

beating rapidly in anticipation of the bounty that God sent her in the hour of distress, and surrounded by her children, each holding a portion of her tattered garments, and gazing anxiously in the face of the stranger, she stood there, gentle reader—the traces of recent tears are visible on her faded cheeks—she stood there, the living epitome of her country before the mercy-seat of England.

Kathleen's eyes were riveted on the parcel. She saw, in an instant, her children clothed with the garments it contained,—their hearts bounded happily as they contemplated their new holiday dresses,—in a new gown and buskins, cheerfully setting out on her long journey to visit poor Ned in Lifford jail. As the colonel slowly unrolled the bundle, there was a pause of painful suspense—pain not arising from doubt, but an absorbing anxiety—and, except the rustle of the paper that wrapped the parcel, no sound was to be heard, not even a breath, from the members of that ragged group.

Reader, the gentleman who occupied the chair had an income of twenty four thousand pounds sterling per annum—the woman before him, one bushel of potatoes for herself and her little ones!

At length the valuable present was drawn forth, and placed in the woman's hand.

"There," said the colonel, looking up compassionately in Kathleen's face; "there—blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Kathleen in an instant recognized the gift, (it was a small duodecimo Bible—Goodsoul had once before presented it to her,) and as she did, the warm blood which the excitement of hope had called up for an instant to her pallid cheeks, rushed back rapidly on her heart, sickening and freezing as it went. It was a moment of bitter anguish. Full of the long-cherished hope that for days and weeks before had enabled her to battle with adversity,—now at last about to reap the reward of her patience and long suffering—now about to witness with her own eyes an immediate alleviation of the corporeal wants of herself and her desolate children, she was prepared to kneel before the instrument of Divine mercy, and shed tears of gratitude at his feet. But it was not to be. No. It was the price of the soul that should clothe the body.

Kathleen returned the book, but made no reply in the words: "it was the heart that spoke." She turned up her eyes in a mute appeal to the burning bosom of her Redeemer, from the cold charity of man.

The children still holding on by her dress, and perceiving her endeavours to repress her rising emotion, as she rushed to accept the present, burst out into tears, and strove to drag her away from the stranger.

"This, my poor woman, is the Holy Bible," resumed the colonel. "It is sent you by the Almighty—refuse it not, for it is the bearer of glad tidings. It will cheer you in your solitude, and comfort you in your afflictions."

"It's at no use to me, yer honor—not the taste," she replied, whilst the words seemed half-choked in the utterance. "Whisht! asthorc, don't cry—dear."

"No use—the Bible no use!"

"Shure, seen a word myself can read, yer honor."

"What, refuse the bread of life!—the—"

"Am not refusin' it, yer honor, I know it's good: but I thought yer honor had somethin' to give me for the childher—if it was only a rag to cover their naked bodies, I'd be thankful. I was thinkin' yer honor might give myself the price av' pair o' shoes to carry me to Lifford to see Ned afore he dies. Ochone, ochone, sir, I thought when I'd once see yer honor, I'd be soon on my journey to the father i' my helpless childher; but it seems it wasn't afore me. An' there's five spengle i, yar! I was keepin' to buy somethin' to nourish him when I'd go there, if I had only a decent rag to carry me to the strange place—"

"But listen to me."

"An't the good, kindly neighbors—may the Almighty in heaven reward them for it!—was to keep the childher for me till I'd come back again. An' shure I was dhramin' last night at afeel, that I was sittin' aside Ned where he was makin' stones in the jail, an' him askin' me about the creathurs at home, an' me tellin' him all."

"Woman," exclaimed the colonel, "will you permit me to speak?"

"I bog yer honor's pardon."

"Well, listen to me attentively."

"I will, yer honor."

To be continued.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

DIED.

At Carleton, Chaleur Bay, on Thursday morning, the 23rd inst., of Typhus Fever, contracted in attendance on the sick, after 14 days' extreme suffering, which he bore with most christian fortitude, the Rev. FRANCOIS FELIX DESRUSSAUX, Priest and Missionary of Carleton, aged about 30 years.

During the four Apostolic years of Rev. Mr. Desruisseaux, at Carleton, twice he was sent to preach the Gospel to the unenlightened natives of the Labrador coast—the dangers and fatigue of which he underwent with truly christian zeal—and for his indefatigable exertions on his missions, he was highly complimented by His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec.

Carleton loses by the death of the Rev. Mr. Desruisseaux, a sincere friend, and religion, one of its brightest ornaments. His funeral took place at the Parish Church at Carleton, on Saturday the 25th inst., accompanied by a great concourse of his parishioners, as well as by crowds from the neighboring parishes, who came in a body, to demonstrate their respect for the deceased. His remains were deposited under the Altar of the Church in a Vault prepared by the order of the Rev. J. B. N. Olsamps, Priest of Restigouche, under the direction of the intimate friends of the deceased.

The loss of a minister endowed with such great and good virtues will be long felt by the inhabitants of this and the adjoining parishes—Carleton, 28th, Novr., 1848.—COMMUNICATED.

CONFIRMATION.

Twenty seven persons were confirmed in the Church of the Assumption, at Pleasant Mills, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, on Sunday last. The Church, which is a frame building, was erected about eighteen years ago through the exertions of the Rev. Edward Mayne, who died some years afterwards of consumption at Saint Augustine, in Florida. The congregation consists of some farmers living at a considerable distance from the Church, and of laborers in the Glass Works. Some came about twenty miles on this occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. About twenty received communion, among whom were an aged couple, the man nearly eighty years of age, who came fourteen miles fasting. The Rev. E. Q. S. Waldron visits the congregation on the third Sunday of each month. At his request one of the Father Redemptorists will visit it on the next stated day (17th December) for the benefit of the Germans, who are numerous.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

SUPERSTITION.

A remarkable instance of the folly and pernicious consequences of consulting fortune-tellers, has just occurred in the neighborhood of P—. A man, having three hundred dollars in his possession, returned late at night to his boarding house in a state of intoxication. The next morning, not finding his money, he suspected that the landlady had stolen it, and as she denied all knowledge of it, he resolved to consult an astrologer in the neighborhood. Being assured that his suspicions were founded in fact, he communicated them to his fellow-boarders, all of whom forsook the house. To make assurance doubly sure, he consulted one of the same class of diviners in this city, where, to our shame, they abound, and pursue a most lucrative practice. Here again he was confirmed in the same judgment. Afterwards, the whole money was found where he had dropped it, and all grounds for suspicion were completely removed; but, in the meantime, the character of an upright woman had suffered, to the prejudice even of her interest. Our age glories in not believing in witchcraft;—but the prevalence of the superstitious and impostures of astrology is manifest from the advertisements which crowd the columns of the newspapers. This surely is disgraceful to the age of light. It is said that fashionable ladies go to consult these lying oracles, and gentlemen fools are not wanting.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOLS.—The Catholics have free schools of their own in the city of Cincinnati, which are attended by 3000 children. The schools are not entirely free, as each pupil pays 25 cents per month. This is thought by those who have observed its operation, to have a good effect on the school.

LONDON.

The Catholic Telegraph copies from the London Post, the following particulars connected with the late installation of the Bishop of London.

"The Papal rescript was not read. We were however, informed that it is the same as has been hitherto issued on similar occasions. It does not give the title of Bishop to Dr. Walshe, although, of course, he is such *de facto*, but simply that of Vicar Apostolic. There is more than a nominal difference between the two positions, for whereas the Pope cannot, except for a proven canonical fault, (and then only, we believe, in conclave,) remove a Bishop, a Vicar Apostolic is removable by his Holiness at pleasure.

A slight sketch of the life of Dr. Walshe may not be altogether uninteresting. He is an Englishman, and was a Protestant. He was educated at St. Albans. Soon after he embraced the Roman Catholic faith and went to St. Omer's College. He was in France during the Reign of Terror, and was, at the instance of Robespierre, thrown into prison, where he remained for eighteen months. He then came over to this country, and was for many years chaplain to the famous Dr. Milner, author of the "End of Controversy." After some years he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, where he has since remained. He is now in his 72nd year. He is of short stature and seems extremely worn and emaciated, but his eye is quick and intelligent, and the expression of his countenance meek and benevolent.

His coadjutor is the Right Rev. Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, one of the greatest living scholars the Roman Catholic Church can boast of. It is reported that along with the profound knowledge of the dead languages, he is one of the ablest of oriental linguists. Dr. Gillis, of Edinburgh, said of him that he brought into the church the learning of an Esdeas. His exterior is the very reverse of the Bishop's. He is of lofty stature and powerful frame, possessing a dignified and commanding look. His manners are courteous and it is said his views are tolerant and capacious, without any of that narrow prejudice and bigotry which is frequently to be met with in churchmen. He is fixed upon for the successor of Dr. Walshe.

The Cathedral is advancing slowly towards completion. The Rev. Dr. Doyle, the founder of it, states that there is £11,000 due upon it, and that £8,000 more will be necessary to complete it. The tower is in a very backward state. It will be, when finished, 180 feet high, and the spire 110 feet, making a total of 290 feet. The walls of the tower are eight feet in thickness. How such an edifice was raised in so poor a mission seems surprising. A collection was made during the ceremony in aid of the building fund.

A New Sect.—"There is a religious society in Chicago," says the Spirit of the Times, "who have no Priest nor Deacon. Every one speaks that pleases, and utters such doctrines as come uppermost."

What else can be expected from the Protestant rule of faith, but the endless formation of new sects, the last always exceeding the others in absurdity and folly? That a sect like this, in which there is no recognized regular ministry, in which any one preaches and exercises the functions of a minister that pleases, and utters such doctrines as come uppermost, that such a sect should, as no doubt it does, claim to be true "church of God," is indeed laughable and foolish. Yet it has as much right to do so as the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Baptist sect, and all the other Protestant sects; because it is based on the same fundamental principle—"private judgment" and "free interpretation of the Bible." And neither the Lutherans nor the Presbyterians or Calvinists, nor the Methodists, nor the Baptists, &c., nor all together can prove that this new sect is wrong as long as they argue from their principle of private judgment, as the sole rule of faith. And thus is the Protestant rule of faith sound, and productive of unity.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Since 1799 all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius V.; the Directory was overturned under Pius VI.; Napoleon fell under Pius VII.; Charles X. under Pius VIII.; and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The military chiefs of Vienna are carrying out their triumph in a spirit of the most complete self-confidence and determination. Two distinguished revolutionary leaders have been summarily tried by court-martial and shot; one of them, Robert Blum, although certainly a dangerous and seditious person, yet had come from Frankfurt to Vienna in a quasi-diplomatic capacity. We hardly think this slaughter will much assist the Imperial interest. Mere force cannot be kept up, at this time of day, for any great length of time; it spends itself, whilst moral power is daily augmenting. Revenge also propagates hatred. If a Constitutional Government is to be restored eventually, such wrongs done and suffered make all cordiality, all gradual policy a thing hopeless of realization. However, certain it is, that these inexorable Austrian Generals have shown high qualities, and that the murderers of Latour, Lichnowsky, Auerswald, and Brea, have no right to howl at their retaliation, ill-judged and revengeful though it may be.

Encouraged by this reactionary success, the King of Prussia has actually occupied Berlin with 15,000 men, and ordered the Diet to Brandenburg. General Wrangel, an unscrupulous soldier, executed his task with a dryness which was almost amusing. It may, however, well be doubted if Frederick-William will prove himself capable of carrying out the bold line he has taken. What is he to do next? A step like this destroys all the sense of liberty in an Assembly; it may be necessary, it is true, but then it indicates a state of society that can neither bear its vices nor their remedies. It implies a despotism which Frederick-William has not force of character enough to wield.

In France the week, eventful as usual, has beheld another great historical event—the solemn promulgation of the Constitution. The whole affair appears to have been heavy; the starving atmosphere without fully accompanying the coldness, indifference, and absence of conviction evinced by almost all present. There is a certain tameness, too, in the preamble containing the spirit of the new Constitution, which on the one hand exhibits no very deep faith in its authors, and on the other bears the marks of the long battle it has fought with the enemies of social order. Still, it is something to hear a nation proclaiming that it will never war for the sake of conquest, and something, too, in the midst of such an ocean of religious and political infidelity, to hear it declare, in the presence of God, that there are rights and duties anterior and superior to all positive laws, and that for its basis it acknowledges the family, labour, property, and public order. We must also give a certain insight to the fact that the nation has brought its Constitution to receive the benediction of the Church.—Whatever the follies and selfishness of its leaders, this at least, as well, and, one would hope, cannot but end well.

General Cavaignac's moderate circular has come out, and appears, though somewhat late, to turn the scale rather in his favour. Ledru-Rollin's is curt and savage in its tone, copying the revolutionary traditions. The division in the camp of the ultras between him and Raspail destroys the chance of either.

No change of moment is reported in the wretched affairs of Switzerland. Mgr. Marillet remains a close prisoner in the castle of Chillon, no Catholics, lay or ecclesiastical, being allowed to visit him. At Friburg the Grand Council have quartered troops in the houses of all "suspected" Catholics; committed many to prison, and are pursuing that too generally successful system of persecution, which consists in worrying, vexatious impositions, fines, and disabilities. In the Valais, the spoliation of the Convent of Mont St. Bernard has been completed. The Procurator of the Monastery, a virtuous and talented religious, was arrested, and is now in the prison of Sion.—*Tablet.*

CONVERSION.—A Lutheran Clergyman, John Engelbert Snyder, a native of Coblenz, in Germany, and for some years a resident of the United States, first at New Orleans, and afterwards at Columbus, Ohio, made the profession of faith and was received into the Catholic church at St. Louis, on the 16th July of this year.

ANOTHER.—One of our contemporaries announces the conversion of Mr. R. A. Bakewell, late a student of the "General Theological Seminary" of the Episcopalians and son of a clergyman of that denomination.