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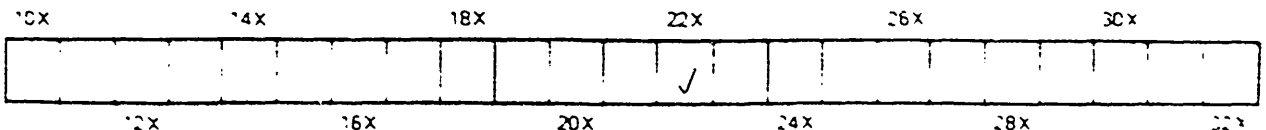
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THE CROSS.

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.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1843.

No. 15.

Weekly Calendar.

- June 11—Sunday I. after Pentecost. Feast of the Most Holy Trinity.
12—Monday, St. Leo III. Pope and Con.
13—Tuesday, St. Anthony of Padua Con.
14—Wednesday, St. Basil the Great, Bish. Con. and Doc r.
15—Thursday, Solemnity of Corpus Christi. Holiday of obligation with an octave.
16—Friday within the octave.
17—Saturday within the octave.

Corpus Christi.

ON THE MANNER IN WHICH THIS GREAT FESTIVAL IS SOLEMNIZED IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

A brief notice of the imposing ceremonies which accompany the celebration of the solemnity of the body of our Redeemer, in those Catholic countries where the unrestricted and public exercise of religion prevails, may serve to enkindle the devotion and animate the zeal of their brethren in this distant portion of the Church. The powerful influence of external symbols, rites and worship, on the human heart, has been felt and acknowledged in every age. The Almighty Creator, who breathed into our tabernacles of clay a living soul, the image of himself, has ordained, by the laws which regulate their combined existence, that this should receive its impressions through the medium of the corporeal

senses. Moreover, man owes the homage of his body, as well as of his soul, to the great Creator of both. And inasmuch as the soul is far superior to the body, so is spiritual homage, the worship of the heart, above all mere corporeal worship. In fact, the very essence of religion consists of this interior worship, whilst external rites serve only for its outward manifestation to the glory of God, or to originate, cherish, and extend its interior growth. Thus, though God is a Spirit, and those who truly adore him must do so in spirit and in truth, yet his external glory is promoted by the public homage of his faithful servants on earth, who, whilst they glorify him, also edify each other, and increase the bounds of his spiritual kingdom. No body of men could ever be kept together in any society, whether religious or civil, without some external bond of union, or some outward symbols by which they might be recognised, as St. Augustine observes. To deny exterior worship, is, therefore, to contradict the very laws of our nature, to rob the Almighty of his glory, to deprive men of the most powerful incentives to holiness and virtue, to reduce religion to a mere shadow, or rather to extinguish it

altogether. The notion of an abstract spiritual religion is preposterous and absurd. God, it is true, might have immediately communicated to the soul all necessary religious knowledge, and by his powerful grace have perpetuated a religion of the heart, without having recourse to the medium of the bodily senses; but that he has not done so, we have abundant proofs from reason and Scripture, confirmed by our own experience. We principally adore God by the theological virtues of faith, hope, and love; and true religion will be always promoted by any thing that moves the heart to the exercise of those great virtues. Now, philosophically speaking, it matters very little through what external medium those impressions are conveyed or produced. The principle is the same, whether the soul is affected through the sight, the hearing, or any of the other senses. There can be no more objection to the one than to the other. The Christian may at one time open a page of the great book of nature, and clearly read there the attributes of its Maker; at another, he may peruse, in the written word, the mercies of his revealed will, and the wonders of his adorable mysteries. Again, in some work of art, in a devout image, or religious painting he may contemplate the ineffable love of his Redeemer, or the virtues and rewards of his saintly imitators. He may also hear an eloquent sermon, or

moving exhortation, from a minister of Christ. But will not all tend to the same salutary purpose? May not all serve to cherish those sentiments of faith and confidence, of adoration and love, by which the Creator is honoured, and his commandments observed? Of what consequence is it, whether these desirable results come through one sense more than another; through sight more than hearing, through the sight of an image or a painting rather than that of a written or a printed book?

In order to be convinced of these truths, we have but to open the sacred Scriptures, and behold the manner in which God himself was pleased to establish his worship on earth—the sacrifices of the patriarchs, the prayers and offerings, and most minute and onerous ceremonial of the Mosaic dispensation—the dreaded voice to our first parents—the dove and rainbow of Noah, the vision and stone of Jacob, the burning bush of Horeb, the thunders of Sinai, the awful proclamation from its summit, the cherubim of the ark, and the manna and brazen serpent of the desert. What are all these but various appeals of his Creator to the heart of man, through different senses? We may observe too, the public worship, feasts, and ceremonies of the Jews, sanctioned, and even observed, by the Redeemer himself.

The man, therefore, who would object to all external worship and

ceremonies, under pretence of supporting an entirely spiritual religion, which is impossible, must be an infidel at heart. But what can be said in justification of the absurd inconsistency of our separated brethren, who blindly attack the ceremonies and public worship of the Catholic church, with the Scriptures in their hands, and many, if not all of their own religious usages, loudly condemning them for that of which they accuse others as a crime and a reproach?

“Foolish rigorists in religion,” says even Diderot himself. (Essay on Painting) “do not understand the effect of external ceremonies on the people. They have never seen our veneration of the cross on Good Friday, nor the enthusiasm of the multitude on the feast of Corpus Christi—an enthusiasm which sometimes steals even on my own heart. I have never seen this long train of priests in their sacerdotal robes, these young acolythes, clothed in their snow-white surplices, girdled with blue cinctures, and scattering flowers before the holy sacrament—this crowd which precedes and follows them in religious silence—so many men with their foreheads bent to the earth:—I have never heard that grave and pathetic chant intoned by the priests, and most affectionately re-echoed by an infinite number of voices of men, women, young girls and boys; but my entrails have

been moved, my heart has bounded within me, and the tears have gushed into my eyes. There is a something melancholy and sombre in it, which I may feel, but cannot describe. I knew a Protestant painter, who lived for a long time in Rome, and who acknowledged that he had never seen the supreme Pontiff officiating in St. Peter's, surrounded by his cardinals, and the Roman prelates and clergy, without becoming a Catholic in his heart * * *

“Suppress all sensible symbols, and you will behold us reduced to a metaphysical gallimaufry, which will assume as many ridiculous shapes and forms as there are heads.” Every man of candour, observation, and experience, must agree in the justice of these remarks.

If ever a mystery of divine love deserved a grateful, solemn, and triumphant celebration on earth, it certainly is that of the Eucharist. What wonder ought it be if all human wealth were expended, all human ingenuity exerted, all human talent employed, to give every possible eclat to this glorious commemoration? Were the whole world to combine in the devout and splendid solemnization of this feast, would it not fall infinitely short of the majesty, wisdom, and most loving condescension of him, who, from his earnest desire to be united to us, and to abide on earth for ever with his church, humbled himself so low as

to conceal all the splendour of his glorified body, and all the overpowering effulgence of his Godhead under the sacramental veils? By the institution of the Eucharist, he has honoured this beloved spouse in a signal and supereminent manner. The members are honoured in seeing their head crowned with dignity and glory. The head is honoured and delighted in clothing his members with all the glory of which they are capable. For this noble purpose he exerted the last efforts of his omnipotence and wisdom. With all his magnificence he could not have ennobled his church more than by bequeathing her his own adorable body. It was then, according to the expression of the Apostle, (Ephes. v.) that he completely rendered her a glorious church—a church renowned and illustrious church—a church enriched with all the ornaments and treasures of heaven. Because the Almighty formerly dwelt with the Jews by means of the ark, from which he published his will, and to which he attached his protection, they considered themselves honoured above all the nations of the earth. “There is no other nation so great, which hath its gods nigh unto it, as our God is present with us.” (Deut. iv.) This ark, however, was but the image and tabernacle of the true God. What was all the honour derived from it when compared to the grandeur and dignity of the church of the new covenant in the possession of the Eucharist? Here she possesses God himself, in his own substance, with all the plenitude of his divinity. He really and corporally dwells amongst us. He resides in our tabernacles, he vouchsafes to come to our poorest dwellings; he suffers, nay invites us to approach him, to touch him, to taste of

his ravishing sweetness, to place him in our hearts, so that we are as if deified, whilst he seems to become man, in this ineffable union. And not only are we thus honoured, but we are ennobled by his most intimate familiarity. In this mystery he holds with us the most friendly and affectionate converse. He visits us, and is visited in return. He listens to our complaints, he receives our petitions, he heals our differences, he enlightens our ignorance, alleviates our sufferings, and relieves our wants. In the Eucharist it is peculiarly “his delight to be with the “children of men;” (Prov. viii.) and hence, says St. Chrysostom, from this glorious prerogative of the church we may be said to enjoy, in some manner, the advantages of the blessed in heaven.—Their happiness consists in possessing God; and do we not possess him entire in the Eucharist? Man can never sufficiently estimate the height of dignity to which his nature has been raised in the incarnation of the Son of God. Now, the Eucharist is a permanent extension of that great mystery; and all the members of the church participate in the same glory, when the man-God enters into our hearts, and unites himself to us, for then we are, as it were, one with him. In these sentiments St. Augustine cried out: “O venerable dignity of priests, in whose hands the Son of God is continually incarnated!” The church is the daughter of Sion, the spouse of a glorious King—the mystic body of Christ. And as a daughter is always nourished and supported according to the rank of her parent, a spouse conformably to the grandeur of her bridegroom, and the members of a body according to the dignity of their head—so none but the flesh of a God could be appropriate food for

the daughter, spouse, and mystic body of a God. "The Jews," says St. Jerome, "were the slaves of God, but we are his adopted children. Manna, termed in Scripture the bread of angels, was quite sufficient for them; but nothing, save the bread of God, could be suitable nourishment for the church which has been engendered in the blood of Jesus Christ."

Such being the unparalleled dignity and inconceivable grandeur which the church derives from this glorious institution, is she not bound by every title of justice, gratitude, and love, to honor that adorable body, from which, as from a sun, is the emanation of all her splendor? She has been often reproached by her enemies, for the costly magnificence with which she celebrates every rite that bears any relation to this great mystery. But if she were to act differently; if, whilst she taught the belief of the real presence of her spouse in the sacrament of his love, she solemnised the tremendous mysteries with a cold and formal indifference; without life or love, pomp or splendor; would she not then, indeed, be justly liable to the animadversions of all mankind? would she not be branded with the most glaring inconsistency in teaching the most sublime of all doctrines, and acting in opposition to her belief? would she not then be charged with most flagrant hypocrisy, in proposing to her children this great mystery, and in neglecting to ensure for its celebration and worship all suitable magnificence and honour?

But the faithful spouse of Christ, has not laid herself open to such accusations or reproach. From the earliest ages of Christianity, this mystery has been commemorated by the church on the Thursday before Easter—the me-

morable day of its institution—the day on which our divine Redeemer was betrayed into the hands of sinners. It should be a day of exultation and holy joy, on which we have received so invaluable a gift. But how could we rejoice in so sorrowful a season? How could we indulge in canticles of spiritual gladness, whilst our dear Saviour is delivered into the hands of his enemies, is afflicted in the garden with the sadness of death, is overpowered by the weight of our sins, and in his excessive grief is bedewing the earth with a perspiration of blood? During the whole of the Passion-time the church is plunged in the deepest affliction for the sufferings of her Divine Spouse. The cessation of all marks of joy, the colour of her vestments, the desolation of her altars, the mournful tones of her prophecies and psalms, the increased austerities of her children proclaim the depth of her sorrow, and prove how completely she is absorbed in the contemplation of the passion of our Redeemer. Hence the solemnities of Holy Thursday, so far as they relate to the commemoration of the Eucharist, are but as faint glimpses of the sun during a day of universal gloom.

But on this great festival of Corpus Christi, the church displays all her magnificence, and indulges without restraint in all the effusions of her joy. Her faithful children respond with fervent devotion to her loving invitation. Churches, parishes, cities, provinces, and kingdoms, vie with each other in the celebration of this feast. Kings and peasants, civilians and soldiers, the old and the young, unite in honouring the body of their common Redeemer. The feast being celebrated in the most delightful season of the year, when spring is clothed in her rich livery of

flowers and foliage, all nature seems to rejoice at the homages paid to that glorious body, whose cruel death it bewailed at the awful moment of the crucifixion. The churches and altars are decorated in the most magnificent manner. Every thing most valuable in their treasuries is displayed. The most costly vestments, the richest altar plate, and the most exquisite music, are used on this day. Nature and art combine in heightening the grandeur of the scene. Flowers, lights, evergreens, tapestry, banners, military music, the ringing of bells, discharges of musketry and cannon, painting, sculpture, triumphal arches, repositories and chapels under the open air, add to the glory of the solemnity. From the quantity of flowers, odoriferous shrubs and trees, and the great taste with which they are arranged, the interior of many of the churches seem to be transformed into most beautiful gardens. In a word, no feast of the entire year is celebrated with greater pomp, and none was ever instituted more according to the heart and feeling of the people than Corpus Christi, which in France is termed Feast of God, and which, in that great country, has been always celebrated with extraordinary splendour.

In Catholic seaports this was always a day of great rejoicing. From an early hour in the morning the vessels were decked out with all their lights, colours, and streamers. The quays were swept, watered, and strewn with flowers. The sailors and fishermen, dressed in their holiday dresses, assisted at the high mass and the procession,

On this day, and during the octave, there is an exposition of the blessed sacrament, in order more fully to excite the fervent adorations of the faithful: The churches are crowded during

the divine offices and sermons, and at no time of the day can the temple be seen without numerous adorers before the sanctuary of the Lord. All seem animated by the same spirit; that of making every atonement which love can suggest to the adorable Body which was broken for our sins.

ON THE PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

The origin of processions is traced by some writers to the remotest ages of Paganism. It is certain that at Lacedæmon there was a solemn procession on the festival of Diana. In the Georgics of Virgil, we read of a procession which was celebrated every year in honor of Ceres,* and at which, according to Ovid, the assistants were clothed in white, and carried lighted torches. We find a perfect idea of a procession, in the solemn manner in which the people of God were wont to transport the ark of the covenant, from one place to another. It was during one of these that David danced with holy joy before the ark of the Lord.† In the early ages of the church the relics of the martyrs were also translated in public and solemn processions of the faithful. Thus we read, that the emperor Julian was greatly enraged at a celebrated procession which took place in Antioch, at the translation of the relics of S. Babylas, martyr, from the neighbourhood of that city.‡ The bishops of the primitive church were in the habit of celebrating the divine mysteries, not only in their cathedral, but also in the other churches of the episcopal city, and particularly at the tombs of the martyrs on the anniversary of their triumph. On these

* *Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret,
Terque novas circum felix est hostia fruges,
Omnis quam chorus, et socii comitentur ovantes,
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta, &c.*

† ii Kings vi. 14. ‡ Theodoret, Book iii. c. 10.

occasions, which were called *stations*, they walked in procession, accompanied by the clergy and people. Even when the bishop celebrated in the cathedral, the clergy of the other churches went in procession with the people, to assist at the pontifical mass, and to listen to the instructions of their chief pastor. The celebrated procession of S. Gregory the Great at Rome, and, much earlier, of S. Mamertus at Vienne, which gave rise to the Rogation days, are too well known to be described here. It is quite unnecessary, therefore to look for the origin of Christian processions in the rites of ancient Paganism.

The most magnificent and solemn of all Christian processions is undoubtedly that of Corpus Christi. Though now established for upwards of five hundred years in the whole church, it is believed that at Angers in France this procession, which is conducted with great pomp, and attracts a vast concourse of the neighbouring districts and strangers, has been kept since the year 1019, when it was instituted to make a public and solemn reparation to Jesus Christ for the erroneous doctrines on the real presence that were broached by Berengarius, who was archdeacon of that city. When our separated brethren complain of the novelty of this procession, we must remind them of the modern date of those unhappy dogmatizers who followed in the wake of Berengarius, and impugned the ancient doctrine of the Church concerning the Eucharist. And certainly the Spouse of Christ could not have devised a more effectual method for the transmission of this glorious article of faith to the remotest posterity, than by instituting so solemn a festival in honour of Jesus really present in the Eucharist, and by

directing that her ministers should carry his sacred body in processional pomp through the cities, towns and villages, that it might receive the public adoration of the faithful. Amongst the many reasons which have determined the Church to institute those solemn processions, the following may be enumerated:—She represents the triumph with which the Son of God bore his own sacred body at the first consecration of the Eucharist, when, according to the remark of St. Augustine, he carried his body in his own hands, and distributed it to his apostles. She represents the manner in which Jesus Christ triumphs in the faithful soul, who receives him in the Eucharist with pure dispositions. He reigns there supremely, and subdues all his enemies by the grace and strength which he imparts to the soul. But this triumph of Christ as King of the heart, is all interior, and is known only to God and the soul. It is therefore just, that at least once in the year our glorious King should enjoy a more public triumph, that he should appear abroad amongst his people, that he should solemnly exhibit himself to all his faithful subjects throughout the world, and openly receive their united adorations. The Church recognises in the Eucharist the greatest gift of her Divine Spouse. By every title of gratitude and thanksgiving she is bound to publish to the whole world the magnificent legacy with which she has been enriched, and she does so in this festival by producing in solemn pomp the treasures of her hidden God, and by inviting all nations, as if in the language of the royal prophecy: *to come and see what great and wonderful things the Lord has done for her.* (Ps. lxy. 5.) She introduces her King with all his pomp and cer-

emony, in order that at his entrance amongst them he may pour forth on his children his more abundant benedictions. When kings and princes appear amongst their subjects, they are wont to distribute presents, and leave in every direction marks of their beneficence and favour. Royal majesty and grandeur are never beheld in a more attractive form than in the dispensation of blessings to their people. The prince of the Apostles assures us that his divine Master "went about doing good." (Acts x. 38.) Every place he visited was hallowed by his presence, and relieved by his bounty. It is true that his presence was not absolutely necessary for the display of his omnipotent goodness; yet we cannot doubt that on this day when he is so highly honored, when all the ceremonies, adorations, and prayers are specially directed to him, that he is particularly moved by these affectionate demonstrations of his children to communicate himself to them without reserve, to open his infinite treasures, and to scatter his choicest benedictions as he passes along.

That learned prelate, Cardinal Peron, declares, that in these imposing processions of Corpus Christi, we solemnly honour Jesus Christ for all his victories, and commemorate his triumphs in this mystery over infidelity and error. Thus, the great preparations for this ceremony, and the ardent devotion with which it is celebrated, are a sensible reproach to our separated brethren. Whilst it perpetuates the faith of the church in the most signal and unerring manner, it proclaims the utter feebleness and prostration of the opponents of the real presence in every age. Those unhappy Christians, who are outside the pale of the church, are thus annually reminded, in the most

moving, forcible, and eloquent manner, of the unvarying belief of the church of Christ in this grand dogma of religion, and of the coldness and destitution of those systems of Christianity which were invented by the pride of men, which can never satiate the divine cravings of the soul, nor satisfy the yearnings of the human heart for an union with that God who created it for himself.

Perhaps nothing can be a greater subject of astonishment to the angels of heaven, than to behold the indifference and ingratitude of mankind with regard to this great mystery. The Church and all her faithful children have ever mourned over this afflicting calamity. It must draw from us almost tears of blood to reflect on all the profanations, all the sacrileges and irreverences that are committed in the sanctuary, and before the altars of Jesus Christ. This, then, is the day of solemn reparation to our offended God for all our scandals, our unworthy and tepid communions, our irreverence and inattention in his divine presence. And as whilst Jesus resides in our tabernacles we seldom go to receive him, to adore or to render him the homage which he so justly deserves, we are publicly summoned this day by the Church, or rather our gracious King himself comes forth to reproach us in the most tender manner for our neglect, and to invite us to make an entire reparation for the ingratitude of the whole year.

AGESILAEUS being asked what children ought to learn when they are young replied "what they are to practice when they are grown up."—This is a maxim which ought never to be lost sight of in education.

Corpus Christi.

This solemnity of Corpus Christi was first ordered to be celebrated in a synod held at Liege, in 1246. Pope Urban IV., in 1264, fixed it on the Thursday after the Octave of Whitsunday, commanding it to be observed in the whole church with a solemnity equal to the four great festivals of the year. In bull, which begins: "Transiturus de hoc mundo," after having extolled this wonderful sacrament, he delivers himself in these words: "In this most holy commemoration we shed tears, devoutly rejoicing: for our heart all bathed with gladness, causes the eyes to pour forth tears. O the immensity of the divine love? O overflowing divine piety! O most profuse liberality of our God! He had already given us all things: he had conferred upon us the dominion of the creatures upon the earth; and had so exalted us as to appoint his angels to assist us, whom he has sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation.— Though his bounty had been so great, to show it still more, out of the immense charity which he bears us, he hath given himself to us; and surpassing all his other liberalities, exceeding all manner of love, he gives himself to us to be our food. O singular and admirable bounty in which he that gives is the gift, himself. Prodigious is the liberality, when any one gives himself. He bestows himself for our nourishment, to the end that man, who was fallen to death by one kind of food, should be raised to life by another meat: man fell by the mortal apple, and is again raised by the food of the tree of life. On the other tree hung the morsel of our death: on this the nourishment of our life.— The taste of that overthrew us: the taste of this saves us. Behold, how

where the evil has entered, from thence has come the medicine; and from whence death sprang, life has also come forth. It was said of the other meat: The day that thou eatest of it thou shalt die; and it is said of this: He that eats of this bread shall live for ever. O most excellent sacrament! O sacrament worthy to be adored, revered, glorified, honoured, exalted with most singular praises, recommended by the loudest acclamations, entertained in pure and chaste breasts," &c. After many other high encomiums, he exhorts all the Faithful, by their extraordinary devotion on this day, to confound, if possible, the perfidiousness of heretics, and to repair and make amends for all former tepidity in assisting at, or celebrating the Mass, or in receiving the holy communion. He grants also perpetual indulgences, commanding all pastors carefully to give notice, the Sunday before the feast, to all their parishes and diocesses, exhorting them by remonstrances and wholesome discourses, "that," says he, "with a clear and entire confession of their sins, with prayers, alms, and other works of charity and devotion, they may so prepare themselves as to deserve that day to partake of this blessed sacrament, and receive it with reverence, and by it obtain an augmentation of graces. To encourage the Faithful to honour and celebrate this great feast, we grant to all that do confess their sins, and are truly penitent, who shall be found in the church at the Matins of the said feast, one hundred days pardon, and as many to those who shall devoutly assist at Mass, and at the first or second Vespers; likewise, for each of the lesser canonical hours of that day; prime, tierce, none and complin, forty days; and that those who shall be present

the days within the octaves, at the canonical hours, as is said, for every day's assistance, we grant them one hundred days of pardon." This bull was confirmed by Pope Clement V., in a general council, held at Vienne, in France, in the year 1311. Pope Martin V. again renewed and confirmed this bull, and the privileges and indulgences contained in it, adding others, and commanding all prelates and pastors to publish them in all their churches, on the Sunday before this festival. Pope Eugenius IV. repeats the precept to all pastors of promulgating them yearly; confirms all the abovesaid bulls; but doubles the numbers of days in each of the indulgences mentioned in them all.

Propagation of the Faith.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. a meeting of the Committee and Collectors of this Association, was held in the new Vestry at St. Mary's, the Bishop in the chair, various sums of money were handed in by different collectors, and a considerable share of business was transacted. We are proud to state that 100 copies of each number of "THE CROSS" have been ordered by this Society for distribution, in those parts of the Province where spiritual instruction is most needed. It was also announced that about 5000 Tracts would be immediately ready for distribution. As the object of these publications is not only to convey instruction to the members of our church who are scattered in remote districts through the Pro-

vince, but also to make known the real principles of our venerable, but much misrepresented Faith, we anticipate the happiest results from their general circulation. It is time that Catholicity should be made known in all her native loveliness, and that our separated, but beloved brethren, should learn that the True Spouse of Christ is not the hideous monster she is represented by her interested defamers. These publications as well as our own little journal will, we trust, prove, that Catholics are not so ignorant of scripture, as people often imagine—that we reverence the Book of God as deeply as any body of religionists in the world,—that our church has been always the faithful guardian of the Holy Scriptures, but that we approach this fountain of truth and life not with the thoughtless and easy familiarity with which we would take up a mere human production, but with all that humility, and gratitude and awe, which the majesty of the creator demands from his creatures. We know with St Paul that in these scriptures 'there are many things hard and difficult to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction,' and in perusing them we are guided by the wisdom of the Church which is "the pillar and ground of truth" for which Christ died 'that he might sanctify her and make her a holy church having neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing,' which 'whosoever does not hear must become as a heathen man and a publican;' which was 'founded

on a rock' and 'against which the gates of hell will never prevail' upon which the Redeemer promised to send down the Holy Spirit, 'to guide her into all truth,' and to 'suggest all things to her which he had commanded;' to which he gave his solemn commission to "teach all nations," and with which he promised to "abide all days, even to the consummation of the world. We hope too, by this means, to shew our brethren "who are without" that our morality is as pure as our doctrine is scriptural, for the moral code of the Catholic Church is but a transcript of the Gospel.

In advocating our own opinions, and sustaining what we firmly believe to be the cause of truth, we solemnly disclaim every intention of wounding the feelings of a human being who differs from us. For these, our brethren, we will pray and supplicate heaven with all the earnestness of unfeigned charity. We will pray for the destruction of sin, the triumph of grace, the extension of God's blessed Kingdom of love in the hearts of men, and the propagation of Gospel truth. Prayers and suffering have been the weapons with which our Church conquered the world. And if we sincerely endeavour to exhibit in our lives the holiness of our Doctrine, we cannot fail to induce the honest portion of those who differ from us, to enquire more carefully into the grounds of our belief; and when such enquiry takes place with the docility of an humble spirit, anxious to discover the truth, and to em-

brace it when known, WE HAVE NO FEARS FOR THE RESULT. For the worldling, the sensualist, the libertine, we have no such hope, for 'the animal man does not perceive the things which are of the Spirit of God,' neither will that Spirit of 'wisdom dwell in a body that is subject to sin.' But from the pure heart, the humble spirit, the unprejudiced mind, we have everything to expect.

Arrangements will soon be made by which we will be enabled to procure the interesting "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and thus to furnish our readers with an authentic history of the life and labours, the sufferings and zeal of the Apostles of our Religion, who, in these days, are bringing the knowledge of Christ to the remotest nations, sealing their doctrines with their blood, and reviving if not exceeding all the glories of the early Confessors and martyrs.

It shall be our anxious care, as it is our sacred duty to second the pious efforts of this noble Institution by every means in our power. The Catholics of Halifax have taken it up with a spirit which shews the depth of their devotion to the Religion of their fathers, "the faith, once delivered to the Saints."

A meeting of the Committee and Collectors of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, will be held in the new Vestry of St. Mary's, on the evening of Monday, 3rd of July, at 7 o'clock.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

Sion rejoice, in tuneful lays,
Thy Saviour's, Guide's and Shepherd's praise,
A grateful theme, rehearse.
A boundless subject strikes the mind,
By words, by notions, unconfined,
Above all power of verse.

This day the sacred rites proclaim
Life's author, who from heaven came,
To be the food of man.
Which, on the last and solemn eve,
He bade the chosen twelve receive.
The wonder thus began.

Again, again, awake the lyre,
The organ's breath again inspire,
Till all with joy abound.
The mystic cup, the annual feast,
A God the food, and man the guest,
Calls forth each cheerful sound.

This banquet of the heavenly king,
This new Passover's better thing
Of ancient types takes place,
The dawn of morn dispels the night,
And shadows vanish at the light,
And truth makes figures cease.

What Jesus here, our chief, ordains,
The priestly order still retains.
And offers in his name.
Inform'd by institutes divine,
We bless the bread, we bless the wine ;
The sacrifice the same.

The bread by his Almighty word,
Becomes his flesh, the wine his blood :
This truth the scriptures teach.
If feeble sense withdraw her ray,
Erring faith points out the way,
Beyond all nature's reach.

Under each form of wine and bread,
[The form preserved, the substance fled.]
Conceal'd the wonder lies.

A Saviour, under each convey'd,
In truth and power divine array'd,
Is hid from human eyes.

His saving flesh, his cleansing blood,
Becomes, to man, life-giving food,
No change or loss sustains :
What one receives a thousand take ;
And equally they all partake,
And yet the whole remains.

The good and bad together share,
With different lot, this heavenly fare,
Of life or death the cause,
It quickens those with vital breath,
But sinners dooms to endless death,
By just and sov'reign laws.

* But, when the sacred Host we break,
An emblem of Christ's real death,
In each divided part we take
His whole and undivided self,
This his all-knowing truth reveal'd,
Nor has his church the truth conceal'd.
Where heaven-born faith prevails,
No breach the immortal substance knows,
This change the symbol undergoes,
But not the God it veils.

Hail, bread of angels! now supplied,
Thro' life's unhappy banishment !
To the profane a help deny'd,
And for the righteous only meant.
We see, in ancient types, foretold,
And now the amazing fact behold.
We see this sacrifice of love,
When Isaac extended lies,
And the Passover victim dies,
And manna reigns from heav'n above.

Gracious Jesus food divine,
Preserve us, feed us, lest we stray :
And through the lonely vale of time
Conduct us to the realm of day.
Source of increased light,

* Here in the original, the metre changes,

Matchless goodness, boundless might,
 Fed by thy care, thy bounty blest,
 Hereafter give thy flock a place,
 Among thy guests, a chosen race,
 The heirs of everlasting rest.

Pange Lingua.

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. BUCKLEY.

Awake my tongue! the mystic song,
 Deeds of boundless love pourtray.
 Lo! He to whom the heavens belong,
 Clear fountain of Eternal Day,
 Sweet flowret of the generous womb
 Saw mankind in ruin hurled,
 And pleased man's nature to assume,
 His precious life-blood shed to save a guilty
 world.

Born for man, on man bestowed,
 The spotless Virgin's heav'n sprung child
 With converse cheered life's gloomy road;
 With seeds of life the desert smiled.
 Wonders marked each circling hour,
 During his sojourning here;
 But heavenly mercy vied with pow'r,
 That love's immortal boon might close his blest
 career.

For now arrived that wondrous night,
 The adopted brethren and their Lord,
 Fulfilled the ancient covenant's rite
 With legal meats that spread the board;
 The word made flesh, by word divine,
 Converts his sacred flesh to bread,
 Converts his sacred blood to wine:
 The chosen twelve partake with holy dread:
 Silent they view the rite in mystery lost,
 And own in Christ their banquet and their host

Let us, low bending at this shrine,
 Adore the sacrament divine:
 The ancient types and shadows fly!
 Here rests the day spring from on high!
 Though reason halt and senses fail,

Faith's eagle eye sees truth beyond the veil.
 Almighty father born of none!
 Eternal, consubstantial Son!
 Spirit divine, subsisting love,
 Imaged in the mystic dove!
 Possess our hearts, accept our lays,
 For thine is mercy, pow'r, and everlasting
 praise!

There's no Peace on Earth.

There's no peace on earth!—I have sought for
 peace
 Through every clime, and her dwelling-place
 Was no where known, for the high and low
 When asked if they knew, all answered "no."

I went to the halls where torches flared,
 And proudly the golden pageant glared,
 And joyously smiles were beaming there,
 And loudly the laugh pealed every where!
 Thought I—" 'tis peace,"—but I heard a sigh,
 And cloud, alas! was the radiant eye,
 And the laugh was stilled—for mem'ry then
 Awoke, and *there* was no peace for men.

Fame flieth abroad upon orient wing—
 Man's homage, she hath as an offering;
 The splendour that shines in her glorious
 sheen,

Glow's brightly around her where'er she's seen:
 Even her faults are fair in the sunny rays,
 That halo her lovely path of praise,
 "Oh then!" thought I, "let me have but fame!"
 There is peace and joy in a glorious name.

While onward I sped to her glorious shrine,
 Young hope's first joy, for a time, was mine,
 For beauty smiled on the beaten track,—
 Nor did wisdom's self often back.

But as I came, on its poisoned wing
 Came envy too, with its wormwood sting;
 And friends of my younger days would smile,
 But darkly would hate and stab the while—
 And then I grew sad and I curs'd a name:
 There's sorrow and woe, but *no* peace in fame.

And I thought on the peasant's humble lot,
 And the blazing hearth in his little cot,—
 And his blissful smile, and his humble fare,
 And I thought with myself that peace was
there.

I pictured the joy of the early ray,
 As it kissed the dew drop and stole away ;
 I thought on the mountain, the vale and glen,
 That led far away from the haunts of men,
 The buoyant heart and the spirit's glee,
 And all, that would there, make peace for me.

'Twas vain ;—for the mind was chainless still,
 And the thoughts of fire, and the passions'
 thrill :

And at length I found, that to man 'twas given
 To find his peace and his home in heaven.!

Maxims of the Saints.

Make a good general confession, if you have never made one. Assist every day at mass. Examine yourself after each action, to see what has been deficient in it. Examine your conscience every evening.—Confess frequently. Watch over yourself, and perform your pious actions, with such regularity and devotion, that you may be permitted to go often to communion.

ST. IGNATIUS.

If your heart be not moved by the motives for loving God, let it be penetrated with a fear of his judgments.

Practice some great austerities in order to subdue your passions, and to draw down upon you the Divine grace. Vary them, that you may know what you are best able to per-

form, and what is most useful to you.

Above all things, apply yourself to the correction of some vice. For this purpose, make a particular examination, each day, to see what progress you have made in the contrary virtue.

Dispose yourself for the graces of God, by approaching him in a spirit of disengagement from yourself.

The more recollected you shall be in your spiritual retreats, the more profitable they shall be.

Let your interior respect for God, at all your prayers, be most profound.

Labour to overcome yourself.—Let it be your continual occupation.

I invite you to make frequent acts of the love of God ; to have pure intentions in all things ; to entertain yourself familiarly with our Lord, and to seize opportunities of performing zealous actions.

Be in the hands of your superiors, like a dead body in the hands of those who are committing it to the earth. You must not make the least resistance.

During your prayers, close your eyes on the earth and open them to heaven.

When, instead of receiving consolation, at your prayers God permits you to fall into desolation, say : God acts in this manner in order to chastise me, to try me and to humble me. Rejoice when anything unpleasant shall befall you, provided it be not through your own fault.

Often look up to heaven with admiration, when at the sight of it the earth will seem worthy only of your sovereign contempt.

In guiding those who are entrusted to your care, imitate the conduct of our angel guardians who, whilst they do every thing they can for our salvation, never lose sight of God, but bless him, whatever may happen.

Begin by declaring war on the world and the devil, and be firmly resolved to make them feel the injury which they have done you, in preventing you from belonging entirely to God.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Surmount, courageously, the difficulties you shall meet in the road to heaven. You will feel that there is nothing more sweet than to serve God.

Never fail to make an examination of conscience. This exercise is of such importance, that without it we can make no progress.

Do not imitate those who, when in the state of sin, make no exertion to arise from it; because they never think of the justice of God, but presume on his mercy; and who at the hour of death despair of the mercy of God, because they think only of his justice.

Spend a quarter of an hour, each day, in meditating on this sentence of our Saviour: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Praying to

God to make you perfectly understand it, and be affected by it.

Chastise your body, by privations and austerities. Chastise your heart by mortifying your passions.

Open your heart entirely to him whom God has given you for your guide, and obey him as you would God himself. You will thus increase in humility, in interior discernment, and in merits.

If you wish to be faithful in great things do not neglect little ones.

Choose a friend who will charitably remind you of the faults which you commit in the way of virtue.

Excite yourself to a desire of suffering and dying for your God.

Write down the interior lights and sentiments of piety, which the Holy Ghost will communicate to you. The reading of this will be most profitable.

Observe the commandments, even to the smallest article. Walk joyfully in the presence of God. Consult and listen to God, and be always most docile to his grace.

Never do anything with too much eagerness, or thro' natural emotion.

Continually subdue your passions, in order to please God.

Perform all your actions from the most holy motives, and in union with those of Jesus Christ. Let your humility persuade you that you have hitherto done nothing, and say, confidently: I have done everything badly, but now I begin, and I wish to act as if I were to die to-day. **O**

Lord come to my assistance.

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