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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say  
Am 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 will give to thee the keys of the King-  
dom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind  
upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and what-  
soever 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 Christ  
founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That  
any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood estab-  
lished, 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, sacrile-  
gious. —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.

VOL. 5.

HALIFAX, MARCH 24, 1849.

NO. 12

Calendar.

- MARCH 25—Sunday—Passion Sunday, sem.
- 26—Monday—Annunciation B V Mary  
doub II of Transferred as to Office  
and Mass from yesterday.
- 27—Tuesday—Office of the Feria.
- 28—Wednesday—St Xystus III P C.
- 29—Thursday—Of the the Feria.
- 30—Friday—Seven Dolours of the B V  
Mary great doub.
- 31—Saturday—Of the Feria.

COMPITUM:

OR,

The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church.  
THE ROAD OF CHILDREN.  
(Concluded.)

This road of childhood will lead through re-  
gions which we shall have to traverse shortly,  
following tracks under other titles, and there-  
fore not to protract needlessly our way, let us  
leave it with a brief retrospect, which will un-  
fold views that many may have enjoyed while  
following it under the difficulties presented by  
their birth.

If, as in former times, men writing a history  
of their own lives, like Guibort de Nogent, were  
to be animated by the desire of the Psalmist when  
he said, Venite et audite et narrabo vobis omnes  
qui timetis Deum, quanta fecit Dominus anima-  
mea, they would do well, perhaps, to dwell at  
greatest length on the instances presented in the  
guidance of their childhood.

And here, disregarding the precept of the Py-  
thagoreans, not to look back on setting out on a  
journey, the stranger, though reluctantly, is  
tempted to allude to puerile matters connected  
with a familiar instance when he was in flower,  
in past time of childhood; not as singular, on a  
path not often trod, but as recalling what others  
may have in part experienced. He knew not,  
like another, the year, or hour, or day when he  
first entered the labyrinth; but certainly through  
no fault of the best of parents, victims of circum-  
stance like himself, it was by the darkest and  
most tangled parts that his feet first led him, al-  
beit, old writers say that the zephyrs, with a  
most benign eye, are accustomed to regard the  
spot.

There stretches through the midst of Ireland  
a range of long steep hills, whose southern  
head is crowned with an old castle now in ruins,  
where an ancestor having an armed force sped  
to the succor of a lady who was besieged in it by  
enemies, and as a reward secured her hand and  
barony, fixed there his seat, transferring to it  
from his native land a branch of a family that  
boasted of its Saxon blood. At the foot of that  
hill was nourished first the stranger's frame,  
when placed, as Charles d Orleans says,

tout en sa gouvernance  
De une dame que on appelloit Enfance.  
Do you ask further about his first home?  
Scribatur ubi forma loquaciter, et situs agri—  
long avenues, vast heaths, solemn groves.  
Fons enim vivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec  
Frigidor Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus.  
There was near it, too, a most wild solitary cha-  
pel, long in ruins, on whose broken walls, green  
with ivy, it was his joy to climb and gaze upon  
the moors beyond appearing deeper and deeper  
purple as the sun in wondrous glory went down  
upon them. Between chapel and castle there  
was enough to inspire a child with interest in the  
past. Ruins surrounded him. On all sides he  
saw

• Hqs Epist 16.

Cypress and ivy, weed, and wall-flower, grown  
matted and massed together, hillocks heaped  
O. what were chambers, arch crush'd column  
strawn  
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescos  
steep'd

In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd,  
Deeming it midnight; chapel bath, or halls,  
Pronounce who cau.

Besides, the paternal hand, ever ministering to  
a thoughtful heart, had placed solemn verses bor-  
rowed from the Psalms upon a wall where the  
green ivy climbed, leaving only part of the stone  
visible, thereby imparting a more profound mys-  
terious force to the very words which seemed to  
issue from the depths of long past ages. Fur-  
ther, and this was a moment never to be forgot-  
ten, in his truant hunting through all secreted  
localities, he discovered one night a large cruci-  
fix that seemed to drop blood, concealed in a  
huge old press, belonging to some devout faithful  
creature, who proved to be the nurse. Some  
time afterwards, his visits to the oak press led to  
his finding what Robinson Crusoe discovered in  
rummaging the chests of the wreck, namely,  
what he calls 'two or three popish prayer-  
books,' which, strange to remark, he tells us  
that he 'carefully secured,' and which proved  
no less useful to this other lost navigator; for  
the books, with the crosses so mystically stamp-  
ed upon the red illumined page, never left his  
memory. Such things only by stealth were  
seen, but others that pointed to the Church—  
clearly, were allowedly present before him! For  
the rooms and even ceilings were covered with  
pictures of angels and madonnas. Within  
doors, indeed, no one could be persuaded to dis-  
close the great secret of which the child knew  
well they were all conscious; but the external  
family was not so easily to be silenced. There  
was a gardener, dear delightful friend,—there  
were his sons, sweet kind boys, with whom he  
used to play, to dig, to plant, to uproot, to  
build, and to pull down what had been built.—  
There was an old solemn steward, of whom he  
had an occasional glimpse, and a most familiar  
shepherd, who all adored in the strange distant  
chapel across the moor, that was called Roman,  
and who from time to time used to drop some  
words about it that fell upon his ear like sounds  
from another world. Nor was this all. A  
potent earl had a wide domain at a distance of  
seven miles, to whose castle he used often to be  
conducted with familiar guests. There, in one  
of the woods, under thick foliage, a cell of wood  
and moss, with dark green chambers echoing to  
the murmurs of a brooklet running by them,  
along which one arrived at it by a winding path,  
had filled his mind with love for anchorets,  
whose dwelling it was feigned to be, for it was  
expressly called the hermitage. Sounds too  
were used, slow plaintive tunes played upon the  
flute in the twilight hour, by a dear playmate,  
though almost a man, who had the vice remark-  
ed by Horace, never to be persuaded when asked  
to sing, but unordered never to cease. Ah,  
how some who had early mandates to depart are  
yet allowed to steal a-haunt his path to tell of  
days long past! This floating melody from a  
poor brother's flute, itself an artless thing made  
with his own hands, like that we hear of in old  
idyls, the cutting of which had made sore the  
boy musician's finger, so sadly but sweetly  
beguiling summer evenings to a circle of children  
who loved to watch the owl's passing across the  
windows of the old hall in which they sat,  
thinking all the while of things past their ut-  
terance, acquired a different interest when he dis-

• Sati 3. † Theoc.

covered afterwards that it was the music of the  
Catholic Church caught first by the peasant  
youth, then learnt from them by his brother, that  
he heard; for it is a fact, that in all lands the  
children of the poor love to sing them, so conso-  
nant are they with that natural chant of man  
which is sorrowful. There, at all events, it was  
so. As Faubriol remarks of those in Brittany.—  
The popular airs were simple, plaintive, melan-  
choly, resembling the plaintive chant of  
Church; from which, in fact, they were deri-  
ved. The old Gregorian tones thus reached  
him:

Musa loquebatur. penes sompno per auram.  
Voxque salutarium ramis veniebat ab altis.

But the issue was not yet to be discovered,  
before involving himself deeper in the labyrinth  
for as the child grows into the boy, or, to use  
Homeric language,

—ate de megas esti, kai ebes motron ikanoif,  
fresh turnings appear on every side, while the  
straight avenues to truth are obstructed; he has  
before him wilds and depths, tracts rich and  
barren; here chestnut woods, there heathy  
paths, then inland streams, and the olive moun-  
tains, shapes which seem like winks or returns  
of childhood's sunny dream; so transversely he  
proceeds,

Per juga, per silvas, dumosque saxa vagatur.

• AEn v 9. † Od xix 522. ‡ AEn x 6.

DEATH OF VEN ARCHDEACON HAY.  
(From the Toronto Mirror)

It is our painful duty to record the decease of  
one of the most excellent and useful men in our  
community,—the Venerable Archdeacon J. J.  
HAY, of this Diocese, who expired on Monday  
the 19th instant, at the Episcopal palace of St  
Michael's in the 29th year of his age. Those  
who have had the pleasure of knowing the ex-  
emplary character of the deceased, will readily  
comprehend the extent of the loss sustained by  
the Catholics of Toronto, and the Diocese at  
large, in the bereavement with which it has  
pleased Almighty Providence to visit them.—  
Archdeacon HAY was a man of no ordinary  
merits. His urbanity, apostolic simplicity, be-  
nevolence, unaffected piety, mildness of temper  
and unwavering rectitude, gained for him the  
good opinions and esteem of all, who in any  
way, had intercourse with him. His acts of  
charity were known only to himself, and to Him  
who seeth in secret. but we can state from our  
own knowledge, that many have been the good  
deeds performed by him, which he desired not to  
be proclaimed, and many a destitute fellow-  
being who has been relieved by his timely aid  
will lament his premature departure.

Archdeacon HAY was educated in Montreal.  
He completed his studies at the college of the  
Propaganda in Italy, and was ordained Priest in  
1842; since which period he has acted as Secre-  
tary of this Diocese. From the time of the de-  
cease of the lamented Bishop Power, he has  
been Administrator of the Diocese, and he has  
throughout his whole residence amongst us, pos-  
sessed the good opinion of the entire Catholic  
body, both lay and clerical. He was entirely  
and exclusively devoted to the duties of his sa-  
cred office; and most sedulously abstained from  
any part in questions of a secular nature. His  
health had been long very feeble, but for some  
months prior to his last illness, it appeared to have  
undergone a favorable change, and he was en-  
couraged to bestow more labor upon his arduous du-  
ties, than many persons believed to be compati-  
ble with his strength. The disease under which  
he finally sunk—consumption—was too deeply

rooted to afford any lasting hopes of recovery;  
and he is well known to have lived under an  
abiding conviction that his days were to be but  
few in this vale of tears. His death, like his  
life, has been in peace. In his last hours he was  
as calm and resigned to the will of Providence as  
he had ever been, and he looked upon death as  
his deliverer from sufferings which he bowed to  
as the lot of humanity.

Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.

We must add our tribute of regret to the me-  
mory of our old school-mate and friend. During  
the several years we studied together in Mon-  
treal, we always found John Hay a pious exam-  
plary student, of mild manners and great weak-  
ness. His career as a Priest has been one of  
zeal and great success; his labors among the  
poor of Toronto will never be forgotten; his ad-  
ministration of the affairs of the diocese will en-  
sure him the gratitude of all who may come after  
him in that portion of the Lord's vineyard. He  
lived to obtain what he most desired though it  
was not given him to see it, the charge of the  
Church of Toronto handed over to our kind mas-  
ter and beloved teacher, the good Father Larkin.  
And now he has gone to rest from his labours.—  
May God grant him eternal rest, and may perpet-  
ual light shine upon him.—Cath. Advocate.

THE BLESSINGS OF BEING A NEWS-  
PAPER EDITOR.

No. 1. I shall give up your paper, the type is  
so small. 2. You use such large type that  
there's nothing in the paper. 3. I put a  
"card" in your sheet, and what a large staring  
thing it is. 4. You use such insignificant type  
for advertisements, that they cannot be seen. 5.  
You're too Church for me. 6. You don't sup-  
port the Church sufficiently. 7. You never  
notice Dissenters. 8. Why do you pay attention  
to Dissenter's meetings? 9. You're Roman  
Catholics. 10. Have not Roman Catholics as  
much right to be reported as Protestants? 11.  
Why don't you report Wesleyans? 12. Are  
you a Methodist organ?—if so, I shall give you  
up. 13. You are too theatrical. 14. You  
don't give sufficient news of theatres and music.  
15. Why, you are a Tory. 16. I can't stand  
your ultra-liberal principles; and so on. By  
endeavoring to please all you satisfy none, for  
each person who pays his fourpence half-penny,  
thinks the newspaper ought to advocate his es-  
pecial hobby, right and left. To all grumblers  
of this description, we would say, decidedly,  
"Start a newspaper yourselves.—English Pa-  
per.

PAINFUL DUTIES OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired  
in fulfilling the laborious duties of a village  
schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous  
labour, and sometimes requited with ingratitude  
and injustice by ignorance, he will often be op-  
pressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink un-  
der the weight of his thankless toil if he do not  
seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the  
views of immediate personal interest. He must  
be sustained and animated by a prof. and sense  
of the moral importance of his labours. He must  
learn to regard the austere pleasure of having  
served mankind, and having secretly contributed  
to the public weal, as a price worthy of his ex-  
ertion, which his conscience pays him. It is his  
glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and  
laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacri-  
fices for those who profit by him, to labor, in a  
word, for man, and wait for his reward from  
God.

THE CROSS.

Having lately made an appeal, on behalf of this Journal, to our Catholic readers in general, we will now respectfully address a few words to all the zealous missionaries of our Church in this and the neighboring Provinces. To many of them are we indebted for most valuable co-operation and support. Our Subscription List has been often increased by their kind recommendation, and our columns have sometimes been adorned by their interesting favours. To each and all we offer our sincerest thanks, and we beg for a continuance of a co-operation which is so essential to our success. In our enlarged sheet, we hope to merit their patronage still more, and to introduce into our columns those subjects in which they would feel a deeper interest. In this department we have been promised some useful aid; and unless our expectations be deceived, we think the Cross, for the future, will be found peculiarly interesting to the Clergy. We need not say that we shall gratefully receive contributions from our Clerical friends as well as advice, and that authenticated accounts of local religious affairs will meet with instant attention. We have long been anxious to obtain some accurate information on the original establishment of Catholicity in this Province, and its subsequent history. We have already made some collections relative to the history of the Church in Nova Scotia, but these *disjecta membra* are not sufficiently connected, nor numerous enough to form a regular narrative. Still we think it would be useful hereafter to print any documents that we can obtain, and thereby add to the stock from which the future historian of our infant Church may draw his materials. We will therefore feel infinitely obliged to any of the Clergy or laity who would be kind enough to afford us information on this important subject. The biographies and correspondences of all the early missionaries in Nova Scotia, and of the priests their successors, down to the present day, would be highly interesting to our readers. The erection of Churches, the establishment of missions, the various benefactors of our religion, the confessors of our faith—all these would be worthy of everlasting record. The early history of the Nova Scotian Church is inseparably connected with the simplicity and piety, the fate and fortunes of the Acadian French. The archives of the French marine, and the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, as well as those of the See of Quebec, to which Nova Scotia formerly belonged, would no doubt supply many valuable details. Indeed we are convinced that a rich harvest might be gleaned in those quarters, and perhaps our humble attempts at investigating the early annals of Catholic Nova Scotia might call some useful labourers into the field. Any communication, therefore, which bears remotely or directly on the history of the Church of Nova Scotia, will be received by us with gratitude and pleasure. Every thing that we can collect of the events of the present century, we will print without delay. Even the current events which have been published in this Journal since its establishment in March, 1845, will be read with intense interest by those who shall come after us in another century.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

We would esteem it as a particular favour if any one competent to the task would send us an account of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Burke, the First Vicar Apostolic, the place of his birth, studies, ordination, first missions, consecration, &c. &c. We believe he came to Halifax in 1802, that he was appointed Bishop in 1818, and died in 1820. Some say he was a native of the County Kildare, others of the Queen's County, but on this point, as well as on every thing else connected with his eventful life, we should like to obtain the most accurate information.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Festival of the Glorious Apostle of Ireland, was celebrated in his own Church, at the North End, on Saturday last. This being the great time that Mass was offered in the New Church of St. Patrick's on the 17th of March, a great concourse of the Faithful assembled to do honor to the occasion. As the hour of High Mass approached, all the streets leading to Dartmouth were filled with multitudes who wished to be present at the Holy Sacrifice in

this beautiful Church. A great gathering of the Faithful took place in the vicinity of St. Mary's and Mason Hall, to witness and accompany the very imposing procession of the Irish Society, headed by the worthy President of the year, Mr Peter Morrissey, and enlivened by the soul-stirring strains of the fine Band of the 97th Regt., which was kindly given by Colonel Lockyer for the occasion. The crowd increased to such a degree, that every corner of the Church was filled to suffocation in a moment after the arrival of the Procession, and hundreds were unable to get admittance. Every one was struck with astonishment at the very extensive and beautiful decorations of the Church, which was festooned in every part with evergreens and flowers. The large, magnificent picture of St. Patrick, the finest in America, was encircled with shamrocks and flowers, and the disposition of the various lights and ornaments reflected the highest credit on the piety and taste of the Choral Society of St. Cecilia (annexed to the Church under the presidency of the Rev. Mr. McIsaac), and Mr D. Van Malder, who was the principal designer of the various devices, &c. &c. About eleven o'clock the High Mass *Coram Episcopo* was commenced by Rev. Denis Geary of Dartmouth, as Celebrant, Rev. Messrs. Maddean and McIsaac as Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and Very Rev. Mr. Conolly, Master of Ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, for whom a very beautiful throne was prepared at the Gospel side of the Altar, assisted pontifically, and gave the Benediction at the close of Mass. The Members of the Choir of St. Cecilia chanted the various parts of the Mass in a very creditable style, and whilst the collection was being made by the Irish Society for the relief of the poor, they sang a very beautiful anthem of St. Patrick. On the whole, St. Patrick's Day in Halifax was kept in a manner truly religious and well worthy of the Great Hibernian Apostle and his grateful spiritual children of the Green Isle. The Collection amounted to upwards of forty-two pounds.

HOLYDAY OF ST. PATRICK.

We have been asked why St. Patrick's Day was made a Holyday in the Diocese of Halifax. The reason is, as far as we can ascertain, that the Catholics of this Diocese are principally of Irish and French origin, the latter not being near as numerous as the former. According to the opinion of the most judicious critics, St. Patrick was a Frenchman, a native of Boulogne-sur-mer in Picardy. It is well known that his mother was niece to St. Martin, the celebrated Bishop of Tours—a circumstance which strongly confirms the belief that he was born in France. The celebrated Godfrey or Godefroi of Bouillon, the King of Jerusalem in the time of the Crusades, was born in the same town as the Great Irish Apostle, and received his surname from it. Thus both Irish and French are equally concerned in the due commemoration of the virtues, labours and zeal of their Apostle and their Countryman. To confirm the "poor Exiles of Erin" in their faith, and to perpetuate in this hemisphere the undying recollection of so great a Champion of the Catholic Church, the Bishop applied to his late Holiness Gregory XVI. of happy memory, for permission to establish this Festival as one of the First Class, with the obligation of hearing Mass, but without the usual obligation of abstaining from servile work. This was granted by His Holiness at his Audience of the 23d of February, 1845.

ECCLESIASTICAL RITES.

No. 1.

To perform a promise which we have recently made, we intend to publish, from time to time, a few notes on the Rubrics of festivals and other observances of the Church. In doing so, we shall avoid as much as possible those things which are generally known; and by confining ourselves, as we go along, to the current Festivals, &c. we hope to accumulate, during the year, a mass of useful information.

We have already said that on Mid-Lent Sunday a Golden Rose is blessed by the Pope. This is performed with great solemnity at Rome. The day is more joyful than the other Sundays in Lent, the Deacon and Subdeacon use the Dalmatic and Tunic, the Altars are adorned with flowers, images and Relics, the Organ is permitted to play. The Rose is filled with musk and balsam, and the Cardinals who assist at its benediction are attired in rose-coloured vestments. The Pope carries this Rose in his hand, as a

emblem of joy, on going to, and returning from the Church of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*. The Rose excels all other flowers in its colour, smell and savour, and aptly represents the exultation of the Church rejoicing on this day on having accomplished the half of her penitential course, and resting, as it were, to recruit her strength for the performance of the remainder, according to the advice of the poet:—"Interponitur interdum gaudia curis." The custom of presenting the Golden Rose to Sovereigns and Nobles is very ancient; but the first account we have of its being blessed occurs in the Life of Pope Innocent IV., who gave a Blessed Rose to the Canons of St. Justus at Lyons, whose hospitality he then enjoyed.

Fulk, Count of Anjou, relates how he received the Rose from Pope Urban II., and decreed that it should be carried in the solemn procession of the *Osanna* (Palm Sunday) by himself and his successors.

Pope Eugenius III. sent the Rose to Alphonsus, King of Spain, with a Letter (Epist. 73) in which he thus writes:—

"As a proof of our good will and favour towards your Majesty, we have taken care to send you by our Venerable Brother, the Bishop of Segovia, the Golden Rose which as an emblem of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ our Lord, the Roman Pontiff is accustomed to carry every year on the Sunday when *Lactare Jerusalem* is sung, in order that being influenced by the memory of this Rose, you may strive with the Lord's assistance to fill up in your body those things which are wanting of the Passion of Christ, and that thus through his compassionate clemency you may deserve to attain to the glory of his Resurrection."

We have similar accounts of the manner in which the Golden Rose was given by Pope Alexander III. to Louis VII. of France; by the same Pope, in 1177, to the Doge of Venice; by Innocent IV. to Raymond, Count of Provence; by Urban V. to Waldemar, King of Denmark, who was at Rome in 1364; by the same Pope to Joan, Queen of Sicily; by Sixtus IV. to Ernest, the Elector of Germany, &c. &c.

We copy the following brief account of the Ceremony from the Abbe Geramb's *Journey to Rome*, p. 155.

"On the fourth Sunday of Lent, called by the Church the joyful Sunday *Lactare*, the Pope, dressed in his pontifical habits, blessed a golden rose adorned with precious stones, pronouncing over it these beautiful and touching words: 'O God whose power has made all things, and whose power governs and sustains all; O God, who art the happiness and joy of the faithful, vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this brilliant and odoriferous rose. Thy people, delivered from the slavery of Babylon by the grace of thy word, who, by taking flesh, became the glory and joy of Israel, the king of the heavenly Jerusalem, our happy country; thy people will carry this rose as a sign of happiness and joy, as the symbol of that mystic root of Jesse, of that flower of the field, of that lily of the valleys, which thy prophets announced and sung, and under the image of which they predicted and typified the Saviour. He is that eternal Rose, engendered in thy bosom, who has gladdened and embalmed the world.' After this the Pope anoints it with balm, sprinkles on it some musk powder and holy water, incenses it and deposits it on the altar, where it remains exposed during the holy sacrifice. Formerly the Prefect of Rome received this rose, in return for the homages which he rendered to the Holy Father; at present the Pope sends it to some Christian King or Queen, unless some Monarch or other distinguished personage should be at Rome on this day, to whom it would be thought suitable to present it. What touching recollections are recalled by this Rose! how many pious allegories does it suggest! Thus, my dear Charles, religion can bless every thing: there is nothing in nature which does not lead us to the Creator."

On the Wednesday after the *Dominica Lactare*, the solemn scrutiny of those Catechumens who were to be baptised at Easter, was formerly held in the Church. The Four Gospels were read for them, and the Lord's Prayer and Creed were delivered to them. Muratori has published this ancient rite, with all the accompanying prayers and the portions of the Gospels which were read. The admonitions delivered on the occasion show the profound respect of the Church for the Word of God, and her anxiety that the faithful should diligently meditate upon it. This ancient rite was long preserved, and is probably kept up to

the present day in the Church of Vienne in Dauphiny.

On the Friday after the 4th Sunday of Lent, the History of the raising of Lazarus is read in the Gospel at Mass. This was formerly a day of great ceremony in Vendome. A culprit was publicly pardoned by the Supremo Magistrato of the City, and delivered over to the Prior of the Monastery with a rope about his neck and a large wax taper in his hand. After hearing the Sermon, he was brought before the Altar to the Prior, who made him a short exhortation to amend his life, took the rope off his neck, and dismissed him after enjoining some penance, such as a pilgrimage to St. Martin's tomb. This privilege was granted to the Citizens by Louis Bourbon, Count of Vendome, who having escaped from an English prison, as he supposed, through God's merciful assistance, made a vow to that effect in token of his gratitude, as may be seen in the Charter containing the Privilege.

The Saturday before Passion Sunday, called *Sabbatum ad Sistentes*, from the first word of the Introit of the Mass, is one of the extra days, like Holy Saturday, on which permission is given by the Church to confer Holy Orders. The ordinary seasons are the Ember Days in each of the Four Quarters of the year. It sometimes happened that additional clerical assistance was required in the Churches for the celebration of the rites of Holy Week and Easter, and hence the concession of the privilege.

Before Vespers on this Saturday, the *Crosses*, Images, &c. on the Altar are veiled, and so continue until Good Friday. This is done to excite the penitential sorrow of the faithful at the Passion of our Lord, which is now about to commence, and to show how Christ hid himself after his Passion, drew nigh, because his hour was not yet come, as we read in the Gospel of Passion Sunday: *But Jesus hid himself and went out of the temple.*

The proper color of these veils is violet. But at the High Mass on Holy Thursday, the veil of the Cross on the Altar should be white, and that of the processional Cross violet (Sac. Cong. of rites, 20th Dec. 1783)

On this Saturday the Passion-tide Hymn *Vexilla Regis prodeunt* is sung at Vespers. The author of this beautiful hymn is uncertain. Some ascribe it to Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian Priest or bishop of Poitiers, who died in 609; others to Theodolph, bishop of the same see, who was promoted by Charlemagne, and died in 821; and some to St. Ambrose and our Irish poet, Sedulius, the author of the *Carmen Paschale*, and of several Church Hymns.

In this Hymn the author quotes David, as having said "Regnavit a ligno Deus"—God hath reigned from the tree, or wood.

These exact words are not now found in the Scriptures. Genebrardus says they were never contained in the Hebrew text, but were added by the Seventy-two Interpreters, and that prophetically, about 300 years before Christ. Tertullian, St. Augustine, and other Fathers, in commenting on this text of the 96th Psalm, "The Lord hath reigned"—add, *from the tree*, a ligno, as the explanation. The pious author of the Hymn would therefore seem to give the sense and not the exact words of the Scriptural passage. David's prophecy of the reign of Christ was fulfilled on the Cross, for there Jesus reigned in triumph as the King of Love, the victor of death and hell, and there was placed over him and not without a mystery, the Kingly superscription which denoted his royalty, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ.

The pronoun 'quæ' in this line, refers to 'Vita' in the first strophe of the hymn. At the words

O Crux ave! spes unica,

All hail, O Cross, our only Hope!

all kneel down whenever they are sung in this hymn during the Passion-tide.

From this Saturday until the Monday after the Octave of Pentecost, the Commemorations of the B. Virgin, the Apostles, Patron Saint, &c. which are in the Roman Psalter, are all omitted, the Church, no doubt, wishing to direct the undivided attention and devotion of her children, during this holy season, to Christ our only Mediator and Refuge, and to His Great Attonement and triumph.

In all Masses of the *Passion-tide* the Psalm *Judica me Deus* is omitted by the Priest, together with the Doxology. The *Gloria Patri* is also omitted at the Introit and *Lectio*. This reduces the Mass to its ancient simplicity, so suitable to this time of mourning, when the

*Gloria Patri* was not introduced into the Divine Office, and when the Psalm *Judica*, Judge me, O God, &c. was not said at the Altar, but recited in the Vestry by the Priest as a part of the preparation for the Holy Sacrifice.

#### Passion Sunday.

The fifth Sunday of Lent is so called, because on this day the Church begins to commemorate in a particular manner the Passion of our Saviour. Hence she omits the *Gloria Patri* in the responses and Invitatories of the Office and the *Introit* and *Lavabo* at Mass. Passion, as well as Palm Sunday, enjoys the rite of the First Class.

In the Churches of Rheims, Sens, and Chalons-sur-Saone, Red Vestments are used during the Passion time, to represent Christ's blood, shed at this holy season. Graculus says that the Church of Paris used Black Vestments. But according to the Roman custom, the Mass is celebrated in Violet, as being more suited to the mournful office of this period.

In some Churches a more humble and submissive tone is used in chanting during the Passion-tide.

According to its ancient Missal, a very curious custom prevailed in the Church of Rouen on Passion Sunday. The Rubric prescribed that before the Communion, the Priest, holding the Body of our Lord in his hand, should sing with a soft modulation of the voice, *Hoc Corpus quod pro vobis traditur*, (This Body which shall be delivered for you,) and that the Choir should repeat the same words, the Priest meantime receiving the Body of our Lord. After which, slightly elevating the Chalice, he should sing the following: *Hic calix novi testamenti est in sanguine, dicit Dominus* (This is the Chalice of the New Testament in my Blood, saith the Lord). The Choir was to repeat the same, and in the interim the Priest received the Blood of Christ, and after the adoration of his fingers he was to recite as the Communion, *Hoc facite*, &c. (This do as often as you shall take it in memory of me.)

The whole of the above sentences, form what is called the *Communion* for Passion Sunday in the Roman Missal. Some other Churches observed the same rite as Rouen; amongst which were the Abbey Church of Jumieges.

On the Monday in Passion Week, the following devout *Tract*, was appointed to be said in some old Missals, and continued every day until Spy Wednesday:

Per signum Crucis de inimicis nostris libera nos  
Dous noster.  
Per signum Crucis limite delicta cuncta.  
Per quam redemisti mundum cruore fuso.  
Defende nos Domine contra saeva jacula inimicorum die ac nocte.

By the sign of the Cross, from our enemies deliver us, our God. By the sign of the Cross forgive us all our sins. By him through the effusion of whose blood thou didst redeem the world, defend us, O Lord, against the cruel assaults of our enemies, both day and night.

On Friday in Passion Week, is kept the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the B. Virgin. This Festival was established in a Provincial Synod, by Theodoric, Bishop of Cologne, in 1413, to confound the impiety of the Hussites, who insulted the Sacred Images of the Dolorous Virgin. From thence it passed into various other Churches by permission of the Holy See, and into the Religious Orders likewise, the foremost of whom in celebrating it were the Carthusians. Benedict XIII. extended it to the whole Church, by a Decree *Urbis et Orbis*, on the 22d of August, 1727. The Prose *Stabat mater dolorosa*, read in the Mass of the day, is ascribed to the celebrated Pope Innocent III.

The title of Seven Dolours is taken, according to some, from the Seven principal founders of the *Servites*, or the Order of Servants of Mary, who were employed in mediating on her various sufferings. According to Italian engravings, which seem to be in some manner corroborated by portions of the Office, the Dolours are numbered as follows:

- I. The prophecy of Simeon in the Temple to the B. Virgin. The sword of grief shall pierce thy soul.
- II. The Flight into Egypt.
- III. The loss of Jesus in Jerusalem.
- IV. Jesus falling under the Cross.
- V. The Crucifixion.
- VI. The taking down from the Cross.
- VII. The burial of Christ.

#### THE NEWS BY THE PACKET.

The Canada arrived on Thursday night, bringing most important intelligence. A great battle has been fought in India, and though Lord Gough claims the victory, it is admitted that the Sikhs

kept possession of the field, massacred the wounded British Soldiers the night after the Battle, and carried off some of their guns. Upwards of 3000 British were killed or wounded, amongst whom were a large proportion of Officers. This is the most disastrous intelligence that has come from India for many a day. The defeats of Cabony and the Punjab will do much towards destroying the prestige of British superiority through the whole Indian peninsula. A new Commander in Chief has been ordered out, but before he can arrive something very decisive will take place, one way or other. This important news will have a powerful effect on all the relations of Great Britain. Cobden's financial reform scheme will go to the dogs, vast changes of troops will take place, the Nation will get as sick of the Whigs as they seem to be of Lord Gough, and we would not be surprised if poor Ireland herself should begin to experience a little coaxing, or *John Bull Blarney*, from what is so facetiously termed the *Sister Kingdom*. To add to England's troubles, Russia has announced her determination to force a passage for her fleet through the Dardanelles. If the Russian Eagle be once planted on the minarets of Santa Sophia, Egypt and the Overland route to India will soon be under the holy guardianship of Nicholas, the French perhaps sharing in the spoils of the disjunct Ottoman Empire. Russia too is interfering in the North of Europe in favour of Austria, and the latter power will no doubt very shortly exhibit her gratitude to England for Lord Palmerston's valuable services in her Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. We are glad to think that Palmerston will have enough of business on his hands without meddling with Russia for some time to come. The cries of the murdered famished Irish have pierced the skies. The blood of the tens of thousands who were starved in their own fine land, who were choaked to death in fetid slugs, who were engulfed in the remorseless waters of the broad Atlantic, who festered and rotted to death in Grosse Isle, and Partridge Island, and innumerable other parts of America—their blood, we say, has cried and still rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabbath against their savage, ruthless, inhuman destroyers. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay. We could as soon think of doubting God's existence as refuse to believe that He will punish England for her multiplied cruelties in Ireland. The blood of a Nation is on her guilty head, and terrible indeed will be the expiation a God of Justice will require.—Whenever we hear of any English calamity, at home or abroad, we think we also hear on the passing gale the voice of the murdered Irish.

We are glad to be able, even for once, to extract something from the New York Nation, which seems to be mending its ways. Here it is, on St. Patrick's Day:—

#### “WHY WE CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY.”

“The Christianization of the nations of Europe is the noblest record of virtuous suffering and holy heroism Rome was mistress of the world, and Paganism of the world's mind, when the mystery of our Redemption was enacted in Judea, as God foretold through his prophets.

“On the hill of Calvary, the day of the crucifixion, a new banner was reared—the banner of the Cross. For now nearly two thousand years it has been borne in the procession of the generations. All earthly banners have been lowered before it—Cæsar's, Attila's, Mahomed's, Charlemagne's, have fallen—but the Cross remains, perched on a million towers, ruling one-third of the sons of earth. Many stars have risen and brightened, paler and sunk, but the Star of Bethlehem has never set,—it flings its light beyond the circle of the sun itself.

“Under God, through the instrumentality of great men, this change has been achieved.—These men are called ‘the Apostles of Nations.’ Of these, some loom up in gigantic dimensions through the grey morning of history. The figure of Saint Paul stands among the symbols of Paganism, like the very fire pillar of the new Exodus. Follow him in his journeys, and admire his devotion. From Jerusalem to Malta there was no shore he left untouched, no city unvisited. What dangers and temptations he underwent at Antioch, at Lyria, at Ephesus, at Athens! What an ordeal he bore at Rome—the centre of the system of which he was the destroyer! What true heroism there is in all

his actions—what noble devotion in all his words!

“All nations honor their apostles and are learned in their history. When a people forget their apostles, you may date their ruin, as a people, from that hour. Therefore, it is we, Irishmen, celebrate this 17th of March—the festival of our nation—the anniversary of its Apostle's death.

“The Apostle of Ireland was one of the most successful, as he was one of the chief, of the early missionaries of Christianity.

“Born in a Roman province in Britain, carried a slave to Ireland, bred up a swineherd, a student at forty years old, he yet outrooted the most subtle and attractive of all the systems of Paganism, and closed his eyes upon a people almost entirely Christianized through his means.

“The Druids worshipped the elements, either as Gods or symbols of Gods. Arching oaks of ancient forests made their natural cathedrals.—Fire, the sun, and the spring-wells, were peculiar objects of their veneration. It is doubtful whether they sacrificed human lives or not.—their dress was white; their ceremonies were sealed by the sacred oath—‘by the stars, and the sea, and the four winds of heaven.’ Their rites were traditional; they gave the human as well as the divine law. They exercised a despotic power over both their people and princes.

“For this solitary, arbitrary, and powerful Paganism, Saint Patrick and his disciples substituted, in the 5th century after Christ, the beautiful, holy, and immaculate religion of the Redeemer. They did not at once eradicate Druidism, which retreated into holes and corners, and made its dwellings in darkness, for ages afterwards. In Corcomroe, in Connought, there were unbelievers even in the middle ages. But the great bulk of the nation became Christianized, and we, their descendants, have inherited our faith and our morals, through them from Saint Patrick. A vulgar, British prejudice has associated the name of Patrick with folly and ignorance. It was a title of honour (Patricius) among the Romans, and should be the favorite name in every Irishman's calendar.

“We do confess, we like to see this day celebrated by Irishmen, wherever they are. In India, in Polynesia, all through America, it should be kept sacred by us. The sense of having even one day in the year on which, by a common impulse, all our widely scattered race can give themselves up to national thoughts, refined and elevated by a religious sense of duty, is a bond of sympathy and strength we cannot afford to give up.

“If not celebrated in this wise spirit, better it should pass by unheeded. To make it the occasion for uproarious excess, tawdry sentiment, is worse than to forget it. In Curran's Priory, and in the tents of the Brigade, it was worthily celebrated in former years; and, if we cannot imitate their example, it were better not to shame it. Wit and mirth there may, and must be—for an Irishman will jest in the *melos* of battle or with his foot on the last rung of the ladder that leads him out to death—but this day, sacred to the memories of our dead and defeated patriots—dedicated by a home-loving people to the memory of home, should be carefully preserved from ribaldry, and discord, and the least exhibition of intemperance. In kindness, in thoughtfulness, and with a firm trust in Providence and our own exertions, let us keep it, and teach it to be kept hereafter by our children.”—*Nation*.

#### CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Of the character of Pastors in the Established Church, Mr. Noel says,—“I grieve to write it. There are men among them of great virtues to whom I gladly do homage. I know and love many faithful, energetic, and sincere servants of Christ; but when these exceptions are subtracted what are the rest? I grieve to write it—Chosen by peers and squires, by colleges and church corporations, by chancellors and State-made prelates, many are made pastors by a corrupt favoritism, many are allured to an uncongenial employment by the income which it offers them, and many embrace the profession of a pastor because they are too dull, inert, or timid for any other. They have scarcely any theological training; they are pledged to all the errors in the Prayer book, and all the abuses sanctioned by the Union. They dread reforms, they are servile to patrons, they are intolerant to Dissenters; their zeal is crippled by State restrictions, and their indolence tempted by unbounded liberty to indulge it. Severed from the body of

the people by their birth, by their early education, by their college life, by their aristocratical association, by their zeal for their ecclesiastical prerogatives, they have little popular influence.—Lawyers, men of science, and editors of newspapers, do not listen to them; Chartists and Socialists dislike and despise them; they scarcely touch the operative millions; they make few converts among the devotees of fashion; and under their leadership the Christian army is inert, timid, and unsuccessful.”

#### ATTACKS ON PRIVATE PROPERTY.

For some time past our columns bore, unfortunately, ample testimony, by the reports of numerous robberies in our city and neighbourhood, of the fearful demoralization now so prevalent among the poorer classes, in so many instances from want of the ordinary necessaries to support existence. This melancholy change in the social condition of the people has led to a very general assault upon private property, and even to sacrilegious acts in houses of Divine worship, which, until lately, was a crime rarely committed in Ireland. It, however, frequently happens that attacks on private property, one of which we notice to day as having been committed at the stores of Messrs Cole and Prossor, are perpetrated by persons not driven by distress to such violations of the law, and to such we trust, the rigour of justice will be dealt with no unsparing hand. For the unfortunate creatures, with large families, who are barely existing on the miserable pittance doled out of them by the relieving officer, when driven to snatch a loaf of bread or purloin a few turnips, there may be some commiseration, but for the other class alluded to there can be no difference of opinion in awarding to them the utmost severity of the law.—*Wexford Paper*.

[The new palace of the Bishop of Manchester, according to the *Daily News*, quoted in *Jerrold's Weekly News*, bids fair to cost £20,000.]

A prelate, thus pictured, would seem to have sat  
For him at whose gate the poor Lazarus lay.  
To bask in the sunshine and feed on the fat  
Of the earth. Oh, can this be the heavenward way?

“Love not the world, nor the things in the world.”  
The Scripture enjoins; but our souls over-seers  
Proclaim by their practices, in luxury sur'd  
’Tis a precept more binding on paupers than peers!

O Paul! O Apostles! who toiled for  
A crown  
Of glory.” ’midst poverty, peril, and pain,  
On your palaced successors, if now ye look down,  
Seem ye not to have lived, so translated, in vain?

PROFANE SWEARING.—Washington was proceeding with several of his officers, when one of them uttered an oath. He instantly dropped his knife and fork, and in a deep tone, with characteristic dignity and earnestness, said, “I thought we all regarded ourselves as gentlemen!”

Wednesday night last the parish church of Cahirciveen was entered by a vagrant, his wife, and children, by breaking the glass and sash of the chancel window. The alarm having been given, the police repaired to the Church in which they found the wretches with fire lighted on the communion table, part of which was burned!

Government have called upon the various sheriffs in Ireland for a return of all evictions that have taken place, during the past year, under writs of Habere.

Emigration from Waterford is weekly increasing. Over 300 went thence to Liverpool on Friday for America, which was considered a small number compared with the former weeks.

Farmers are generally engaged sowing potatoes in the counties of Limerick and Clare, to the great surprise of the country gentlemen, who did not conceive that such a quantity was reserved for seed.

## Hymns of the Heart.

No 11.

### ASCENSION.

Rise—glorious Conqueror, rise,  
Into thy native skies,—  
Assume Thy right :  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward roll'd—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light !

Victor o'er death and hell  
Chestuble legions swell  
The radiant train :  
Praises all heaven inspire :  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And claps his wings of fire,—  
Thou Lamb once slain !

Enter, Incarnate God !—  
No feet, but Thine, have trod  
The serpent down :  
Blow the full trumpets, blow !  
Wider yon portals throw !  
Saviour—triumphant—go,  
And take Thy crown

Lion of Judah—Hail !—  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age :  
Lord of the rolling years,—  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage !

Yet—who are these behind,  
In numbers more than mind  
Can count or say—  
Cloth'd in immortal stoles,  
Illumining the poles—  
A galaxy of souls,  
In white array !

And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
Lo ! these have come,  
Followers of Him, who gave  
His life, their lives to save ;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home.

Oh Lord ! ascend Thy throne !  
For Thou shalt rule alone  
Beside thy Sire,  
With the great Paraclete,  
The three in One complete—  
Before whose awful feet  
All foes expire !

## THE MARCH OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

LINCOLNSHIRE—At the Epiphany Sessions for the Lindsey division, held at Kirton, before Sir Robert Sheffield, John Sunman, aged 28, and Alick Johnson, aged 26, were tried on a charge so barbarous as hardly to be credited. They followed a young woman into a field at Winterton, near Barton-upon-Humber, about six o'clock in the evening of a cold day towards the latter end of the month of October, and then and there stripped her of every article of clothing, and then stood over her while they compelled her to go through the whole of her work, that of milking four cows. The field in which the atrocity was committed was above a mile from the nearest house. The prisoners were sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Dr. Bushman states, in the Medical Times, that there is scarcely one English girl, at any one boarding school, by whom such exclamations as "Mister Jesus" are not familiar almost as household words.

"Prior to an election," says the Daily News, "the constituency of Beverley give over every in-door and out-door occupation. They sniff the prey from afar off. Like the giant in the nursery tale, they 'smell the blood of an Englishman' at a great distance—the Englishman, no matter who, whom they are going to bleed."

The following is a *verbatim* copy of agreement of separation, handed in as evidence in a trial for maintenance, a short time ago, in London :—

"We John and Mary Anne Barber do mutually agree to separate for ever giving each other no free toleration to marry whomsoever we may think proper if Mary Anne Barber marries I John Barber do agree to pay the marriage ceremony and give Mary Anne Barber to the man she might for her choice on in what church she might think

proper and each pledges themselves never to annoy or molest each other—16th of May, 1848.

(Signed) "JOHN BARBER,

"MARY ANNE BARBER.

"Witness—Henry Watson.  
"Goliath Gray."

The East Indian man, Tigriss, which went on shore on Sunday night, 21st January, to the westward of Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, has become a total wreck, and portions of her cargo have strewn the beach as far as the South Foreland. The consequence has been that hundreds of the lower orders, men, women and children have lined the shore all day long, eager to possess themselves of floating pieces of the wrecked ship, spices, cocoanuts, or anything else that came in their way, wherewith to make lawful prize ; and, unfortunately, in one or two instances, despite the vigilance of the officers of Customs and Coast-guard boatmen, casks or puncheons of rum have been washed ashore, the heads of which have been knocked in, and the contents carried off in the crowns of hats in boots, or any available article at hand ; and such a scene of drunkenness and beastly conduct as to beggar description, men, women, and children lying on the beach, huddled together in the worst state of intoxication, so that many of them have stood a chance of being drowned by the rising of the tide, whilst others have been rendered so insensible through the drink that it has been found necessary to remove their bodies on shutters to the workhouse and other places. It is doubtful whether some of them will recover. It is reported that one or two persons are missing, and it is feared that they were not removed high enough up the beach to prevent their bodies being caught by the flow of the sea. This scene was likely to have been repeated yesterday, by another puncheon of rum coming ashore ; but the coast-guard arriving in time after it had been broached, succeeded in overturning it into the sea—a charitable rescue to many.—*Canterbury Journal.*

In a village in the west of England, the *Arbroath Guide* says, the following is seen to flourish upon a sign board over the door of an ancient couple :

"I cure a goose, and my wiffo cures the ganders."  
The meaning intended to be conveyed is,  
"I cure agues, and my wife cures the jaundice,"

## ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

The following article from the *Oxford Herald* (although written in an abusive strain) contains some things of interest.

"It is not true, as was reported, that Mr Newman and some of his confederates have yet been interdicted from preaching for having maintained a similar Anglican 'heresy'—Whatever peculiar leanings they may still have towards certain points of their late faith, I find, on inquiry, that they have, on the other hand, strong feelings of severity and harshness against the Church from which they have apostatized. Father Oakley preached violently against it at St George's last Sunday evening, denouncing in fearful terms the bare thought, should any one dare to entertain it, of returning to hold the slightest communion with English Churchmen as such—telling the trembling 'perverts' that they must renounce every domestic and social tie which might endanger their constancy to the 'true faith' they have been brought to confess. On the Romish festival of St Thomas (A'Beckett) of Canterbury the other day, at the beautiful new Popish Chapel at Fulham, dedicated in honor of that saint, Father Faber preached at a grand high mass, coram pontifice, at which Dr Wiseman presided, to a crowded audience ; and his sermon is said to have been an unmitigated effusion of ultra-monastic zeal, and to have breathed the most determined hostility to the Reformation, and its embodiment in the Church of England. The subject of the day, as recalling the events in the life of A'Beckett, and the lawless exaltation of ecclesiastical opposition to the divine right of kingly power, was well calculated to draw forth such a manifestation of recusant malignancy. As a capping climax to the proceedings of the day, the 'relics' of the saint's mitre,—by the kind permission of Dr Wiseman, were exhibited 'for the veneration of the faithful,' and appeared for that purpose enshrined above the high altar, surrounded by clustering constellations of tapers, and perfumed by clouds of wavy incense. The other fellow laborers of the arch seceders are partly engaged at present in the duties of missionary priests at Birmingham and elsewhere, the establishment at Maryvale, or Old Oscott, being

quite broken up. Their order, the 'Oratorian,' are expecting to make their final settlement shortly at Bayswater, where a Church and Convent are in course of erection for them. The funds of this institution are furnished, it is said, as in the case of Fulham, by the munificence of a single lady.

The slow going English Roman Catholics of the old school are, I hear, frightened from their propriety by the rapidity of proceeding adopted by the zeal of the recent converts, backed by Italian monks and Jesuits ; and above all, seconded by the abilities, the resources, and untiring energies which the 'Bishop of Melipotamus' is bringing to bear on the cause of 'the propagation of the faith' in Great Britain. The *soirees* which I some time since alluded to, are still held once a week at the Episcopal residence in Golden-square, when the metropolitan saloons are thronged by an assemblage of talent and eminence. Such as, I understand, could scarcely be met with at the abode of any other ecclesiastic in Europe. Nor is this surprising, considering the fame of the host, and the facilities with which the privilege of *entree* is to be obtained, an introduction from any acquaintance of the bishop's being sufficient to ensure the stranger not only a polite, but even a cordial reception. Would I could add that these re-unions were confined to those whose character and creed would make them the fitting guests of an avowed and unflinching opponent of our Protestant Church. But, unless report speaks very untruly, there are but too many occasional, ay, and constant visitors at Golden-square, to whom their guardian spirit might justly whisper—'What doest thou here, Elijah ?'—Some may condemn these disclosures ; but it is better that the whole extent of our dangers should be known by the insidious advances of the foe being duly chronicled ; for the work of 'perversion' is still going on. An under graduate of Cambridge, and two more English clergymen, are among the last reported cases of the deplorable mania—one of them an incumbent of advanced age. At Clapham, the order of Redemptorists, who have lately established themselves there, are putting forth immense exertions to obtain proselytes, and are causing proportionate alarm among the friends of evangelical truth, who have long made that locality their favorite settlement. The Romish services and sermons at Clapham, as well as St George's, are attended by vast throngs, on whom the extraordinary eloquence of one of their preachers, Father Petcherino (himself a convert from, and once a priest of the Græco Russian Church) tells with thrilling effect, and has already produced, its fruits in the conversion of more than a dozen young men, not to mention females, of some of the leading Protestant families. One of their converts, a young man, the heir to a property of several thousands a year, is at present, it is understood, undergoing the process of noviceship, preparatory to devoting himself with all his wealth to the service of his order. The monastery, situated near the common is furnished with a large bell, which causes, I hear, much annoyance to the peaceable inhabitants of the vicinity, by ringing out at most unseasonable hours for matins. It is even stated that a petition to Parliament is in course of preparation at Clapham against these troublesome intruders ; and truly it would be hard to say why Protestants should be annoyed by such Popish bell-ringing in a country whose laws confine the right of having and using bells to the National Church.

Rumor assigns Portman square as the future residence of the intended Archbishop of Westminster—a palace in the Gothic style, by Pugin—and a cathedral ! Such is the progress which Popery is unhappily making among us, and which our own Church, it is to be deplored, is making no adequate efforts to check or to counteract. The enemy is united and strong, whilst we, alas ! are divided and weak.

EDIFYING COINCIDENCE.—Two married ladies, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Stevens, joined the Episcopal Church, and were confirmed together ten years ago in Indianapolis. By the grace of God they were both dissatisfied in that modern faith, and without any previous concert between them, Mrs. Brown was baptised last Sunday in Indianapolis, and Mrs. Stephens was baptised in the cathedral of this city, on the same day, in presence of her three sisters, also converts to the Church.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

"Manducate Deus in celo panem, quem percipit pauper in terra—da, ergo, panem, da potum. Si Deum debitorum, non judicem vix habere."—

*Sti. Petri Chrysologi, Ser. xlii.*

God in heaven eateth the bread which the poor receiveth on earth. Give ye them bread, give ye them to drink. If God be thy debtor, ye need not fear the judgment.—*St. Peter Chrysologus.*

The lonely poor, dejected, wan,  
The outcasts of their fellow man,  
Wander apart, depress'd, forgot,  
Too loathsome oft for garish thought—  
A prey to want, disease, neglect,  
And scorn'd by fulsome pride's aspect,  
Whose course of life is chill'd and dear,  
Whose ears no kindly accents hear.

Yet these are they on whom was pour'd  
The blessing of our Blessed Lord,  
That who should cherish these, should prove  
As to Himself the work of love.—  
That who would visit, clothe, or feed,  
Should do it in vicarious stead,—  
To him who sits enthroned in Heaven,  
Receiving that to His poor ones given.

Ah ! haply thoughtless Christian, stay  
Thy heart a little while, and say,  
How often hast thou given bread  
To Him, in His vicarious stead !  
Hast thou not often turn'd aside  
Thy sordid heart, with look of pride ?  
But hast thou thought while turning thence  
The sad deductive consequence !

Ah ! fearful thought ! yet while ye say,  
Let not this memory pass away,—  
Thy suffering Saviour see in those  
Whose lot is sorrow, pain, and woe—  
Relieve His wants in theirs, and prove  
To Him, in them, thy glowing love ;  
And while thy earthly dress is given,  
Know that ye purchase gold in Heaven !

"Da terram, accipe coelum."—

*Sti. Augustini, in Ps. xxxvi.*

## OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

He is doubly sinful who congratulates a successful knave.

He is a happy memory which forgets nothing so soon as injuries.

He who says what he likes must hear what he does not like.

He who spends all he gets is on the highroad to beggary.

If you would teach secrecy to others begin with yourself.

If every one would mend one all would ever be mended.

If you would enjoy the fruit pluck not the blossom.

Never do that by force which can be done by fair means.

Only trust thyself and another will not betray thee.

Of all impudence the greatest is to deny the truth.

Better to suffer without cause than to have cause to suffer.

Speak as you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise.

A man loses his time who comes early to a bad bargain.

If the Doctor cures the sun sees it, but if he kills the earth hides it.

The higher the plum-tree the riper the plum.

The richer the cobbler the blacker his thumb.

He who would thrive must rise at five.

He who hath thrives may sleep till seven.

There's nothing agrees worse, than a prince's heart and a beggar's purse.

A jest is no argument, and a loud laugh no demonstration.

ARKANSAS.—The Bishop of Little Rock intends to establish a College in the neighborhood of Fort Smith. We learn that he has decided to entrust a Seminary for young ladies to the Sisters of Charity.

March 23.—Mary Ellen, daughter of John and Louisa Rigg, aged 7 months.

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