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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 2.

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, JANUARY 18, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

JANUARY 19.—Septuagesima Sunday—Vespers of the following day.  
 ... 20.—Monday—Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.  
 ... 21.—Tuesday—Prayer of Our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 ... 22.—Wednesday—Sts. Vincentus and Anastasius, Martyrs.  
 ... 23.—Thursday—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 ... 24.—Friday—St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.  
 ... 25.—Saturday—Conversion of St. Paul.

## PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

A meeting of the committee and collectors of this Society was held, pursuant to notice, in St. Mary's Vestry, on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. The meeting was a very crowded one; and never have we seen more fervent anxiety for the progress of the great cause than was manifested by the devout and laborious christians who assembled upon the occasion. A little after seven o'clock the chair was taken by

THE REV. MR. O'BRIEN.

The Chairman congratulated the Ladies and Gentlemen, who had assembled in such numbers, upon the unabated zeal which distinguished the Halifax branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, in the advancement of this great agent of Christian truth. Among the many modes by which the circle of christian charity was extended, and the merit of efficient operation augmented, there were few more important than the Society of which they formed a part. The blessed Saviour of mankind had descended from the bosom of the Father to bestow the boon of redemption upon fallen man, "gratuitously have we been saved;" for this he was born; for this he

laboured; for this he died. But how many countless thousands, millions, in various parts of the Earth, whom the glad tidings have never reached? How many are there to whom the "great light" had not yet been made visible; who still "sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death?" To them a saviour may be said, in some sense, not to have been born; for them, the calling and justification and glorification of the New Testament had been blessings unheaped for, because unknown. How beautifully conformable to his will, then, who "wishes all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth;" who "wills not the death of a sinner;" and "who would leave the ninety-nine sheep in the mountain to follow the one strayed one," that we assemble thus betimes, by prayer and by alms-deeds to become "Messengers—proclaiming good things, proclaiming peace." Such exhibitions as the present one were indices of the internal operation of the grace of God; marks of his eternal predilection, which insured his blessing and proclaimed his love. We became savours to our race, by applying the saving redemption of Jesus to those who should otherwise have been destitute of the blessing; we increased the household of Faith, by the introduction of those who should otherwise be aliens and strangers; and we become Apostles in the work of the ministry, by sending forth to the unknown lands of Paganism and Heresy the stout soldiers of the Cross, who like Paul and Barnabas seem segregated for the awakening of the Gentiles. It was not wonderful that in a work so humanising, so fraternising, so charitable, so God-

like, the Church of Christ should engage so ardently. It is no wonder that in her maternal affection for the souls of her children, the spouse of Christ should offer every encouragement, that her boundless treasures afford. Here the work of external progress was hallowed by that of internal sanctification. While the Faithful added to the fold "those who were to be saved," they sanctified themselves by prayer and the sweet communion of charity. Daily they knelt down and prayed for the same object; separated by time, place, and avocation, they laboured for the same object; and occasionally, thus meeting together, they encouraged and edified each other, in the prosecution of the same object—that which made a God incarnate—and thus insured for themselves the "promise" which they were anxious to extend to to their kind. The Church most appropriately gave her holiest benison upon such acts and such projects; because there can be none more conformable to the ends of her institution. Here Rev. Mr. O'Brien read an extract from a letter of the Right Revd. Doctor Walsh, expressing his delight and edification at their continued exertion in a cause which he had ever had so much at heart, and which was of so much interest and importance to the Church of God. His Lordship, also, expressed a strong interest in the circulation and stability of the little publication called the "Cross," which Rev. Mr. O'Brien strongly recommended to the patronage of the meeting.

The Rev. Gentleman, then, called on the Collectors to approach, and the following Ladies and Gentlemen, and we may add children, gave the sums annexed to their names. The aggregate sum is over *Forty-four Pounds!* How much may be done by union, even at *one halfpenny a week*, for a few weeks.

*Quam dulce and decorum habitare Fratres in unum!*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Timothy Horan,				Mrs. Dillon	1	0	0
Rev. Mr. Kennedy's				Miss Dowling	1	0	0
parish	1	2	7½	Mrs. W. Young	0	15	0
Miss K. Foley	2	0	3	Miss Laleah Tobin	0	6	5
Mrs. Eoyale	0	5	0	Mrs. J. C. Tobin	0	6	0
" " "	0	6	3	Miss Heffernan	1	0	2
Ellis Jackson	0	6	0	Mrs. Heffernan	0	3	2½
" Downey	0	10	0	Miss Mooney	1	0	0
" McCochran	0	3	0	" Donohoe	0	15	5
" Cochran	0	5	2½	" Feagan	0	7	8
" Brennan	0	11	5	" Craig	0	8	5 ½
" Roach	0	11	2	" Lohan	0	7	0 ½
Mrs. Farrell	0	10	0	" J. Craig	0	9	10
Miss E. Power	0	9	7	Serg. J. Han	0	8	3
" F. Power	0	15	10	Miss C. Cunningham	0	5	0
Mrs. Clark	0	16	5 ½	Mr. Chas. Riely	0	3	3
" E. Butler	0	15	7 ½	" Matthew Young	0	16	6
Miss Condon	0	5	2 ½	Mrs. W. H. Whelan	2	15	3
Mrs. Walsh	0	15	8	Mr. Thos. McDonald	0	5	3
" Leeson	0	7	0	" Thos. Kirby	0	6	3

Mr. M. Power	0	7	0	A Friend, per Mr. J.			
Mrs. Warren	0	3	6	Quinan	1	0	0
" Power	0	3	2 ½	Mr. Rowley	0	5	3
" F. Foley	0	9	3	" C. Freeman	0	1	1
" M. A. Purcell	0	13	6 ½	" M'Glen	0	4	10
Mrs. Costin	1	0	0	" Thomas Craig	0	1	3
Master Costin	0	5	5	" P. Power, jr	0	3	2 ½
Miss Compton	0	9	2 ½	Mrs. Harney, through			
Mrs. Hickey	2	10	0	the hands of Miss			
" Ellis	0	6	6	M'Lean, of Liver-			
Miss Moser	0	14	3 ½	pool, viz:—			
" Odell	1	16	0	Mr. Philip Carten	0	5	2 ½
" K. DeFrayses	0	13	0	Mrs. Frances Carten	0	3	1 ½
" Holden	0	7	3	" M'Lean	0	3	0
" Power	0	10	0	Mr. John Carten	0	1	3
" M. Barber	0	12	6	" J. Gilchrist and			
Master W. Lanigan	0	5	0	Wife	0	5	0
Miss M'Sweeney	3	10	5	Mr P. Flynn	0	2	6
Mrs. Rielly	0	7	6	" D. Keleher	0	2	6
" Connors	1	0	0	" T. Sullivan	0	2	6
Miss Dillon	0	3	6				

☞ The Clergymen, or others with their permission, who may wish to establish Collectors for this Society in the Country Districts, may have Cards and Circulars on application to Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Superior St. Mary's College, Halifax.

### ORIGINAL.

The following are a few Extracts from a Lecture on "Hermeneutics," recently read at one of our Literary Institutions by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. The Reverend Gentleman in introducing the topic referred to, thus alluded to the Soul's immortality, and our mutual dependence on each other:—

"There is no greater proof of a future and perfective state to which we tend, than a comparison of our capacity with the brevity of our earthly being. We spend our days and nights in peopling the vacant realms of thought, and in bringing into action the various subjects thus collected together. New powers are discovered—new combinations spring up—immense regions are found uninhabited and unexplored—and we still proceed encreasing the subjects enlarging the Empire of the Soul.—While yet occupied in the delightful labour so congenial to our nature and origin—while proposing plans of improvement—and contemplating triumphs of new exertion—Life's eclipse is seen to steal over the cherished vision. Gradually they pass from our view, and we sink into darkness amidst half finished labours and unrealised hopes. This tireless activity—this unperfected perfectability—was not bestowed by Heaven for nought. God does nothing in vain. Vain, in this case should be the excess of capacity imperfect; and hence we conclude there must be a region, beyond this transient world, where the end is made proportionate to the means—and the intelligence of the spirit reaches its perfection.

But I digress. In our condition, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are extremely dependent on each others labours. The physical utilities or necessi-

ties which require so many operatives that who may supply them are not half so numerous as the moral ones, nor requiring fewer auxiliaries. The Philosopher, Moralist, Divine, or Man of Science, who should rely upon his own unaided efforts for the culture of his mind, could make little progress in his professional pursuits. We must have recourse to the genius and industry of others. Indeed, in many of the Sciences, as well as in History and Biography, the works of predecessors or contemporaries, or their results, are of so much necessity that we can with difficulty suppose the continuance of the social system without them.—Then the shadow of the first sin is on the mind.—Labour and perseverance could do little to remove it, for most men, if the beams of brighter intelligence than their own were not reflected from the repositories of knowledge. We must read, we must refer to the others, and it is a beautiful bond of fellowship, fostering brotherhood, by the consciousness of mutual weakness, and inculcating affection by the gratefulness to which it gives occasion.”

The Lecturer declared that no work can compare with the BIBLE in sustaining the application of the following Rule :—

“ Integrity of character is the first and greatest desideratum in a Historian, a Biographer or Chronicler of events. Without this quality, no reliance can be placed upon his narrations, and his opinions will be as variable as his interest. He must be independent of the views of party—undismayed by the frowns of power—unpurchaseable by the corruption of wealth—devoted to Truth—as the great end of all his endeavours. The votary of selfishness, and the enthusiastic partizan, are soon discovered in their writings. They are seen in the coerced uniformity with which every fact and motive is made to converge towards one darling object. They are seen in the insensibility to every virtue, and the clear cognizance of every vice in one particular class of men. They are seen in the forced construction of motive—which endeavours to strip goodness of its beauty and turns indifference into vice. They are seen in their hate and admiration—contrariety—and contradiction. Wherever such men are found as writers—we cannot believe them.”

The Lecturer has been examining the defects which prove fatal to the claim of any work to integrity. He thus rapidly enumerates the positive proofs of the purity of a Book, and comes to a very triumphant conclusion, regarding the purity of the New Testament text :

“ If, however, the work be one of immense interest; if it be in a great number of hands; if it be quoted extensively by great numbers of authors,

and if these authors cite it, and cite it so universally that all their works depend upon it, and many of their works contain it entire; if, finally, all these copies of which we spoke, substantially agree—and if the copies also agree with the quotations, made from them by the commentators just mentioned, there exists the highest degree of moral certainty which a natural fact is susceptible, that the author has reached us pure and uncorrupted. In the supposition of a violation of its integrity, you must suppose two things which are impossible: First, that all the Copies existing had been destroyed together, and corrupt ones substituted for them without the owner's knowledge; and Secondly, that all the works written in relation to them have been forged, while no one was cognizant of the circumstance.

This is beautifully illustrated by the motives of credibility which sustain the integrity of the New Testament Text. It was meet that in a matter of such overwhelming importance, the deepest convictions of the soul should form the substratum of Divine Faith. The “rights of Reason” were guaranteed by Providence, when he enthroned her the directrix of human judgment; and in beautiful conformity with his own prearrangements, he surrounds his communications with such a host of corroborative testimony, that reason yields her readiest obedience where her action is purest, and her vision most unobscured. Religion summons forth the witnesses of her supremacy, and the soul is irresistably led captive by her beauty.

At a very early period the number of Copies of the Gospels was very considerable. Those, too, were scattered through various parts of the Earth. They were found in the possession of many persons, and translated into many tongues. Now all these copies substantially agree. Hence, all must be corrupted if any be. But to corrupt all the copies without the knowledge of those who possessed them, or with their knowledge without some traces of the event is a matter morally—nay physically impossible. Then the ancient writers—called the Fathers—have written commentaries explanatory of the text. These commentaries occupy hundreds upon hundreds of volumes. The text found in these authors does not materially differ from that of our copies; which shews that if our copies be corrupted these texts must have been corrupted also. Now, besides the improbability, nay, impossibility of introducing a corrupted text into these hundreds of volumes—it is really the fact that the whole number should be forged to render the hypothesis admissible: Because the whole work being a commentary on the text, and concurring with the text, both should have been changed if one had been. A child can see the absurdity of this supposition. . . . change the Fathers—Greek

and Latin—to get possession of all their ponderous  
 Tomes—to travel into various countries for the  
 purpose—to be existing in various centuries—and  
 to accomplish all without the knowledge of those  
 who read them daily—treasured them sacredly—  
 meditated upon them deeply—is a tissue of unrea-  
 sonable conjecture which would be repugnant to  
 the credulity of an Infant. So firmly sealed in the  
 Foundation of Eternal Truth is the integrity of the  
 New Testament.”

The rational means of coming to a conclusion on  
 the *veracity* of a writer having been touched upon,  
 the Rev. Lecturer thus proceeds, and again pow-  
 erfully exhibits the *truth* of the apostolic writings:

“Even one Historian whose character is above  
 suspicion—and who betrays none of the deficien-  
 cies which we have before enumerated, cannot be  
 slightly rejected. Men do not ordinarily lie with-  
 out a motive, and sustain a public character for  
 probity. If he was fervid without enthusiasm—  
 and firm without rudeness in asserting the truth of  
 his story—our faith in him grows stronger. If  
 he sacrifices without passion every earthly hope,  
 and endures every worldly privation without re-  
 ward, for the defence of his position—we admire  
 and trust him. But if he pours out life itself, and  
 attests by blood that he has told no falsehood—our  
 faith becomes sacred and entire in honour of the  
 martyr who has written its truth in the red charac-  
 ters of suffering.

And here again the adamant firmness of the  
 proof of scripture veracity manifests itself. Twelve  
 witnesses—co-eval—ocular—impassioned—sacri-  
 ficing every thing appreciable—abandoning home  
 and early associations—entering on a perilous and  
 seemingly hopeless mission—declaring the facts of  
 the New Testament in trials, and labours, and  
 dangers and death, and undergoing all—if they  
 were deceivers—for sake of an Imposter and De-  
 ceiver! How the light of evidence flashes upon  
 the mind? But when we behold them surrender-  
 ing even dear Life, and entering the next world  
 with an impious misrepresentation of the God of  
 their race, and for sake of him who must be sup-  
 posed to have seduced, deceived, and ruined them.  
 Evidence becomes accumulated upon evidence till  
 we wonder at the splendid mercy of that Divine  
 economy which consults so extensively the claims  
 of REASON.”

The following remarks are worthy the attention  
 of those who read much with little profit. Men of-  
 ten blame memory or the Author for the small  
 share of information derived from a Book. They  
 should examine whether the deficiency be not in  
 their own system of study

“Before I close may I entreat of the young to

“redeem the Time” at their command by labouring  
 to comprehend and apply principles such as those  
 at which I have glanced to-night To read an au-  
 thor with pleasure, they must borrow the vision of  
 his intellect—they must labour by the light of his  
 mind. An acquaintance with his character—his  
 mode of thinking—his general relations—his vir-  
 tues and his weaknesses are very useful if not ab-  
 solutely necessary. As his ideas are to be acquir-  
 ed through those you already possess—the conse-  
 quence follows that your mind should be prepared  
 for the study of the author whom you would select.  
 Many are heedless of these necessities to the loss  
 of their precious time, and even of the literary  
 taste which nature gave them. What labour for  
 Reason—our noble and neglected reason is here!  
 We cry out for the “Rights of Reason” very often,  
 when we are too fraudulently unmindful of them  
 ourselves. Forgetting that Reason is the reflected  
 judgment of Eternal Truth—that this is the only  
 Reason that can have a “right”—and that one of  
 its greatest demands is that the phantasy of our  
 self-love does not usurp its place, we invest our  
 whim with the radiant attributes of TRUTH ETER-  
 NAL, and under the plea of worshipping the DIVINITY,  
 we bow down before the presumptuous weakness  
 of an undisciplined mind. This must ever be the  
 case unless we learn to toil in the service of  
 brightening this Godlike power. The Lamp in  
 the Eastern Tale summoned the Genii, that with  
 uncircumscribed power performed the commands  
 of the owner only when it was rubbed. The spirit  
 of Truth will be summoned only by a like labour  
 applied to the lamp of Reason. Neglect this, and  
 half the radiance of the soul is lost for ever; and  
 half the beauty which its undimmed lustre flings  
 over this world of ours has faded. Attend to it—  
 and by its light you discover a new creation—live  
 in the midst of another universe—hold intercourse  
 with a new order of Being—render study delight-  
 ful—meditation refreshing—home happy—life use-  
 ful—and tend to realise the hope of a happy future.”

We shall from time to time publish Original Pa-  
 pers of interest, which may be acceptable to all  
 our Religious Friends,

### “LIVES OF THE SAINTS.”

We give another very interesting extract this  
 week from Mr. Newman’s “Lives of the Saints.”  
 Can any thing be more incomprehensible, than the  
 Protestantism of the class of men, who indite such  
 sentiments as those which follow? Truly are the  
 ways of Almighty Providence “unsearchable” and  
 his judgments inscrutable, who thus anew seems  
 to say “*Quo in hoc ipsum excitavit te, ut ostendam*  
*in te virtutem meam, et ut annuntietur nomen me-*

am in universa terra."—"For this purpose have I raised thee up, that I may manifest my power in thee, and my name may be declared thro' the whole earth."

Read the following passage. Look at the enthusiasm with which the writer talks of the "Jesuits," behold his severe strictures upon "Protestants and other Heretics," who assail them; hear him calling the order "glorious" and its preservation a miracle; and then call to mind that he is a minister of the Church of England, and a "Leader in the Land."

#### THE DEGENERACY OF MONASTIC INSTITUTES.

To a pious person, surely, no matter what his opinions may be, the degeneracy of religious institutes and orders must be an humbling and distressing subject for reflection. Yet by literary men of later days, and especially by Protestants and other heretics, this degeneracy has been laid of with almost a desperate eagerness either for the purpose of sneering at religion altogether, or vilifying the holy Roman Church, or discountenancing the strictness of Catholic morals. Now let it be admitted fully that this degeneracy is a fact, and that it has taken place in many instances almost incredibly soon after the first fervor of a new institute, always excepting, as truth compels us, the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius, which, next to the visible Church, may perhaps be considered the greatest standing miracle in the world. History certainly bears witness to this decay; but it must not be stated in the exaggerated way usual to many. It was not till the end of the tenth century that the decline of monastic fervor began to lead to abuses and corruptions; and for at least six centuries what almost miraculous perfection, heavenly love, self-crucifying austerities, mystical union with God, and stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith reigned among the quietly succeeding generation of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries? In the thirteenth century again the Church interfered, and at her touch, as if with the rod of Moses, there sprung forth those copious streams which satisfied the extraordinary thirst of Christendom in those times. The revered names of St. Dominic and St. Francis may remind us of what that age did. And when was the Church of Rome ever so great, ever so obviously the mother of Saints, or when did she ever so wonderfully develop the hidden life within her, as in the sixteenth century? St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis of Sales, St. Philip Neri, St. Felix of Cantalice, and many others, sprung almost simultaneously from the bosom of a Church so utterly corrupt and anti-Christian that part of mankind

deemed it necessary to fall off from her lest their souls should not be saved! Stated then fairly and moderately, let the fact of monastic degeneracy be admitted, and what follows? Is it anything more than an illustration of the Catholic Doctrine of original sin? Is it a fit or decent subject of triumph to miserable sinners who share personally in the corruption of their fellows? When such boastings are introduced into historical panegyrics of constitutions, parliaments, monarchies, republics, federacies, and the like, what is it but a *fortiori* argument against such mere worldly institutions? If a company of men or women leave their homes, enter upon a joyless life of poverty, singleness and obedience, to work, to beg, to pray, to sing, to watch, to fast, to scourge themselves, and behold! in a century or so, they degenerate and abandon the strictness of their institute, and what must become of a corporation gathered together for gain and aggrandisement? Either it must grow corrupt in a still shorter time, or, as the other alternative, having been corrupt from the beginning, as being secular, it will proceed to such an extremity of wickedness that nations, or kings, or people, as the case may be, will rise and tread it out of the earth as something to be endured no longer.—Surely there is something stupid, as well as unmanly, in this fierce exultation over the degeneracy of monastic orders. Roman law, the feudal system, chivalry, the municipalities of the middle ages—what light must such a course of reasoning throw on these things, so often set forth and illustrated with all the splendors of historical eloquence? One would imagine that to be a really philosophically historian heart and feeling were required, a strong sense of fellowship with our kind, an humbling acknowledgment of what is evil, and above all, an assiduous detection of what is, through God's mercy, honorable, pure and good; and what a different object would the church of the dark ages be in a history written on principles like these?

"The Holy Roman Church?" "The Mother of Saints" evidently "developing the hidden life within her" by having given birth to the Founders of the Jesuits, St. Francis of Sales, &c.

But the following beautiful defence of monastic decline is so full of true philosophy as well as true material piety, that we cannot help quoting it.—We again recommend the Reader to remember that the language is that of a Protestant clergyman; and then ask himself are we not on the brink of some extraordinary change.

But readers as well as writers have often exhibited a strange delight in these laboured invectives against monastic degeneracy; and this is very natural. It would be very unpleasant for us to pray

so many hours, to get up at nights, to fare badly, to sleep on boards, to be poor, to have somebody else's will to do instead of our own, to spend summer days amid the fumes of crowded hospitals, to wear hair shirts and so forth; and we cannot help feeling a little angry with people who did so; because, however clear it may be that it was all part and parcel of Romish corruption, there is a kind of lingering irritable feeling within us that there was, on the 'acc of it to say the least, something more evangelical about such a life than about days spent in the luxurious houses, the costly furniture, varied meals, literary pastimes, elegant entertainments, smooth conventions of modern society, notwithstanding the Sunday sermon, the carriage, the stove, the cushion, and the pew—our admonitions of the unseen world, our demonstrations of faith in the truth of the Gospel. Well—but let the *readers* think a little. The monastic orders grew very corrupt; yet still it may not follow that there is any inexorable necessity of leading a *comfortable* life. The Dominicans began to eat flesh! the Carmelites to put on shoes! The Cluniacs to wear leather garments and to have more than two dressed dishes! But supposing all these things were declinations from a rule they were bound to keep, did they, even the congregations which remained unreformed, did they subside into an easy indulgent life and put the awkward precepts of the Gospel out of sight as we do? Do people, when they read of an order declining from its rule, and moralise on it, rather than on *themselves*, as readers are unhappily prone to do, do they remember that in that *fallen* monastery were nocturns, and the diurnal hours, and fasts, and vigils, and silence, and celibacy, and sundry other very mortifying observances? A sandalled Carmelite cannot be brought to a level of modern comfort, self-indulgence, or even of idleness, generally considered the exclusive characteristic of a monk. Take the Benedictine congregations in all their changes, from Bernon of Gign to John de Rance of La Trappe, and the life the easiest among them led was something far more penitential, austere, devoted and unearthly, than what we should deem the very heights of a rigid perfection. It were better to take shame to ourselves; the life of the least strict order would be, it is feared, an impracticable standard of holiness for us, accustomed to the hourly exercise of freedom and self-will.

#### MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS.

The sea shore was not the only place that supplied a rude and dark temple to the forbidden worshippers of the olden time. The Glens—the Mountains—when this unsuspected level plain, had retreats sacred to the "Faith of ages," where the dauntless Priest courted Martyrdom by changeless fidelity to his trust.

There is one of these places to the east of "Slieve-na-mon," it is called "the Glen." Two rocky and heath clad hills fling their shadows across a running stream, that, following their direction, meanders along for a mile and a half or so, and then "flows on in sunshine," towards the Suir. The place is deeply interesting—not to say romantic. Mimic forests are, here and there, scattered along the sides of the hills—gatherings of trees—among which, childhood loves to rest and to look down upon the mysterious looking water as it bubbles onward on its way. A huge flag most naturally placed—so much so, as to appear like the rock polished by the action of the weather—closes the entrance to one of these caves. It is just at the foot of the hill, and having entered thro' the aperture, which it conceals, egress may be found at what is called a "Haggard" a full quarter of a mile distant. This was a favourite retreat.—Old men, when we were a boy, talked of having heard the trampling of horses above their heads, and, thro' the crevices, seen the glimmer of steel in the moonshine. Yet there—at the remote extremity—the old greyhaired Priest ministered—and the immaculate sacrifice was offered for the living and the dead. Many a time the little flock trembled in almost mental anxiety, while the mysterious beauties of the Roman Ritual were being gone through; many a time the long breath of relieved anxiety was drawn, when in hushed whisper "Ite Missa Est"—"Depart, the Mass is finished"—was pronounced by the Priest. These days, thank Heaven, have passed; and the ways of God are vindicated by results such as those marked by our extracts from the "Lives of the Saints" God must have some wondrous blessings in store for a country so tried and so true as Ireland.

#### MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS.

The waters had worn themselves a spacious entrance into an isolated cliff of the wild and lonely shore. Into this lofty and extended cavern the billows of the Atlantic, unbroken by rock or isle in their transit from the western world, poured at times, sweeping with them, with terrible noise, stones of various sizes, uptorn from the depths of ocean, and shooting up columns of spray to the height of many feet, through two perforations worn in the cavern roof.

Here, from its wild and remote situation, was mass wont to be occasionally celebrated for the widely-scattered peasantry, at that dark and dreary period of Ireland's history, when it can scarcely be new to any reader that the worship of God, after the manner of his fathers, was visited on the

Irish peer and peasant with penalty and fine—when their priests were hunted over the face of the land with an ardor far fiercer, because in the end greatly more remunerative than that of the wolf hunt in elder times; and when expatriation was the law's merciful award for uttering the words of salvation to a proscribed people.

Here now was gathering stealthily, and one by one, a large portion of the population of that wild coast, while here and there, scattered over the waters, was seen a straggling, well-filled boat, struggling with the waters; for, with the rapidity of the highland *firecross*, the word had spread that mass would be celebrated on this day, for the first time during many months, in the cavern of *Pulnathampul*; and the hardy and devoutly-inclined islanders were resolved to brave all perils from ocean and discovery in order to be once more listeners to the prohibited word of God.

At the inner extremity of the cavern, a large detached rock served for an altar. Behind it stood or knelt the priest, the space for a few yards around him being in general dry, except during stormy spring-times, when its occupants had often run no small risk of being dashed to pieces by the stones hurled in by the tumultuous waves, and piles of which—the accumulation of ages—were now heaped in various directions. The day we now treat of, however, chanced to one of neap-tide; and, though the wind was high, there was space for the members of the congregation to kneel along the side of the slippery and weed-covered stones that bordered the agitated midstream.

The candles were lighted, and as their rays were reflected in the quivering and broken lines on the tossed waters, and partly revealed and partly threw into deeper shadow its rugged sides and splintered roof—the cavern, into which the light of the gloomy day had penetrated but dimly, with its grouping and coloring, as well as its external adjuncts, would have offered to the painter's eye a most striking picture.

The tall figure and pale features of the priest, looking still paler in the dim light; the male peasants bowed in devotion, with ear erect to catch the remotest *unaccustomed* sounds, among whom were distinguishable a few, besides Frank Lynch, in sailors' garb; and the females, in their blue and scarlet cloaks with kerchiefed heads; these formed the figures of the interior: while abroad, as the mist was swept momentarily away, were distinguishable the boundless reach of tempestuous ocean, with an occasional boat borne triumphantly on, or turmoiling amid its waves, and a casual glimpse of the gigantic mountain-range looming in the far-off distance.

The ceremony proceeded, and the screams of the restless sea-fowl sweeping round the cliff, added a wilder solemnity to it; while the roar of

the waves, as they rushed into the cavern or broke thunderingly against the neighboring cliffs, might have seemed to the imaginative ear no inappropriate organ-peal for that wild cavern-cathedral.

The mass was scarcely half concluded, when the voice of the scout, who had been left abroad to give warning, should danger approach, was heard above wind and waves shouting "the throopers—the bloody throopers. an' *Shawn na Soggarth*."

Instantly there was wild terror and confusion in the cavern. Prayers were arrested in their utterance. The candles were quenched; the sacred book closed; the wine spilled; the vestments stripped; and priest and flock, male and female, the aged and the young were seen scrambling amid the slippery rocks in their eagerness to escape. Some fled along the shore, in various directions; others pushed off in the boats, to buffet the wind and tide; while a few were necessitated to betake themselves to swimming after the nearest boat, to escape the dreaded troopers, who were advancing rapidly under the guidance of the far and evil-famed *Shawn na Soggarth*, the redoubted priest-hunter, and who was no other than Mullowny, the reader's acquaintance of yesterday.

#### CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

(From the *Pittsburg* (Catholic).)

The following beautiful passage from the pen of a Protestant writer, admirably portrays the deep devotional feelings which the grandeur of Catholic worship cannot fail to awaken. If the mere external forms, so finely in unison with the natural sympathies of man, called forth the writer's admiration, what would he have felt could he enter into that spirit of religion which gives them life and effect, far beyond what strikes the eye of the casual observer? The Philosopher must admire the magnificence displayed in the order and beauty of the heavens, but his admiration receives a higher and holier tinge, when he reflects that all their beauty is intended to proclaim that *God is there*.

"When a poor pilgrim, wearied with fatigue, but light of heart, kneels on the altar steps to thank Him who has watched over him during a long and perilous journey; when a distracted mother comes into the temple to pray for the recovery of her son, whom the physicians have given over; when in the evening, just as the last rays of the sun steal through the stained glass on the figure of a young female engaged in prayer, when the flickering lights of the tapers die away on the pale lips of the clergy, as they chaunt the praises of the Eternal,—tell me, does not Catholicism teach us that life should be one long prayer, that art and science ought to combine to glorify God, and that the church, where so many canticles are simultaneously hymned forth, where devotion puts on all conceivable forms, has a right to our love and respect?"—*Clauser*.



## CATHOLIC COLLEGES IN THE EAST.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 27.—The French government has established on the Bosphorus a college conducted by clergymen of the order of St. Vincent de Paul. It is endowed with most of the privileges enjoyed by the royal colleges of France; and, moreover, receives from the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* 12,000 francs a year for the gratuitous education of a certain number of Rayalis. This being the only establishment of this kind in the country, its success has been immense. The number of pupils increasing rapidly, it was apparent that the building, already a vast one, must be enlarged, but to do that it was necessary to have the permission of the Turkish government. Three months have now elapsed since M. Bourquency first demanded a firman to carry on the work, and on last Thursday he left Constantinople with the question still in *statu quo*.

The French College of which we speak above is but one of several that France has established throughout the East. There is a French College at Sidon, for whose support Louis Philippe pays from his own private purse nearly £800 a year.

Several Turks, even Mollahs, send their children to these Colleges.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—Rumours of very singular character, touching the opinions and conduct of an alleged association of certain students of this institution, are in circulation. We learn from an unimpeachable source that the subject has been brought to the notice of the Faculty, and that they have set apart the 7<sup>th</sup> of January for its investigation. In the meantime we cannot but indulge the hope that the Bishops at present in this city, will, before they separate, deem the affair worthy of their attention, as the constitutional visitors of the Seminary. A development of the kind alluded to, on the heel of the recent investigation, is certainly a circumstance of an alarming and extraordinary character.

[Prot. Churchman]

## MISCELLANY.

The Tablet states that the annual converts to the Catholic Church amount to nearly six hundred souls in Scotland alone.

OXFORD.—The Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Kildare have addressed the Board of Heads of Houses on the subject of the prevailing errors of the University; and a committee is now sitting to concert measures for checking their progress. Mr. R. Lee, of Brasenose College, a connection of the Rev. Isaac Williams, has avowed himself the author of a report that Mr. Newman had written to the Rev. L. Williams, intimating his probable secession from the Anglican communion. [Globe.]

A letter from Madrid states that the Spanish Government had received "very satisfactory communications" from Rome, and that it was believed that the Pope had sanctioned and confirmed the sale of the national property already effected. No doubt

this news, if confirmed, is of considerable importance, and will have a good effect in calming the apprehensions of the purchasers of national property who were, and not without reason, seriously alarmed at the tendencies of the Government to upset the sales [Chronicle.]

THE TRAPPISTS.—A letter from Algiers, of the 30th ult., states that the monks of La Trappe are proceeding with great rapidity in the construction of their monastery, in the plain of Staoueli. A farm, on a very extensive scale, will form part of their establishment.

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