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THE CROSS.



NEW

SHIRAZ.

VOL. 2.

No. 47.

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. II.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER 22—XXV and last after Pentecost St Cecilia V.M.
 23—St. Clement I. P. M.
 24—St. John of the Cross. C.
 25—St. Catherine, V. M.
 26—St. Silvester, Abb.
 27—St. Elizabeth, Queen Widow.
 28—Vig. St. Gregory III. P. C.

GREAT CATHOLIC MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE—DUBLIN.

We publish elsewhere the report of a meeting of the Catholics of the city of Dublin. The proceedings which ought to sink deeply into the minds of every Catholic in the Empire, manifest the painful truth that in the seventeenth year after the Act of Emancipation that celebrated Act is a dead letter in Ireland, that the members of every other religion—as is the case in Nova Scotia—got the Lion's share of all the good things of the State, whilst for the Catholics nought is reserved but exclusion and abuse. Yet, the Catholics of the United Empire are much more than one third of the whole population, and are far more numerous as a Christian Church than any other Religious Body in England, Ireland and Scotland. The speech of Mr Battersby at the Dublin Meeting contains much matter for serious reflection, and ought to be in the hands of every Catholic Member of Parliament.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—SUBSCRIPTIONS DURING THE LAST MONTH.

Collected by Messrs. Barron & Magee.

Mr. Patrick Finley	£0	0	7½
Mrs. Haley	0	0	7½
Mr. James Cashen	0	0	7½
Mrs. Dunn	0	0	7½
Mrs. Nowlan	0	1	3
Mr. Richard Carrol	0	0	7½
Mr. Breen	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Connors	0	0	7½
Mr. Symmons	0	3	1½
Mrs. Finn	0	2	6
Mr. LeGaire	0	1	3
Mr. Morris	0	0	7½
Mrs. Sheehan	0	1	3
Mrs. Thomas Connolly	0	1	3
Mrs. Troy	0	2	6
Mrs. Baylen	0	1	3
Mr. John Maccasey	0	0	7½
John Walsh	0	1	3
Thomas Youille	0	3	9
B. Byrnes	0	1	3

Collected by Mr. R. Cunningham.

Mr. Wm. F. Newman	£0	5	2
Mrs. Shea	0	0	7½
Mr. P. Coleman	0	3	6
Mrs. Ring	0	2	6

Mrs. Maher	£0 1 3	Mr. Michael Rower	£0 1 3
Miss Lydia Defreytas	0 0 7½	Mrs. Condon	0 1 3
Kate Defreytas	0 0 7½	Mr. Cornelius Scoleran	0 1 3
Mr. Mooney	0 2 6	William Kavanagh	0 1 6
Farrel	0 2 6	John Tobin	0 6 3
Mr. Denis Carroll	0 1 3	Mrs. Vaughin	0 0 7½
Mrs. T. Morriscy	0 1 3	Kelly	0 1 3
Cleary	0 1 3	Mr. Andrew Boyle	0 0 7½
Gilfoy	0 0 8½	Blake	0 1 3
Mr. Wm. Kahan	0 1 3	Biery	0 3 1½
Wm. Cashman	0 2 6	Mrs. McGrath	0 1 3
Cahill	0 2 6	Flynn	0 1 3
Fay	0 0 7½	Connors	0 3 1½
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Mr. James Dunn	£0 2 6	Mrs. Leacy	0 1 3
Patrick Roche	0 2 6	Mr. Howley	0 5 0
John Duggan	0 2 6	Mrs. Thomas Meagher	0 2 6
Richard Kehoe	0 1 3	Mrs. Phelan	0 1 3
John Power	0 1 3	Mr. Martin Guilfoy	0 1 3
Widow Fogarty	0 1 3	Morris Mulligan	0 1 3
Mr. Thomas Brown	0 2 6	Mrs. Howard	0 1 3
Mrs. O'Neil	0 1 3	Mrs. John Guilfoy	0 1 3
Mr. Daniel Buckley	0 1 10½	Scoleran	0 1 0
Thomas Sheridan	0 5 0	O'Bryan	0 0 7½
Daniel McGuire	0 1 3	Doyle	0 0 6
Daniel McGuire, Junr.	0 0 7½	Miss Longard	0 1 3
John McGuire	0 0 7½	Collected by Messrs. William Jamieson and Tho- mas Walsh.	
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John Gilfoyle	0 5 2½	George Sinclair	0 0 7½
Patrick Drummond	0 1 3	Murice Bride	0 2 6
Bridges	0 1 3	Mrs. Robinson	0 0 7½
Wm. O'Connor	0 1 3	Mr. James English	0 1 3
Jeremiah Donohoe	0 1 3	John Murphy	0 0 7½
Mrs. Costin	0 5 0	John Maher	0 2 6
Mr. Patrick Power	0 0 6	John Doyle	0 3 1½
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Patrick Ferguson	0 1 3	Mr. Martin Murphy	0 1 3
Wm. Mahoney	0 2 6	Timothy Carrigan	0 1 3
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Sullivan	0 1 3	William Ryan	0 0 7½
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Mr. John Runley	£0	0	7	1-2
Jeremiah Sullivan	0	1	3	
William Tierney	0	1	3	
Michael Gray	0	0	7	1-2
John Dillon	0	1	3	
Mrs. Catherine Dillon	0	0	7	1-2
Mr. Titus Carter	0	2	6	
Mrs. Dorothy Coady	0	0	7	1-2
Mr. Michael Keating	0	1	3	
Andrew Kelly	0	1	3	
Thomas White	0	2	6	
Timothy Dunn	0	1	3	
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(Further Subscriptions next week.)

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER
BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

Continued.

From thence he proved the Protestant nation had not their every day devoted to God, but thought by heaping all their devotion on a Sunday, they served God admirably. A few days certainly were devoted to the honor of some saint or holiday, but devoted to them only to condemn them. For, from what authority or source could Protestants acknowledge such things as saints' days? They who hold no rule of Faith, but the Bible could not dream of a St. Valentine, or a Shrove Tuesday, or an Ash Wednesday therein. "Do Protestants know," he enquired, "why or whence they hold these days? No, they either do not know, or knowing, they dare not say, for it is from the Catholic Church they received them, and to say so would proclaim their inconsistency. For instance let any Protestant present, if such there be," (and there was one to whom he was, at the command of heaven, bearing a message, though he knew it not,) "let him go and ask his clergyman what the approaching Wednesday means (Ash Wednesday.) He will see it in his prayer book, and in his calendar too, and the day after, he can, from the same source send Valentines, or commence fishing in the Tweed with nets or rods; but will he see anything of it in his churches, or hear anything from his ministers to tell him, why the day is so called? No, he will not, because they can only give him a Catholic reason. On the contrary every day in the Catholic Church and calendar is devoted to some holy recollection. The Catholic Church and it only, is open every day for devotion. and every day provides for the souls of the people 'daily bread' a means of offering the first of each day to

their creator, and of sanctifying their secular employments. The pure Sacrifice and clean Oblation declared by Malachy i. 11, as a thing, which should be offered, daily, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, even for ever more, is daily offered from the Altars of the Catholic Church, and it only." He said much, very much more, that I am utterly incapable of attempting to repeat and much, that I then wished he had kept to himself, and most truly did I regret that all he said was so much to the purpose, and so convincing of this one point, that the religion of the Catholic Church taught and influenced men from Sunday morning to Saturday night. All this I heard with very great astonishment, and all he said was alarmingly and hatefully true. In fact, such a powerful sermon I had never before heard, and coming from a Catholic priest or bishop, it made no matter which, I was utterly puzzled, and when my friend inquired what I thought of her preacher, I knew not what to say. I wished from my soul, that the man who could so metamorphose a lie into truth, had never been born, or else, that I had been born to know *that truth*, which I had always conceived a lie. His subject, which commenced so anti-christian, as I thought, closed with Christ as its beginning and its end, its all in all. I confess I was thoroughly bewildered. The idea that perfect truth could be in the Catholic Church, almost deprived me of the power to proceed, and yet, *I felt* the preacher's words were true. However, I had no idea of allowing either to my friend or myself, that I was in any measure conquered. It was very true, he had it all in his own way in the pulpit, and so far I was bound to credit him right till I had proved him wrong. But I would do as he desired, I would put the question he proposed to a clergyman, and I felt no doubt his eloquence and apparent truth would both vanish before the answer I should get. For although to my shame, I could not give a satisfactory explanation of Ash Wednesday, still I would go to one whose business and delight I felt it would equally be, as a preacher of the Protestant Church, to enlighten me.

Ash Wednesday soon came, I went to hear Mr. ———, celebrated alike for learning and piety, an Episcopalian, and altogether the man for me. — I listened, all anxiety, to his sermon, hoping I should hear what would enable me to silence my friend, without any personal application being necessary, and to prove to her she had made a mistake, or at least her bishop had, in supposing our clergy could not give a reason, and a good one too for every thing in their church. The sermon commenced and ended, but not one word of, or about "Ash Wednesday." What was I to do? I was a total stranger to the preacher, and still, I felt this was no time to stand upon ceremony. It was a

matter of importance to me to have the question answered, for should what the Catholic Bishop said of the calendar be true, (which, of course I could not suppose possible, and still I could not shake off the impression it had left,) what he said on other subjects might be so also, and then alas, for me! I approached the Rev. gentleman as he descended the pulpit stairs, apologised for stopping him, but said I was a stranger in Edinburgh, anxious to have a question answered which had been put to me by a Catholic, viz: *what was the exact meaning of Ash Wednesday?* and that I was ashamed to say I had not been able to give a proper answer. He took my hand, with the greatest kindness, and cheered me by the most friendly reception, and said, looking me hard in the face, "you are aware we Protestants have nothing to do with *ashes*, or *candles* or *crosses*, or any such nonsense." Yes sir, I said, I know that, "Well," he continued, that being the case, *the day is more a name than anything else*, and, indeed, it should not be in the prayer book, no more than Christmas day, which ought to be called *the Nativity of our Lord*. Such terms, *Christmas Day* and *Ash Wednesday*, and some others, were quite Catholic, and spoke for themselves being so, and indeed such things needed reforming before being placed in a reformed prayer book." At these words my heart sank: all the Catholic priest had said rushed into my mind, and a horrid thought crossed me and forced itself upon me, *that perhaps my long treasured faith was insecure?* When I could speak, I said, but sir, am I to say what you have said to my friend? "No, no," said he, "just say, that ashes are typical of humility, and therefore, the day is called Ash Wednesday to remind us of the time it ushers in, in which we are to humble ourselves by prayer and fasting." Fasting sir! said I, almost choking with the feelings contending with me, if I say, "fasting," my friend will naturally triumph over me again, for you know sir, *we don't fast*. "That, my dear, is quite another subject, therefore, say nothing of fasting," (and looking at me very hard, and drawing me quite close to him,) "you know my child there are different meanings, that can be attached to that word, and besides you know many good Protestants do fast, but as your mind does not seem quite established, I would advise you *not to use* the word, but just say to humble ourselves by prayer." And is that the answer, sir, said I, scarcely able to articulate? upon which I raised my eyes, and, at the same time they met his, which were anxiously resting upon me, and with much alarm in his look, he took hold of my two hands and said, "may I urge upon you, a total stranger, *the ill effects of Catholic society*. Avoid it—do, for, believe me, you will get no good, whatever harm you may from it. We parted my head full of confusion, my

heart full of sadness. I tried to avoid the subject with my friend but she was too anxious to impart some of the joy and peace she herself had to me so she instantly inquired to be enlightened. I gave the words delivered to me, to which she simply replied, "and do you think that satisfactory?" no, I said, I do not; and though at this, I dare not disclose to her, or allow myself for a moment to feel my faith was not founded upon a rock still I inwardly felt a great desire to know really what the Catholic faith was, but I knew not how to go about it. I commenced, however, by making attacks upon the different points of her belief.

The first thing I inquired after, or rather insisted upon was, that the Pope was considered by all Catholics *individually infallible*, that he was called by Catholics "God" and that every title given in scripture to Christ, was ascribed to him; this idea I got out of the books I had brought with me to convert my friend. To my astonishment she boldly declared such was not nor ever had been a doctrine of the Catholic Church; no more is he called, or entitled God, than any nobleman would be, when addressed in Latin he is called "Dominus;" and so far from being impeccable, he continually humbles himself by falling upon his knees to confess his sins to a poor Monk, besides which, he can never offer up the sacrifice of the Mass without making a public confession of his sins, in the same manner, as, the humble priest, by reciting the "confiteor" in the commencement of the Mass.

The next point I asserted with great determination, because I remembered having read a most convincing book founded upon the *very fact*, (Father Clement!) and that was, that to this hour, the Church forbids the use of Scripture to the laity.— Here again I was baffled, she assured me no such command or restriction was laid upon Catholics; so far from it, proper translations of the Bible were, and are circulated by order of the Church, wherever people can be found capable of reading them; besides, I knew her to have become, since her conversion to Catholicity, quite a biblical scholar.

My next attempt was aimed at confession. I exclaimed with horror at a doctrine so repugnant to human nature, as that of confessing one's sins to a priest, and then, to complete the matter, of supposing he had power, after hearing, to pardon.— This I knew was a Catholic doctrine, and Catholic only; so I anticipated a glorious triumph, as far as this point went, and I was more successful than on the two former subjects, at least, *I* was not told that what *I* was stating was false; but *I* question whether my defeat was not more perfect. She alledged that *confession* and *absolution* were not!

only Catholic doctrine by *scripture* warranted. but also the professed doctrine of the Episcopal Church to which I belonged. For proof she referred to the Protestant Prayer Book, at the "visitation of the sick," where it is enjoined upon the minister, "to move the sick person to confess his sins and then to *absolve* him. I opened my Prayer Book and found it even so, I confessed I was puzzled, because I felt certain, if Christ had left power to his ministers to forgive sins at the hour of death, they had the same power at any *other* time. I also felt if it were good to confess one's sins, on the death-bed to a priest, "when a man sins leave him not he his sins," how much better and infinitely more beneficial it must be to humble oneself, when in health and strength and liable to commit sin every moment to postponing it to a time which may never come. Besides, the obligation when in health and strength, must of necessity have great power of checking sin, bring much comfort to the soul, and powerfully assist in leading a godly life. But I really knew not what to make of it all; I seemed to be but awakening out of a deep sleep, the past being like a dream compared to the reality dawning upon me.

I thought, however, I would make another attempt, which I did by mocking the idolatrous practice used in all ages of the Church, that of worshipping angels and the Blessed Virgin Mary, as God, and therefore taking from God's glory, besides the absurdity of supposing they either could hear our petitions, or grant them, if they did. In answer to this I was informed, that the church had, at no time sanctioned the worship of the angels, or of the Blessed Virgin, as God, and that we know from scripture they have the power to benefit and succour us, else why would Jacob call upon an angel (Genesis xlviii. 16,) to bless the sons of Joseph? or why did Joshue fall down to worship an angel? (Joshue v. 14, 15.) or why would our Saviour himself have said, (Matt. xvii. 10,) "Take heed how ye despise these little ones, for their angels are always before the face of my Father in heaven?" A Catholic, therefore, feels it not inconsistent to seek and implore their aid and assistance. Besides, Protestants acknowledge the principle but in practice deny it, as may be seen in their prayer Book, in the Collect to St. Michael. More bewildered now than ever, I knew not what to think either of what I heard or what I saw. I felt a strange misgiving that I was being deceived by my informants, and still my eyes beheld the words in the Bible; nor could I assign any advantage it would give them to lead me astray, for I could not suppose people of common sense could hope to increase their numbers, and extend their faith, by concealing and disguising the real doctrine they professed. Besides they did not seek me they

offered no instruction, no interference, until it was sought by me. I am not ashamed to say, that by this time, I felt desirous to inquire of better authority than Protestants, what the Catholic faith really was, as all I was now hearing seemed as new to me, and as perfect, as if it came straight from God. So feeling thus, I naturally determined to inquire of a priest what the Catholic religion was, as I considered such the only authority I could depend upon.

Just at this critical moment, by the direction of Providence, an old friend the Rev. Mr. H., arrived in Edinburgh. When I inquired of him, what brought him, he said really he did not know, that he came on his way from Dublin to London! Many may wonder where the interference of Providence appears in this; but I would ask such, is Edinboro' the usual way of going from Dublin to London? besides which, I have it in writing from him, that he came *only* to see me, although we had only parted in Dublin, a very short time before and when there, although we were very intimate, still weeks, nay even months passed without our meeting, and neither of us were less happy on that account, as also this additional fact, that although he came to go to London, he did not do so but returned to Dublin without being able to assign any reason for not proceeding to London.

I now thought God had sent me one who would fight my battles for me, and, although I expected he would have helped me differently, still it was not the less effectual. I therefore handed him over to my friend to prove to her she was all wrong, never supposing for a moment her arguments would stand before a clergyman. They had a good deal of conversation upon many points of controversy, but she finding he had ways of leaving a subject when he could not defend it, (which I too could not but perceive to be the case,) requested he would see a priest, who, she doubted not, would be his match, and not let him turn from a subject just as he felt he was conquered. He very kindly said, certainly he would see a priest, if he was likely to do her any good by it, as he feared no man with his Bible in his hand.

I felt this was a critical moment for me, for I determined by his defence I would stand or fall, that is if I saw he was able to give a reason; against the Catholic arguments for the faith he professed, I would never think of Catholicity more, never yield my proud Protestant faith, but if he failed, I held myself bound to search for that faith, which could stand any test, and which was founded upon the rock.

While my friend went to seek a priest, who lived close by, I asked my clerical friend, by way of continuation of the former conversation, con-

mentiously where he thought the soul of our Saviour went, while his body was in the grave? to which he replied, "certainly it went to limbo," and where is limbo said I, "oh," says he "no one knows that, we do not know where ever heaven or hell is; but" said he, "I have very peculiar views myself upon that subject, for I believe in a third state, but of course I shall argue with the priest, *as if I did not so believe*, as it is common with Protestants.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEROSITY.

These changes in the fortune of Frederic did not change his conduct: he remained always the same; pious, modest, charitable, and disinterested. His purse was ever open to the poor; he always remembered that he had been poor and abandoned by the world. To render to his sovereign all the services in his power, he applied himself to study and read the history of the country. He was often charged with important missions, and there was always reason to admire his zeal, his skill and his honesty. Ten years had passed since his departure from his native city, after the opening of his father's will. Important business at length led him back to his native place. A contest had arisen between the public authorities and the people concerning a forest. Frederic who was then known only under the name of Chevalier Maltain, was sent to the place in quality of commissary of government. He arrived in the evening at Wellenbourg, with a fine equipage, and went to the principal hotel.

The next day his first business was to find his brother and step-mother: but he was wonderfully surprised, on approaching his paternal mansion to see the room on the lowest floor converted into a grocer's shop.

"What!" said he to himself, "has my brother Ely turned grocer?" he examined the house, and found it repaired with taste; he saw beautiful curtains at the windows, and turning his eyes mechanically to the roof, he saw the lightning rod, the cause of his being sent from home, and of all his happiness on account of the wig and morning gown. He entered, and desired to speak to Mr. Ely Maltain. A young woman holding a child in her arms, came out of a small room, and told him that she did not know any such person, and

that she had been in the town only eighteen months.

"But from whom did you buy this house, which once belonged to my father?" asked Frederic.

"We bought it from a man named Brandinet."

"You can then give me no information concerning Ely Maltain?"

"No, sir."

The knight departed, a prey to the most painful reflections. He immediately went towards the residence of his old friend, the attorney Corlin, who was in his office surrounded by his clients.— Frederic waited in the ante-chamber, and, without wishing it, heard the lawyer say in a loud tone:

"Be assured, gentlemen, that the prince has shown great impartiality in naming the chevalier Maltain his commissary in this business. I know that excellent man: he is as incapable of deviating from the ways of justice, as the sovereign himself. If it had been my duty to appoint a commissary, I would have appointed no other than this good man. So banish every uneasiness, every thing will go well, you have nothing to fear."

At the same moment, the door opened, and the chevalier de Maltain was in the arms of his friend. After the first salutations were over, Frederic inquired for his brother and his step-mother and related his disappointment in not having found them at the house which his father had left them.

"The injustice that they have done you my friend, replied the lawyer, has brought forth its fruits. I will tell you no more now; you will go and convince yourself of the state of things."

"But where are they, then?"

"They live in a village two leagues distant.— You will do me the honour to drive with me, we shall go and see them afterwards."

Frederic consented, and went in the afternoon to the village, accompanied by his friend.

(To be Continued.)

General Intelligence.

GREAT CATHOLIC MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION—THE SOUTH DUBLIN WORKHOUSE.

On Friday the Lord Mayor of Dublin presided at a meeting of the Catholics of that city, called as his Lordship explained, in consequence of a

requisition numerously signed, to elicit the feeling of a Catholic body on the subject of the Catholic schoolmistress and her expulsion. He felt bound, he said, to attend the meeting as a Catholic Lord Mayor, but he would have come forward with equal alacrity to a meeting of the Protestants of Dublin if any inroad were attempted upon their religious liberty. He would, he said never be a party to any effort at ascendancy over his fellow-countrymen of any creed, but at the same time he would rather forfeit his life than suffer any inroad on the rights and liberties of his religion. (Cheers.)

Mr. STEELE stood forward to move the first resolution. He read it as follows:—"Resolved—That religious persecution, under whatever pretext, and whether direct or indirect, open or covert, is alike disgraceful, execrable and unchristian." (A burst of acclamation.) Why (said Mr. Steele) should not the wretched garbage of Orangeism feel themselves privileged to flout, insult and annoy you Catholics so long as the Catholic subjects of the Sovereigns of England are denounced by those very Sovereigns in the House of Lords as an accursed race, their religion is denounced from the throne as superstitious and idolatrous, and leading to the eternal damnation of their souls in hell fire. Twenty years ago, I, as a Protestant denounced this lie; this transcendent absurdity. The Queen, the Pontiff of the Church of Englandism, the Archbishop of Canterbury as little understand the mystery of the Trinity or of the Incarnation as Tom Steele does; and why should the Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin be forbidden to believe in the Real Presence, or in any other mystery of his faith which he does not pretend to understand? He was in Belgium at the Queen's succession, and he had read an article in a French paper there which commented on the outrage the gracious Queen of England had been compelled by the "glorious Constitution" to commit upon her Catholic kissmen and allies; her subjects of the Catholic Faith, and to four-fifths of the Christian world who are Catholics. Yet this awful declaration of the damnation of believers was made by that gentle girl in the presence of the Earl Marshall of England, the Duke of Norfolk, of Daniel O'Connell and other Catholics. (Hear.) My Lord Mayor (said Mr. Steele), the present meeting resembles those of the Catholic Association, and I, as a Protestant whose first public act, while yet a scholar at the University, was signing a petition for Catholic Emancipation, will have great pleasure in moving that a committee be formed under your Lordship's presidency to prepare a petition to the Imperial Legislature for the eternal abolition of those diabolical oaths and declarations.— (cheers.) Until these declarations are abolished

and tithes for Protestant purposes, or the rent charge in lieu of tithes, levied upon you, let me tell you, Catholics of Ireland are unmanumitted slaves. But allow august O'Connell still to wield your powers, and you will yet be freemen, not of a Province of England, but of a nation, equal with her, and over both reign the Imperial diadem of our benign Queen.

Mr. J. REILLY, T.C., seconded the motion.— He would not have believed six months ago that a public meeting of Catholics exclusively, could have been again required to assemble. He was not there to interfere with his Protestant fellow-countrymen, nor find fault with any religion. He was merely there to protect his fellow countrymen who professed the same religion as himself—he was there to protect the poor from being proselytised, from having to sell their souls for paltry food—and he was there to prevent men who had shown the cloven foot of bigotry from persecuting those who were disarmed by their poverty. (Loud cheers.) He was there on the bright and blessed path of duty, of peace, of concord, and of pure religion. He was there to uphold perfect liberty of conscience, and freedom of action, and to destroy nothing but bigotry and intolerance— (cheers)—and all good men—Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian—should unite in crushing the curse of Ireland—religious bigotry. (Loud cheers.) There was no man present, however high his position in society, that might not be reduced to the wretched condition of taking shelter yet in a poor-house. Richer men than any on that platform had been so reduced, and therefore they should look at this question as it might come home to themselves. It was a terrible thing that those unfortunate beings who were obliged to go into that Bastile, the poor-house—bereaved of all earthly joys—separated from their families, and who had nothing to sustain them but the hope of a bright hereafter—it was a terrible thing to think that the demon of bigotry should be permitted to cloud their bed of death; and that the repentant sinner would not be allowed to make his peace with God, undisturbed by the unseemly intolerance of men who called themselves Christians. (Oh, oh.) The demon of discord had been again at work, and he could only repeat in the words of Moore, when he described the Spirit of Erin weeping by the Boyne Water, and apostrophising the demon—

"When shall this end, ye powers of good
She weeping asks—forever?
But only hears, from out the flood,
The Demon answer, 'Never!'"

(cheers.)

Mr. M'LOUGHLIN, whom the chairman introduced as one of the oldest and truest friends of

Ireland, moved the second resolution. He had but a few words to say, and they were, that he would lay down his life rather than allow any man, whoever he might be, to offer an insult to the religion for which his forefathers had suffered and died. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. M. McDONNELL, M. P., seconded the resolution. He had hoped that there as in his own country bigotry was dead, and that he should be allowed by the Protestants of Ireland to love and honour them. "To those (he said) who are willing to live with the Catholics of Ireland on terms of political and religious equality, I stretch out my hand; but to those who would refuse me any privilege of the Constitution, whether religious or political, I say, the hand which would have been ready to assist you, shall be raised against you without compromise, in defence of my religion." (Loud cheers.)

(To be continued.)

Humility is the foundation of all virtues: therefore, in that soul in which it does not exist, there cannot be any virtue, excepting in mere appearance; in like manner it is the most proper disposition for all heavenly gifts. In one word it is so necessary for perfection, that amongst all the ways to arrive at it, the first is humility, the second is humility, the third is humility, and if a hundred times I were asked concerning this so many times should I answer the same thing.—*St. Augustine.*

Affection is a plant of delicate growth, and, though sometimes springs up spontaneously, it will never flourish long and well without culture; and when I see how it is treated in some families, the wonder is, not that it does spread so as to overshadow the whole circle, but that any sprig of it should survive the rude treatment that it meets with.

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A. J. RITCHIE.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

NOVEMBER 15, Mrs Montgomery of a Daughter.
16, Mrs. Creaner of a Daughter.
16, Mrs. Kennedy of a Daughter.
16, Mrs. O'Brien of a Son.
16, Mrs. Conway of a Son.
17, Mrs. Kennedy of a Son.
19, Mrs. Murphy of a Son.
20, Mrs. Elwort of a Son.
20, Mrs. Dooley of a Son.
20, Mrs. Hurley of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

NOVEMBER 3, Patrick Desmond to Margaret Roach.
16, Richard McDaniel to Mary Brown.
20, John Lynch to Catharine Przell.

The following Marriages were celebrated at Mary's, Frenchtown, by the Revd. Lawrence Byrne on the 10th inst.:

Mr. Charles Holden to Miss Elizabeth Thibodeau.
Mr. Hilary Boudrot to Miss Monica Saolnier.
Mr. Justin Robert Comeau to Miss Rosalie Comeau.
Mr. Alexander Godet to Miss Mary Anne LeBlanc.
Mr. Henry Theriot to Miss Julia LeBlanc.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

NOVEMBER 13, Thomas Flynn, Native of Ireland aged 60 years.
15, James McGrath, Native of Ireland, aged 50 years.
18, Thomas Darine, Private of the 69th Regiment Native of Ireland aged 26 years.

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