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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. 15-19.



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?—TERRULLIAN Praescrip. 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 a new 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, sacrilegious.—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

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, left 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 Jerus. Cal. xi. l.

Calendar.

- December 31—Sunday—Sunday within the 1849. Oct St Sylvester P C Doub. om.
January 1—Monday—Circumcision of our Lord Doub II class.
2—Tuesday—Octave of St Stephen Doub.
3—Wednesday—Octave of St John the Apost.
4—Thursday—Octave of the Holy Innocents Doub.
5—Friday—Vigil of the Epiphany com.
6—Saturday—Epiphany of our Lord Doub I class.
7—Sunday—Sunday within Octave
8—Monday—Of the Octave Semid.
9—Tuesday—Of the Octave Semid.
10—Wednesday—Of the Octave Semid.
11—Thursday—Of the Octave Semid.
12—Friday—Of the Octave Semid.
13—Saturday—Octave of the Epiphany.
14—Sunday—II Sunday after Epip II Name of Jesus Doub II class com St Felix M.
15—Monday—St Paul Ist Martyr Conf Doub. Comm of St Maurus Abt.
16—Tuesday—St Marcellus P M Sem.
17—Wednesday—St Anthony Abbot Semid.
18—Thursday—Chair of St Peter at Rome Great Doub. Comm St Pauli, Ap and St Prisca V M.
19—Friday—St Canute M Semid ad Ibitum. Comm of SS Marius and Comp M.
20—Saturday—SS Fabian and Sebastian M M Doub.
21—Sunday—III Sunday after Epip St Agnes V M Doub.
22—Monday—SS Vincent and Anastasius M M Semid.
23—Tuesday—Desponsation of the B V Mary Great Doub. Comm of St Joseph and St Emerentiana V M.
24—Wednesday—St Timothy B M Semid.
25—Thursday—Conversion of St Paul Comm of St Peter.
26—Friday—St Polycarp B M Doub.
27—Saturday—St Vitalian P C Doub Sup.
28—Sunday—IV Sunday after Epip St John Chrysostom B C Doub.
29—Monday—St Francis of Sales B C Doub.
30—Tuesday—St Felix IV P C Doub Sup.
31—St Peter Nolasco C Doub.

Select Tales.

From the Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine. GERTRUDE WERNIG; OR, THE BOQUET.

BY MISS MARY C. FINENEY.

The morn had scarcely smiled in the East, or the laborers gone forth to their daily toil, when Gertrude Wernig threw open the casements of her poor cottage on the banks of the Rhine, and called her young brothers to kneel around their little oratory and perform their morning devotion with her. Soon afterwards she arranged several bouquets of rare flowers in a basket and took up her straw hat. 'What are you going to do with all those pretty flowers dearest sister,' said Aloysius; 'will you not give us our breakfast before you go away? we are very hungry, for you remember we had no supper last night.'

'Alas! my brother, I have none to give you, but continue to pray to our Blessed Mother, and I hope to bring some food on my return.' So saying, she embraced them all and then departed.

Gertrude was just sixteen years old: she possessed great energy of character, though fragile and delicate in appearance. She was meek, humble, and of exalted piety; she had early learned lessons of self-denial, and to endure privations; for her excellent parents, though they

had once been affluent, by a succession of events (which the worldly would call misfortunes) had been deprived of their possessions, and had struggled for many years to procure bread for the children. Her mother had now been dead nearly a year, and her father had but recently followed his beloved partner to the tomb, leaving Gertrude to provide for her three young brothers, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was scarcely nine years of age.

As Gertrude proceeded on her way through the thick and dark forest to a castle, about five miles distant, and where she hoped to sell her flowers, her heart sunk within her when she reflected that she might be disappointed and forced to return without food to her famishing brothers, at that moment the sun burst joyously through an opening in the trees, and her eyes rested on the glittering cross of a small church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. She was ashamed of her want of confidence in God, which, however, was but momentary, and she entered the holy place, to ask for grace and strength. After making an humble and profound act of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament, she selected the most beautiful bouquet her basket contained, and placing it in a vase at the feet of the statue of the Mother of God, which stood on a pedestal near the altar, she exclaimed: 'Most Holy Virgin! I have nothing to offer you but my love and this bouquet of flowers—like the poor shepherdess who loved you so much, I wish I could crown you with a diadem of gold and precious stones; but, alas! I am a poor desolate orphan, seeking bread for my starving brothers, yet deign to accept my simple offering. Show that you are our Mother, and aid me in this hour of my distress. She recited some prayers, and particularly the 'Hail Mary,' which was ever on her lips, and rising up comforted, she proceeded on her journey.

On arriving at the castle, the porter rather roughly demanded what she wanted, but after gazing at her for some moments, it seemed as if her youth, gentle manners, and the tear that stole down her sad and beautiful face touched his heart, for he added more kindly. 'I suppose you want to sell those flowers to the Countess?' On her replying in the affirmative, he told her to sit down in the hall and he would take them to his lady, though he believed she had more flowers than she knew what to do with. After a short time had elapsed, he returned and bade her follow him.

She was ushered into a splendid library, where sat the Countess Rosenberg with an old man, deformed and meanly dressed. The lady beckoned her to approach. 'These are very beautiful flowers,' said she, 'I have none such of my own collection. Where did you procure them?' Gertrude stated that her father was fond of rare flowers and had taught her how to cultivate them. 'He planted these in our happy days,' continued she, as a tear fell on the flowers whilst she bent over them.

'What do you ask for them?' inquired the Countess.

'Whatever you please to give.'

'Then you are not acquainted with their value.'

'No, replied Gertrude, but God will bless you if you purchase them for even enough to procure a few loaves of bread.'

'Sit down,' said the Countess kindly, 'for I perceive you are much exhausted, and tell me your history.' Gertrude glanced towards the old man, who had seemed impatient while she was speaking, at which the Countess only smiled and bade her commence. Gertrude related the history of her parents, their death, and her pro-

sent painful situation. She concluded by saying, how happy it would make her could she procure some work, by which means she might be enabled to support her brothers whom she could not leave, and who were too young at present to do anything for themselves.

'But have you no relatives who would assist you?' inquired the Countess. 'I have heard my father speak often of his elder brother who was deformed and very eccentric,' replied Gertrude, lowering her voice as she again glanced towards the old man, who now sat apparently unmoved by her discourse; 'but,' continued she, 'he had not heard of him for so many years, that we have long believed him dead. My father wrote so often to implore his assistance, he felt assured that had he been living he would have aided us, though he was rough, odd tempered, and affected not to love anything in this world.'

'Do you remember him?'

'No, Madam I never saw him, for he left his native place when I was an infant. I have often regretted that I did not know him for I am sure I should have loved him because he was afflicted.'

At that moment the old man pinched the lap dog of the Countess, and set him to howling, at which she only smiled.

'Well,' said she at length to Gertrude, 'I feel much interest for you—I will now pay you the real value of your beautiful flowers. Here are six bouquets: I wish, however, you had brought seven, for I love that number. The next time you come bring me that many.' Gertrude blushed as she replied, 'I have but a certain quantity of flowers, and to bring you that number I must make the bunches of a smaller size.'

The old man looked steadily at her, as he suddenly remarked, 'You brought seven bouquets from home—what have you done with the most beautiful of them all?' Gertrude was astonished, for how could he have known this, but replied without hesitation, 'I have no need to conceal that I offered that to the Blessed Virgin, and I have resolved always to offer her the most beautiful of my flowers.'

'You did well,' replied the Countess, and now tell me your name.' As she pronounced it, the old man suddenly rose and left the library. The Countess then bade her go to the housekeeper and get some breakfast, and also fill her basket for her brothers. The agitated yet happy girl took her leave, and on her return home, gladdened the hearts of her loved ones, who ran to meet her.

Some short time after this, one beautiful morning, Gertrude called her brothers, saying: 'Come let us go to the forest to spend the day. We will take our dinner, our work and some books.' Let us go to the ruined hut beyond the church,' said Joseph, 'it is a beautiful spot.' They soon made their arrangements and set out. Having arrived at the church, they entered, and spent some time in prayer, and each left a little bouquet in honor of their Blessed Mother. They then repaired to the hut, but were surprised to find the old man had taken possession, and who seemed at home. 'What brings you here, said he, do you come to insult my poverty? Your cottage, miserable as it is, is not half so wretched as this.' Gertrude explained, that she thought the place deserted, and apologized for her intrusion. 'Yet,' continued she, 'as we have come so far, will you not permit us to stay awhile with you?'

'I have no food to offer you,' returned he, 'and I do not believe that either you or your brothers can desire the company of a cross, broken-hearted, deformed old man.'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'we would be very happy to share with you the dinner we have brought, and if you are unhappy, endeavor to comfort you—do permit us to stay.' 'Well,' said he, ungraciously, 'since I cannot get rid of you, I suppose you must remain.'

Gertrude then unpacked her basket and took out some work, whilst the boys amused themselves in different ways; but the old man only found fault with every thing they did: even their efforts, as well as those of Gertrude, to entertain him, seemed only to irritate him the more. Their patience, good temper and respectful manners, however, appeared to soften him, and as he rose to leave the hut, Gertrude observed the tears rolling down his face. Joseph at length besought him to return and partake of the refreshments they had spread on an old bench, and he consented. 'Why do you stare thus at me,' said he, angrily, as he observed Gertrude's eyes, filled with tears, fixed on his face.

'Pardon me,' she replied, 'but I was thinking of my uncle, and wishing that he had been spared to us, if such were the will of God.' 'I suppose you regret the gold he would have brought you?' 'My sister regrets no such thing, I am sure,' replied Joseph, 'she is sorry because my uncle was afflicted and would have loved and served him, and our Gertrude is so good that he would have loved her.' 'You have truly said, dear Joseph,' she replied, 'I would have tried hard to make him love me.' The old man made no reply, and as they were separating, Aloysius turned to him, and said, 'I like you though you are a little cross—I wish you would come and see us,' and Gertrude seconded the child's invitation; but he turned away in silence, and they then left the hut.

Gertrude could not define her feelings towards the old man; she compassionated his sufferings, his deformity and his apparent desolation and poverty; and she thought that though he was not the uncle she regretted, yet still he resembled him, and her heart yearned towards him. Gertrude saw in his countenance something that reminded her of her father, and she might have almost believed him to be her uncle, only that when she mentioned her name, he would have known her.

For some months the Countess regularly purchased Gertrude's flowers, and also supplied her with work, but one day when she went to the castle, she found only the housekeeper, who informed her the Countess had gone to Paris at a few hours' notice and would not return for some months. These were sorrowful tidings for poor Gertrude; she loved the kind and noble lady, and it was with great delight she listened to her instructive discourses. Besides this loss, where would she now procure work and food for her brothers? 'But,' said she at length, 'since God gave her to me for a friend in my great need, he will not now forsake me, nor let my innocent and helpless brothers perish!' The kind hearted housekeeper was very sorry she could not assist her, as her lady had given her no orders to that effect, at which she wondered, since she had seemed so interested for Gertrude. On her return home, the poor girl found her brothers much pleased by a visit the old man had paid them, and who promised to come again.

The next week proved very rainy; violent storms of wind and rain kept the orphans close prisoned in the cottage, and the boys said they feared the old man would be deluged and suffer dreadfully in the rained hut. 'I wish he could come and live with us,' said Aloysius, 'for only think, dear sister, he taught me how to work

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pretty little baskets, and wooden watches, and said, that after all, he believed I was a good boy.'

Gertrude made no reply, for she was considering how the child's wish could be accomplished. They had scarcely food enough to keep themselves from starving, and perhaps the old man would reject her proposal, therefore she did not give Aloysius any encouragement, though she had resolved to attempt, at all events, to get him amongst them until the rains were over. She wrapped her cloak around her, and telling her brothers she was forced to go out on business in spite of the rain, she bade them remain in the cottage until her return, and proceeded to the hut. On her way she entered the church, as was usual with her, and found the old man prostrated in prayer. She left the church when he did, and he asked her what brought her out in such weather. 'I came to seek you,' she replied. 'Aloysius will not be contented without you; he wants a little more of your kind instruction, and we are so lonely that your company would much cheer us. May I prevail on you for his sake?' The old man did not reply, but continued by her side as she followed the pathway to her cottage, and they entered together. The boys shouted with delight and crowded round the old man, offering him every little attention they could devise.

Many weeks passed away, and notwithstanding his occasional crossness and impatience, Gertrude and her brothers loved the old man devotedly. She felt that though he was unloving apparently, yet that he had strong affections, and she knew that he loved God and submitted submissively to his dispensations, and she sometimes thought he affected this indifference towards his fellow creatures. For instance, one day when Alphonsus (the youngest) climbed on his knee, the old man very roughly set him down, and said, 'why do you thus plague me? With tears streaming down his cheeks, the child then answered: 'You do not love me as I love you, because you are named Alphonsus, like my uncle—I never saw him but I think he is in heaven, because he suffered a great deal and loved God.' The old man groaned, and weeping bitterly, clasped the child to his arms,

The rains had passed away, whilst the beautiful but sad autumn was sometimes mild and gentle, now scattering the leaves of the forest far and wide, as if she sported with them in her anger. I am going to leave you, said the old man; and though I have never loved anything much in this world, yet why, I know not, I regret to part with you.

'Why should you ever leave us?' said Gertrude; 'believe me, that though you are not the uncle I regret, yet you are the same to me. I love you because you have taught my brother much, because you are unhappy, and because—and she threw her arms around him—because you resemble my beloved and lamented father. We cannot part with you, and I beseech you to remain and share whatever God may provide for us.'

The old man gazed steadfastly on her for some moments, then, without replying, rushed into his little bed-chamber, and they heard him say: 'My God! I thank Thee, that Thou hast heard my prayer.' When he returned to them his face was radiant with joy. 'Which would you love best, said he to Alphonsus, 'your uncle were he to appear before you, or your poor, old, deformed friend?'

The child immediately answered: 'I could not love my uncle more than I do you, but I should love him quite as much, for he must be very much like you.' The old man smiled, and the child kissing his forehead, exclaimed:—'How I wish you were my uncle, for then we all should be quite happy.'

'We will all be happy my beloved children, for I am your uncle, loving and loved. Gather round me, and I will tell you why I have thus concealed myself from you. When I was a young man, I murmured because I was deformed. I thought nobody loved me and I became ill-tempered and gloomy, shunning society. I loved your father, for he never taunted me with my infirmity, but ever tried to soothe and win me to better feelings.' When he married, and soon after settled in another place, I also went away to foreign lands. I suffered poverty, sickness and desolation, and then it was God sent one to visit me, whose charity, angelic piety and sympathy reconciled me to God and made me a wiser, and I humbly trust, a better man. This was the Countess Rosenberg to whom I am also indebted for the means to repair my fortune, and

which I determined to share with my brother, who had loved me, when all others laughed at my deformity. I heard only of his poverty and death, whilst on my way to this place, and had arrived at Castle Rosenberg but the day before you, dear Gertrude, came to sell your flowers to the Countess. I was in the church when you offered your bouquet to the Blessed Virgin. I was struck by your likeness to your mother, though I would not discover myself unless perfectly certain you were my brother's child, and after I did find it so, I resolved to see whether you would love me as a poor, old, and deformed man, who could not benefit you, rather than as a rich uncle, whom you might only tolerate for his gold. Pardon me that I have thus tried you, for to find you all that my heart could desire, is worth more than all the gold in the universe.

'But did the Countess also help to deceive me?' inquired Gertrude; 'if she did I shall consider her as doubly my benefactress.'

'She did, and went away purposely to enable me to follow out my plan. God favored my views, and we are now united never again to part in this world, and by the mercy of God to meet hereafter in eternal felicity, where is glory without end, unceasing joy in the presence of God and His angels—Wherefore be Thou ever blessed, O my God!'

It is impossible to describe the happiness, the thanksgivings of old Adolphus Wernig and his adopted children, as they knelt in prayer around the little oratory that night, or when, the next morning, Gertrude offered, at the church, a more beautiful bouquet to the Mother who she was assured, had heard her prayer in the hour of her distress.

The Countess Rosenberg returned, and as she had no relatives, begged Mr. Wernig and his children to reside with her, to which they joyfully consented.

'So, after all, you only pretended to be a cross old man,' said Alphonsus; 'but I was determined to love you all the same.'

'And God will bless you,' said the Countess, since you loved the old man for His sake.'

Many years passed away before the happy and good old man departed in peace in the arms of his beloved ones; and none of that virtuous family ever saw a *Bouquet* without emotion, or failed to offer one to the Blessed Virgin on that day of the year which had united them to their beloved uncle.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JAN. Y. 6.

### THE CROSS.

In entering on a New Year, we wish the compliments of the season to all our readers. We hope they have been satisfied with our humble labours during the year that has passed away. In any case we deem it wise to make new efforts to secure their patronage. Our gallant little periodical is now commencing its seventh year, and we venture to presume that at so tender an age it has given some remarkable proofs of precocity and vigour. The public have a right to expect that its strength and power will increase with its years, and it will be our duty to see that they are not disappointed. It has already undergone one or two remarkable changes for the better; we hope soon to improve it still more, and to render it one of the most agreeable periodicals in British North America. Our plans, when fully matured, will be explained in due time to our readers. Their valuable aid will be necessary, and we will endeavour to secure their assistance by deserving it. Is it too much to ask our friends to bestir themselves in this and the neighbouring Provinces, and to send us in new subscribers at the beginning of the new year? Our outstanding dollars will also be as welcome as gifts during these festival times. If we meet with proper encouragement, we are ready to enlarge the Cross to twice its present size, and to make it a receptacle for the best articles of the best Periodicals, new Publications, and Reviews of the day.

We deem this a fitting occasion to announce that in some respects the Cross has entirely changed hands. "The gentlemen of the Cross" are no longer represented by the same individuals; but although the men be changed, we trust the spirit and the principles will remain. We may not emulate our predecessors in talent, but we will strive to imitate them in genuine Catholic feeling, and true-hearted sincerity of purpose. Whatever we publish will be printed on our own responsibility. Should we unintentionally err either in faith or morals, we will submit with docility to the correction of our excellent clergy, who, no doubt, whilst they allow the utmost

latitude and freedom of opinion in all doubtful matters, will consider it their duty to watch over the sacred deposit of Faith with the most jealous care.

With these sentiments we bespeak the favorable indulgence of our friends, and we lift up again the glorious standard of the Cross with confidence and courage. *In hoc signo vincemus!*

### MEND-I-CANT MONKS\* (!) AND WANDERING CLERICS (!)

We published some time since from the New York Freeman's Journal, a solemn protest from that eminent Prelate Bishop Hughes against the scandalous impositions practised upon the good Catholics of America by itinerant and hypocritical mendicants in the garb of religion. We were grieved to see a highly respectable Order in the Church misrepresented on this continent by persons meriting a castigation so just, as that which they then received, and we feel bound to re-echo in Nova Scotia the complaints and reclamations of New York. This begging trade under false colours seems now to have been elevated to the dignity of a system, and it is high time for the friends of religion to lift up their voices against it throughout the length and breadth of the American Catholic Church. Most assuredly we cannot afford much even to those who come from afar with *sterling* claims upon our charity. The American Church is still in its infancy. It requires a perpetual struggle and many sacrifices to support even its essential institutions. Bishops, Priests and People are everywhere taxed to their utmost energies, and this in a country like the U. States where the Catholics are only a tenth of the entire population. We have often thought that a claim from abroad upon a struggling body like this should be paramount and pressing indeed to entitle it to any consideration, and we have met in our time with many foreign collectors of good character and laudable purpose, but the importance of whose object was as nothing when compared to the urgent necessities of poor Catholics here—But of one thing we have no doubt nor never had; and that is, that a single penny of Catholic money should not be given to characterless impostors such as those alluded to in the heading of this article—persons who wear the sacred attire of religion without any pretension to it—who affect to be what they are not—who pass off amongst the credulous for priests and monks—who fleece the poor, impose upon the innocent, shock the simple-minded faithful by their scandalous lives, and provoke the jeers and taunts of the enemies of our holy faith. No part of America has escaped from the predatory incursions of those self-sanctified wolves, or the astute wiles of those cunning foxes. The good people of Halifax, enjoying a deserved reputation for generous and Christian feeling, have been particularly pillaged, and we know of many instances where pious frauds have been perpetrated, for which we think the stocks, the pillory, or the treadmill would be but a small punishment; for, of all robberies, we think the plunder of the poor in the name of the God of charity to be one of the most odious and abominable. We will feel it our duty to watch those characters for the future, and to place our readers on their guard against such 'artful dodgers.' Indeed we believe that both clergy and people in Halifax are heartily sick of those unwelcome visitors. In our poor judgment the safest rule to follow is, to give *no countenance whatsoever* to any stranger, *no matter what he may call himself*, whose character is not attested by the Bishop or the Clergy. It is the Bishop's province and his duty to examine the credentials of all Ecclesiastical strangers, and if the people wish to be preserved from imposition they have only to follow the wise rules made by the Canons of the Church upon this point.

We will probably return to this subject and expose more in detail the low artifices of those unprincipled cheats, the scandals they have given to those within and without the pale of the Church, and the dissensions they have often created in the bosom of the most peaceful congregations on this Continent.

\* One of these pretenders being asked some time ago by a worthy priest in this Province, whether, according to the rules of his Order, he spent much time every day in *manual labour*? He replied with an arch smile and upturned whites, Oh my dear sir, I never had much taste that way. My vocation you see, is *Mental Prayer* and *BEGGING!!!* This man was no more of a monk than the whilom Editor of the Guardian, but he wore a clumsy imitation of the dress.

We respectfully invite our brethren of the American Catholic Press to aid us in chasing those foul harpies from the shores of the Atlantic.

### THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

The Review for October has only just now been placed on our table. Of the nine articles which it contains, only three can be strictly termed Religious. The Dublin Review is the only organ of Catholic principles, in that elevated department of periodical literature, throughout the whole British Empire. We should, therefore, imagine that its columns were small enough for the discussion of Catholic topics without the introduction of such subjects as "The last eruption of Mount Heckla," or "Sanatory Reform," or "Erman's Travels in Siberia," or "Milnes's Life of Keats," or "Liebig's Philosophy."—There is quite space enough in all the other Reviews for the discussion of extraneous matters such as these, and in our only Catholic Review we have a right to look for essays on subjects of much greater importance. Religious articles, diversified it is true, should form the staple of each number; the exceptions of another class should be few and far between. We can also detect a certain degree of slovenliness creeping into the pages of the Review, as if the Jazy writers feel that they had plenty of space at their command and that it mattered very little how the materials were arranged, provided the requisite quantity of filling stuff was furnished.—Almost the only article which claims serious attention in the last number is that entitled: "The Reformation as described by the Reformers," being a review of a remarkable work of Dr. Dollinger, from which we may give copious extracts at a future day.

### PIUS IX.

At High Mass on Sunday last, the Bishop announced the Public Prayers that were to be offered up for His Holidess, and invited all the Faithful to join in this tribute of grateful and affectionate reverence for Christ's Vicar on earth. His Lordship entered into a lengthened review of the causes and consequences of the late melancholy events in Italy, and dwelt on the immutable character of the True Church, buffeted as she is by the fury of so many tempests, and bidding a proud and calm defiance to all the powers of Earth and Hell. Prayers for the Pope and for the tranquillity of the Universal Church were to be recited every day until further direction, and the Votive Mass *pro quocumque necessitate* was to be offered up on Friday in the Cathedral, and in every Church throughout the Diocese on the first convenient day. He quoted and illustrated that remarkable saying of St. Ambrose, *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*, and that other well-known expression, *Ubi Papa, ibi Roma*; and showed that Pius IX. if even driven into exile, banished to the extremities of the earth, and despoiled of all his temporal possessions, would still be the revered and acknowledged Head of the whole Catholic world, and obeyed with religious docility by two hundred millions of faithful spiritual subjects. We regret that we are unable to give an accurate report of the many interesting topics which were alluded to on this occasion, in reference to the Illustrious Subject of the Discourse.

### ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The distribution of Premiums to those who were adjudged worthy at the recent Christmas Examinations took place on Tuesday last. The Bishop was present, and handed the various premiums to the fortunate candidates, with appropriate remarks. We will publish next week the list of successful competitors. It seems that the students gave great satisfaction at those examinations, and that their progress during the last half year has been very gratifying. St. Mary's College has already given nearly a dozen of Clergymen to the Province, having educated besides a large number of students, of whom many are now engaged in various professions.

The following printed certificate, signed by the President, was attached to each of the Premiums on Tuesday last:

ALUMNO SUO INGENUO  
BENE. DE. REP. LITT. MERITO  
ET IN

PALMAN FERENTI  
HOC LAUDIS PRAEMIIUM  
S. MARIAE. COLLEG. HALIFAXIENSIS  
DONO DEDIT.  
QUARTO NONAS JANUARIU MDCCLXII.



COMPITUM,

OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church.

An interesting—nay, a very remarkable Book under the above title, has just appeared in England. It is from the prolific pen of the talented, erudite, and pious author of *The Ages of the Faith*. Mr. Kenelm Digby has not, it is true, put his name to the work; but there is only one man in England, we might say in all Europe, who is capable of writing it, and that man is Mr. Digby, an old and illustrious convert to the Catholic Faith. To praise any thing coming from him would be "to gild refined gold, and paint the lily." He must be looked upon as the great restorer of mediæval fame, the successful champion of what were so long ignorantly termed "the Dark Ages," the noble pioneer in those fields and forests which have been so creditably cultivated by a Mailand and a Maskam, a Pugin and a Montalambert, a Voigt, and a Hurter, in a word by so many eminent writers, both Protestant and Catholic, who, shaking off the trammels of prejudice, and rejecting the current calumnies of bigotted historians, have had the honesty and courage to examine for themselves, to search into the long neglected mine of mediæval literature, and to bring forth into the light of day the most precious gems of Catholic civilization, learning and piety. Mr. Digby had formerly made a resolution never to publish again. *Compitum* is a gratifying proof that he has re-considered this perhaps hasty resolution, and we cannot sufficiently express our delight at the fact. Independently of its great religious merits and the undoubted service which it is calculated to render to the cause of Holy Mother Church, it is a literary curiosity of the first magnitude—a string of pearls from Greek and Latin Classics, from ancient and modern lore, possessing all those qualities for which old Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is so much admired by scholars, with the additional value of the pure, lofty, and noble principles of religion, applied to every condition of life, and in language that speaks home to the heart with indescribable charms. Again and again shall we return to this book, and endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the substance of its valuable contents. To our Protestant friends we would say: procure this book, written by one who was once a Protestant, and if you read the first chapter, you will never step until you read the last.

THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

We have sometimes been pestered with enquiries relative to the *old Ordnance Shanty* for decayed Gun Carriages, which is permitted to disfigure this beautiful place of interment to the great disrespect of the dead and annoyance of the living. In consequence of another communication, received this week, we have determined to seek the fullest information on the subject, and to publish it in our columns. At present we know this much—that the Clergy have endeavoured by every means in their power to have this nuisance removed, but, we believe, in vain. For more than five years it has now stood in the midst of the city of the dead, a monument of bigotry and intolerance on the one hand, and of unexampled patience on the other. We do not believe the Government want it for any purpose; nay, we are sure it is not of the smallest possible use. The idea of such a building in the midst of an enclosed Cemetery is truly ridiculous in a vicinity where the Government possesses so much ground, and so many idle warehouses.

St. MARY'S CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

A Quarterly Meeting of this Society, most numerously attended, took place on Sunday evening last, immediately after Vespers, in the Vestry of St. Mary's; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh in the Chair:—assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, and Revds. Messrs. Hannan and O'Connor.

The routine business being disposed of, Returns were made by the Superintendents of the classes at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, of the number of children in attendance during the past three months. From these it appeared the numbers were, at St. Mary's—Males 220, Females 240; at St. Patrick's—Males 100, Females 137.

There being a deficiency in the number of Teachers required for the Male department of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, several gentlemen volunteered their services for that purpose for the ensuing three months. The following Ladies and Gentlemen were proposed and admitted members:—Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Shea, and Miss

Campbell:—Messrs. William Buckle, Thomas Shea, Bernard Core, Patrick Ring, Thomas Shipley, and Richard Nugent.

There being no further business before the Chair, the meeting adjourned.

P. J. COMPTON,

Secretary.

Amount of Quarter's receipts, £9 12s. 9d. Halifax, Dec. 31, 1848.

THE ORDO FOR 1849.

The new Directory for 1849 is in the hands of the Printer, and may be expected from day to day. Meantime, for the convenience of those at a distance, we have printed in our last number the Calendar for the entire of the present month. Advertisements can be inserted in the Directory on reasonable terms. No better vehicle could be selected for the conveyance of intelligence to the Catholics of this and the sister Provinces. We believe the Catholic Directory for this year is to be published under the joint auspices of the Bishops of Arichat and Halifax.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of "Biblicus" has been received; but its statements are so extraordinary that we are unwilling to insert it without further enquiry. The writer states that at a late meeting of the Colonial Church Society—the Queen's Representative in the Chair!—an old woman of the name of Cogswell thought proper to indulge in a wanton and heartless tirade against the benevolent Pius IX. and the learned and pious Monsignore Palma, who was shot by accident in the Palace of the Quirinal. If our Correspondent will verify his statement, we will readily publish his letter. We have examined some of those vapid, milk-and-waterish, Glory-Hallelujah, and Songs-of-Zion Journals, where we thought we might find some report of this; but we were disappointed. All we could discover was, that Parson Uniacke, of Roundabout notoriety, pronounced the blessing. They must have been *much the better of that*, as the wren said to the ocean on a certain memorable occasion. When the delicious dew of his divine distilment descended on the heads of those hoary sinners, it must indeed have been a heavenly sight and one over which angels would shed tears of gladness. How strange it is that some people will never learn sense—that they cannot meet together in the sacred name of Religion without violating one of its first ordinances, fraternal charity. We have been present at many Catholic meetings in Halifax for the propagation of the only true Faith, and we never heard one word of abuse against their absent brethren of other creeds.

But who ever heard of a Jury of old women meeting together without abusing and recording a verdict of Guilty against their absent neighbors?

We have made these few remarks, taking it for granted, that the main facts alleged by our Correspondent are true; though we cannot pledge ourselves for the details. We think it exceedingly bad taste to invite Her Majesty's Representative to listen to unprovoked philippics against ninety thousand Catholics who are under his government; because we know that Sir John Harvey has lived on the best terms with his Catholic fellow subjects both in Ireland and elsewhere, and it must have pained him much to hear them insulted in the sacred person of their Supreme Pontiff. We have no disposition whatever to meddle with our neighbours' religious celebrations; but we do expect they will not make them occasions for flinging their wanton insults upon our heads. We know how to retort, as they are already aware; and we tell them that we will not suffer their insults to escape with impunity, especially when perpetrated in the presence of authority. Let them not imagine that we are asleep. If we slumber, it is like the vigilant hare, with our eyes wide open. Before we dismiss this ungracious topic, we will pay a cheerful tribute to the estimable Bishop of Nova Scotia. We do not remember one instance on the various occasions when Dr Inglis has appeared in public for years past, that a single unkind, offensive, or unchristian expression has dropped from his lips against his Catholic fellow citizens. Would to God that some of the lay and clerical preachers in the Establishment would imitate his example, and we should never have the peace of the Province disturbed as it was by the wicked religious warfare of 1817.

Old Mrs. Cogswell, as a member of the Hebrew persuasion, ought to have been more grateful to Pius IX.; for that Holy Pontiff has been extremely kind to all the Jews in his dominions.

(For the Cross.)

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS. No. 9.

HYMNUS IN EXQUIS DEFUNCTORUM.\*

Thou God of light! the soul's inspiring breath! Whose powerful thought arranged, with noble plan,

The two-fold element of Life and Death, And thus did'st give existence unto Man.

And they are thine—each glorious part is thine— For thee alone is formed the beautiful whole, And while in vigor they shall thus entwined, For thee shall live the body and the soul.

But when, anon, dissolv'd the wondrous ties, Each nature hastens to its place of birth; The ardent spirit, soaring, seeks the skies, The flesh descends and mingles with the earth.

Yes—when the bands that bound them are unbound,

The man is seen to wither and decay; The body lies beneath the gloomy ground, The soul is wafted on the breeze away.

For it is meet that all created things, Weakened and worn, at length must languish quite;

Torn is each tie to which our friendship clings, Thus must this mortal texture disunite.

Yet, Gracious Lord! thou hast o'erwatched thy own,

For Death's dark bondage thou hast rendered vain;

A way of virtue hast thou brightly shown, By which the mouldering limbs shall rise again.

If e'er the will, despising reason's ray, Spurns Virtue's path, and chooses that of lust, The conquered soul is also borne away, And loves the carnal, grovelling in the dust.

But if the spirit flies the path of ill, Still ever-mindful of her glorious light,

A captive guest then will she take the will, And waft it with her to the heav'nly height.

And though the body lies a lifeless mass Soon as the spirit bursteth from control, Yet short the period that is doomed to pass, When it regains its union with the soul.

For soon the season cometh, when behold! The friendly fire shall warm the bones no more, And bear along its domicile of old, All life and animation as before.

That former putrified and loathsome frame, Reclining darkly in the dreary tomb, Again all burning in the soul's bright flame, Is wafted to the skies, on rapid plume.

Hence—the great care bestowed upon the grave; Hence—the last honors that attend the dead;

There do we bid the willow-bough to wave, There strew the flowers above the buried head.

And first we bring the flowing winding-sheet, Pure as the snow, to wrap the breathless clay; Then we embalm it with an odour sweet, And so preserve the body from decay.

What, then, should bring the sculptur'd marble near,

Or towering monument, however fair? 'Tis not with him as it would now appear—

He is not dead, but only slumbering there!

This is the thought that cheers the Christian's breast,

And makes him struggle, bravely, through the strife,

Believing firmly that death's solemn rest Will quickly cease and all again be life.

Where'er the dead demand his work of love, He hastes and hears them to their last abode;—

A faithful servant of his Lord above, This kindly care is never unbestowed.

And Nature tells each member of our race To sorrow then as o'er one common tomb; For when another leaves his earthly place,

We mourn o'er his, our own peculiar doom.

The young Tobias' saintly sire, of yore, That reverend sage, by every virtue led,

Forsook the pleasures of the banquet-stere, And hid away, attendant on the dead.

He left the goblet and the ready fare, While stood the waiting menials all around,

Bound up his garments, and, with pious care, Prepared the body for the silent ground.

\* At the burial of the dead.

And soon was seen a favour from the skies, The man of God received his just reward; The healing gail was spread upon his eyes, And sight returned, obedient to the Lord.

Thus are we taught that none shall see the X That glads the Saints in Heav'n's celestial reign, Till each hath struggled through this earthly night,

Its hours of sorrow and its paths of pain.

Our close will then have more of heav'nly trust; For through the struggles that await our end, "The narrow way" is opened to the just,

And 'tis by such that we to bliss ascend.

Thus, too, the bodies now deprived of breath, Shall spring again to meet a better day; Nor shall that life, thus warming out of death, From its new vigor ever fade away.

That chilly brow, which Death's destroying power Hath all defiled, and spread with fearful gloom,

Shall breathe again, as fragrant as the flower, And wear the light of beauty's own sweet bloom.

Then ne'er shall Age disturb our happy course, By dimming fast the loveliness of Youth; Nor shall Disease o'er waste away our force, By preying on us with its cankering tooth.

Each dreadful plague that smites us now below, Shall at that time be evermore unknown, Or, doomed to writhe beneath our present woe, And for these pangs in thousand chains atone.

The flesh victorious and immortal then, Shall mark that Plague, from yon empyreal Heav'n,

As loud it wails, and ever shall again, The griefs, the tortures once itself had given.

But, wherefore doth the lingering crowd, in vain, Thus pour abroad the mingled plaint and tear? Why should our sorrow madly thus complain, Or do we deem God's holiest will severe!

Then let the song of sadness now be o'er,— Ye weeping mothers! chase your tears away—

Their loving pledges let none now deplore— This death is nothing but Life's dawning day.

Thus the dry seed springs forth to life again, Now rotted quite and buried in the earth; The youthful blade soon peers above the plain, And the ripe ear full quickly has its birth.

Then take, O Earth! this burden to thy trust, And, like a mother, clasp it to thy breast; For thee awhile we give the mortal dust, The ashes—once of generous worth possess.

For this was, once, the palace of the soul— That bright creation of Jehovah's breath; In this shone Wisdom as a burning coal, In Christ it lived—in Christ it sleeps in death.

Hide thou the body which we thus depose; Th' Eternal One shall seek it from thee yet, Still ever mindful of the lot of those Upon whose brow His image hath been set.

For soon the day of Justice shall come on, When he shall realize each ardent vow, And thou, wide rent, restore the buried one, E'en as our hands consign it to thee now!

Tho' the vile worm for weary years should prey Upon the bones till ashes would remain, And the light dust, sull ground and worn away, Were e'en no greater than the smallest grain—

Though foaming rivers and the fiercest storm Contending wildly in the skyey void, Would dash to atoms all that lifeless form— Yet, mortal man shall never be destroyed.

But while Thou call'st the body off from here, And the dead bones Thou dost again invest, Declare, O Father! in what distant sphere Dost Thou command the virtuous soul to rest?

Is it embosomed in that sacred Siro, In whom the lowly Lazarus reposed— Whom Dives saw, from out his pool of fire, With all the light of happiness enclosed?

That voice, O Lord! we ever shall obey, By which, triumphing o'er the powers of hell, Thou call'st the robber, on thy dying day, In thy blest home of Paradise to dwell.

Now to the faithful, lo! the golden gate Of immortality doth wide unfold, We may approach and seek that blest estate Which the old Serpent wrested from our hold.

Then, bid the soul, thou Guide of wandering feet! That rest attain, while thus we humbly pray, To shine once more upon that native seat From which it wandered, exiled and astray.

Still shall our bosoms love each crumbling bone, Bid green boughs wave, and purple flowers abound, Imprint the title on the chilly stone, And pour blest waters o'er the hallow'd mound.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, December 4, 1848.

\* Nos tecta fovimus ossa, Violis et fronde decorant, Tuluraque et fragula sacra, Liquida spergemus arena.

## Gymus of the Heart.

No. 2.

### LATUS SALVATORIS.

There is an everlasting Home,  
Where contrite souls may hide;  
Where death and danger dare not come,  
The Saviour's side!

It was a cleft of matchless love,  
Open'd when He had died,—  
When mercy hail'd in worlds above  
That wounded Side!

Hail! Rock of Ages! pierc'd for me,  
The grave of all my pride;  
Hope, peace, and heaven, are all in thee,  
Thy sheltering Side!

There issued forth the double flood,  
The sin-atonng tide,—  
In streams of water and of blood,  
From that dear Side!

There is the only Fount of Bliss,  
In joy and sorrow tried,—  
No refuge for the heart like this,—  
A Saviour's Side!

Thither the Church through all her days,  
Points as a faithful guide,  
And celebrates with ceaseless praise,  
The spear-pierc'd Side!

(From the Buffalo Daily Courier.  
IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

MR. EDITOR:—In an article on "Irving's Columbus," in last evening's *Buffalo Commercial*, intended as critical, apparently editorial, the writer greets the monks and men of the middle ages in the following cavalier-like terms:—

"During a long night of monkish bigotry and false learning, geography and other sciences had been lost to the European nations."

"Irving's Columbus" did not require this unhistorical and stale charge to render it popular.—It originated in ignorance and religious hate, and reflects no honor on those who persist in repeating it.

There is not a word of truth in the assertion.—The monks alluded to, were no bigots, if men will be informed of the definition of the term; the learning of the middle ages was not false, and Science had not departed from the nations.

The monuments of art studding the European world with countless folios of the mediæval time on almost every subject, filling the libraries of every land, proclaim to all who will think, and will be informed, that Science had not passed away from Europe during the middle ages.

There is no century of that misrepresented period without its great men, great intellect, great as modern great men, with all the advantages they derive from the past.

They may not have been as intimately acquainted with technical phrenology, clairvoyance, homœopathy, stock speculation, pipelaying in politics, bankruptcy, and usurious practices; yet, in the absence of this important section of modern knowledge, a goodly number will, throughout all time, be considered morally and intellectually great.

There have been many discoveries in the world of science since their day, but if the absence of the knowledge of these discoveries be evidence of ignorance, then by the same rule it is as legitimate to presume that there will be more discoveries than there, the time may come, centuries hence, when an ignorant or ungrateful posterity will consider itself justified in accusing our age of ignorance. It may then so happen, the idea is in keeping with the charge made against the monks and men of the middle age, that five hundred or a thousand years hence, some person will be charitably occupied, as I am now, in proving that we were not men of false learning, and that all science had not disappeared from our midst.

Why! we already, at least some of us, know so much more than our fathers, that many commence to pity their ignorance.

But to be serious. Is the civilization of the smallest tribe in old Europe to be considered a less beneficial or less glorious work than the "measurement of a degree of latitude," or the teaching of so many nations there the truths of God, and the dignity of humanity universally degraded by idolatry, less worthy of praise and honorable record, than the "calculating the circumference of the earth?"

Considering but as the mere humanist, the action of the men now censured, in the social

and moral elevation of our race, I could not withhold from them the highest meed of praise, and would place them amongst the first of the generous benefactors of the family of man.

There lived on the borders of this city a short time since, a tribe of red men, the great majority unchristian and uncivilized, and they left us a little better than when we found them, savages, while a great many of them had suffered in morals, by association with us.

If the monks and secular priests of the middle ages had done as little for our race as has been done here for the aborigines since the pilgrims to the north landed on the rock of Plymouth, we would, in all probability, not know enough to distinguish between intellectuality and ignorance.

When I perceive through history, hordes of fierce, uncivilized men rushing on Europe from the North and steppes of Asia, effacing its civilization and eradicating the vestiges of its greatness, and in a little time find it polished, civilized and intellectual through the wondrous self-sacrificing zeal of those heroes in the cause of God and man, I must say that ignorance alone censure, and ingratitude revile the monks and priests of the middle ages.

To those who eternally boast of their superior science, as if it were a criterion of christian truth, I will only say that Catholicity is possessed of, at least, as much of the field of science as they are, whilst to it belongs the still higher glory of converting and civilizing the nations.

FRANKLIN.

### POLITICS.

Politics are a branch of general ethics or morals, and embrace whatever concerns the constitution of the State and the administration of the government. In them three things are always to be considered,—principles, measures, men; or, the form of the constitution, the policy of the government, and the men who are to reduce the policy to practice; or simply, the constitution, the administration, and the administrators.

The constitution or form of the government, that is, the mode or manner of organizing the state, may be monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic, and the age in which we live, pronounces almost exclusively in favour of the latter. For the last hundred years the people all through southern, central, and western Europe, have been struggling with more or less energy, with more or less perseverance, with more or less violence, to introduce and establish the democratic form of government; but as yet with indifferent success.

Many amongst us, look upon the Democratic as the only legitimate form of government, and therefore regard all efforts to establish it as right and praiseworthy. They look upon it as the only form compatible with liberty, and suppose that in proportion as it advances liberty is gained. Hence, they sympathise warmly with the people who rise up against monarchy or aristocracy, and attempt to establish popular government; and however terrible the means they adopt, they conclude them to be justified by the end. But, in themselves considered, forms of government are indifferent. The end of government is the public good, the maintenance of peace or justice between man and man. There is no form of government which may not do this; none that cannot, if it chooses, neglect it. An arbitrary government, that is, a government of mere will, whether the will of one, or of the few, or of the many, is despotism, and has and can have no legality. But where the will that governs is tempered by reason, or subjected to law, written or unwritten, the government is legitimate, whatever its form, and subjection to it is no infringement of liberty.

The mistake committed by the people is not in regarding Democracy as legitimate, when it is established,—or in yielding it a most hearty support when it is the law, but in supposing it the only legitimate form, and in seeking to establish it in countries where it does not exist, and where, in fact, the manners, customs, and habits of the people are opposed to it. This assumes, since politics are a branch of morals, that the Church condemns all forms of government but the Democratic, which is not true. She decides, abstractly considered, in favour of no one, and against no one. Consequently, she requires us to reject no one of them where it is established, and to introduce no one of them where another exists. Yet if Democracy were the only legitimate form of government, she would insist upon its being introduced everywhere, and impose upon the people the duty of seeing it done and done without delay.

With us the Democratic order, to a very considerable extent prevails. Our adversaries say the Church is opposed to this order, and contend that she ought not to be suffered to spread here, because, if she does, she will destroy our free institutions. Now, in order to rebut this charge, it will not do to contend that the Democratic is the only legitimate order, and to hurry on the people here and everywhere into radical excesses. All we can say is, this order is the legitimate order here, and here our religion commands us to support it; we cannot say that we ought or that it would be right for us to support it everywhere; for that would assert that Democracy is the only government that does or can exist by divine right, which the Church forbids us to assert.

The answer to our adversaries is not in making a profession of Democracy; but in stating the simple fact that the Church treats every form of government as legitimate where it is established, and therefore, the Democratic. She commands her children to support the legitimate government, and forbids them to disobey it. The Democratic is the only legitimate order here, and therefore here, Catholics are bound by their religion to support Democracy, and forbidden to conspire against it.

This is the true answer, and the true is always the best answer. To go further, and attempt to show that the Church is partial to Democracy, that is only the political application of her own principles, and therefore that it is the form of government she must prefer, as is done in a work by an American Catholic, before us, is to go farther than our religion warrants; for the Church has shown during eighteen hundred years that the monarchical or the aristocratic form of government is as compatible with her principles and institutions as Democracy.

As Catholics, we are bound to support the Democratic order where it is the law, simply because it is the law, and we can no more be good Catholics than loyal subjects, if we do not keep the law.—But, for the same reason that we are bound to support the Democratic order here, we are bound to support the monarchical, or the aristocratic order, wherever one or the other of them is the law. But to contend for Democracy on the ground that it ought to be the law, where it is not, would be to declare Democracy to be the only legitimate form of government, and to assert for the people in all countries where it is not established, the right to conspire to introduce it, which is not allowable.—*Boston Catholic Observer.*

### CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ST. LOUIS.

Cathedral Parrish free school—Boys	160
" " " —Girls	250
St. Francis under the Jesuits—Boys	400
" " under the Sisters of Charity	300
St. Patrick's—Boys (English)	70
" " —Girls	250
St. Joseph's—School about to open	
St. Vincent's—Boys and Girls	160
St. Mary's—Boys	40 or 50
" " —Girls just opened	30

Besides this there are four free schools or five in progress of building.

There are 210 Orphans.

There is also the University directed by the Jesuit Fathers, the school of the Sacred Heart, the school of the Visitation, and recently a school has been opened by religious ladies from Hungary.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ESTABLISHMENTS.—A circular which has been compiled and issued by Dr. Walsh the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Metropolitan District assisted by his coadjutor, Dr. Wiseman, was read by the clergy in several Roman Catholic churches and chapels throughout the metropolis and the environs on Sunday last. The circular stated that it was the intention, as far as practicable of the heads of the Romish church in this country to collect the poor and destitute children of that faith who had been deprived of their parents and were now in the various work-houses of the district, or roaming the streets of the metropolis, uncared and unprovided for, with an almost certainty of ultimately becoming, through ill example and bad company, the pests of society. The circular further stated, that there was good reason to know that many hundreds of Roman Catholic children in the metropolis were in this situation, and that by wresting them from it, a material benefit would be conferred on society at large, at the same time that an important and essential religious duty be performed. With this intent, it appears that some

premises, near the Southall station of the Great Western Railway, have been purchased, and a number of orphan children established therein, who have been furnished with a resident clergyman and tutors, and are fully provided for in every way, which premises are to be increased without delay, and to assist which, by their contributions, the faithful are earnestly enjoined, for the benefit of society as well as the individuals themselves. It appears further, from this episcopal circular, that a number of ladies have lately arrived from the continent, and have settled at Norwood, where an establishment has been formed for the reception of female orphans, and to the assistance of which the Bishop enjoins the Roman Catholic ladies of the metropolis to give their best endeavours, at the same time that they are entreated to visit the place.—*London Times.*

AN IMPORTANT CONCESSION.—Popery as a political institution in Italy, has recently been subjected to some important modifications, which may pave the way to its ultimate overthrow; but Pius the Ninth has not relaxed in the slightest degree the spiritual pretensions, or renounced a single article of the religious creed of the Gregories, the Leos and the Bonifaces of the middle ages. Men seriously mistake the character of that system and the strength of its hold upon the world, if they suppose that its days are finished or likely to be finished soon. Its influence in this country is just beginning to be felt on our schools at the ballot box and in the family.—*Alliance and Visitor.*

ETIQUETTE AT THE QUIRINAL.—We quote the following from the correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"Sick of solitary dinners, the etiquette of several hundred years with his predecessors, the Pope gave a banquet at the Quirinal Palace on the 13th inst., to Count Rossi, inviting to meet him Cardinals Orioli, Soglia, Patrizi, and Vannicelli Lonsignors Piccolomini, Borromeo, Stella, and della Porta, Count Mastai (his own brother,) the ambassador Duc di Rignano, with Prince Altieri, Colonel of the Noble Guard.—This is not the least startling innovation for which the memory of Pius Nono will be famous in future ages. Does not (Alexander) Pope describe some personage as claiming renown, because that he

Judicious drank; and—greatly daring—dined.

L'Abbe Armand de Charbonnel, parish priest of St. James, at Montreal, has been recalled to France by his ecclesiastical superior, to take charge of the Seminary of Aix in Provence.—Rumor had spoken of higher honors awaiting him in Canada, for which his virtues and learning eminently qualify him.

From the *Catholic Herald.*

Translated from the Italian of Tornelli's Hymn to the Virgin.

I live in bitter pain and silent sadness,  
Thee—not addressing source of peace and gladness,  
Mary most pure! nor thy blest name imploring;  
With love divine thy hallow'd form adoring—  
For ever blest be 'he day and hour  
When by the hatred of the world oppress'd  
Burning with holy love, to thee I fled for rest.

Oh Virgin Queen of Heaven! I love but thee  
When without peace and silent faith abiding,  
I love but thee, when without love I live—  
Oh Holy Mary! in thy care confiding—  
Breathing my cares on thy maternal breast,  
Even as a dove within its happy nest.

F. C.

### Births

December 29—Mrs Gray of a Son.  
29—Mrs Doran of a Son.  
30—Mrs Calahan of a Daughter.  
January 2—Mrs Walsh of a Son.  
5—Mrs DeCoursey of a Son.  
5—Mrs Gastler of a Daughter.

### Died.

January 2—Jane Catherine, infant daughter of Mathew and Mary Lynch, aged 1 year and 7 months.  
" 4—Teresa, infant daughter of Thomas and Catherine Magee, aged 10 months.  
" 4—Mary, daughter of Patrick and Catherine Lonergan, aged 4 years.