

pretty little baskets, and wooden watches, and said, that after all, he believed I was a good boy.'

Gertrude made no reply, for she was considering how the child's wish could be accomplished. They had scarcely food enough to keep themselves from starving, and perhaps the old man would reject her proposal, & therefore she did not give Aloysius any encouragement, though she had resolved to attempt, at all events, to get him amongst them until the rains were over. She wrapped her cloak around her, and telling her brothers she was forced to go out on business in spite of the rain, she bade them remain in the cottage until her return, and proceeded to the hut. On her way she entered the church, as was usual with her, and found the old man prostrated in prayer. She left the church when he did, and he asked her what brought her out in such weather. 'I came to seek you,' she replied. 'Aloysius, will not be contented without you; he wants a little more of your kind instruction, and we are so lonely that your company would much cheer us. May I prevail on you for his sake?' The old man did not reply, but continued by her side as she followed the pathway to her cottage, and they entered together. The boys shouted with delight and crowded round the old man, offering him every little attention they could devise.

Many weeks passed away, and notwithstanding his occasional crossness and impatience, Gertrude and her brothers loved the old man devotedly. She felt that though he was unloving apparently, yet that he had strong affections, and she knew that he loved God and submitted submissively to his dispensations, and she sometimes thought he affected this indifference towards his fellow creatures. For instance, one day when Alphonsus (the youngest) climbed on his knee, the old man very roughly set him down, and said, 'why do you thus plague me? With tears streaming down his cheeks, the child then answered: 'You do not love me as I love you, because you are named Alphonsus, like my uncle—I never saw him but I think he is in heaven, because he suffered a great deal and loved God.' The old man groaned, and weeping bitterly, clasped the child to his arms.

The rains had passed away, whilst the beautiful but sad autumn was sometimes mild and gentle, now scattering the leaves of the forest far and wide, as if she sported with them in her anger. I am going to leave you, said the old man; and though I have never loved anything much in this world, yet why, I know not, I regret to part with you.

'Why should you ever leave us?' said Gertrude; 'believe me, that though you are not the uncle I regret, yet you are the same to me. I love you because you have taught my brother much, because you are unhappy, and because——' and she threw her arms around him—because you resemble my beloved and lamented father. We cannot part with you, and I beseech you to remain and share whatever God may provide for us.'

The old man gazed steadfastly on her for some moments, then, without replying, rushed into his little bed-chamber, and they heard him say: 'My God! I thank Thee, that Thou hast heard my prayer.' When he returned to them his face was radiant with joy. 'Which would you love best, said he to Alphonsus, 'your uncle were he to appear before you, or your poor, old, deformed friend?'

The child immediately answered: 'I could not love my uncle more than I do you, but I should love him quite as much, for he must be very much like you.' The old man smiled, and the child kissing his forehead, exclaimed:—'How I wish you were my uncle, for then we all should be quite happy.'

'We will all be happy my beloved children, for I am your uncle, loving and loved. Gather round me, and I will tell you why I have thus concealed myself from you. When I was a young man, I murmured because I was deformed. I thought nobody loved me and I became ill-tempered and gloomy, shunning society. I loved your father, for he never taunted me with my infirmity, but ever tried to soothe and win me to better feelings.' When he married, and soon after settled in another place, I also went away to foreign lands. I suffered poverty, sickness and desolation, and then it was God sent one to visit me, whose charity, angelic piety and sympathy reconciled me to God and made me a wiser, and I humbly trust, a better man. This was the Countess Rosenberg to whom I am also indebted for the means to repair my fortune, and

which I determined to share with my brother, who had loved me, when all others laughed at my deformity. I heard only of his poverty and death, whilst on my way to this place, and had arrived at Castle Rosenberg but the day before you, dear Gertrude, came to sell your flowers to the Countess. I was in the church when you offered your bouquet to the Blessed Virgin. I was struck by your likeness to your mother, though I would not discover myself unless perfectly certain you were my brother's child, and after I did find it so, I resolved to see whether you would love me as a poor, old, and deformed man, who could not benefit you, rather than as a rich uncle, whom you might only tolerate for his gold. Pardon me that I have thus tried you, for to find you all that my heart could desire, is worth more than all the gold in the universe.

'But did the Countess also help to deceive me?' inquired Gertrude; 'if she did I shall consider her as doubly my benefactress.'

'She did, and went away purposely to enable me to follow out my plan. God favored my views, and we are now united never again to part in this world, and by the mercy of God to meet hereafter in eternal felicity, where is glory without end, unceasing joy in the presence of God and His angels—Wherefore be Thou ever blessed, O my God!'

It is impossible to describe the happiness, the thanksgivings of old Adolphus Wernig and his adopted children, as they knelt in prayer around the little oratory that night, or when, the next morning, Gertrude offered, at the church, a more beautiful bouquet to the Mother who she was assured, had heard her prayer in the hour of her distress.

The Countess Rosenberg returned, and as she had no relatives, begged Mr. Wernig and his children to reside with her, to which they joyfully consented.

'So, after all, you only pretended to be a cross old man,' said Alphonsus; 'but I was determined to love you all the same.'

'And God will bless you,' said the Countess, since you loved the old man for His sake.'

Many years passed away before the happy and good old man departed in peace in the arms of his beloved ones; and none of that virtuous family ever saw a *Bouquet* without emotion, or failed to offer one to the Blessed Virgin on that day of the year which had united them to their beloved uncle.

## The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JAN'Y. 6.

### THE CROSS.

In entering on a New Year, we wish the compliments of the season to all our readers. We hope they have been satisfied with our humble labours during the year that has passed away. In any case we deem it wise to make new efforts to secure their patronage. Our gallant little periodical is now commencing its seventh year, and we venture to presume that at so tender an age it has given some remarkable proofs of precocity and vigour. The public have a right to expect that its strength and power will increase with its years, and it will be our duty to see that they are not disappointed. It has already undergone one or two remarkable changes for the better; we hope soon to improve it still more, and to render it one of the most agreeable periodicals in British North America. Our plans, when fully matured, will be explained in due time to our readers. Their valuable aid will be necessary, and we will endeavour to secure their assistance by deserving it. Is it too much to ask our friends to bestir themselves in this and the neighbouring Provinces, and to send us in new subscribers at the beginning of the new year? Our outstanding dollars will also be as welcome as gifts during these festival times. If we meet with proper encouragement, we are ready to enlarge the Cross to twice its present size, and to make it a receptacle for the best articles of the best Periodicals, new Publications, and Reviews of the day.

We deem this a fitting occasion to announce that in some respects the Cross has entirely changed hands. "The gentlemen of the Cross" are no longer represented by the same individuals; but although the men be changed, we trust the spirit and the principles will remain. We may not emulate our predecessors in talent, but we will strive to imitate them in genuine Catholic feeling, and true-hearted sincerity of purpose. Whatever we publish will be printed on our own responsibility. Should we unintentionally err either in faith or morals, we will submit with docility to the correction of our excellent clergy, who, no doubt, whilst they allow the utmost

latitude and freedom of opinion in all doubtful matters, will consider it their duty to watch over the sacred deposit of Faith with the most jealous care.

With these sentiments we bespeak the favorable indulgence of our friends, and we lift up again the glorious standard of the Cross with confidence and courage. *In hoc signo vinces!*

### MEND-I-CANT MONKS\* (!) AND WANDERING CLERICS (!)

We published some time since from the New York Freeman's Journal, a solemn protest from that eminent Prelate Bishop Hughes against the scandalous impositions practised upon the good Catholics of America by itinerant and hypocritical mendicants in the garb of religion. We were grieved to see a highly respectable Order in the Church misrepresented on this continent by persons meriting a castigation so just, as that which they then received, and we feel bound to re-echo in Nova Scotia the complaints and reclamations of New York. This begging trade under false colours seems now to have been elevated to the dignity of a system, and it is high time for the friends of religion to lift up their voices against it throughout the length and breadth of the American Catholic Church. Most assuredly we cannot afford much even to those who come from afar with sterling claims upon our charity. The American Church is still in its infancy. It requires a perpetual struggle and many sacrifices to support even its essential institutions. Bishops, Priests and People are everywhere taxed to their utmost energies, and this in a country like the U. States where the Catholics are only a tenth of the entire population. We have often thought that a claim from abroad upon a struggling body like this should be paramount and pressing indeed to entitle it to any consideration, and we have met in our time with many foreign collectors of good character and laudable purpose, but the importance of whose object was as nothing when compared to the urgent necessities of poor Catholics here—But of one thing we have no doubt nor never had; and that is, that a single penny of Catholic money should not be given to characterless impostors such as those alluded to in the heading of this article—persons who wear the sacred attire of religion without any pretension to it—who affect to be what they are not—who pass off amongst the credulous for priests and monks—who fleece the poor, impose upon the innocent, shock the simple-minded faithful by their scandalous lives, and provoke the jeers and taunts of the enemies of our holy faith. No part of America has escaped from the predatory incursions of those self-sanctified wolves, or the astute wiles of those cunning foxes. The good people of Halifax, enjoying a deserved reputation for generous and Christian feeling, have been particularly pillaged, and we know of many instances where pious frauds have been perpetrated, for which we think the stocks, the pillory, or the treadmill would be but a small punishment; for, of all robberies, we think the plunder of the poor in the name of the God of charity to be one of the most odious and abominable. We will feel it our duty to watch those characters for the future, and to place our readers on their guard against such 'artful dodgers.' Indeed we believe that both clergy and people in Halifax are heartily sick of those unwelcome visitors. In our poor judgment the safest rule to follow is, to give no countenance whatsoever to any stranger, no matter what he may call himself, whose character is not attested by the Bishop or the Clergy. It is the Bishop's province and his duty to examine the credentials of all Ecclesiastical strangers, and if the people wish to be preserved from imposition they have only to follow the wise rules made by the Canons of the Church upon this point.

We will probably return to this subject and expose more in detail the low artifices of those unprincipled cheats, the scandals they have given to those within and without the pale of the Church, and the dissensions they have often created in the bosom of the most peaceful congregations on this Continent.

\* One of these pretenders being asked some time ago by a worthy priest in this Province, whether, according to the rules of his Order, he spent much time every day in manual labour? He replied with an arch smile and upturned whites, Oh my dear sir, I never had much taste that way. My vocation you see, is *Mental Prayer* and *Begging!!!* This man was no more of a monk than the whilom Editor of the *Guardian*, but he wore a clumsy imitation of the dress.

We respectfully invite our brethren of the American Catholic Press to aid us in chasing those foul harpies from the shores of the Atlantic.

### THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

The Review for October has only just now been placed on our table. Of the nine articles which it contains, only three can be strictly termed Religious. The Dublin Review is the only organ of Catholic principles, in that elevated department of periodical literature, throughout the whole British Empire. We should, therefore, imagine that its columns were small enough for the discussion of Catholic topics without the introduction of such subjects as "The last eruption of Mount Heckla," or "Sanatory Reform," or "Erman's Travels in Siberia," or "Milnes's Life of Keats," or "Liebig's Philosophy."—There is quite space enough in all the other Reviews for the discussion of extraneous matters such as these, and in our only Catholic Review we have a right to look for essays on subjects of much greater importance. Religious articles, diversified it is true, should form the staple of each number; the exceptions of another class should be few and far between. We can also detect a certain degree of slovenliness creeping into the pages of the Review, as if the Jazy writers feel that they had plenty of space at their command and that it mattered very little how the materials were arranged, provided the requisite quantity of filling stuff was furnished.—Almost the only article which claims serious attention in the last number is that entitled: "The Reformation as described by the Reformers," being a review of a remarkable work of Dr. Dollinger, from which we may give copious extracts at a future day.

### PIUS IX.

At High Mass on Sunday 1st, the Bishop announced the Public Prayers that were to be offered up for His Holiness, and invited all the Faithful to join in this tribute of grateful and affectionate reverence for Christ's Vicar on earth. His Lordship entered into a lengthened review of the causes and consequences of the late melancholy events in Italy, and dwelt on the immutable character of the True Church, buffeted as she is by the fury of so many tempests, and bidding a proud and calm defiance to all the powers of Earth and Hell. Prayers for the Pope and for the tranquillity of the Universal Church were to be recited every day until further direction, and the Votive Mass *pro quacunque necessitate* was to be offered up on Friday in the Cathedral, and in every Church throughout the Diocese on the first convenient day. He quoted and illustrated that remarkable saying of St. Ambrose, *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*, and that other well-known expression, *Ubi Papa, ibi Roma*; and showed that Pius IX. if even driven into exile, banished to the extremities of the earth, and despoiled of all his temporal possessions, would still be the revered and acknowledged Head of the whole Catholic world, and obeyed with religious docility by two hundred millions of faithful spiritual subjects. We regret that we are unable to give an accurate report of the many interesting topics which were alluded to on this occasion, in reference to the Illustrious Subject of the Discourse.

### ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The distribution of Premiums to those who were adjudged worthy at the recent Christmas Examinations took place on Tuesday last. The Bishop was present, and handed the various premiums to the fortunate candidates, with appropriate remarks. We will publish next week the list of successful competitors. It seems that the students gave great satisfaction at those examinations, and that their progress during the last half year has been very gratifying. St. Mary's College has already given nearly a dozen of Clergymen to the Province, having educated besides a large number of students, of whom many are now engaged in various professions.

The following printed certificate, signed by the President, was attached to each of the Premiums on Tuesday last:

ALUMNO SUO INGENUO  
BENE. DE. REP. LITT. MERITO  
ET IN

PALMAN FERENTI  
HOC LAUDIS PRÆMIUM  
S. MARIE. COLLEG. HALIFAXIENSIS  
DNO DEDIT.  
QUARTO NONAS JANUARIJ MDCCCLXII.