

one another's prosperity, they would seem to rejoice in seeing their neighbours elevated and distinguished; and what affords us sincere pleasure, though we should not expect any thing else or less from their intelligence, the Catholics have conferred the highest distinction, on the most solemn occasion, and in the most solemn manner, on their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Irishmen of Halifax know how to respect themselves, their creed, and national character, and hence their name and country are respected, and their influence felt among the Acadians. May we soon see the day when the Irishmen of St. John, Protestants and Catholics, will do honour to their name and country, and gratify their friends, by their brilliant celebration of St. Patrick's day.—*St John Liberator.*

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### LITERATURE.

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Tales from the Canon Schmid,  
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

#### ANGELICA.

The eminent painter, Bergheim, was a man of noble mind and pure and cultivated taste. He had travelled through Italy as a young artist, for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters; and as he delighted particularly in subjects from Holy Scripture; and had resolved to devote his art exclusively to sacred, and especially to gospel history, he had copied, with untiring diligence and skill, every sacred piece which appeared to him to possess more than ordinary merit. With this treasure of paintings, he returned to Germany, and arranged them with great taste, in a gallery built expressly for the purpose in his own house, where, in their rich frames, they appeared to great advantage, being beautifully relieved by the light blue tint of the painted walls.

His gallery was, in truth, unrivalled in the art. The pieces were not brought together by chance, but selected from thousands by a man of exquisite taste; and being copied by a master-hand, they formed a most brilliant collection. Every visitor of taste who inspected the gallery, was, as it were, raised to heaven at the sight of so many noble figures, full of heavenly dignity and grace. For all that is fair and beautiful, all that is good and great, that does honour to human nature, ennobles it, and raises it nearer to the God-head, was here most exquisitely painted, from the tender innocence of the child, up to the portrait of the Most Holy among men, in whom the Charity of God revealed itself in the form of Man.

The generous artist was never happier than

when he found a man who could relish the beauty of these paintings; and, it was a source of especial gratification to him, that his affectionate wife never entered the gallery without visible emotion, nor looked upon the pictures without unaffected delight. Still more happy was he, that his only daughter, though yet almost a child, took a pleasure in them, wonderful in one of her age, and made remarks on them that astonished him. He had called her, in honour of the celebrated painter of that name, Angelica; and he fondly hoped that his beloved child would one day become a distinguished painter, and resemble the noble artist, Angelica, in more than in name.

One Sunday morning, after divine worship, the father, mother, and daughter, wen' into the gallery, and were admiring 'he paintings. Little Angelica remained standing before one of them. "This picture," said she, "is my favourite among them all."

"I do not wonder at it," said her father, "it is really one of the most beautiful among them. I copied it with especial care and delight, from a painting by your namesake, Angelica, which I saw in Rome."

"Look, dear Angelica;" he continued, "the Blessed Virgin Mary is here painted as a tender child of your own age. She is watering these beautiful lilies in the flower-pot. A ray from heaven plays round the fair form of the holy child. Her parents are standing by—the father all amazed at the wondrous stream of light, and the affectionate mother filled with holy transport!"

Angelica's mother was overjoyed, for she, too, had always preferred that picture, and had gazed upon it devoutly for hours together. It appeared to her that the meek innocent face of her own little Angelica, closely resembled the face of Mary in the picture; but she did not remark this to her daughter, lest it might make her vain.

"Dearest Angelica!" she contented herself with saying, "let Mary ever be your model! See how pious and fervent, how soft and gentle, how full of holy innocence her tender face is! See, the pure white lilies are an image of her pure thoughts—of her innocence! May you also always bloom in purity and innocence! That light from heaven which shines around her, beautifully signifies to us, that God delights in innocence; that all good comes from above; and, that it is only God who can enlighten and sanctify men. O! be you ever sincerely good and pious, and never cease to pray to God for light and strength from above."

"Yes, dearest Angelica," said her father, "study to be like Mary; your mother and I will always endeavour to imitate her parents. Hitherto we