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THE CROSS.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1843.

No. 35.

Weekly Calendar.

- October 29. Sunday XXI after Pentecost.
30. Monday, S. Brigit, Widow, (from 8th inst.)
31. Tuesday, Vigil of All Saints (Fast Day) S. Siricius, P. and Conf.
November 1. Wednesday, Feast of all Saints, Holyday of Obligation.
2. Thursday, Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed.
3. Friday, Of the Octave of All Saints.
4. Saturday, S. Charles Borromeo, B. and Conf.

We publish the following correspondence that the public may form an idea of the necessities of Bermuda—and the spirits that exists among the people, as well as the patronage the "Cross" is likely to receive, when the Catholic Religion is propagated as it ought to be amongst that neglected people.

IRELAND ISLAND, Bermuda, 12th Oct., 1843.

My Dear Sir,—

I hope you will pardon my delay in answering your kind and very flattering letter of the 16th of August, which I received in due time, but the truth is, that in consequence of the severity of the prevailing Epidemic in these Islands for the last three months—and which, I am sorry to say, proved fatal to many of my immediate acquaintances, I deferred writing till the present time, in fact, I was unable to do so, having had a very severe attack of the fever myself, so much so, as to be despaired of by all who have seen me, including Medical officers. I have been reported as dead several times, but thanks be to an all-bountiful Providence, who has spared me for a more propitious moment. Oh! my Friend, my situation was most awful at the time, with men of all descriptions dying around my Couch—daily—like so many brute beasts, without a friend to attend them in

their last moments; and, what seemed more awful to me, without a clergyman of any denomination to console them with the hope of a future State, in their last agony. No Sir, for the space of several weeks, during which time I have been confined in Hospital, I can assure you that no Minister of Religion ever made their appearance there—of course it was immaterial to me, as I would not accept of their services—but how forcibly the conduct of those paid priests of a State Church contrasts with the disinterested zeal and untiring labours of our own beloved pastors, whom neither the abodes of disease or death can deter from doing their duty to their afflicted flocks. I bless God that I am a member, (though an unworthy one) of a Church to which such Ministers belong. How often have I wished, when on the bed of death, as I expected, that some supernatural being would intimate to my Catholic brethren in Halifax, my sad condition, in hopes that I might obtain the benefit of the prayers of themselves, and that of their exemplary Prelate, Dr. WALSH. If I thought my situation could be known, and felt by them, I would feel satisfied, but I was denied even that consolation. Yet the Almighty has been pleased to spare me, and I humbly request and entreat the more favoured Catholics of Halifax to offer up a prayer of praise to the throne of mercy, for the providential escape of myself and many more of their brethren, in these Islands, during the fatal progress of the present plague,—and I trust that they will also remember in their prayers the souls of their departed brethren, who have been called hence to render an account of their Stewardship—I am sorry to say they have been many.

With respect to the Agency of "THE CROSS," &c., you could not appoint a more efficient or diligent person than Mr. —, I assure you that he is a trustworthy, honest man, and a sincere Catholic. I am only sorry that his situation will in

a great measure obstruct his usefulness in the cause, as it prevents him from visiting the other Islands, and canvassing for Subscribers. I would advise you, Sir, to apply to Mr. HIGGS, at Saint George, as he is an inhabitant of the place, and his amiable and pious daughters are in the habit of keeping a Sunday School for the instruction of Catholic Children. I would therefore consider him as a very proper person to obtain subscribers, and further the views of the institution for the propagation of the Catholic Religion. I have been informed that the Rev. Mr. Kennedy was to pay a visit to these Islands during the present Autumn. I wish from my heart that there was a clergyman permanently stationed amongst us. I fear all other efforts in striving to propagate Religious Principles, will be unavailing till then; if such was the case, there would be many subscribers to your periodicals, who may be lukewarm at present. However, you may rely on the exertions of the few Catholics in this Island. If it is practicable we would be obliged to you to send us two sets of the following Nos. of the "Cross," viz.: from No. 5 to No. 20 inclusive, as we do not wish to have any interruption of regular numbers from the commencement. Be pleased my Dear Sir to excuse this long written scroll, as I am still labouring under nervous debility, consequent on the severity of my sickness.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Your much obliged and devoted Servt.,

To John P. Walsh.

Ireland Island, Bermuda, Sept. 29, 1843.

My Dear Sir,—

I hope you will excuse me for not answering your first letter, as I was unable, in consequence of the sickness the almighty was pleased to afflict me with. Thanks be to his merciful blessing we are recovering fast. I am sorry to say that Mr. — is in Hospital yet, but I expect him out in the course of a few days, and then we will write you a longer letter than this. The Nos. of "The Cross" which you have been so kind as to send us, has been received in due course. I have received four Subscribers besides Mr — and myself, to "The Cross." I trust, with God's blessing, to get more subscribers when I am able to go out, and you may depend on my performance of

the duty of Agent, to both "The Register," and "The Cross," which you have conferred, as long as God spares me health and strength. I am happy to hear that the Catholics of Bermuda are thought of in Halifax, it is the only comfort we have in our sickness, and I trust and hope in God that the CATHOLICS OF HALIFAX will offer up a prayer to God for the souls of the faithful departed in this sickness—and also for the souls of their surviving brethren in Bermuda.

I remain, your's truly,
WILLIAM OLIVE.

To John P. Walsh.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Oct. 13th, 1843.

My Dear Sir,—

I received your favour of September 18th, and also "the Cross" sent by mail, I will at all times feel happy in promoting the circulation of both "REGISTER" and "Cross" and will comply with your proposal, and act as Agent for the same, in Bermuda. Please add to the list of Subscribers to "the Cross" Mr. James, St. John's; Michael Heany; A soldier of the 20th Regiment; and myself. I am in hopes of many more.

I am sir your obedient servant,
P. MYLES.

To John P. Walsh.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

The fifth anniversary of the establishment in Ireland of the Association for the propagation of the Faith was celebrated on yesterday at the Metropolitan Cathedral, Marlborough-street, with all the magnificence and pomp that so glorious and important an event demanded. The ceremonies commenced at eleven o'clock, with a grand pontifical high Mass, at which His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, our revered and venerable archbishop, presided. The Rev. Dr. Laphen officiated as high priest, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Pope as deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Fay as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop was attended by the venerable Archdeacon Hamilton, and was provided with a splendid throne placed on the gospel side of the altar, and covered with a rich canopy of crimson velvet. After the first gospel the distinguished preacher and divine, the Rev. Dr. Miley, whose powerful advocacy has been so often employed for the same glorious cause on former anniversaries

ascended the pulpit and delivered a most impressive and eloquent discourse, at the conclusion of which his grace pronounced the usual indulgence of forty days in favour of the supporters of the association. The remainder of the high mass was then proceeded with, after which the archbishop gave the solemn benediction of the most holy sacrament.

The mass performed was Haydn's Mass, No. 4; and the choir, which was under the direction of Mr. Haydn Corri, was most efficient.

THE SERMON.

"Viri Galilæe quare statis hic aspicientes in cælum?—Hic Jesus qui assumptus est a vobis sic veniet quemadmodum vidistis eum euntem in cælum."—Acts of the apostles, ch. i., v. 11.

"Viri Galilæe quare statis hic aspicientes in Cælum?"—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here, looking up to heaven?" What, beloved brethren, can the meaning of this language be? It sounds, at least, like the language of reproof—"Why stand ye looking up to heaven?"—"Why?"—How was it possible for an instant to mistake the motive of the Apostles, and surely it was not of such a nature as that the celestial messengers should reprehend it? Their eyes had followed the divine form of the saviour in ascending from Mount Olivet—what wonder if they remained riveted with unutterable sorrow and ecstasy upon that region of the firmament where they had lost sight of him; or, rather, ought not the wonder to have been, that ever again they should bend their vision downwards upon that dark and sin stained earth from which their divine Lord and Saviour had departed? Surely, it cannot be to inculcate black ingratitude, or to counsel oblivion or indifference towards such a benefactor, that these celestial messengers in snowy garments have descended?

Heaven guard us from a thought so impious! No, brethren, no; but these "viri Galilæi"—these poor, unlettered, timorous Galileans, mostly fishermen of the villages and towns around the lake Genesareth—had been just then invested with the apostleship, that is to say—great Heaven! what a charge for instruments so miserable!—they had just a moment previously been commissioned to carry out and perfect the grand scheme of redemption, which required as its initiative principle nothing less than the humiliation and death of an incarnate God! The responsibility of applying to a fallen world the merits and the atonement of Jesus Christ had now devolved upon this poor, ignorant, imbecile, lowly born group of Galilean fishermen; and is it to be wondered at that angels should have been despatched from Hea-

ven to rouse and startle them into some conception of their responsibilities by warning them, as if in the language of reprehension, that for them there was thenceforth to be no repose—even though it were in the most rapturous flights of contemplation—upon whom had now devolved the charge of redeeming the whole human race to Christ by their activity. "This same Jesus, who has been even now assumed before your eyes in heaven," says the angels, know ye not that he shall come, return again in great power and majesty to demand at your hands the kingdom and the people he has purchased with his blood? Why, why then, stand ye here? "Hic Jesus qui assumptus est a vobis sic veniet quemadmodum vidistis euntem in cælum."—As yet the whole world is usurped and trampled on by Satan: Why stand ye here? The light of heaven is to be poured in upon the foul mysteries of Egypt; the intellectual arrogance of Greece is to be humbled: the sophistry of the porch and the academy given to the winds: the colossal empire of the Cæsars grouted and concreted by political idolatry as if into an iron mass, is to be shattered to fragments, and the empire of the effaced to be erected upon its ruins;—while, by your labours the face of the earth is to be thus changed.—Why stand ye here, looking up to Heaven? While the ransomed of Calvary are still in fetters, languishing in darkness and the shade of death, why stand ye here?—Your voice they are to be aroused from the slumber of perdition in which they have been sunk for ages; they are to be sterged from the ordure of their crimes; the cicatrices and the sores of their iniquities are not only to be cured, but to be effaced; from the likeness of the old Adam they are to be transformed into the likeness of the new—"created according to the justice and sanctity of truth." Under your auspices the most degraded serfs of Lucifer and of the passions are to put on Jesus Christ, to walk in the newness of life; their conversation is to be in heaven. In despite of the world, the flesh, and the devil—and by all these banded together, you shall be resisted and warred against with unrelenting vehemence; you are to beat down every altitude that lifts itself against the folly and the opprobrium of the cross, to bring every understanding into obedience to Him, who is to the Jew a scandal, and to the Greek a laughing stock. Out of its offal, and the most fetid dregs of humanity, you have to prepare for the Lord of Glory and Sanctity an "acceptable people," emulous of good works, knit together and made one, by faith, hope, and charity even as the human frame is one; to free them from every blemish, array them in every per-

fection so that they may be fit to meet the inspection and call forth the encomiums of the eternal King of Glory, when he shall come, as he shall speedily, to judge justices, to scrutinize Jerusalem with lighted torches, and to demand an account of the treasures of redemption now confided in their plenitude to your hands. With a task like this before you—invested with such responsibilities, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven?

That this, my brethren, is the import of the text cannot be questioned. It is of faith, that no creature, no matter how pre-eminently excellent—not the brightest seraph before the eternal throne—that no being in short but God made man, could pay the ransom of sin, or provide the means of sanctifying our fallen race; but it is equally of faith that the immediate application of these means were left totally depending upon "the weak things of this world, and the contemptible things, as it were, that are not"—to the end, as St. Paul assures us, that the wisdom and the power of God, may shine forth as brilliantly in the application of these means as his mercy did in the acquiring of them.—

These efforts, of whatever is most despised of men, it is, that constitute the action of the church militant—that is, of the society that has sprung from the labours of the Apostles, and become the inheritors of their privileges and responsibilities. The accomplishment of the Apostolical commission—"thy kingdom come"—is the never-ceasing cry of desire that ascends from this chaste spouse to the Redeemer; and it is in grateful acknowledgment to the Most High, for having admitted us to participate in one—and that not the least illustrious—of those efforts in which the zeal of Christendom has not failed under the auspices of the successors of Peter, to manifest itself from age to age, that we, my brethren, have been called together round these hallowed altars. Your grace has appointed this day for the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the introduction into Ireland of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. At its solemnization we are now assembled to assist. The occasion irresistibly impels us to consider how it fares with the cross and its feeble champions all over the world. And oh, ye mighty spirits—ye confessors, martyrs, and apostles, who, though like us, surrounded with infirmity, did yet achieve such wonders for the faith, how is it possible for us to contemplate the state of abandonment in which the cause of Jesus, as contrasted with the cause of sin and error, finds itself in this our day, without being at once overwhelmed with shame, grief and consternation—without being incited, henceforth and for ever, to strive that such an awful majo-

ry of the millions for whom the Saviour died be no longer, through the sloth and recreancy of his servants, estranged from the only path—narrow and difficult—that leadeth to eternal life?"

In that land, once the darling object of the zeal that inflamed St. Gregory the Great—the field where Austin and his apostolical companions laboured—where the venerable Bede devoted himself to study, for the sanctification not only of his age, but of posterity—where Anselm suffered, and A'Becket shed his blood—in England, once the garden of the church—how millions are now arrayed in virulent and indefatigable hostility against her? In Scotland, in the Low Countries, in Germany, in Prussia, in the cantons of Switzerland, and the countries of the north, what myriads are in revolt against that church, to which their ancestors were indebted for their first rudiments of civilization, as well as for their Christianity? And if, as a set-off against the fifty two millions thus torn away, and held obstinately in schism from Christian unity, there be pointed to the vast Regions of the new world, discovered and evangelised as if to compensate religion for her losses in the 16th century, where, let me ask, will be the compensation for the million and half of Jews, the forty two millions of Greek schismatics, the eight Million Mahometans who occupy the entire east of Europe; making in all, even upon the soil of ancient christendom itself, not less than one hundred and four millions and a half to be still converted!

But a state of things more exhilarating will no doubt present itself, when crossing the Hellespont, we enter these regions of all others the most favoured—there was the cradle of the human family, the home of the chosen people, and the theatre of those wonders that signalized their history. Upon their surface are still visible the foot prints of the "Word made flesh." There He sojourned in obscurity, entered into the most intimate and sympathetic intercourse with our fallen kind—there He preached the gospel to the poor, and in the character of a heavenly physician went round the land curing every infirmity, pouring consolation into the wounded heart, and shedding heavenly light and benediction around him on every side. His cradle is there—there the tomb of His resurrection—there, too, the hill of Calvary upon which He purchased the seed of Adam by the shedding of his blood. In falling too for the first time upon that land, the fire of the Holy Ghost, spread itself like an irresistible conflagration, devouring sin and ignorance, and changing every thing it touched into light and sanctity. It was there the apostles had their earliest stud

most decisive triumphs, and were followed by disciples most gifted in the career of preaching. Risi : in those countries the eternal sun of justice shed the rays of redemption from thence over all the rest of the benighted earth. Even in the days of St. Jerome the west of Asia is described as a Very Eden of Christianity—the centre of attraction for whatever was most eminent for fervour and perfection in the rest of Christendom. He describes the faithful as crowding thither in multitudes—not only from Gaul but from Britain, considered at that time to be separated from the whole world; from Pontus, Armenia, Persia, Ethiopia, and even the distant India. He describes them as flocking in swarms to the holy places from Cappadocia, Mesopotamia, as well as from Cælo Syria, Egypt and the entire East. "Quæcumque in Gallia fuerit primus, huc properat. Divisus ab orbe nostro Britannus, si in religione processerit, occiduo sole dimisso, quærit locum fama sibi tantum et Scripturarum relatione cognitum Quid referamus Armenios, quid Persas, quid Indias et Ethiopiarum populos: ipsamque juxta Ægyptum fertilem monachorum Pontum et Cappadociam, Syriam Cælen et Mesopotamiam cunctaque orientis examina."* He celebrates the concord with which so many nations, differing in customs and in dialects, were united in hymning the Divine praises. He says, that if you walked forth in the fields you were startled to find that Halleluia was the burden of the ploughman's song—that the reaper and the dresser of the vine beguiled their labours, or the intervals of relaxation with hymns and psalmody. Even the most inhospitable deserts seem to bloom with the piety of countless eremites. But, alas! how many emphatic evidences impress the pilgrim in our days with the conviction that the curse of Islamism has passed over this favoured portion of the vineyard of the Lord and spared scarcely a vestige of its ancient beauty. Even Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre are insulted by Turkish infidels the Grotto of the Nativity is in their hands. Nor is it without bitter scoffs and sacrifices that religion can win a license to pour out the anguish of her heart in silence beside these and the other holy places.

But in proportion as truth and sanctity have been blasted, the remnants of idolatry seem to flourish amongst the Druse population, and all that is most impure in the Gnostic heresies—in the errors planted by Nestorius and Eutiches, seems to grow more rank amongst the ruins of Christian Civilization, and to flourish as if in congenial soil. Such is the condition of Wes-

tern Asia at the present day. On the other side of the Uralian mountains and the Indus, Paganism reigns with all the fatal variety of its doctrines and its observances. The wretched tribes that wander on the shores of the frozen ocean prostrate themselves before their gross fetisees. The Mongul hordes who carry the symbolical idols of Buddha in procession and are involved in a profound complicated system of superstition. How innumerable are the populations held by the Brahmin under the two fold delusion of a learned mythology and an insatiating worship. In the wilds of Tartary, and throughout the cities of India, the Alcoran counts its disciples by myriads. In fine, if in the north and south of those regions two European powers have extended their dominions, it is still error that is propagated by the military and commercial enterprises of Russia and England. But still the moral darkness becomes more profound as we penetrate into the mysterious East, from which light seems to emanate. In the missions in the Levant religion may be somewhat cheered by meeting even with her erring sisters in the Christian sects, which overspread the country, or with Musselman infidelity, which, notwithstanding its errors, is still connected with Christianity by some reminiscences. In Russian Asia and Hindostan, idolatry finds itself opposed and kept in check by the presence of its foreign masters; but it domineers, without controul, over the immense regions which extend from the foot of the Himalayan mountains to the shores of the Pacific. There does it find its complete social manifestation in the morals and laws of three immense empires, Anam, China, and Japan. There is realized in all its horrors that slavery of Satan which weighed upon Pagan antiquity, and of which we, in modern times, can form no idea. For three centuries the spirit of Nero and Dioclesian seems to have been revived in those regions, for the trial of Christ's servants. The funeral piles of Japan are no sooner extinguished, than the scaffolds of Corea and Tong King succeed them. The vast islands of the South Sea are peopled, it is conjectured, by about twenty millions, exhibiting all the intellectual shades of the human race, from the ingenious, polished and sometimes heroic Malay, to the hideous natives of Australia, and the cannibals of New Guinea. They also present all the varieties that error and superstition can exhibit. Mahomedanism, Brahmanism, and the worship of Buddha, in the Sunda Islands—idolatry reduced to a system of dogmas in Polynesia—a gross fetishism in new Guinea, and a vague adoration of evil spirits amongst the brutalized tribes of

*S. Hieron, Ep. 44.

Van Dieman's Land, and the other lesser islands. In turning towards another immense continent to the south we can hardly feel but that we are approaching a land of malediction. The population of Africa is computed at 70,000,000, and of these 69,812,000 are still aliens to the Church of Christ.

God forbid that I should insinuate that the Cross is retrograding every where—nay, that it is not advancing, though by slight, slowly, with difficulty, and at the most bitter cost of every thing that is dearest to flesh and blood. Dispersed over the entire surface of the globe, 4000 priests, under the leadership of one hundred and fifty bishops, are beheld in every region and diversity of climate, enduring every extremity of hardship and danger. "In journeys often; in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from their fellow-Christians, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the cities, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea, in perils from false brethren, in labour, in anguish in frequent vigils, in hunger and thirst, in many fastings, in cold and nakedness"—still emulating their sainted predecessors in the trying but blessed service of the Crucified. Thus even in this land of Africa, upon which the curse of the Patriarch seems to have weighed so heavily for 4000 years, we find one of our own countrymen the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith, with his feeble, but devoted little band sustaining the cause of Christ upon this most distant frontier. Another of our countrymen, the Right Reverend Doctor Barron, with a devoted company of twelve priests, is on his way to take possession of those pestilential regions that extend along the western coast, there to suffer privations, to encounter difficulties and annoyances to which nothing could reconcile our nature but the consolation of sharing in the sufferings of our Redeemer and the certainty of enjoying him in Paradise. On the opposite coasts some promise is held out by the populations of Abyssinia and Egypt of again returning to the unity of faith. Even in Tunis Christ numbers 5000 souls, and along the coasts of the Mediterranean, the land of Cyprian and Augustine, is again visited by the blessings of which it was so long deprived. The most benign and heavenly institutions of the gospel are beginning to take root upon a soil abandoned to the fanaticism of the Koran for as many ages. Eight churches and seven chapels, a preparatory ecclesiastical college, an orphan asylum for each sex, three boys' schools, an infant asylum, a charity board, an hospital for the natives have been already established. Sisters of Charity, these heroines of religion, not only visit the houses of the Moors and Mahomedans in their illness, but even penetrate into the camps

of the Bedouins, to carry with the succours of medicine the balm of the divine word. But to retrace our steps. How calculated to fill the Christian heart with joy and wonder even to overflowing are the triumphs of religion that are daily taking place in the islands of the Pacific. In the Sandwich Islands, from which the Catholic missionaries were so recently expelled by persecuting bigotry, they number already no less than 6000 converts. The last number of the annals gives details of the proficiency made by these Neophytes not only in the Christian doctrine, but in secular education that fills us with delight and surprise. In Wallis, the most savage of the Marquesas Islands, the shores of which were dreaded even by the most daring mariners, and where the only variation of life consisted in passing from the horrors of savage warfare to the devouring of the captives by the conquerors, the entire population has not only been suddenly converted, but apparently transformed by the sacrament of regeneration into other beings. They had recently murdered in the most cruel manner one of the missionaries—a Father Chanal—who had long laboured and supplicated, apparently in vain, for their conversion; and scarcely has the martyr's blood been shed when the whole island becomes horror-struck at the crime, and by an impulse, evidently descending from heaven, embrace the faith. The last number of the Annals gives the most delightful particulars; describes them as vieing with each other in fervour to approach the sacraments, and atone, by every Christian virtue, for their past crimes and atrocities. Similar wonders have long since taken place in many of the other islands which now arise amidst the desert of the ocean as so many smiling oases upon which religion delights to rest. A new diocese has just been founded in Van Dieman's Land to which one of our countrymen, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, has been appointed, and Sydney has been raised to the dignity of an archiepiscopal see with two suffragans, in order to meet the calls of a rapidly increasing population of 50,000 Catholics. In the Philippine islands are no less than 3,000,000 already advanced in civilization, and distributed through 509 parishes in the archdiocese of Manilla and its suffragan sees; so that the entire of Oceania, including the Portuguese islands of Timor, Flores, and Sabrao, contains little less than three millions and a half of Catholics.

We now cross the boundaries of those regions into which the missionary cannot penetrate but at the risk of life.

In the vicariate apostolic of Corea Christ numbers 7,000 faithful to his cross in spite of persecution: in the vicariate apostolic of Su-

Tehm, 52,000; in the vicariate apostolic of Fo-Kiln, 40,000; in the vicariate apostolic of Chau-Si, and vicariate apostolic of How-Quang, 60,000 in the vicariate apostolic of Tehe-Kiang and Kiang-Li; in the vicariate apostolic of Pegu and Ava, 3,000; of Siam, 5,000; of Cochin China, 80,000; of Western Tong-King, 180,000; of Eastern Tong-King, 160,000; diocese of Macao, 52,000; diocese of Nang-King, 40,000 Catholics.

Russia in Asia—140 priests; 20,000 Catholics. Tibet—one bishop, one coadjutor, 13 priests; 8,000 Catholics.

Bengal—*one archbishop*, Dr. Carew; one coadjutor, Dr. Oliff; 13 priests; 20,000 Catholics.

Madras—One bishop, 15 priests; 100,000 Catholics.

Pondicherry—One bishop, 38 priests; 230,000 Catholics.

Ceylon—One bishop, 100⁺ priests; 200,000 Catholics.

Malabar—One bishop, one coadjutor, 338 priests; 182,000 Catholics.

Scattered over the vast countries from the Indies to the Mediterranean are 18 archbishops, 29 bishops, 1,667 priests; 659,200 Catholics.

In Turkey in Europe and Greece—8 archbishops, 12 bishops, 579 priests, and 387,000 Catholics.

The last accounts from the remote regions of Tartary to the north of China are very cheering. The disciples of St. Vincent de Paul have already succeeded in converting some of the most distinguished of the Llamas, or Tartar priests, who are now preparing to preach the gospel to their countrymen. Like our own out-cast countrymen in the Savannahs and back settlements of America the exiles of injured Poland are spreading the light of Catholicity even through the cheerless deserts of Siberia. "The communions of the East begin to understand that neither order nor happiness is possible, out of the way which the redemption has opened to men. By detaching themselves from the universal church they have drunk to the dregs of the cup of humiliations and misfortunes; but the rigour of the expiation seems to have disarmed at last the divine justice. They have received the grace of feeling their misery, and some of them seek, and already know the means of removing it. The hardness of the heretic chiefs, who have grown old in idleness and corruption, is the obstacle that still restrains the masses; but it will give way before the efforts of the pious league formed for their salvation." The graces of the divine ministry, so long and terribly abused by infatuated Spain, are now administered by the exile clergy of that country; or the consolation of the tribes of South Ame-

rican and Mexico. Need I advert to the auspicious change that has already taken place in the religious disquisitions of almost all the Protestant countries of Europe, but more especially in Germany and Great Britain. Thus to whatever side we turn we are inspired with cheering anticipations of the future. We are consoled at the fervour that even in these degenerate days can sustain not only the priesthood in their apostolic labours through so many inhospitable climes, but has enabled the weakness and delicacy of the female sex to make the most trying sacrifices, and venture with cheerfulness across oceans and deserts, to co-operate in the holy enterprise of extending the reign of Christ and teaching his abandoned little ones to glow with the charity of his sacred heart—to see the empire of Peter extending itself until it has become commensurate with the globe—a uniting again, and by the most hallowed sympathies and convictions, the long separated tribes of mankind as if in one common family: to behold it, while unchanged in one apex or iota of its creed or its morality after the lapse of eighteen centuries, still adapting itself to every diversity of climate, character and institution—when apparently overthrown erecting itself for new triumphs. These and the similar reflections that crowd upon us in surveying the aspect of Catholicity are eminently calculated to confirm our faith and edify our piety. But nevertheless, the overwhelming thought will force itself upon the heart—how insignificant the ratio of those already aggregated in the 'one fold,' compared to those who are still lost in the 'way of error?' Out of the eight hundred millions of human beings on the earth, nearly four-fifths—that is six hundred and forty-eight millions—still in the year of Christ 1843, remain to be converted! Great heavens! have the Apostles neglected their commission? Let their life blood poured out in testimony of their zeal, and in the service of their master, answer. If further evidence be asked for, consider the journeyings by sea and land, the suffering, the fatigues, the soul devouring solicitude of St. Paul, and be it remembered that, in recording the wonderful labours, the burning love, and devotedness of this Apostle, the Holy Ghost wished it to be concluded that things equally astonishing were done, and suffered by all the rest; for all were actuated by the same spirit, and were incited by an equal vehemence of charity to spend themselves, and be spent for Jesus Christ. But perhaps their labours were abortive, and that their success did not correspond with their anxieties? Did not these poor feeble men of Galilee effect a revolution in ideas, in convictions, in morality, the like of which the holdest sages of Rome and

Athens never dreamt of? They carried the conquests of the cross into regions not only beyond the frontiers of the Cæsars, but beyond the knowledge of antiquity. These poor fishermen have won by their success such deathless renown that their names not only are inscribed in history, but are lisped by childhood, and invoked with veneration by the unlettered all over the wide earth. Look at the mausoleum of one of them—their prince; the fragments of column and trophy that are scattered round it bear witness that he seized the main prop of Satan's empire, and shook it to the earth; not to perish like Sampson, amid the ruins, but upon them to erect a throne that shall perish only with the world. No, if Holy Writ were blotted out, the documents of history consigned to oblivion, the monuments of success which the apostles left after their would suffice us of the divinity of him who sent them. Nor has the divine fire that circulated in their veins ever ceased to impart its impulse to those who from age to age succeeded to their privileges and responsibilities. The conversion of the barbarians who overthrew the ancient order of civilization chiefly by the disciples of Saint Benedict, and the Irish monks of Saint Columbanus and Columbkill; the wonders achieved by the followers of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis from the 12th century, and by those of Saint Ignatius, as well as many others from the 16th; the amazing efficiency of this very society originated in our own days by an obscure and humble female—these manifestations attest that the apostolic vigour has not departed from the church, and that under its influence "the weak things of this world" are still equal to undertakings that appear insane to human prudence. But, my brethren, if in the apathy of the apostles or the failing energies of the spirit who promised to be "all days and for ever with the church, we seek in vain to account for the awful majority of those who are aliens over those who have been affiliated to the faith, shall we be equally unsuccessful if we seek the solution of this mystery in our own sloth and deficiency of zeal for the Divine honour—in the scandals and disedification of our lives? Can it not be accounted for by our having inverted the order established by Jesus Christ? He said:—"Seek ye, first, the kingdom of God and his justice;" but the social arrangement of our times is to seek it last—to postpone the interests of Christ's kingdom to every vile and frivolous consideration to grudge religion a few crumbs while we delight to see every brutal appetite pampered to satiety. How can we wonder that the cross is driven in from many an outpost—that its soldiers are everywhere distressed and fainting, with but

feeble and precarious hope of success, when the voluptuary, the profligate, or the egotist, is sure of the applause of Christians, no matter how much he squander upon his passions—and that disciple equally secure of obloquy who expends the talents confided to him in promoting the interests of his master?

But Ireland, at least, you say, must be exempted from this impeachment. Borne down as she is by unparralleled destitution—with a hostile establishment wringing opulence from her vitals and requiting her with slander and persecution—with her resources jammed up, cramped, and kept in torment by bad laws and worse administration—impoverished and afflicted Ireland, while rebuilding her ruined altars, and providing that education for her own people which, until lately, it was treason to impart, is still so large-hearted and enthusiastic in the cause of her Saviour that amidst all the flourishing and mighty states of Christendom she stands in the third place as a contributor to the Propagation of the Faith. Ireland contributes £7,241 8s 2½d more than Scotland, £5789 14s 3½d more than England, £856 8s 6½d more than Belgium, £6813 18s 7½d more than North and South America together, £4211 11s 1½d more than the Two Sicilies, nearly as much as Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands combined, £6365 12s 6½d more than Germany, and £1616 14s 8d more than Lucca, Modena, Parma, Switzerland, and Tuscany put together.—Her quota for this year, though less than that of 1842, (on account, perhaps, of her contributions to the new missionary college), amounts to the sum of £7289 19s 8½d. These, you exclaim, are glorious attestations of our country's fidelity and disinterestedness, and God forbid that I should question it. I feel not inclined to extenuate the merits of my native land. From my heart's core I sympathise with her in all her sacrifices and efforts, and in none more ardently than in those she is so nobly making in the cause of Christianity. But these testimonies, I contend, are only correlative after all; and if the other countries which she so far surpasses in zeal be so grievously delinquent, they do not prove that Ireland has done her duty.

But let us not blind ourselves through self-love to the true position of our country. Is there no restitution to be made to heaven for the drunkenness by which we were so long degraded and disgraced? Are not those who, during a long career of excesses, were guilty of robbing Christ of the souls for which he died by their scandalous example, by their oaths and their impurities, now bound to labour zealously—to collect for, to contribute to, and to supplicate heaven for the Propagation of the Faith? In

return even for the enviable exemptions of our island from so many natural scourges and annoyances—for the large-handed munificence with which fertility and plenty has been scattered over it—are we not bound to increase in zeal and to persevere indefatigably? Above all, does not this appear to be the peculiar destiny of Ireland—to be conspicuous in this grand movement to extend the kingdom of God on earth? I speak not of her efforts for this object in past ages; but I ask if not only the preservation of Catholicity in the north of Europe, but that portentous throbbing towards a return of the unity of the church in the heart of England be not mainly attributable, under heaven, to the invincible constancy with which Ireland clung to and contended for the “faith once delivered to the saints?” It stands upon record, in the Tracts for the Times, for the suppression of the ten Irish sees gave rise to the Oxford movement. Seeing themselves in peril of being cashiered by the parliament, they thought it prudent to beat about for a refuge in apostolicity. But, thank heaven, what commenced in narrow and selfish apprehensions for some vile temporalities, is likely, under the master hand of Providence, which can “write straight upon a crooked line,” to terminate in the recovery, for a mighty nation, of the long-lost treasure of the faith. Even the very tyranny that has exterminated her children has still helped to forward this great destiny, which has rendered Ireland in so striking a degree auxiliary to the propagation of the faith. The new empire of Catholicity so rapidly springing up in North America and the Pacific, was, we may say, founded by our exiles. And in the prosecution of a destiny so noble, so calculated to draw down upon her even those temporal blessings that shall compensate her even in this world for all the sorrows and opprobrium of the past, is Ireland to languish, become indifferent, or sit down to calculate what she has done, while for the complete triumph of the cross so much remains to be effected? No, I am persuaded that our people, generous, grateful, and devoted to their religion, will never tire or relent in their zeal for this glorious institution, which may well be named the forlorn hope of Christianity. And in urging this point with so much emphasis, I am bound to declare that the support of the new missionary college is not less meritorious: if, indeed, it be proper to draw a distinction between institutions both tending directly to the same object. Let zeal, therefore, for the propagation of the faith be no longer monopolized by the poor, or by but comparatively few amongst those not only incompetent but superfluous wealth. This zeal must become cha-

acteristic of every one who would not be regarded by men and angels as a recreant to the love of Christ.

To you, very reverend and venerable fathers, I shall not venture to address myself but in the language of the Sovereign Pontiff, who says, in his letter to the universal church:—

“Above all, we recommend strongly to you the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

This truly great and holy work, which maintains, increases, and strengthens itself by the scanty offerings and prayers of the members—this work, which contributes to support the labourers of the Gospel, which exercises the works of charity towards the neophytes, and which delivers the faithful from the fury of persecution, appears to us to be in the highest degree deserving of the love and admiration of all good men.

And we must not suppose that so great an advantage has been conferred in our days of the church, without a special counsel of divine Providence: while the infernal enemy torments, by every sort of machinations, the cherished spouse of Jesus Christ, nothing could come more seasonably than the assistance of the united efforts of all the faithful who are inflamed by the desire of propagating the Christian faith.

“Accordingly, we, notwithstanding our unworthiness, called to watch over the church, have neglected no opportunity to testify, after the example of our predecessors, in the clearest manner of our affection for this important association, and to excite in its behalf the charity of the faithful. You, then, venerable brothers, who are to share in our solicitude, do you apply yourselves assiduously to give to this work a daily increase among the flocks confined to your care. Sound the trumpet in Sion, and see that those who do not yet belong to this pious society, may, by your admonitions and paternal persuasion, speedily become members, and they who have already joined it may persevere in their resolution.”

“Viri Galilee quare statis hic?”—ye men of Galilee, priests of Jesus Christ—ye who have succeeded to the ministry, and the responsibilities of those who first scattered the fire of the Holy Ghost in words that burned, and bore the treasures of Calvary through the nations, why stand we here? or do we not blush at our coldness and inactivity, while our Divine Lord and Master, through our apathy, perhaps, is suffering in protracted agony? How many hundred millions—I dread to mention them—are still as if they had never been redeemed? He is still mocked on Calvary, in Africa, and Hindostan, and throughout so many benighted regions that

are scorning and mocking him, and through ignorance deriding him as a fool and spitting in his sacred face. In Japan and China they are trampling on his cross. Conculcated by the crimes and infidelity of such countless myriads, the whole earth is but as one Gethsemane, where he still bleeds in agony. At this spectacle the whole court of heaven is moved. St Peter and St Paul, with their glorious colleagues, as if filled with indignation at our apathy, are ready to abrogate their thrones, again to descend on earth, in order to retrieve the cause that goes to ruin, or makes but languid progress in our hands. They turn to forego the bliss of Paradise for the still more ineffable privilege of again suffering in company with their Redeemer, and for the salvation of their brethren. But it is not by spirits of power or by apostles confirmed in glory, but by the weak things and the foolish of this world, that is to be effected. Such is the decree of Eternal Wisdom. And shall we, brethren, be dead to gratitude, to the sentiments of heavenly ambition, not entirely to disgrace the office which we bear?—an office above that not only of earthly emperors, but of the brightest seraphs, the most divine privilege that can be conferred.—to co-operate in the achievement of redemption with Jesus Christ. Let us, in season, and out of season, recommend it to our people—let us recommend it to the holy martyrs, the apostles, and to the Queen of Angels, in our prayers and sacrifices; let us labour for Christ in this great cause, and spare no pains to act at least as an efficient commissariat to those heroic colleagues who cry out with the fervent apostle—“Let us also go and die with him!” If faithful, we may have to toil and suffer, it is true (if suffering that can be called which is borne for him who so loved us, and in his society), but we shall still be cheered, under all our trials and sacrifices for his sake by that enchanting promise: “ubi ego sum illic et minister mens erit; that is, that whosoever shall abide with Christ in his sorrows in labouring like a good and faithful servant in the propagation of the faith, shall be associated with Christ in the celestial brilliancy of his triumph, filled to the utmost of finite capacity with bliss and crowned amidst the applause of heaven, with everlasting honour. Amen.

The following letter of apology was received from the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Salde:—

“John-street Chapel-house, Sept. 20, 1843.

“VERY REV. DEAR SIR—I have been honored by the invitation to attend at the ceremony this day in the Church of the Conception, Marlborough street; but as it is left to my convenience, I reluctantly avail myself of the permission. I will,

however be there in spirit and in the warmest feelings of my heart, wishing the holy cause every, the greatest success. It has a strong and a particular claim upon my gratitude, as having experienced some of its happy effects, produced by its liberal contribution to the mission of Madras, during my time, of which I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance. Since my return to Ireland I felt that I ought to unite with the faithful in carrying forward the noble work, and that from the commencement; and I beg now respectfully to request the committee's acceptance of the accompanying five pounds, as my contribution for the five years past.

“I have the honour to be, Very Rev. dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

“✠ DANIEL O'CONNOR, Bishop of Sale

“To the Very Rev. A. O'Connell, D.D., Hon. Sec. of the Central Committee of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.”

We copy the following sketch of Dr. Miley, from a late Catholic Periodical which was published in Dublin.

Reverend John Miley.

Has it occurred to the readers of the “Orators of the Pulpit” to bestow a portion of praise upon the writer, who has taken some pains to confer the meed of well-earned panegyric upon others? If they have not, in soothe they do to him much wrong, who under an easy style of good-natured gossip, conveys amusement and instruction. These sketches commenced with Bishop Wiseman, and the last concluded with Archbishop MacHale. What a mighty cycle of mind is contained in these names! Pity that a Parallel of those two great men had not been written and then the pen that contrasted them buried, like Prospero's wand, “full forty fathoms deep,” never to conjure spirits of idea again! Is it that there are no more great men to paint? Is it that in the galaxy of eminent preachers of eternal truth there are none others worth remembering? No. Count the berries on the rowan-tree in summer, and then

form some idea of the number of pearls which are strung upon the necklace of the Church even in the sister isles, not to mention the fruitage which hangs in the dark pine forests of North Britain, where I shall wander anon. But it is a sure mark of a vitiated taste to look always abroad, without deigning to arrange the attractions of home; yet, as it requires more consummate skill to paint the figures in the foreground of a picture than in the distance, where a read streak may embody an army and another contain the boundary line where earth and heaven meet, so is it less easy to depict with proper dignity the great characters which frequency has made familiar to our eye. Only think what a poor piece of daubery Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the Milton of painters, would make in polishing a Birmingham tea-board! Nor would his namesake, Michael Angelo Carravaggio, the Dryden of his art, achieve as good a miniature likeness as is now to be had on a sixpenny snuff-box.

Under these impressions, it is with something like awe I approach to my pen to draw an etching—a portrait I would not presume to—of the preacher whose name is prefixed to the commencement of this sketch. Whilst I was abroad in the wilds of Connaught it was well with me, for there I was at home in heart and hand; and when in the modern Babylon I chanted my hymn of praise, I did it freely as any palmer in weeds and escarp shell fresh and fervent from the Holy Land: but when I stand before the eloquent orator of Ballymore Saint Eustace, and mind says "Paint the man," I acknowledge my inability to do justice to his merits, or even sustain a shred of the good name I have earned by my pen. Yet it must be done; and now for the first

wave in the line of beauty of one, who at the baptismal font, came forth with the same name as myself: therefore have I a surname-sympathy with the theme.

The Rev. John Miley is one of the celebrated public preachers in the city of Dublin—for without being invidious, a parallel can be drawn, and the palm of pre-eminence must be awarded to the ecclesiastics of the Church of the Conception, with a few exceptions, which shall appear in due season. He is so well known to the citizens of Dublin, from the frequency with which he appeals in the cause of benevolence in the several parish churches of the city that his person need not be described; yet as this sketch may stray further than where his figure and physiognomy can be recognised, an outline of his personal proportions should precede persuasive powers.

In form, not tall, but taper and stately, without aught to betray the presence of pride, his appearance prepossesses at first sight, nor does a continued review wear out the first favourable impression. In fact, intellectual, energetic, and stern, the pointed contour of feature filling the mind with a miniature profile of the inflexible austerity and ardour, disciplined by devotion. The hollow cheek, thin lip, scrutinizing eye, and high, retiring brow, present a formidable array of facial intelligence; and did they not, come in the deficiency of mature manhood—were they annealed with the mark of venerable age, they would come nigher the the description which ecclesiastical history has left us of Anthony of the Desert than they do of St. John of the Cross. In attitude, the scanty proportion of the outward man cannot mar gestures which oftentimes arrive at

dignity, and are never destitute of grace. Apostrophe, in all its suddenness, may startle, but does not often convince; and in this no orator should indulge who means to persuade. This the Rev. Dr. Miley admirably avoids; for though, by temperament or tuition, he seems highly poetic, he uses the flowers of speech more for their odour than for their bloom. He approaches his subject with great caution, and, as in the advocates of charity, he certainly stands within the bar, and wears the silk gown and its honours by a patent of precedence: a cursory view is given of how he unlocks the coffers of the avaricious, and brings down the dew of mercy and the oil of abundance upon the cheerful giver.

To make dishonesty disgorge its meal and sensuality abandon its ease, falsehood forego its poniard tongue and false friendship shut its traitorous hand, is often easily effected; but how arduous must be the task and transcendent the reward of him who wakes avarice in its den of guilt, bids the builder pull down his heaps of treasure, fling down the altar of Mammon, and become voluntarily poor for the sake of things unseen! Yet such doings are being done every day, and we mark them not.

The Rev. Doctor Miley measures his discourse by his design, not his design by his discourse. He is well aware that the prediction of the prophet is yet in force, and the poor have not rested out of the land—that gaunt famine literally fattens (if flattery can be obese) upon the blood, the being of the lovely land we inhabit. This knowledge impresses him with strength to use his energies in supplication. His acquaintance with human nature puts him in possession of the truth,

that though the heart of man is above all things desperately wicked, a sun beam of virtue will sometimes unshadow this disarray of desperation, which if not darkened by returning vice, will illumine for ever and ever. This teaches him to see as well as supplicate. Thus armed with sight and sensitiveness, he proceeds to appeal to his suffering fellow creatures.

Imagine a fellow-being “with his disease of all-shunned poverty (who walks like contempt alone;” see him stealing from the sneer and sauciness of more fortunate brethren, to bury himself in the gloom of a garret, where a loon, loving, and perhaps a lovely wife, meets his bitter frowns with a sorrowing smile; see little children, emblems of the pure of heart, stretching out their arms and raising their voices in the language of welcome and of want! Hear them ask for bread, and their agonised parents look upon the cold hearth stone; their hearts fall low in their beating bosoms as their children cluster together, and whisper—“Dada and Mamma have no bread!” Behold one guardian, whom God hath given to feed these little ones, turning from this scene of innocent indigence, and almost arraigning heaven for making him shepherd of such shorn lambs, and another trembling over the whispering children, as the dove does on her nest when the kite is nigh.

To imagine thus, one must hear Dr. Miley preach a charity sermon; to imagine what follows one must weigh the collection when the sermon be done.

See the same domicile of destitution wear another aspect than when the parents writhed under the scourge of starvation, and the children whispered “We have no bread!” Cheerful sea coal burns lightly in the grate, gladness

fills the wan-worn features of father and mother, and the gusto of hilarity gild the laughing urchins' countenances with joy. Food is in their hands and buoyancy is in their hearts. They frolic, they feel they are altered beings—and their every movement bespeak they are inspired with uncontrollable delight. For them has the question been asked—"Where may we get bread to feed all these?" For them has parental scepticism said—"What would so little suffice for so many?" Yet, for them, has the desert of the world teemed with plenty—they have sat on the grass and the bread and the fish have fructified by the power of the Lord through the voice of his servant—they were filled, fragments gathered up and gladly they give thanks to Him who can bestow the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth.

Thus can the gift of oratory, guided by grace, after the unseen seclusion of low life and turn hearts, that repined in the frightful privation of hunger, to rejoice in abundance and jubilation. Transcendant mastery of the power of speech! Matchless results from the "concord of sweet sounds!" How magnificent must not be the mechanism of words when arranged by a master mind!

But take the Rev. Doctor from the abodes of distress, is he as eloquent in expounding the decalogue and designs of Him who loved to be with little children? Yes, and as happy results, which arise from his advocacy of the destitute, spring from his advice to the deprived.

The foregoing is a figurative, a fire-side epitome of the end to which Dr. Miley arrives; but, lest this should not be sufficiently clear, here follow the means. On ascending the pulpit, one

is struck by the air of austere intrepidity with which he tosses over the loose leaves of the obituary and calender the cycle of the week. He announces deaths as things rather to be rejoiced in that mourned over, commands more than entreats the invocation of the faithful, enumerates the fasts or festivals of the season, and distinctly reads the epistle or the gospel of the day. Here is wanted some person to contrast with him in power of recitation, and no one can be found without drawing upon the orators of the sock and buskin, which would be impiously profane; for if one were to instance the faultless elocution of John Kemble or Vandenhoff, who were both educated for the Catholic priesthood, the ill-allied associations of Scriptural and Shakspearian incident might flash across the mind with disagreeing fidelity. The eclat which crowned Mrs. Siddons when reading Milton's "Paradise Lost," affords a comparison scarcely less removed from propriety than the preceding; yet, therefore, from those instances of rejection, one may imagine the great susceptibility of his tongue for sounds sweet and strong.

He has scarcely passed the exordium of his discourse before it is evident he preaches not as other men; and if his style of delivery be not original, there can be no question but his verbiage is ornate. The cast of his thought and the clothing of his words may be compared to a scimeter which, from hilt to point, is hidden in a silken scarf, though in his abundance of expression and hid-away ideas, if "one John Milton" and he were to open the volume at the one time, they would certainly light upon the text. Be it remembered that this tutoring of rhetoric is only at the commencement of his sermon; for

as he proceeds, the trammels of the school become less circling, and, in the upshot, are broken. There he is national—there, his success begins. Thus nature always succeeds over art in the mind, where the scaffolding of syntax has not utterly impercepted the palace of sentiment of view. As if called upon by the little ones for whom he pleads, he leaves the stilts of scholastic aid for those who, less poor in intellect than education, need them, and, descending to the level of his fellow men, he never ceases to be persuasive till he ceases to be plain. It is true, that one long lifted above the clouds don't like to pluck daisies when there be sun flowers on the green, and one passes simple flowers by for a time to catch at sunbeams, and, though convinced of the unprofitableness of the chase, still one lingers for golden and silvery showers.

The Rev. Doctor's cultivated mind avoids this; for, when once free from the class-book of rhetoric, he pleads the cause of religion or benevolence with potent effect. Flesh and blood, which at first were angry at his imperative diction, became delighted by the philanthropy of his design. First he fired the sense with splendour; but, as it is only by simplicity the soul is won, he makes appeal to the grosser passions, well aware that when they are awake to a sense of duty, the more ethereal will follow. He brings to view the uncertainty of riches and life, yet he indulges men to use them both as if they were never to end, that, thus fostering the delusion he may draw therefrom a greater measure of good. He says "Aye, aye, live on, ye rich ones, and enjoy; I will not disturb ye from the mazy dance or the luxurious banquet. Tabor and pipe be yours, hear

your musician and eat your costly meals, and let the gorgeousness of your robes emulate the mid-day sun. But what glitters and sings through the air so? Is it the arrow of death. And what robe? A shroud? And who feasts now? The worms! But what can blast death's arrow? Charity. What can change 'this muddy vesture of decay' into a spiritual garment? Charity. And who can rob the grave of its prey, but those who feed the poor?" Then he proceeds till, as said before, Avarice grows alarmed, and thinks no coin so precious as the tear which it may gather from the cheek of hunger, and no coffer so valuable as the heart that is empty of covetousness.

He is an eloquent panegyrist without labouring under the disadvantage with which anonymous ones have to contend. See the Rev. Dr. Miley laying aside the vesture of his sacerdotal profession, and mingling with the pious and patriotic citizens who honoured their religion by erecting the magnificent Cathedral Church in which he officiates. Environed by the men who made their country free, and attending before the altar and the archiepiscopal patriarch, who gloried in being surrounded by his people, who builded the house of the most high, he, at one particular period, raised his voice on a subject which Ireland should never forget. He studiously digressed from the cause of the meeting—the crection of the porticos of the cathedral—and established upon a great man one of the most brilliant eulogiums which natural gratitude has left upon record. Upon the footstool of the assembled peers and baronets present, he stooped not to pour the myrrh of metaphoric adulation. He covered not their coronets and escutcheons with the virgin gold

of his eloquence; but, disdainig the gold-beating system, which from one ounce of ore can cover eleven acres of land, he brought the dearly treasured frankincense of his own and his country's enthusiasm, and sent it reeking through the great man's brain. He portrayed the once prostrate state of their enthralled country—laws suspended and altars overturned—the adder of political perfidy poisoning the pleasant flowers of social life, and the blind mole of sectarian hatred mining away the mould of existence. Blasted and bereaved of all its beauty, he asked, who has restored bloom the flower and extirpated those noxious things from the land? He pointed to the hand which had hung sunshine on the earth of millions of hearts—he brought the sea of penal enormity roaring through the deep chasms of recollection, and he mocked at its impotence as he exclaimed—"Against him be thy proud waves stayed!" He built a rampart on the shore, and he inscribed thereon—

OLD IRELAND AND DANIEL O'CONNELL!

(From the London Tablet)
IRELAND.

SISTER OF MERCY.—Died, on the 11th of September, in the convent of our Lady of Mercy, Tuillamore, Sister Mary Josephine Green. She died of a disease hereditary in her family—a consumption. She was a daughter of wealthy and respectable Protestant parents in the city of Kilkenny. Her days were few in religious seclusion. Having quitted the vanities of this world, she entered the convent about five years since, and devoted her time most actively and successfully to the duties of their order, in doing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. A numerous attendance of the clergy of the surrounding country, to the distance of fifteen miles, assisted at the office and obsequies offered for her repose on the morning of the 13th. A procession of the nuns, with lighted tapers in their hands, and the

clergy chanting the mournful but hopeful prayers of the Church, proceeded from the oratory in the convent through the hall, garden, and ground at the rear of the convent, and returned to the vault, where the coffin was laid and immediately sealed up. May she rest in peace.

Dean Coll gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £3 from the Earl of Devon for the relief of the Catholic poor of Newcastle.

CLONES.—We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. Tierney, Catholic priest, on the 12th instant, was drowned in the canal near Clones. The coroner, Mr. Trotter, has passed through town to hold an inquest. We have not heard how the sad event occurred.—*Cork Reporter*.

NAAS.—On Wednesday, the 13th instant, his lordship Dr. Haly administered the holy sacrament of Confirmation to 120 children in the parish chapel at Naas. The discourse of his lordship was deeply impressive, blending the zeal of the apostle and the simplicity of the pastor with the affection of the father. In the evening the distinguished P. P., the Rev. G. Doyle, entertained his lordship and a large company of clergymen, and other gentlemen at a sumptuous dinner, which was served up in first rate style in the splendid school room in the Convent of Mercy. When told that the site on which the chapel and convent now stand, and where bloom so many flowers, was some years ago a mere marsh, the lines of Pope's "Messiah" come to the mind,

"The swain in barren deserts with surprise,
Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise."

—*Freemans Journal*.

RIGHT REV. DR. BURKE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Patrick Burke, Bishop of Elphin, after a long and severe illness, expired at his residence in Turloe, near Ballymoe, on Friday, the 15th inst. After the solemn high mass and office for the repose of his soul, his lordship's remains were interred with due solemnity on Monday last. Dr. Burke was consecrated bishop and chosen as co-adjutor to the late Right Rev. Dr. George Thomas Plunkett in 1819, and succeeded him in 1827. Until lately he resided in Sligo, and it appears not to have improved his health by changing it for Turloe. After being twenty-four years a bishop, he died much regretted, in the 65th year of his age, of a cancer in his stomach.

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