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THE CROSS.

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

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1843.

No. 17.

Weekly Calendar.

June 25—Sunday, St. William, Ab. of York.
26—Monday, SS. John and Paul, M. M.
27—Tuesday, St. Leo, P. C.
28—Wednesday, Vigil SS. Peter and Paul.
29—Thursday, SS. Peter and Paul, Aps.
30—Friday, Com. of St. Paul, Ap.
July 1—Saturday, Octave of St. John Baptist

Ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

ACCOUNT OF THE PAPAL BENEDICTION.

From the recent Letters of Mr. Aldrich, a Protestant, to the Editor of an American Periodical.

One must come to Rome fully to comprehend the boundless influence which the Catholic Church possesses over her adherents. Here, in her stately temples, in the presence of beautiful forms, the divine creations of genius, in which her creed is embodied and shadowed forth, the enlightened traveller, be his religious opinions what they may, cannot withhold the homage of admiration for much that is excellent in her character.*

The Catholic Church is far from being what its enemies would have the world believe; and, although I do not purpose an essay in her defence—for-

*It may be well enough to remark that, although St. Peter's is the only church here much heard of out of Italy, there are more than a hundred other churches in Rome, any one of which would make the boast of any other city.

unately she has no need of so feeble a champion—yet it may be well, at a time when she has so many illiberal assailants, to state a few simple truths in regard to subjects which have been sadly misrepresented and misunderstood. An opinion generally prevails in Protestant countries that the ceremonies of the Catholic Church are not consonant to the spirit of religion, and that they greatly tend to encourage superstition. Now, all of her external rites, so far as I have observed, are well adapted, as they are intended, for religious instruction and the melioration of the heart. How much has been foolishly written and spoken against the ornaments of Catholic churches, sculpture, painting, and architecture, and against its music too, all of which seem to be the natural aids of religion to one who has been in a situation to experience their effects; they take hold of the imagination, awaken memory, engage the affections—even the soul itself. These things are regarded only as aids to devotion, and what greater aids could be imagined? They are, in fact, sermons more eloquent than ever came from the lips of the preacher. Are ordinary ministers vain enough to suppose that they can preach a discourse on the Crucifixion or the Transfiguration as eloquent and effective as Raphaels? or a sermon on the Last Judgment equal to Michael Angelo's, in the Sistine Chapel? I have heard scores of sermons upon

these subjects, and they have all passed away from my memory; I have seen the pictures, and their instructive lessons are impressed upon my mind for ever.

Protestantism treasures up all great thoughts and religious teachings which are written on paper; shall she reject those which are traced on canvass or cut in marble? It were to be wished that every church in Christendom had such aids to religion as the paintings, sculptures, and music of the churches of Rome. No one, I will venture to say, whether Turk or Christian, ever heard mass in St. Peter's, or the *Misere-re* in the Papal Chapel, without becoming a wiser and a better man. In either of these temples one is made to feel like the prophet on the mountain—that the place is awful, for God is there. And yet the effect is produced chiefly by art and “ceremonies.” The object of the Church, in all her ceremonies, is to produce the deepest impressions in her adherents, for their religious improvement. I confess I cannot see any superstition in this.

As very erroneous notions prevail in regard to the Papal Benediction, and as the ceremony is one of the most interesting to be seen at Rome, perhaps I could not do better than to give a simple description of it. It is not wonderful that the people, regarding the Pope as “the minister of Christ, the dispenser of the mysteries of God,” should have full faith in the efficacy of his prayers and his blessing. They see in him the successor of St. Peter, to whom Christ said, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall also be bound in heaven; and

whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall also be loosed in heaven.” But to the description of the ceremony: Imagine, then, the noble piazza of St. Peter's densely crowded with thousands upon thousands of human beings, of all ranks and ages—pilgrims, strangers from distant lands, shepherds from the Campagna, peasants from the farthest bounds of the Papal States, with a large portion of the resident population of Rome. All eyes are turned to the *loggia*, or gallery, in front of the church, which is richly decorated with damask hangings. Presently the Pope appears, carried in his chair under a canopy; with a numerous train of attendants. The troops of the city and a large portion of the great multitude fall on their knees. The Pope then uses the following form of prayer:

“May the holy apostles Peter and Paul, in whose authority and power we place confidence, intercede for us with the Lord. Amen.”

“We ask, through the intercession and merits of the blessed Mary, ever virgin, of the blessed John the Baptist, of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, that the Almighty may have mercy on you, and that, all your sins being forgiven, Christ would bring you to eternal life. Amen.”

“May the almighty and merciful God grant you indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, opportunity of true and fruitful repentance, hearts contrite, and amendment of life, grace and consolation of the Holy Ghost, and final perseverance in good works. Amen.”

After this comes the Benediction; his holiness making the sign of the cross three times over the heads of the multitude, says: “And may the blessing of Almighty God, Father, ✠ Son ✠

and Holy Ghost ✠ descend upon you and remain for ever. Amen."

A cardinal deacon then reads a notice signifying that to all those present, who have come there with dispositions of true repentance, a plenary indulgence is granted by the Pope. Small printed notices to this effect are scattered among the crowd, which are eagerly sought after. After the Amen has been sung, the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo, the great bells of St. Peter's, and the military bands of music proclaim the blessing to the city. And thus ends the ceremony of the Benediction.

Let not the reader suppose that I wish to convert him to Catholicism, or that I am an admirer of everything which pertains to the Catholic Church. What I would do is this—destroy the gross prejudice, so baneful in its influence, which is too generally entertained by Protestants against their Christian brethren. In Protestant England, at the present time—I do not make the assertion without sufficient authority—the temperance reformation meets with, at best, but cold approval from several religious sects, merely because its great and most efficient leader in the United Kingdom (Father Mathew) is a Catholic!

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! hear the pray'r
Of thy poor helpless child
Beneath thy sweet maternal care
Preserve me undefiled.

Ave Maria do I sigh
In deep affliction's hour

To suppliant heart thou'lt not deny
Thy mediating power.

Ave Maria, for to Thee
Whom God hath pleas'd to choose
The Mother of his Son to be
No pray'r can He refuse.

Ave Maria! then implore
On a precious grace for me
This heart to give for evermore
To God alone, and Thee!

The Hymn of St. Bernard.

"Jesu dulcis memoria."

[Literally translated into English.]

Sweet is the memory of Jesus!
Imparting true joys to the heart!
But sweeter than honey, and all things,
Is his sweet presence!

Nothing is sung more sweet,
Nothing is heard more pleasing;
No thought is more delightful,
Than Jesus, the Son of God!

Jesus, thou hope of the penitent!
How merciful to those who petition thee,
How good to those who seek thee:
But what art thou not to those who find thee!

Jesus, sweetness of hearts,
Living fountain, light of our minds,
Exceeding every joy,
And every desire!

Neither tongue is able to say,
Nor letter to express,
He that has experienced it can alone believe,
What it is to love Jesus!

Jesus! admirable King,
And noble Conqueror!
Unspeakable sweetness!
Entirely to be desired!

Remain with us, O Lord,
And beam on us with light;

Banish the darkness of our minds :
Fill the world with sweetness.

When thou visitest our hearts,
Then truth shines upon them ;
The vanity of the world is despised,
And charity burns within.

O love of Jesus most sweet !
And truly most agreeable !
A thousand times more delightful,
Than we are able to express !

This is proved by his Passion,
This by the shedding of his blood,
By which are purchased for us,
Redemption, and the vision of God.

O let all acknowledge God,
Let all seek his love :
Ardently seek after Jesus,
And be inflamed in seeking him.

Thus love your lover,
Render him love for love :
Run after this odor,
And pay him vows for vows.

Jesus, author of clemency,
Thou hope of all joy,
Fountain of sweetness and grace,
True delight of the heart !

O my good Jesus, may I feel,
The abundance of thy love,
Grant me, by thy presence,
To see thy glory.

Though I cannot speak worthily of thee,
Yet I cannot be silent concerning thee :
Love induces me to make the attempt,
Since all my joy is placed in thee.

O Jesus, thy love,
Is the agreeable refection of the mind,
Which fills, without wearying it,
And adds hunger to desire.

They who taste thee, are yet hungry,
They who drink thee are yet thirsty ;

Save Jesus, whom they love,
They know no other desire.

He whom thy love inebriates,
Fully knows the sweetness of Jesus :
How happy is he, whom Jesus satiates,
There is nothing more that he can desire.

Jesus, thou ornament of angels,
Thou sweet canticle in the ear,
Thou wonderful honey in the mouth,
Thou heavenly nectar in the heart !

I desire thee a thousand times,
O my Jesus, when wilt thou come ?
When wilt thou gladden my heart ?
When wilt thou satiate me with thyself ?

Thy love is continual
And I constantly languish for it :
It is my honey flowing treasure,
And perpetual source of life.

O my most sweet Jesus,
Thou hope of the sighing soul,
Thee do pious tears seek,
Thee, the cry of the inmost mind !

In whatever place I shall be,
I desire Jesus with me :
How joyful, when I shall find him,
How happy, when I shall possess him !

Now, I behold, what I have sought,
Now, I possess, what I have desired :
I languish with the love of Jesus,
And my heart is all on fire !

When Jesus is thus loved,
His love is not extinguished ;
It does not decay, nor die,
It increases, and is more inflamed.

This love burns for ever,
It has wonderful sweetness ;
Its taste is most delicious ;
Its delight is most happy !

This love which was sent from heaven,
Clings to my very heart ;
Entirely enflames my mind,
And sweetly delights my spirit.

O blessed flame,
And ardent desire !
O sweet refreshment,
To love the Son of God !

O Jesus, brighter than the sun,
And more fragrant than balsam,
Sweeter than all sweetness,
And more lovely than all things

Whose taste is so sweet,
Whose odor is so refreshing,
After whom my mind fainteth away,
Thou art every thing to a true lover.

Thou art the delight of the mind,
The consummation of love :
Thou art all my glory
Jesus, the salvation of the world

Jesus has returned to his Father ;
He has ascended to his heavenly kingdom :
My heart has gone away from me ;
It has flown after Jesus :

Let us offer praises to Jesus '
Vows, hymns, and prayers,
That he may grant us in heaven,
To enjoy seats with him for ever. *Amen.*

Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

As a branch of this most glorious Catholic Institution has been established in Halifax, and has already excited to a great degree, the zeal and piety of the faithful, we have determined to publish from time to time, some of the motives which should induce all good Catholics to support it, together with accounts from the various missions throughout the world which are sustained or assisted by this Society. It is

right that we should know the importance and the wants of that portion of the Church of Jesus Christ, which is established among idolatrous nations in distant regions—the facility with which we might assist them—the duty which is imposed on us to do so, and the precious advantages we should derive from our trifling sacrifices. The diffusion of such knowledge must necessarily contribute to the success of this great Association ; it will also serve to strengthen our own faith, and to enkindle in our hearts more and more, the sacred fire of charity.

I.

THE GREAT EXCELLENCE OF THE WORK
OF THE MISSIONS, AND MOTIVES WHICH
SHOULD INDUCE US TO PROMOTE IT.

However great may be the number of men who, by an effect of the divine mercy, are enlightened by the light of the gospel, the number of those who are ignorant of the true God, or who reject him, is much greater still. Out of eight hundred millions of men spread over the earth, perhaps five hundred millions, according to the energetic expression of Scripture, are seated in the shadow of death ! Such is the multitude of souls not yet in the way of salvation ; what will be their end, if, by the means of preaching or by a miracle of Providence, the Almighty does not come to their assistance ? What should we ourselves have become, if, in the first ages of Christianity, St. Patrick had not brought to our forefathers the precious torch of faith ? The spirit of charity which animates the Church of

Jesus Christ, has raised up in all ages a certain number of these apostolic men, who, at the risk of their lives, amidst innumerable dangers and fatigues, have devoted themselves to announce the good tidings to idolatrous or infidel nations. To assist them, is to concur with the designs of God; it is to do his will, for God wills the salvation of all men—he wills that his gospel should be preached throughout the whole world.

In the second place, we all have duties to fulfil towards our brethren. The Lord has commanded each man, say the holy Scriptures, to take care of his neighbour. Let us not think that we have fulfilled this obligation in confining it to our fellow citizens and those who are near us. Faith shows us a horizon far wider. All men are our neighbours, for all men form but one family in Adam and in Jesus Christ. We owe something therefore to those who, separated from us by immense seas, have not yet received the gift of God, and who, if they possessed it, would perhaps make a better use of it than we have done. What is asked for them is but little; but this little is sufficient, if this appeal be made by all, to procure for them the inestimable advantage of knowing the truth; and that without interfering in the least with the duties which we owe to those who surround us; and if we refuse at this price to succour them, have we not reason to fear that these nations will rise up in the day of final judgment, to reproach our selfishness and the insensibility of our hearts?

In fine, what more glorious than to assist in extending the reign of God throughout the universe, to make it known and adored by all men? Can it be said that he loves it, who refuses

to concur in causing it to be loved? Moreover, nothing can be more meritorious, rather, nothing more divine, than to be associated in a manner with the work of Redemption, to be a co-operator with God in the salvation of souls, in contributing to it according to our strength. Now, a prayer, some trifling alms will procure this advantage for us; and in participating in the recompences promised to those who save their brethren, we shall draw down on our families and on our country the most abundant benediction. Jesus Christ himself has pledged his word for it, for he has said that we shall receive in proportion to our own gifts: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Would we then revive amongst us all the works of charity. Let us sustain with all our efforts the Institution for the Propagation of the Faith. That will ensure the rest. The experience of the past is in this respect a pledge of the future. The frequent letters received from the missions, and periodically distributed amongst the members of the Institution—the affecting narratives which they comprise—so many examples of primitive fervour and of the most sublime heroism, become, in fact, as it were, a living exhortation—a religious instruction always accessible—a mission from distant climates, which, in its turn, exercises a kind of apostleship amongst us. Thus will be re-animating and preserved the spirit of faith, that motive ever active, that principle ever efficacious in sustaining all the works of charity.

The following considerations will lead us to comprehend the high importance of the Catholic Missions, and how pressing are the reasons which should engage us to support them.

II.

HOW GREAT IS THE NUMBER OF INFIDELS : FEARFUL EVILS UNDER WHICH THE IDOLATERS LABOUR.

One must come to the conclusion, that a great part of this universe, which God has created for his glory, is still subject to the tyranny of the demon, and that wherever Catholicism has not penetrated, these nations present a hideous spectacle of disorder and crime. scene, and remark into what an abyss all men have fallen who are not enlightened by the light of the gospel. In Hindostan, according to a barbarous custom consecrated by the atrocious religion of the country, a woman who survives her husband, burns herself alive on the same pile on which the body of her husband is thrown ; and in the course of one year there have

Let us take a glance at this universal been witnessed so many as seven hundred victims of this cruel superstition. The English, masters of the country, have indeed sought to arrest the course of such abominable sacrifices ; but they have not, as yet, succeeded in wholly preventing them. Nothing can equal the stupidity of the inhabitants of that country ; and it may be truly said, that to them every thing is God but God himself : they prostrate themselves before the most pernicious animals, suffer themselves to be devoured by them, and regard such a death as the surest road to heaven. For such cruel deities they have provided a worship equally barbarous. At some of their festivals it is required that a man should offer himself as a holocaust to them. He is beaten till his body is covered with wounds ; iron hocks are stuck in his sides ; he is then suspended to a beam,

round which he is made to turn, amidst the shouts and yells of the spectators. At other times, immense chariots, as high as towers, bear through the streets of a city the idols, their priests and women, without shame : as many as two thousand persons are harnessed to drag these enormous masses, which roll upon four or six prodigious wheels ; and it is not rare to see fanatics throwing themselves before these wheels to be destroyed in honour of these infamous divinities.

In China it is an established maxim that parents have the right of preserving or of killing their children at pleasure. Hence the barbarous custom of killing illegitimate children, which are extremely numerous in that vast empire, or of exposing them, or even of suffocating them in filth. It is true, that in the case of legitimate children, boys are not destroyed, except in extreme distress ; but in many provinces seldom more than two daughters are preserved. If, at the birth of a third, the father seem in bad humour, the sentence of death is instantly pronounced. The mother takes her child and strangles it with her own hands.

Among nearly all infidel nations, the weaker sex has been reduced to a state of inconceivable degradation. In India, from their infancy, women are taught to believe themselves of an inferior nature to men—that there is between the two sexes an immense distance, and they are so convinced of it themselves, that when they happen to commit any fault, their chief excuse is to say, “ You know that I am a woman.” To increase the sense of their humiliation, they are never taught to read or write, not even in the highest ranks. In fine, when a man marries, he does not *take*, but he *buys* a wife.

In the kingdom of Siam, the law permits the husband to beat his wife, to send her away, to sell her as a slave, or even, under some circumstances, to kill her!! When the children begin to grow up, if they revolt against her, insult or strike her, the father looks on with cold indifference. Human sacrifices are offered in nearly all the innumerable islands of New Holland. In some, as in the island of Timor, slaves are shut up alive in the tomb of their king, in order to serve him in the other world. In others, the prince who mounts the throne sacrifices a young maiden decked with flowers to the crocodiles of the shores of which he styles the son. Elsewhere, as in the island of Celebes, a maiden is immolated on the tomb of a chieftain, one month after his funeral. In almost all these islands, it is a constant usage for certain families to pay the tribute of a victim whenever any member of the royal race dies.

A chieftain of the Salomon islands punishes with death the audacious subject who should walk upon the shadow of his body. A chief of the Sandwich isles, grandfather of the present sovereign, used to put to death every man who should see him during the day, though it were only for an instant and by chance.

The degraded people of Botany Bay bury in the tomb of its mother the child which is still at her breast. Many tribes of the Malaysians frequently sell their sons. Nearly all the islanders of Polynesia are cannibals. With some the custom of eating human flesh is practised with circumstances which render it still more horrible. It is not rare to see the Celebeans and the Japanese feeding on the hearts of their enemies.

In the Mendana Archipelago, the savages not only eat their prisoners, but in time of scarcity they devour their aged parents, their own children, and their wives. In the great island of Sumatra, the natives not only eat human flesh through a religious motive, but they devour their victims alive. He who is condemned to be eaten, is tied to a tree with his arms extended. Then the chief, or, in case of guilt, the injured party, approaches, cuts the nostrils and ears, and the flesh within the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, which parts are esteemed the most delicate. After him the other assistants mutilate the unfortunate victim until he expires. Women are not exempt from this horrible treatment. Lately in the Andaman islands, and in many other parts of the same coast, when a father became old, his sons called together all their young acquaintances, and constrained the old man to climb to the top of a pole, which they then shook violently. If the miserable creature kept his hold, they conducted him back to his house, and permitted him to live a year longer; but if he fell, they attacked him with clubs, and after killing him, divided his palpitating members. The same excesses are in use among the savage herds of North and South America. Such is a sketch of the disorders, crimes, and abominations which take place in countries deprived of the benefits of the faith.

III.

BENEFITS FROM THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Let those desolated countries then be visited by the Catholic religion with its pure morality, its consoling doctrines, and its divine authority.

At the approach of its heavenly light barbarism will disappear, as it formerly disappeared from Europe before the first heralds of the gospel; for it will go to speak charity to those rich planters of America, who tyrannise over their slaves; it will recal to them the holy and liberal maxims of the gospel, the equality of the tomb, the account to be rendered to the sovereign Judge; and, perhaps, it will break the irons of some of these poor Africans; it least, if it cannot entirely accomplish its views, it will cause hope along with faith to descend into the hearts of these wretched men; it will extinguish there the desires of vengeance; and with one hand wiping away their tears, with the other it will point out the throne which awaits them, if they stand as Christians, in the heavenly abode of the Great Spirit. It will teach the widows of India, that there is in heaven, for pure souls, a spouse and joys ineffable; and in pouring upon their heads the salutary waters of baptism, it will extinguish the fire of the pile already prepared to devour them.

In America it will re-establish filial piety in all its rights; it will be the angel of life arresting the arm of the son raised against the father, and old men will teach their little children to bless and love it. In other places it will restore paternal feelings; it will re-establish in their hearts sentiments which one might have thought could never

have left them; it will give to women, as Christians, the august rank which the Creator has assigned to them in the human family; it will teach kings that they are the fathers of their people, and that they are preferred in order to protect and rule them, not to subject them to and crush them beneath a yoke of iron; it will teach subjects that they ought to respect, obey, and defend their rulers; it will teach both, that heaven is not appeased with blood; that the God, just and terrible, is also the good God, full of mercy, who regards with horror their abominable sacrifices. But neither will it forget the wants of the present life: it will teach savages the useful arts which embellish the abodes of man, and sweeten the fatigues of his laborious pilgrimage; it will open to him the furrow to receive seed: it will substitute bread for the horrible viands which can hardly appease the voracity of the children of barbarism; and it will make them agriculturists. By its influence the desert will cover itself with smiling harvests, and the arid plain with numerous flocks. Are not such in fact the benefits which have always followed Catholic Missions? Must we call to witness here the admirable transformation of Paraguay in the last century, where 20,000 savages were seen living in a state of peace, prosperity, and holiness, which cannot be thought of without admiration? Alas! they are no more seen, and

what is too true, it is modern pretended philosophy that has destroyed them. Must we call to witness the example of Europe itself? for we are one of the living proofs of the benefits of Catholic Missions: was it not they that enlightened our ancestors, snatched them from barbarism, abolished slavery amongst them, and established that common law which has reconstituted society, and placed it on its true foundation?

In fine, it is not alone to the infidel nations which they enlighten that the Catholic Missions are useful; they are also useful to commerce, to industry, to the sciences, and even to the literature of Europe.

To Commerce.—It was the Missionaries who opened the coast towns of the Levant to the productions of our industry. It was they again who, by the ascendancy which their knowledge and their virtues have often gained for them over the minds of infidel princes, have protected European merchants and navigators, in the maritime cities of India and China.

To industry.—It was one of these admirable labourers who first gave us information respecting Indian cloths and dyes. The correspondence known under the title of "Lettres edifiantes" supplied a multitude of data useful in the manufacture of a great number of productions.

To sciences.—Archeology owes

to them precious discoveries; natural history, interesting descriptions of places and objects imperfectly known before. As skilful mathematicians, they have contributed to the progress of astronomy and of physics.* As learned philologists, they have revealed to Europe the genius of the oriental languages; they have inspired a taste for that literature from which science every day draws such riches, and of which it makes such happy use in the furtherance of all truths. At the present day, the Missionaries whom the pious congregation of St. Lazarus sends to China, prepare themselves by a course of deep study for their perilous Mission.

To Letters.—"It is they," says M. de Chateaubriand, "who have written with such elegance the annuals of many colonies. What an excellent history is that of the Antilles, by the Pere du Tertre! The works of these pious men are full of science in all its departments: learned dissertations, pictures of manners, plans of amelioration for our establishments, useful objects, moral reflections, interesting adventures, every thing is found in them; the history of an acacia, or of a Chinese willow, is bound up with that of an emperor obliged to stab himself, and the narrative of the conversion of a Paria comprises a treatise on the mathematical science of

* At present the most exact charts used by the navigators who cross the seas of China, are those which were drawn up by the Jesuit Missionaries.

the Brahmins. The style of these narratives is often admirable, sometimes sublime." This eulogium will be confirmed by all who are acquainted with the writings of the Missionaries.

In every respect, therefore, the Institution of the Missions is of eminent utility; and no man, whether he be a lover of science, a scholar, an artist, a philosopher, or even an unbeliever, in whatever point of view he looks at it, can regard it with indifference. Nevertheless, there is to the mind of the Christian a consideration which surpasses all others: it is that of the prodigious number of souls which it snatches from the tyranny of the demon, and to which it opens the gate of heaven. Reckoning only from the XVIIth century, when Protestantism separated many millions of Christians from the bosom of the Church, how many apostles have succeeded each other from St. Francis Xavier to our times, and how much good have they effected! By turns they have penetrated into China, Japan, Tong-king, Cochin-China, India, the Levant, Constantinople, and into innumerable nations of the new world. In less than three centuries, the single Society of Jesus has furnished more than 12,000 missionaries, of whom more than 700 have poured out their blood for the faith. Let us add all those who since that epoch have been sent out by the other religious orders, by the Franciscans, Dominicans, the Propagandists of Rome,

the Lazarists, and lastly, by the French seminary of the Foreign Missions, and then let us judge of the number of souls which their labours have gained to God: now the value of a single soul is so great to the eyes of the faith, as to surpass that of the whole universe: how glorious is it then to be called to contribute to such a work!

Angelique Caggioli.

From the French of Abbe' Carron.

Uchiali, King of Algiers, when going in the year 1570, with his forces to assist the Turkish Emperor, Selim II., in his war against the Spaniards and Venetians, stopped at the little island of Cerigo, in Greece, to take in provisions. Not satisfied with necessaries, the soldiers pillaged the town and made prisoners of the inhabitants. Of this number was Angelique Caggioli, a young widow, whose purity of manners and tender piety, rendered her at the age of twenty, an object of admiration to all her neighbours. She had two sons and a daughter named Anne, who was the eldest of the three, though but six years old. When Angelique heard the barbarians approach her dwelling, she thought not of securing for the hour of need any portion of her immense wealth; but running to a picture of the holy Virgin, before which she was accustomed to assemble her children to pray, she secreted it on her person, lest in the pillage it might be insulted, and hoping that the Mother of God would alleviate her misfortunes. Having caused Angelique and her children to pass on board the galley of Uchiali, the infidel crew were warned to treat her with indulgence. Her greatest consolation was

to pray before the picture of the Mother of God, with her little ones, and to entertain them in terms suited to their tender age, never to forget Jesus, our Redeemer, nor Mary, his ever blessed Mother.

At the conclusion of the war, Uchia-li, in consideration of his services, was appointed Grand Commander of the Seas, and his captives were sold and dispersed. What a sad event for poor Angelique ! Her sons were bought by a corsair of Tripoli, her daughter was purchased by a Turkish merchant, and she herself fell to a Spanish renegade named Momi. Who can paint her mental agony on being separated from the dearest objects of her love on earth ?—But the Queen of Angels supported her, and obtained her the necessary graces to sanctify herself on the occasion.—Momi wishing to make her become a Mahometan, and then to espouse her, was at first all kindness and condescension towards her ; but finding her immovable in the faith of Christ, he put her in irons for the space of two years, and often denied her the necessaries of life. Going some time after to reside at Algiers, he continued to treat his poor captive rigorously, except at some intervals. Thus she passed ten years more, when despairing of overcoming her resolution, the tyrant sold her to a neighbouring merchant, then in want of a slave to mind his little daughter, who was two or three years of age.

This man's name was Caito Mahomet; the moment Angelique cast her eyes on him, she had a confused idea of having seen him at some former period : but what were her emotions, when, on being led to his residence, she recognized in the features of his wife, those of her long-lost Anne ? Here, said Caito, addressing the latter, is a slave I

have purchased to take care of our child. I have purposely selected her as being a Christian : for the women of that faith are much better nurses than those of our sect. While he spoke, Anne looked fixedly at Angelique, and recognising her for her dear parent, the moment Caito went out she rushed into her arms. After yielding a few moments to the motions of sensibility, Angelique related to her daughter the wonderful ways which Jesus and his blessed Mother led her thither, and Anne in turn recounted her adventures. She said that Caito, by whom she had been purchased, had her brought up very carefully, but compelled her to marry him at the age of thirteen and profess Mahometanism ; that she was a Christian at heart, and had never forgotten the principles of her faith, nor lost the desire of being again among the followers of Christ, that she might publicly renounce the impious worship of Mahomet, and have her little girl entrusted to Angelique, her only child initiated in the true faith. Angelique consoled her, and inspired her with a firm confidence that the blessed Virgin, their powerful Patroness, would in time procure their deliverance ; they for the present resolved to keep themselves quiet, till a favourable opportunity should offer : and, above all, not to betray their relationship to Caito.

It happened that their house communicated with the prison of the Christian slaves by a window, and thus a prospect of escape, by means of some of these poor captives, often formed the subject of their mutual entertainment. As they were one day occupied with this thought, the Caito entered, and addressing himself to Anne, said, "The Christians are so obstinate in their belief, that nothing can overcome them—

There is now in the prison a young slave, scarcely 18 years of age, who has been bastinadoed three times within the last eight days for saying his prayers, and, despite of the chastisement, he has just now been discovered repeating them again." Anne asked him to show her the slave; and from the window she descried a young man, couched on a little straw, with his hands joined and his eyes raised to Heaven, and repeating something. "I would venture to say," said the Caito, "that he is still praying; if I had such a slave, I would cause him to be impaled on the spot."

After saying this he went out, and Anne related to her mother what she had witnessed. Both were of opinion that they would confide in a person so faithful to his God. The same day Anne perceiving him alone, opened the window and made signs for him to approach, and take up some pieces of money which she threw down; the poor creature trailed himself along, not being able to stand because of the bastinado, and taking the gold prostrated himself to thank her. The window was then closed, and he retired.

The following day, at a favorable hour, Anne opened the window, and having given the signal, threw down a larger sum of money, with a letter to the following effect:—"Christian, the constancy you have manifested in confessing Jesus Christ, convinces us that you will not betray our secret. We are two Christians, anxious to escape from this infidel land; if you have a fellow-slave in whom you could confide to assist you in delivering us, we shall furnish you both with money sufficient for your ransom." On reading these lines, the slave was almost beside himself with joy; he showed it to two Neapolitans who had been sold with him,

and all in concert blessed the Lord for the prospect of redemption held out to them, while they prepared their answer.

Some days after the signal was again given, and Anne having slipped down a cord, the slave fastened to it a paper, on which was written the following lines, while he gathered up her usual donation:—"May God preserve in you the good sentiments he has inspired, and reward your benevolence towards me.—I am like you anxious to be freed from captivity, not only because I suffer so much, but to be instructed in my holy religion; for since I was five years old; I have been in the hands of the Mahometans. I am a Christian nevertheless, though I have not got a single prayer, except one to the blessed Virgin, which my mother taught me in my infancy. I say it very often; it was that which caused me to be punished so cruelly, but I still continue to repeat it; the holy Virgin has commanded me to do so. I often see her in sleep; she promises I shall be soon delivered. I do think you are the means by which she intends to procure my enlargement. I am ready to execute your will, and I can pledge myself that two Neapolitans, my fellow-slaves, will be ready to sacrifice their lives to be useful to you."

This reply, while it supported the hopes of Angelique and Anne, renewed the sorrows of the former. This pious and sensible woman thus thought within herself: this young man was captured at the age of five years, my son had just reached that term when torn from my arms!! Perhaps this is he, said Anne. God is omnipotent, my child, replied Angelique; he has conducted me to you: he can restore me even both my sons—but who knows if this may be either of them?—how many

children have been enslaved at the same age? Let us ask him if he retains any remembrance of his family.— To this enquiry the slave replied, that he scarcely remembered his parents; that his name was Anthony; that his mother, sister and brother, had been captured with him, and that subsequently they were taught to pray daily before an image of the holy Virgin. He is my son, said Angelique, on learning this; his name was Anthony, he used to pray with you, my child, before the picture which I still have. It is he—I can no longer doubt it.

The transports of the mother and daughter, for a moment interrupted the reading of the note. Anne at length resumed, and it is easier to imagine than describe the eagerness with which Angelique listened to the continuation. Anthony said, that he and his younger brother had been bought from the person who captured them, by a corsair of Tripoli; that they had served him to the present year, in the course of which being once closely attacked by a Neapolitan vessel, his brother, with some others of the crew, were thrown in among the Christians: that both vessels having separated with mutual loss, that of the master directed its course to Algiers, where he, with all his fellow-captives, were sold, the corsair having abandoned his former course.

“Well,” said Angelique, “God renders me one of my sons, I am now certain he will restore me the other; but let us not yet tell Anthony who we are, lest excessive joy on his part might ruin all. Just at this time, the pious confraternity of Gonfalon, at Rome, sent to Algiers four fathers of the order of St. Francis for the redemption of captives; the Bishop of Ampurias, in Sardinia, accompanied them. Divine Pro-

vidence had so ordained it, that the first person whom they treated with on their arrival, was the Caito; and Angelique and Anne thus found the means of discovering their design to them. The bishop baptized the little girl, and gave her the name of Mary, by particular desire. Anne furnished him with money for Anthony’s ransom, and that of the two Neapolitans, and his Lordship promised to lend them all the aid he could. The day before they were to be redeemed, Anne gave the signal, and threw down a handkerchief from the window, enwrapping a letter and a quantity of gold and jewels. Anthony joyfully received them; but his transports were indescribable on reading the letter, which was written by Angelique, and on her shewing him from the window the picture of the blessed Virgin: “My son, we will no longer dissemble; we are not strangers—it is your mother and sister who procure your liberty, and in return require you to procure theirs, the bishop will inform you of all. We are now going with the Caito to his country seat about three miles hence. Leave your two companions in Algiers to give us notice of your return. This money will enable you to procure an Italian frigate to come to our succor. Hasten, my son, to render life to her from whom you have received it. May Jesus and Mary conduct you.”

The bishop now embarked, having concluded his charitable negotiation, and with him Anthony and the other fathers. They took Italy for their route, and the Neapolitans remained at Algiers, under pretence of waiting for a vessel from Naples. A few days after the Caito and his family went to his villa; he was taken so ill, that he died, leaving Anne an immense fortune. This involved them in a strange per-

plexity ; for her vast possessions having excited the cupidity of the Judge of Algiers, he determined on marrying her whether she would or not, and procured from the Dey an order commanding her to set out instantly with him for Constantinople. This was a terrible stroke for her and poor Angelique ; but she happily escaped it. Knowing the motive of the Judge in seeking her hand, she begged permission to remain in the country a little longer : and as a proof of her good will towards him, she sent him 5,000 crowns. This satisfied him, and he granted her request.

Whilst things were in this state at Algiers, Anthony arrived at Naples ; and the bishop having interested the viceroy in his favour, a frigate was manned for him with all possible expedition. While his lordship was detailing Anthony's wonderful story, a nobleman who was present, exclaimed, " I greatly deceive myself, or the brother of this Anthony is on board one of my galleys. I commanded the vessel which attacked the corsair, and among those who, in the grappling, were thrown into us, there was a young man, who has related to me part of the adventures I have now heard. To ascertain the fact, I shall send for him." No sooner had he arrived, than Anthony recognised him ; both gave themselves up to indescribable joy, and all present admired the wonderful ways of God. The frigate being fitted out, the two brothers put to sea with forty mariners, and arrived safely in the bay of Algiers. The Neapolitans, who were ever on the watch, thought one night they saw a vessel enter into port : running to the beach they soon recognised Anthony, who, with his brother

and some of the crew, came on shore in a shallop. They were all soon at the house of Anne : the delight and surprise at this happy meeting, caused the mother and daughter to faint away. When they recovered, all went on board : Angelique carried the little Mary, and the wondrous picture of the blessed Virgin. They were soon removed from the coast ; the morning sun had not yet gilded the level line of the horizon, when the shores of Barbary disappeared from their view.

No sooner was their departure known at Algiers, than the Dey sent two galleys in pursuit of them ; but protected by Heaven, they safely reached the island of Majorca. After resting there some time, they embarked in a vessel bound for Livourne, whence they proceeded to Rome, where their wonderful adventures being already known, they were received by a great number of persons in procession. Being presented to Pope Sixtus V., Anne made her abjuration in his hands, and her little son was baptized at St. Peter's, or the Vatican. When the little Mary had attained the age of 16, she became a nun among the poor Clare's, in the convent of St. Margaret, beyond the Tiber, and brought thither the wonderful picture of the blessed Virgin. It was still to be seen there in 1700. As to Angelique, and the rest of the family, after living as true servants of God and his blessed Mother, they died the death of the just, leaving to the world an additional proof, that though " the mountains be moved, and the hills tremble," the mercy of God will never depart from those who are sincerely devoted to his ever-blessed Virgin Mother. To her be suitable honour, praise, and love without end. Amen.

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