

have ever made it our care to bring you up in piety and virtue. Every day we pray to God, graciously to look down on you, to enlighten you, and make you bloom and prosper, as the flower blooms under the genial sunshine. This moment we renew our purpose and our prayer."

"O, heavenly Father," continued he, clasping his hands, "look down on our dear Angelica, bless our solicitude, and grant that we may rejoice in this, our beloved child, that she may grow up in piety, modesty, and prudence, and ever resemble Mary, the most perfect model of all Christian virgins!"

The mother's eyes were filled with tears; and, Angelica raising her lovely eyes to heaven, and clasping her delicate hands, said, "O gracious Father in heaven! bless me, make me good and pious, make me the joy of my parents." Her parents with emotion, answered, "Amen."

Such was the good Bergheim, and such the dispositions of his wife and daughter. The little family was the best and happiest in the whole country around. The father was constantly engaged in painting, and adorned numberless churches with exceedingly beautiful scriptural pieces; for he felt within himself the noble thoughts and emotions, which his art taught him to impress on the canvass. He instructed Angelica in painting; she made a rapid progress, and surpassed all his expectations, both in skill in her profession, and in the piety, modesty, and prudence of her deportment. To the mother was left the care of the household, which was a model of cleanliness and regularity; and they lived in the happiest concord, for they were at peace with each other, and with the whole world.

Among the numerous admirers of his art, by whom Bergheim was visited, the most constant was Baron von West, an intelligent and noble-hearted young man. He was the youngest son of a distinguished noble family, and enjoyed a large income from his paternal property. Endowed with a correct taste, and passionately devoted to the art of painting, he often spent whole hours with Bergheim, watching the progress of his work; and Bergheim conversed with him most familiarly, especially on painting, gave him, at his own request, instructions in drawing, and became as much attached to him, as if he were his own son.

One morning as Bergheim was sitting at his work in the gallery, where he generally painted during the warm months of the year, Baron von West, dressed with more than usual elegance, walked in, and formally solicited the hand of the fair Angelica.

Bergheim laid down his pencil, stood up, took off his cap, and, after a few moments' reflection, said, "My dear Baron, you do me and my daugh-

ter a very great honour. I value it most highly; but to my great grief I cannot accept it."

"No!" exclaimed Von West, greatly astonished and confused, "and why not? Have I, my dear Bergheim, in any way, forfeited your good opinion? Have you anything against me?"

"Not the least," said Bergheim, "but I have, though you may think it a singular resolution, taken it into my head, never to give my daughter in marriage to any man but a painter."

"But reflect a little, dear Bergheim"—the Baron was commencing—

"No reply can change me on this point," said Bergheim, "it is absolutely fixed, and nothing can change it. Such is the fact, my dear Baron, however foolish it may seem; and you will only waste words in vain on this matter. But, though, as unfortunate circumstances will have it, you cannot be my son-in-law, I hope we shall still remain good friends, provided you be so good as never to say another word on this subject to me or to my wife, much less to my daughter. I wish also, that your visits, otherwise so very agreeable to me, should, if they do not cease altogether, be much less frequent than before."

Baron von West retired deeply afflicted. He had already satisfied himself of the consent of the mother and of the daughter's inclination, and had not felt the slightest doubt that the father also would consent. He returned, therefore, to the mother and daughter, who were waiting, not without some anxiety, the father's answer to the proposal; and with a sorrowful countenance, gave a full account of his positive refusal.

Madam Bergheim immediately ran into the gallery to her husband.

"For heaven's sake," said she, "how can you refuse so coldly the good fortune that is offered to our Angelica?"

"The good fortune!" said the painter calmly, continuing his work, "how do you know it would be a good fortune?"

"How?" continued she, "is not the Baron noble, rich, agreeable, handsome, and amiable?"

"Yes, most certainly," said the father, "and I, myself, have the highest esteem for him—but, alas! he is no painter."

To be continued.

[From the Catholic News Letter.]

ON THE CATHOLIC USE OF BEADS.

Perhaps there is no practice of Catholic devotion which our separated brethren regard as more superstitious, than the prayers of the beads; but this opinion, like all those which are honestly entertained against our worship, is founded in a