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THE CROSS.



NEW

SIXPENCE.

VOL. 3.

No. 48.

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, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- NOVEMBER 28—Sunday—First of Advent.
29—Monday—S. Gelasius I P. C. Doub Sup.
30—Tuesday—S. Andrew Apostle Doub Hcl.
DECEMBER 1—Wednesday—S. Didacus C. Semid in Brev 12 Novem.
2—Thursday—S. Bibiana Virg M. Semid.
3—Friday—S. Francis Xavier C. Doub.
4—Saturday—S. Peter Chrysologus B. C. and Doct Doub.

COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED BY THE REV. MR. NUGENT TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL COUNCILS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH OF LYONS AND PARIS.

St. George's, Bermuda, 10th June, 1847.

GENTLEMEN—

Having had the happiness last year to accompany the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax, in the General Visitation of our extensive Diocese, I beheld so many things worthy of notice that I thought that I should render a service to Religion as well as to the Catholics of Nova Scotia, by sending you a brief account of them. Before, however, I could realize my intention, such was the desolate condition of the poor Catholics here, that his Lordship was obliged to send me from Halifax to Bermuda. I have at this moment a short respite from my missionary labors, and I gladly take up my pen to give you some account of the state of our Holy Religion in Nova Scotia, as it fell under my own observation, in a tour of nearly seven hundred miles.—Though it is probable you will have heard before now, some account from the Bishop himself of the many consoing circumstances connected with this Visitation, still it occurs to me that my narrative may not be totally devoid of interest. Moreover I am of opinion that to pass them over in silence, would be an injustice to that noble Society over which you preside, and whose exertions in the cause of Religion are so deeply felt and so gratefully appreciated in Nova Scotia.

In the early part of July 1816 the Bishop of the Diocese of Halifax, Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, accompanied by your humble servant, left Halifax on a Visitation of the Diocese. It had been the Bishop's wish to be enabled to accomplish a general visitation long before; but the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, the long journey he was compelled to make to Rome in order to settle those disputes which had unfortunately agitated this Diocese, and the delay consequent upon their final adjustment, prevented the realization of a desire long and ardently entertained. You must be aware that the topics in dispute had been agitated for years before the appointment of Dr. Walsh, and although, of course, they involved nothing of a doctrinal nature, they were productive of much bitterness of feeling, and retarded the advancement of that holy cause which every sincere Catholic has so much at heart.

At length however, the time came when the Bishop felt himself at liberty to carry that cherished wish into effect. Tranquility had been restored to the Diocese, and the development of its religious resources was the next great object to which he devoted his best energies, his most earnest attention.

We set out on our journey at an early hour in the morning of the 7th of July from Halifax on our way to Windsor. The day was intensely hot. Our baggage was rather heavy and unwieldy, for in addition to the Episcopal vestments, ornaments and other matters which we had brought for the Bishop's use, we had also brought a variety of things for distribution among the Faithful as we went along, besides vestments, pictures, chalices, ciboriums, and everything in fact connected with the service of the Altar, to be left in the different churches that needed them, and indeed, I believe there was scarcely one Church that could not be ranked in that catalogue. At all events the flanks of our horses bore evidence to the heat of the day and the weight of our baggage. To give the animals some relief we stopped at a little village hotel for a few hours, and having partaken of a slight refreshment, we set out again towards evening, intending to remain at a sort of Hotel, thirty miles distant from Halifax, so as that we might reach Windsor fifteen miles distant, at an early hour in the morning. It was now perfectly dark. The

heat of the day, and the jolting of a waggon over a rough road had rendered us tired and sleepy, but there was not a light shining through a window of the uncomfortable looking mansion, to encourage us with the hope that we might rest there during the night. After sundry knocks at the door, and shouting at the top of our voice, we succeeded in rousing up one of the inmates, who gave us the very unwelcome intelligence that if we wanted a lodging for the night, we should go on two or three miles farther, as their house afforded no accommodation. Accordingly summoning up all our patience and philosophy, we again turned our horses' heads towards the road—but so dark was the night, so little acquainted were we with the place, so reluctant did the horses appear to go on, and so jaded and fatigued were we after the journey of the day, that we deliberated whether we should not turn in the horses by the side of the fence that lined the road, and remain there until daylight, rather than pursue a difficult and dangerous track leading we know not where, and with very little probability that we should soon arrive at the house which we were seeking. Ten o'clock at night, however, brought us to the house to which we were directed. The light of the candle gleaming through the window was delightful as it indicated our journey's end. The room in which the Bishop slept during the night was about five feet square, whilst the writer was compelled, notwithstanding all his fatigue, to repose as he best might, on a couch, scarcely wide enough to allow the body of a child to repose at ease. I mention these circumstances merely to show you how the successors of the Apostles must sometimes travel and lodge in this quarter of the world. But although the hall of no Episcopal palace resonnds to the tread of their footsteps, there is many a noble heart beating with exultation at their approach. Heralds of consolation! it matters not in what guise they appear. Seated by the rude hearth of the man who has built his hut of logs in the midst of the wilderness, and who seemed to spurn that civilisation from which he removed so far, marks of the most endearing confidence and filial affection are still lavished upon the Bishop, and an assurance written upon his heart that he is the Minister of a wonder-working religion—a religion that covers the blasted heath with verdure, and shows forth new beauty where the eye would look for nothing but sterility, desolation, and death. Our tour indeed has been one of consolation; but I must not anticipate. Anxious to resume our journey we were up early in the morning, and on the road about six o'clock.—Windsor situated nearly due west of Halifax, is the first station of any importance that you meet on your way to the Westward. It is very handsomely situated, surrounded by a fine alluvial country, and when viewed from any of the surrounding heights would not lose by a comparison with many of the boasted landscapes in European countries. Its chief article of export is gypsum, large quantities of which are exported to the United States, and the sale of cattle and provisions is I believe very considerable. The country as one approaches Windsor possesses many agreeable points of view, but that through which we passed the day before, was covered with a sort of stunted brushwood, with here and there a green patch of good looking land reclaimed with difficulty from the dreary waste that surrounded it. The population of the town and neighborhood may amount to about two thousand souls, and like almost every other town in Nova Scotia, that small town is divided into five or six different Sectarian Bodies, although formerly the whole district was Catholic, Windsor having been first settled by the French. Our

church here though presenting nothing like strict architectural proportions in its exterior, is neatly ornamented inside. Some of the pictures given to the Bishop by your Society contribute in no slight degree to its embellishment. When the resources of the Mission will enable the resident clergyman to add a little to the length of the church, and to erect a steeple being placed in a commanding position, it will be an ornament to the town and a credit to the increasing congregation.

Upon our arrival at Windsor we found that the Missionary of the district, the Rev. Mr. Hannan, was absent, but we were told that he would be back in the course of the day from Kentville, a station twenty eight miles distant farther West, whither he had gone a few days previously to give his congregation there due notice of the Bishop's approach, and to prepare such persons as he deemed fit to receive it for the Sacrament of Confirmation. It may be as well to mention that in the Autumn of 1845 the Bishop had travelled as far as Windsor, and twice administered this Sacrament to a great many adults and children, but such are the ever varying necessities of a missionary country that fresh numbers poured in upon this occasion demanding that the holy seal of Faith should be stamped upon their souls. Among this number there were a great many Indians, whose confessions were heard by means of interpreters, and whose edifying and pious demeanors showed how deeply the religious principle had been engrafted upon their hearts. The work of preparation having been gone through, the Bishop proceeded to administer the Sacrament on the evening of 9th July, being the Feast of the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin. Not being Sunday, the church was not as crowded as is usual on such occasions, but still the number of Protestants was very great. Having read the gospel of the day, the Bishop delivered a chaste and animated discourse upon the life and virtues of the Blessed Virgin, vindicating her claim to those endearing titles given to her by the church, and so constantly upon the lips of her true votaries. He showed that those who affect to treat the Blessed mother of God as a mere accident in the great work of Redemption, to whom the slightest tribute of love was not due, could scarcely be said to contain just notions of the love which we owe to Jesus, and he believed that this total neglect of the prerogatives of Mary was the cause of much of that spiritual blindness which characterized his separated brethren. The discourse also embraced the doctrine of the intercession and prayers of the Saints, and the proofs adduced in support of that doctrine were urged with an earnestness and an efficacy that must have produced a powerful effect upon our Protestant friends. Towards the close of his discourse, his Lordship addressed those who were to be confirmed explaining to them the nature of the Sacrament that they were about to receive, and the dispositions that were necessary for its due reception,—he reminded them that they were living in the midst of those who had unhappily wandered from the way of truth, and that the holiness of their lives, their Catholic piety, would be the best answer to the numerous calumnies with which the doctrine and ceremonies of the Church had been assailed. The holy Sacrament of Confirmation was then administered; and to do our separated brethren justice, I must say that they listened to the Bishop's discourse and witnessed the ceremony of the administration of the Sacrament with all the attention and respectful demeanor of the devout and the serious, and they seemed no less struck by the novelty of the august ceremony, than by the decisive tone adopted by the Bishop, in the explanation of the doctrines of the Catholic

Church. The proceedings of the day were closed by the distribution of confirmation medals, books and religious pamphlets, little pictures, beads, crosses, miraculous, and other medals and some copies of the Annals of your society, given to the Bishop to the confirmed, as well as to many members of the congregation. But it was not a little singular, that in every such distribution the anxiety of the Protestants present to procure some memorial was just as ardent as that of the Catholics themselves. The children especially were so zealous in that way, that one would fancy they had been brought up in the Faith of the Church, and that they knew not, nor cared for, any other.

Having a long journey before us, we left Windsor on Friday 10th, for Horton, where his Lordship intended to confirm on the following day. A bridge on the road having been by some accident broken down, we were compelled take a circuitous direction, and travel over what is termed the mountain road, being the old line of communication between Windsor and Horton. Truly the joy experienced in this world is ever mingled with sorrow. We had left a happy and a delighted congregation behind us at Windsor, and we had largely partaken of the happiness which we were instrumental in bestowing, but that happiness was not to be unalloyed.

As we drove along we saw three men engaged in earnest conversation at some distance on the road before us. The person who seemed to take the lead in the conversation pointed several times with an earnest gesture to the direction in which we were coming. The other two seemed restless and uneasy, and looking as we thought, for some gap in the fence by which they might escape from the road. We drove up in the meantime, checking the pace of our horses as we approached them. They turned in from the road, the leader looking us full in the face, with a mingled gaze of wonder and curiosity, whilst the two other persons with their hats over their eyes turned towards the fence. We were surprised that strangers as we were in that part of the country, our presence should have excited such contrary impressions upon the minds of persons we had never seen before. Upon enquiry farther on, having described the dress and appearance of the parties as well as we could, we learned that the two persons spoken of, were Apostates, that each had acquired a property by the renunciation of his creed, and that although despised in the neighborhood in which they lived, they were among the most bitter revilers of that ancient Faith whose Bishop they were afraid or ashamed to look in the face. Perhaps we should not altogether despair of their conversion. As long as the conscience is susceptible of the salutary impression of shame, some hope may be entertained. Their more honest companion has, we trust, received a useful lesson as to the extent of the sincerity with which they profess the new doctrine which they have embraced. What a contrast those poor wretches presented with the noble and satisfied demeanor of the Converts whom we received into the bosom of the true Church on our journey through the country, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak farther on. Journeying on, however, over the deserted and mountainous track that we were compelled to take, and which is seldom passed over by travellers, when nearly arrived at the summit of the hill which commands an extensive view of Horton, and the surrounding country, we were struck by a sight at once novel, interesting and deeply affecting. Kneeling on a grass plot, opposite a half-ruined cottage, surrounded by a thick, and nearly impene-

trable forest, was a man of about fifty years of age, with his wife and four or five children, in the same attitude. Some one had told him that the Bishop was at Windsor, and knowing that the communication by the usual road had been interrupted, he thought it probable that his Lordship would take the road over the mountains. Hearing the rattling of the waggon as we ascended, and soon recognising the Bishop by his pectoral cross, he threw himself on his knees awaiting the Episcopal blessing. He had been living on that lonely spot for twenty years. During all that time he had never seen a bishop of his Church, and seldom indeed was he gladdened by the sight of a priest. The Bishop having descended to pronounce his blessing over this poor man; we saw tears of joy streaming down his browned, and weather-beaten face. His wife too, poor woman! wept with the like joy to behold a Bishop once more, and the children in sympathy wept with the parents, although they know but little of the Episcopal office or dignity. Our hearts were deeply moved at this touching sight, and we thought to ourselves that white Catholicity planted such faithful sentinels upon the mountain tops even in the wilderness, whose simple hearts, and faith stronger than adamant, were a proof against every assault, in vain would the little scholists of the day, the guilty denizens of cities level their attacks against her impregnable ramparts.— We went into the cottage or cabin, and having delayed there for a short time, we bid adieu to this worthy family, leaving behind us some tokens of our visit and of our warm admiration of their conduct. With great difficulty we gained the summit of the hill, but the descent, in many places, we found more dangerous than even we did the upward road. Horton is one of the prettiest places in Nova Scotia. The soil is fertile and kept in tolerably good cultivation. It may be interesting to you to know that this beautiful country was first reclaimed from the forest by the Acadians when Nova Scotia was a province of France.— Wherever you look you behold evidences of their industry and activity. They successfully resisted the encroachments of the sea; here, at Kentville, and at Cornwallis, styled the garden of Nova Scotia. They left works behind them which they fondly fancied might be of use to their far distant posterity. Their lives were lives of innocence and happiness. For purity of morals, and rectitude of conduct, according to the testimony of Protestant writers, they stood unequalled. As far as happiness can be attained here below, the gentle Acadians seemed to possess it. The Church raised its spire in the midst of every village in which they dwelt. The sound of the bell summoned them betimes in the morning to adore that God to whom they were indebted for so many blessings. They listened with reverence to the voice of that dear Pastor who was even more ready to partake of their sufferings than he had been to share their joys. He was their father, and they were his children. No magistrate nor constable ever set an intruding foot into their peaceful homes. They knew not what litigation was. Poverty was unknown, for no one ever experienced poverty while his neighbor possessed riches. But alas! the Devil gazed with an envious eye upon this beautiful picture of happiness. Soon would the burning brand of the heartless Puritan reduce the beloved homestead to ashes. His inveterate hatred of that Faith which two centuries before was cherished by his English forefathers, that cant and hypocrisy inherited so largely from those who had brought Charles the First to the block, made the plunder and devastation of the Acadian villages by those ruthless Puritans a scene of unmingled delight. With what barbarous exultation did they behold the emblem of our Faith, crackling in the flames and about falling to the ground!! At the sight of their churches on fire, the Acadians, no longer able to restrain their feelings, rushed from the woods, where they had retired from their pursuers, but overpowered by numbers

and over-matched in ferocity, they were compelled to retire, leaving the field of fire and blood covered with the dead bodies of their countrymen. O! if Cabinet-ministers could be made to feel the woes which they produce, if the burning brand and the sharp sword made their own homes a scene of desolation, even their callous hearts might feel for the once happy peasantry of Acadia! But I find that I am depressing, for surely it is unnecessary to call to your memory those bloody struggles in which the rival powers had been engaged before Nova Scotia was finally ceded to the British Government. Such, however, was the country in which we had arrived. We had no doubt that it had been sprinkled with the blood of many martyrs, and we felt that a soil irrigated by water so precious, would one day yield abundant religious fruit. There is an affecting instance related of an Indian who stood at the door of his wig-wam determined to perish rather than abandon an aged Priest who had sought shelter there. The Puritans equally determined to run down their prey, threatened the Indian that they would shoot him if he did not immediately turn the Priest out of his wig-wam. The noble child of the forest instead of regarding the brutal mandate, made a shield of his own body to cover the venerable Priest; when the same murderous discharge of fire-arms brought them both to the ground. The Puritans hated Catholicity—they would extinguish it for ever. Vain effort! As well might they seek to crush the power of its Founder, and blot the name of Jesus from the memory of men. Catholicity still flourishes on this soil, and in spite of the brand, and the axe, and the sword, the hatred, and the blasphemy of the old Puritan, the Catholics number vastly more than any sect in Nova Scotia.

From an early hour in the morning the congregation had been awaiting our arrival in the Church, and in the neighbouring Churchyard. Knowing that many of them had come from a great distance, we immediately proceeded to this humble temple, recently white washed in expectation of our visit. The site on which it stands is excellent, but rather too far removed from the most populous portion of the district. If one could forget for a moment the object to which the Church is consecrated, its rude and primitive style of architecture would excite a smile of pity, or contempt, but the solemn earnestness of those who worship there makes one love the place that sees such devoted worshippers assembled. Some time may elapse before we can replace it by a Church better suited to the necessities of the place, and to the solemnity and dignity of our worship; but that time will come, and come most certainly. On entering the Church the Bishop proceeded to the altar, and having remained in prayer for a short time, he gave the Episcopal blessing to the people. His Lordship, the Revd. Mr. Haazar, and myself, then sat down to hear their Confessions. Among those who approached the Holy Tribunal there were a great many Indians, as at Windsor. We remained in the Church 'till a late hour, giving the people notice when we were going away, that we should resume the duty of hearing Confessions at six o'clock in the morning, so as that all who were to be confirmed might be ready to receive the Sacrament at the hour of eleven. The morning's travel, and the other labours we had endured quite unmaned us. Our duty was imperative, however, and besides did we not well know the nature of missionary life in Nova Scotia. Still, though our lodging was two miles distant, we were in the Church, seated on our rude benches, at 6 o'clock, the hour appointed, and immediately commenced the business of the day. Besides those who were preparing for confirmation, many of the faithful already confirmed took advantage of the opportunity afforded them, to approach the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. At half-past ten o'clock the august Sacrifice was offered by the Bishop. The Protestants who live in this district, being for the most part Baptists, or persons who reject the doctrine of infant baptism, his Lordship took occasion, in the discourse which he delivered after Mass, to refer to the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church upon the subject of this great Sacrament. The absurdity of the rule of faith adopted by his separated brethren, had, he conceived, been fully shown by the diversity of opinions entertained by them, on the subject of Purgatory. The Baptist maintained that it was conformable to the Scriptures to administer this Sacrament to children, while on the other hand the Church of Eng-

land defended the practice, as conformable to the true spirit of the Gospel. Now, either of those opinions must be false; for surely a thing cannot be contrary, and conformable to, the Scriptures at the same time. Having illustrated this view of the matter in a variety of ways, His Lordship insisted that the doctrine of private interpretation not only increased the number of sects, but that it was calculated to disorganize every sect in particular. Not content with the Scriptures, there were few Sectarian bodies that had not their catechisms and confessions of faith, although they still maintained the all-sufficiency of the sacred volume. The consequence was that the utility of those formulas of faith, and their legitimate deduction from the text of Scripture, became every day a matter of dispute, until all faith dwindled down into the mere uncertainty of individual opinion. He then entered into an explanation of the Catholic rule of Faith, and referred to the wonderful unity which distinguished the Church. For the great bulk of mankind the system of submission to authority was so conformable to common reason, and to sound sense, that every departure from it essentially led to separation and to disorganization. Continuing at great length upon this subject, his Lordship concluded with an earnest and energetic appeal to his Protestant auditors, requesting them to peruse our authors, and to beg of the Almighty to purify their hearts and enlighten their minds, that they might be worthy of the truth, and enabled to see its intrinsic beauty.

The Sacrament of confirmation was then administered to about sixty persons, principally adults. The distribution of medals and other articles having taken place as at Windsor, the proceedings of the day were terminated by his Lordship's taking an affectionate leave of the people, many of whom were moved to tears, and imparting his Episcopal blessing to the assembled multitude. Returning to the lodging house in which we stopped during our stay at Horton, we ordered dinner, and gave directions that our waggon should be in readiness in the course of a few hours, as we intended to set out for Kentville, the next station, about ten miles distant, on the same evening.

The general appearance of the country about Kentville does not differ materially from that of the Horton district. It was rather advanced in the evening when we began our journey. Those calm and mellowed tints which the country assumes at the close of a summer's day, have a beauty of their own in Nova Scotia. The smiling field, the neat cottage, the dark forest, the naked rock, the glassy surface of some lake reflecting the declining rays of the sun, through the foliage in which it is embosomed, the close proximity of civilization and primeval rudeness, that indescribable mixture of scenes which one looks for in vain in the old countries of Europe, give the scenery of Nova Scotia a certain charm and interest which leave a profound impression on the memory. And upon scenes such as these did the peasants of Acadia often gaze with delight!—The sunny soil of France was almost forgotten in the luxuriant vegetation which surrounded their forest homes. Oh, the short-lived happiness of man! Not a vestige of those homes can now be seen. If they had still dwelt in the land, how clearly and joyously would the village bell proclaim the arrival of a Bishop, and how would the women and the children throng round him soliciting his blessing! Those good Acadians!! they were cruelly driven from their possessions around Kentville. But the creed which they professed still clings to the soil, and in the course of a few hours a Dignitary of the Church would stand before hundreds of Protestants of different denominations, to announce its undying truth, its immortal destiny.

It was agreed on the evening of Saturday the 11th that I should celebrate Mass at the Church of Cornwallis, the next settlement, only three miles distant, on the day following, in order to announce to the Catholics of that locality, who are much scattered, when the Bishop would be able to attend, and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. My congregation was not very large. The greater number of the Catholics, and many of the Protestants, having placed every vehicle in requisition, were seen on the road at an early hour on their way to Kentville to witness the proceedings there. The Church at Kentville, although tolerably commodious, could not contain the vast numbers of people that were pouring into it from all

sides. For the first time since it was built a Bishop was to celebrate the holy sacrifice within its walls, and the anxiety evinced by the Protestants to catch a glimpse of a Catholic Prelate arrayed in his pontificals, was described to me on my return as surpassing all bounds. The day being Sunday the neighbouring Conventicles were completely deserted. The Catholic ceremonial absorbed every idea. To secure a place in the Church where it might be seen with ease was an object of ambition. The ministers of the different sects might easily count their congregations on Sunday the 12th of July. Here, as in every place along our route, the marked attention, and the serious, religious air of the Protestants, gave a lively promise that at no distant day, the church might number many of them among the most devoted of her children, ready to spill their blood in defence of that religion which they had ever been taught to ridicule and despise. Some of course, were, or may have been, attracted by mere curiosity, upon whose hearts the word of the Lord produced but little effect; yet even these went away convinced either of their profound ignorance of our religion in times past by, or of the cruel system of deception practised upon them by their clerical guides. The only broad principle upon which Protestants agree, is that of the inherent right of private interpretation, and consequently this doctrine can be referred to, in every locality when the Preacher deems fit to exhibit the numerous absurdities that spring from its adoption. But in a country like Nova Scotia, it is utterly impossible to suit a discourse bearing upon doctrinal points to a Protestant Audience. Because if you address them as a whole, professing this or that form of religion, upon any disputed topic, or particular error, you are egregiously deceived, for in most cases it will follow that as a whole, they did not profess that error at all, and that many had given the subject no consideration whatever, and that if there were a few among them who did pay some attention to it, their notions or opinions were completely individualised.— One consequence of this unlimited liberty is, that the poor parson is afraid to contravene it. He is every day witnessing its pernicious effects. He knows that there may be several among his hearers who belonged at different times to three or four different sects. Perhaps there was something in his manner that attracted them to their present Shepherd, and he must above all, avoid every thing from which he might apprehend another religious gyration. But the Protestants of this as well as of most countries in Europe are seriously beginning to ask the question, 'Why should we listen to the reproofs of a man who has always taught us that the Bible alone was quite sufficient for all religious and moral purposes?' This idea has taken possession of the public mind. This idea is acted on, thought on, dwelt on. Like the electric spark it will run through the clouds of error, and in vain will they thunder forth their emptiness. After Mass, the Bishop of course, preached on the gospel of the day, and it was from the different opinions expressed by the Protestants on the subject of his discourse, that the foregoing observations were suggested. All admired the temperate and ingenious manner in which he referred to some leading dogmas of Protestantism, and the bold, yet affectionate manner in which he explained the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Argument, reason, persuasion, Scripture, the consent of all nations in certain matters, were successively urged by his Lordship, and though many Protestants had their opinions disturbed and disarranged to an extent perhaps never again to settle down into quietude, there was but one opinion on the fact that Catholicity could say more for itself than they had ever thought or imagined. We should pray to the Giver of all Good to move their hearts and enlighten their intellect.

I returned from Cornwallis in the evening, time enough to be present at a benediction of the most Holy Sacrament which had been announced at the morning Masses. The church was crowded as usual. We did everything we could under the circumstances, to make the ceremony as imposing as possible.— Though with such an altar, and in such a church, every idea of grandeur must be modified by very humble pretensions. But then the Soul, the life of all the churches was present, and it is to be hoped that the impression left upon the hearts of those who assisted at the Benediction will make them remember the humble Church of Kentville with a pure and holy joy. After

the ceremony the Bishop preached an effective discourse on the doctrine of confession. If we may judge by the attentive silence of the audience his Lordship's explanation of this doctrine of the Church seemed to sink deep into their hearts. Upon the whole, the religious proceedings of the day at Kentville, gave unmixed delight not only to our own brethren of the Faith, but imprinted upon the minds of the Protestants a juster, higher, and more elevated idea of the Catholic Faith than they had ever been taught to entertain.

Having to travel over a great extent of country still, we were obliged to limit the labor of weeks to so many days, and try, if possible to accomplish the task set before us. The Church of Cornwallis being, as I said, about three miles from the main road, we thought it better to have the Sacrament of Confirmation administered there in the first place, as in case of any disappointment, the parties might find us at Kentville the only place in the neighborhood where there was anything in the shape of a lodging. Accordingly on Monday the 13th, the Rev. Mr. Hannan and myself drove to Cornwallis. Men, women and children crowded together, or conversing in groups awaited our arrival. We quickly made a selection of those whom we deemed fit for confirmation and sat down to hear their confessions.— With the exception of a few short intervals, we had been engaged in hearing them for nine hours. The day was excessively hot, and the little church in which we sat so suffocatingly crowded, that so far as personal comfort was concerned, our task was by no means a pleasant one. Many had come from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, bringing their entire families with them, and leaving their houses and properties under the care of some charitable neighbours. Living so far away they did not know the exact day set apart for the Confirmation, and it was with pain towards the close of the evening that we saw some of them walking up and down the road in front of the Church, not knowing where they might seek shelter during the night.

It was nearly dark when we rejoined the Bishop at Kentville who, owing to the fatigue of the day before, had been unable to accompany us to Cornwallis on Monday. Intending to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Tuesday 14th we left Kentville at an early hour, and were soon on the road to Cornwallis. We thought that we had accomplished much the day previous in the hearing of Confessions, but still fresh crowds poured in upon us. We intended to hear only those who had been preparing for confirmation, but such was the anxiety of many of the poor people to approach the holy tribunal and be reconciled with God that we cheerfully underwent the additional labour thus imposed upon our shoulders. We heard confessions all the morning, the Bishop sitting under the open air. Towards noon his Lordship celebrated a Pontifical High Mass which was offered for the repose of His Holiness Gregory XVI. of glorious memory, assisted by the clergymen, when he had the happiness of administering the Holy Communion to a large number of the Faithful. The Confessions not having been entirely heard, we again sat down after Mass, and towards three o'clock the Sacrament of Confirmation was conferred upon ninety-six persons, men, women and children. When the Bishop had addressed the newly confirmed upon the nature of the obligations which they had that day contracted, he proceeded to the distribution of books, medals and pictures as in the stations already mentioned.

In the evening a meeting, at which the Bishop presided, had been convened in the Church for the purpose of raising funds towards the erection of a new House of Worship, or if that should be found impracticable, to enlarge and ornament the old one. To those who know what hardships and sufferings those poor people undergo in the inclemency of our winter—with what labour and difficulty they force the soil to yield a livelihood, the amount of their contributions, though small, would appear generous and munificent. There are very few of the Catholics living in the rich valley of Cornwallis. They dwell for the most part on the mountains which bound it on the North East, where the soil is barren, and requires much labour to render it productive. They have been sorely tried too in the furnace of tribulation. Some few years ago we had but very few priests in the Western section of the Diocese. It

was rarely that a clergyman could find time to visit the Catholics of Cornwallis, and yet during a period of many years scarcely one case of apostasy occurred.

Their long trial fidelity, however, would not be without its reward. The Bishop assured them that a clergyman would visit them more frequently, and that they should have every opportunity of attending to their religious duties, a promise which has since been realized. We remained a short time in the village to take some refreshments, and rest ourselves after the labours of the day. We bid an affectionate farewell to those good people, who seemed waiting for our departure as the signal for their own. We returned to Kentville, leaving behind us many happy hearts, buoyant hopes, and high aspirations. The work of the visitation would have been considerably lessened, if, as is usual, the people had been prepared by a resident pastor for the reception of the Sacraments, but the district through which we were travelling was so extensive that almost in every instance we were obliged to perform that duty ourselves. On Wednesday 15th we proceeded to the Church at Kentville, and during that day, and the greater part of the day following, we were necessarily occupied in the usual routine of labour. Confessions, confirmation, exhortations, instructions, the distribution of religious memorials, meetings for Church purposes, and other matters, scarcely left us a moment of time to ourselves. The solemn ceremony of the Absolution of the Dead by the Bishop concluded the proceedings at Kentville. The anxiety of the multitude to witness this ceremony was not less than upon other occasions, and the same decorum was observable in the conduct of our Protestant brethren. The Church at Kentville stands in a commanding situation, but by some unaccountable caprice of the builder its front instead of facing the main road where the view would be remarkably fine, turns in a direction obstructed by hills and trees almost overhanging the building, and commanding no view whatever.—Being built of wood, the interior still unfinished, and presenting no obstacle to its being turned in the proper position, his Lordship represented the matter to the principal Catholics, and we have no doubt that when the requisite funds shall have been collected for its completion, his suggestion will be acted on with all willingness.

The rising sun of Friday 17th reminded us that we had hundreds of miles yet to travel, and that we must be soon on the road in order to secure some shelter for the night. Leaving Kentville, where we had remained nearly a week, and confirmed sixty or so persons, we set out for Bridgetown, forty-five miles distant, hoping to arrive at Annapolis by easy travelling in the forenoon of the day following. We had thought that, with the exception of the delays necessary to give our horses rest, we should experience no interruption on the road. We were disappointed however, for no matter where we stopped, many Catholics from the surrounding district came to see us. Some had children to be baptized, others whose homes were far distant from the principal missionary stations, were determined at least to have a glance at their Bishop as he passed along the road. The affection with which these poor people greeted us was, indeed, touching in the extreme; and we regretted that our limited time prevented us from saying more than a few passing words of consolation. At Aylesford, where the number of Catholics is considerable, we delayed for nearly two hours. A Protestant gentleman living there had given his Roman Catholic brethren a beautiful site for the erection of a Church. We found our people collected on the spot, expressing their warm admiration of the truly liberal Mr Willet, and their determination to erect the Church as speedily as possible. At the time of which I speak there was not a stick of wood on the ground for the purpose, and little did we think that when the Bishop was sketching the plan of the proposed edifice, before twelve months the Holy Sacrifice should be offered up in it, and that too by a clergyman whose place of residence is so near that he may be justly considered a resident Priest. This was a change which the good Catholics of Aylesford did not expect, but which God has made your noble Society an instrument in accomplishing. It was late when we arrived at Bridgetown. We did not expect to find any of the faithful here, but we were agreeably disappointed. It was soon whispered about that the Bishop had arrived, and although Bridgetown is a

stronghold of dissent in all its varieties, we saw some faces gazing at us so familiarly that we could have no doubt whatever as to their Catholic identity. Before our departure, the day after, his Lordship said Mass in one of the rooms of our lodging, baptized two children, and made arrangements for the purchase of a small piece of land upon which a temporary Church might be built, so as that the Catholics of Bridgetown would have some centre of attraction, however humble, until Providence would be pleased to enlarge the fold of the faithful in that township.

On Saturday, 18th July, we entered Annapolis, distant one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Halifax. Annapolis is the most ancient town in Nova Scotia. It was the Capital of the Province when the French held possession of the country, and continued as such during many years of its occupancy by the English. All the historical antiquity of which Nova Scotia can boast, centres round Annapolis. It was the theatre of sanguinary struggles which saw it taken and retaken several times, as each of the parties triumphed or was subdued. Although the interest it possessed for us was connected with different associations from those of war and slaughter, our emotions were aroused at the sight of this ancient capital. The first church erected in Nova Scotia once stood at Annapolis.—It was here that the sound of the Church bell, and the paternal voice of the devoted priest first called the savage from his wigwam to listen to those words of eternal truth, whose echo still rings in his ears after the lapse of centuries. It was from this spot that the missionaries first penetrated into the forest to win the soul of the wandering savage to God. Weak, unprotected, confiding in Him who sent them, they taught the true nature of that Great Spirit whom the Indian ignorantly adored.—Their work still remains. Their memory is still hallowed.—But of those who shed their blood so freely for Kings, and their quarrels, scarce a recollection is retained. An old guard-house in ruins, and a dismantled fort, are the only relics that speak to the eye of a traveller of bygone battles and sieges; but the rude child of the forest who still pitches his wigwam on the surrounding heights, and who clings to the religion of the ancient Port Royal, is a proud token of the Missionary's success and of the immortal work at which he is destined to labor. If the religion of the French had been merely national, it would have been extinguished in the torrent which swept their possessions away; but that religion was familiar to other climes, and professed by men of iron wills, endowed from on High, to give it permanency in Annapolis. Though shorn of its ancient splendor, catholicity is not extinct in Port Royal. Its roots are shooting deep into the earth, and its branches are spreading apace. May we not hope that through the intercession of the glorious St Louis of France, to whom our new Church was dedicated by the Bishop, the blessings of true religion will be once more abundantly diffused among the people of old Port Royal.

The interest excited by our arrival at Annapolis, was fully equal to any that we had witnessed in the stations of which I have already spoken. Persons of all denominations crowding into the Church on Sunday, the 19th, scarcely left room for a passage to the altar, and it was with some difficulty we forced our way through the dense crowd that awaited our arrival at the time appointed for the celebration of Pontifical High Mass. In the course of the morning, the Rev. Mr. Hannan and myself, said our masses in the Church, which were attended by large congregations, composed principally of Catholics; but at the High Mass, so anxious were the Protestants to be present, that although we had caused a temporary gallery to be erected, the accommodation was by no means sufficient.—Many an eager face peered through the windows from the outside, and the multitude that beset the entrance, without being able to obtain admittance, would, of themselves, form a numerous congregation. This was the first High Mass chanted at Annapolis, probably, during the last one hundred and fifty years. We had a tolerably efficient Choir, and it was with honest pride and exultation that we listened to the beautiful hymns of our Church, as they wafted us back to the days of old, when the same tone, and the same chaunt, unchanged by time, resounded through the valley, and although silent for more than a century, awoke again with renewed animation. After Mass,

the Bishop preached as usual, referring to a variety of topics, and elucidating the doctrines of the Catholic Church in a clear and forcible manner. The vast audience appeared to be deeply affected when his Lordship spoke of Annapolis as it was in times of old. The mutability of all earthly things was strikingly illustrated from the history of the spot on which he stood; but there was one thing so singularly unchangeable amid all things that change, so constant, so invariable, that the hand of God was visible in its preservation. If the English ancestors of those who now inherit a large portion of the soil of the valley of Annapolis, could come to life again, they would not know the religion of their children. but if the old French inhabitants of Acadia could have been present in the Church during the ceremonies of the day, there was not a movement of the bishop or priest, that would not be as familiar to them as household words; not a word uttered on that altar that would not speak to the heart, as it did nearly three centuries ago. He had come among them to announce that immortal religion again. It had not changed. It would not change. What it was in the days of its most bitter, its fiercest persecutors; the same it was to-day. It made no compromises. It accepted none. Such was the religion which Catholics professed—the only religion which can rescue man from that indifference in matters of faith which is the forerunner of deism and atheism—the only religion in the world which ever kept so many millions of christians scattered over the globe in perfect unity of doctrine and practice. I could see some Protestants weep during the sermon.

At Vespers the concourse was fully as great as in the morning. Though much fatigued, the Bishop preached again, resuming some points which he had merely touched on before.—The discourses delivered by his Lordship at Annapolis, were, I think, among the most powerful that I had heard from him during the visitation. We had the happiness in the course of the week to receive seven persons into the bosom of the true Church, from Annapolis and its neighbourhood. Even so late as midnight, the Bishop, Mr. Hannan and myself, were in different directions through the country round Annapolis, administering the Sacrament of Baptism. Mr. Hannan baptized several; I had the happiness of making four christians, and the Bishop, five. Since that time, a resident Priest has been established in the Township, and we trust, that the Church under the protection of St. Louis, will soon be crowded with pious converts seeking peace for their souls where alone peace can be found. On Monday and Tuesday we resumed the usual routine of labor, in making preparations for the Sacrament of Confirmation. I do not recollect the precise number confirmed, but it must have been considerably more than at Cornwallis or Kentville, judging from the time and labor occupied in the preparation.—Then followed, of course, the distribution of books, pictures, medals, parochial meetings, church-building committees, as in the other stations already visited. I had almost forgotten to mention that it was during our stay at Annapolis, the Mail from Halifax had brought us the agreeable intelligence that Pius IX. had been elevated to the Chair of St. Peter.—We offered up a hearty prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff, and though at that time we could not anticipate the numerous benefits conferred under his paternal rule upon his immediate subjects, we revered him not the less as another link in the unbroken chain of centuries, connecting him with the blessed Apostle whom God chose as the Head of His Church. Catholicity, however, has had a splendid exponent in the person and actions of our Great Chief. May his reign be long and glorious.

I fear, gentlemen, that I have already trespassed too far upon your patience. In my next letter I shall resume the subject of the visitation, the most interesting portion of which remains yet to be described.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient and humble servant,

JOHN NUGENT,

Catholic Priest.

THE WAR IN SWITZERLAND.

The following Letter will be read with interest :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir—If another independent testimony concerning the position of parties in Switzerland can be of any use in confirming what has already appeared in your paper, I herewith gladly give it; and as it comes from a Free Church and Presbyterian Minister, it need not be suspected of proceeding out of any sympathy for Popery or the Jesuits.

Early one morning in May, 1845, I went down to the quays on the banks of the Rhone at Lyons, to join the diligence for Geneva. There was a group of twenty or thirty young men round the door of the Bureau, who, it appeared, had come to see three companions start on their journey. Strange-looking fellows most of them were, and I set them down as German tailors, as Lyons was not a place where one was likely to see so many German students, which they had the look of. It was long before I had any conversation with my fellow travellers, as they seemed distant and suspicious. During the journey, however, I gained most thoroughly their confidence, and obtained the solution of my conjectures. These were young Liberals from the Swiss German cantons, who had been engaged in the attack on Lucerne that spring, and had made their escape to France on the repulse of the confederate army of General Sonenburg. They thought that sufficient time had elapsed to return to their homes with safety, and their plans with regard to passports and disguise, were such as to show they had reason to fear the vigilance of police or other authorities. From them I gathered much as to the state of feeling among the so-called Liberals, which personal observation in various parts of the country amply confirmed. I found that they had a most laudable hatred of the Jesuits, some of whom they boasted they had killed during the insurrection, and against whom, on account of losses on their side, they vowed vengeance at no distant period, when war should again break forth. Some books they had with them which were of a deistical and rationalistic tendency. In speaking of Protestantism, I found that they understood nothing more by it than hostility to Rome, and that anything of Evangelical or Scriptural truth was as hateful to them as Jesuitism itself. At Geneva and Lusanne, and other places, they said there were many of those 'Momiers,' as they called them, who were 'worse than Papists.'

I had been under the impression till then that the conflict in Switzerland was between Protestantism and Popery, or between liberal and despotic principles. In travelling through the country, I found, however, that the conflict was one of Ra-

dicalism against Conservatism ; and that while the Infidels were on the Liberal side and the Catholics on the Conservative, the Evangelical Protestants were keeping as far aloof as possible from either party. The cruel persecutions to which the Evangelical Christians have been since subjected in some of the Liberal cantons, the ejection of the faithful pastors of the Canton de Vaud, the violent outrages of the people in breaking up or disturbing religious assemblies, the connivance of many magistrates, and their refusal to grant protection or redress—these are facts sufficient to show that civil and religious liberty are in Switzerland more in danger from the tyranny of mob-rule than from any political or ecclesiastical despotism. *A la lanterne* is a cry that may easily be got up again, but we are not so afraid of the Inquisitions being rebuilt ; and if the alternative be even Jesuitism or Fourrserism, we would rather sympathise with the former than with the lawless Socialism of its antagonist.

I trust that these remarks may persuade some that while neither party in the present conflict can have the full sympathy of Christian men in England, the worst thing that can possibly be done is to give any countenance or support to the so-called Liberal party. Evangelical religion has suffered more from their intolerance than from the opposition of the open enemies of Protestantism. And besides, the Catholic cantons have justice on their side, so that the war will be one of oppression—of might against right.

We earnestly hope that our Government will join those of other countries that are anxious to interpose for the prevention of bloodshed. The interference of England in the way of mediation would be gladly hailed by true Swiss patriots, and might have the effect of procuring concessions and of obtaining benefits that would tend to the advancement both of religion and liberty in that country.

A MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERY OF
LONDON.

London, October 27.

The Swiss Federal Gazette publishes the following letter, addressed by the Pope to the Nuncio at Lucerne :

“ Monseigneur—The Helvetic Diet was to open this day. All the neighbouring nations will attend to its proceedings with its utmost solicitude, as the peace of Switzerland, the preservation of the federal compact and of the cantonal governments will depend on the questions debated, and decided on by its members. But we, who from the sublimation of our apostolic ministry, place religious conditions far above political reasons, but too well comprehend, with all the affection of a father, and with heartfelt grief, the danger to which this generous nation is exposed. We behold the internal

dissensions which agitate it, and with an humble heart we fervently pray the Lord to prevent them, by tempering the over-excited ardour in their minds, from throwing themselves headlong into open war, and not to allow the soil of Switzerland to be imbrued with the blood of brethren. We pray for all those who invoke with us, the name of God in spirit and in truth. We do not pray less for those whom we desire to see united to us by the ties of the most tender love, at whatever period it may be ; and as far as our voice can be heard through the tumult of passions, so far do we wish you to make it resound in every part of Switzerland. The Lord, who inspires such desires in our soul, will lend to our voice sufficient force to restore peace to these hearts troubled by angry passions, and will fecundate, by his grace, the apostolic blessing which we bestow upon them from the bottom of our heart.”

The Rev. Mt. Lennon, who has just completed his studies in All-Hallows' College, near Dublin, arrived in Boston last Thursday. The harvest is ripe, and, thanks be to God, the number of the laborers is increasing. Besides Mr. Lennon, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Smith, three Jesuit Fathers have also been added to our number. We hope much for our New England.—*Catholic Observer.*

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

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BIRTHS RECORDED,

AT ST. MARY'S.

NOVEMBER 22	Mrs. Artry of a daughter
—	“ — McLoughlan of a daughter
—	23 — Bourke of a daughter
—	24 — Kennedy of a daughter
—	“ — Carney of a son
—	“ — Joy of a son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

November 22—Bartholomew Comel, native of Galway, Ireland, aged 58 years. 23—Thomas, infant son of Thomas and Elizabeth Flinn, aged 3 months & 21 days. 24—John Scallon native of Wexford, Ireland, aged 80 years. 25—Joseph son of John & Mary Moriarty, aged 8 months ; Julia, daughter of Sergt. Thos Weeks, Royal N. F. Company, aged 11 years and 9 months.

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