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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 7.

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

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 14, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- Feb. 15.—Sunday—Sexagesima.
16.—Monday—St Gregory X Pope and Confessor.
17.—Tuesday—Commemoration of Passion of Our Lord.
18.—Wednesday—St Raymond of Pennafort.
19.—Thursday—St Peter's Chair at Rome.
20.—Friday—St John of Matha, Confessor.
21.—Saturday—St Scholastica, Virgin.

(Circular of the Bishop on the observance of Lent.)

Rev. dear Sir,

You will have the goodness to read the following Address in the various Churches of your district before the commencement of Lent.

I remain, Rev. dear Sir,

Your obedient servant in Christ,

† WILLIAM WALSH.

Halifax, 10th February, 1846.

Dearly beloved brethren,

The holy and penitential season of Lent is about to commence; 'the acceptable time' of grace, 'the days of salvation' and mercy will soon begin; and our Holy Mother the Church, through the voice of her chief Pastors, calls upon her faithful children throughout the whole world, 'to turn to the Lord their God with their whole hearts in fasting, in weeping and in mourning.'

Charged, as we have been, by the venerable Head of the Church, with your pastoral superintendance, and being appointed so to 'watch as to render an account of your souls,' we feel as if at

this moment the earnest admonition of the Prophet Joel were addressed to us.

"Blow the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a Fast, call a solemn assembly, gather together the people, sanctify the Church, assemble the ancients, gather together the little ones, and them that suck at the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth from his bed, and the bride out of the bridal chamber. Between the porch and the altar, the priests, the Ministers of the Lord shall weep, and shall say: 'Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thine inheritance to reproach.'"

We, therefore, sound in your ears, this salutary and penitential trumpet; we proclaim this solemn Fast, hallowed as it is by Church authority, Apostolic observance, and Divine ordinance. We summon you more frequently to the House of God, that you may listen to his divine law and meditate upon its eternal truths; that you may recount before Him, and 'in the bitterness of your hearts,' all the sinful years of your past lives, and that by 'laying the axe to the root' of your vices and criminal habits you may 'bring forth fruits worthy of penance,' purify, and sanctify your souls. We invite the young and the old, the married and the single, the clergy and the laity, to unite together during this auspicious period, and by fasting, prayer, and other good works, to offer a holy violence to Heaven. For, now our glorious King and Saviour, collects all his forces together under

the triumphant standard of the Cross, to fight against our common enemy, in one general engagement. How can we refuse, dearly beloved brethren, to enter into this sacred warfare, under so renowned and victorious a Leader? Upon what pretext can we decline the wholesome rigours of a contest which is shared with us by the universal Church?

Hence we cry out with the Apostle 'that all should every where do penance,' (Acts xvii. 30.) because, in the language of Eternal Truth himself; 'unless you do Penance you shall all likewise perish.' (Luke xiii.) Penance is necessary for salvation, since we are all sinners. 'For there is no man who sinneth not.' (3 Kings viii. 46.) And 'if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' (1 John i. 8.) Therefore 'delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day.' (Eccl. v. 8.) 'But, forasmuch as the Lord is patient, let us be penitent for this same thing; and with many tears let us implore his pardon.' (Judith viii. 14.) 'For, if we do not penance we shall fall into the hands of the Lord.' (Eccl. ii. 22.) But, if the wicked do penance for all his sins which he hath committed, and keep all my commandments, and do judgment and justice, living he shall live, and shall not die.' (Ezech. xviii. 21.) 'Be penitent therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.' (Acts iii. 19.)

But this saving Penance cannot be accomplished, unless we make entire satisfaction to God. Now, the Church in her wisdom, enables us to make an efficacious atonement during the holy season of Lent, by fasting, alms-deeds, and prayer. We will thus perform our duties to ourselves, to our neighbour and to God. Fasting will be the holocaust and purification of our bodies, alms-deeds the relief of our neighbour, and prayer the union of our souls with God.

Need we remind you on this occasion, dearly beloved brethren, of the precious advantages of fasting? Both by word and example is its practice enforced in the Old and New Testament. Moses and Elias fasted forty days, and the former was thereby rendered worthy to receive the Written Law of God, whilst the latter obtained the inestimable privilege of conversing with the Lord, face to face. (Deuter. ix. 9, 18. 3 Kings xix. 8.)

Sampson and Samuel were the fruit of their mother's fasting, and by fasting was Sarah delivered from the power of the devil. When the Jews, after their sin, were defeated by the Philistines, they fasted by the direction of the Prophet. (1 Kings v. i. 6.) By fasting and repentance the impious Achab averted the indignation of heaven. (3 Kings xxi. 27.) When a multitude of enemies came to assault the pious Josaphat 'he proclaimed a fast for all Juda.' (2 Paral. xx. 3.) Esdras and Nehemias, Judith and Esther fasted also, and their fasting was acceptable in the sight of God. Daniel fasted, and was favoured with the most sublime revelations, and honoured with the visit of an Angel. (Daniel x.) The wicked city of Niniveh was saved from its threatened destruction by fasting and penance. (John i.) Anna, the prophetess, who deserved to behold and adore the Expectation of Israel, 'departed not from the temple, serving night and day by fastings and prayers.' (Luke ii. 37.) But why need we speak of the saints of the old or the new covenant, of David who 'humbled his soul in fasting,' (Ps. xxxiv. 13,) or of Paul who fasted, 'chastised his body, and brought it into subjection,' (1 Cor. ix. 27, and 2 xi. 27,) when we have the illustrious example of our Lord and Master, the Holy of holies, the Model of sanctity, 'the Way, the Truth and the Life,' who was led by the Spirit of God into the desert, where 'he fasted forty days and forty nights?' (Matt. iv. 1.)

'Looking, therefore, on Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, who, having joy proposed unto him, underwent the Cross.' (Heb. xii. 2.) 'Crucify your flesh with its vices and concupiscences,' (Galat. v. 24,) and 'humble your souls with fasting.' (Ps. xxxiv. 13.) 'Be afflicted, and mourn and weep. Be humble in the sight of the Lord, and he shall exalt you' [James iv. 9, 10]. 'Make to yourselves a new heart and a new spirit. [Ezech. xviii. 32.] 'Rend your hearts, and not your garments; and be ye converted to the Lord your God.' [Joel ii. 13.]

The fast of Lent, as our Holy Mother the Church teaches us, was instituted for the wholesome cure of body and soul (Oratin Sabb. pos. Cineres). Fasting subjects the rebellious flesh to the dominion of reason, exalts and purifies the soul, weakens the sting of concupiscence, fills the heart with chaste

desires, expels the devil, introduces the Spirit of God, adorns the Christian with all virtue, and ensures its glorious reward. (Præf. Quadrag.)

Fasting, however, is but a means to an end; and that great end is the destruction of sin. We should fast as an atonement for sin, and we should fast to prevent the danger of falling into sin. For unless we fast from sin, all our other fasting will be in vain. Do not therefore, dearly beloved brethren, fast like hypocrites, with the body only, but preserve your souls from the contamination of sin. Otherwise you may be forced to say to the Lord with the Prophet, 'Why have we fasted, and thou hast not regarded; have we humbled our souls, and thou hast not taken notice?' And He will answer: 'Behold in the day of your fast your own will is found.' (Isai lviii. 3.)

Let your fasting be accompanied by good works, and especially works of mercy to the poor. For, 'is not this rather the fast' that the Lord 'has chosen?' Deal thy bread to the hungry; and bring the needy and the harbourless into thy house: when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh.' (Id. v. 6, 7.) We will thus propitiate the Lord, and be enabled to say with joy: 'we fasted, and besought our God; and it fell out prosperously unto us.' (Esdras viii. 23.)

To your fasting and good works you must also add the continual exercise of holy prayer, for as the Angel of the Lord said unto the holy Tobias: 'Prayer is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold' (Tob. xii. 8.) Pray therefore, and pray without intermission, as the Apostle recommends. (1 Thess. v.) Pray for the whole world, for the propagation of the Catholic Faith, for the conversion of sinners, for the establishment of peace and good will on earth. Pray for yourselves and for your families, and pray with confidence in the Name of Jesus, for whatever you ask the Father in that Name will be certainly granted to you. (John xvi. 23.)

As the Holy Season of Lent is also set apart for preparing ourselves to comply with the annual obligation of Confession and Easter Communion, as commanded by the Church under the most grievous penalties in the Fourth General Council of Lateran (Omnis utriusque sexus) we earnestly beseech you not to neglect this important duty, lest you subject yourselves to the indignation of Almighty God, and the heaviest censures of His Church. Dispose your souls, therefore, by holy retirement, self-exa-

mination, and true compunction, to obtain the pardon of your gracious God to whom 'an afflicted spirit is a sacrifice,' and who will not despise an humbled and contrite heart.' (Ps. l.) 'Go and shew yourselves to the priest' (Matt. viii. 4. Luke xviii. 14,) by a good confession that you may be cleansed from the leprosy of sin; for as the Holy Ghost assures us: 'He that hideth his sins shall not prosper: but he that shall confess, and forsake them, shall obtain mercy.' (Prov. xxviii. 13.) You will thus with purified minds worthily receive the precious Body and Blood of the Lord, in commemoration of his death, and as the nourishment of your souls to life everlasting. (John vi. 59.)

We will always therefore 'bear about in our bodies the mortification of Jesus . . . that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh.' (2 Cor. ii. 10, 11). We will 'through the blood' of Christ, in his holy sacraments, 'cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God.' (Heb. ix. 14.) And having fasted and suffered in imitation of our Lord and Redeemer, during the Forty Days that are approaching, we will deserve to arise at the great festival of Easter, to a new life, and to participate in the benefits of his Glorious Resurrection.

'Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead the great pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, make you perfect in every good work, that you may do his will; working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom is glory for ever and ever.'

† WILLIAM, Bishop of Maximianople,
and Administrator Apostolic of Halifax.

The Order of observing the Lent of 1846 in the Diocese of Halifax.

1. Every week day in Lent is a Fast Day on one meal, and a Collation.
2. By virtue of power delegated to him by the Holy See, and in consideration of the severity of the climate, the failure of the potatoe crop, and for other just causes, the Bishop permits the use of flesh meat, at dinner only, on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, during Lent.
3. It is strictly prohibited to use fish and flesh meat at the same repast.
4. Eggs are forbidden on Ash Wednesday, Spy Wednesday, and Good Friday.
5. It is expected that some compensation will be made for the above indulgence, by more abundant alms to the poor, and the performance of other works of charity and mercy.
6. The Penitential Psalm, 'Have mercy on me, O God,' &c., (Ps. l.) and the Litanies of the Saints, will be read before Mass, on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. Those who cannot attend Mass will cause those, and other suitable devotions to be read in presence of their families.

PROSELYTISM.

We have now lying before us a small pamphlet which was printed at the expense of one of the Reformation Societies in England, and which has been handed us by a reverend friend. It is entitled, 'The Nunnery; or Popery exposed in her tyranny.' The contents are quite in keeping with the insulting nature of the title, and are a *crambe repetita* of the 'Maria Monk' school, whose 'Awful Disclosures' have been not only proved, but acknowledged to be, a tissue of impudent forgeries. On the first page of the pamphlet, to which we allude, the following words were written, 'A gift of Charles Owen to Christopher Boyle, of Sherbrooke, a Roman Catholic.' We could not believe that Mr. Owen, the M. P. P. and Collector of Excise, was the *Colporteur*—as the French call it—of this kind of lying trash, or that he would so far forget himself as to wound the feelings of his Catholic neighbour by presenting him with such a book. We are assured however that such is the fact, that Mr. Owen is a celebrated distributor of Anti-popery tracts, and that he has thereby acquired an unenviable notoriety in that part of the country. Now we beg leave to ask him in sober seriousness, what would his own feelings be if a Roman Catholic presented him with a Book which professed to expose the tyranny, wickedness, and cruelty of his own Church (whatever it is) and in which the Ministers of his own religion were politely denominated 'Beasts?' We can assure him that Roman Catholics have feelings as well as himself, and that any insult on the score of religion offered to the humblest member of our communion in the Province will be deeply felt and properly resented by the entire body.

Perhaps we should give the same charitable admonition to certain pious dames and sanctified maidens in our own city, who, under the mask of charity, carry on the disgusting work of proselytism, and who cannot afford to give their fellow-creatures the smallest relief without offensively thrusting into their hands an insulting Tract. This is neither charity nor religion, but a clear proof of the total absence of both. An appeal to the religious judgment through a starving stomach or a shivering back is disgusting in the extreme; and a convert so made is a convert to hypocrisy, and not to truth. Thank God, the number of those pious fools is limited indeed, and their silly efforts are laughed at by all that is estimable, both clergy and laity, of every denomination. If they continue to tamper with the poverty of some of our people, we promise an exposure of their cant and hypocrisy which may excite a ghastly smile even from those holy babes of grace themselves. Meantime we commend to their diligent perusal the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and if they discover that he made any attempt at Proselytism on the suffering fellow-creature, whom he so humanely relieved, we will give them a *carte blanche* for sour sanctity, and canting humbug for the rest of their lives.

ST. MARY'S.

In the course of the last week the vast quantity of firewood and coal, which had been deposited in the Cathedral yard, was distributed at a very low rate to our mere indigent fellow-citizens to whom this assistance has been a seasonable relief. With the funds in hand the Committee were to have purchased more fuel, which is to be distributed in a similar manner. We entreat all those who have not yet subscribed to send their contributions to this excellent charity. To be effectual, the relief should be immediate. During the present severe weather, 'he who gives quickly, gives twice,' according to the old proverb. A single dollar now for the purpose of charity, is worth five times that sum at another period of the year. Even those who have already given should continue their assistance to the poor during this trying season.

CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.—ST. PATRICK'S.

The premiums purchased by this Society for the children of both sexes who attend Sunday Catechism at the North End, were distributed in St Patrick's Church, by the Bishop, on Sunday the 1st instant. Several copies of the New Testament were amongst the books given out on this occasion.

The first Clerical Conference of the season, for the District of Halifax, was held at St. Mary's, on Wednesday last. The Bishop and the Clergy dined at the Glebe in the evening.

LITERATURE.

THE WOODEN CROSS.

A RELIGIOUS TALE.

Chapter 5.

[Continued.]

"I perfectly agree with you. God has given us so many favours that we cannot be too thankful. Another thought has come into my head. Whilst the good man is recovering himself with us, we will have time to make inquiries about his son and his property. For it is not enough that we preserve so worthy a man for society, we must also, if possible, recover his property." On hearing this the old man looked like one awakening from a profound lethargy.—The proposals of William and Sophy had deeply affected him. He raised a hopeful countenance to Heaven, and cried out—"Oh, yes! it is true, then, that piety is not dead in all hearts, since there are still some charitable Christians to interest themselves in the fate of the wretched. Ah! generous souls, you may be certain that the Lord will reward you for all your kindness to a poor creature, who, if he receives his property will not forget your goodness."

Do not mention that, said Sophy ; what we are going to do for you is not dictated by self-interest, but by the love of our neighbour. On to-morrow we will call in a physician and see what he will recommend you.

Accordingly, the physician was sent for, next day, and this skillful gentleman having examined the old man, prescribed nothing but rest and wholesome strengthening nourishment. The patient soon recovered his strength ; the happiness and tranquillity which he enjoyed from his charitable hosts, restored him gradually to health. They treated him with all the attention which his situation required, and every day he found himself better.

Whilst the good man was thus improving, William wrote to the authorities of the country, and gave them every information necessary to the discovery of the son. His exertions were crowned with success. One day, as he and the old man were weighing some goods in the shop, a carriage drawn by two beautiful horses halted before the door, and a young man respectably dressed, got out—William raised his eyes in astonishment ; at the same moment, the old man cried out, “ great God ! here is my son !—Can it be possible ? Is it you my darling Hippolytus ? ” The father and son were in each others arms before William had time to recover from his astonishment. Only imagine the joy of this happy pair. Sophy hearing the noise of the coach came down from her room, followed by her daughter who was then fourteen years of age. She soon comprehended what had taken place, and congratulated the old man on the happy turn which his affairs had taken.

After the first moments of joy and delight were over, the old man said to his son, “ These are the excellent people, my son, who have saved your father and restored you to his arms. But for them, I would have died of hunger and misery on the road homeward. What shall we, or can we do for them ? ”

I beg of you, said William, who had now recovered from his astonishment, not to mention it. We performed only a Christian duty in receiving you into our house. Your presence has been a source of blessings to us ; for we not only have felt no diminution of our means in consequence of your being with us, but our affairs have prospered better than they did before. Do not then, I beseech you, speak of any remuneration, for you would pain us very much by alluding to such a thing. Sophy, said he, turning to his wife, go and prepare a good dinner for us, that we may entertain the good father who is blessed by the sight of his son, after so long a separation,” and he clasped the old man and Hippolytus in his arms.

Sophy soon had the dinner ready, and her

daughter, Julia, laid the table. William's son, who was then twelve, and had just come in from school, assisted his mother and sister.

Concluded in our next.

‘ TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.’

O happy, maiden is thy choice ;
Thy youthful heart is given,
Not to those things which pass with time
Thy treasure is in heav'n.

Thy vestal wreath, which yesterday
Was placed around thy brow,
Is dearer far to thee than all
Earth's brightest jewels now.

The voice which calls thee from on high,
Was heard with joy by thee ;
That voice which said, ‘ Forsake the world,
Leave all and follow me.

‘ Thee I'll repay a hundred-fold,
Thou child give me thy heart ;
With Mary listen to my voice,
And choose the better part.’

And thou hast chosen it, sweet friend,
And left thy father's halls ;
Left wealth, left all ;—thy home is now
Within those peaceful walls.

The gems that once adorned thy hair
Are now all laid aside,
And, in their place, a snowy veil
Befitting Heaven's bride.

That voice, that we so loved to hear,
Mid fashion's giddy throng,
Will whisper comfort to the sick,
Or swell the vesper song,

'Twill calm the sinners troubled soul,
And bid him not despair ;
But to his Saviour's wounds appeal—
Find peace and pardon there.

The widow's grief the orphan's tears,
Shall not unheeded be ;
And they that pray that heav'n may shower
Its blessings down on thee.

When in yon chapel's calm retreat,
That place so lov'd by thee
Free from the world's distracting cares,
Sister Agnes, pray for me !

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

“ I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.”

I am sorry to say, my dear countrymen, that the full force of these words of our blessed Lord are now partly lost upon you. I say, I am sorry ; because good as it may seem to you to have comfortable cot-

tages, and dwellings, and gardens, and patches of potatoe ground, and friends and neighbours round you, which are all, no doubt, blessings from the hand of God, and to be thankful for), yet in many senses there was once a different and holier habit or custom among us, which has been lost by the sins of our unhappy forefathers, and which gave the opportunity of realizing that we are strangers and wanderers in this 'valley of tears;' I mean the pious custom of Pilgrimage, in which Englishmen took a particular dress, and a staff in their hands, and went forth, like the apostles, without 'purse or scrip,' without 'two coats,' and with sandalled feet, to visit some holy place in other lands, either in greater devotion to God and His saints, or in penance for their sins. Rome of course, next to Jerusalem, was the grand meeting-place of these wanderers. Here they fed their minds upon the deeds of the planters of the Church, the holy apostles, and their prince, St Peter. There, in remembering his denial, they called to mind their own sins, and, like him, 'wept bitterly'—there, picturing to themselves the sudden conversion of St Paul from a raging persecutor into a glorious apostle, they tremblingly applied his words to themselves, 'I am the chief of sinners,' and thanked God for his mercies, new every morning, in opening their hearts to His unmerited grace. There, too, they sought and obtained strength at the tombs of many thousand martyrs, to bear, as was necessary in those warlike times, the scorn and ill usage of wicked and powerful princes, who often hindered their journey, and even seized on them, in hopes of getting ransom from their own king, or their friends and relations.

Before the unhappy so-called Reformation had torn our island from the arms of her Mother the Church Catholic, (but it already began to be laid waste by cruel wars and general discontents, so that the judgment of God might seem to be approaching), four pilgrims set out from one of the northern countries to travel to Rome. These were a father, Miles Norton, his wife Margaret, and his two children, Humphrey and Christopher, about eight and ten years old. Miles was a strong stout Englishman, with a broad brown face and hearty voice; his wife was a homely excellent soul, but what is usually called 'dull,' the children were very unlike each other, one was bold and mischievous, the other mild and thoughtful. Miles had lived a wildish life in his youth; he had been a soldier, and then a forest-keeper to the Earl of Surrey in Nottinghamshire, where he had as often shared in the poaching feats of the deer-stalkers, as guarded his master's property. But it charced at length that Miles had a terrible fever, brought on by wading up to the chest through a river on a winter's night; and he was brought low, and at death's door, and made contrite and humble. Night after night he lay tossing on a sleepless and delicious bed, calling to mind his evil and dangerous life, and the time lost and gone for ever. At that time there were some good

friars in England, of the order of St Francis, called Capuchins, and these Capuchins went about in the open air, preaching, and bidding people remember God's judgments, and repent. They were of great use in rousing and warning careless livers, who fancied they were going on very well because they did not commit mortal sins, and in showing that this half-dead state was the most dangerous of any, because full of delusion. One of these Capuchins was sent by the parish Priest to see Miles Norton, and he heard all he had to tell him with great attention, and then gave him instruction and consolation. He advised him to take a vow, if he recovered, to make a pilgrimage to Rome, which was a difficult and dangerous thing, and there to renounce his bad companions, (which would be easier at a distance), and to resolve sincerely to begin a new life. Miles took the vow willingly, though Margaret said something about leaving their cottage and garden to be destroyed and run wild; silencing her by saying, that it was better to lose the world and gain their souls, instead of going on as they had hitherto done. Soon after he made the vow, Miles began to recover, and in a short time he was able to get about again. Some of his old friends then began to visit him, for he had seen nothing of them during the fever, and to talk of some future exploits, when he should be well enough. They were much astonished when he told them of his intention, and told him he was frightened into it by the monk, whom he should have laughed at. Miles was firm; and when they saw that he did not care for their jeers they left him wishing him joy of his expedition. Miles went into his chamber, and knelt down to ask strength to set at nought the scoff of evil men, as our dear Lord despised the shame of the cross, and recommending himself to SS. Peter and Paul, he prepared to leave his home and his native land. To island-men this is always very difficult, as they become more strongly attached to it perhaps than others who can more easily move, but still the unity of the Church made it a very different thing then to what it is now. Miles and his family set forth one bright autumn day carrying with them only what was necessary for three days, trusting, like true pilgrims, to Providence for the rest; and having heard Mass and confessed themselves, they started for the coast, intending to go through Switzerland, and across Mount St Bernard. There were no railroads then, nor any ways of travelling quickly; and if there had been, Miles would not have used them. They were to go the whole distance on foot, by little and little, as their strength would allow. Sometimes when Margaret was nearly worn out, and the children wanted food, Miles felt as if his faith was nearly failing him, but he repeated always the twenty-second psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and was cheered again. Margaret, too, became every day more pious and docile, which was a great blessing and help to him. He had formerly been rough and surly with her;

but when he became gentle she listened to him, and let off being obstinate and sullen. So their pilgrimage became exactly like the spiritual advancement of the soul. Every day brought them nearer to their goal, and trained them to a better frame of mind. Sometimes other pilgrims joined them, very pious and holy persons, who talked with them, and helped them on; and sometimes they were able to help others who were sick or lame, so that a blessing came upon them for their charity. At length they came into the Swiss mountains, the Alps, which are covered with snow all the year round; and it began to be very cold, and hard work to travel, for it was late in the year, and a severe winter. The children felt the cold bitterly, and walking could not warm them. Margaret gave them her wrapper, and the cold made her ill. Miles was in despair. They struggled on up the roots of St Bernard, over which the road (such as it was) lay. It was only a track, which could not be seen at night without a guide. Suddenly a howling wind was heard, sweeping like thunder up the mountain; and while they stood still under a rock, not able to stand against the hurricane, and shaking for fear, it began to snow so fast that they were almost blinded. In a few minutes Miles went out to try to face the storm, but, behold! the track was entirely swept away! it was one dazzling blank of snow! It was an awful moment—huge rocks stood on either side the way, and the snow, gathered on them, fell down now and then in great masses, which would bury a man alive. There was no shelter—no sound (for the wind was lulled) save the distant voice of those rolling snow-heaps, called Avalanches, and the face of heaven was quite hid by the fast-falling silent flakes. Miles felt an ice-cold chill sink on his heart as he stood there and thought of his wife and little ones about to perish. He recurred again to his favourite psalm, and thought it was indeed the 'valley of the shadow of death,' where, however, the 'rod and staff of God' could still give comfort. 'I deserve Thy rod and Thy chastisements, O my God,' he murmured, 'yet send me thy staff, that we may yet serve Thee, for we are friendless and houseless strangers in the land;' and as he so said, he felt a renewal of faith and hope within him. He went back, and bidding his wife and children creep under the rock as far as they possibly could, he covered them up and left them, resolving to pursue with his utmost caution the upward path, to try to obtain some human shelter. He toiled on, using his pilgrim's staff as a feeler, lest he should be led into precipices and holes, struggling through the deep snow, and at times almost losing hope and going back to die with them. At last he came to a dead stop; his staff warned him that he was wrong. On every side there were precipices of unknown depth, except one, which was a perpendicular wall of rock; he could neither go backwards nor forwards, and death stared him in the face. Miles was a brave man, and stout of heart, but the tears gushed from

his eyes as he saw the hopelessness of his position. He sunk down on his knees, preparing to depart when across the death-like air came a distant sound of a convent bell! O joy! there may still be hope! Miles raised himself up, and shouted with all his strength the shrill cry which he had learnt in that wild region. Again he heard the bell, louder, quicker—they have heard him! Again he shouted, till he was exhausted, and sunk down on the snow. He heard voices—he saw lights—he felt friendly hands lifting him up, and pouring wine down his throat—he revived, and saw friendly faces of monks, the monks of the Benedictine abbey of St Bernard, which had been built upon the mountain to give shelter to the wandering stranger. In a little time he was able to explain his condition to the brethren, and to implore them to save his wife and children. He himself, though they urged him not, led them back to the spot where he had left them. A large heap of snow had covered them entirely, and they were sleeping what would have become the sleep of death, if God did not send them timely succour. Before long they were welcomed into the hall of the monastery; and when they saw the blazing fire, were refreshed with food, and taken to rest by the charitable monks, they could only wonder and weep at being restored so unexpectedly to life, and at finding a home in the wilderness. The monks kept them several days with brotherly hospitality, and then speeded them on their way with food, and wine, and many blessings.

Miles performed the rest of his pilgrimage in safety. He stayed some time at Rome, and became a solid and spiritual Catholic; and leaving one of the boys there by his own desire to be educated, he came back to England, and lived honoured and respected to a ripe old age, with his wife and youngest boy.

If you, my dear friends, say, we cannot do like this, nor in any way follow such an example, because no pilgrims come to our island, and not many strangers, I shall say, that in every age, and time, and country, something like this can be followed. Many a poor wretch lies down houseless at night, and exposed to many dangers, from the want of a house, especially in towns. Look at harvest time, at all events many a poor Irish brother may then claim his share in our Lord's words, and beg you to take in the stranger, and receive a blessing. Many a time, if you watch closely, you will find opportunities, if not of literally following our Lord's commands, yet of performing them in spirit; and He who regards the heart and intention, will bestow upon you a corresponding reward.

FUTILITY OF PRIDE.—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled upon one another, asked the philosopher what he was looking at? "I am searching," said Diogenes "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

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.

LUTHER'S SUBMISSION TO THE POPE.

Most holy Father, I declare before God and His saints, that I never seriously desired to oppose the Roman Church, or to attack, in any manner whatsoever, the authority of your holiness. I explicitly confess that the power of that Church extends over all other Churches, and that nothing, either in Heaven, or on Earth, can be preferred to *Her*, save only our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of all things! I therefore pray your Holiness, not to believe those calumniators who speak differently of Luther.

Luther, vol. i. p. 114, a. A. D. 1518. Jena.
p. 121, b. p. 144, a.

For these reasons, most holy Father, I cast myself at your feet, making submission of all that I possess here, or can hope for hereafter; you will dispose of me as you think fit. It is exclusively with your holiness it rests to decide for, or against my cause, and to approve or disapprove of it, to grant me life, or to deprive me of it. Whatever may be the result, I am thoroughly convinced that the voice of your holiness is that of Jesus Christ who speaks and acts by it.

Luther, vol. i. p. 58.

THAT WE ARE BOUND TO BELIEVE ALL THE
DIVINE REVELATIONS.

It is upon this account that it is said—"We must believe all, or nothing."

The Holy Ghost does not, in any way, separate or divide Himself, that He may propose, for our belief, one thing as *true*, and another thing as *false*.

Luther, vol. viii. p. 180, a. Jena. In the year 1544.

ON THE MOST HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

We must acknowledge in the Mass a Sacrament and a Testament, which are not, and cannot be, a simple Sacrifice, no more than the other Sacraments, Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction, &c.

Luther, vol. i. p. 333, a. Jena.

ON THE HOLY SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

The august and holy Sacrament of Penance, that abundant source of grace, is the only means which the divine mercy selected, to pour grace and consolation into the heart of the sinner, when the keys were given to Saint Peter, the representative of the whole Christian Church, Christ saying to him,

"Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and, whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven."

Luther, vol. i. p. 63. b. Jena.

LUTHER'S AVOWAL RELATIVE TO CONFESSION.

We most willingly admit that Penance, with the power of absolving, or, the power of the keys, is a Sacrament, because it is founded on the promise of Jesus Christ, and grants the remission of sins in His name.

Luther, vol. viii. p. 332, a. Jena. In the year 1546.

Moreover, Doctor Eek mentions in his writings that I reject and look upon contrition as useless, and, that I take from the Sacrament of Penance, *satisfaction*, and other important matters, all which is quite untrue, for my works prove the contrary.

In order to prevent any one from accusing me of being opposed to good works, I declare that we ought seriously to be contrite, and to go to confession, and to do good works.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- FEB. 7.—Mrs. Elien Bresna, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Anne Grant, of a Daughter:
 " Mrs. Margaret Morgan, of a Daughter.
 9.—Mrs. Margaret Barry, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Eliza McDonough, of a Daughter.
 10.—Mrs. Ellen Wheeler, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Mary Kible, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JAN. 29.—Timothy Maher to Julia Staek.
 FEB 2.—John Rigg to Louisa Harney.
 3.—Charles Ring to Sarah Maher.
 10.—William Walsh to Anne Fraser.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- FEB. 7.—Thomas Dillon, native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 38 years.
 " Ann, daughter of James and Mary Jordan, aged 3 years.
 8.—Roseana, wife of Thomas Bowes, native of Waterford, aged 39 years.
 10.—Priscilla Susanna, daughter of Gregory and Mary Dwyer, aged 8 years and 2 months.
 11.—James Lynch, native of Cork, aged 70 years.