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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE THAT THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



“Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?”—TERTULLIAN Præscrip. xii.

“There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious.”—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

“All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerus. Cat. xi. 1.

- Calendar**
- August 20—Sunday—X Sunday after Pentecost
IV Aug. S. Joachim Father of B. V. M. G. Doub.
- “ 21—Monday—S. Jane Frances de Chantal W. Doub com &c.
- “ 22—Tuesday—Octave Day of the Assumption Doub com &c.
- “ 23—Wednesday—S. Philip Benitus C. Doub.
- “ 24—Thursday—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus MM. Doub from 26th April.
- “ 25—Friday—S. Bartholomew Apostle Doub II class.
- “ 26—Saturday—S. Zephyrinus P. M. Doub Sup.

Poetry

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY MARY B. SWITT.

“Oh, yes, the good old passion-flower!
It bringeth to my mind
The young days of the Christian church,
Dim ages left behind.

The passion of our blessed Lord,
With all its pangs and pain,
Set forth within a little flower,
In shape and color plain.

Behold the ladder, and the cord
With which his limbs were tied;
Behold his five deep cruel wounds,
In hands, and feet, and side!

Behold the hammer and the nails,
The bloody crown of thorn,
And there the precious tears, when left
Of God, and man forlorn.

Up! I will forth into the world,
And take this flower with me,
To preach the death of Christ to all,
As it has preached to me.

And thus the good old passion-flower
Through all the world was sent,
To breathe into all Christian hearts
Its holy sentiment.

[From the N. York Freeman's Journal.]

BISHOP HUGHES' LETTERS.

In reply to “Kirwan,” alias the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR—

I think it has been clearly proved in my last letter, and from evidence the more indisputable, as they are furnished by your own pen, that you had no reason, either intellectual or moral, for leaving the Catholic Church. The only reason, deduced by inference from what you have written of yourself, will be found in a thick, dark cloud of ignorance and infidelity, such as, I trust in God, never enveloped the mind of any other Irish Catholic present at the age of eighteen, either since or before.

Yet, sir, I do not believe that your ignorance of the Catholic religion, when you left it, was so unmitigated as you pretend. It will be very difficult for you, however, either to retract or explain, in your real character, what you have published of yourself under the duplicity of your mask.

I know not what intoxicating influence flattery and self-complacency may have produced on a mind and memory like yours. But I do know that whoever writes under a mask, and in a cha-

acter even partially feigned, and especially if he writes on any grave subject, in which mankind take a deep interest, will at the imminent peril of his own reputation. He is nearly certain to be found out. And when this happens, his attempts to reconcile the discrepancies between his assumed and his real character, are sure to produce, in the public mind, a feeling of ridicule not unmingled with a feeling of contempt.

In the introductory note prefixed to your letters I learn that they were furnished to Samuel I. Prime, “under the sanction of secrecy as to the author’s name.” If you lived in Spain or Sicily, there might be some reason for this suspicious precaution. But if your purpose was to tell the truth, even the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in your testimony for Presbyterianism or against Catholicity, what motive could you have had for this studious concealment of your name? Here the press is free, and writing against Popery is even at a premium, why then, as an honest man, conceal your name? This looks badly. Mr. Prime has loaned you his endorsement, whatever that may be worth. He introduces you to the public vouching for your veracity in these words: “. . . It is proper to say that the writer’s character is an abundant guarantee for the fidelity of all matters of fact here stated, and that he is prepared to maintain them, if they should be called in question.” Now, sir, there are some things which you state as matters of fact, which I beg leave most emphatically to call in question. I hope you may be able to maintain them, or if not, I hope Mr. Prime will be willing to forfeit his recognizances.

I.—You state, as a matter of fact that nearly at the age of manhood, “on as full an examination of the subject as you could give it, you came to the conclusion that you could not remain a Roman Catholic.”—p. 12. Now, sir, I refer to your own testimony, quoted in my last letter, as proof that your mind “was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction,” and that therefore you did not give the Catholic religion as full an examination as you could, for you could, at least, have revived in yourself the knowledge of the Catechism which you had forgotten.

II.—You state, as a matter of fact, that “in one of the large interior towns of Ireland, . . . you resided in a house, and over the store in which you were then a clerk.”—p. 13. You then proceed to tell us about a drunken priest, Father B., whom you helped out of the gutter, and wind up the whole narrative with the remark “and young as I was.” This phrase, in ordinary language, would refer to a period as far back as memory goes—a period in which reason was but in the dawn of its development—say 8, 9, or 10 years of age, but at that period, if we can believe you, you were already a “clerk in a store!” Pray, dear Kirwan, what kind of a clerk were you? “Young as you were,” by your own account, you were able “to shut the store windows at night”—you were able “to help a man out of the gutter”—you were able to “clean off his Reverence”—you were able to “give him his brandy next morning,” and yet you were just in the period of dawning reason and earliest memory, in which you tell us that “young as you were, all this made an impression on you.” The circumstantial part of the story is still more wonderful than the leading facts. For instance, you could not see the man in the gutter, and you were “attracted towards him by a singular noise.” Pray what kind of a noise is a singular noise? And then, the night was so dark that had it not been for the singular noise he might have perished. But on the other

hand, it was light enough to recognise “Father B., the miracle worker.” And instead of helping the poor man, as a decent “clerk in the store” should have done, you run in babbling to the lady of the house, that Father B. was drunk in the street. And the “lady of the house” gave the “clerk in the store” “a stunning slap on the side of the face,” and “the clerk in the store” “staggered under the blow, and then turned round in the best nature in the world to assist in cleaning off his reverence.” Next morning you “gave him his brandy,” and “young as the clerk in the store was, all this made an impression upon him.” Sir, if the ablest lawyer in the country had you under cross examination on this subject, he could not fail to convulse the gravity of the bench with irrepressible laughter. Observe, I do not raise any question as to whether the priest was drunk or not, I let that pass. I have myself seen among the convicts of the penitentiary, individuals pointed out as having once been respectable Presbyterian ministers, and who were there for crimes even more heinous than drunkenness.—But no man of right feelings would pretend to justify an opposite religion, or to condemn theirs, on account of his crimes and misfortunes. I beg leave, then, to call in question the facts which you state in your *circumstantial evidence* in this case. And I direct your attention particularly to the contradiction implied by the fact that you were a clerk at the same time that you were “a clerk in the store.”

III.—You state as a fact, that on your father’s demise, your mother paid the priest money enough to have his soul prayed for by name, on every Sunday for two or three years. That, when the money was expended, his name was given out no more. That, when she inquired the cause of this, the priest told her that your father’s soul was still in purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in the yearly tax at the time it was due.—(p. 14.) You add, that with this fact in particular, you are entirely conversant.

Now, sir, I question this “fact.” I deny this “fact.” I pronounce it to be a fabrication, and not a fact. And if the courtesy of language authorized it, I should feel bound to designate it by a still harsher word. No priest would ever dare to decide when, or whether any soul was released from Purgatory. No Irish mother, or wife, or widow, would ever speak to a priest in the manner in which you described your mother as having spoken to him. It is true she had not the benefit of a Presbyterian education. She bore the penalty of her ancestors and her creed. But she knew the principles of the Catholic faith better than you do, and your superior general information does not authorize you to envelope her in this gross imputation of ignorance as to her faith. I am willing to go to any reasonable expense to prove this a fabrication, if either you or Mr. Prime have the courage to meet me, in a formal investigation.

IV.—You state that “Father M. held frequently his confessions at your house. “That he sat in a dark room up stairs with one or more candles on a table before him.” That “those going to confession followed each other on their knees from the front door, through the hall, up the stairs, and to the door of the room.”—(p. 19.)

Now, sir, your house is likely to become as well known as Shakspeare’s. A relative of yours has taken the pains to describe it, in a late number of the Freeman’s Journal. According to him, it would be a building in the primitive style of Irish architecture. The same, very

likely, which prevailed when the round towers were constructed. Up stairs would be up a ladder, to what is called a *loft*. And if Father M. heard confessions there, I can see the great propriety of one or more candles on the table. For according to the primitive architecture of Ireland, light was received into the dwellings, either horizontally by the door, or vertically by the chimney. The former was made for the purpose of ingress and egress, and the latter for the double purpose of *always* letting the smoke out, and *sometimes* letting the day in. If, then, Father M. had heard confessions in such a place, without one or more candles upon the table, what a beautiful theme this circumstance would have afforded to a rich imagination like yours.

Sir, I feel somewhat humbled at being obliged, as a reviewer, to notice this, as well as other portions of your Kirwan’s letters, which, in my opinion, propriety should have induced you to leave under the protection of domestic privacy. If you were still a Catholic, like your pious, albeit uneducated, mother, you would feel rather proud, than otherwise, of what appears to be the fact as regards the humility of your ancestral “halls.” Poverty is not regarded, by those with whom you now associate, as respectable; and yet it has been ennobled by the example of our Redeemer and his Apostles. It is still ennobled, in the estimation of the Catholic Church, when it is selected by voluntary choice, and is *not* dishonorable, except when it is immediately connected with, or resulting from, moral guilt.

Our glorious Catholic ancestors were driven back into the cabins of Irish primitive life; and Protestantism, in anticipation of the good things of heaven, took possession also, of the good things of the earth. The churches, the glebe lands, the monasteries, the castles and domains of our Catholic forefathers, became the natural inheritance of Protestantism from the period when the Reformation took the interpretation of the Bible into its own hand—aided, of course, by acts of Parliament.

When, therefore, you describe the Catholic “Priests moving about as spectres, as if afraid of the light of day,” you trace a picture which seems to call up to my imagination the lives of the Apostles, and of their Divine Master, going about meekly and unobtrusively in the discharge of their heavenly mission;—whilst the contrast suggested by the description as in favor of the Presbyterianism ministry, would suggest to my mind the idea of an inflated wind-bag, which makes the avenues of life narrow wherever it passes in bustling and gassy rotundity. But I merely hope that you, judged by your own peers, are not a fair specimen of the class to which you now belong. At all events, I “call in question” the description of “our house,” and hope that you and Mr. Prime will maintain it.

V.—You state as a fact, that “on your first remembered journey to Dublin, you passed by a place called, if you mistake not, St. John’s Well.” You tell me that I know it is one of the holy wells. I answer that I know nothing about it. But you appear all at once singularly scrupulous and look upon the phrase, “if I mistake not,” as equivalent to the phrase, “young as I was,” when you were already a “clerk in the store.” I cannot dwell on your evidence respecting the Well, which was “called, if you mistake not, St. John’s Well,” but I have no hesitation in saying that the story is, either in whole or in part, a fabrication. It is found on page 21 of your first series, and I call your attention to it in the hope that you and Mr. Prime shall maintain what you have there stated as facts.

VI.—The story about the sun "dancing" in the heavens and in the chapels on Easter Sunday morning, and the attempt to produce a delusive corresponding phenomenon in the chapel by "an individual managing concealed mirrors, so as to produce the wonderful effect," (p. 27.) I pronounce to be equally a fabrication, or a mere playful supposition of the nursery uttered for the amusement of children. I hope that you and your endorser will see to this matter also.

VII.—Again, you tell us as a fact, that you saw good papists eating eggs and fish and getting drunk on these days, (Fridays and Saturdays.) But this was no violation of the laws of the Church.—(p. 32.) This, sir, as far as regards what you call "good papists," and "getting drunk" is a fabrication.

This same page records the turning point of your life, the crisis of your conversion. You came to the conclusion that as regards the eating of meat on one day, and not on another, God could not make it a sin by distinction of days. So that if a man can blow on Thursday, by your rule God cannot make it a sin for him to do so on Sunday. And here, in point of fact, is the first, and perhaps the best, reason, which your letters furnish for your conversion. It seems that after mature deliberation, you found that to forbid a man's eating meat on Friday is an unreasonable regulation, and you rejected it. It would appear by inference that as regards meat, on such days, what your conscience approved your appetite appropriated: and with singular naivete, you tell us that, "as far as you now remember, this was your first step towards light and freedom."—(p. 32.)

By the bye, this calls up a period in the calamities of Ireland which had almost passed into oblivion; and the period corresponds more or less with the period of your conversion from Popery.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, Lord Farnham and other gentlemen of the evangelical nobility, introduced into Ireland a religious movement called "the Second Reformation." It was a season of distress among the peasantry, such as succeeds, year by year, in the history of our unfortunate native country. Lord Farnham had almost obtained a patent from the legislature for the efficiency and admirable simplicity of the new contrivance for converting the Popish peasantry of Ireland. It was this. The kitchens were turned into scriptural reading-rooms for the starving population of the neighbourhood, once a week. The day selected happened to be Friday, in almost all cases. After Bible-reading, soup was substituted for syllogisms, and the "Second Reformation" went off admirably until the potatoes of harvest became mature enough for the people's use. Lord Farnham and his colleagues supposed that if the landed proprietors and gentry could only succeed in establishing an amicable understanding between the conscience and the stomach of the "lower orders," Ireland would soon become a Protestant country. But I need not dwell upon it, as you are old enough to remember how it was ridiculed by Cobbett and other writers wherever the English language was spoken.

Now I do not say that you are a child of the "Second Reformation," but the fact of your having made the first step towards light and freedom through the instrumentality of something like a beefsteak on Friday, looks very much like it.

See, Rev. Nicholas Murray, of Elizabethtown, into what a position your "playing of pranks" behind Kirwan's mask has betrayed you.

Besides the bow which Mr. Prime has volunteered for you, you have made one for yourself—still under the mask however. You tell us that, even before "you took up your pen you were not unknown to the men of our age, nor unsolicited."—"The men of our age" (!)—or of any age, are very few, and posterity has reserved to itself, almost absolutely, the right of determining who they are. To save your modesty, therefore, I am obliged to suppose that the printer has made a mistake here, and that if one could have the benefit of a peep at your manuscript, it would be found that you had written, "the men of our (will)-age."

Ah, sir, it seems that your misfortune through life has been to have been under the influence of bad advisers—since you tell us you were "solicited" to write against Popery. The circumstance reminds me of an anecdote which I lately read in a London paper, and which I trust will not offend you, as it has already been employed in a description of England's highest Protestant

nobility. It seems, a drover found it difficult to keep his cattle together in the crowded approaches to the English metropolis. And in his extremity he called out to his neighbor, "I wish you would loan me a bark of your dog." You know, sir, that *bark* is the name of the English as compared to the French, and a Cockney wit tells us that Lord John Russell has turned the drover's hint into the philosophy of politics, and that whenever his herd betray a tendency to struggle from the whig path, he borrows a "bark" from Sir Robert Peel. However this may be, I am satisfied that "the men of our age," if there be any such, would never have borrowed a bark of Kirwan.

This letter is already too long; and I must bring it to a close. But in doing so, I cannot forget how often you have told us that you were once an infidel. There are evidences scattered up and down through your letters which, to an unprejudiced and impartial reader would make it appear doubtful whether you are not still so. Some of these I shall present in my next. I shall not venture to pronounce an opinion on the subject, as the Almighty alone can penetrate the hearts of men.

In the meantime, however, I remain, with increasing pity, but undiminished good will,

JOHN HUGHES, Bishop of New York.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

THE VISITATION—PARRSBORO'.

On Friday the 4th inst., the Bishop and Vicar General, who were preceded by the Rev. Mr. Lyons, arrived in Parrsboro', and proceeded to the new Church—the erection of which reflects so much credit on the Catholics of that beautiful, but secluded neighbourhood. Ten acres of land which were purchased for Ecclesiastical uses, are annexed to the Church. The land is entirely cleared, is in excellent condition, and well situated—being on the main road from Amherst to Parrsboro', within a short distance of the latter. A deed of the property was conveyed to the Bishop by Mr. Carroll, who had purchased it, on behalf of the congregation. During the three days of the Visitation its various duties were carried on with unremitting assiduity by the Bishop and Clergy. On Saturday his Lordship solemnly blessed a handsome Cemetery adjoining the Church, which had been marked out and fenced the preceding day. The weather was most favourable for the purpose, and the ceremony was attended by a large number of persons of different religions. When all was over, the Bishop, at the foot of the large grave-yard cross, addressed those who were assembled, taking for his text, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, &c." He clearly explained the various instructive ceremonies which had just been performed, pointed out their spiritual meaning, described the respect which the Catholic Church always paid to the bodies of her faithful children, which she honoured even in death, because they were once the temples of God, and solemnly dedicated to His honour and glory, as well as hallowed and ennobled by the reception of the sacraments, &c. He also dwelt on the Immortality of the soul, and the belief of the Church concerning those "who have gone before us with the sign of faith and who sleep in the sleep of peace." Even on those who attended out of mere curiosity; this discourse made an evident impression, and numbers of our separated brethren filled the Church on the following day (Sunday), at the various services. Early on the morning of the Transfiguration, the Bishop dedicated the new Church to the service of the Almighty, under the invocation of the Holy Virgin St. Bridget, one of the Patron Saints of Ireland. It is now called, St. Bridget's Church of the Transfiguration, and the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up three times on that memorable day in the new temple.—First by the Bishop, who communicated a large number of the faithful—next by the Vicar General—and finally by Rev. Mr. Lyons, who celebrated High Mass, at which his Lordship assisted Pontifically, and the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly preached an excellent discourse for nearly an hour and a half, in which he recounted the various reasons why every Christian should be a member of the One, True, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. There was another service in the evening, at which the Bishop presided on the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." By a series of arguments he proved that all mankind

are bound to obey the voice of the Eternal Father, and that no one can securely do so, unless by hearing the Church, which His beloved Son founded, and endowed with such glorious privileges. For if the Father said of the Son, *Hear ye Him*; the Son says of the Church, *Hear the Church*, and of the Apostles, *He that hears you, hears me*. He therefore concluded that we cannot hear the Father and the Son, but by hearing the Church, and listening to the living, teaching, infallible voice of the successors of the Apostles. About sixty persons received the sacrament of Confirmation, amongst whom were some adults who had been that day baptized by the clergy.

On Monday the Bishop and Clergy returned to Amherst, and on Tuesday morning an acre of ground, which had been fenced for the purpose was blessed by his Lordship at a Cemetery, according to the rite of the Roman Pontifical, after which he again administered Confirmation in the adjoining Church, and delivered a sermon on the words, "Amen, Amen, I say to you, the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and when they who hear, shall live;" in which he explained and defended the Catholic doctrine of the middle state, and proved the antiquity of the pious and salutary custom of praying for the dead. He concluded by an earnest exhortation to the Catholics of that district on the various duties of charity, kindness, and good neighborhood which they owed to their Protestant brethren, by whom they were so numerous surrounded; and besought them to prove the superiority of their Church not by vain disputes, recrimination, or bitterness, but by blameless, edifying lives, and a faithful discharge of the duties of brotherly love.

"Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!"

ST. MARY'S.

On Tuesday last, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the glorious Patron of our Cathedral and City, a large number of the faithful were invested in the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This ceremony was performed by the Bishop immediately before High Mass. Before the Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament at Vespers, the Litany of Loretto was chanted by the Bishop and Clergy in honour of this great Festival, and the words *Regina sine labe originali concepta* were added, in consequence of an Indult to that effect which was granted to the Diocese of Halifax, by his late Holiness Gregory XVI.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM IRELAND.

The Irish insurrection has been nipped in the bud, according to the Saxon journals. About 50 policemen have defeated five thousand rebels, and, as a matter of course, Lord Hardinge, one of England's bravest Generals, has been sent to the South of Ireland, to take command of the troops there. After this, it is impossible to doubt that all is over, and still we fear the nervous apprehensions of England are not yet removed. Even supposing she has crushed the insurrection, and murdered another million of Irishmen, the task of governing Ireland for the future, will be more difficult than ever. Never will she shake off the Irish millstone until it drags her down to the lowest depths of the ocean. This is our creed, because we believe in the justice of God.

It is passing strange that no Official account of the great Battle of Mullinahone has been published by the Government.

RIGHT REV. DR. HUGHES.

Our readers will learn with unfeigned delight the arrival in Halifax of the learned, and justly distinguished Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, who came last night by the Steamer America. We were happy to hear that his Lordship is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding his extraordinary labours in the cause of Religion throughout every part of the United States, where he is as much esteemed by Protestants as by the members of his own Communion. He is staying with his friend the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, at St. Mary's, and we sincerely hope his sojourn amongst us may be both protracted and agreeable. We can well conceive with what delight the arrival of this illustrious champion of Catholicity will be hailed by his brethren in the faith through every part of Nova Scotia.

THE QUESTION OF NOMINATION TO SEES.

In answer to some remarks of the *Semeur* (a Protestant paper) on the recent nomination to the See of Paris, the *Univers* has the following remarks:—"No Bishop can be nominated by the civil power, except so far as the Holy See recognizes or accords to that power the right of nomination. The chief of the Executive Power has just nominated to the Archbishopric of Paris—had he the right of nomination? Here is, no doubt, a question; but by the mere fact of the nomination, the Holy See is advised of it, and the Catholics have only to wait for its decision. If the Pope institutes purely and simply the Bishop named by General Cavaignac, the right of the new Government will be, by that act, fully recognised, and no Catholic will be able to contest what the Chief of the Church does not contest. If the Sovereign Pontiff refuses to institute and to recognize in a Government (provisional in its own nature, since the Constitution is not yet completed) the rights conceded by the Concordat to previous Governments, the question will in like manner be settled, or at least adjourned, till the moment when France shall have a definitive Constitution and Government. But a third hypothesis presents itself: the Pope may very well institute the Bishop named by the actual Government, and accord to it provisionally the right of nomination, reserving the question of it, till the time when the Constitution being promulgated, and the President of the Republic being established, the moment shall have arrived for restoring it, with full knowledge of the case, and in a definitive manner. It would not have been well to delay filling up the See in order to determine the future relations of the Church and the State. The Constitution will not be completed so speedily, and the negotiations it will bring on between the Church and State may last a long time. To make the Church of Paris and other churches whose sees may become vacant in the interval, wait for the termination of all this, would be too much. It is then to be hoped that the Executive Power and the Holy See will for the present agree as to the filling up of vacant Sees. Both parties, the Republic and the Holy See, will not the less preserve their independence. The Assembly will not be prevented from introducing into the Constitution what it may deem necessary: the Holy See will not be prevented from treating with the President of the Republic, with an eye to those changes introduced by that Constitution into the relations of Church and State."

BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.—The Feast of Corpus Christi has been kept with great solemnity at Brentwood, no less than eleven processions having taken place during the octave. The following was the order observed at one, of which a description has been sent to us. First came a soldier carrying the processional cross, and followed by eighty other soldiers; next came a soldier bearing a banner of red silk velvet, emblazoned with the cross; then followed six or eight young girls, dressed in white, with crowns of flowers, walking backwards, distributing flowers; then boys bearing censers and wax lights. Lastly, the baldacchino or canopy borne by four soldiers. On the right side of the Blessed Sacrament was a banner borne by a soldier, with the painting of our Blessed Saviour, and on the left side, a banner with one of the Blessed Virgin. The procession moved in this order twice slowly round the grounds, and on passing the second time, the soldiers formed two lines, kneeling down, and uncovering, while it passed through into the chapel. A great number of Protestants attended, very many of whom imitated the devotion of Catholics, by kneeling or bowing their heads as the Blessed Sacrament passed by. On Monday morning the Revd. Charles King, of Chelmsford, assisted in the choir at High Mass, and in the evening, the Rev. G. Hart, of Wyatstone Hall, officiated as Deacon in the procession and benediction, and preached the sermon. In the procession, on Tuesday, there were at least 200 soldiers, headed by a very worthy Catholic, Sergeant Major Sullivan.—*Corres.*

MURK.—A bellman of a seaport, not one hundred miles from Whitby, in announcing a "Fleet" meeting to be held in the Temperance Hall at that place, said that "the meeting would be addressed by six females who had never spoken before!"

[From Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine.]
THE BOLLANDISTS.

DANIEL PAPEROCH.

A better idea may be conceived of this immense labour by singling out one who was longer engaged in the work, and pushed his researches to a greater extent than any of his fellow-labourers. Paperoch continued his task to his eighty-fifth year. We have already accompanied him in his long literary tour from Antwerp to Rome. We contemplate him now in his study during fifty-five years, holding communication with all the literati of Europe, and communing with all the holy men who consoled and enlightened the Church during 1,600 years.

When he was first associated with Bollandus and Henschenius he was in the flower of youth, and they were more than sixty years old. The first task imposed on him, as a birth-day present, was to collect and edit the acts of the saint on whose festival he was born, Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. Thus he became acquainted with the land of pilgrimages, through the life of the great patron of those countless troops of holy and learned men who went forth from the shores of Ireland in the middle ages. Bollandus, in exhibiting to his young disciple the glories of the "Isle of Saints," told him that he always regarded that daughter of the Church as his own special portion. Paperoch illustrated the acts of St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, St. Celsus of Armagh, St. Richard of Chester, St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Edward the Martyr, and St. Margaret of Scotland, and a host of other less celebrated saints, whose shrines are scattered over the islands, grottoes, and valleys of the three kingdoms. This line of research kept him in close intercourse with the green isle of the west, which in the beautiful words of Goethe appeared, during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, like an emerald wafted from the glistening mines of the east and set in the verge of the western seas.

He traces to the most remote regions the pilgrim apostles from Ireland and Britain; he associates their names with the missionaries of Germany and the north, and with the martyrs of Mayence; with Saint Norbet of Magdenburg, and his spiritual sons, who were invited to Denmark by Canute the Great, with Ladislas, the apostle King of Hungary, and the virgin Queen Cunegonda; with St. Stanislaus, the martyr of Poland, and a pleiad of less famous eglar, whose names are preserved in the Muscovite and Russian callenders, which he had received from a descendant of St. Bridget of Sweden.

Next after Rome, Constantinople was the city of his love; many a long hour he had snatched from his sleep, exhuming the menologies and ritual monuments of that new Rome, from the Vatican and Ambrosian libraries, and from those at Venice, Naples, and Grotta Ferrata. He translates into Latin poetry, preserving both the original metre, and acrostics, the canons and hymns of St. Joseph, and St. John Damascene. He consecrated the close of his life to the history of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, but did not here he had completed it; not, however, without bequeathing the lives of St. Nicephorus, St. Theodotus Stylites, and of Constantine the Great, the founder of the eastern empire.

Departing from Constantinople, with St. Gregory of Nazianzen, he examines all the cities of Asia Minor, to honour their martyrs; collects the splendid original and unedited acts of St. Theodotus of Neceya; opens an unexplored mine of research for the the Mechitarists in the saints of Armenia; takes the lead of the Assmanni in the martyrs of Persia, and illustrates Nisbis, Edessa and Mesopotamia; and in the lives of St. John Damascenus, and of the holy Abbots of the eastern Lauras. Thence the life of St. Mary of Egypt brings him to the city of Jerusalem.

Arrived in that Holy city, the cradle of Christianity and perhaps of the human race, he examines all the holy places in company with two guides—Phocas, the Monk, and Antonius, the martyr, whose *Itineraria* he published. He traced up the long line of patriarchs to the Apostles, dwells with St. Peter on the shores of the Genazareth, and with St. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel. To St. John the Baptist, the precursor of the Apostles, he devotes one of the noblest monuments of learning and critical research that ever came from his pen; then, ascending beyond the bounds of the New Alliance, he penetrates the most ancient regions of hagiology, discovers the history of the saints of the old law, especially of Elisous on Mount Carmel, and goes back

full three thousand years to holy Job, the patriarch of all who have suffered for justice sake.

If we pass now to Egypt and the Thobaid, we meet Paperoch again in the acts of St. Athanasius and of the two St. Pacomius; in Africa he cleared the way for the life of St. Augustine, by publishing those of his Mother Saint Monica, and of his historian Possidonius; and in the isles of Chios, Cyprus, and Mytilene he reviewed the memory of illustrious saints, who shined on those classical regions a glory which they could never derive from their Pagan associations.

There is hardly a country, or province, or diocese in Europe which this indefatigable writer did not examine in some of his publications. In Rome he traces down the illustrious line of martyrs from SS Praxedes and Prudentiana to Philip Neri; at Nola he has St. Paulinus—at Lucca, St. Zita—at Padua, St. Antony—St. Antonius at Florence—St. Catharine at Sienna, and SS Gervais and Protens at Milan. On the summit of the Alps he meets St. Bernard de Menthon, and at the opposite extremity of Italy St. Francis of Paula, who died in France. France herself richly, though she has been served by native writers of the first order, is under great obligations to Paperoch, who compiled in his best style the acts of some of her most illustrious men. Though France had been more especially allotted to Henschenius, Paperoch commented on the lives of St. Hugh of Cluny, Robert of Cîteaux, Queen Hildegard, Hilary of Arles, Ireneus of Lyons, and many other of the most brilliant ornaments of the French Church.

Spain received equal attention from him, but was more ungrateful. An inexplicable decree condemned to suppression in that country, during full twenty years, the "acts" of Saint Ferdinand of Castile, those of the Infanta St. Joanna, of the blessed Ferdinand, and of the canonised labourer, St. Isidore; all of which had been compiled by Paperoch with more than even his usual care—nay, with an almost enthusiastic predilection.

This severe blow brought grief and depression on his old age. To the last hour of his life—in his blind old age—this condemnation oppressed him; that was the strange reward of his fifty-five years' labour—the price of his fourteen folio volumes which had cost him so much toil; but it was perhaps a happy recompense, because it assimilated his fate to the saints, whose earthly sufferings he had so gloriously celebrated.—Pp. 152, 153.

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO AMONG THE OSAGE INDIANS.—Sometime, last year, a school was opened among the Osage Indians, by a colony of Sisters of Loretto, who went thither from their Mother House in this diocese, and we have now the pleasure of learning, that, notwithstanding the difficulties, which must necessarily attend such a mission, the good undertaking has been very successful. There are now about sixty Indian girls in the school, and several have already been baptised and made their first communion, among others a daughter of the Chief of that tribe. Thus the good Sisters, in whom we see perpetuated the spirit of sacrifice, which characterised their founder, are repaid for their generosity and their efforts. We understand that some more Sisters will be sent to the Osage mission next fall.—*Louisville, (Ky.) Catholic Advocate.*

THE CATECHISM IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the N.Y. Evangelist, writing from Leghorn, says: "Before us lies the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, fairly printed in Italian, and what is better, printed in Italy. The work was first subjected to the censorship, and is therefore an approved book." The writer says "We have before us also, a volume of excellent sermons, translated from the French of Monod, Malac, Audebez, and others, fresh from the Florence press. Also, numerous valuable little works of 30 to 100 pages, among which is one entitled, 'The reading of the Holy Scriptures commanded by the Fathers,' a compilation of strong passages from the writing of the Greek and Roman Fathers, arranged in chronological order. These have all passed through the censorship at Florence, and are being put in circulation as fast as means can be obtained for the purpose. Last and best, we have the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians; translated into the Tuscan language by Father Zacharia, of Florence, of the order of St. Mark. The Confession of Faith is in progress of translation, and there is every reason to believe that its publication will be allowed."

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL AT ST. CATHERINE'S CONVENT, NEW YORK.

On Wednesday last the Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York gave the white veil, in the convent in Houston street, to Miss FRANCIS WALSH, daughter of Robert Walsh, Esq., late editor of the United States Gazette, and now resident in Paris. Miss Walsh is therefore a relation also of the Viscount Walsh, the celebrated Catholic writer.

Upon the presentation of the youthful postulant to the Bishop, he read the psalm *Quam Dilata*, and made from it a few remarks directly and affectionately applicable to her position. He referred to the double choice that took place in the religious vocation—the postulant choosing to become an object in the house of her God, rather than continue in the tabernacles of *Kedar*—of the darkness of a sinful world;—choosing the assaults and sufferings that delay not to follow on a religious profession, and the martyrdom and sacrifices thereto superadded but a life of active charity, the forgettings of the world, the deprivations of its hollow, yet fascinating adulations, for the sake of that interior life that is found truly only in those who are dead to the world and whose life is buried with Christ in God. But also, he spoke of that other choice that was first, and without which no one could venture on the religious state. The choice that Jesus Christ makes not of all, but of some ones only to share His peculiar espousals. All are called, indeed, to labor for the salvation of their souls, but some only are called effectually to the state of perfection, and the Bishop exhorted the postulant to return humble and sincere thanks for the good hope entertained that she was thus called to so blessed an inheritance, and to fervent resolutions of fidelity to her vocation.

The Bishop next dwelt, in terms suitable to the person and the occasion, on the nature of that inner life and closer communion with God upon which she was now to enter. After this the postulant retired and assumed the habit of the order. The ceremony then proceeded according to the formula of the Sisters of Mercy, and was accompanied by appropriate music, and embellished by the very tasteful decorations of the neat Altar and Chapel of this excellent institution.

* Her father is considered the most distinguished Literateur in the United States.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. McGETTIGAN.—This venerable Prelate, at the last Conference with his Clergy, held at Donegal, for the western division of his diocese, gave each of his Priests there assembled £10, to be by them applied to relieving distress now so prevalent in that part of his lordship's diocese. This last distribution of money by the Right Rev. Prelate in behalf of the poor, together with the other sums already disposed of by him for the same benevolent purpose, amount to upwards of £400 for the above district within the last eighteen months. The other divisions of the diocese have equally shared his lordship's bounty.—*Cork Southern Reporter.*

DEATH OF THE REV. CLEMENT PETTIT, P.P.—Died on the 6th inst., the Rev. Clement Pettit, the venerated and esteemed Pastor of Oilgate, Wexford, in the 64th year of his age, after a painful and protracted illness which he bore with the patience and resignation characteristic of the virtues which adorn the Christian Priest.

We have also to announce the deaths of the Rev. Edward Norris, C.C., Blackrock, which took place on the 6th inst.; and of the Rev. James Finigan, O.S.F., for many years a member of the community of Adam and Eve Chapel, in Dublin.

Diocese of Boston.—St. Peter's Church, Cambridge.—The corner stone of the church now in process of erection near the Observatory of Harvard University, in Old Cambridge, was laid on Wednesday, 12th inst., by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, according to the form prescribed in the Pontifical. The ceremony drew together no less than twenty-four priests, among whom were the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburgh; Rev. B. O'Connor, of Milton, Ireland; and Rev. Mr. McGarrick, of St. John's N. B.—*Catholic Observer.*

The watch cannot say the watch-maker does not exist. The creature cannot deny the existence of the Creator.

(Correspondence of the New York Freeman's Journal.)

DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.

Buffalo, July 8th, 1818.

"Early in last winter Bishop Timon made an humble beginning of a Seminary with but two seminarians. On the 23d March, he gave, as far as circumstances permitted, a regular form, the number swelled to five seminarians, the Bishop teaching classes himself when in the city. On the 27th March, he conferred minor orders, subsequently the intermediate grades, and on the 23rd April, the sacred order of priesthood on W. E. O'Connor. Many visits to different portions of his flock were made by the Bishop during the spring, many were confirmed, the whole number that received this holy sacrament at his hands since his installation being about three thousand three hundred. At the Bishop's visit to Eden, he was much touched at the affectionate and reverential remembrance of the people for their last pastor, the venerable Father Mertz. Their good pastor still continues his benefactions to his children, as he has left a small tract of land for the use of orphans in that neighbourhood, the Bishop is now seeking some one who may use the land for the charitable object intended by the donor.

On the 3d June 6 Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburgh reached Buffalo, others, it is hoped, will follow; they form now two Communities, one near the Church of St. Patrick, the other near that of St. Louis. In the free school at St. Patrick's Church the Sisters have already 100 girls, a female Orphan Asylum is about being established in their house.

The Bishop lately purchased a large house used hitherto as a Protestant Orphan Asylum. The Sisters of Charity already occupy the house—they are preparing to use it as a hospital for the sick poor.

A large and well situated lot has been purchased for a Cathedral, but the Bishop has not determined when he will begin to build; he says that he is afraid, the times being so hard, and he so poor.

We find the substance of the following good one in the *Univers* of the 11th ult.

Some days before the Revolution of February Lamartine was ruminating on themes that recalled to him his better days of religious life. A passage of the Book of Psalms occurred to him as containing an idea worthy of being treasured, and to recur the easier to it at a fitting moment he wrote on a blank page of his memorandum book the single word "David." Before he had occasion to open its leaves again, he was called to the highest position in the Provisional Government. And his note book instead of being the recipient of themes for poetical meditations, was devoted to receiving the names of such of the hungry pack of *citoyens* on the office hunt, as he thought of considering favorably.

In the conclusion of affairs at the time, it is nothing odd that the nominations were made pell-mell, and that the leaves of the memorandum were taken in the order in which they occurred. All the nominations were disposed of with despatch save one; and that one was M. David homme consul a Bremen. The address of the candidate could not be found—a fortnight passed in inquiry—M. Lamartine was disquieted—at length on a new revision of the memorandum as first taken—the incident rushed upon the mind of the poet, and he exclaimed in presence of the attendants—"Good God what have you done!" "made a consul of King David!" "King who?" "Why," he replied, "the king that danced before the ark."

Some days after the *Moniteur* said officially: "M. X. is named Consul to Bremen to replace M. David, who has been called to other functions." This is said to be true.

The Archbishop of Paris on his death-bed having expressed a wish that some mark of remembrance should be given to the Curé of St. Antoine, for his kind attention to him, M. Jaquemart and the other persons who were left his universal legatees, have presented to the Curé a Christ in gilt bronze, with this inscription on the pedestal:—"From Denis Auguste Affre, Archbishop of Paris, wounded mortally at the entrance to the Raubourg, St. Antoine, on June 25, 1818, transported to the Curé's residence, where he received the last Sacrament, and died on June the 27th, 1818, to M. Delamarre, Curé of St. Antoine, as a mark of gratitude."

Doctrin.

THE CROSS.

Vite, non modo Rex Coelorum arnet, non dedit... non galeam, non arcum, non thoracem, nec ensim simile; sed quod us omnibus firmus, et valentius est; praesidium a Cruce, hoc gladius, hoc clypeus est, hoc thorax, hoc galea, hoc tutum propugnaculum, hoc portus, hoc refugium, hoc corona, inique Crux est universa nostra armatura.—St. Johan. Chrysostomus, Orat. de ador. Crucis.

Gaudentes, hoc signum levemus in fronte, quod daemones, cum viderent contremiscent; nam qui circa Cythobam non timent, Crucem timent.—Orig. Hom. viii. in Diversis.

You see how the King of Heaven arms his followers; he hath not given shield nor helmet, bow nor breastplate, nor the like; but what is stronger and more powerful than all these—the pampoly of the Cross! This is their sword; this their shield; their breastplate and their helm; their sure tower of defence, their harbour, their refuge, their crown. Wherefore the Cross is our whole Armour.—St. John Chrysostom.

Rejoicing we raise this Sign upon our foreheads, that the demons, when they see it, may tremble. For they who can not get on in business, tremble at the Cross.—Gregor.

Mark! how man goes against his foe, With shield and buckler, belt and bow, See how he tries his temper'd blade, E'er he goes forth in proof array'd, His metal rings, proves boss and mail, Pulls down his shining armour, Then forward trusts his war or will, His gain or fall, to temper'd steel

But better arms than sword or shield, Or temper'd steel-plate, three times weld, The King of Heaven on us bestows, To shelter, shield, and strike our toes—Arm'd with the ever blessed Cross, We fear not peril, gain, or loss, But boldly forward to the fight, In more than treble armour fight!

The ensign of the Catholic realm,— This is our sword, our shield, our helm, Our breastplate proof, and bulwark high, From which the enemy must fly; Beneath this lowly sign of peace We seek for harbour, shelter, ease, And when the day of strife is past, The Cross is all our crown at last!

Arm'd with this holy sign, the sting Of death is shorn of suffering, And foes unseen, who mock the might Of golden trappings, glancing bright, Fall trembling from the unequal fray,— When arm'd with this, the sons of clay, With aspect meek, and Faith divide, Prevent attack with this sweet sign!

Whate'er the strife, for death, or pain, For persecution's bloody reign, For dark temptation's foul essay, For perilous lures disguised in day, For sweet affections, scorn'd, forsook, The sorrow of the heart's last nook,— Whate'er the strife, for more than these, The blessed Cross brings rest and ease.

Ah! when unkind ingratitude Sickens the heart, with aspect rude, When pride hath spread its snares abroad, To keep the trusting soul from God, When to conviction's page of day, The unbroken spirit turns away, For these and more, what can we else? But clasp the Cross, whence comfort wells!

When heresy, with ignorant aim, O'er spreads the land with blunted shame, Whence may we look for hope one day,— To clear these gloomy mists away,— Whence shall we look for help, to stem The troubled waves that round us hem, That swell and threaten, roar and to-s,— Whence, but before the blessed Cross!

Come, fellow Catholics, one and all, Before the Cross, adoring, fall, United as our holy Faith, That mocks at hell, and fears not death, Lift up a voiceful cry, to bring Back those we love, on mercy's wing. That while we say, "Thy kingdom come," Innumerable souls may hasten home!

• Originis, ut supra Cit.

Oh! happy day! when England fair Shall leave the vaults of error's lair, And farer Scotland's nobler brood Quit the cold creed that chills her blood,— Assume the blessed Cross, and come Back to their long forsaken home. And all united loudly raise Once more the hymn of Catholic praise!

THE HOPE AND FLOWER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The University of Oxford is the great seminary for the education of the Clergy in the Established Church. It enjoys large endowments, and a great share of reputation. How does it fulfil its work? Let us see.

There has lately been held at Oxford what is called a "Grand Commemoration," which, among other things, involves a meeting of the whole University in the Theatre, whither persons flock from all parts of England, and sometimes from Europe and America, to witness a great academical spectacle. The freedom which is allowed the under-graduates on this occasion gives them an opportunity of expressing their sentiments, and the public of knowing in which direction their sentiments run. Now, let the account of this celebration, which comes from Oxford itself, be carefully considered as supplying an index to the tone of feeling extensively, and (for anything that appears) generally prevalent in the body which is commonly represented as the mainstay of the Established Church.

The Oxford Herald, in describing the ceremonies of the day, tells us that great as was the manifestation of "loyalty" which it elicited, there was another equally powerful and prevailing sentiment, that of "gallantry." The same authority goes on to tell us how this feeling displayed itself. After the "loyalty" of the assembly had discharged itself in vociferous exclamations, we are told that the "ladies" were greeted with a "tremendous burst of applause." But this was not all. After honouring the ladies en masse, the enthusiastic students began to compliment the ladies in detail. First came "The ladies in pink bonnets;" next, "The ladies in blue;" "The ladies in white;" "The ladies who have married since last Commemoration;" "The young ladies who are engaged;" "The ladies in scarfs;" "The ladies with merry eyes;" and lastly, in order to particularise the distinction yet more, "The two young ladies in blue;" "which" (adds the chronicler) "having reference to two very pretty ladies who occupied rather a prominent position, created great cheering and no little laughter, while the young ladies themselves, upon whom it bore rather too hard, were, not unnaturally covered with blushes."

Those who are acquainted with our own seminaries are well aware that if there be one grace which is cultivated more than others, it is that of purity and delicacy in regard to the female sex. How, indeed, without such jealous watchfulness the avenues of the heart at that susceptible age can be guarded from danger, we confess ourselves at a loss to know. At Oxford, however, it seems that the greatest academical meeting in the year is signalized as the time of a display which puts modest women to the blush. It is pretty evident in which current the ideas of the Oxford students are apt to run. The topics of their wine parties may easily be conjectured from the animus which even the presence of their superiors, the company of distinguished foreigners, and the society of ladies cannot repress. Let it be remembered that probably the majority of these youths are intended (as it is said) "for the Church" and that many of them are within a year or two of their "ordinations." If such be the sowing time who can wonder at the harvest? who can wonder that a self-indulgent manhood and a feeble and unblessed ministry are the fruits of a youth spent in frivolity and generally in what is yet worse? Who but must be struck by comparing such a record as that we have just quoted with the comments of our own spiritual writers upon such texts as "Turn away thy face from a woman, and gaze not about upon another's beauty"?

We are told that at the same spectacle Dr. Pusey was cheered and Mr. Gladstone hissed. As far as the testimony of such an audience is worth anything either way, we confess we should have preferred Mr. Gladstone's fate to Dr. Pusey's.—Tablet.

TITLES OF THE POPE.

After the discussion in the House of Lords on the title to be given to the Pope, our readers will be interested in seeing a Catalogue, drawn up by St. Francis of Sales, of the names by which His Holiness has been distinguished by Councils and Fathers of the Church:

- Most holy Bishop of the Council of Soissons, Catholic Church of 300 Bishops. Most holy and blessed Patriarch Ditto. Most blessed Lord St. Augustin. Universal Patriarch St. Leo. Chief of the Church in the World Pope Innocent. The Bishop elevated to the St. Cyprian. Apostolic eminence Council of Chalcedon, seas. 3. Father of Fathers Ditto. Sovereign Pontiff of Bishops Ditto. Sovereign Priest Ditto. Prince of Priests Stephen, Bishop of Carthage. Prefect of the House of God, and Guardian of the Lord's Vineyard Council of Carthage ep. to Damasus. Vicar of Jesus Christ, Confirmer of the Faith of Christians St. Jerome. Great Priest Valentinian, and many others. Sovereign Pontiff Council of Chalcedon. Prince of Bishops Ditto. Heir of the Apostles St. Bernard. Abraham, by his Patriarchate St. Ambrose. Melchisedec, by his Order Council of Chalcedon. Moses, by his Authority St. Bernard. Samuel, by his Jurisdiction Ditto. Peter, by his Power Ditto. Christ, by his Anointing Ditto. Pastor of the flock of Jesus Christ Ditto. Key-bearer of the House of God Ditto. Pastor of all Pastors Ditto. Pontiff called to the plenitude of Power Ditto. St. Peter was the Mouth of Jesus Christ St. Chrysostom. Mouth of the Chief of the Apostolate Origen. Chair and principal Church St. Cyprian. Origin of sacerdotal Unity Ditto. Bond of Unity Ditto. Church in which resides the Chief Power Ditto. The Church, the Root, the Mother of all others St. Anacletus. The See on which our Lord built the Universal Church St. Damasus. The Cardinal Point and Chief of all the Churches St. Marcellian. Refuge of Bishops Council of Alexandria. Supreme Apostolic See St. Athanasius. Presiding Church The Emperor Justin. Supreme See, which can be judged by no other St. Leo. The Church, placed at the Head of, and preferred over all others Victor of Utica. The first of all Sees St. Prosper. Apostolic Fountain St. Ignatius. The most sure Fortress of all the Catholic Communion. Council of Rome.

The Rev R. W. Elgee, Rector of Wexford, acknowledges to have received from John Kinsbury Elgee, Esq. of Alexandria, Louisiana, U. S. of America, £20 sterling for the Poor of Wexford. Of this sum he has given £5 to one family specially named by the benevolent donor, and the remaining £15 he has relieved 83 poor families, comprising 363 individuals.

OFFICERS OF HEALTH.—The powers of the officers of health are very comprehensive and stringent. Having satisfied himself that the object to be removed is a "nuisance," he may call upon the individual to remove it, if not he may summon him to the police office and have a fine imposed; or he may have it removed himself, and charge the expense of removal against the person charged with having interposed the nuisance.

Man loves to murmur; he finds pleasure in complaining, but more in living. He delights in receiving only the dark side of the picture, and deepening its dark colours. Read history, he says, and you will find it one tissue of crimes and misfortunes—granted, but histories are but the pictures of great events. We cherish the memory of storms and tempests, and we have no eye to the times of quiet and calm; we do not reflect, that for more than a hundred years there was no sedition in Pekin, Rome, Venice, Paris, or London; that generally there are more tranquil periods in all the large cities than stormy ones; that there are more days of harmlessness and serenity than days of fatal disaster.

NEW YORK.—On Friday of last week, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes celebrated a solemn pontifical Mass of requiem in St. Patrick's Cathedral for the repose of the soul of Mgr. Affre. Masses have been celebrated solemnly in other Churches of this city to the same intention.—N. Y. Freeman.

SERVICE OF THE OCTAVE AT SAINT GEORGE'S.

Throughout the Octave, sermons were delivered at the new cathedral, by various distinguished Ecclesiastics. On Wednesday the 5th inst, the Rev. F. W. Faber preached; on Thursday, the Rev. J. B. Dalguirn, both of the Order of the Oratorian; and on Friday, the Rev. F. Oakeley. On Saturday morning a Mass of Dirige was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Hon. E. Petro. The ceremonial on this occasion was imposing. A procession of the various Guilds of which the deceased was an honorary member, formed outside the Church, headed by the Cross bearer of the Guilds. They proceeded up the aisles, and then parted on each side in front of the chancel, followed by about fifty of the Clergy. The children of the various charity schools, supported by the bounty of the deceased gentleman, were also present, 1890 in number, from the associated charities, Warwick street, St. George's, and other districts. The girls were ranged in the south aisle, and the boys in the north. The Rev. Dr. Doyle sang Mass; the Right Rev. D. Wiseman pronounced the blessing, assisted by four other Bishops, standing round a splendid catafalque in front of the Sanctuary, with their assistant Priests. Over the bier was the splendid funeral pall belonging to St. George's Guild, and the armorial bearings of the deceased. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the Howards, the Jennings, and other noble relatives of the deceased were present, and the church was crowded in every part. The Right Rev. Dr. Morris preached the sermon, in which he rendered honour to the virtues of the deceased and decarated with great eloquence on the solemnity of the occasion. A dole of bread for the poor was piled up near the sacristy, and afterwards distributed outside the church, by the Brethren of the different Guilds. Refreshment was also furnished to the charity children in the Church yard. On Sunday, Dr Doyle sang Mass Coram Pontifice, and Bishop Morris preached. The sermon in the evening was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Brown. On Monday, Father Ignatius, of the Order of Passionists (the Honourable and Revd. George Spence) preached. The report of next day's ceremonial is given in our Catholic Intelligence. In the evening of Tuesday Mr Oakeley preached, and on Thursday evening the Rev. Father Pecherine, of the Order of Redemptorists. The church throughout the week was crowded at all the services, and everything passed off with the utmost success, except that the chanting can hardly be said to have given entire satisfaction. Father Thomas's engagement have prevented his supplying us with details, but he kindly promises to favour us with a letter in next week's Tablet.

We read of St. Ignatius of Loyola, that by the continual opposition which he had offered to himself in his mortifications and in his adversities which he had to suffer, he had come to such a point, that he appeared no longer to have any natural inclinations. The same also has been seen in many other servants of God.

INDUSTRY ANOTHER WORD FOR HAPPINESS.—"The old man near the Hague, that served my house from his dairy, grew so rich that he gave it over; bought a house, and furnished it at the Hague, resolving to live at ease the rest of his life; grew so weary of being idle, he sold it, and returned again to his dairy."—Sir W Temple.

Births August 14—Mrs Condon, of a daughter. 15—Mrs Donohoe, of a son. 17—Mrs Rigg, of a daughter. 17—Mrs Foley, of a daughter.

Married. August 16—John Cahill, to Bridget Walsh.

Died. August 13—Timothy, son of Patrick and Mary O'Neil, aged 16 months. 13—Fliza, daughter of Dennis and Mary Egan, aged 17 months. 14—Philip, son of Michael Hogan, aged 5 mos. 15—Anne Norrice, native of Waterford, aged 40 years. 15—Th mas, infant son of William and Ann Kennedy, aged 9 months. 15—James Dalton, native of Carlow, aged 45 years. 15—Johanna, daughter of Timothy and Mary Dillon, aged 7 months. 15—William, son of William and Mary Kennedy, aged 7 months. 18—Catharine Colbert, wife of William Colbert, native of County Waterford, aged 60 years.