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

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

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

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



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?—TERTULLIAN Prescrip. xxii.

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

All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerus. Cat. xi. 1.

COMPITUM:

The Meaning of the Ways at the Catholic Church. THE ROAD OF CHILDREN.

Continued.

But we are concerned here only with the first elements of instruction, to show that even at this stage of the road, truth, at least by its effects, has attractions for the infant mind. But now, leaving this special consideration, we can form a general estimate of the attractive force of Catholicism in regard to children, by observing the examples which are recorded of their fervour and constancy. As tender and but half-formed members of the Church, how many holy innocents seem to come before us here, in whose hearts the words of the little maiden described in the *Magnum Speculum*, 'Diligio te plus quam me quia te creasti, redemisti, dotasti me,' are engraven as by a divine hand! Some see truth through the beautiful poetic life of anchorites.—St. Catharine of Sienna, when a child, in order to imitate the life of hermits, resolved to withdraw to the desert. Leaving that lovely city by the gate which now bears the name of St. Mark, she walked on till she had lost sight of all houses. Here she thought must be the desert she was in search of. To complete her joy, she observed a little cave at the side of a mountain, and here she resolved to commence her life of solitude. Some are attracted by seeing holy men. In the time of Vincent of Beauvais, who relates the circumstance, there was in Thourouth, a town of Flanders, a boy named Achas, who was so moved by seeing some Franciscan friars in his father's house, that he begged and obtained permission to be clad thenceforth in a little habit like theirs; and so wonderfully did he evince the spirit of that holy rule in all his actions, imitating the friars even in preaching to other children, and giving salutary admonitions to all, not excepting his own parents, that strangers used to come from far to see him. It was impossible to describe his gravity and sanctity; and this ministry he discharged during two years, till at the age of seven he passed to a better life. Others, again, are moved by merely hearing of the holy. St. Gregory of Tours arriving at the monastery in which Vulfilacius was professed, in the territory of Troves; and having with much entreaty prevailed on him to relate his conversion, that venerable man began in these words: "When I was a very little boy, having heard the name of blessed Martin, but not yet knowing whether he was a martyr or confessor, or what good he had done in the world, or what region had deserved to receive his blessed limbs in burial, I used to celebrate vigils in his honour: and if any little pieces of money came into my hands, to give them in alms." Others see truth through the holy exercises of a community, as St. Gertrude, or Trutha, when in the sweetness of grace truly lovely, in the 5th year of her age, she was planted as a lily in the garden of religion in the same monastery with St. Mechilde, whose harmonious voice so wrapt the choir while she sang. "What close attractions," asks her biographer, "could thus fix that dear little silver dove without malice, having rejected from her heart all the bitterness of sin?" Other children, again, receive truth through the voice of preaching. St. Bridget in her tenth year was so drawn and affected by a discourse on the passion of our Lord, that the impression was indelible. The next

night she beheld Him in mystic vision on the cross, and heard Him speak to her. In life's young hours those sights and sounds did nurse her spirit's folded powers. Moreover, innumerable books were re-operating with preachers to familiarize the minds of children with the divine infancy of Christ, as in the moral homilies of the monk Cassar of Heisterbach, entitled 'De Infantia Salvatoris.' To the child Jesus, in all their sufferings, they were especially directed; as indeed all their sorrows seem inexplicable without a reference to the mystic doctrines of union with our divine Lord in his expiatory afflictions. In fine, others see truth through the offices of the Church. In the life of the holy patriarch of Constantinople, Caesarius, who lived towards the end of the ninth century, we read, that when a child of five years, declining all puerile amusements, he applied his whole mind to learn all the sacred prayers which are not secretly and mystically offered in the sacrifice of the mass, which he used to pronounce from memory, imitating at the same time the priest in offering the bread, and incensing the altar with a thurible. Eadburga, daughter of Edward the Elder with his wife Edgiva, supplies another example. When a child, her father, wishing to try whether the little girl was inclined to God or to the world, placed in a chamber the symbols of different states—on one side a chalice and Gospels; on the other, bracelets and necklaces. Either the child was brought in the arms of her attendant, and sitting on her father's knee, was desired to choose which of all these objects she pleased. Rejecting the earthly ornaments, with stern regard she instantly fell prostrate before the chalice and the Gospels, and worshipped them with infant adoration. The company presently exclaimed aloud, and fondly hailed the prospect of the child's future sanctity. Her father embraced the infant. "Go," said he, "whither the Divinity calls thee, follow with prosperous steps the spouse whom thou hast chosen; and truly blessed shall my wife and myself be, if we are surpassed in holiness by our daughter."

In general we may remark, that the constancy of innumerable young martyrs and confessors, as by their early actions may be judged, shows what a hold Catholicity possesses upon the infant mind. St. Peter Nicolas Paschal, when a boy, hearing his parents often speak of the sufferings and martyrdom of the fathers in redeeming Christian slaves from the Moors, one day called on some Moorish children, and shutting himself up with them in a retired part of the house, said to them, "Tie me with ropes, and drag me about, and trample on me, as your people treat the Christians in your country." These boys did so; and dragged him about for a long time, till the great noise alarmed the servants, who coming up found him half dead. He had been educated by a French priest, a doctor of Paris, who on his passage from Narbonne to Spain had been taken by the Moors, and put in the chain. The Seigneur Paschal hearing of his condition, had purchased him from his patron, and appointed him tutor to his son. Lopez de Vega, borrowing from familiar scenes of actual life around him, represents in his drama called 'La Santa Liga' the ransom of captives by the Trinitarians. A merchant is first employed to conduct it; and on his saying that he cannot rescue two of the same family, a captive child exclaims, "If so, then take my mother, and leave me in her place. I promise you not to forget God, or that I am a Christian."

What a spirit strong and mild, Which death or pain or peril could despise, Yet melt in tenderness. What genius wild Yet mighty was enclosed within one simple child.

In 1457 many children met together in different parts of Germany to go on a pilgrimage to the Church of Mount St. Michael in Normandy. Nothing could turn them from their design.—They passed by Thurgovia, as the historians of that land record. But earlier, in 1298, in the time of Pope Innocent III, there was a more remarkable instance, which, in spite of the brutal comment of Mathieu Paris, I shall cite. In the village of Cloies, near the castle of Vendome, a simple shepherd lad, called Stephen, naturally eloquent, declared that the Saviour had charged him to preach a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land. He went about through the cities and towns, singing in his mother tongue 'Seigneur Jesus Christ! aide nous a reconquerir la sainte croix.' Many boys about his age followed him. In other parts of France children of both sexes imitated him, and set off to join Stephen, singing and carrying crosses, banners, and censers. There were 15,000 in Paris alone under the age of twelve. Every where as they passed the inhabitants were their hospitality and alms as ordinary and necessary to all questions as to where they were going, they replied, 'To God. We are going to seek the holy cross beyond the sea. The Almighty calls us to succeed the Holy Land at Jerusalem.' The youth of Burgundy and of the frontiers of Germany were inflamed to follow them. In the archbishopric of Cologne boys of noble families imitated their example. Apprentices and young labourers, animated with a child-like love of their Saviour, flocked to the same standard.—The King of France took alarm; but moved by the sanctity of the object, he scrupled to act without consulting the university. The doctors disapproved of the movement; and then the King ordered the children to return to their parents. The greatest number obeyed, but many persevered; and however blamed by a number of ecclesiastics, it is certain that the people favoured them. 'Only infidels,' said they, 'and despisers of God, can blame such a pious impulse.' Pope Innocent, on hearing of it, exclaimed, lamenting, 'These children shame us; while we sleep, they set off with joy to recover the Holy Land.' Many thousands of them reached Marseilles, where they embarked.—Amidst all their subsequent calamities, these poor young pilgrims gave affecting proofs at least of their faith and constancy. Many on falling into the hands of the Turks preferred death to apostasy. Not one, it is said, could be prevailed upon to abjure Christ. In Germany, too, near 20,000 children had assembled, dressed as pilgrims, marked with a cross, and carrying scapulars and staves. They crossed the Alps under their little chief Nicolas, who was himself a boy not quite ten years of age. On their road through Italy many perished; some returned home after cruel sufferings, but grieving only for their return, others went to Rome to demand, absolutely from their vow; for they had taken vows from which only the Pope, they said, could free them. Pope Gregory IX afterwards raised on the east of St Pierre, where two of the ships from Marseilles had perished, a church, dedicated to the new holy innocents, with a foundation for twelve ecclesiastics; and he caused the bodies that had been recovered from the

sea to be preserved as the relics of martyrs who had sacrificed their lives for the faith.

Thus the attractions of Catholicism even in the most eccentric and astonishing deviations to which it gave rise, led to acts of self-devotion which were in harmony with the sweetest and most glorious attributes of the child; and therefore, if we suppose the case of an impulse as powerful being imparted to the young by any antagonistic principle, a simple comparison of the results would be sufficient to proclaim the divine truth of the former; as the consequences of the latter, in relation to the disposition of the young heart, would inevitably prove nothing but what is now beheld in foreign cities, a revolting violation of nature. But we have been following strange and long deserted paths; let us retrace our steps. In general, it was through the ordinary means of conveying grace to souls that children beheld truth, and so from the baptismal font began to enjoy their heavenly rest, becoming each a sample to the youngest, to the more mature a glass that feasted them, and to the graver a child that guided dotards. Tasso, educated by the Jesuits, made his first communion before the completion of his ninth year, though at that age, he says, he might have been taken for a boy of twelve. "Never shall I forget," he says, "my secret devotion on observing the gravity and reverence of the place, and the swelling of breasts, and the profound piety of those better instructed than myself, who went with me to receive the body of Christ." But at this stage of the road of children, alas! alas! a great catastrophe has left traces which must be noticed; for this delightful road of childhood has, in some regions, been intercepted, broken off, and purposely turned aside from its right direction to mislead the guileless feet of innocents, where contagious blastments are most rampant. Heresy has passed here, and placed obstructions in the way; the canker galls the infants of the spring before their blossoms are disclosed. We must, therefore, now consider the condition of children born of parents separated from the unity of faith, and yet after proceeding a few steps upon this new and dangerous path, we shall find that even poor children are not left in the first stages of their journey through life's tangled forest, without signals which can serve to direct them from their misguided wanderings, to the central point from which only external circumstances are causing them to diverge.

For oft the spirit seems prompted
Far hence to roam;
Till by unerring instinct guided,
It sinks to home.

The Catholic Church has left so many vestiges of itself in hands which were thought to shut it out for ever, that even there it continues to be as elsewhere, the city upon a hill. A thousand little, as well as great things, about which children will inquire, are inexplicable without it; and, as a recent poet says, 'Frequently an idea suggested by some slight occasion sinks deeply into the young mind. What has struck it returns at intervals, and simple childhood has its astonishments.' Then returns scenes of old prophetic history; for holy writ in babes hath judgment shown when judges have been babes. But let us mark who in this obscurity are the violets now that strew the green lap of each new come spring, and who will be most apt to gather them.

Hurter, *Greschite*, tom in lit xv. Chron Mont Mars in Martene Thes i. Chron Senon iv 3, in D'Achery *Spicileg Jac de Vorag*. Chron Januens in Muratori S Six 40. Vincent Bellow xxx 3. Gesta Trov &c in Martene Coll Amp iv Hist Naventions Monast in Martene Thes ii. Alberic Mag Chron Belg Baron *Annales Ord S S Trin* 9. Blakely's *Hermite*.

* Joan Major, *Magnum Speculum*, 389.
† Hist lib viii 15.
‡ *Insignationes Div Pietatis S Gertrud*, Abb lib 1.

• Sur Die 12 Feb.
† *Gail Magmes*.
‡ Hist de l'Ordre de la Mercy, 181.

• Papikofser Hist de Thurgow.

CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

A meeting of the Catholics of Halifax has been called by the Bishop, to consider the best mode of representing to the Legislature the strong claims of the Catholic Schools in the North as well as South End of the City for an increased Grant out of the Education fund.—The meeting will be held at St Mary's precisely at 12 o'clock to-morrow, and we trust that the friends of education will assemble in large numbers on this occasion, and by united and vigorous action press those claims, once for all, on the attention of the Government.

FREEMASONRY.

A *Simple Catholic* has written to ask our opinion on the lawfulness of becoming a Free Mason. He must be very simple indeed to require any instruction on this point. No good Catholic can be a Freemason. No Freemason can receive the Sacraments in the Catholic Church. Freemasonry and Catholicity are incompatible. If a member of the True Church becomes a Freemason, he ceases to be a Catholic by the very act. The system has been formally and solemnly condemned by two of the Popes, the illustrious Clement XII and Benedict XIV. By this supreme authority the dreadful censure of Excommunication is annexed *ipso facto* to any one who joins a Freemason Society, and the absolution from this Censure is reserved to the Pope himself. It is the opinion of very eminent Theologians that all Secret Societies, such as the Odd Fellows, &c., &c. are equally unlawful.—With regard to the childish associations, alluded to by *A simple Catholic*, they give us very little concern. None but simpletons of any Creed would join them, for they are of mushroom growth, and will be of mushroom duration.

We do not deem it necessary to recount the solid Scriptural reasons which induced the supreme Pastors of the Catholic Church to proscrib all Secret Societies. We should think that the Gospel of Jesus Christ infinitely exceeds all the mere human systems of benevolence, humanity, brotherly love, and so forth, that were ever excogitated by all the odd fellows and freemasons from Manichæus to Count Cagliostro.

A *simple Catholic* might have consulted his spiritual guide on the subject of Freemasonry or any other *Bunkum*, as we believe there is an able Divine in that part of the country from which his letter is dated.

CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We extract the following from a Wesleyan Paper. Little did its publishers imagine the service they were rendering to the cause of Catholic truth and wisdom, by pointing out those extraordinary mutations in one of the living languages of Europe. If the venerable Liturgy of the Catholic Church were to have been translated into the language of all countries even a thousand years ago, the identity of doctrine would be now completely destroyed. No two countries would agree, or rather no country would agree with itself. Behold, on the other hand, the wisdom and beauty of the Catholic Service. It is the same in every part of the world. It has been the same in all times. The Liturgy of a Peter, a Leo, a Gregory the Great, and an Innocent the 3rd, is read in the same language by Pius IX. Thus even in her language is the Church, Catholic or Universal both in *time and place*, and by the uniformity of her tongue all the varieties, corruptions and errors of human speech are avoided:—

"CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—In the year 700 the Lord's Prayer began thus: "Uren fader this erth in hæfnas sic gekaldad thin noma to eyideth thin rich; sic thin walla suc is in hæfnas and in artho." In the year 900 it began thus: "Thee ure faver the ert on heofenum si thin namagehatgod. Cum ohin æc. Si thin willa on eorthen swa, swa on heofnum." In the year 1001, in the reign of Henry II., it was read thus, and sent over by Pope Adrian, an Englishman. "Uri fader in heaven rich. Thy name be hailed eber lich. Thou brings us thy michell lesse, Als hise in heavenly doe. That in yearth beene it also," &c. In the year 1002, in the reign of Henry III., it read thus: "Fader thou art in heaven blisse, Thino Heyle name it wart the blisse. Curra and mot thy kingdom. Thine holy will it be all don, In heaven ana in

earth also, So shall it be in full to tro." &c. In the reign of Henry VI., it began thus: "Our fader thou art in heavens, hallowgd be thy name, the kingdom come to thee; be the will done on earth as in heaven," &c. In 1537, it began thus: "O, our father which art in heaven! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth as it is in heaven," &c. And at different periods, various translations by different individuals have been given, of a certain passage in the New Testament. In the year 1380, Wiclif gave the following: "But feith in the substance of things that ben to be hoped for, and an argument of things not aperyng, and in this feith celd men han getun witnessing" In the year 1534, Tyndal gave it as his opinion, "Fayth is a confydence of things which is hoped fir, and a certayntie of thynges which are not seen. For by it the elders were well reported of." In the same year we have Cranmer's opinion of the same text. "Fayth," says he, "is a sure confydence of thyngs which are not seen. For by it the elders obtayned a good report." In the year 1557, Geneva gives his opinion on the same text. "Fayth," says he, "is that which causeth those things to appear indeed which are not seen. For by it our elders are well reported of." In the year 1562, Rhiems has the following exposition on the same text: "And fayth is the substance of things to be hoped for, the argument of things not appearing. For in this the old men obtained testimonie." And in the year 1604, when King James came to the throne of Great Britain, and by whose authority the Scriptures were translated into the English language, he gave this exposition on the same text. "Now faith," says he, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report." "

PIUS IX.—SPAIN.

(Translated for the Cross from the *Ami de la Religion*.)

The Catholics have already commended the noble initiative which Spain has taken in regard to the Holy See, and also the conduct of the Ambassador at Rome. The entire Ministry had the honor of presenting the Crown with a copy of the decree to solicit, in the name of the Government, on the part of the Bishops of the Kingdom, the celebration of a *triduo*—or three days of solemn prayer. We give a few passages of the Report which preceded the Decree of the Queen, and which reflects honor on those that signed it:—

"The Government of your Majesty are far from turning to political questions in such a melancholy circumstance; but Ministers of a Catholic Queen—inheritor of the fervent zeal and sacred heraldry of a hundred Kings—faithful interpreter of the universal sentiments and the ardent piety of fourteen millions of souls—they ought to approach the throne of your Majesty to call, with expressions of deep regret, your sovereign attention to the recent misfortunes of the common Chief of Christendom.

The news of such lamentable events causes affliction and agitation throughout Christendom. The echoes of the grief and alarm of religious men, will resound even to the farthest of our hamlets; and to mitigate them, it is but reasonable that the sublime accents of Religion should reach them from the palaces of our Kings, and from the seat of Government.

"When a common danger threatens the Church and State—the Throne and true Liberty—useful institutions—noble and elevated sentiments—one cannot look on a calm and immovable spectator without becoming an inglorious victim of those revolutions. The spiritual tranquillity of the faithful confirms the prosperity of families and nations; the Sacred Ministry descending without interruption from the age of the Apostles, through the mutation of time, maintains the uprightness of conscience, and thereby the solidity of thrones and the peace of society. The Church will not succumb, and as long as she is persecuted the agitation of society will be inevitable.

"The undersigned Ministers have the most profound conviction, Madame, that in the furious tempest which has broken over nations, Religion is the first remedy for such evils; almost the only restraint of immorality; and by its civilizing, beneficent influence, sustains equally nations and thrones. The Government, resolved to pay all the homage which is due to him, uniting their vows, and wishing that the Span-

ish people would solemnly join with Christianity to beseech the Most High to extend his mercy to our afflicted Church, to preserve and console our Universal Pastor; and therefore have the honor of submitting the following decree for the approbation of your Majesty:—

THE DECREE.

"In accordance with the advice of my Ministers, I appoint that in all the Churches of the Kingdom of Spain, there should be three successive days of public prayers, with the assistance of the Clergy, the Authorities, and the Corporations; invitation being addressed to the Faithful to implore the help of the Almighty for the necessities of the Catholic Church, and that the tribulations of our Pastor may be brought to a happy and speedy termination.

"Given at the Palace the 4th December, 1848." (Signed with the Royal hand.)

GROSS READINGS.

In a late English Paper we happened to read an account of the very expensive Theatrical Exhibitions before Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle; and on the very next column we were startled in seeing the report of a Coroner's Inquest on the body of a poor man who died of starvation in Ireland, and in whose stomach nothing was found but a few leaves of raw cabbage!

PROEMIUM OF THE CATHEMERINON;

OR,

LIFE OF PRUDENTIUS.

Full fifty-seven years,
If well I judge, have taken now their flight,
Since first these weary eyes of mine
Awakened to the light.
Old age, at length, appears,
And my last moment shall ere long be run,
But ah! in all that length of days,
What good have I yet done!

My Childhood's careless time
Was passed in tears beneath the master's rod,
My Boyhood ran in folly's way
And oft displeas'd my God.
Then came Lust's reign of crime,
And vain excess—my grief—my shame—my pain;
And filled, alas! my youthful soul
With many a sinful stain.

Law next engaged the hour,
And with impetuous course I drove along,
Prepared for every cause that rose;
Defending right and wrong.
Invested, then, with power,
I held the rule o'er noble cities, twice,
Borrowed on Virtue due rewards,
And always punished Vice.

At length, my gracious King
Did raise me high amid his martial band,
Assigning me a lofty rank,
The second in the land.
While thus flew Time's swift wing,
The grey of years stole sudden o'er my brow,
And chides me that I have forgot
Mazzyia's Consul now.

My Birth-day, then begun,
Has, therefore, seen full many a winter's snow,
And marked, on many a field of spring,
The blushing roses blow.
But oh! what thus is won
When perishes, at last, this fragile clay,
And all that I now call my own
Grim Death shall tear away.

Say'st thou of me, kind friend!
The world thy soul adores eludes thy grasp,
And not to God belong those things
Which thou would'st fondly clasp!
No—no—e'en in the end
My wayward soul shall seek the better choice,
And make amends for all misdeeds
And tune my sweetest voice.

And neither day nor night
Shall I e'er cease to celebrate His name,
And Heresy's proud host assail
And Cath'lic faith proclaim.
Oppose each Pagan rite,
And dash, O Rome! thy cherished idols down,
And praise aloud th' Apostles' choir,
And sing the Martyr's crown.

And oh! this very hour
Fain would I burst my bonds to freely soar,
And far beyond this world of woe
Sing songs for evermore!

M. A. W.

STATISTICS OF DESTITUTION—SKIBBEREEN.

A correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, writing from Skibbereen under date December 13, 1848, says:—

"At a meeting held in the vestry-room of the parish church of Kilmoe, on Monday, the 4th instant, it was suggested that the several townlands in the parish be visited by trustworthy and intelligent men, to report on the present state of the poor. Accordingly twenty-four men were appointed. The parish was divided, *pro tempore*, into twelve districts. Each district was allotted to two of the men appointed. These men brought in their reports, in writing, on the 7th. From these reports we lay before the public the following abstract of the sad details:—Most of us, whose names are subscribed, are and have been daily eye-witnesses of many of the facts stated, and of similar ones. Out of the population of this parish, amounting to about 6,000, more than 1,000 have at present scarcely a morsel to put in their mouths. Besides they have no firing; scarcely the name of clothing either by night or day; huts far worse (aye, immeasurably worse) than an English pig-sty to live in. Some of them have no house at all, but exist under large rocks in the sides of cliffs. They subsist on sea weed, muscels, the green leaves of turnips, the small stunted turnips left in the ground after the crop was removed, the small potatoes left by the diggers of the crop in the tillage. Most of the potato ground in the parish has been already re-dug two or three times by these wretched creatures hunting for this miserable subsistence. Besides these one thousand perishing creatures, six hundred and thirty nine paupers receive outdoor relief under the poor law; yet neither have they a sufficiency of food, putting out of the question firing and clothing. The allowance for outdoor relief by the poor law is one pound of Indian meal for an adult, and a half pound for a child in 24 hours, which is allowed to be, without other aid, insufficient to support life; and in this remote district, the poor have no other resource than those above mentioned, which are now exhausted."

One thousand British subjects—one thousand of our fellow-men—one thousand of God's creatures—without food, without the name of clothing—crawling for shelter during the long cold nights of this inclement winter season under large rocks in the sides of cliffs; and yet the ministry under whose management these scenes occur are idle. Good Heavens! only think of it. Call to mind the storms of sleet and rain which drenched this city during the past week, and pass in mind to the cliffs of Skibbereen, where God's poor are cowering, like the wild birds of the air, from the drifting sleet that is beaten with the fury of a tempest against their naked bodies! Think—think what must be their cries, their agonies; and, oh think, will a merciful and just God, as He looks through the storm on that appalling spectacle, not write judgement with the finger of His wrath against those whose duty it is to relieve such distress.

Come here, Queen Victoria—turn from the painted baubles of mimic tragedy which are about to amuse your leisure hours during the Christmas times. There is no need to have recourse for excitement to the representation of artificial woe. Here—here, under the cliffs of Skibbereen, beneath your Majesty's sceptre, there is enough of real tragedy. Here the grey-haired father watches the live long night of a stormy winter, and draws closer and closer to his bosom the cold corpse of a wife, a son, or a daughter, and prays, while the piercing blast and drenching rain beat more and more savagely against his exhausted frame, that he may live till morning's sun enables him to look upon the ruined home of his fathers as he breathes his last!

We have been informed that affidavits were published last week in one of the City Papers relative to the burial of the poor Indian in the County of Digby. We allude to the fact for the purpose of stating our opinion that all those Journals which published the statement referred to, should, in justice to the Rev. gentleman concerned, also publish the contradiction.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Omitted by mistake in last week's Cross:—
Andrew Hunter O 2 6
Mary Doyle O 1 3

By the last packet we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of two Irish Prelates—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Maginn the learned and patriotic Bishop of Derry, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh the reverend Bishop of Cloyne and Ross.

[From the Tablet.]

LONDON.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, IN THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, SOUTHWARK.—To the trustees of the above church for the time being all bequests are to be made—this will be quite sufficient to ensure to St. George's Catholic Church any bequest or bequests that charitable and zealous and faithful persons may feel disposed to will.—Every thing in this world goes round about—rise, progress, and decline. Here is St. George's rising out of the lowlands, the marsh lands of Southwark, and life and activity and progression and people and buildings and business all springing up and around—and there is St. George's "in velobro," at one time the very business and money spot—the exchange, if the term be admitted, of Rome—hard by the Capitol, close to the Circus Maximus, within reach, on the very flanks of the Forum, with the palace of the Cæsars shadowing it, and all the stir and life and riches and sinews and trophies of Rome in and on and about it—now a damp, deserted, silent desolation and abandonment! So it is, and some day so will it be with St. George's in Southwark. But long before that day arrives, London will have its ruin heaps where Baywater squares and terraces now stand, old Tyburn will have regained its ancient solitude, and all the towering sun-flowers of fragile erections gone down on every side without causing much more irregularity on the land than little sand hills on an open country. In the meanwhile, the great metropolis will gather herself up, as life leaves the suburban extremities, and seek the river line; a thin population will linger along the Thames; and when St. George's in Southwark becomes a St. George's in velobro, London will be what the locality of the ancient Forum now is, and more desolate. Nothing is eternal. Rome fell, and so will London fall; but when London falls no fallen lines of marble palaces, no colossal temples, no massive Cyclopian aqueducts, no huge Forum columns will designate in bulky imperishable mounds the notable spots of ancient London. Yes; mayhap there will be one fragment remaining on the south side of the Thames, and that one will be the bulky solidity of St. George's sturdy tower. If I were a very rich man, I should think one mourning coach and ten feet of St. George's tower (of my own building) would be better than a long, expensive funeral affair of nodding plumes of sable, and mourning coaches and mutes and staff bearers, and legacies and rings and mementoes to those who would laugh and junket on my funeral-day, and would be right glad that I was gone and done with. What a waste of money is all this cavalcade and vain pomp over a mass of putrefaction, rottenness, and corruption! And then, what becomes of the rich man's money? He cannot hold the pen or the key any longer; he has left them to others, or rather death takes them from him, and then away go his cheques, and rapidly circulates the money. Paris and Munich, and Berlin and Vienna, Rome and Naples—cut away; four horses out, and a courier flying before to prepare all things. Opera and race-course, rouge et noir, masquerades, and bull-fights, and all manner of manners, cut-purses and black-legs, and all kinds of people, circulate the old man's dusty medium, and make up for past pinching and screwing.—Cut away, there is plenty yet. Ah me! what a world! what men are in it! Thou art very rich, my old friend—how much money have you got? Several hundreds, several thousands and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands—yes, and you are just the kind of man to keep them together and to die with them all about you. What a sure weight to carry you down into Hell, my rich old friend, when you die! There is no failure in sinking a man into the depths of the deep sea if you load him well; put some heavy bags, well secured, about him, throw him overboard, down he goes to a certainty, and he rises no more. Gold will be your weight—it carries you now wherever you are carried, and it will carry you into Hell as sure as you now live, my rich old friend. Yesterday was very cold; even near the fire it was chattering and flesh-creeching; the poor in the streets looked, and were, cold to madness and desperation. The poor shivering people in their cold homes at night—oh, dreadful, dreadful even to think on!—I hope and wish and pray that they may be good, for surely their reward is in heaven. Poor people, God help you, for this rich one will not. What are you doing, my rich old friend, with God's means for distributing good

—with the money that He permits your lean, lank, and dried-up hand to grasp with death-like tenacity! Nothing to my mind comes nearer to an incarnate fiend—the Devil—than a stony-hearted rich one, who has the means of relieving the poor and will not do it. The rich man was buried in Hell, and poor Lazarus carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. But the rich man may make himself like to a ministering spirit of good on earth, and win unfading laurels in God's world, if he will only open his eyes and heart and hands to the starving tortured poor. Man is not here only for himself, and the means of doing good are not placed in his hands to remain unemployed, he is one already judged and condemned, depend upon it, is the rich and uncharitable man; he is condemned, and should he die now, the state that awaits him is too fearful to reflect upon.—FATHER THOMAS.

The evening before last, I attended a young woman from the land of sighs and tears, of wailing and of mourning—Ireland. She was the first that I ever saw passing from life through starvation. Poor child! she had been picked up in the streets, and taken into the workhouse. Her face was of that sweet and placid expression that wins one to compassion; and her calm, angel-like resignation under the last exhaustion that was pressing out her innocent soul from its prison-house, was most consoling and edifying, and presented a scene that ought to make one better and more indifferent as to this cold, vain world. If rich men were good men and charitable, starvation would not, could not be; but the poor are thrust aside and driven away to starve and die. But the day of retribution will come.

AFFAIRS OF THE POPE.

A letter from Naples, of the 4th, in the *Univers*, says:—"The King of Naples has transported to Gaeta his residence and that of all the royal family. He is most attentive to the Pope, and continues to show him every kindness. An envoy extraordinary from the Queen of Portugal has arrived in a Portuguese steamer. He is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Queen to His Holiness, and of a thousand offers of services on the part of the Cabinet of Lisbon. Tuscany, even, has withdrawn from Rome her Minister, M. Barbagli, in order to send him to Gaeta. It is stated that the Guerazzi Ministry opposed this measure for some time, and that the Grand Duke had great difficulty in succeeding in his desire. Old General Zucchi and Cardinal Amati, Legate of Bologna, have arrived at Naples, whence they proceeded to Gaeta. Great uneasiness was felt for the General, and, in fact, he incurred considerable danger; an attempt was made to assassinate him, and he was obliged to remain for some time strictly hid at Spezia, whence he gained Naples. We have here (at Naples) eighteen Cardinals, they edify the whole city by the dignity and noble simplicity of their lives. The health of the Pope continues to be good. He is always calm and serene. Persons who approach him state that he is exceedingly touched by the testimonies of affection which he has received from France, and that he is firmly resolved to visit that country. His Holiness, it is said, will wait for that only until he has received answers to his last communications to the great Powers, and seen what turn affairs are likely to take definitively."

It is said that the Cardinal Dupont is to proceed to Gaeta with Cardinal Giraud. The French Cardinals will, it is added, lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the expression of the wishes of the Clergy, and of the Catholic body, that he will deign to honor France with a visit, and it is affirmed that the Government of the Republic has authorized them to make this request.

Pius IX.—The *Voir de la Vite* reports an admirable trait in the character of Pius IX.:—"Lately an artist of Paris obtained the honor of a particular audience of His Holiness. Touched with the serene dignity of the noble exile, our countryman said—'Most Holy Father, I shall esteem myself amongst the happiest of mortals if your Holiness should condescend to confer upon me the favor of a medal marked with your likeness.' 'Most willingly,' replied Pius IX., and taking off a little cross of gold which he carried near his heart, he gave it to him, saying, 'take this image of our Divine Master—it is now mine.'"

THE CATHOLICS OF ROME.—It is our duty (says the *Univers*) to reproduce the expression of sentiment which our brothers, the Catholics of Rome, have addressed to the Catholics of the

entire world, through their organ, the *Constituionale Romano*:—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
"We, who have been eye-witnesses of the events which have taken place in Rome since the 15th of last November, and who have seen in the journals an impression which the greatest evil that could befall us has made in the souls of Catholics, the estrangement from Rome of the Sovereign Pontiff—the chief of Christendom, the regenerator of Italy, the benefactor of his subjects, the ever-glorious Pius IX., and finding ourselves involved in the dreadful agony in which this most important event has plunged us, and which makes us tremble yet for fear that new calamities may overtake us, are constrained to make known our feelings and the gratitude with which our hearts are filled. Love and devotion for the sacred person of His Holiness witness for us that the flame of the faith burns always, and casts abroad such brightness that we are in some degree joyful in our sorrows, since these tribulations have caused us to know the feelings entertained for the Pope.

"It is to a cause of extreme bitterness not to be able to comprehend in the expression of feeling made by certain Italian journals, which have carried their annoyance even to insult and buffet the supreme majesty of the Priesthood. Nevertheless, we cast upon them a look of commiseration, and we pray the Lord, with St. Paul, to pour on those wretches the abundance of his mercies.

"And, above all, we turn towards France, where at first burst forth and spread itself, as from a centre, the feelings by which it has shown to the entire world that it preserves the first title to the most ancient place in the hereditament of the Catholic Church. It is not to General Cavaignac, to Napoleon, to Montalembert, that we return our acknowledgments; but, with every degree of enthusiasm, we shall give them also even to Ledru Rollin, for God has drawn from his lips words worthy of a Catholic; and we shall give our thanks to the entire nation which has manifested an ardour, of which only a people most Christian is capable.

"The Catholics of Spain, in the deplorable situation to which they are reduced, have proved, with an enthusiasm truly evangelical, what we might expect from that nation which has been named 'the Catholic nation,' if the Supreme Priest would for a moment honor it with his presence. We wish most solemnly to express our gratitude to the Throne and to the minister of that country, which, by a solemn decree, has demanded public prayers for His Holiness. God will not neglect to give the guerdon of his protection and benediction to any act which calls for his especial grace, on the part of a people who thus hasten to the aid of the Visible Head of the Church, compelled to abandon the centre of the Catholic Religion.

"May our words also equally go to the faithful of Portugal, for they also, full of that faith which illustrates their nation, manifest the same sentiments and show for the Sovereign Pontiff the obedience which children owe to their father—to the father of the Catholic universe.

"As to the Catholics of Germany, we cannot refrain from giving them all our acknowledgments alone; our words must tell them to be firm still in the faith, for they are always on the battle field with those who have sown the seeds of heresy in that country, which appears here and there in different forms to seduce and lead astray the simple; and besides they are involved in the whirlpool of politics, which impedes the progress of our holy religion.

"We address ourselves in fine to all the Catholics of the world, in whose heart we find zeal redoubling its energies according to the difficulties of their situation, in order that through their prayers we may see the termination of a spectacle which strikes the entire world with horror. And in order that nothing should be wanting to our exertions, we pray that they may all correspond with those of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, who, with so much zeal, have given an impulse to prayer among Catholics."

THE EXILED PONTIFF.—In anticipation of a general collection in this city in aid of the Pope in his present afflicting circumstances, the Count de Salias (a Protestant nobleman) has, in the kindest spirit, sent, per William Hickey, Esq., the sum of ten pounds to the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, for that important object. We are sanguine in the hope that this truly liberal example will produce the effect intended, and that thousands will manifest in a similar way their esteem for, and sympathy with, the exiled Pontiff.—*Limerick and Clare Examiner*.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ARRAN-QUAY.

The solemnities of the Christmas festival were celebrated on Monday in this—one of the finest churches in our metropolis—on a scale of splendour such as we have never witnessed on any former occasion. The morning ceremonies were ushered in by a peal on the joy bells, announcing to the faithful that the time had arrived to commemorate, by pious devotion, the advent of the Redeemer. A number of lovely children wearing crowns, arranged around the steps of the high altar, and the members of the Christian Doctrine Confraternity, clad in habitments suited to their order, formed an imposing circle within the precincts of the sanctuary. The entire of the sacred edifice was crowded to excess. After last mass the Very Rev. Dr. Yore ascended the pulpit, and, in his usual ardent and pathetic style, delivered an instructive sermon on the gospel of the day. When the sermon had terminated, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The order of this most imposing and interesting ceremony was as follows:—

FIRST—Three members of the confraternity, in scarlet soutans and surplices, wearing white sattan scarfs, trimmed with gold lace and fringe of the same material, bearing the cross.

SECOND—The acolytes.

THIRD—Four members, two a breast, in surplices, bearing wax tapers, and followed by four boys, in the same order, holding white wands.

FOURTH—A splendidly executed banner, adorned with satin crimson hangings, ornamented with exquisite gold border and bottom tassels of the same material, enriched with a gold bullion fringe of an elegant description, surmounted by a handsome Maltese cross, with full length figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, finely executed and richly coloured, borne by a member of the confraternity.

FIFTH—Next came a large number of the members in surplices, two a breast, with boys bearing wax lights in the same order as above.

SIXTH—A second banner, richly trimmed with white satin drapery, ornamented with a rich gold border and fringe as before, surmounted by a highly finished Maltese cross, with figures representing the good shepherd and the Virgin, finely executed and coloured. The banners were borne by two members wearing scarlet soutans and surplices, with crimson and white satin belts, trimmed with gold lace, followed by eight boys as train-bearers.

SEVENTH—Twelve boys in scarlet soutans and surplices, wearing crimson-velvet crowns of a novel and varied description, nearly embroidered with gold tissue; each boy having a cross suspended on his breast, and holding a coloured waxlight and bouquet of flowers.

EIGHTH—Twelve lovely children in surplices, each two carrying a basket of flowers, which they strewed before the canopy as the procession advanced.

NINTH—Two boys, arrayed in copes of crimson and white satin, wearing crowns of the same material, and holding rods representing the rod of Jesse.

TENTH—The canopy, a chaste and beautiful piece of workmanship, the dome of rich crimson velvet, surmounted by a fine gilt cross, and massive gilded framework in bold relief, furnished with white satin hangings of native manufacture, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels of exquisite finish; the dome tastefully festooned with flowers, and four gilt vases of artificials attached to each angle of the framing, which had a most pleasing effect. The canopy, borne by four members in scarlet soutans and surplices, with rich satin scarfs, edged with gold border and fringe. Beneath the canopy the remonstrance, containing the consecrated host, was borne by the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, clad in the robes of his sacerdotal office, and attended by his clergy with incense, who, with the people, made their solemn prostrations during the procession before the Holy of Holies, concealed beneath the sacramental veils.

ELEVENTH—The procession was closed by four members, two abreast, with twelve boys in surplices holding wax lights, and followed by two youthful wand bearers.

Whether we contemplate the sublime object of the procession or the admirable precision of the entire arrangements so well calculated to impart a solemn dignity to religion, we confess that our mind has never been inspired with such deep-toned feelings of reverential awe as on the present occasion. Why, we asked ourselves, was this grand and elevated worship so long protracted in our native land?

Hymns of the Heart.

No 7.

CHRISTMAS

INFANT JESUS!

Lead me to Thy peaceful manger,
Wondrous Babe of Bethlehem!
Shepherds hail Thee, though a stranger,
Let me worship Thee with them.
I am vile, but Thou art holy,
Oh! unite my heart to Thee:
Make me pure, and keep me lowly,
Just what Thou wouldst have me be.

Root of Jesse!

Let me listen to the story
More than full of matchless love,
How the Lord in grace and glory
Lest for us His throne above.
Touch'd with sympathy so tender
Man must marvel, seraphs gaze—
Let me hasten to surrender
Soul and body to Thy praise.

Child of Mary!

Blessed is Thy Virgin Mother—
Blessed among women who,
Who alone, without another,
Realiz'd the mystery:
Propriety, priests, and hoary ages
Paths of learning vainly trod.
She arose,—Desire of Ages,—
She conceiv'd the Son of God!

Word Incarnate!

Dread unfathomable wonder,—
Miracle of love and grace—
God and man, once far asunder,
Here approach, unite, embrace!
Here Jehovah, the Eternal,
Shines behind a human face.
Prostrate fall the powers infernal,
Satan trembles, death is pale!

Spotless Victim!

For though now in lustre lying,
As a Lamb of countless price,—
Thou shalt dare the doom of dying,
Thou shalt be our Sacrifice!
Thou shalt climb the mystic mountain,
Thou shalt on the cross expire,
Thou shalt open mercy's fountain,
Thou shalt quench Thy Father's fire!

Prince of Pardon!

Thou shalt tread those rayless regions
Where the king of terror reigns:
Thou shalt set at large their legions,
Whom till then his key detains!
Thou in weakness condescending
In our flesh to live and die,—
Then, the realms of Hades rending,
Swallow'dst death in victory!

Hope of Sinners!

Dear Redeemer! Precious Saviour,
Offspring of the royal Maid,—
By Thy meek and pure behaviour
In her folding arms display'd:
By Thy tears of earliest anguish,
On no mortal brow impair'd,—
By the love that could not languish,
Thou hast sav'd a ruin'd world!

Crown of Angels!

Hark! innumerable voices
Burst upon the ravish'd ear;
Heaven from choir to choir rejoices,
Lo! Emmanuel is here!
Hail, adorable Creator!—
Seraphs, strike ten thousand chords!
Hail, of all things Consummator!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

From a vol. of Sermons By the Rev. F. Oakley, M. A.

Through the great mercy of our God, some of the most effectual remedies against sin are also among the simplest; of none is this more than of the holy Name. In sudden danger, or in strong temptation; amid the pressure of business, or in the flow of conversation; in the violence of pain, or at the approach of death, when we can say nought else, we can at least articulate the Name of Jesus. I see before me some very young, and some too of the poorer class who, are as they would say, no scholars. But, alas! temptation carries not for old age; nei-

ther do poverty and want of letters furnish any protection against its assaults. Brother or sister, whatever be your age or condition, arm yourself bravely with the holy Name of Jesus. Young men and maidens, let the old with the younger praise the Name of our Lord, for His Name alone "is exalted." If tempted to anger, or other sin, say it thoughtfully and with deliberation; say it once and again. Say it in temptation, for it is a Name of strength; in sorrow an anguish, for it is a Name of consolation. In perplexity, for it is a name of equanimity; in distrust, for it is a Name of confidence—Above all, my brethren, let us say it often, that in difficulties and emergencies we may not have far to travel in search of it. Let us, such of us at least as have the power, begin to say it early. We read that St Monica, mother of St Augustin, "had often the holy Name of Jesus on her tongue, in order that her son might learn to pronounce it betimes, and to invoke it in his little wants with the lisping accents of infancy. The result was, that the sacred Name became so deeply imprinted in his heart, that, in after years, he could not relish the lectures of heathen philosophers and orators because they did not contain the Name of Jesus, which he afterwards found so frequently in the Epistles of Saint Paul; and thus his entire conversion happily ensued. In the same way the mother of Saint Thomas of Villanova, to the first sentiments of piety with which she inspired her son, endeavoured to join a tender devotion to the most holy Name of Jesus." Saint Bernard calls the holy Name, "honey in the mouth," but to be sweet it must be habitual; "melody in the ear," but what music does not grow upon us by repetition!—Who would not purchase, at any cost, the joy of recognising that sacred name when breathed into the air by our Angel Guardian, or by God's holy Priest during the passage of the soul to judgment! Ah! beloved brethren, the requisite for gaining that happiness is so impracticable, no saving one. Let us but take refuge in that most sweet, most efficacious Name, on each recurring occasion of difficulty or trial; in temptation, in sadness, in perplexity, let us use that holy Name, as may be, for help, or comfort, or guidance. Surely, if we lack not the will to employ the remedy, our enemy will not let us lack the opportunity. But with the opportunities at once, and the use, we shall gain familiarity with the holy Name, so as to use it almost by instinct, and find in it that treasure of which the Church sings on this day, as the fruit of such happy experience.

"Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Exportus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere."

And then, in our last agony, that Name will truly come with the power of music to the ear, even as the prelude to the canticle which is sung before the Throne of God, by those who carry hence, "written on their foreheads," the name which they have loved best of all on earth.—(Pp. 123—126)

SPANISH CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Astun, Dec 7—During the day I have had leisure to go over the extensive and magnificent church of this place—it ought rather to be termed a cathedral. It is stated to be the oldest Christian edifice in Catalonia. Its greatest attraction is the cloisters, the supporting columns (of a hard sort of granite) being most elaborately but rudely sculptured, no two columns, resembling one another. The life of Christ is most faithfully portrayed throughout all its phases, from the search of the "Star-guided Shepherds" to the Crucifixion, Ascension, and re-appearance to the doubting disciples. Innumerable subjects, also from Biblical history, are portrayed; but, perhaps, the most curious of all is an Allegory representing the "weighing in the balance" of the just and the unjust. An angel is holding the scales, in which are two inmates; the Evil One is sitting on the ground, eagerly watching the beam, and endeavouring to pull down the balance; while the infant Christ, in his mother's arms, is stretching forth his hand in defence of the endangered sinner. The "Last Supper," too, is beautifully conceived; the Saviour is breaking bread, while, apparently overcome with fatigue, and reposing, with his head on Christ's lap, is the "loved Apostle John." The whole sculpture looks as fresh as though it had but just sprung from the chisel. In the church, too, are some very ancient monuments, inscribed

upright in the walls. Several of these are knights in armour, in chain-mail of the "Crusaders' time." I assume this date for them from the circumstance of the surcoats having a broad cross displayed, and the arms being crossed upon the breast, grasping the straight cross-handled sword of the epoch. One of my companions attempted to decipher an old date to a half defaced monument, he read it eight hundred and eighty-eight, but I doubt its accuracy. In the church-yard, too, are the remains of an elaborately sculptured cross, and standing apart, and in a lone corner, is a magnificent arched tomb of a bishop of the early ages, the inscription, perfectly legible, is, however, in a character centuries fallen into disuse; there, however, still exists the ruin, standing amidst the graves of twenty generations—

"Its ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Proudly haughtily for glories gone."

PIUS IX.

The extracts we translated for our last number from different French papers, showed the indignation which the news of the late revolutionary events in Rome excited among the well thinking portion of the French population, and the enthusiasm with which the expected arrival of Pius IX., on the soil of France was anticipated. The noble Spaniards were not less indignant at the mean ingratitude of the Romans, nor less desirous to give a triumphant reception to the persecuted Pontiff in their country. Their papers too were chiefly taken up with this subject, as we learn from the Univors.

The "Espana" said, addressing the Romans. "Ungrateful people, your name would pass to posterity as that of the blackest, the most infamous of all the ungrateful, did not history record the memory of the people of the Palms and of the Hosanna, who became three days after the people of Calvary. Yes the Roman people and the Jewish people are now the most ungrateful of the earth. Unless there remain not a single citizen alive in Rome, unless mothers see their sons cut off by death, and there remain not in the Holy City stone upon stone, how can Rome raise again her spotless brow before the Christian nations, who will ask her with that terrible voice which filled Cain with fright: Where is thy Father?"

Where is thy Father? will ask of Rome, Spain, France, Austria, Europe, the whole world. Thou hast beheld him surrounded with a herd of fanatics and savages, thou hast heard their frightful yells and howlings, and thou hast remained quiet near thy hearth. But why should we wonder at thy want of faith, at thy ingratitude, at thy cowardice, if the pestilential breath of demagogues has frozen thy heart, enervated thy arm, and bent thy head to the dust."

Another paper says:—
"Come, Holy Father! Come, Sovereign Pontiff! Come amongst us holy fugitive! Come to our country, the country of the Reconquered and of the Ferdinands. We are poor, our temples are falling into decay and we have nothing to rear them up again, our clergy are in want and poverty; but you will find faith fully alive in the hearts of all Spaniards. On whatever part of our soil you will show yourself, you will meet with a hearty welcome, you will be received as the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the common father of us all. The poorest of our Priests, the most humble, the most needy of our countrymen will offer you their person and their life, all that they can and possess. Happy would be Spain, if she had the honor of possessing you on her soil, till has passed away the storm which has just broken out against you."

POOR PROTESTANTISM.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL—It appears that the Dean and Chapter had recently come to a resolution to give up chanting the service in the cathedral, and it was understood that Sunday was the day when the new practice was to be attempted, and as it was also intimated that one of the residentiary canons had expressed his intention to chant the service as usual, considering it was his duty, there was a strong muster of the inhabitants determined to support him by chanting the responses. The cathedral was crowded, but it appears that some compromise had been entered into. The Rev. Canon Sartis read the service without chanting, but the choristers appeared in their gowns and

chanted the responses as usual. The inhabitants generally are very averse to having this old custom abolished.—Times.

The Bishop of London, it is stated, has just had a case of some importance referred to him. It is alleged that a clergyman who officiates at a fashionable church in London, long remarkable for its forms and ceremonies, advised one of his congregation who was about to travel to communicate with the Church of Rome whilst absent from England. This advice has been submitted to the Bishop as highly reprehensible, and the decision of the diocesan is looked for with great interest by the Rev. gentleman's congregation.—Daily News.

BELGIUM.

The Belgians are circulating a respectful address to His Holiness Pope Pius IX., dated Christmas Day, in which, after reminding the Pope of the respect, submission, and loyalty evinced by the Belgians at all times for His Holiness, they highly deprecate recent events, which compelled him to flee from his patrimony, inherited from St. Peter, and offer their persons and property in order to re-establish wholly and intact the exercise of the spiritual and temporal authority of the Holy See. In other ages than this, they say, every true Catholic would have shuddered at such acts, and would have come from every quarter under Heaven to re-establish the Pope in his just rights. They entreat him, in conclusion, to extend his benediction to his faithful Belgian children. This address was got up in the first instance by Count L. S. Rationo of Boorsteek. It has already obtained numerous signatures.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Rev. Wm. T. Hamilton, D. D., a Protestant clergyman of Mobile, in a letter from New Orleans to the Mobile Herald, describing the symptoms, progress, &c., of the Cholera in the Crescent city, thus speaks of the Sister of Charity:—

"The Charity Hospital in New Orleans is certainly a noble institution, and does honor to that city. All that medical skill and faithful nursing combined can do for the sick is there employed for the relief of the poorest outcast; picked up in the streets. Nor can I, in justice, forbear to pay the commendation to the benevolent band of women designated as 'The Sisters of Charity,' to whose judicious control the entire department of nursing throughout this whole hospital is, if I am rightly informed, entrusted. Of their religious tenets it is well known, I am no admirer; put their benevolence—their self-denying activity, and their untiring zeal, are above all praised."

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

Confine your tongue lest it confine you.
Conversation teaches more than meditation.
Constant occupation prevents temptation.
Confide not in him who has once deceived you.
Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.
Give a child his will and a whelp his fill, and neither will thrive.
Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.
Let not your tongue cut your throat.
Fear not death so much as an evil life.
Dissembled holiness is double iniquity.
God help the poor, for the rich can help themselves.
He dances well for whom fortune pipes.
He that peeps through a hole may see what will vex him.
He was scant of news that told that his father was hanged.
Better ride an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.
There is no alchemy like saving.
He who has a mind to beat his dog will easily find a stick.
Who gives away his goods before he is dead, take a beetle and knock him on the head.
The devil grow sick, the devil a monk would be,
The devil grow well, the devil a monk was he.

Died.

February 11—Bridget Donnelly, native of Galway, Ireland, aged 38 years.
" 14—James, son of Wm and Mary Kehoe, aged 4 years and 6 months.
" 15—Mathew, son of John Kelly, aged 6 months and 15 days.
" 15—Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Sullivan, aged 6 months.