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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 32.

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

HALIFAX, AUGUST 16, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- Aug. 17—Sunday XIV. after Pentecost—Octavo of the Feast of the Feast of St Lawrence
- ... 18—Monday—St Hyacinth, Confessor.
- ... 19—Tuesday—St Joachim, Confessor.
- ... 20—Wednesday—St Bernard, Confessor and Doctor.
- ... 21—Thursday—St Joanna Francesca, of Chantal, Widow.
- ... 22—Friday—Octave of the Assumption.
- ... 23—Saturday—St Philip, Beati.

HYMNS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

VENI CREATOR.

Spirit, Creator of mankind,
 Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
 And sweetly let thy grace invade
 Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made !
 Thou art the Comforter whom all,
 Gift of the highest God, must call ;
 The living fountain, fire and love,
 The ghostly unction from above.

God's sacred finger, which imparts
 A sev'n-fold grace to faithful hearts ;
 Thou art the Father's promise, whence
 We language have, and eloquence.

Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
 That we Thy love may never want ;
 Let not our virtue ever fail ;
 But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Chase from our minds th' internal foe,
 And peace; the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray
 Protect and guide us in the way.
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe :
 Give us thyself that we may see
 The Father and the Son in Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 To thy Son equal praises be
 And, Holy Paraclete, to Thee ! AMEN.

INVOCATIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours !
 See; how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs
 In vain, in vain we strive to rise,
 Hosannas languish on our tongues
 And our devotion dies,
 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove
 With all thy quick'ning powers
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Dear Lord, O shall we ever live.
 At this sad, fatal, dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?
 Come, Holy Spirit &c. as above. Amen.

Eternal Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy pow'r conveys each blessing down,
 From God the Father, and the Son.

Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know,
 Our danger and our refuge too.

Thy quick'ning powers work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin:
They our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The trembled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Kindle a sacred flame of love
In this my cold and sinful heart,
Nor e'er let hence thy grace depart.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—NORTH END.

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the House of the Lord." Ps. 121.

We have to offer our sincere congratulations to the Catholics of the entire city on the opening of an additional Place of Worship amongst us. It is a subject of great joy to all the people, and especially to those who reside in that populous district. The zeal and generosity of the faithful in contributing to this Church are beyond all praise. Many of those who subscribed largely, do not live at the North End, and could not expect to derive much personal or immediate advantage from the erection of a new Church in that locality: But, influenced by higher and holier motives than mere personal consideration, they willingly lent their assistance to the blessed work, and have secured to their Catholic neighbours one of the greatest spiritual advantages which they could receive. The great St. Chrysostom declares that any thing given for the erection of a church, is a greater charity than if bestowed on the poor. He even required that every land-owner should build a Church for the use of the peasantry and labourers around him. "I exhort you, I beseech you, I ask you as a favour, nay, I prescribe it to you as a law, that no land-owner be without a Church. Tell me not that there is a church in the neighbourhood, that the erection of a new one will cost much, and that your income is small. If you have ought to spend on the poor, employ it in the erection of a Church. *It is better employed in the latter, than in the former, purpose.* Be affected towards the Church as you are when you marry wives, or portion your daughters. Give Her a dower, and your estate shall be filled with blessings" (Homil xviii. in Acta Apost.) In another part of the same Homily this eloquent Father

exclaims "O how sweet it is to betread the House of God when we know that we ourselves have built it, to lay down upon our beds, and after the refreshment of our bodies to take a part in the Evening and Morning Hymns, to have the priest a guest at our table, to go about and converse with him, to receive his blessing, and to see others resort hither from the neighbouring villages! Let such be the walls and defence of your field. Let it smell as "a field, which the Lord hath blessed." If the country be so beautiful on account of its repose and freedom from care, what will it not be when a Church shall be added thereunto? *The land which hath a Church, is like unto the Paradise of God.* There is neither noise, nor discord, nor strife, nor heresies. We behold all living in friendship, one with another, and joined together by the same faith."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Mr. John Durreen (2d Subscription)	£2 0 0
John Maguire	1 0 10
James Hoolahan	1 0 10

Two Masses were celebrated at St. Patrick's, on Sunday, and the Bishop preached after the last Mass.

THE SALADIN PIRATES.

A paragraph in the *Times* relative to those unhappy men states that their remains had been removed from the Roman Catholic Cemetery, by order of the Bishop. This is incorrect. The Pirates were originally interred, by mistake, in a part of the ground intended for other purposes, and which we believe was not consecrated. They have been removed into a portion of the Cemetery which is consecrated, and which is appropriated to single interments, and to the burial of strangers.* The Catholic Church does not refuse the rite of Christian sepulture to such of her children as depart this life in penitential dispositions, with the exception of those who die in a duel, and who are excluded from Christian burial even though they should exhibit signs of repentance before death. With regard to the Pirates, we believe the less said about their graves, or interment, the better. Let the dead rest in peace.

* This is in accordance with the prescription of the Roman Ritual: *Nemo christianus in communione fidelium defunctus extra Ecclesiam aut cœmeterium rite benedictum sepeliri debet; sed si necessitas cogat ex aliquo eventu aliquando et tempus aliter fieri, curetur ut quatenus fieri poterit, corpus in locum sacrum quamprimum transferatur de Exequiis.*

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this most useful Institution was held on Tuesday evening last, the Bishop in the chair.

The usual Subscriptions were paid in to a considerable amount—several new members were proposed and admitted, and a list of the children in attendance at Catechism, for many months past, was read to the Meeting. From this it appeared that, on an average, nearly 800 children are instructed in the Christian Doctrine, every Sunday, both at the Cathedral, and St. Patrick's.

In order to effect a new arrangement of classes, it was resolved that a classification of the children, according to their capacity and proficiency, should take place as soon as possible. It was also decided that the children should get a holiday entertainment, under the superintendence of their respective teachers, in the course of some time. By another vote, all the Clergy in the Diocese were declared *ex-officio* members of the Society. It was then moved that a special Committee be appointed, to draw up a suitable address to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, expressive of the gratitude of the Society for his many valuable services since their formation. The various officers for the ensuing year were then appointed, after which the Meeting adjourned.

NAMES OF OFFICERS.

Right Reverend Dr. Walsh, President.
 Rev. Thomas L. Conolly, Vice-President.
 Mr. Philip Compton, Secretary.
 Mr. Patrick Magee, Assistant Secretary.
 Mr. Thomas Prandy, Treasurer.

VISITATION AT ST. MARY'S.

On yesterday, the Festival of the Assumption, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh held a Visitation at the Cathedral. He was received at the principal gate of the Church by the Clergy, who came in procession to meet him. The Cross was presented to him by Rev. Mr. Tracy, and the Bishop kissed it on his knees. Next the Antiphon *Ecce Sacerdos* was sung, holy water and incense were presented to the Bishop and the whole returned in procession to the High Altar, where the other prayers prescribed by the Pontifical were recited.

The Bishop then ascended the altar, kissed it, and gave his solemn benediction to the faithful,

who crowded the Church in every part. Mass was then celebrated *coram Episcopo* by Rev. Mr. Lyons, at the termination of which the Bishop explained to the people the various objects for which a Visitation is held. He was then attired in a black stole, cope, and simple mitre, and went with the Clergy in procession to the middle of the adjoining cemetery, having first recited the prayers for the dead, at the altar. During the procession the *De Profundis* was repeated. Having arrived at the platform the *Libera* was chaunted, and the Bishop went through the various prayers and ceremonies for the absolution of the Faithful Departed, as appointed in the Pontifical. The procession then returned to the Church, reciting the *Miserere*, and the remainder of this affecting service was concluded at the altar.

The Bishop was then attired in white cope and stole, and proceeded to address the people at considerable length on the church, the sacred vessels, the necessary ornaments, the state of the Cemetery, the Purgatorian Society, the Temperance Society, the discipline observed in the Cathedral, the state of morals, the abuses and scandals of the Parish, and delivered suitable exhortations on these and other points. His discourse being ended, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 305 persons, 34 of whom were converts to the Catholic Faith. At the close of the ceremony, the Bishop addressed an earnest admonition to the children and adults who had just received the Holy Ghost. Since Sunday last, they had all been going through a course of spiritual exercises, and their pious demeanour in the Church was most edifying. The Bishop then imparted an Indulgence of Forty Days to all present—those who were confirmed, came in order, and received his Benediction; and finally the last prayers for the dead, as prescribed at the close of an Episcopal Visitation were recited by the Bishop and Clergy, at the Epistle side of the Altar. The clergymen in attendance were, Rev. Messrs. Hannan, Tracy, Power, Lyons, Carmody, and Hennesy, together with the Students of the College. On the whole, the Glorious Feast of the Assumption was, we trust, a day fruitful in benediction and grace, for the Church of Halifax.

MORE CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY.—On Friday the 27th ult, the Rt Rev Dr Wiseman received into the Catholic Church two Clergymen of the Church of England—the Rev J M Capes, rector of St John the Baptist's Church, last over Bridgewater, and the Rev J Montgomery, recently curate of Castleknock, county Dublin.

MAXIMS AND EXAMPLES OF THE SAINTS.

Continued from our last.

But to return to my narrative : We knocked at the convent gate, whereupon a venerable monk, with a long silvery beard and cheerful look, came out to receive us. He saluted us right graciously, bowing himself to the ground, which reminded us of the simplicity of patriarchal times. Then he conducted us to the church, where we saw many of the hermits kneeling, with their hands joined, in profound meditation. The stillness pervading every thing was sublime : one had left the noisy world, one beheld men living a life of angels upon earth. Oh ! how blessed is this form of divine life ! how enviable is the lot of those, who have received from God the grace to embrace it ; what peace, what tranquility, what recollection, what union of the soul with God ! O, angelical state ! O, heaven upon earth ! what tongue can ever praise thee as thou deservest ?

But in describing the holy inmates of this sacred cloister, the beauties of the church itself must not be passed by. It is a noble building of considerable size, the interior is entirely encrusted over with marbles, and adorned with precious stones, the gifts of faithful nobles and princes. There are many side chapels with splendid altars, adorned with flowers, and over them devout pictures. The massive candlesticks and lamps of silver form no mean ornament in this solemn temple. But who shall describe the grandeur of the sacred chant ? the pealing of the organ, the sonorous voices of the monks, the clear high notes of the angelical novices, whose youthful beauty and devout faces beamed with the joys of Heaven ? O, how blessed are they who thus bear part with the heavenly choirs, in the unceasing praise of the Eternal ? And thrice happy the land, that has received the grace to present so lovely an offering to the Lord of the universe ? This suggests an objection often advanced by those unfortunate souls, who have had the misery to be born out of the fold of the holy Catholic Church ; they continually ask of what use to the world are such monastic institutions ? Of what use indeed ? Let him, who has been taught by the sacred scriptures the efficacy of prayer, answer this question. Does not the book of Genesis record the power of Abraham's intercession, and the gracious promise that ten just souls should save even the guilty Sodom ? How often was not Jerusalem pardoned for the sake of holy king David ? What was not the force of king Hezekiah's prayer ? And did not the temporal prosperity of the people of God depend upon the merits of the prophet Elias ? And does not S. James declare that the fervent prayer of the just man availeth much ? And shall we presume to question that Christian states have

owed their safety and prosperity to the prayers of these holy recluses, of men who endeavour to live only for God, and who seek to serve his Divine Majesty with the purity of angels, and the most sublime perfection ? And can it be doubted that such a state of life is pleasing to God and conducive to sanctification ? Those, at least, who have read of Elias, who have heard of S. John the Baptist in the desert, or who have remarked how the holy gospels record that our Lord used to retire for the purpose of prayer to solitary places, to mountains and gardens, will not doubt it. In the primitive ages of the church, with what fervour was the monastic state embraced ! All ages, sexes, and ranks, eagerly entered into a rule of life, which was so calculated to secure salvation. The deserts of Egypt were peopled with recluses ; and all over the east and west, wherever the gospel was received, crowds of holy souls attested the faith of the church on this point. Even before the birth of Christ, men, who were guided by the sole light of reason, confessed the force of this truth ; many of the heathen philosophers taught the excellence of a solitary life, and that the perpetual contemplation of the chief good was the most sublime employment for man. The objection of some misguided sectaries against celibacy and abstinence from flesh meat, as fulfilling the prediction of S. Paul, that seducing spirits should arise forbidding to marry and to eat meats, is really too childish to reply to. The more learned commentators of the Church of England have ever interpreted that text, as referring to sects of heretics, who in the early ages of the church declared that marriage was unlawful, and that certain kinds of meats were unclean. That profound divine of the Anglican church, Mr. Robert Nelson, in his learned works on the Fasts and Festivals, admirably refutes this objection. "It cannot be supposed," says he, "that by abstaining from meats, S. Paul should mean the duty of fasting : because that was observed by devout men, and acceptable to God, both under the Old and New Testament ; and our Saviour himself hath given directions concerning the performance of it, in his admirable Sermon upon the Mount. And our apostle practised it also upon several occasions. Therefore, it is most probable he doth therein condemn the opinions of some ancient heretics, that departed from the faith, who as they excluded those from salvation that engaged in matrimony, so they held the eating the flesh of any living creatures unlawful ; a doctrine very likely borrowed from Pythagoras and his followers, being defended with such variety of learning by Porphyry."* Nor indeed is any other interpretation of those words of S. Paul consistent

*Nelson's Fasts and Feasts Part II. Inq. concerning Fasts p. 367.

with other express declarations of holy scripture, or with the divine example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who fasted so rigorously, that for forty days he eat of no food, and lived a life of virginity. The religious orders in the Catholic Church, only endeavour to follow the example of Christ, and the declaration of this same S. Paul, that virginity is a more perfect state than matrimony; nor do they condemn in others the use either of matrimony, declared by the church to be a great mystery and sacrament, or of meats. That great light of the Anglican church, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, knew how false and unfounded was this objection. Hark how he expresses himself:—"Virginity is a life of angels, the enamel of the soul, the huge advantage of religion, the great opportunity for the retirements of devotion; and being empty of cares, it is full of prayers; being unmingled with the world, it is apt to converse with God; and by not feeling the warmth of a too forward and indulgent nature, flames out with holy fires, till it be burning like the cherubim, and the most extasied order of holy and unpolluted spirits."*

But it will still be contended, that at least the extraordinary penances and fasts which we read of in the lives of the saints, were confined to a later period of the church, and cannot be traced up to the most primitive ages. How false is this assertion, may be shown by appealing again to the learned Mr. Nelson. He had read the primitive fathers, and see what he had drawn from their testimony: "S. Epiphanius tells us, that S. James the Great, and S. John, were very eminent for a mortified life; that they never eat either flesh or fish, and wore but one coat, and a linen garment. † S. Clemens Alexandrinus relates of S. Matthew, that he was so far from indulging his appetite, that he refused to gratify it with lawful and ordinary provisions, eating no flesh; his usual diet being nothing but herbs, roots, seeds, and berries. ‡ And it is recorded of S. James the Less, bishop of Jerusalem," (one also of our Lord's apostles) "a man of that divine temper, that he was the love and wonder of the age, that he wholly abstained from flesh, and drank neither wine nor strong drink, nor ever used the bath; and that his whole body was covered with paleness, through fasting."||

Is it not wonderful to read here of the same examples having been given by the apostles of Christ, as has been ever followed by the servants of God in all subsequent ages of the church: and yet that men can be found who will dare to bring

forwards a detached passage of scripture, setting it at variance with innumerable other texts of the sacred volume, and contradicting the testimony of the most ancient and holy writers, in order to show their hatred of Catholic doctrine, and obtain a short-lived triumph with the vulgar and the ignorant? At least such an objection is most inconsistent from those whose Church, in her Common Prayer Book, enjoins precisely the same fasts as those which are observed in the Catholic Church. And let it be remembered, that the remark of the apostle, if it applied to the doctrines of the Catholic Church at all, applies equally to the abstinence from meat, as to that from marriage, and yet the former has been retained in the Anglican Church, and the latter has been praised by some of her most eminent divines. Nor let it here be said, that fasts are seldom observed by members of the Church of England: that only proves that they disobey even their own Church, whilst they admit the principle in acting upon it, when enforced by a decree of the king and parliament.

But to return to the venerable monks of the order of S. Romuald.—It was here that I first was made acquainted with the holy book, of which a translation is now presented to the English reader. So great was the edification I derived from the perusal of it in the original Italian, that I have ever since felt a great desire to translate it into English. I must here apologize to the reader for the very imperfect way in which this has been done. Endeavouring to keep as close to the original expressions as possible, I may have used phrases not according to the genius of the English tongue: and there is, I fear, a certain heaviness of style and wordiness, which may prove wearisome. I can only beg the kind indulgence of the reader, to make allowances for these defects, and to take in good part the pains I have been at in his service. With regard to the book itself, what is now published is but a small part of it; at a future time it may be completed. I need say nothing more in commendation of it, but that it has been greatly approved in Italy and at Rome, and has gone through upwards of thirty editions in the Italian language. It is compiled from the writings almost entirely of canonized saints; and the moving maxims it contains are illustrated by examples out of the most approved histories of the saints' lives.

As this book will perhaps fall into Protestant hands, it may be well here to meet an objection, which will doubtless be made. It will be asked, are we to believe all the miracles here related; all the visions? or are we to imitate all the extraordinary practices recorded to have been used by various saints? In answer to this, it may be replied, the Church obliges us to do neither the

*Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, on Chastity, p. 65. London, published by Baldwin, 1824.

†Epiphanius Ep. 53 c. 4. Ep. 30 c. 24.

‡Clementis Alexandrini *Pædag.* lib. 2, c. 1.

§Nelson's *Fasts and Feasts*. Concerning Fasting, pp. 355;

one nor the other : but it may safely be asserted of books like this, that they are far more calculated to move the heart and excite the attention, than a mere dry disquisition. Whether the stories contained in it ever really took place, is a matter of secondary importance : that is not the point which will occupy the mind of the sincere lover of Divine wisdom ; his object is to seek truth in the allegory, to learn wisdom from the parable, and to sift the hidden mystery of the symbol. What matters it to the man who reads Homer, whether there ever was such a place as Troy, such a princess as Helèn, such a king as Priam, or such heroes as Achilles, Ulysses, Diomedè, Ajax, or Hector ? If the whole were a fiction, would that diminish the beauty or interest of the tale ? or would that sublime poem contain a less faithful picture of men ? The use of this symbolical method of conveying truth is as old as the world, and its origin is rooted in the most profound depths of human nature. It has received the sanction of the most profound sages ; it was adopted even by our Lord himself—witness his parables. What seeker after truth, on reading the parable of Dives and Lazarus, would make it his first question, whether two such men ever existed ? And yet let it not be imagined, that by this line of argument I mean to allow that the histories contained in the lives of the saints are fabulous, or merely symbolical.

To be continued.

PERFECTION.

Make account as though all the past were nothing, and say with David, At this present do I begin to love my God.—S. FRANCIS OF SALES.

This is what the Apostle S. Paul did. Although after his conversion he had become a vessel of election, full of the spirit of Jesus Christ ; with all this he yet availed himself of these means to maintain and advance himself in the way to heaven ; thus, writing to the Philippians, he says, “ Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect, &c. but one thing I do, forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press towards the mark, to the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus. Let us therefore, as many as are perfect be thus minded.” Phil. iii. 12—15. It was thus also that the glorious S. Anthony walked, urging himself on to virtue day by day. S. Athanasius writes of him, That he considers himself always as a beginner, as if each day had been the first in which he began to serve God, and if during all the past he had done nothing well, and that now for the first he set his foot in the way of our Lord, and made his first step towards heaven. And this was the very last piece of advice that he gave to his monks when he was at the point of death : ‘ My children,’ said he to them, ‘ if you wish to make

advances in virtue and in perfection, have always before your eyes this point, to consider every day that you are then for the first time (as it were) beginning, and to act always with the same fervour as on the first day that you began.’ Thus also we find that S. Gregory, S. Bernard, and S. Charles Borromæus acted and advised others to act. These holy men, in order to render more clear unto all the necessity and advantage of this means, made use of two beautiful similitudes, saying, that in this respect we ought to follow the example of travellers, who do not regard how much they have got over of their journey, but how much remains still for them to get over, and keep this continually before their eyes until they have finished it. Just as the merchants of this world, who being wrapped in their riches, make no account either of what they have gained up to the present time, or of the troubles which they have undergone, but exert all their powers both of body and mind in making new gains and in multiplying them every day more, as if during the past they had neither done nor gained any thing.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

Concluded.

PART IV.—ITS RE-KINDLING.

“ Restore Thy light to the fading sight,
And Thy love impart to the fainting heart.”

HYMN.

“ Her lamp shall not be put out in the night.” Prov. xxxi. 18.

The fearful cry which we described at the close of last section, struck terror into the very hearts of the sacrilegious robbers. The ruffian leader shook, with affright, from head to foot, his teeth chattered, and the lantern fell from his trembling hand, and was extinguished. Both he and Pierrot rushed to the door and hurried out. There they found their companion equally terrified with themselves:

“ Did you hear that ?” they both exclaimed.

“ Hear it ?” said he, with a trembling voice. “ Aye, and do not wish, nor intend, ever to hear it again. Let us be gone ; I will have nothing more to do with robbing churches. I never liked the job much from the beginning.”

Both the robbers were now thoroughly alarmed, and fled as quickly as possible towards their homes, leaving Pierrot to shift for himself. His first impulse should have been, to give thanks to God for his own escape from the actual commission of a dreadful crime, and for that of his wife and daughter from the vengeance of his brutal comrades. But fear, as yet, froze up every other, and every better, feeling, and he only thought of running away from the scene of his wickedness, and finding shelter from the terrible cry which yet rung in his imagination. Instinctively he took the road towards home, and hurried along in the dark, as quickly as his trembling knees would allow him. His remorse gave him no peace, and he fancied himself pursued ; every howl of wind

sounded to him as the voice of an angry multitude in chace of him, every waving branch and quivering bough looked to him as a sword or staff shaken over his head. Yet, still he durst not look behind him, still he halted not; but on, on he ran in breathless haste.

He came to the place we have before described, where a gentle slope led up from the wider road to the narrow path skirting the precipice. He ran up it in breathless haste; the grey twilight was just beginning to appear, when by it he saw standing on the narrow path before him a wild looking figure, whose hair and garments streamed to the wind, immovable as the rock that overhung it. He paused and staggered. The words of Scripture which had once terrified him in an eloquent preacher's mouth came to his thoughts. 'Fiat via illorum, tenebræ et lubricum, et Angelus Domini coartatus eos.*' He thought of Balaam stopped by an avenging angel in the narrow path. It seemed to him, as if the same judgment had overtaken him in this most perilous pass. And yet the terror of what he had left behind him urged him on, and he determined, at all risks, to face any danger before him, so that he might reach his home. He rushed forward at once to the object of his terror, but still it moved not; he stood close to it, and it stirred not. He gazed upon it with mingled terror and anxiety—it was his wife!

There she stood, as if bereft of sense and speech, on the very brink of the precipice, looking intently down into its depth. She saw him not, she heeded him not; and even when he had grasped her arm and addressed her by her name, and told her who he was, she started not, and turned not towards him, but still kept her eyes in the same direction.

'Annette!' he exclaimed, almost distracted with this new sorrow, 'what is there below there, that so rivets your sight and mind?'

She replied not, but only pointed at a white object below.

'What is that?' he again asked: 'a white stone? some sheep in the valley?'

'Yes,' she replied, and they were her first words: 'our own lamb—Marie.'

'How?' cried out the wretched man, 'what is she doing there?'

At these words, her sense seemed to return to the unhappy mother, and turning round, and calmly confronting her husband, she said to him:

'Pierrot, you have no doubt forgotten that this night is the seventh anniversary of our dear child's miraculous recovery. This morning we were going to our Sanctuary a while in silence, by the dear light of its lamp, before she put off her white robes. She was tripping lightly and securely before me, when suddenly we lost sight of the light from the lamp; and she naturally thinking (as I should have done had I been first) that it was time to turn, did

so, and fell over the precipice. I gave but one shriek, and fell down senseless.'

Pierrot felt as if a sword was driven through his heart. In a tone of agony he exclaimed: 'I have, then, this night murdered my child! it was I who put out the lamp!' and before his wife could stop him, he had flung himself over the edge of the precipice; and seizing hold of the weak shrubs which grew from its clefts, he let himself down from crag to crag, by a path which the most daring hunter would not have ventured to try. Fragments of rock crumbled from under his feet and rolled down with terrible roar, the bushes crashed and crackled as he tore through them, regardless of bruise or tear; and in a few moments he stood, or rather kneeled, by the object at which his wife had pointed.

It was the body of his daughter, lying placid as if asleep, in a soft brake. Not a limb was broken, not a feature discomposed, not a scratch or rent inflicted on her hair or garments; the very garland which she bore as an offering was still in her hand, and her white cloak was gathered gracefully around her. The body of St Catharine, carried by angels to Mount Sinai, could not have been more gently laid down by their hands. For so light and brisk had been her step, that she did not stumble or slip over the perilous edge, but flew over, clear of its surface; and life must have been extinct without pain, long before she reached the ground below.

Pierrot knelt by her side, for some time, in deep anguish, but in earnest prayer; then taking her in his arms, as reverently as he would have handled a sacred relic, proceeded along the valley till he came to the same slope which he had ascended, with very different feelings, a few moments before, and returned along the path to the place where he had left his wife. He found her still rivetted, as if entranced to the spot. When he brought his precious burthen near her, she shed not a tear, she gave not way to a single expression of her womanly grief—her mind seemed absorbed in the consideration of what had occurred, which seemed to her something more mysterious than a mere accident or a human event.

She pressed her lips with deep devotion, on the pale, but yet warm, brow of her child, and addressed her husband in these words:

'Pierrot, the words which you just now spoke, are buried for ever in the faithful bosom of your wife. But they have recalled to my mind the words of your prayer just seven years ago, when you begged for your child's life, until some sacrilegious hand extinguished the lamp before the altar. Do you remember?' Pierrot's frame quivered, as he made a sign of assent. She continued: 'Then, your prayer was heard to the letter; and you have no right to complain.

'But she, too, hath prayed long and earnestly for two favours, and one at least has been granted. She had entreated, not to be permitted to put off the white garments which consecrated her to God and his Blessed Mother, but to be laid in them on her bier. I thought but a few hours ago, that there was

* "May their way be dark and slippery, and an Angel of God straightening them." Ps. XXXIV.

no danger of this being granted. But in the hearing of your prayer, hers has received its boon. She made another, too, but I know not yet its result.

'What was it?' eagerly asked Pierrot. She replied :

'She offered up the life which she prized so little, as a sacrifice, to obtain your return to grace and virtue.'

'Then she has been heard,' answered, with broken sobs, the unhappy Pierrot.

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a bright light darted to the eyes of both, as if a brilliant star had on a sudden arisen. They looked round in amazement; it was the light of the lamp rekindled in the Sanctuary, and again shining as usual on that narrow and slippery path. Both hailed the omen, or rather the emblem and token of returning grace.

The good priest had been awakened by the cry that had startled the robbers, and had arisen to ascertain its cause. He went first to his chapel, and to his astonishment found it dark. It was some time before he procured a light, and he had in that moment relighted the lamp. On finding it drawn down, and still more on perceiving that the door was open, and discovering the lantern on the ground, he saw that he had had a narrow escape from sacrilege. How this had been prevented he could not conceive, and he remained examining every place, and pondering on the strange circumstance, when he perceived footsteps approaching. His alarm was changed into grief, when he saw that it was Pierrot and his wife, the former bearing in his arms the dead body of his daughter.

It was long before his sympathising sorrow allowed him to listen to the mother's tale of affliction. She told it at last, without mentioning her husband's name, except as so rashly rushing down to recover his child. But the good old man now saw his own, and a no less beautiful solution of the mysteries of that night, than that of the parents, as he said :

'Now I understand it all. Not only has her wish been gratified, of never returning to a worldly garb, but she has proved the guardian and protecting spirit of this her favourite Sanctuary, which she so much adorned. But for that fatal accident to her, and the pang it caused her mother, the robbers, whoever they were, would have accomplished their work. For, no doubt, the cry which awoke me scared them. By her death she has saved this holy place from pillage. She was herself as a second Lamp of the Sanctuary; how natural that the putting out of one should cause the extinction of the other.'

Their plans were soon arranged. A bier was in the middle of the church, on the very spot where she loved to kneel, and covered with a black velvet pall. Upon it, facing the altar, the corpse was placed, in its snow white spotless dress, the hands with her crucifix placed between them, and her beads twined around them, were joined on the breast; her long

silken tresses floated over her shoulders, and the wreath which she had twined was placed upon her head.

On either side knelt one of her now broken-hearted parents; but Pierrot soon passed to the knees of the venerable pastor, where he poured forth with deep contrition and burning tears the history of his past crimes, and exchanged the stinging worm of a remorseful conscience, for the tender consolation of loving repentance, and assurance of pardon by the absolution of Christ's minister.

He was again at his former post, kneeling by the body of his child. But now her spirit seemed to him to hover in the soft radiance above him, and to smile upon him in the rays of the sacred lamp. He could imagine it mingling with angelic choirs descending to rejoice over the sinner brought to repentance, and sitting around him, hand in hand with that guardian spirit who had never abandoned him in all his wanderings. And as he looked, to assure himself of the reality of his state, to the bier beside him, it seemed to him as if a new smile played upon her features, and a tinge of life had returned to her countenance.

Morning was come, and the well known death-bell sounded from the little turret of the chapel. The neighbours started at its sound; for they had heard of no illness near them, and crowded in kind anxiety to the Sanctuary. They started as they entered in astonishment and sorrow. The tale was soon whispered from one to another; the flight of those naturally suspected of the attempted sacrilege, confirmed all their conjectures; while Pierrot's being with his wife and daughter screened him from all suspicion.

Many tears of unaffected sorrow graced that funeral, but shed more in sympathy for the survivors, than from grief over her whom all now envied. Mothers held up their little ones to look upon that corpse; and, instead of shrinking from it in terror, they stretched out their arms to ask to embrace it.

There was long in the little cemetery of Mont-Marie, a grave greener than all the rest, and decked each day by children's hands with the fairest flowers; and if you had asked any of the busy little labourers whose it was, he would have told you with wondering eyes, that it was *Marie's*—as if no one else had ever been called there by that name.

After some years there were two other graves near the favourite spot, they were those of her parents, honoured by all for virtue and venerable old age. Pierrot left it to be told after his death, how his virtue and his happiness, his crimes, his punishment, his repentance, and his forgiveness, had been wonderfully connected with the Lamp of the Sanctuary.