

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

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

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

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

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



"Who anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth." —PANTULLIAN *Præscrip.* xvii.

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

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme head of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 3.

Calendar.

- Nov. 25—Sunday—XXVI aft Pent 5th Nov St Catherine V M d com &c.
- " 26—Monday—St Sylvester Abb doub com St. Peter, &c.
- " 27—Tuesday—St Elizabeth Queen Widow doub.
- " 28—Wednesday—St Gregory III P C doub supp.
- " 29—Thursday—St Gelasius I P C doub supp.
- " 30—Friday—St Andrew Apost doub 2 class.
- Dec. 1—Saturday—St. Martin B C 11th Nov com St Didacus simp this year.

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH ON IRELAND.

(From the Tablet)

Mr. Bright's knowledge of Irishmen is not confined to a few weeks' tour in Ireland. Himself still, and many years past, a large employer of labour in Lancashire, so shrewd and observant a person could not be ignorant of the main points in the industrial character of the Irish labourer. He knows them, and for years has known them; young, old and middle-aged; Cork, Connaught, and Ulster; all shapes, all sizes, all colours, all characters. He has paid among them, in the course of many years, many thousands of pounds for wages, and we would give considerable odds that he knows pretty well the kind and amount of work he has got for those wages, and the returns for which it stands accountable in the ledger of his firm. For opportunities of information therefore, for capacity of forming a correct practical judgment, for pains and conscience in coming to a conclusion, and for honesty in expressing what he really thinks, Mr. Bright, we take it, has, on this subject few living superiors. His testimony, therefore, is peculiarly valuable, and we looked at his speech with some anxiety to learn what he thought about the great question of race; whether he believed the Connaught peasant to be true Caucasian, or something equally good; or whether his undeniable Celtic blood and religious fraternity with Guy Fawkes and St. Peter the Apostle necessarily stamped upon him a doom of personal, social, and political inferiority for all time to come. A careful perusal of Mr. Bright's oration has relieved our anxiety on these points; for we find him stoutly denying that the Celtic and Catholic character of the people are the true causes of the evils that afflict Ireland. Nay, odd enough, he finds that the worst Irish criminals, in an industrial and social point of view,

are not the peasants, not the paupers, not the miserable potato-cottiers, not even the guerilla-murderers in the land-war, but another class of men altogether, who are neither Catholic nor Celt, but Protestant, Saxon, and even Cromwellian—that is—the landlords themselves. But hear his very words:

I deny both these proposition. I want to know how it is that thousands and hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who could make no progress in their own country, succeed in the United States? (Loud cheers.) I want to know how it is that men who leave Ireland with no more than that which is necessary to carry them across the Atlantic; in a few months, or a year or two, will send back a sufficient sum of money to bring their families and relations over. If Irishmen can get on in America why not in Ireland? I believe a change of legislation for Ireland would within the next ten years bring back Irishmen from America to their native country. (Cheers.) And as to their religion, are not the people of Belgium of the same religion—are not the people of Lombardy? (Cheers.) Do Irishmen, when they go to the U. States, repudiate the faith they held in their own country? No. And yet the belief of Christianity, as professedly Roman Catholics, is not found in these countries to be injurious to the cultivation of land and the creation of property. (Loud cheering.) But there is one class in Ireland not Catholic—the landed proprietors: they are Protestants chiefly. I ask you whether they, of all persons in Ireland, if they alone have performed their duty to their country? (A cry of 'No.') Are they not as deeply embarrassed as it is possible, for men in their circumstances, to be? And are they not held up to the eye of this country and to all the world as the class of all others which has been most grossly negligent of duties which it ought to have performed. Well, then, we will dismiss this slander upon a faith which is, I believe, professed at this moment by very much the largest proportion of those who have embraced Christianity throughout the world. The true cause of the present condition of Ireland is to be found in the crimes and blunders of legislation. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

THE CATHOLICS OF HOLLAND.

We suppose there is hardly a country in Europe, except perhaps Sweden till lately, the internal condition of which is so very little known to the English as Holland. Its commercial decline is one reason of this, and its want of a vernacular literature, another. But it must not be supposed that either in political or religious interest at this moment it is by any means deficient, least of all to those who are interested in the fortunes of Catholicity all over the world.

The subject has been brought before our notice by a very interesting brochure, kindly forwarded to us by its author, a distinguished Dutch Catholic, and entitled *Memoire sur la Situation des Catholiques dans les Pays Bas*. From it we gather various details respecting the position of Catholics in that country, which we conceive will

be as new to many of our readers as they have been to ourselves. Perhaps they consider Holland as a purely Protestant nation; nay eminently so, above almost any other in Europe except our own. This is so far from being the case, that we may even call Holland a mixed nation, like parts of Prussia, if we may not rather liken it to Ireland. No less than 1,200,000 of the Dutch population, that is two-fifths of the whole, are Catholics. They have gradually grown up to this number and proportion under the chill blast of a relentless persecution, and their faith and perseverance entitles them to our reverence and sympathy.

For a long time they seem to have been crushed and trampled on like the Catholics of Ireland, and it was only very gradually that they became too powerful for this to go on. Open persecution began in Holland with the decree of William the Silent in 1581, subjecting Catholics to pains and penalties for attending Mass, and imposing on them a triple and even a quintuple taxation. Still they went on increasing, till in about 120 years the hand of their tyrants was compelled in some degree to relax itself. Yet so strong was it still, that persons now living in Holland remember when Catholics on Sundays going through the streets to attend to their religious duties, were obliged to carry a Protestant Bible or a Psalm-book in their hands, to protect themselves from the insults of the mob. The places where they assembled were even obliged to be disguised by the signs of taverns, and there were in Amsterdam Catholic churches known by the names and signs of the *Star*, the *Pigeon*, the *Post-boy's Horn*, the *Parroquet*, &c! Thus did the enemies of our Holy Faith try with devilish iniquity but utterly in vain, to stifle and make an end of it.

In spite, however, of all this, the Catholics of that country make much greater efforts in the cause of enlightenment than we could imagine a class not much above a million could do, under such difficulties. They have no less than four weekly papers and two reviews, apparently well kept up. Their progress, in fact, is a remarkable instance of the distinguishing character of Catholicity everywhere. Protestants ridicule their simplicity, laugh to scorn their asserted inaptitude for civil affairs, but at the same time fear and hate them, two emotions, never, we believe, allied to, or co-existent with contempt.

ROME.

I hazarded a prediction, when I last wrote, that the letter of the French President, which had received so large a quota of praise, and no insignificant measure of dispraise, was intrinsically a document of little political importance. I did not hesitate to pronounce that it would not affect in any way, the course of action which his Holiness seems, on mature grounds, to have determined on pursuing. I even surmised that its effects would be almost entirely confined to the French public, and that its real aim was to

save appearances, and, at the same time, if you will go to gain popularity with the army. To use a vulgar but strong expression, it was intended to throw dust in peoples' eyes, and it would seem that the step has been successful. Here, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, I can state from the best sources of information, that at no time has any serious differences of opinion arisen between the French authorities and the Commission of Cardinals. I allude to the successful Generals-in-chief—Oudinot, and Rostolan. I will not pretend to deny that many acts of salutary severity, in the necessity of which none were more agreed than the French authorities, have been unfairly laid to the exclusive charge of this so-called dictatorial commission; perhaps on the principle that their shoulders being broad, that they should be loaded with a proportionate weight of responsibility. As an example:—Two executions took place last week under sentences of court-martial. The crimes in both cases had been murder, the victim in both cases, French. The one, a French clergyman, whose assassination was marked with circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity, having occurred on the day of the entrance of the French troops into Rome, and in one of the most public thoroughfares; the other, a French soldier, who had been treacherously stabbed by a Roman soldier. I make no doubt but that, before this, some of the impartial journals of London have chronicled these facts, as crying instances of clerical vengeance. Thanks, of course, to honest communications sent them by their invariably truth-loving correspondents.

It may not be amiss to remark that the generality of the English journals, in the numerous vicissitudes which have marked the career of the persecuted Pontiff, have shown but little of that magnanimity, which in any other circumstance but those of the head of the Christian world, would no doubt, have awakened other feelings, and prompted a course of action, if not marked by particular generosity, most certainly not liable to the impeachment of injustice. But the peculiar circumstances of the Sovereign Pontiff seem to have sufficiently warranted a broad deviation from the general rule of conduct. In his regard, truth and equity have been prostituted to slander and foul play, and the most insignificant circumstances have not been let to pass where such could be turned to account in leading the appetite of a blindly depraved public. In those last trying moments, when the throne of Pius IX. was assailed by cowardly assassins, the voice of the English press, and the influence of English agency were not wanting to halloo on the demons of anarchy in their impious career. During the exile and bitter affliction of the Sovereign Pontiff, whilst the remotest nations of the earth, comprising every colour, every religion, and every sect, flocked around him, testifying at once their sorrow for his sufferings and their admiration of his virtues, the loud laugh of indecent mirth was wafted from the English shore. There alone had been raised the voice of triumph; for in the temporary difficulties of the head of the Catholic church had been hailed the downfall of his temporary power, and as a consequence the anticipated decay of his spiritual jurisdiction. Now that the finger of Providence beckons him back again to that throne which weak, unprotected, and powerless in itself, is yet more powerful than confederated monarchs and combined armies, universal Christendom rejoices. But in the midst of that joy are raised the loud and bitter murmurs of disappointed hopes, and in the truculent emanations of an unprincipled press may be learned the extent of the diabolical

Conceal it as they will, the cloven foot protrudes at every point. Protestant England laughed and chuckled over the apparent prostration of the head of the Catholic religion. She had prepared a deep pit for his ruin, but an invisible hand guarded and defended his ways. A cloud of temporary humiliation will shortly give place to a sunshine of well-merited triumph.

A great deal has been said and written in the foreign newspapers as to the repudiation of the Papal government of all liability to the payment of interest on the national debt during the period of the so-called Roman Republic. This turns out as well as most of the other accusations to be absolutely false. According to a notice in the official journal, all arrears of interest will be strictly paid up; the delay in hitherto doing so is accounted for by the entire penury of funds in the Roman Exchequer at the period of the restoration. One can well imagine that the Mazzini Government would have forfeited all esteem amongst respectable Socialists if the last solemn duty of sweeping out the exchequer had been neglected.

A novel course has been adopted here by some of the many sufferers by the robberies and devastations of the revolutions, in order to obtain compensation for at least a portion of their heavy losses. Actions have been brought against the members of the Triumvirate and Constituent Assembly, in order to reach the property of Lawyer Armellini. The Prince of Canino and some few other individuals are reputed rich amongst the motley crowd of famishing wolves who constituted the reputable Roman Republic.

"Nare nantes in gurgite vasto."

I am told that several decrees have already been obtained against these parties. This will prove a severer lesson than all the sanguinary measures unjustly laid to the charge of the Commission of Cardinals.—*Corresp. of Dublin Freeman.*

## THE MISSIONS OF JAPAN.

From the recent No. of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

Upon the 15th of August, 1549, St. Francis Xavier landed at the port of Cangoxima, and opened the mission of Japan under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin Mary, but without any other human co-operation than that of two religious and three neophytes. The first results were worthy of the Apostle of the Indies. He preached in the public places of Cangoxima, Amanguchi, and Figen, in the midst of an immense crowd astounded at the sanctity of his person and his doctrine. Although indeed he could not secure a hearing in the town of Miaco, which was then desolated by civil war, he made a creditable appearance in the presence of the King of Burgo, confounded before him the bonzes, and converted one of them, in whose wake five hundred persons petitioned for baptism. His preaching was confirmed by such striking miracles as God hath often permitted in order to forward the Gospel among those people where it penetrates for the first time.—(p. 220)

The mission prospered, and converts became exceedingly numerous and edifying, so that nearly the whole of Japan became Christian. At last the tempest raged, and it is sad to confess that it deprived its first impetus from the carelessness of European Catholics.

Portuguese merchants had come and settled with the missionaries in the ports of Japan, and whilst the conduct of some reflected honour on Christianity in the eyes of the Pagans, others astonished them by dissoluteness and irritated them by their disloyalty. To these original causes of distrust were superadded the rivalry of the Spanish colonists in the Philippine Islands, the attempt to push the introduction of their trade forcibly or otherwise, and lastly the imprudence of one of their pilots. This man, whilst debating some knotty questions with the Japanese officers, thought he could intimidate them by boasting of the power of the King his master, who, said he, first despatched Priests to barbarous nations to convert them, and then soldiers to subdue them. Such statements being caught at by Pagan malevolence, roused terrible suspicions. About the same time the Dutch India Company commenced forwarding its enterprises to the extreme verge of the East; its directors entertained all the passions of nascent Protestantism, together with hatred of Spain, whose yoke they had just shaken off, and were eagerly bent on maintaining the great interest of that trade which could only be based on the ruin of rival establishments. Their emissaries reached Japan and sought to foster the apprehension of the superior

authorities by the disclosure of true or false conspiracies, which they alleged to exist between the Neophytes and the Court of Madrid. This odious policy even led them to the act of delivering up to the Japanese two Spanish religious whom they found upon a vessel captured by one of their pirates, and these men were burned alive. However, no nation should be accused for the wrongs and crimes committed by its representatives. Then, as now, Holland contained a number of Catholic inhabitants who were horrified at such perfidiousness. Protestants also blushed at such atrocities, and one of their class, the historian Kæmpfer, expressed openly his unmitigated indignation.

At the first grumbling of the storm the Christians prepared for martyrdom by prayer, penance, and almsgiving. They confessed their faith more undisguisedly than ever: the men sent in eagerly their names and those of their families to be enrolled in lists taken by the magistrates, whilst women of quality worked beforehand those dresses they wished to wear on the day of sacrifice in order to make a more decent and solemn appearance, and the youngest children took delight in the thinking that they would accompany their mothers. At last, upon the 30th of December, 1596, the sovereign of Japan waived all temporising in this matter, and issued sentence of death against six religious of the Order of St. Francis, three of whom were children under fifteen years of age, "for having preached the Christian law in contravention of the order of the ruler." Upon the 5th of February 1597, the martyrs were led forth to one of the eminences overhanging the city of Nangazaki, where they gazed upon an innumerable assembly of bystanders, and six and twenty crosses ready for execution. When they were fastened to them and the executioners began to erect them, one of them intoned the canticle of Zachary: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace!" All the rest continued the canticle, and whilst the executioners pierced them with lances, they closed their hymn in Heaven.—(Pp. 222—224.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE CROSS.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 4.

GENTLEMEN,

In this letter I intend to be an Editor, for the great and desirable purpose of avoiding the frequent occurrence of that shameless egotistical personal pronoun which is ever standing in the way. We therefore, shall proceed. With a light little waggon and a tight little mare we took our departure from the Capital on our way to Miramichi. If one intended to write an essay on patriotism we should have an excellent opportunity now, because you will please bear in mind that we were wending our way fast to the place where, as the ballad says, "we was born on." It will be no harm, at all events, to say that on our setting out, no man living ever felt more happy. If we had been dwelling at home since our infancy, these feelings of happiness would not be so strong; but our extreme delight upon this occasion will be accounted for in the fact that we had been absent from his same sweet home for the last twenty four years. 'Twas, therefore, a romantic trip and time.

"The voices of my home!—I hear them still! They had been with me through the dreamy night, The blessed household voices, wont to fill My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight! I hear them still, unchanged:—tho' some from earth Are music-panied, and the tones of mirth— Wild, silvery tones, that rang thro' days more bright! Have died in others,—yet to me they come Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

How the time flagged! We were at the goal five hundred and fifty thousand times that day, though not in reality. This is a matter of fact world, and consequently the free unfettered mind an abridged distance and anticipated pleasure, in vain. We had to wait till we got there in reality. We passed the beautiful Nashwalk in

quick time—got along through a certain part of the Country where miles of Raspberries reddened upon our right and left. Then we vanished amidst forests deep, dark and dismal, where the trees were so huge and towering, that you would fancy they had been there since eternity. After travelling for about forty miles through alternate woods and clearances we emerged at last into an open country which brought over us feelings of a very melancholy nature. This was the place where the great fire of twenty five swept along, destroying almost every thing in its raging career. On us the traces of its ravages, had more than ordinary effect, because that was the fire which compelled us to take refuge for the span of a whole night neck-deep in the river and which afterwards banished us from *natale solum*. By a road on either side of which we beheld nothing but branchless, barkless trees and burrens, all the sad remains of that fatal conflagration—we got upon the banks of the south west branch of the Miramichi. At a place adjacent to this, and called "the Forks" there is a neat Chapel forty five by thirty feet, but not being immediately near us it did not meet our view. We were delighted with the scenery around this lovely stream. The soil looked rich and luxuriant to the highest degree, and there was a softness in the air hereabouts so salubrious that we quaffed it with all the greediness and gusto with which a Toper would his wine. In a short time after, we gained the ferry opposite Nelson and Newcastle. Here was a scene fit for the eye "in fine phrenzy rolling." Free and broad and bright the river dashed out here, looking magnificent, with "skies in it shining more bright than the skies." New Brunswick! then should it be called Land of Streams? Ay—because wherever we take our way—'tis streams, still, streams. From this exact point the Miramichi widens and widens as it runs, until at last it displays itself at the mouth in a brilliant sheet of waters twenty miles in breadth. We crossed over to the Castle—then on to Douglas Town—then over the river a second time, when to our great joy and satisfaction, we were told that we were standing in Chatham. Indeed! And this is the place that we so much sighed to see? And this is the place to which our heart true as the needle to the pole, ever, ever turned? And this is the place that so often shone though dimly, in our dreams? And this is the place—the place where we were born? Home! home, sweet home. Ye twenty four years all passed and gone! like the waters of the Jordan on a memorable day, ye now flee back as it were, to your beginning and we are a boy again.

Messrs. Editors,—Do ye think that we in such circumstances, though our heart thro' troubles to toils and tears and this wicked world, had ground as hard as hickory, do ye think that we could stand amid such a scene and feel no inspiration? Impossible. And so we took up our old rusty lyre, almost stringless, and we struck out of it this voluntary, to which we are sure you will give a corner.

### HAIL TO CHATHAM.

And this, ye say, is Chatham— My darling, native spot, Both me and mine forgetting But not by me forgot. Oh! little cherished village I hail thee with that joy, Which blessed me in thy borders When roved I there a boy. Who can describe the feeling, That o'er cometh me now, Filling with light, with rapture My heart and brain and brow?— None—none but him who wanders And wanders far away, And lives in other circles Thro' many a fleeting day. My own—my native Chatham! Twice twelve long years have passed The sweetest of my being,— Since I beheld thee, last. But oh! thou art so changed now, So all unlike the same; That I no more could love thee, If 'twere not for thy name. And sure a name is something

'There's magic in the sound, Now, at its vary echo Sweet thoughts come crowding 'round, It banishes late seasons, And brings about a dream, Where buried boyhood waketh Bright as the morning's beam And present cares and sorrows Are banished from the heart And all man's dark existence No longer holds a part. And childhood's guileless gambols, And youth's bright dreams sublime, Again are taken—tasted— And bring back vanished time.

What! am I told, delighted, A sweeter thing is there, To bind me to this hamlet So long, long lost and dear? Yes—hard by yonder alley, The old roof standeth, still, When I first started forward Life's fleet task to fulfill. Old roof! I gaze upon thee, With fondness none may know. Old roof! old home! I hail thee, With joy words cannot show. And is there yet another— Another link to bind Existence to existence And growing mind to mind? Ay—he is here who *naued* me, When o'er my brow were poured The blest baptismal waters That cleansed me for the Lord. But all the rest are vanished Unknowing and unknown, And in my own loved birth place, I stand alone—alone! And so, the name, the roof-tree, The sponsor, and—no more! Are all, O Chatham! left thee To greet me on thy shore! But there are sweetest witch'ries, My joy—my bliss supreme, Making ideal, real, And life a blessed dream. Then hail to thee, fair Chatham! My darling, native spot, Tho' thou hast me forgotten Thou shalt not be forgot.

But we are forgetting what should be uppermost in our mind. We think it is time to visit the Church. We saw it long ago—we saw it three miles from Chatham. As we remarked once before about our sites, it is just in a place where a man with dimmed eyes than ours might see it—exactly overtopping the town like a citadel. It is a most respectable edifice. The dimensions are sixty by forty. As regards vestments, vessels and all other religious service, 'tis about one of the best stocked churches in the Diocese. We think the side galleries are too prominent. The crucifixion, too, we consider rather agonizing. The vestry is a splendid one. It has apartments and compartments for books, robes, flowers, censers, all that is needed. The bell is the best in the town. The choir is good. If we begin to speak of the graveyard and glebe house, and the ground, we would scarcely have time to do so at one sitting. The shortest way, we think, of giving a full description would be this. Imagine to yourselves one of the airiest, prettiest, sunniest scenes in the regions of fancy—that done, get an accurate idea of a handsome, new, spacious house such as a man of taste and judgment would be likely to build for his own comfort and convenience—there think of an appropriate green spot surrounded by a neat white pallisading and divided evenly by a right good gravel walk, shaded on either hand with the choicest trees—when your brains will have been filled with ideas such as these, then add whatever spare notions you may have of the comfortable, serviceable and requisite, and then you will be merely at the suburbs of the city—the shadow of the reality—that's all. We are not praising up Chatham because 'tis our native place. Don't believe a word of it, but if you do, let your own eyes assure you. In the mean time, before we bid adieu to Chatham, we should suggest to you the propriety of calling on the Rev. incumbent there, and we will be guaranteed that for hospitality you never meet the 'beat' of him "since you were boys."

Yours, &c.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Sept. 28, 1849.



LATIN EPITAPHS—THE LATE  
MR. JOHN RYAN.

To the Editors of the Cross.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have read with much pleasure in your interesting journal the lines which have been inscribed at Frenchtown to the memory of the lamented Abbe Sigogne, and it occurred to me that you might wish to have a copy of a similar tribute which was justly paid to the memory, benevolence, piety and talents of the late Mr. Ryan a native of Halifax. Mr. John Ryan the subject of this Epitaph was the son of Mr. Patrick Ryan a merchant of this city. From his earliest years he manifested a decided vocation for the Ecclesiastical State, and the whole ambition of his life was to become a Priest that he might devote his ministry to the propagation of the Holy Catholic Faith, in this his native city and Province. These holy desires were seconded by his truly virtuous mother, who even in her widowhood made the sacrifice of her only son to God, and sent him to Europe in his tender years for the purpose of prosecuting his studies. This devout woman whose religious life is well remembered in Halifax, was never destined to meet her beloved child, at least on this side of the grave. Young Ryan was first placed in St. John's College at Waterford, where his talents and amiable disposition soon made him a universal favourite. He never forgot his native place. Halifax was constantly on his lips and in his heart, and he burned for the time when he should be enabled to return to Nova Scotia to devote his life to the spiritual welfare of his countrymen. His holy anxiety on this subject was a source of constant edification to his companions. After some years spent with great profit in the College at Waterford, Mr. Ryan went to the Eternal City to prosecute his studies in Sacred Literature. In Rome he was soon greatly distinguished for his piety and talents as the inscription on his monument testifies. But alas! in the inscrutable designs of Heaven the Church of Nova Scotia was to be deprived of the services of one of her most gifted children. His unabated thirst for study must no doubt have injured his health, and brought into fuller maturity the early seeds of decay in his constitution. God was pleased to accept the desires of his heart in place of their fulfilment, and to transplant him into a better land whilst he was yet in the flower of his age. During his last illness his tender devotion and ardent desire to be united to God, moved even to tears those who had the happiness to behold him. He died far away from the land he loved, but not in exile. In Rome, the city of the Soul, where no Catholic is a stranger, he breathed his last on the 10th of March, 1836. His Monument is erected in the Church of the Propaganda at Rome, and is I have heard the only one erected to the memory of a Student in that hallowed spot, where the Apostles of so many distant countries are trained to zeal, virtue and learning, under the very shadow of the Sanctuary. It should not be forgotten that by his last will, Mr. Ryan bequeathed his valuable library and all his property for the benefit of Religion in his native Province. It must be no small gratification to the people of Halifax to know that one of their fellow citizens has been so highly honoured both in life and death in the capital of the Christian world, as will appear from the following Inscription, for which I am indebted to the kindness of a gentleman.

Memoriae et Quisti  
Johannis O. Ryan  
Domo Halifaxiense, in Nova Scotia.  
Qui  
Excellenti Ingenio Florens.  
Assidua Litterarum in Collegio Urbano.  
Cum Ingenti erga Deum Pietate, et Moribus.

Integerrimis, Christianis Consociis  
Sodalibus Exemplo Fuit.  
Religionis apud Populares suos propagandae  
Studio, et Studio.  
Desiderium Ministerii Sui.  
Patrimonio Locupletissimo  
Ad Seminarium Constituendum Adsignato  
Abunde Compensavit.  
Pius decessit VI Id. Mart. An. MDCCCXXXVI  
Aetatis Annos XX.  
Exuvias in hoc Templo Religiose inlatis  
Amico et Conterraneo Carissimo  
Michael Tobinius  
Monumentum Posuit.

Hoping that you will give a place to the above, at least to the Epitaph, in your columns. I remain yours, &c.

A CATHOLIC OF HALIFAX.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We live in an age of wonders. The events of two centuries have been crowded into eighteen months. War, famine, plague, and all the thousand ills which flesh is heir to, have devastated the world. The spirit of mischief, the genius of havoc and destruction seem to have ruled the destinies of the universe; kingdoms, provinces and cities have been ravaged and laid waste. The old institutions of civilized Europe have been assailed by the concentrated energies of pagan philosophy and barbarian crime. In this war of the furious elements the Bark of Peter did not escape. All the wickedness of earth and hell seem to have been let loose upon the Church of God. In no direction were the assaults more furious than upon the metropolis of Christianity. The 'city of the saints' sat solitary, 'the mistress of nations' became a widow, the Princess of provinces was made tributary. The enemy had put out his hand to all her desirable things: for she has seen the gentiles enter into her sanctuary! Great was the triumph of her enemies; loud were the rejoicings and bitter the taunts of those who longed for the destruction of the Catholic Faith. Infidel Protestantism gloated with savage fury over the destruction of Rome, and to that city in its recent desolation might be truly applied the soul-touching language of the Prophet of sorrows: 'All they that passed by the way have clapped their hands at thee; they have hissed and wagged their heads, saying: Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth? All thy enemies have opened their mouth against thee, they have hissed and gnashed with the teeth, and have said; we will swallow her up: Lo, this is the day which we looked for; we have found it, we have seen it.' The enemies of God's Church have, however, reckoned without their host. Even for some time past they have despaired of the fulfilment of their sinister prognostications. Never did the Church triumph more gloriously than during the recent trial. Never was the omnipotence of heavenly meekness in opposition to brute force, more fully displayed than in the person of Pius IX. Whilst the downfall of the Catholic Church was predicted, she was girding up her strength for battle with all the enemies of humanity and religion. She was drawing forth from her inexhaustible armoury new weapons to wield against the hydra-headed monsters of infidelity and heresy; her youth was being renewed like the eagle's, and in the renovation of her discipline, she was raising new bulwarks in defence of her Faith. It is a remarkable fact that within the very year of revolutions more Provincial Councils were held than in any half century since the miscalled Reformation. In Ireland, in France, in Italy and Germany as well as in America, the Princes of the Church have assembled in solemn deliberation to testify to the Faith once delivered to

the Saints, to guard and securely transmit that precious Deposit; to record their unalterable attachment to the See of Peter, and their affectionate homage to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In Baltimore, and Tuam, in Paris and Vienna, in Lyons and Turin, in Tours and Florence and Rheims, National and Provincial Councils have been held, or are in Session, whilst the Bishops of several other Ecclesiastical Provinces are preparing to follow those noble examples. And if one thing more than another be remarkable in their Decrees it is the declaration of their love and reverence for the Bishop of Bishops, and their unshrinking fidelity to the Great Centre of Unity. In suffering and in exile Pius IX. has received from the universal Church even more homage than when he was enthroned in the Quirinal. This is a great and significant fact which no doubt has made an impression on the opponents of Catholicity, and which ought to convince them that there is an indestructible vitality in our Church which nothing can extinguish. And it is not with mere protestations of attachment, no matter how sincere, with which the Father of the Faithful has been greeted. His devoted children in the midst of their own sufferings, even in the midst of pestilence and famine as in Ireland, have sent him in the hour of need the pious offerings of grateful hearts. This spectacle of Faith so sublime and so consoling is one which only the Catholic Church can exhibit, because she can say with the Apostle of the Gentiles *Cum enim infirmor, tunc potens sum.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must still crave the indulgence of our respected Correspondent *Sacerdos*. P.—The inside of the Church at the Eastern Passage is plastered, and we believe the altar painted. The consecration of the Church will not take place, we are told, until the commencement of next spring. The Cemetery is blessed, and the fact has been already announced. An American.—The account published from the New York Paper of the conversion to the Catholic Faith of the Rev. Dr. Forbes of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in that city, we believe to be entirely correct. We have read some of his sermons, and they are full of Catholic principles, and we have known for a long time that this worthy Divine had the strongest leanings in favour of Catholicity. Not one clergyman in New York was more universally and deservedly respected than Dr. Forbes. Bem. New Brunswick.—We have received the production alluded to, and have been exceedingly amused at its clever, graphic, humorous descriptions and caustic wit. It would indeed be an extinguisher, if the subject of it had not already extinguished himself. Pointing a culverin at a weasel, or in more vulgar parlance, flinging water on a drowned rat, is an unnecessary expenditure of two of the four elements. You could not gratify such folk more, than to swell them into a momentary importance by noticing their puny attacks. They dread the silence of contempt far more than even the whiplong of public exposure. There must be at least two parties to fight as well as to a bargain. Without an antagonist no man could exercise his pugilistic powers. And what opponent we ask would accept the challenge of a sweep, especially if the latter had his soot-bag on his shoulder?

SALMON RIVER.

In addition to the sums mentioned in our last, another subscription was opened by the worthy Catholics who built that Church, for the purpose of erecting a spire, and completing the exterior of the building. This we also publish with much pleasure.

Rev. John Carmody \$5 0 0  
Rev. L. Byrne 1 0 0  
James McCarthy 2 0 0

David Maise	\$1 0 0
Anselm Frontain	1 0 0
Celestin M. Deveau	1 0 0
Michael Doucet	1 0 0
Cyprien Martin	1 0 0
Jacob F. Deveau	2 10 0
Thomas Foley	1 0 0
Bazil R. Robichau	0 17 6
Terence Sheehan	5 0 0
Mathurin Deveau	0 10 0
Tern Frontain	0 6 0
Pierce M. Deveau	0 10 0
Louis Deveau	0 10 0
Augustin F. Therriau	0 10 0
Louis Debonillon	0 10 0
Adrien Muiso	0 15 0
Xavier Deveau	0 10 0
Andrew Doucet	0 10 0
Gabriel Muiso	0 11 0
Antoine Doucet	0 1 3
Timothy Doucet	0 15 0
Russel Richard	4 0 0
Louis F. Deveau	0 9 3
Timothy F. Deveau	1 2 6
Michael Deveau	0 15 0
Olivier Doucet	0 15 0
Firman Comeau	1 0 0
Charles Boudro	3 10 0
Jovite Maget	0 5 0
Hilaire Geoffry	0 4 4 1/2
Daniel Harrington	0 10 0
Anselm C. Blanc	0 10 0
David Deveau	1 0 0

The above, in addition to the handsome and generous contributions already announced, speaks for itself, and so noble an example should be a stimulus to our fellow Catholics in other parts of the country.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Since our last publication we have learned with much pleasure that several valuable articles for the approaching Bazaar have been sent to the Convent of the Sisters of Charity. May the Father of the orphan reward the pious donors, and preserve their families and friends from the desolation of orphanage!

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The adjourned Quarterly Meeting of this Association will be held in St. Mary's Vestry on to-morrow immediately after Vespers.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer arrived on yesterday. The news is not very important. Various journals announced the speedy return of the Pope to the Eternal City. With respect to our local religious affairs, we may mention that the Bill for the Incorporation of the Catholic Bishop of Halifax has received the Royal Assent and is now the Law of the Land. Under this Bill all the Catholic Properties in the City and County of Halifax can be secured forever for the Sacred purposes to which they are now applied, and will pass from Bishop to Bishop in regular succession.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

THE CROSS.—This Journal was originated under the auspices of that excellent and pious Institution, the Halifax Branch of the great Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We again invite the co-operation of our fellow Catholics in this and the neighboring Provinces. We especially court the valuable assistance of the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith. With their powerful aid, our circulation might be double its present amount in the city of Halifax alone; and to bring this useful weekly Periodical within the reach of every one in Halifax, we are anxious that our friends in different parts of the city should assist us in the sale of the Paper. The following have already promised their services in the kindest manner, to promote this religious work, and the Cross can be regularly had from them at an early hour on the mornings of publication: Mr. James Donohoe, Market Square.

Mr. Forristall, corner of Brunswick and Jacob Streets;  
Mr. John Barron, corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets;  
Mr. Thomas Connor, adjoining St. Patrick's Church.  
Mr. Joseph Roles, Water Street, near Fairbanks' Wharf.  
Mr. Thomas Thorpe, Dartmouth

**HOW THE IRISH ARE TREATED—CHURCH ACCOMMODATION.**

The following is a portion of a Letter from Mr. Sergeant Shee, dated Thomastown, Co., Kilkenny, 20th Sept, 1849.—

A few years ago, intending to spend the last fortnight of October at the place from which I date this letter, I passed with a few Catholic friends through some of the German states, in which the ancient faith of Christian Europe is still wrestling with the novelties bequeathed by Calvin and Luther to their countrymen. Wherever we went we found that a studious deference was paid by the ruler to the religious convictions of his subjects. At Brussels the Lutheran Leopold, like his august niece at Crauthorn, might be seen in respectful attendance at the holy offices of a Church, which is not his own, but to which his wife, his children, and his subjects have the happiness to belong. At Cologne the son of the powerful monarch whose pride was broken by the constancy of a Drost de Vischering in company with King Ernest of Hanover, made his offering to the treasury of the glorious Minister. In Protestant Frankfurt, spacious churches were set apart for the public prayers of a large Roman Catholic minority. I pass over the territories of Baden, the Church Communism of which, though intended as a recognition of the great principle of religious equality, it is hard to stomach, and go on to Basle & Berne, where in deference to the notions of a vast majority of the people, ancient Roman Catholic architecture has been maintained, into Calvinistic conformity. You are consoled for the loss which taste and Catholicity have here sustained by the strict justice done, before the recent troubles, in point of church accommodation, to the rights of a majority, in the Cantons of Schwytz, Lucerne, Fribourg, and Unterwalden.

There is no Catholic Church in the British dominions which will bear comparison, for architectural beauty or richness of internal decoration, with the Catholic church of St. Urs, in the capital of Soleure, a state not more than half as large as your diocese of Cloyne, with more Protestants in one bailiwick of it than all the parishes churches of Cloyne, though they were full to suffocation, could contain. In the Glarus and Appenzel, religious and church equality had produced, until lately, between Protestants and Catholics its certain fruits of social peace and happiness. Passing down the Bodensee we landed at the small town of Lindau in Bavaria, where, for a mixed population of Catholics and Protestants, two churches, one Catholic and the other Protestant, of equal size and pretensions, have been erected. Having heard Mass at the former, we journeyed on to Muldenheim, in which two beautiful churches are devoted to the worship of a Roman Catholic majority. Thence to a small place called Lutkyrch, which we reached in time for vespers. Never shall I forget the spectacle contrasted in my memory with what I had often witnessed here, at Thomastown—which the church of this burgh, of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants, presented. It is a spacious edifice in the Grecian style, with a gorgeous altar piece, and built upon a plan common in the Bavarian territory, with just enough of ornament in every part of it to devote that the religion of the villagers, for whose public prayer it was destined, is cherished and honoured by the State. When the bells had ceased to ring, scarcely a creature was visible in the streets. Within the walls a passage wide enough for the suitable display of the ceremonies of the Catholic church separated the women and the men. The congregation appeared for the most part to be of the class of agricultural labourers, and yet all had prayer-books or rosaries in their hands, and seats, and benches to kneel upon. It was pleasant, when the service was over, to see the number that lingered at their devotions, enjoyed without molestation or inconvenience to one another, and to observe the pride, excited by the interest of strangers in their handsome church, which seemed to mantle on the countenances of the well-dressed men, and of the women, with butterfly head-dresses, and gold and silver ornaments, as they made their way to the snug comfortable manse, to pay their respects to the Priest, who had just left the sacristy. On to Memmingen, where the mass of the people, and, as a matter of course, the large churches also are Protestants. The same at Nuremberg—and at Augsburg, as I learnt, a fair enough arrangement. At Ratisbon again, and at Wurtzburgh, the majority are Catholics and most of the churches in their hands. But what shall I say of Munich, the capital of a Catholic prince, whose liberality to those who differed from him, and munificence to the church of his ancestors, will be told with honour to his name, for ages after his follies are forgotten

Well, as I went from one fine temple to another, I thought of a city with which Munich, except for the treasures of art conferred upon it by poor King Louis, and the churches which he erected or enriched, will bear no comparison—of how many meals it must have cost to build that cathedral of Archbishop Murray, which the Queen and her consort might not even see, of the nakedness of St. Andrew's, the misery of Clarendon street—I remembered how twenty-four years ago, the late venerable Bishop of Cork toiled, and fretted, and denuded himself for the means of adding a few ornaments to the church near his residence—that money, not taste or art, or skill, were needed for his pious effort at a cathedral worthy of his see, and wondered how long it would be, before the numb which the penal laws have left upon the hearts and tongues of the Irish Catholic would cease—ere they would know that their real strength is in the church for which they have suffered so much, and be up as freemen to assert and obtain its rights.

Of all I saw in that short tour, I witnessed what pained me most at Berne. Intending to hear Mass, I was directed to what was called the French church. On reaching it, I was informed by the doorkeeper that the Catholic prayers were over, and that the French Protestant service had commenced. A large veil had been drawn across the sanctuary, and a Protestant Clergyman was preaching to a few French Protestants. Religious equality would here appear to exhibit itself in the odious features of religious indifference. But is this arrangement half so shocking as what you are content to see all the days of our lives in every parish and town in Ireland? Is it comparable in its elaborate indignity to the condition of things in the diocese from which I write, where, for a population of 230,000 souls, the State, at a cost to the people during the last sixty years (besides ordinary repairs) of £28,092 19s. 11½d., has provided church accommodation for not more than 9,500 persons? I have told you of Cologne and Frankfurt, of Soleure and Memmingen, of Ratisbon and Nuremberg; let me now invite your attention to the cathedral city of Ossory. Kilkenny has a population of 23,625 souls, of whom 21,000 at least are Catholics. They have four Catholic chapels capable at most of containing 6,000 persons, built, of course, and maintained by the voluntary offerings of the people. Of these, two are externally handsome structures, but one of them is without an altar or internal furniture of any kind for use or ornament. Dr. Kinsella, the late Bishop, commenced, about eight years since, the building of a larger church, capable of containing 2,000 persons, and £10,000, collected for the most part in pence and halfpence, have been already expended upon it. You might fancy yourself at Salisbury, as your eye clings to the beautiful simplicity of its early Gothic. Applications have been made to the Board of Works, for assistance towards its completion, but though the memorials of that object were presented, when employment on a work so extensive might have saved many families from the horror of that dire calamity of which it has been well said, that it of all others "come the nearest to the heart, and is that in which the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is"—they were made in vain; they had no funds for such purposes.

Within an arrow's flight of this effort of modern piety, this snare of modern intolerance, in a district of which the population is almost to a man Roman Catholic, stands the old cathedral of St. Canice. This church, 226 feet long, 129 feet broad, divided into nave, aisles, transept, choir, and chancel, and admirably adapted to the accommodation of a populous city, was erected in the twelfth century, and endowed for the sustentation of its fabric, and the becoming celebration of Divine worship, with an ample economy fund. With the exception of one ruined chapel, called, as if in jest by the officials, "the parish church," it is still in excellent preservation. It was here that the first Protestant Bishop, John Bale, the ruffian of the Irish Reformation, the man whom Dr. Leland calls the "Virulent and acrimonious impugner of Popery," uttered his foul slanders against the Catholic Priesthood. It was from its pulpit, amidst the yells and execrations of a multitude incensed by the blasphemy of his first sermon, and the sale still recent of the sacred vessels of their Church, that he fled in terror to his castle. Here, since the second year of the reign of Elizabeth, and in punctual obedience to her act of uniformity, a Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, Archdeacon, Treasurer, or one of seven Prebendaries, enjoying large incomes in right of their dignities and of the benefices "forming the choir thereof," reads

and prays six days in every week to the vacant stalls—on the sventh to at most 150 worshippers, who may chance to prefer the cathedral service to the more commodious sittings at St. Mary's and St. John's capable together of accomodating 1,000 persons, and much more than sufficient for the need of the Protestant inhabitants. These gates of St. Canice have been churlishly closed for three centuries against the Roman Catholic posterity of its Roman Catholic founders, and though twenty years have passed since Catholic Emancipation, not one petition against the wrong has yet struck the ear or startled the conscience of British justice!

But "there's a good time coming" You will see by a number of the *Kilkenny Journal* which I send you (and invite your attention to its leading article), that the revered Bishop of this Diocese has thought right to bring the propriety of petitioning for increased Catholic Church accommodation at the expence of the Irish ecclesiastical revenue before his Clergy at their recent conferences. Judging from his public conduct since his consecration, there is no prelate less inclined to political agitation than Dr. Walsh. His Lordship, no doubt, feels this to be a question strictly religious, and his example is of infinite weight and value.

**THE PROTESTANT MINISTERS AND THE CATHOLIC CLERGY OF JERSEY.**—A correspondent of the *Impartial* (Jersey Protestant paper), writes an indignant letter to that journal on the gross neglect of the Protestant Clergy of that island, during the cholera, of visiting the sick among the flocks of which they pretend to take the charge. The editor corroborates the justice of his remarks, and adds the following honourable testimony to the contrary conduct on the part of the Catholic Priests: "If the ministers of the Established Church, who alone receive money for interments, have, to tell the truth, altogether disappeared (*tout-a-fait disparu*) since the invasion of the cholera, if they have been looked for in vain at the bed of the sick, if the dying have sought in vain from them for the consolations of religion, we are happy to be able to say that such has not been the conduct of all ministers, and of all preachers, and that besides MM. Ph. de Carteret, and Ph. Le Sueur, whom one was always sure to find where the pestilence was at its worst, at the side of the sick, either in the hospital, or in private houses, the two priests of the Roman Catholic chapel of Vauxhall, have also very legitimate claims to the public gratitude, for the zeal and devotedness with which they have constantly fulfilled the duties of their ministry, not only among their co-religionists, but also among all the sick indiscriminately."

**REFORM.**

**BRADFORD.**—From Halifax Mr. Prentice went to Bradford, where, on Tuesday, 16th inst., he "addressed a numerous and respectable audience in the Temperance Hall." The topics were of the old sort. The remarks on war took it for granted that the object of war was to kill a certain number of them, and he denounced war as a very dear method of accomplishing this result. The first sentences of his speech, as given in the *Daily News*, are as follows:—"A Christian poet has said, 'War is a game' which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at; and, indeed, a more expensive pastime could not well have been devised. Growing oranges in our climate to cost two shillings a piece, when we can have them from the Azore Islands at a halfpenny, would be a folly not a hundredth part so ridiculous as to pay so much as we do for the killing of a man. Emile Girardin, in his paper *La Presse*, states that from 1792 till 1815, no fewer than 4,500,000 were raised by conscription in France, and their lives 'expended,' as the phrase is, during the war, except the remnant which escaped at Waterloo. Say that four millions of lives were thus 'expended' on the part of France, and that four millions more met death on the side of the countries with which France was at war. What was the cost of killing those eight millions of men? England spent £1,100,000,000 in the contest, and the other countries warring against France must have spent £900,000,000 more. We have here a plain arithmetical question. If it cost two thousand millions of money to kill eight millions of men, how much did it cost to kill one man? The answer is, two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. (Hear.) What a monstrous sum for the slaying of one man!"

**ASSOCIATION**

**For the Propagation of the Faith,**

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable "Institution of the Propagation of the Faith" was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822, it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of a Daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us."

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution: and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

**Young Ladies' Academy.**

Under the direction of the Ladies of the

*Sacre Cœur.*

**Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia**

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame Peacock, Superioress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14. 1849.