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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 3.

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. 11.

HALEFAX, JANUARY 17, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- JAN. 18—Sunday—II after Epiphany—Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
 19—Monday—St Canute, King and Martyr.
 20—Tuesday—Sts Fabian and Sebastian.
 21—Wednesday—St Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
 22—Thursday—Sts Vincent and Anastas.
 23—Friday—Desponsation of Blessed Virgin Mary.
 24—Saturday—St Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

On Monday last, the various premiums awarded at the late examinations were distributed by the Bishop. Before the distribution, some interesting specimens of declamation were given by the Students, which afforded great satisfaction to those who witnessed the proceedings. A very smart competition also took place for the premium in Roman History, and the result of the day's exhibition was most creditable to the Professors, and extremely gratifying to the friends of the College. The following list will shew the successful candidates in the various classes:

CATECHISM.

- 1st class.—A. White, T. Lenihan, J. Wallace, and W. Shea, *ex æquo*.
 2d class.—Edward Kenny.
 3d class.—James Malloy, Thomas Mahony, and Michael McDonnell, *ex æquo*.

LOGIC.

- 1st Premium.—Joseph Roles.

2d do. David O'Connor, Patrick Power, and J. Rogers, *ex æquo*.

GEOMETRY.

Edward Butler.

ALGEBRA.

Edward Butler.

HISTORY.

P. Holden and Thos. Kenny, *ex æquo*.

ROMAN HISTORY.

D. O'Connor and Joseph Roles, *ex æquo*.

GLOBES.

Thos. Kenny and Edward Butler, *ex æquo*.

GEOGRAPHY.

1st class.—E. Butler and T. Lenihan, *ex æquo*.

2d class.—Richard Maher.

GREEK.

1st class.—David O'Connor and Patrick Power, *ex æquo*.

2d class.—James Rogers and Joseph Roles, *ex æquo*.

LATIN COMPOSITION.

Patrick Power and David O'Connor, *ex æquo*.

LATIN EXERCISES.

T. Lenihan and E. Butler, *ex æquo*.

LATIN.

1st class.—D. O'Connor, P. Power, J. Rogers and J. Roles, *ex æquo*.

2d class.—P. Holden, T. Lenihan and E. Butler, *ex æquo*.

3d class.—Michael Murphy and Thomas Kenny, *ex æquo*.

FRENCH.

- 1st class.—Joseph Roles.
2d class.—D. O'Connor and E. Butler, ex æquo.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

M. Murphy and T. Kenny, ex æquo.

ENGLISH READING.

1st class.—T. Kenny and Michael Murphy, ex æquo.

2d class.—R. Maher and Thomas Ryan, ex æquo.

3d class.—J. Laughlan, Thos. Mahony and John Butler, ex æquo.

DECLAMATION.

1st class.—J. Roles, D. O'Connor, T. Kenny, and Patrick Power, ex æquo.

2d class.—P. Holden and M. Murphy, ex æquo.

ARITHMETIC.

1st class.—Thomas Kenny.

2d class.—W. and D. Pitts, ex æquo.

WRITING.

1st class.—Edward Butler and Edward Wallace, ex æquo.

2d class.—E. Kenny, J. Kennedy, P. Biery, and W. Shea, ex æquo.

3d class.—W. Pitts and J. Mahony, ex æquo.

GOOD CONDUCT AND PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE.

John Doran.

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

On last Sunday between High Mass and Vespers the Examination of the Male and Female children, who attend Catechism at St. Mary's, was held in the Parochial School Room. The Bishop, some of the Clergy, and a large number of Teachers were present, and we believe the general answering of the children attested the zeal of their pious and indefatigable instructors. We are glad that so much importance is attached in the parish to the great science of the Catechism—the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, and which should be the foundation of all other knowledge. For, without the knowledge of God, all other learning is dangerous, unprofitable and vain. We suppose it is for this reason that the premium for Catechism is placed first on the list at St. Mary's College. We could wish that the admirable lessons in the 43d chap. iii. Book of the Imitation of Christ were printed in letters of gold, and set up conspicuously in every Christian School and College.

“Against vain and worldly learning, Son; be not moved by the fine and quaint sayings of men: *For the kingdom of Heaven consists not in talk, but in virtue.*

“Attend to my words, which inflame the heart, and enlighten the mind, which excite to compunction, and afford manifold consolations.

“Never read any thing that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

“Study therefore to mortify thy vices, for this will avail thee more than the knowledge of many hard questions.

“When thou shalt have read, and shalt know many things, thou must always return to One Beginning.

“I am He that teacheth man knowledge, and I give a more clear understanding to little ones than can be taught by man.

“He to whom I speak will quickly be wise, and will make great progress in spirit.

“Woe to them that enquire of men after many curious things, and are little curious about the way to serve Me.

“The time will come when Christ, the Master of Masters, the Lord of Angels, shall appear, *to hear the lessons of all men*; that is, to examine the conscience of every one.

“And then he will search Jerusalem with candles, and the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, and the arguments of tongues shall be silent.

“I am He that in an instant elevates an humble mind, to comprehend more reasons of the *Eternal Truth*, than could be got by ten years' study in the schools.

“I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honour, without contention of arguments.

“I teach to despise all earthly things, to loathe things present, to seek and relish things eternal, to flee from honours, to endure scandals, to repose all hope in Me, to desire nothing except Me, and above all things, *ard My to love Me!*

We have to record this week, with very sincere regret, the death of Charles M'Carthy, Esq., of Montegan, one of the oldest and most respectable members of the Catholic Church in Nova Scotia. Mr. M'Carthy was an Irishman, not only by birth,

but in heart and feeling. His ardent attachment to his native land continued to the last, and was exceeded only by his devoted love for his Religion. And when we say in the beautiful language of our church, "May he rest in Peace," we are sure that the prayer will receive a fervent response from every Catholic and every Irishman in the province. At our Cathedral, on Sunday last, the Bishop asked the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul.

LITERATURE.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

PERFECTION.

If you wish to find a short and compendious method, which contains in itself all other means, and is most efficacious for overcoming every temptation and difficulty, and for acquiring perfection—it is the exercise of the presence of God.—S. BASIL.

A priest, who was the intimate friend of this same S. Basil, suffered many severe temptations, as well as violent threats, from Julian the Apostate, and yet he remained steadfast. The way he accounted for his constancy was as follows in his own words: "During the whole time I do not remember that I once lost sight of the presence of God."

When Joseph was tempted to commit sin, "How can I do this," said he, "and in the sight of God?" and the chaste Susannah, "It is better that I fall into your hands without fault, than that I should sin in the presence of God."

S. Ephrem being tempted to commit sin by an abandoned woman, said that he was ready, provided they did it openly in the public square of the city; which she refused, in order not to undergo such a confusion and shame. "Oh! then," replied the saint, "you fear the sight of men; and are you not afraid to sin in the presence of God and his holy angels?" and with these words he converted her. S. Thais, when once she felt that in committing sin, she was beheld by the all seeing eye of God, became a true penitent, conquered a thousand temptations, and attained to a great degree of sanctity.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reprehend thee not. He that does a bad thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. Prepare to yourself every day a rosary or chaplet of good works to present to God at night.

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

TESTIMONIES IN FAVOUR OF CATHOLICITY

FROM

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE WORKS OF LUTHER REFERRED TO IN THESE TESTIMONIES.—Volume I. Edition of Donat Richzenhain. A.D., 1560.

ON THE USE OF HOLY IMAGES.

It is not wrong to have images.

God Himself, in the Old Testament, commanded the brazen serpent to be erected, and ordered cherubs to be placed on the golden ark. It is the adoration of images that God has forbidden.

Luther, vol. ii. p. 102. Jena, A.D., 1558.

Since, therefore, altars and statues of stone may be erected without disobedience to the law of God, (for adoration is not a necessary consequence,) I hope that *my Iconoclasts* will be obliged to leave me a crucifix, or the image of the Blessed Virgin

Luther, vol. iii. p. 39. Jena.

Moreover, I am certain that it is the will of God that we should hear or read an account of His works, and, especially of the passion of Jesus Christ. But, if I am to hear of, or meditate on those works, I cannot prevent myself from forming an image of them in my heart; for when I hear the name of Jesus Christ, I must, irresistibly, represent to myself the figure of a man suspended on a cross, just as clear water reflects the image of the person who looks down upon it. If, then, it be not a sin to have the image of Jesus Christ in our hearts, if it be even right and salutary for us to have His image in our hearts, how can it be a sin to have His image before our eyes?

Luther, vol. iii. p. 113. Jena.

The infant Jesus is represented as crushing the head of a serpent. This is, without doubt, a very MATERIAL representation, and also adapted to the senses. But it brings to mind most forcibly and most clearly, the very first promise which God gave of the Messiah to Adam and Eve, when he said: "The seed of the woman shall one day crush the head of the serpent." Moses erected a brazen serpent in the desert, and whoever beheld it was cured of the bite of the fiery serpent. Here, then, again, is an image and a comparison which affects our senses; but, how ingeniously and how gracefully does it portray to us the Saviour crucified, precisely as He himself explained it: "As the Jews, who, in the desert, raising their eyes to the brazen serpent were cured of the bite of the fiery serpent, so, in like manner, he who raises his eyes towards Christ dying on the cross, that is to say, he who believes in Him, is cured of the wound and venom of the devil, and obtains eternal life." If, on the other hand, I wished to

scrutinize, and thoroughly to examine into these promises, *without figure*, and, such as they are, I should not be able to explain them, and you would not be able to comprehend them. It is upon this account that images and comparisons, and *sensible figures*, are most desirably and most advantageously to be used, in order that we may the more easily understand, comprehend, and retain any thing, so imaged, in our minds. By such aids we are also the better able to avert the tempting snares of the devil, who, by fine thoughts, and subtle questions, seeks to lead us from the natural meaning of words, which the most simple person easily and clearly understands on beholding a holy image, or a holy picture.

Luther's Sermons for domestic devotion; Part for Summer.
Edition of Donat Richzenhain, A.D., 1572.

ON THE CHURCH OF ROME.

There can be no doubt that the Church of Rome is the first in rank and dignity above all other churches; in Rome have been Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and forty-six Popes; in Rome have many thousand martyrs shed their blood, that the world and hell might be conquered. Whence it is easily comprehended why God gives to Rome His most particular care.

Luther, vol. i. p. 163. Jena.

We admit that the papacy possesses the greatest number of the blessings of Christianity, that it even possesses them all, and that it is from the papacy *we derive them*. We admit that the papacy has the true Holy Scripture, the true baptism, the true holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, the true keys for the remission of sins, the true preaching of the Gospel, the true catechism of Faith, *namely*, the Ten Commandments of God, the Creed, the Pater, &c.

I say that under the Pope are to be found the true Christians, the true chosen flock, and numbers of pious and great saints.

If, therefore, true Christianity is to be found under the papacy, it must, of course, follow, that it is the real Body, composed of the real members of Jesus Christ, and, if it be His Body, it has also His Spirit, His Faith, His Baptism, His Sacraments, His Keys, His Evangelical Preaching, His Prayer, His Scripture, and all that belongs to Christianity.

Luther, vol. iv. p. 320. Jena.

Written by Luther, in the year 1523, and consequently eleven years after the Reformation!

It is true that the papists have the Word of God, and the apostolic priesthood, and that from them we have received the Holy Scriptures, Baptism, the Sacraments, and *preaching*. What

could we know of all those things if we had not received them from the papists? Whence it follows that faith, the Christian Church, and the Holy Ghost, ought to be found with them.

Luther vol. viii. p. 160. Jena.

From a sermon, on chap. xvi. of St. John, preached in the year 1538, that is to say, twenty-one years after the commencement of the Reformation!

ON THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

The holy Church cannot and wishes not to tolerate any error, or any false doctrine. But she has to preach the all-holy and all-true Word of God, that is to say, the Word of God only. The Church should teach the divine word, and the all-pure faith, free from error, and could it be otherwise since the Church is the organ of God? If God cannot deceive, neither *can* the Church deceive.

It therefore consequently follows that the Church teaches *only* the divine Word of God, and that she is, in truth, that which she ought to be, namely, the pillar and the ground of Truth, built upon the holy and immoveable rock, where she really is, what, with reason she is called, **INFALLIBLE!** because the Word of God which she teaches *is* **INFALLIBLE!**

Luther, vol. vii p. 416, b. p. 417, a. p. 418.

Written in the year 1541, that is to say, five years before his death.

THE WOODEN CROSS.

A RELIGIOUS TALE.

Chapter 3.

[Continued.]

Madam de Linden, whose health was greatly impaired by the death of her husband, and other cares, fell sick, and speedily foresaw that her last hour was approaching. As soon as Sophy learned the illness of her benefactress, she felt it her duty to attend her with the utmost care. She hardly ever quitted the bedside, and rendered her every service that could possibly afford her comfort. She flattered herself with the hope that this illness would not end unfavourably, for she trembled at the idea of losing her dearest friend upon earth. A daughter could not lavish more tenderness on her mother, than Sophy did on her beloved mistress. She watched beside her bed like a guardian angel, and spent whole nights with her without feeling the least fatigue. Madam de Linden was so pleased with her attentions, that she wished to take nothing, except from the hands of Sophy.

However the lady's health grew worse and worse, and every symptom shewed that sooner or later she would fall a victim to the violence of the disease. Alarming appearances had already frozen

poor Sophy's heart with terror ; but although she lost all hope of preserving her mistress, she always remained calm, and never betrayed the least emotion in her presence. During a cold winter night Sophy was reading a book in an arm-chair near the bed, when Madam de Linden, struggling with pain, asked her for a little tea. She immediately arose, and went to prepare it. She soon returned, and handed the drink to her sick mistress, who took the vessel with a trembling hand, drank the tea, and said to the young girl,

" My dear child, you are a great comfort to me, and the care you so tenderly bestow on me would, if any thing could, prolong my existence ; but I feel that all will be soon over with me. Well, I could not be ungrateful to you. Since you came into my house, you have faithfully served me, and my friendship for you prompts me to secure your future prospects. I have made every arrangement in my will to insure a suitable provision. My heirs will advance you a sum of money, which will one day suffice to establish you comfortably in life. I hope you will remember me in your prayers. I have always loved you, and it is right I should not forget you at the hour of my death ?

These words drew tears from poor Sophy who covered her face with her hands and conjured her not to afflict her by speaking of so melancholy an event. She endeavoured to inspire her with confidence with regard to her health ; but after a few moments silence, Madam de Linden resumed.

" Do not attempt to mislead me, my dear Sophy. I understand my present state better than you imagine. Death, though it seems dreadful to the eyes of nature, has no terrors for the Christian, for it releases us from the chains of the body, and reunites us to our God. We were not created to remain always here below. A few years more or less, and we must sooner or later encounter this journey, from which nothing can save us. Pilgrims as we are in this world, we should be satisfied to quit this vale of tears, to hasten to the enjoyment of our Creator's presence. I have had the happiness to know and serve God, and notwithstanding the sins with which I have to reproach myself, I hope through his mercy that I shall be received into heaven. As for you, dear child, who are yet so young, and who are so likely to live many years, remember that you also have a heaven to gain. Make only a prudent and safe use of this world, and never lose sight of your true interest. Always preserve the fear of God, and place it as a sentinel at the door of your heart. Be faithful to the maxims of our holy religion ; avoid sin ; do good ; exercise charity whenever you shall have an opportunity, and according to your means ; return from your whole heart the

injuries and offences which you will meet in the course of your life. Always lead a Christian life, and death will one day appear even pleasant in your eyes." Then unfastening a little crucifix which was attached to the curtain of her bed, she applied the sacred image of our salvation to her lips, and said with deep emotion,

" Now, that every thing in this world is passing away from me, I should more than ever press to my heart this sacred symbol of the redemption of mankind. The cross has always been the object of my meditations ; but at the moment in which I am quitting the world, it ought to be my sole resource, my only consolation. O sacred wood ! thou who hast been heretofore watered by the blood of our Saviour, be my safeguard, protect and defend me. Thou hast witnessed the sufferings of the Man God. Thou hast heard his sighs and his last words. It was upon thee he terminated his holy career. Thou art the throne of his graces, be thou also the sacred standard under which I may be one day reunited to that divine Jesus, who has so excessively loved us. Yes, this amiable Saviour has been my tender father, during my existence in this world, and I have never spent such happy moments as those which I have spent in meditating on his holy law, and on the glorious examples he has left us. I knew, and I particularly know at this important hour, that there is no salvation for us except in the accomplishment of the precepts of religion. Oh what consolation have I not derived from the faith ! What strength have I not found in the frequent perusal of the Gospel, and in making myself acquainted with the beautiful maxims which this admirable book contains. Ah ! how I now bless the Lord for having given me the gift of faith, for if I had no religion, I should now, at the hour of my death, be the most miserable of beings."

Madam de Linden ceased speaking ; her illness did not permit her to continue this edifying discourse. Sophy kept constantly beside her, wiping away her tears, and promising to follow her wise and charitable advice. Nevertheless the patient grew worse and worse every day. She received with an angelic fervour the sacraments of the Church, and a short time after slept in the sleep of peace in the midst of transports of the greatest piety.

Sophy was inconsolable at the death of her who had been for so many years a mother to her. She wept for her for a long time, and did not forget to pray for her. Every one acknowledged that her tears were sincere, and that her grief was unfeigned.

No sooner was the death of this good lady made known throughout the country than the poor were seen flocking from all parts to behold for the last

time the countenance of their ancient benefactress. Her praise was in every mouth, and her funeral was like a triumph. A multitude of persons of every rank followed the body to the place of interment, and all her relatives were present at the last mournful rites.

When the funeral service was over, the lady's family opened her will. There was a legacy of two thousand crowns for Sophy. This sum was to serve her as a dowry, and she was to receive the interest of it from the death of Madam de Linden.

Sophy was also left the liberty of choosing any thing she liked best amongst the precious articles of her mistress.

These kindly dispositions of the deceased in favour of a poor girl whom she had taken into her house was not entirely agreeable to her relatives, who were anxious to get rid of Sophy with a few pieces of money.

There were, in consequence, loud murmurs, but the will of the testatrix was sacred, and should be executed. But what particularly vexed the young girls who were relatives of the lady, was Sophy's choice of any thing that she pleased amongst the valuable articles of their cousin.

Well, my good girl, said one of them the morning after the funeral, if I were in your place, I would take this handsome dress which my cousin so seldom wore. See how well made it is. It would fit you to a nicety. It was her wedding dress. The Lord knows all it cost her, for it is made of a very valuable material, and see this beautiful wreath of flowers that goes all round it. Try it on you. It will serve for your wedding day. There never was a young girl of your condition so well arrayed as you will be.

The Chevalier de Hagen, a retired officer, a worthy honest man, and a member of the family also, was present when they attempted to circumvent poor Sophy in this manner, and he said dryly to his young cousins, Stop ladies, don't be laying snares for this poor girl. This dress which you want her to take is not at all suitable for a person of her condition; give her time to reflect on her choice.

Yes, said the notary; I am of Mr. de Hagen's opinion, Sophy ought to be free in her choice. Besides, it was the wish of the deceased, whose intentions are very formally expressed. Madam de Linden has left valuable articles behind her, and I do not suppose she ever dreamed of bequeathing such a trifle as this to this good girl. If she did she would certainly have mentioned it herself. Sophy has served her for a long time with rare attention, and I have often heard her mistress speak in the highest terms of her probity.

Let her decide then at once, and put an end to these disputes, cried out the young ladies.

Sophy, however, was for a long time undecided. One spoke to her of one thing, another of another. The cook recommended her to take a magnificent ring enriched with diamonds; the gardener advised her to take a medallion, on which was incrustured the portrait of Madam de Linden; the servant praised a neck-lace of fine pearls, as being a valuable article, and one that would be of service in time of need.

On the following day the heirs met together again, and pressed Sophy to come to some decision. Consulting only the dictates of her heart, the good girl replied,

My beloved mistress shewed me so many marks of favour, that I should never presume to require any other remembrance of her than her past bounty, if she had not been pleased to mention it in her will. The article which I beg you to give me has no exterior value, but I prize it very highly on account of the recollections which it brings to my mind. Have the goodness then to give me the wooden cross which she pressed to her lips at her last moments, and which she watered with her tears when she was passing to a better life. This article will crown all my desires. I will look upon it as a pledge of happiness. It will recall to my mind the virtues of her who was a second mother to me, and whose example and advice I will never forget. This cross will teach me to live like the charitable lady to whom it belonged, and oh! that I could one day die like her! Saying these words, Sophy was greatly moved, and lifted up her fervent countenance to heaven, as if to invoke the testimony of her whom she believed to be already in possession of eternal bliss.

The relatives of Madam de Linden could not conceal their astonishment on hearing this request of Sophy. They were in the greatest hurry to put the little cross into her hand, lest she should change her mind, and asked her several times whether she was not satisfied. They complimented her on her piety, and praised her attachment to her late mistress, whilst at the same time they were laughing in secret at her simplicity.

When they heard at the Chateau of the choice Sophy had made, they blamed her greatly for her disinterestedness. The cook said, "What folly to have asked this little cross! couldn't you choose something valuable? and besides you might have got this in another way if you wished. You might have taken it without telling any one. You have acted like a fool in this affair, and you'll be sorry for it before you die."

No, my good Sophy, said the old gardener, you have acted like a Christian, and your choice reflects credit on you. I am certain this cross will

procure you more consolations than if it were made of the most precious metal. The pearls and jewels which you have despised for the sake of this simple little cross of wood, are often the most unfortunate gift that one could receive. There are other riches more worthy of our affections, than those which captivate our senses, and of which the smallest accident might deprive us. Always preserve the simplicity and piety which you have shewn on this occasion, and you will heap up treasures that will one day open to you the gates of heaven.

Sophy put up her little cross in her box, and felt herself happy in possessing it. She often looked at it in order to animate herself more and more with the desire of imitating her whose virtues and remembrance it so forcibly brought to her mind.

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

“ I WAS HUNGRY, AND YE GAVE ME TO EAT.”

Paul Richards was a poor hard working artisan in the town of Nottingham. He worked the whole day in the great stocking factory of Dalton and Brothers, to support his wife and five children, and with his utmost toil made but a poor living after all. Paul, like many of his countrymen, had married without much thought as to how his family was to live. He and Mary and little Johnnie got on very well; but when besides Johnnie came Kate, and Giles, and Robert, and Fred, to be fed and clothed, it was not so easy a matter to find bread and bacon, and rent and coals for all. Paul looked downhearted, and Mary grew very thin; for though they were excellent Catholics, and tolerably instructed, worldly cares must press upon the stoutest hearts, when hunger comes in at the door. Paul's worn looks at length struck the good Priest who visited and attended the poor in that part of Nottingham, and he was not slow in asking the cause. Paul gladly told him his griefs, and said the workhouse was staring him in the face for himself and his children. ‘But that would be a pity,’ said the good man. ‘You must throw up your work then altogether, and take the children away from school.’ ‘I cannot help it, Sir,’ answered Paul, rather doggedly. ‘We cannot starve; I can only get part work now, and five mouths to fill besides our own. I love to have them learn, but we cannot starve.’ ‘Have you spoke to Mr Dalton?’ ‘No, sir; he has so many to give to, and what can he do? he might feed half Nottingham if he once began.’ ‘They say the Workhouse is enough for the poor.’ ‘Who says so? not Mr Dalton. Go to him I advise you and ask his advice; when things come to the worst, go into the house and make the best of it, but try first if anything better can be done.’ Paul brightened up and went to Mr Dalton. He was sitting with a

smiling countenance listening to his little daughter's first attempts on the piano, after a long and wearisome day; but when he heard that one of his men wished to see him, he got up from his easy chair and sent for him into his study. ‘Oh! Richard! How are you? What can I do for you? Speak out, and do not be afraid to tell me every thing.’

‘Sir I am afraid we must go into the workhouse; unless I have constant work I cannot keep my family and pay rent too.’

‘I can't give you constant work, I'm afraid, Richards. Trade is bad, and every thing very dear, as you know as well as I do.’

‘Yes, Sir, it really seems contrary o' purpose like. Tho more mouths there are to fill, the dearer things get in the way of food or rent. I am sure I have done my utmost, Sir I sometimes work eleven hours a day, but Mary is so sickly like, and poor little Bob's accident makes him quite helpless, so that her time is mortly taken up with tending him. We have had them taught as far as lay in our power, and that goes against me worse than all; for in the poorhouse they take 'em to the school and teach 'em their own way, and we should have little or nothing to do with 'em. But I suppose we must go.’

There was a long pause, but it was not for want of thought or attention. The state of the poorer classes had always engaged Mr Dalton's time and attention; latterly it had engaged and nearly overwhelmed him. He saw the highly artificial state into which a great commercial country, with a forced and excessive population, was brought. He saw the evils and the miseries of such a state, physical, mental, and moral. But it was more difficult to see the evils than to apply remedies. This requires means, and skill, and knowledge. At length, he said: ‘Do you belong to any benefit club, Richards?’ ‘No, sir; I had a mind to join the Odd-fellows, but it did not seem to me altogether right, and Mary was against it.’

‘Go home to night, then, Richards, and I will think over what can be done: stay! you shall have some supper first, and a little beer.’ Mr Dalton rang the bell, and very soon a good bone of beef with bread and cheese and a jug of ale was brought. Paul was silent, something seemed to prevent him from speaking. Mr. Dalton said: ‘Do you wish to carry your supper home? Do just as you like—what have you had to-day?’

‘We have had two crusts between us all;’ and in making this avowal in a stifled voice, the strong and sinewy artisan hid his face in his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

Those who have seen a man's tears, and know how unwillingly, and only when the heart is wrung, they are shed, will know what Mr Dalton felt. After many vain attempts to command his emotion, he put half a sovereign into Paul's hand and bid him good night, and then sat down to consider what was to be done, not only for him, but for hundreds who with

him shared the same ! t. Bessie Dalton coaxed her not so long to stay up and finish the "Blue Bells of Scotland" for papa, but nurse knew pretty well that the times were such as to debar for him child-like amusements, and that domestic pleasures must give way to a crowd of absorbing cares. She carried off Miss Bessie long before her father had solved his painful and perplexing problem.

Solved indeed it could not be, but next morning Mr Dalton had come to some conclusions. He exerted all his influence to obtain more work for Richards, and then he sent for his next brother, who was the only other partner then in England, and two more Catholic friends, of his acquaintance, and consulted with them on the formation of a Guild, which should possess funds sufficient to keep so many artisans during the intervening weeks, when work was not to be had. They unanimously agreed as to the excellence of the plan, but demurred as to the funds Mr Dalton engaged if they would put down a certain sum to fill up the remainder himself. The Guild of St Aloysius was accordingly formed, and submitted to the approbation of the clergy, who gave full consent to the plan. Paul Richards was the first man enrolled; his and other poor men's weekly subscriptions were small, but many more of their richer neighbours thankfully engaged to fulfil the terms of the Guild, which procured prayers and God's favour for them, and assisted in feeding and clothing working people and their starving and shivering children.

When soon afterwards Mr Dalton's carriage and horses were advertised for sale, and Bessie's nurse appeared to answer the door-bell, instead of a livery servant who had been accustomed to perform that office, many people wondered at his parsimony, and thought it a pity to bring up Bessie in such narrow ideas and deprived of her just advantages. Paul Richards and his wife went to thank him with tears in their eyes, for what had cost him dearer than they had been aware of. He smiled, and said it was no sacrifice at all, for it gave him greater pleasure than all the horses and carriages in the world. They then offered him their eldest boy, for no wages, to serve at table and do the house work, but this also he would not accept, assuring them that a footman in livery was not at all necessary to his happiness.

Paul, then, seeing that no human return could be made, took his wife and children to St Barnabas, and kneeling in the midst of them at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, offered up the Sacrifice which was celebrating, and a devout communion; praying that he who in feeding the hungry had fed our blessed Lord, might himself be fed with imperishable blessings. Who can doubt that such prayer would be heard?

THE BEST DRINKING WATER.—"The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air

alone, it can contain nothing but what it can gain from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain drops absorb a certain quantity of carbonic acidity, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives its fresh and sparkling character, so that distilled, of any water deprived of its carbonic acid, is always peculiarly flat and insipid.

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

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- JAN. 10—Mrs. Ellen Lyons, of a Son.
 12—Mrs. Mary Malligan, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Mary Ann Keefe, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Mary Doyle, of a Daughter.
 14—Mrs. Catherine Quirk, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Ann Shenke, of a Son.
 15—Mrs. Henrietta Wilson, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JAN. 12—Bernard Diggin to Mary May.
 " William Walsh to Margaret Dwyer.
 " Redmond Donohoo to Alice Power.
 13—Michael Dorgan to Margaret Connors.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- JAN. 10—Mary, wife of Thomas Waistecott, native of Waterford, aged 19 years.
 13—Mary, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Quinlan, aged 8 years.
 14—Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Drohan, aged 1 year and 6 months.
 16—Walter James, son of William and Marion Jamieson, aged 1 year and 6 months.
 " Elizabeth Barry, native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 28 years.

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