We have, however, since seen an announcement, that he was returned to his Bishop, penitent and seeking to repair the scandal he gave. His fall did not move a single Catholic from the faith.

The French Government are engaged in endeavouring to suppress all ecclesiastical opposition to the system of University education. The Abbe Souchet who had written against the mode of University tuition which finds favor with Louis Philippe and Mr. Dupin, has been tried, found guilty, and sent to prison for that offence. On the other hand, M. Michelet, who has published the most ribald and infamous calumnies on the great body of the Clergy, was allowed to go unquestioned and unpunished.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

The charge of intolerance is daily and hourly brought against the Catholic Church, and is made an excuse for being intolerant against her.

It is said we mean to exterminate the Protestants from the United States. We certainly believe our church to be the true church, and we wish every one would become a member of it; and we use the proper means of argument and persuasion to induce as many as we can to do so. But then, no one becomes a convert against his will. And we are under the impression that Protestantism in some form or name will last for a long time. The results of our efforts, which the abhorrrors of Popery picture to themselves and their hearers, are far beyond our most sanguine hopes. We would be glad, of course, that every Pro-

testant in this country and elsewhere, should become a good pious Catholic. But this depends on themselves. In entertaining this wish, we do not think we are intolerant or guilty of bigotry. We do not interfere with or invade any right possessed by our separated brethren.

We are not even accused of misrepresenting their doctrines and of charging them with impious tenets and practices which they disavow. If we did, we would be "bearing false witness," and would in truth be guilty of a certain degree of intolerance and bigotry. But is not this course pursued against us? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where the Catholic Church is attacked, is it not by a mis-statement or a misrepresentation of our tenets, by accusing us of doing and believing what we do not practice or believe, rather than by a fair argument against our real doctrine? Is it not true, that there is a vast amount of what we may call Conventional abuse, of disproved statements, of charges notoriously false, of doctrines again and again disavowed, which are urged against Catholics, not unfrequently by persons who must know that they are to say the least positively denied by us? Is not this 'bearing false witness'?

And when this is systematically done, when an organization is effected to spread these charges everywhere,—with most positiveness where there is least opportunity for refutation, when the effects of this plan develop themselves in riots and conflagration, need we ask on which side is there religious intolerance?

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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NOTICE.—All persons having demands against the Subscriber will please render their Accounts, and all persons indebted to him, will please make immediate payment to JAMES DONOHUE, to whom all debts due him have been assigned.

Halifax, 9th Jan., 1845.

JOHN P. WALSH.

NOTICE.—Mr. JOHN PATRICK WALSH, of the City of Halifax, Printer, having by Deed of Assignment, dated the 8th day of January, instant, appointed the Subscriber his Assignee, and having Assigned to him his books, debts, and all other personal property whatsoever, for the benefit of those to whom he is indebted, such of his creditors as reside within this Province becoming parties to the said Deed of Assignment within three months from its date, and such as reside out of it in six months therefrom, it being provided by the said Assignment, that all parties who shall not execute the same within the said times shall be excluded from all benefit and advantage to be derived therefrom. All persons indebted to the said John P. Walsh are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber he having been duly authorized to receive the same and to give discharges therefor, and all the creditors of the said John P. Walsh are requested to call at the Store of the Subscriber and execute the said Deed of Assignment.

JAMES DONOHUE,

Halifax, 9th January, 1845.

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