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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 20.

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, MAY 16, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- May 17—Sunday—V after Easter. St John Nepomuc, Martyr.
 18—Monday—Rogation Monday. St Venantius, Martyr.
 19—Tuesday—Rogation Tuesday. St Peter Celestine
 Pope and Confessor.
 20—Wednesday—Rogation Wednesday. Vigil St Bernardine of Sienna, Confessor.
 21—Thursday—Ascension of our Lord. (Holyday of obligation.)
 22—Friday—St Paschal Baylon, Conf.
 23—Saturday—Finding of the Holy Cross.

" Arthur Mooney	1	0	10
" Michael Keefe	1	5	0
" James Wall	1	0	10
" Edward Payne	0	5	2 1-2
Mrs. James Gray	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Daly	1	0	10
" Wallace	0	5	0
" Michael Scallan	3	0	0
" John Dureen	2	0	0
" Richard Byrne	0	10	5
" Thomas O'Dell	1	0	0
" Richard O'Neill	5	0	0
Very Rev. Mr. Conolly	2	10	0
Mr. Edward Butler	1	0	0
" John Payne, (Windsor Road,)	1	0	0
Mrs. Anne Gunston	0	10	5
Mr. Thomas Riordan	0	10	5
" Neville	1	0	0
" Roderick McCarthy	0	5	2 1-2
" James Hennebery	0	5	2 1-2
" James Cochran	2	0	0
" Joseph Slattery, (Mainadieu,)	1	0	0
" P. Moran	6	0	0
Miss Mulhall	1	0	0
Mr. Patrick Going	1	0	0
" Patrick Brennan	1	0	0
" Patk. Deegan	1	0	0
" Michael Murphy	1	5	0
Rev. John Nugent	1	0	0
Mr. Stephen Carew	1	0	0

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, NORTH END.

Already the subscriptions begin to pour in for the completion of this good work, and from the zeal manifested in the commencement, there seems no doubt of its being brought to a happy termination. The Monthly Collectors have begun their pious office, and as far as we have ascertained, there is no lack of generosity on the part of the people. Independently, however, of the Monthly Collection, the following donations and subscriptions have been received by the Treasurer, since the Meeting of the 3d instant:

Rev. Dr. Walsh	£10	0	0
Dominick Von Malder	1	0	0
William Skeahan	1	0	0
Thomas Walsh	1	0	0
John Longard	1	5	2 1-2
Charles Riley	1	0	0

Mr. Lawrence Gooley	0	10	0
" T. Morrissey	1	10	0
" Wm. Bates	0	10	2 1-2
" Patrick Baldwin	1	0	0
" Patrick Power	2	10	0
" Longard	1	0	0
" Michael Egan	5	0	0
" Jeremiah Conway	5	0	0
" James Hogan	1	0	0
" Timothy Lenihan	1	0	0
" James Wallace	5	0	0
" Michael Casey	1	0	0
" Joseph Purcell	1	0	0
" John Grant	1	0	0
Messrs. John & Joseph Barron	5	0	0
Mr. John Devanney	1	0	0
" Edward Kelly	0	10	0
" Edward Barber	1	10	0
" William Walsh	0	5	0
" Peter Power	1	0	0
" John Crotty	0	10	0
" Thomas Hennessy	1	0	0
Miss C. Devanney	0	5	2 1-2

[From the St. John Liberator.]

THE CLIQUE.

The organ and representative of this contemptible party has made another attack on this journal, and on its conductors and supporters, and, as a matter of course, on a neighbouring prelate. How others will deal with that attack, it is for themselves to decide; for our parts, we despise it, as we will every such one that will ever emanate from the same quarter. For the present we will leave "Hudibras" and his clique to "Old Observer" and the "Cross," (God pity him who has despised and set his face against this emblem,) only reminding this sacrilegious scribbler that his profane epithets—"bosthunes," "drivellers," "pompous pedants," &c., &c.—are too fresh in our memory to make us think that he has any respect for Bishop or Clergy.

MORE CONVERTS.—The London Morning Herald of the 7th ult. states that the Rev. William Howel Lloyd, a Minister of the Established Church, was received into the Church of Rome, at the chapel of the Bishop's house in Birmingham.

The Dorset (England) Chronicle relates that another secession from the Church of England, amongst the clergy of that diocese, is about to take place; the rev. gentleman having just resigned his preferment for the purpose of entering into the communion of the Church of Rome.

LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

The Fire.

A TALE.

In five Letters addressed by Lewis May to his Mother.

LETTER I.

Thanks to God, dearest Mother, that I have had the comfort of meeting you once more, and finding you well and happy. I was delighted to see, that, in your widowed and desolate condition, you have been able by the industry of your own hands and the trifle which I have hitherto had in my power to send you, to support yourself so happily and independently. I am still more happy in the prospect of soon getting a more lucrative situation, and thus being able to support you more respectably. The sight of your heartfelt piety and motherly affection has renewed and strengthened my good purposes after long absence. I am continuing my business tour with fresh spirit; and, although the present season is the worst in the whole year, and the cold is excessive, I hope soon to have completed my rounds successfully; and then, as I have now been a clerk for a long time, I trust to rise still higher in my master's good opinion, as I am to be appointed book-keeper of his eminent house.

I shall write to you from time to time, in accordance with my promise, and though I have no taste for writing long letters, yet, in order to gratify your wish of prolonging the pleasure of reading them, I will take care that you shall get long ones from me henceforward.

My journey hitherto has been, thanks to God, most prosperous, nor has anything extraordinary befallen me except one adventure, which I shall relate to you somewhat in detail.

I arrived late yesterday evening at the hotel in Bergheim; and as I had no business in the town and was to resume my journey at day-break in the morning, I retired early to bed. But about midnight, while I lay sound asleep, my room was suddenly lighted up with so brilliant a glare, that I awoke. At first, I imagined that I was dreaming, and that I saw the roofs of all the houses, round about, which were quite covered with snow, illuminated with a dazzling fiery glare. But in a short time the alarm bell tolled, and trumpets sounded in the street. I sprung out of bed, ran to the window, and saw black clouds of smoke, mingled with terrific flames, rising from a large house at the end of the street. I threw on my clothes hurriedly, and ran to the spot. The fire engines were rattling up in furious haste, but there

were few people to be seen; and the owner of the house which was on fire and his wife and two children were standing half dressed, gazing helplessly upon the flames, wringing their hands, and loudly bewailing their fate; while the servants were dragging enormous loads of all kinds of furniture out of the house. I took my place at one of the engines, and supplied it with water, which was brought in tubs from the nearest fountain. By degrees, the people came running up from all quarters, still, however, half stupified and almost reeling with sleep: they were arranged in order, and passed from hand to hand the buckets which they brought with them.

On a sudden, a heart-rending cry arose from the corner of the house which was on fire. I ran hastily to the spot, to give assistance in case any new misfortune should have befallen. Two children had been left behind in the flames! In their trepidation, the parents had forgotten them, and now the father stood pale as death, pointing with outstretched arms to a window in the third story; and the mother had fallen upon her knees, and with her hands upraised to heaven, prayed aloud for mercy! Two children, a boy and a girl, about twelve or thirteen years old, stood beside their parents, clasping their hands above their heads, weeping and crying out, "Oh, poor Anthony!—poor little Francis!—they will be lost in the fire, they will be burnt! O merciful God, take pity upon them!"

Meanwhile, a long ladder was brought and placed up to the window; but no one would venture it, for the blazing rafters were already tumbling down with fearful crash; thick masses of smoke, and innumerable sparks of fire had burst out afresh, and were showering down on the crowd below. One of the two men who had put up the ladder, called out, "stand back, the gable is going to fall in!" The other said, "the poor children are lost! Even though any one would venture up, it would now be too late!" He leaped away, and the entire crowd fell back in alarm. In fact the gable of the house which was principally of wood, and had already taken fire, began to lean forward, and threatened every moment to fall.

The thought struck me notwithstanding: "In God's name let me venture! He will be merciful to me."

I scrambled up the ladder as fast as possible, and though it was somewhat too short, reached the window safely. What a sight was there. The room was illuminated by the fearful deep red glare of the fire—the children, two lovely little boys, in their white night dress, were kneeling in the centre of the room, and with their little hands uplifted to heaven, and cried out "Dear Father in Heaven, have mercy upon us, come to our aid, save us from

the flames!" The fire had already seized upon the woodwork of the floor and the doors. I forced in the window, and in a moment the flame, rendered more violent by the air, burst out with greater fury, and a torrent of smoke rushed from the window. I leaped hastily into the room, and placed the boys upon the window-sill—the crowd below raised a shout of joy when they saw the two children—I sprang up again, but I had to feel for a long time with my foot, before I could reach the ladder. Desiring one of the boys to cling round my neck, and clasping the other with my arm, I endeavoured, with my disengaged hand, to seize the ladder, and hold fast by it. It was a most perilous attempt—a loud shriek of terror burst from every tongue. "O God!" cried one in the crowd of spectators, "he never will be able to save them!" another shrieked, "O my God, all three will fall together!" and from every voice rose one simultaneous prayer: "God assist him, God have mercy on the children!" The children screamed aloud with terror and alarm, and even I myself felt almost faint with fear, when burdened as I was with the children, I caught hold of the ladder, and supporting myself with my single hand, tried to descend by it, while it tottered to and fro under my weight. But, with God's help, I succeeded, and amid the joyful shouts of the multitude, I came safely with the children to the ground.

I hastened to bring them to their parents. The mother had swooned away at the sight of the peril in which her children had been placed, and her husband had been trying to convey her into one of the neighbouring houses, but, unnerved by terror and anxiety, he was not able to support her, and she had sunk down upon the deep snow which covered the earth. Her husband knelt by her side, and the two elder children were trying to hold up her drooping head. As I drew near the parents, with the two little boys, carrying one of them in my arms, and leading the other by the hand, the boy whom I held by the hand burst away from me, ran up to his father, and cried out joyfully, "Dearest father!" His father sprang up, clasped the boy in his arms, and cried, "God be praised! My whole property may now perish in the fire, for my dearest treasures are saved!"

The joyous exclamation of the father, and the shrill voice of the child, as he strove to embrace him with his little arms, reached the mother's ear; she awoke from her swoon. I presented the other child to her. She snatched him wildly into her arms, as though he were not yet safe from the fire—she could only weep and sob convulsively for joy. Never shall I forget the look of gratitude she cast at me.

I hastened back to my fire-engine. After some hours the fire was mastered, and there was nothing

further to dread. As the clock was just striking six, I returned to my hotel. My travelling companions, muffled in their cloaks, were already standing at the door, impatiently awaiting my arrival. I hurried up to my room, got my cloak and my little luggage, paid my bill, hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, and joined my two friends in the carriage.

I have told you all this, dearest mother, not to take credit to myself for it, but because I know it will gratify you. I promise you that I shall never speak of it to a stranger; but you and I are but one heart and one soul.

Nor, indeed, can I lay claim to any credit; I have to thank God and you alone for this good action. God gave me the courage to achieve it, and you, my dearest mother, trained me from childhood to such principles. O, how often, and how touchingly did you set the example of our divine Redeemer before my eyes! Still do I remember every word of yours: "He loved us unto death," would you tell me, "and so should men love one another. He gave His life for the pure love of us; so should we be ready to give our lives, out of pure love, for one another."

I write this letter from a most comfortable and very much frequented inn, in a little village where I have arrived late this evening; and I shall be obliged to commence very early to-morrow morning to settle a number of heavy accounts with several shop-keepers, with whom I have already made appointments for the purpose. I must, therefore, retire to rest. Good night, then, dearest mother; God be ever with you, and with your affectionate and ever grateful son,
LEWIS.

LETTER II.

I have arrived here safe, dearest mother; but, alas! find every thing sadly changed. Full of joy at the success of my commercial tour, I hastened to the office of my principal, Mr. von Walther. But he, who used always to be so kind and friendly towards me, now sat motionless on the chair at his writing-desk, and stared at me with a black and angry scowl. Formerly he used to address me most familiarly, but now his mode of address was cold and repulsive. 'Begone!' said he; 'we part from this moment. You cannot remain any longer in my service. The book-keeper's place, which I had intended for you, has been given to a more trusty man; and the situation, which would have been vacated by your promotion, is destined for an honest young man, on whom I can place more dependence, than on you. Begone, and let me never see you more!'

I was so astounded at this utterly unexpected greeting, that I stood, as if petrified, and for a long time was unable to speak.

'Is it possible!' said I at last, 'that you speak

this to me? How have I forfeited your esteem, my dear master?'

'Do not dare to call me so any more!' he angrily replied; 'I now know too well, that you have requited my kindness with ingratitude, abused my confidence, and stolen my property.'

'I am no thief!' said I, deeply wounded and chagrined; 'who is it that has blackened my character and calumniated me in my absence? Let the base slanderer be brought before me, face to face!'

'It was a very honest man,' replied my master, 'that first called my attention to it. For a long time I did not believe him; but ocular proof convinced me of the villainy which you have been practising.'

'What villainy?' demanded I; 'name it for me! I am conscious of my innocence. Explain what you mean.'

'Well, I will explain,' he replied.

However, my dear mother, this explanation would not be clear to you; there is a good deal of it you would not understand. I must, therefore, tell you something of the previous history.

My master is an extraordinary amateur of rare coins, which he values extremely, either for their antiquity, or the remarkable occasion upon which they were issued, or the artistic skill displayed in their execution. He has himself made a very beautiful collection of them, and perhaps carries his fancy to an extreme, so that his friends often rally him upon it. For my part, however, I took a considerable interest in the beautiful coins, and I succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions of some old Roman pieces, which my master was unable to make out. Henceforward he used to shew me every new one that he purchased, (often very dearly,) and I soon obtained his full confidence.

For some time before my journey, one or two of the coins, which, though they were but of silver, or even of copper, my master prized for their exceeding rarity, disappeared, occasionally, from his apartment, where he generally keeps them in his writing-desk to amuse himself by examining them. But after I set out, not one more was missed. He placed among the less valuable coins one or two more precious ones, and privately marked them, with the view of discovering the thief. But they remained undisturbed.

A friend, my master said, (whom, however, he would not name,) had suggested to him that possibly I, being such an admirer of rare coins might have appropriated these valuable pieces; but he could not be persuaded that I was the criminal.

At this time two distinguished travellers visited him, for the purpose of seeing his collection. He shewed them with no little pride, one after another, all his finest gold and silver pieces, which he

kept in a rich cabinet fitted with a number of drawers—expatiating upon their antiquity, or beauty or rarity. “But now,” said he, at last, “you shall see the two rarest, and most precious of them all.”

He had placed the two large gold pieces in a green satin case, lined with crimsoned velvet, in order to preserve them from being injured. The strangers were full of expectation. He opened the case carefully, and with an important air. But it was empty, and the coins had both disappeared! He almost lost his senses with horror and flew into a furious passion. If all his gold had been plundered from his strong box, he could not have been so much excited.

“Oh, the thief!—the villain!” cried he, with such fury, that both the strangers were terrified, and hastily expressing their sorrow for his loss, seized their hats and sticks, and hurriedly withdrew.

My master was now almost convinced that it was I who had stolen these two gold coins. He had been in the habit of opening his “cabinet of coins,” as he called it, almost every day; but he used only to look at those which had recently come into his possession; and for many weeks he had never thought of looking after the two gems of his collection, which he had before examined a hundred times over. As long as the case remained safe, it never occurred to him that the coins could have been abstracted. Now, however, that they were gone, it was clear to him that I was the thief. He asserted that I had stolen the pieces before setting out on my journey, in order that, when he would discover the theft, he might attribute it to another hand. I had left my large trunk in my room, and given into my master’s hands the keys of both room and trunk, taking with me but a small travelling portmanteau. In his fury, he opened the trunk, and found, at the very bottom, both the coins carefully wrapped in silk-paper, and rolled up in an old night-cap! But great as was his joy to recover his much-loved coins, still greater was his indignation against me, to whom he had given his whole confidence, for my treacherous and disgraceful conduct towards him.

As soon as he detailed this occurrence to me I understood the whole affair. Some person (though I cannot conceive who) must, in the first instance, have abstracted the rare silver and copper coins, in order to rob me of my master’s confidence; and the same person must have placed the gold pieces in my trunk, and brought my master then to search for them. I tried to explain this to my master, but he would not suffer me to speak, or found some answer for everything that I alleged. Among other things, I said, “if I had stolen the coins, and hidden them in my trunk, surely I

would not have given you the key.’ But, he replied, ‘it is this that shows the refined and practised villain. You hoped by this apparent confidence, to prevent me from thinking of searching them. Begone from my sight, and congratulate yourself, that I let you off unpunished. I might send you to gaol; you deserve it richly. But for the sake of your father, who was an upright man, and of your mother whom it would bring to her grave in sorrow, I shall conceal this disgraceful theft, and not speak of it to any one.’

I attempted to remonstrate; but he opened the door. ‘Begone from my house, and out of my sight!’ said he; ‘and send instantly for your trunk, and everything belonging to you: I shall not suffer either you, or anything of yours to remain under my roof!’

I need not assure you, dearest mother, that I am not guilty of this act. From my childhood you have implanted in my heart the most holy fear of God and of His law; you have inspired me with so deep a horror of the most trivial sin, that I should not have been able to forget it so far. You never knew me to defraud any one to the value of a farthing. You will not doubt my innocence; but I am sorely afflicted to see my honor thus fearfully assailed. My not obtaining the promised post of book-keeper, and being so suddenly banished from the house, has created a great sensation here. The cause is not known, but some very bad one is suspected; and there are all sorts of reports in circulation. However, I have a firm confidence in God, that He will yet bring my innocence to light.

Meanwhile, I have taken a little garret where I read and pray, going but little out of doors; and I am giving instructions in English, in order to keep myself occupied, and to earn a trifle beside. Farewell, and pray for your unhappy son.

[To be continued.]

A CHARITABLE APPEAL

FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

In favour of the doctrines of

- The Catholic Church.

“Return back to judgment.”—DAN. xxxi. 49.

“To the law and to the testimony.”—ISA. viii. 20.

NOTE. The scriptural quotations by which this appeal is enforced, are taken from the Protestant Bible.

POINT III.

Protestants hold, That every private man and woman among the laity, has a right, which no authority on earth can deprive them of, to judge of the sense of Scripture, and to interpret it for themselves.

Contrary to the express words of Scripture:

1. 'Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' 2 *Pet.* i. 20.

Protestants themselves confess, 'That as the Scripture were not written without the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, so neither can they be rightly interpreted without the gift of the Holy Ghost. Now this gift is not given to every one: "For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another prophecy, &c. All these worketh that one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.' 1 *Cor.* xii. From whence, we may conclude, that the gift of interpreting Scripture is not a gift for every one, but chiefly, as we may reasonably suppose, for such as God has given, apostles, pastors, and doctors to his Church. *Eph.* iv. 11. As to Protestant people in particular, it does not appear that they have hitherto been endowed with any other gift but that of contradicting each others interpretation throughout all the Reformed Churches; and this no one will say is the gift of the Holy Ghost; so that Protestants themselves, on the one hand, confessing, that the Scriptures cannot be rightly interpreted without the gift of the Holy Ghost; and it being self evident on the other hand, that Protestant Churches, from their contradicting one another, have not that gift, we concluded, that neither their clergy, nor their laity, have a right to judge of the sense of Scripture and expound it for themselves.

2. 'And he arose and went: and behold a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem to worship, was returning; and sitting in his chariot read Isaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip: Go near and join thyself to his chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read Isaias the prophet, and he said: Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said: How can I, except some man should guide me?' *Acts* viii. 27.

If this Eunuch, who was a holy man, and a serious student of Scripture, could not understand it without a guide, it can be no less than presumption for every private man and woman among Protestants to turn interpreters of Scriptures.

3. 'And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.' *Luke*, xxiv. 27.

"Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." *Luke* xxiv. 45.

If the very disciples of Christ could not under-

stand the Scriptures without an interpreter, can it be supposed that every private man and woman amongst Protestants are better enlightened than they were? If the apostles themselves did not understand the Holy Scriptures till our Saviour opened their understanding, let this, at least, teach Protestants, that natural talents alone are not sufficient for expounding Scripture, unless their understanding be, by our Saviour Christ, in like manner, opened. But no proof has yet appeared, that our Saviour Christ has, in particular, opened the understanding of all Protestants, that they may understand the Scriptures better than other men: for, I am sure, whoever makes our Saviour Christ the author of all those jarring interpretations of Holy Writ, in which the Reformed Churches and all their members, contradict one another, is one of the most notorious blasphemers that ever was. Let us conclude: that the authority, as well of expounding Scripture, as of teaching and instructing the flock in every point of the faith and true worship of Christ, belongs to the office of those, whom God has given, pastors and doctors in his Church, (*Eph.* iv. 11,) to the successors of the apostles, not to every private man and woman among the laity.

General Intelligence.

(From the South Australian Register.)

OPENING OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL-ROOM, WEST-TERRACE.

Continued.

The Jews before they approached the mountain to hear the law, were commanded to wash and purify their garments, and so the Church placed holy water at the entrance in order to point out to her children that they would be washed and purified before they came to hear the words of eternal life. There was a barrier between the priests and the people as a line was drawn around Mount Sinai, that none should come too near the sanctuary of the Lord, the sin of profaning which, was the only one which our Saviour had on earth chastised with his own hands, when he overturned the tables of the money-changers, and lashed with a scourge of cords out of his Father's house those who profaned it by making it a place of merchandise. The house in which they were then assembled, was not only in the words of Jacob, "the house of God," but "the gate of heaven" also. Within its walls hundreds would be baptized, and would die in their baptismal innocence; many who came to ridicule would hear the word of God and repent, while the angels of the Lord, as by the ladder of Jacob, would communicate between heaven and earth. In the house of God prayer

was more particularly heard. It was there the Deity communicated with Solomon and granted him the gift of wisdom—there that he heard Hezekias when he spread before him the impious letter of that blaspheming Sennacherib; and answered his prayer by bathing the sword of his angel that very night, in the blood of one hundred fourscore, and five of the Assyrian host; it was in the temple that the angel appeared to Zacharias announcing the birth of the holy infant St. John; and there that he justified the publican who simply prayed for mercy on a sinner. In the temple those who had been baptized would receive the holy oil of unction in the sacrament of confirmation, by which they would be rendered formidable to the enemies of their salvation, and firm and intrepid defenders of their faith; and it was there that after death, when forgotten by ungrateful children and by careless friends, they would be remembered in the prayers of the Church, which would continue to sigh over them like the swallow, mourn over them like a dove, and like another Rachel weeping for her children, would not be comforted because they were not. Gratitude to God should alone be sufficient to make us zealous in his service. Charity was not only a counsel but a precept, and its absence was a crime, as was shown by the sentence upon those who were doomed to depart from the presence of the Lord, only because they did not practise it. Our salvation must depend upon its exercise, as it appeared by the words of our Saviour to his apostles on the occasion of the rich young man in the Gospel, who aimed at perfection, and against whom, it might be observed, that the Church preferred no charge, but who went away sorrowful when told to “sell all that he had, and give it to the poor”—How hardly shall they that trust in riches be saved! Riches which were held selfishly, applied to no charitable purpose, and allowed to corrupt and moulder away, would, according to St. James, rise up in testimony against the possessors, and eat their flesh like fire. On this subject he had often been questioned as a case of conscience by servants, as to whether they might give broken victuals belonging to their employers to the poor and destitute. Her ways told them they must not do so. It was not theirs to give, and they must not touch it even though it were spoiled and wasted. ‘But,’ replied the querists, ‘it is sometimes so bad that when thrown to dogs they refuse to eat it.’ ‘Thus,’ said his lordship, ‘is the rich man’s wealth cankered and corrupted.’ Splendid was the reward reserved for those who assisted the poor in their temporal necessity; what then must be that of those who ministered to their spiritual wants? In conclusion he would ask all who heard him whether if they could feel themselves in the situation of the

rich man to whom it was said, ‘Thou soul, this night shall thy soul be required of thee,’ they would defer an act of mercy even till the morrow? Would they not, if they heard the order given to the dresser of the vineyard—‘cut down the barren fig-tree’ solicit a reprieve—If they heard their great creditor to whom they owed a debt of ten thousand talents commanding them to be cast into prison until they could pay the whole, would they not fall down before him beseeching him to have patience with them and that they would pay him all? He hoped then they would all be willing to share what they had with God, remembering that what they spent in pride they might carry to the grave but could take no further. We should share all with God for he gave us all. If we were engaged in the marriage state, and God had blessed us with offspring, was it not God who made the wife of our bosom grow up like a fruitful vine by the sides of our house, and our little children like olive plants around our table? Let us not shut out every quality of charity from our hearts and when time should be no more we should receive our reward. Charity during life would be a passport to happiness hereafter. We might build a house for God on earth, and he would prepare for us a tabernacle in Heaven!

THE CATHOLIC SYNOD IN BALTIMORE.—It is understood that the approaching Synod of the Catholic Hierarchy, which commences on Sunday next, will be the most numerously attended, and the most imposing of any that has yet been held in the United States. The wonderful increase of Catholics, and the consequent increase in the Bishops and Clergy throughout the Union, render it necessary to adopt a still more extensive and effective organization of the priesthood, than at present exists.

THE GREGGITES AND THE PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP—We have been informed that on Sunday last the cathedral of St. Patrick’s was the scene of by no means an edifying exhibition. Archbp. Whately had been advertised to preach for the benefit of some charitable institution, and a large congregation was present, chiefly composed, we are informed, of the partizans of Mr. Tresham Gregg, who is now engaged in a contention with Dr. Whately. On his grace entering the pulpit, a large number of those persons, we are informed, rose, and, putting on their hats, shouted “No Puseyism, no English Bishop,” and continued their cries until the bishop had to retire. A number of them left the church; but, owing to the interruption, the charitable object of the intended sermon was defeated, and no collection was made. May we ask, where were the police? —*Pilot.*

THE NUNS OF MINSK—CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

The *Univers* publishes a letter dated Rome, the 19th ult., from which it appears that Cardinal Casaracani, who is deeply versed in the knowledge of the Basilian rites, had determined to clear up all doubts respecting the veracity of the Abbess of Minsk, and proceeded a few days before to interrogate on various points connected with the rules and practices of that order. 'The Cardinal,' says the writer—

'Nowise doubted the sincerity of that heroic woman, but he wished to satisfy himself that she really was a Basilian nun. He obtained that proof so fully and completely, that he declared he had acquired the most profound conviction that the Abbess Maktina really belonged to the order of St. Basil, and he was more than ever convinced of her perfect veracity.'

The feast of St. Gregory was celebrated on the 12th with great pomp in the church of Monte Celio, in the convent of the Benedictines. A *triduo* had been ordered on the occasion to demand from the Almighty the conversion of England. A number of English Catholics had joined in the pious ceremony, and the remainder of the month of March was to be devoted to prayer for that intention. The Pope had made a present of a splendid crucifix to Mr. Newman.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.—The Catholic Clergy are everywhere exerting themselves to provide against the apprehended calamity, and to afford the people the means of profitable employment. In every district they are zealous, active, persevering and constant in the work of mercy. We have heard, however, of one act of noble disinterestedness and charity on the part of one of the venerated body, which deserves to be recorded in the imperishable memory of the poor. The Rev. James Ryan, P. P., of Burgessbeg and Kilcoleman, appropriated on Easter Monday the entire proceeds of his Easter offerings for the purpose of providing food and employment for the distressed agricultural labourers of his district. His Easter offerings amounted, we believe, to upwards of £60—but the Rev. gentleman said that it could not be better employed!—*Tippin's Vindicator*.

DR. RYDER.—This distinguished divine has, we are glad to learn, made a most powerful impression upon the overwhelming congregation of St. Peter's Church in New York. He delivered in that edifice two Lectures on Auricular Confession: the first on its divine ordination; the second on its moral effects upon Society. Both of these important subjects were presented to the judgment of his hearers, with all the force which

logic, eloquence, and a graceful delivery can confer. One third of his hearers were Protestants, and many must be the converts which his powerful Sermons will draw to the bosom of the Catholic Church.—*Boston Pilot*.

The Limerick Chronicle gives the following warning, which the poor in self-defence have been obliged to give.—The poor of Ballylongford waited on the Rev. Mr. McCarthy to inform him that if they had not relief in a week, they would be compelled to slaughter his cattle for their necessities! They visited the few resident gentry of that district, and gave a similar warning.

Mr. McNamara and Mr. O'Regan, both Catholics, were lately appointed Magistrates in the county of Cumberland, in the Province of Nova Scotia.

We want an agent in St. John, N. B., for "The Cross." We wish some one of our friends would drop us a line on the matter, suggesting a suitable person who would be willing to "act as such."

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- MAY 11.—Mrs. Alice Griffin, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Frances Conolly, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Mary Henston, of a Daughter.
 12.—Mrs. Sarah Fahie, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Mary Anne Gillis, of a Daughter.
 13.—Mrs. Mary Coughlin, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Johanna Fahie, of a Son.
 15.—Mrs. Ellen Punch, of a Son.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- MAY 11.—John Nowlan to Mary Stokes.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- MAY 11.—James, son of Maurice and Mary Dee aged 5 years.
 " Thomas, son of John and Mary Dunphy, aged 15 months.

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