

of St. George's. It would be difficult where to begin and where to end in noticing the gentleman's untiring zeal and pious activity. London knew him from one end of its vastness to the other, and the poorest localities, even St. George's fields, will long retain the name of the Hon. Edward Petre in benediction. In summer and in winter, even in delicate health, at any inconvenience to himself, he was ready and willing to preside, or assist, or do anything for the poor Catholic charitable institutions of London. At one time chairman, another, steward, sometimes presiding at a select meeting of gentlemen, at the Albion or Freemasons Hall; at another time at some public house or retired school room, he was all to all in every place at any time; and some few days before his lamented death I saw him, and his expressed anxiety was that he might be well enough to be at the opening.—Indeed, he from the commencement of the undertaking was always most interested in the work, and my kind and sincere friend. He will be much missed by me and many—no one could well have spared a better man—a better man, a more useful man, a more practically religious, notwithstanding it would be a search to find them, was the Hon. Edward Petre, to whose soul God give eternal rest."

Henry Field, Esq., the eminent Pianist, and a convert to the Catholic faith, recently died in Bath, and was interred in the new Church of St. Paul's College, at Prior Park. A correspondent of Mr. Lucas has furnished the following notice of his life and last moments:

"On the 13th of May Mr. Field was engaged with his annual concert in the Upper Assembly Rooms, Bath. His efforts seemed to be crowned with success, up to the second part of the concert, when the audience were disappointed by the inexplicable character of the piece to which they were listening; the cause was soon apparent, his fingers ceased to glide over the instrument as they were wont on former occasions, and he fell back apparently in a fainting fit.—Something more alarming, however, had taken place. It was fit of apoplexy! On being removed from the concert-room, he was conveyed to the residence of his brother, where he lingered on in great suffering until the morning of the following Friday, and breathed his last in the midst of his sorrowing friends. So universal was the interest felt for the sufferer throughout the city of Bath and its vicinity, that during his last illness the door of his brother's house, as well as his own, was literally besieged by anxious crowds of friends, and a daily bulletin of his state was in consequence issued.

"His loss will be bitterly felt by some, and sorrowfully by all who had the slightest knowledge of him. With unrivalled talents as a scholar, and a pianist, talents known and acknowledged not only within the sphere of his own acquaintance, but very generally in the great cities of the continent, as well as in our own metropolis, Henry Field surpassed all pianists by the unwearied perseverance and application which he gave to his profession. As a proof of his excellence we may add that several of the greatest composers for the pianoforte have dedicated their compositions to him, and were proud of his friendship. His generosity and public virtues are justly celebrated, and we could record instances where he apparently sacrificed his own interests in bringing forward and introducing to his friends and the public, more than one aspirant to musical fame, who may justly attribute his success in life to Mr. Field's liberality. But Mr. Field exhibited to the world a most courageous proof of his noble energy in the pursuit of virtue, when braving the opposition of his friends and numerous acquaintance, he embraced the Catholic Faith. This took place on the Festival of St. Cecilia, 1835, in the beautiful chapel at Prior Park, and in the presence of the late lamented Dr. Baines, and the assembled college. From that period an evident change was observed in his whole deportment, and the many students of the Colleges of St. Peter and St. Paul who during the course of his ten years' residence at Prior Park enjoyed his intimacy and friendship, had constant opportunities of witnessing his fervent piety and zeal in the service of religion. By both the late Bishops of the Western District as well as by all the Superiors of Prior Park, he was greatly beloved, and none lament his untimely end more sincerely than the Clergy of that establishment. During his last illness his thoughts were continually occupied on another world, and those who attended him will not easily forget the faith and hope expressed in every word which he uttered. On the

morning before his death he received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction in the most pious sentiments answering to all the prayers himself, and suggesting to his confessor those devotions which he wished to be made use of in his agony. He especially requested him to read to him his daily meditation and prayers for the departing soul, observing that he felt most anxious to join in those beautiful supplications of the Church whilst he still had his senses. As from his conversion he had been remarkably devout to the Blessed Mother of God, so her name was on his lips almost perpetually, and his only regret was, that he could not live throughout the month of May, to join in the services of that month. At his own urgent entreaties his confessor and a Catholic friend sang to him the 'Litany of Loretto,' the 'Ave Maris Stella,' and the 'Stabat Mater,' with other hymns, in her honour, in which he attempted to raise his voice. He then begged them to sing to him the 'Pange Lingua,' the 'O Salutaris Hostia,' and portions of the Mass, regretting that he could not swallow the Blessed Sacrament (which he had twice received during Easter week), and endeavouring to satisfy the ardent longings of his soul for that Bread of Angels by listening in fervent dispositions of love to the praises of his Beloved. Thus for two hours were his severe bodily pains assuaged, as he repeatedly assured his friends, by the charm of that sacred music, in which he himself had so often and so fervently joined. His last words were an invocation of the holy name of Jesus, whose sacred image he constantly pressed to his lips, requesting his confessor to lay his crucifix on his breast in the tomb."

PROTESTANT HALLE.

A letter, published in the *Calendar*, some time ago, gives such a picture of the manner in which Sunday is kept at Halle, (Germany,) as ought surely to awaken the pious concern of their more enlightened fellow-Protestants of this country. The writer, after giving an account of the service which he attended in the morning, proceeds as follows:

"In the evening we heard from the tower in the market place, a wail from a brass-band, for a man just dead. On the other side of the Stadt Zurick, there was a 'globe ball.' We could see the movements of the dancers, and hear the music from our windows. The shops were open all day, except during the hours of service at Church.

"Such was the first Sunday we have seen in Protestant Germany, and that, too, in *Evangelical Halle!* I had heard much previous to leaving America, of the manner of spending Sunday in Romanist countries, and on observation I found that half had not been told; but I must say that the Romanists do nothing but what also the Protestants do on Sunday. And then, too, Halle is noted, as you well know, for being the seat of the most famous Evangelical University, as well as the residence of the prominent leaders of the Pietist School of Theology. If such things are done in this place, which is the strictest of all Germany and continental Europe, what must it be in ordinary places!"

That Sunday is not observed in Catholic countries with Puritanical strictness, is, in our opinion, no just cause for reproach, but as our Protestant brethren are of a different opinion, and not unfrequently make much ado on the subject, we have only to say to them—"Physician, heal thyself."
—*Catholic Herald.*

The altar service of the great Cathedral in Mexico is composed of solid gold, such as six large candlesticks, six flora pyramids, two incense lamps, two fumigative vases, and a cross inlaid with precious stones: the Image of Assumption of solid gold ornamented with jewels: the Image of Conception of pure silver, and besides other silver and gold ornaments of immense value; the Tabernacle, about three feet high, of gold, is studded with 5,782 diamonds, 2650 emeralds, 544 rubies, 105 sapphires; the sacramental vase of gold, contains 1675 diamonds.

MASSACHUSETT'S MORALS.—There are sixty divorce cases on the docket of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Boston, the present term. The applications are generally on the ground of adultery.—*Catholic Herald.*

[Of that large number three only are Catholic couples; and even these are not very good Catholics either, we think.—*Ed Ob.*]

[For the Cross.] THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS.

No. 3.

HYMNUS ANTE SOMNUM.*
"Adeus Pater Supreme"
"Quem nemo vidit unquam."

O thou eternal Father,
Of mortal eye unseen!
And thou indulgent Saviour!
And Spirit all serene!

Mysterious triune Godhead!
One essence and one light!
O God of God eternal!
And thou of equal might!

The fleeting day is ended
And comes the hour of rest
When pleasing sleep shall solace
The weary and oppressed.

The mind all dark with sorrow
And wildly orazed with care,
Shall drink a deep oblivion
Of all 'tis doomed to bear.

The soft and soothing feeling,
Slow creeps thro' every vein,
Till not a sense of sadness
Shall on our hearts remain.

The grateful change was ordered
By heaven's all-ruling power.
To lighten all the labours,
That press the toilsome hour.

But while the halcyon slumber
Thro' every member flows,
And lulls the quiet bosom
With its serene repose.

The free and wand'ring spirit
Soars high on tireless plume
And visits worlds of vision
Before enwrapped in gloom.

That glorious emanation—
The offspring of the sky,
When freed from worldly fetter
Must ever mount on high:

Where many a sight of glory
Floats round her in her flight,
On which she feeds with rapture,
And gazes with delight.

Yet mighty is the difference
Between those midnight dreams:
Sometimes, they light the future
In all of truth's bright beams;

But often and full often
The real lights they shroud,
And vex the sleep of mortals
With many a darksome cloud.

The heart unstained by malice
To little evil prone,
The dream of bliss will gladden
And fill with light unknown.

But he whose heart of error,
Is wicked and unclean,
Must view at midnight season
Full many a fearful scene.

Who can forget the ancient †
In dungeon deep enchained,
Thus proving to the vassals
When he their dreams explained!

Of whom one still was destined
The monarch's cup to bear,
And one was made a victim
For hungry birds to tear.

Full well he saw that Pharaoh
Whom dark dreams troubled sore,
Would meet the coming famine
With many a plenteous store.

Then, forthwith, did the monarch
Thro' all his realm make known,
That Joseph shared the sceptre
And sat beside the throne.

How wondrous are the secrets!
How awful! and how deep!
Which Christ reveals to virtue
Amid the dreams of sleep.

Then ever fond Apostle
Of God's eternal son,
Beheld these things mysterious
Which quickly must be done.

* Hymn before Sleep,
† Genesis 40 chap.

He saw the Lamb of Sion
Rid from his mortal strife—
Him who alone can open
The book of Death and Life;

Whose mighty arm containeth
The flaming two-edged sword
With which a double vengeance
Is taken by the Lord.

He is alone th' avenger
Of living and of dead,
And death the First and Second.
Is on his sword of dread.

Yet is that Judge benignant—
He oft restrains his ire,
Upon the hardened only
Pours he the pool of fire.

He hath received all power
From Him who has his love,—
He hath obtained a name, too,
All other names above.

And He shall slay the slayer,
So boundless in his sway,
And from the raging monster
Bear every spoil away.

That beast which the Disciple
Denounces from his soul,
That made the nations sin, and
Rive s of blood to roll;

That beast which dared, blaspheming,
To bear a sacred name,
Subdued by Christ the True One,
Is doomed to quenchless flame.

Such was the dream of wonder
To that blest mortal shown,
His favoured spirit mounting
E'en to the heavenly throne.

But we—we are not worthy
Of visions thus sublime;
Whose thoughts are ever sinful,
Whose hearts are filled with crime.

Enough for us, if slumber
Our weary frames enjoy;
Enough—if no vain phantom
That placid rest destroy.

Remember, thou, O Christian!
That thou wast cleansed and crowned,
With water and with unction
Poured on and signed around.

When weariness comes o'er thee
And thou wouldst sink to rest,
O make the cross's semblance
Upon thy brow—thy breast.

It banishes all sinners,
Before it demons fly,
And, with it man defended,
Shall neither sink nor sigh.*

Far from us be each phantom,
Each dreadful dream of ill,—
May he the wily temptor
Be farther from us still.

O then insidious serpent!
That dost beguile the heart
With many, many a cunning,
With every hellish art;—

Depart—the Lord is near us—
The Christ is here—away—
This sign which well thou knowest
Routs all thy fell array.

We go awhile to rest us,
Our souls meantime shall rise,
Unsloughful and unslumbering
To muse upon the skies.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, June 28, 1848.

NOTE.—What can sectarians say to the concluding stanzas of this hymn, in which we find such Catholic doctrine and practice? Here we find that 1500 years ago—at which time Prudentius wrote—Holy Oil was used in the administration of Baptism, precisely as the Catholic Church observes to-day. Here, too, we find great stress laid on the virtue of the sign of the Cross. It appears that the people in old times were in the habit of blessing themselves when going to rest. If Protestants allow us nothing more, at all events they must acknowledge that these observances are very ANCIENT errors.

* "Fac cum vocante somno
Castum petis cubile:
Frontem locumque cordis
Crucis figura signet.

† "Crux pellit omne crimen
Fugiant crucem tenebræ
Tali dicata signo
Mens fluctante hescit."