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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 26.

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, JULY 3, 1845.

CALENDAR.

JULY 6—Sunday VIII after Pentecost—Octavo of Sts. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
 ... 7—Monday—St Benedict XI. Pope and Confessor.
 ... 8—Tuesday—St Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, Widow.
 ... 9—Wednesday—Feast of the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 ... 10—Thursday—Feast of the Seven Brothers, Martyrs.
 ... 11—Friday—St Pius, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 12—Saturday—St. John of Gualbert, Abbott.

LITERATURE.

[From Teit's Magazine.]

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

A LONELY mourner kneels in prayer, before the Virgin's face,
 With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.
 Wan is her cheek, and very pale; her voice is low and faint!
 O, little could you deem, from her sad and lowly mein,
 That she was once the Bride of France, and still is Scotland's Queen!

O, Mary, Mother! Mary, Mother! be my help and stay!
 Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to day,
 For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
 I solace sought, in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:
 For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, and men were harsh to thee,
 And cruel things, and rude they said, as they have said to me.

O gentlemen of Scotland! O cavaliers of France!
 How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,
 If ladye love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearer bride,

Had been like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied!
 But these are sinful thoughts, and sad—I should not mind me now.
 Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or sad or fruitless vow!

But rather pray—sweet Mary—my sins may be forgiven!
 And less severe than on the earth, my judges prove in Heaven.

For stern and solemn men have said—God's vengeance will be shown,
 And fearful will the penance be on the sins which I have done!

And yet, albeit my sins be great—Oh, Mary, Mother dear
 Nor to Knox, nor to false Murray, the Judge will then give ear.

Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
 To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.
 Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, to while whole hours away
 In dark and gloomy Holyrood with some Italian lay.
 Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,
 How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezabel!

But thou—dear Mary—Mary, mine! hast ever looked the same,
 With pleasant mein and smile serene on her who bore thy name.

Oh, grant that, when anon I go to death, I may not see,
 Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman—but Thee, and only Thee!

How 'twill be told in coming times, how Mary gave her grace,
 To die, as Stuart—Guise should die—of Charlemagne's fearless race!

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

PART I.—ITS BRIGHTNESS.

"Who will grant me that I might be according to the days in which God kept me, when His lamp shined over my head?" *Job. xxix. 2, 3.*

IN the recesses of the Pyrenees, not far from the Spanish border, there was (our tale is of the last century), a small rural chapel situated on a hill, known by the name of Mont-Marie. The chapel itself was simple and unpretending, solidly built, and of considerable antiquity. The inside was, however, richly adorned. The altar had silver furniture, and the walls round it were covered with votive tablets, and with silver donatives, hung in commemoration of favours piously believed to have been received through the intercession of the blessed Mother of God, to whom the chapel was dedicated.

Indeed it was celebrated through the neighbouring country for many miles round, as a place of great devotion, almost a pilgrimage. Over, but behind the altar, on which was a rich tabernacle, stood an image of the spotless Virgin, bearing in her arms her Divine Son. It was nearly as large as life, of white marble and of ancient workmanship. Every one who looked at it with a favourable light, pronounced it a matchless piece of art, a work of highest inspiration. Nothing could be more benign, more sweet than the expression of the Mother, nothing more winning, yet more majestic, than the countenance of the Child.

In the midst of the sanctuary before the altar, was hung a silver lamp, as is usual in Catholic churches and oratories, burning day and night. Never, on the most tempestuous night, was it known to be extinguished; for it was abundantly supplied by the piety of the people, with the purest oil from the olive-yards of the country. And this to many of them was a matter of great importance. For that lamp was a beacon and a sure guide to the traveller at night. It was, therefore, so hung, that its bright radiance shone through a round window over the door, and could be seen to a great distance. The path which led from several hamlets to the main road in the valley, passed near this chapel; it was a narrow rugged track along the mountain's side, skirting a precipice; and the directions given to the traveller was to go boldly forward so long as the light of the chapel was visible before him; but so soon as it disappeared by a jutting of the rock, to turn sharp to the right and fearlessly descend, as the precipice was now exchanged for a gentle slope that led to the wider road. So certain was this rule, that no accident was ever remembered to have happened along that path. Thus did a beautiful symbolical rite of worship lend itself to a most beneficial purpose, and become the cause of great social good; thus did the altar of God send abroad its cheerful brightness to light up the dark and wearisome path, (alas! how like that of life!) and thus were the solitary traveller's thoughts attracted to the sphere where his guiding-star burnt clear before the mercy-throne of the Lamb, there to offer, in spirit,

homage; or led to think on that wakeful Eye of Providence which darts its ray from a higher sanctuary upon our joyless way, to cheer and guide us thither.

The chapel was under the care of a hermit priest, who lived in an humble dwelling beside it; and ministered to the spiritual wants of the neighbourhood, as the parish church was at some distance.

On the road which we have described, and about two miles from the chapel, was a poor small mountain hamlet, inhabited chiefly by woodmen who worked in the forests around. Among the cottages which composed it, one was remarkable for its neatness, though as poor as the rest; and the young couple that occupied it, were no less distinguished as the most industrious, the most virtuous and the happiest in the place. While Pierrot was sturdily working among the hills, his wife Annette was sitting at her wheel spinning incessantly, unless busied with domestic cares, while at her feet sat their only child not yet three years old, but already giving tokens of sense and virtue. Like every other child born under the tutelage of that chapel, she had been called at baptism, Marie. The child was the delight of her parents, for with great liveliness of disposition and cheerfulness, she united sweetness of temper and gentleness of mind. It may be easily imagined how they watched her every look with the anxiety of fond affection.

It was with dismay, therefore, that about this time each parent observed a notable falling off in her good looks and in her spirits. For some days, neither durst communicate his alarms to the other; but at last it became manifestly necessary to call in medical advice, for the child was growing every day paler and thinner, and was losing strength. But every effort of human skill proved vain, and the physician declared that nothing short of a miracle could save the child. The parents were disconsolate, and seemed distracted with their grief; till, finding no comfort on earth, they turned their thoughts more fervently to Heaven, where, however, they had all along sought help.

It was a fine autumn evening, when the heart-broken parents were seen slowly walking along the narrow path we have described, evidently directing their steps towards Mont-Marie. The mother bore a precious burden in her arms, lighter indeed than the one she carried in her heart. It was her frail and sickly child carefully wrapped up, though the afternoon was warm.

When they reached the chapel it was still day, and many of the peasantry were then making their evening visits as they returned from work. The door was open, and the western sun streamed in full glory through it, and steeped the interior of the place with golden lustre, giving to the paintings, the hangings, and the bright ornaments of the altar, a richness and magnificence truly royal. It seemed as if it was the hour of majesty, the time for urging great and noble suits, at the throne of Power; the presence-chamber

of the King of kings seemed gorgeously arrayed to hear the song of the joyful heart, and to dispense the treasures of redundant blessings. And each and every one of those peasants, kneeling in scattered groups in fervent worship, scarcely able to bear the dazzling sparks of light which the sun-beams struck from the silver tabernacle, was in that moment ennobled and graced beyond the richest and proudest of earth's lords, their rustic costume was embroidered by the golden pencil of Heaven, their honest heads was surrounded, and, in a manner, crowned by a flood of glory, and their countenances upturned with glowing features and moistened eyes towards that Presence, before which all earthly royalty is base. And now the organ pealed forth its powerful notes, and all united in a simple, but overpowering strain of evening thanksgiving.

It was at this moment that Pierrot and his wife reached the threshold of the door; and both uninstinctively paused as if unable to enter in. That sparkling light, that golden atmosphere, those joyful looks, those swelling notes, accorded not with their errand, sympathised not with their hearts, jarred, broken, fretted as they were. They were not coming to urge high and peculiar claims, but to seek pity, mercy, and peace. In a moment, however, they both felt confused at their apparent want of confidence; and, assuming boldly the privilege ever granted by Catholic feeling to the distressed, advanced to the steps leading to the Sanctuary. On these the mother laid her helpless burthen, and both kneeling down, covered their streaming eyes from the overpowering splendour that oppressed them. Long, deep, and breathless, was their prayer. During it the music had ceased, the peasants had one by one glided out, and the hermit having closed the door, and with it shut out the last dying reflection of the western sky, whispered to the afflicted father as he retired, 'I have left the door unlocked, stay as long as you please. Have courage, and may God comfort you; and, through the intercession of His blessed Mother, hear your prayers.' He was not like Heli that good hermit, who chid Anna in the temple because of her troubled supplication.

At these words both uncovered their faces and raised their eyes. They were alone with their child; a perfect silence reigned around them. There was no light but what was shed by the lamp of the Sanctuary, between them and the altar. Hanging in mid-air, this seemed as a silver fountain of mildest radiance, not shot forth in rays, not scattered abroad in fiery sparks, not playing wantonly in unsteady flame, but softly and equably diffused from its source on every side, filling the centre of the holy place with a halo of serene purest light, and thence overflowing in a more subdued and blander stream into the remoter parts and angles of the roof and walls. It was a light that appeared to exert a stilling hushing power on nature; one could not conceive noise or disturbance going on under it; a laugh, a harsh word, an angry murmur, would have

sounded sacrilegious, if they could have been possibly attempted. It created an atmosphere of its own; as though that soft tempered light diffused a corresponding warmth through the air, which the frost without could not chill; for no one could feel cold beneath its genial glow. It gave a softness and beauty to the commonest objects; the rude memorials of benefits received that hung around, and the poor paintings which adorned the upper parts of the walls, had their imperfect details concealed, and their more prominent features brought out in a subdued tone that made them look like masterpieces of art; and countenances which by day looked stern, by this mild light, were gentle and engaging. But it was on the inward feelings that its kindest influence was shed. It seemed to kindle in the breast a holy light like unto itself, beaming, serene and soothing over its disturbed affections, subduing pride and loftiness of spirit, calming anger, engentling austerity, and smoothening the folds of the crafty thought. It unruffled, it mildened, it melted the soul, and fitted it for tender and gentle emotions.

And when, thus feeling all without them in perfect harmony with their own thoughts, the unhappy parents raised their eyes towards the image of their Redeemer and His Mother, the full radiance of that lamp upon it revealed features so full of love and compassion, that never did this representation of them appear so lovely, or so truly a portrait of what in their hearts they now wished to find them both. For they felt that this was the hour for appeals for mercy and pity on distress; here was the inner audience-chamber, where the petition of the poor would be kindly received face to face, whispered into the ear.

Long and fervently did the parents pray over their child under the solemn inspiration of the place and hour. There was more of depth in the father's fervour, more of tenderness in the mother's; but both made together a joint petition, they offered up a common vow. If the child recovered, she was for the next seven years to be clothed in white, as an emblem of dedication to the purest of Maids, brought up ever in piety and devotion; and her parents would fast once a week during the same period.

"Yes," exclaimed Pierrot, in the simple poetry of Nature, "she shall be white and pure as the lily, whose root has been fed by the mountain snow; she shall be as a flower before the altar of God. She shall shine in His sanctuary as the lamp that now hangs over her; her virtues shall shed a mild lustre through the holy place, as she kneels in conscious gratitude, where now she lies. Extinguish not the light of our eyes; and let not death presume to touch her now consecrated to Thee, any more than a sacrilegious hand will ever dare to quench this holy flame that burns before Thine altar."

While the parents were engaged in prayer, their child seemed to be enjoying a slumber calmer and healthier than she had for several weeks ; and in this they saw the first symptom of recovering. It was late when they returned home, but the child still slept ; and next morning she was evidently better. In a few more days she was at her usual place by her mother's knee. She was now what is called in France *vouee a blanc*, clothed entirely, according to vow, in virgin white. And as she grew from day to day in sense and virtue, so was she looked upon by all the good people in the neighbourhood, as one dedicated to God and privileged by grace. Hence, by common accord, the place of honour seemed granted to her in church, the spot in the centre on which she had been laid in her sickness.

There, as she grew older, she would kneel immoveable for hours, and when at dusk the crowd of peasants who filled the oratory, in the dark costume of the country, formed a confused mass, her form, arrayed in dazzling white, in the full radiance of the mystic lamp, shone bright and clear as if fulfilling her father's prayer, and seemed itself to shed a light upon the darker objects around. In silent meditation and fervent prayer, in the soft glow of that sacred lamp, her heart, too, found delight. The glories of the evening sun, the clear splendour of the summer moon, had no charms for her, like to its mildened ray. It seemed to her to shed around a light so chaste and pure, as could brook thoughts none but the holiest and almost angelic ; nor could words, save the most warm and tender, bear to be breathed therein. Heavenly spirits seemed to bask in it, and cherubs were playing on the cloud of glory that hung around the flame. Nor was it to her eyes alone that this mysterious and symbolical light appeared so beautiful. With it there seemed to come music to her ears, voices whispering prayer in accordance with hers, songs subdued and tender, as of spirits striking softly upon golden harps. And it seemed to scatter ever the sweetest fragrance, a balm, an incense pure from every gross and earthly particle. In fine, no place to her appeared more closely allied to Heaven, and no situation raised her on wings of holy desire so gently from earth, as did that lonely sanctuary, enjoyed in the light of its own dear star.

It has been observed, that persons living much together, come to contract a certain resemblance to one another, so as to be often taken for near relations ; and so did many think, that by frequent and long kneeling before that beautiful image of the spotless Virgin Mother, with gaze intent upon it in that mild light, her features gradually moulded themselves into the same meek and modest ex-

pression, as though she were the living, as that was the lifeless portrait of the original.

To be continued.

[From P'Univers.]

THE POPE AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

We have received the following from Rome :— An important circumstance has taken place here recently which has produced a deep sensation, but it is, perhaps, as yet, but little known to strangers. It is known that the Venerable Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr Droste de Vischering, came to Rome last September. He had felt the need, after a long disputation, of coming and resting himself in the mother country, to seek there near to the common father of the faithful, consolation and enlightenment, and the latter seized, with paternal joy, the opportunity of giving to this Confessor of the Faith, a striking testimony of his high satisfaction. This testimony was not lost upon the illustrious Archbishop. He had hardly arrived when he was received by the Sovereign Pontiff with the greatest honours. It was wished to recompense in his person, religious courage, and it was done with that delicate tact, and that gracious attention, which is found so supremely at the Court of Rome. At the foot of the great staircase of the Vatican, the sedan-chair, which the holy father himself uses, awaited the Archbishop to bear him to the state-rooms. Arrived in the presence of the successor of St. Peter, he was immediately clasped in his arms, and the Head of the Church addressed these solemn words to him—" Spectaculum factus es mundo et angelis et hominibus proptur fidem, et firmitatem tuam." " You are become a subject of admiration for the world, for angels and men, on account of your firmness." Glorious words for the Venerable Archbishop ! Sweet and precious recompense, when it is remembered that the words of St. Paul, on the Apostles and Martyrs, are applied to him by the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. During this interview the holy father did not allow Mgr. of Cologne to kneel before him ; it was to his heart that he wished to press the noble defender of the interests of the faith and the truth. The greatest veneration surrounded the august voyager : all places and people vied with each other in the number of their testimonials : they congratulated themselves on his presence in Rome : they hoped that he would long sojourn there, that he would fix himself there. His approaching promotion was spoken of in all circles. Suddenly a report, which was spread amongst the faithful, surprised and afflicted them : Mgr. de Vischering thought of departing : his weakened health, it was said, could not endure the heat of the Italian climate. This rumour, at first vague and

uncertain, was soon confirmed; the Archbishop, it was stated, had asked an audience for taking leave. In short, a priest was confidentially charged to solicit this audience. Some persons asked this priest, "What reasons can my Lord of Cologne have leaving us so soon; can the weakness of his health, and the elevation of our temperature be the only causes of fear; do not the honours of the purple frighten him, and by going away does not the humble Archbishop seek to escape them? This motive may have influenced him in his determination, it was replied, but whatever the causes may be, his determination is definitely taken; Mgr. quits Italy." At last, the request of the Archbishop was carried to the Holy Father, who replied in nearly these terms:—

"We will not grant the audience to the Archbishop of Cologne, but we will ourselves go to see him before his departure; only he must not be aware of our intention: he must know it only a few hours before our visit;" and the Holy Father fixed his visit for the next Sunday, at 5 o'clock. His holiness was to set off on the Monday for Castle Gandolfo. The priest returned to the Archbishop, and, faithful to the secret which had been confided to him, told him only that, according to his desire, he should see the Holy Father before his departure, but of the hour and the day he would be subsequently informed. The time for the journey of the Pope being known, Mgr. de Cologne fixed his own departure accordingly, and waited with anxiety for the audience which he had solicited. Several days elapsed, but no reply from the Vatican; the Archbishop became uneasy and anxious: he could not understand this silence. The Sunday, the eve of the journey of both the holy father and himself, had arrived, and nothing had transpired. He said, sadly, to his confidant, "If I am not received to-day by his holiness, I shall have the pain of going away without seeing him, for to-morrow he quits Rome, and we ourselves must set off." Let not your highness be distressed; I can assure you that the day will not pass without your being at the feet of the Holy Father. But the calmness of the confidant did not suffice to tranquilize the illustrious traveller, whose distress increased as the time drew on. At last, noon approached, when the ambassador might speak confidently, and the Archbishop learned that the Pope would be with him at 5 o'clock. His holiness had desired to take him quite by surprise; however, fearing that he might thus cause him too much confusion, he consented that they should notify his intention, but only so that the Archbishop might be able to prepare himself for the visit, and, if he wished, put on his canonicals. At this news, Clement Augustus burst into tears. * * * * Here we stop. We will not attempt to raise the veil

which covers this last and solemn interview. What passed between the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the Confessor of the faith? God only, and his angels, were witnesses of it; but every one of the faithful will appreciate the touching sublimity of this step of the Chief of Christianity, and of this distinguished favour granted to the prisoner of Winden. In going to pay a visit to the Archbishop of Cologne, in rendering to him an honour reserved for crowned heads, the Holy Father has given, in the face of Europe and of the Church, the highest recompense which he could obtain; and the Archbishop, in returning to Germany, in order to avoid the purple, offers to the world another example of self-denial, of nobleness, and Christian dignity.

[From the Brunswick Liberator.]

MODES OF BAPTISM.

Having, in a few of our last numbers, made some remarks on the subject of Baptism, to show the necessity of that rite or salvation, and that infants as well as adults were proper subjects for it, we shall conclude the subject in this paper with some remarks on the subject of Baptism.

As Baptism is an institution ordained by God for the remission of original sin, and without the reception of which there is no way of entering into Heaven, when it can be had, it is of the last importance to be acquainted with the mode in which Christ, its founder, and the Apostles, to whom he gave the commission to baptize, wished it should be administered. The Catholic Church holds with St. Thomas of Aquin, that there are three modes in which the sacred rite of Baptism can be legitimately and validly conferred, by immersion, aspersion, or infusion. The words of this illustrious father, are—"Water is used in the sacrament of Baptism for the purpose of corporal ablution, by which the interior ablution from sin is signified; and ablution with water can be made, not only by immersion, but by aspersion, or infusion."—St. Thomas, chap. 3, art. 7, ques. lxxiii.

Some moderns hold that immersion, or dipping as it is sometimes called, is the only essential rite, and that the other modes, infusion and aspersion, are invalid; but that this opinion is not at all correct, will be easily discovered, both from the sacred Scriptures and the constant and invariable practice of the Christian Church. We learn from the Acts of the Apostles, chap. 11, v. 41, that in the first instance of the administration of Baptism, on the day of Pentecost, that no less than *three thousand persons* received that rite. Now, it can hardly be said that these three thousand individuals, the fruits of Peter's sermon, were all, on that occasion, plunged into water before they were received into the infant church of the Apostles.

the inference the most natural is, they were baptized by aspersion, and this is the opinion of St. Thomas, who lived in a time when immersion was practised.

We also find the Apostles baptizing under circumstances which must compel us to draw the like inference. St. Paul baptized the jailor and his family in their own house, and at night, Acts xvi. v. 32. Cornelius and his family were baptized by St. Peter, in the house of Cornelius, Acts x. v. 46. The Disciples of Ephesus, after being baptized by St. Paul, immediately received the imposition of hands, which is the sacrament of confirmation; and no intimation is there given of any delay caused by dipping or immersion—Acts xix. v. 58.

The Baptism of Saul himself took place in the house of a private friend, by Ananias, who visited Saul, then blind—“He received his sight, and rising up, was baptized”—Acts ix. v. 18. On all these occasions, and in many others where we read of the rite of Baptism being conferred, the idea or notion of dipping or immersion, does not present itself from the circumstances. We cannot help, then, supposing that a different mode to that of immersion was practised by the Apostles, and consequently that immersion is not the essential mode of Baptism. Let us now see what has been the practice of the Christian Church in the ages, and whether it conferred the Baptismal rite by infusion and aspersion.

The Church is “the pillar and ground of truth,” as the Apostle says; it never can teach error.—When Christ commissioned his Apostles and their successors to baptize, he promised to them they should not err in administering that solemn rite; “I am with you,” he says, “all days, even to the end of the world.” Baptism was to be administered to the end of the world, as a rite necessary to cleanse the soul from original sin. The Apostles were to have successors to the end of time, conferring that rite for the “perfection of the saints,” hence the rite must continue to be administered in the Church as willed by Christ; and if we find the Church making use of infusion or aspersion, as well as dipping or immersion, we must conclude that Baptism, conferred in any of the former modes, is equally as valid as when conferred in the latter, as the three modes are sanctioned by the Church on the authority of Christ, who gave to her pastors the commission to “Baptize.”

Tertullian, a writer of the third century, exhorting adults to prepare for Baptism, asks, “For who will vouchsafe to you, so faithless a penitent, a single drop of any water—On penance, c. 6, p. 144. St. Cyprian, in the middle of the third century, in his answer to Magnus, who asked him whether those who are baptized on their sick beds

should be regarded as legitimate Christians, says, “Thou hast inquired what I think of those who, in their infirmity and languor, obtain the grace of God, whether they are to be esteemed as legitimate Christians, because they have not been washed with water, but received it by infusion.” And towards the end of his answer, in which he wished Magnus to understand that the grace of God was conferred by infusion as well as immersion, he says—“In the sacraments of salvation, the *divine compendium* confers all on believers. Nor should any one be moved because he sees that the sick are sprinkled or receive infusion, when they receive the grace of the Lord, since the Holy Scripture, by the prophet Ezekiel, speaks and says—“I will sprinkle you with clean water, and you shall be cleansed from all your idols, and I will give you a new heart, and I will put a new spirit in you”—St. Cyp. Ep. lxxvi.

From these words of St. Cyprian, it is plain the validity of Baptism, conferred by infusion or aspersion was undisputed, and that the grace of pardon was equally obtained by Baptism, whether conferred by infusion, aspersion, or immersion. St. Chrysostom held the same opinion with Cyprian, and gives us to understand that grace is conferred by infusion or aspersion as well as immersion. In one of his instructions to the Catechumens, preparing for Baptism, he attributes the same efficacy to Baptism, when given to the sick, which must certainly be by infusion or aspersion, as when it is received in vigour and health. “Although,” he says, “the same gifts of grace, are bestowed on you and on those who are initiated at the close of life—your free choice and preparation are different, for they receive it on their beds, you in the church, the common manner of all,” &c. &c.—Catech. 1.

St. Augustin, extolling the effects of Baptism, says—“This purification would by no means be attributed to the liquid and transient element, were it not added, *in the word.*” This word of faith is powerful in the Church of God, that by means of her believing, offering, blessing, *tinging even in a slight degree, it cleanses the infant*—Aug. Tract. lxxx. in Jean.

St. Ambrose applies to Baptism the words of the Psalmist, wherein he speaks of purification by aspersion—“You took afterwards the white garment,” says he, addressing the Neophytes, “to indicate that, cast away the cloak of sin, and put on the spotless robes of innocence: whereof the Psalmist said—“Thou shalt sprinkle me with hysop, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. For he that is baptized seems to be cleansed: according to the law, since Moses sprinkled the blood of the lamb: according to the Gospel, because the

garments of Christ were white as snow, when in the Gospel he showed the glory of his resurrection. He whose sins are forgiven, is made whiter than snow."—St. Ambrose, *book on the initiated*, c. vii.

Besides these plain and express testimonies of the Fathers, we have other particular instances on record, which show that Baptism was conferred under circumstances which exclude dipping or immersion.

Eusebius, in his ecclesiastical history, book the sixth, chap. the 5th, says of Bassilides who was cast into prison for the faith of Christ—"The brethren gave him the seal of Baptism, and the next day, having confessed our Lord, he was beheaded."

In the Act of St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom in the year 240, it is related that Romanus, one of the soldiers, being suddenly converted, brought a pitcher of water to the Martyr, asking him to baptize him.—Alban Butler, Aug. 6th, any acts cited by Wal. Strabo.

The Acts of Cornelius speak of Sallusta, who, being converted, presented to the Pontiff a vessel of water, wherewith he might baptize her.

Five martyrs of Samostata, in the year 297, when in prison for the faith of Christ, sent for the priest James, entreating him to come and bring with him a vessel of water to baptize them. Acts Mart. Tom. 11, p. 123.—Alban Butler, Dec. 9.

From all this evidence the inference is irresistible, that the practice of the Christian Church at all times, contradicts the opinion, that immersion or dipping is essential for the validity of Baptism.

Christ requires Baptism as a necessary condition for salvation; hence, the mode of conferring it must be adapted to all conditions of its subjects, to the weakness of the infant, the infirmities of the sick, and the perilous condition of the person, who from some unforeseen and sudden accident, would be in danger of immediate death; now, immersion or dipping is not adapted to any of these conditions, and, consequently, cannot be essential to the validity of Baptism.

We confess we have not been able to do justice to this important subject, owing to the condensed way we have been obliged to treat of it; we trust, however, enough has been said on it, in this, and two former numbers of this paper, to satisfy the wishes, perhaps the curiosity of an "enquirer."

It was to one of these defects, that of self-esteem, that Bishop Palafox attributed the cause of his relaxing after his conversion, and of his having very nearly lost himself for ever: since, says he, although I was but little humble, I suffered myself to believe that I was really humble; and

at the time that did my endeavour, and was earnestly desirous to be good, I was wont to presume that I was already really good: and this hidden pride obliged the divine goodness to instruct me, to the end I might see, that I was not good, but wicked, and weak, and miserable, and full of pride, of sensuality, of infidelity, and a prodigal contemner of the blessings of divine grace.

I wish I could persuade spiritual persons that the way to perfection does not consist in so many different practices, nor in thinking much; but in denying ourselves on every occasion, and in giving ourselves up to suffer all things for the love of Christ: if they fail in the performance of this exercise, every other method of walking in the spiritual life is but standing still and mere trifling, without any profit, even though they had the gift of the highest contemplation and the most intimate communication with God.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

GOD AND JESUS CHRIST.—The God of the Christians is not a mere maker of geometrical truths and of the elements, as Pagans would hold. He is not merely a God who employs his providence over the life and property of men, that he may grant happy years to adore him, as the Jews held. But the God of Abraham, of Jacob, and of the Christians is a God of love and of hope: a God who fills the soul and the heart which he favours: a God who makes them feel within themselves their wretchedness and his own infinite mercy: who fills them with humility, gladness, hope, and love: who makes them unfit for any thing but himself.

The God of the Christians is a God who makes the soul feel that he is its only good; that it can only rest in him; that it can have no gladness but in loving him: and who, at the same time, makes it hate the hindrances which keep it back and weaken its love. The self-love and lusts which clog its upward flight are hateful to it.—God himself makes it feel that it is clogged by this self-love, and that he only can cure it.

If a man deceive himself in thinking the Christian religion true, there is no great harm done; but if he deceive himself in thinking it false, what a misfortune is his!—PASCAL.

General Intelligence.

INTRODUCTION OF CATHOLICITY INTO CHINA.

The labors of the persevering and devoted Catholics of France to introduce our faith into China has caused great alarm among the Protestants on both sides of the Channel. The *Church and State Gazette*, an English paper, thus alludes to the matter:—

ESTABLISHMENT OF POPERY IN CHINA.

We have lost China. The millions of Cathay, however profitable they may be to us as commercial customers, will be no source of glory to the Church of England. The opportunity has passed; and if the great empire be destined to conversion she will become Romanist, and be our foe forever.

It is now more than a year since we urged the necessity of the Church, or of some of those societies to whom the honour and usefulness of that Church are professedly dear, to send missionaries to the wide field, open, ready, and waiting for missionary work—for Christian culture. We pointed out the great advantage that was expectant and hoping for seizure in Asia: we, at a later period, noticed the golden opportunity that offered itself in Africa. But Abyssinia is quietly abandoned to semi-infidelity. She may decorate her half-barbarous cathedrals with pictures of the Quorn Hounds, and portraits of running horses, and may oscillate between ignorance, infidelity, and a slight glimmering of truth, for anything that we appear to care to the contrary. Out of her own mire we allow her to fall into the slough of Romanism, without manifesting energy or humanity enough to raise her to the rock where alone her establishment would be rendered secure.

And so in China. The outcry and the hope were equally great when first the prudent valor of Sir Henry Pottinger shattered into fragments the adamant barriers that for untold ages had kept the outer world at a respectful distance from the Happy Valley which has acknowledged the imperial rule of a score of dynasties. The gain to commerce was to be great; the gain to Christianity inconceivable. Disappointment has followed either expectation. Commerce has not yet realized her hoped-for profits; and the gain to Christianity has been "inconceivable" only in the sense of inconceivably small.

In the meantime, while the Church of England is represented in China by two voluntary missionaries, the Church of Rome has despatched to the harvest her working hundreds. We should rather say that France has done this; for as French priests were commissioned to Tahiti on purpose to come in collision with the English, and thereby bring on a necessity for the interference of Go-

vernment in Paris, so are French subjects chosen to do the double labor of politics and Popery in the celestial empire. These men have now been recognized by the head of the State. They are established as teachers: permitted to pray, preach, and visit; and to confirm converts. We may start from our slumbers at hearing this—but we awake too late. The weapons that might have been employed effectively ere the time for action was past would now prove dangerous to those who would use them. The Gallic Church is in possession of more points than have been conceded to English commerce; and any attempt to share their enjoyment by missionaries from our own country, would prove inglorious and abortive. The French would soon establish a grievance. French priests would call in the aid of French consuls; French consuls would appeal to their Government; that government would send out a fleet to serve many purposes besides the real one; and we should have a French protectorate in China, the object of which, like that established in Oceania, would be to cripple our commerce, insult our people, and cheat the natives; while the authors of it vaunted their own purity of intention, and held England up to the world as a monstrous example of avarice, tyranny, treachery and heresy.

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Halifax, 9th Jan., 1845. JOHN P. WALSH.

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

JAMES DONOHUE,
Halifax, 9th January, 1845. No. 26, Hollis St.

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