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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES

VOL. 2.

No. 17

god forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

HALIFAX, APRIL 25, 1846.

## CALENDAR.

- APRIL 26.—Sunday—II after Easter. SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs.  
27. Monday—St Anastasius I, Pope and Confessor.  
28.—Tuesday—St Sixtus I, Pope and Martyr.  
29.—Wednesday—St Peter, Martyr.  
30.—Thursday—St Catherine of Sienna, Virgin.  
MAY 1.—Friday—SS. Philip and James, Apostle.  
2.—Saturday—St Athanasius, Bishop, Conf. and Doctor.

## VISITATION AT HERRING COVE.

On Thursday last the Bishop, accompanied by the Vicar General, proceeded to Herring Cove for the purpose of holding a Visitation. He was met by the inhabitants with flags and banners, and a continual discharge of musketry was kept up, both on his arrival and departure. When the procession reached the little church the entire assemblage knelt down in two lines to receive the Episcopal Benediction. A very handsome triumphal arch was erected on the bridge, and at the entrance of the Church-yard. The whole neighbourhood presented a gay and animated appearance—banners and flags were streaming from every house, and all the craft in the river were likewise decorated. After the preliminary ceremonies of the Visitation, High Mass was celebrated *ccram Episcopo* by the Pastor of the District, the Rev. Edmond Doyle, assisted by Very Rev. T. Conolly, and Rev. John Nugent. During Mass the celebrant delivered a very instructive discourse to an auditory so numerous that more than

half of them were obliged to remain outside of the little Church. The Bishop then proceeded to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to three adults, who were received into the Church, after having first addressed them an Exhortation on the nature of that Sacrament, and the dispositions necessary to receive it worthily. The candidates for Confirmation then approached the altar, and about one hundred persons of both sexes were signed with the sign of faith and anointed with the chrism of salvation in the name of the Adorable Trinity. At the close of this interesting ceremony, his Lordship addressed the newly-confirmed for some time, and then performed the Absolution, and recited the prayers for the dead in the adjoining Cemetery, as prescribed by the Pontifical. The Religious observances of the day lasted about four hours, and the Bishop, Clergy, &c., were afterwards most hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Doyle.

The necessity for a new and more commodious Church at Herring Cove was never made so apparent as on Thursday last, and we believe we shall soon have the gratification of recording the commencement of the good work.

## CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

We made a few remarks last week on this subject, and promised to give some details. It seems that from the opening of the Cemetery in September, 1843, up to the present time, 552 persons of all ages have been interred. Seventy-

five of the number had been inmates of the Poor House, and no less than 222 were interred gratuitously. We have a list of the entire now lying before us. There is no doubt that some of them died in very poor circumstances; but amongst those who have obtained Poor Certificates, there are many names which, if published, would excite no small degree of surprise. How such people imagine that an Institution like the Holy Cross could be kept up in this manner we cannot comprehend. Several, even of those who paid, have been in arrears for many months after their friends were interred, and a great portion of the Sexton's valuable time has been consumed in traversing the city for those paltry sums. Such a state of things exists no where else that we know, and certainly cannot continue any longer here. A great many interments of 1845 are still unpaid for, as well as the greater portion of the Family Plots, though most of the parties are well able to pay. For the laborious services rendered by the Clergy in connection with 552 funerals, the Church has not yet received a single farthing! Is there any part of America, North or South, where such a system would be tolerated for an hour?

RT. REV. DR. HUGHES.

The zealous, learned and indefatigable Bishop of New York arrived at Halifax in the Caledonia, on Saturday last. His Lordship proceeded immediately to the Cathedral to make his Thanksgiving after the voyage. He was here received by Right Rev Dr Walsh, who entertained him at dinner, and accompanied him to the steamship in the evening, just before he took his departure for Boston. Dr Hughes is in excellent health, and has been in Europe since December last, on business connected with his extensive Diocess. He procured in Dublin some nuns of the Order of Mercy, to found a Convent at New York. Seven of those excellent ladies are now on their passage to that city. They will be under the direction of Mrs O'Connor, a native of Kilkenny, and late Superioress of the Convent of Mercy in Queen-square, London. After making preparations for his new Convent, Bishop Hughes will set out for Baltimore to assist at the Triennial Episcopal Council which will be held in that city on the 10th of May. The intended Convent at New York must prove a source of innumerable blessings to that populous city. Many a dying exile of Erin

will have reason to bless the day that the devoted Sister of Mercy shall commence her glorious labours in this greatest of American cities.

[For the Cross.]

A SCENE IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ON GOOD FRIDAY EVENING.

The Temple's walls were hung in deep and gloomy mourning o'er,  
 And dismal was the aspect which the naked Altar bore.  
 The organ's solemn peals no more in thunders rolled on high—  
 But silence still and mournful reigned in awful majesty.  
 The sun, descending in the west, in gorgeous, glorious blaze,  
 Through the gothic windows poured his soft, his deeply tintured rays,  
 Which on the rich paintings fell, and on the shrouded wall;  
 And sombre—solemn was the scene, thro' the spacious cathedral,  
 Around the holy altar knelt in silent, fervent prayer,  
 The souls who came to contemplate their suffering Saviour there.  
 Amid the pious throng there was one charming, lovely child—  
 "An angel clad in human form," with look serene and mild—  
 Beaming in the plenitude—the effulgency of grace—  
 And innocence and loveliness smiled o'er his youthful face  
 And, oh! how fervid was the glow that spoke his swelling soul!  
 And big the glittering drops that down his cheeks did roll  
 As bending o'er the sacred form that on the Altar lay,  
 Of Him who had been crucified on Calvary's rood that day—  
 To his Saviour's wounded hands and side, his lips he gently pressed,  
 Embraced His feet, like Magdalen, and fondly them caressed!  
 • • • • •  
 Oh, God! 'tis a delightful scene—to witness children dear  
 Thus trained in virtue's hallowed path to sanctity and prayer  
 To see them by their parents led to the Temple of the Lord,  
 To consecrate their hearts to Him, and learn His holy word.  
 Bless'd parents they! who thus instruct their little ones  
 in youth,  
 By precept and example in Religion's hallowed truth—  
 In whom the words are verified, of the Sacred Prophet's line—  
 "Like Stars for all eternity they brilliantly shall shine."  
 ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

On the evening of Monday, May 4th, at 7 o'clock the usual Meeting of the Halifax Branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith will be held in the New Vestry.

\* Danl. xii. 3.

On Tuesday last an Office and High Mass. at which the Bishop presided, were celebrated at St. Mary's, for the repose of the soul of Mr. William Cronan, whose edifying death in the West Indies was lately noticed in this journal. May he rest in peace.

When Bishop Hughes, of New York, was in Paris, he preached some English sermons there which were most numerous and respectably attended. Amongst his audience were Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, and his lady.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN TORONTO.

We copy from the *Toronto Mirror* a glowing account of the celebration of the Great National Festival in that city. Irishmen and Catholics have reason to be proud of this triumphant demonstration. We feel peculiar pride and pleasure in directing attention to the warm eulogy so justly bestowed on the pious, accomplished and eloquent prelate who governs the Diocese of Toronto, and who delivered the Panegyric of St Patrick on the last festival. The good Bishop Power, though he proudly claims the honour of Irish descent was born in this city, and Halifax has every reason to boast of him as one of her most gifted sons. We hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have the happiness of welcoming him to his native city.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We have not seen since we left the shores of 'Old Ireland' so heart-stirring a spectacle, as the streets of this city presented on last Tuesday, the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. The GREEN FLAG OF ERIN never had cause to wave more triumphantly in the bright sun and free breeze of propitious Heaven, for it proudly headed as gallant an array of Irishmen as ever graced a foreign soil, and we could hardly abstain from asking ourselves again and again is it possible that we can be three thousand miles away from the 'Green Island,' and find ourselves in the midst of such a monster meeting of her sons?

It was a proud sight to see Protestant and Catholic, Tory and Liberal, Repealer and Orangeman, walking side by side in generous rivalry to honour the common land of their fathers, and the common home of their hearts; and we devoutly bless the mighty Ruler of Nations for such a sight. It is the opening to us of a vista which through the dissipating darkness of our country's calamities, feasts our eye with bright and near glimpses of proud and prosperous days for her. And what lover of Ireland could look at Ireland and Irishmen a few years since, and at this day, and not join us in our

homage of gratitude, and not anticipate with us that it has at length pleased the Supreme Being to stay the plague of discord and division among us, and cut short the period of our country's humiliation. The instinct of an honest and generous nature is surely at length about to claim its ascendancy over our hearts, and who will measure the triumph and prosperity that may yet be compassed by the consciousness of our strength.

We will measure even in this remote quarter of the world, how much such a blessed consummation may not achieve for the honor and the respect of our country. We all have too good cause every day and every hour to feel that if our arch enemy—the curso of disunion—has followed us and found us out even here, so have the bitter consequences been felt by us too, in the contumely and contempt which is but too often our portion. We have often said and the spectacle of last Tuesday might convince the most sceptical that if Irishmen were only united, with that spirit and endurance, with that intellectual and physical superiority, with those warm hearts and clear heads in the possession of which we are pre-eminent above all other nations, it would not be in the power of any country or any set of men to keep us in the position of 'National Coventry' (if we may so express ourselves) in which, it is fruitless to deny, that we have long been kept, and are still kept, and not in Canada alone, but in every part of the globe where we are found. It is our firm conviction that in place of being made light in the scale of Colonial merit—in place of being 'the poor Irish' as we are so often termed in the insolent affectation of provincial compassion instead of being sought out only to be shunned and passed over, and barred, and banned from office, power, and rank, and respect, slighted in the relations of public life and tyrannized over in those of social intercourse, we might sway—united in heart and purpose as Irishmen ought to be—the destinies of this province as we pleased and offer a proud proof to our fellow-subjects of the empire, and to the whole world the soundness of our country's claims, to be treated with consideration and respect. But we must not wander, in our enthusiasm as Irishmen, from our duty as journalists, to sketch to our readers the proceedings of last Tuesday.

At half-past 10 o'clock, the St Patrick's Benevolent Society were convened at their Committee Rooms, Colborne-street, and being arranged in order, and preceded by the band of the 62d Regiment, marched to the Catholic Church, where Divine Service was performed in honour of the day, by the chaplain, Rev Mr O'Reilly, and an eloquent Sermon preached by his Lordship, the Right Rev Dr Power, to the assembled multitude, many of whom, notwithstanding the capaciousness of the Church, so great was the throng, were unable to reach beyond the threshold. After the celebration of worship, his Lordship delivered one of the most eloquent and earnest appeals to his countrymen that

it has been our fortune for a long time to have heard; in the course of which, with simple and unaffected, but originally nervous and powerful language, he displayed the history, and the devotion, and the success of Ireland's Saint in the cause of Ireland's conversion and regeneration; dwelling on the happy fruits that resulted to Ireland in the union, and education, and enlightenment of her people; and calling to mind the proud historical fact, that while the Christian faith was established in all countries, amid scenes of martyrdom and bloodshed, and and the faith of converts baptized in the blood of those who taught them—a blot which even Canada herself had not escaped—that Ireland alone had never stained her history with the blood of a Minister of God. Holy truth! We have never heard patriotic aspiration and proud historical reminiscences more happily blended with the subdued and pure spirit of Christian piety and faith. We do not pretend to do justice to his Lordship's discourse; but one passage, among many, struck us as peculiarly eloquent and happy; when mourning over the inscrutable wisdom of Providence in afflicting Ireland for so many centuries with humiliation and sorrow, and the fearful approaches now of the most terrible of all national scourges—famine and disease—he yet earnestly gathered hope, from the whole aspect of Irish affairs, that the period of God's displeasure was drawing to a close, and happier days about to dawn upon her; filling the hearts of his flock with that hope which “is the anchor of the soul,” while he taught them the submission and patience of Christians waiting upon their Lord.—‘Let us contemplate,’ exclaimed his Lordship, ‘the wonder and inscrutable power of Providence in the late regeneration of Ireland from the degrading stain of intemperance! For how many years had we not seen the philosopher and the philanthropist, the priest from the altar, and the patriot from the forum, passionately struggling to arrest the progress of this national disgrace; and yet how vainly! until the fullness of God's own time had come; and then we behold the wonderful spectacle of an obscure and unknown Capuchin Monk, whose name had not been heard beyond the limits of his native town, strong in the will and power of his Master, accomplishing in a few months this most astonishing reformation.’ We were pleased to observe several members of the Church of England present, whose admiration of the Bishop's eloquence we afterwards heard loudly expressed. Service being concluded, the members of the Society, and their fellow-countrymen who had not joined them, marshalled, and, preceded by the band, marched to the City Hall, and were there joined, as had been previously concerted, by the Sister Societies of St George and St Andrew, and the St Patrick's Society, who were drawn up there and awaiting. The whole body then, composing an immense assemblage which reached from the City Hall along King-street to York street, and of which

we could not repress our feelings of gratification at finding that the St Patrick's Benevolent Society constituted about nine-tenths, proceeded through the most public streets, return' to the English Episcopalian Church, and there the St Patrick's Benevolent Society were formed into double line, extending from the Church along King-street nearly to Yonge-street, through the centre of which, their banners being crossed at intervals, the St Patrick's Society marched and passed into their Church, both Societies headed by their officers, continuing uncovered and cheering each other with a warm and loyal earnestness that filled the heart of every honest Irishman to overflowing. We repeat that it was as proud a sight as we have ever witnessed, and we do not envy the man, come from what country he may, who could have looked on without sharing our emotion. When the last member of the St Patrick's Society had passed, the St Patrick's Benevolent Society was again marshalled, and, preceded by the band, returned to their Committee Rooms, where having heard an admirable speech from Colonel Baldwin, their first Vice-President, and having given three hearty cheers for ‘the Queen,’ for ‘old Ireland,’ and for ‘unanimity among Irishmen of all creeds and classes,’ they dispersed until dinner without one act or expression of rudeness or distrust, if we except a stone thrown by a little urchin at a pane in York-street, for which the offender was promptly chastised by the wand of one of the marshalls. Too much credit cannot be accorded to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Messrs O'Neill and Hayes, who were Marshalls of the St Patrick's Benevolent Society, and upon whose shoulders a most onerous and difficult duty had devolved, and was most effectually discharged. Once again we repeat, that the events of this day have taught us that if Irishmen can fight with a will when they do fight, as alas! they have only too often proved, so they can extend the hand of cordiality and union to their countrymen with a heart that justifies the most sanguine anticipations of the future position and consideration of Irishmen in this province,

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN HALIFAX.

The anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint—as will be seen from an extract from our talented contemporary, the *Halifax Cross*, which will be found in another page—was celebrated with becoming solemnity and splendour by our fellow-countrymen of Halifax. Irishmen of all denominations—Catholics and Protestants—mingled together on the occasion, and seemed to vie with each other in doing homage to christianity in the commemoration of St. Patrick, and to the Irish character by their public profession of attachment to their country. The Irish of Halifax, and their descendants, would seem to have no bickering and jealousy among them. So far from envying

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

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

total misconception of the case. We have never yet seen the Protestant who had the faintest idea of what we mean by the use of beads; it is sufficient that the use is Catholic, for them to condemn it. But we are satisfied that this practice like everything else relating to the true worship, if correctly understood, would not only cease to excite aversion in their minds, but would be acknowledged as one of the sweetest and most reasonable acts of devotion that a Christian can perform.

It is to us a subject of moving and sincere grief that there are so many excellent spirits among our Protestant brethren, held in total ignorance of the whole Catholic creed, discipline, and practice. We have every reason to know, that if once the scales of prejudice were removed from their eyes, multitudes of them would come as naturally to the Catholic Church, as the visual organs are attracted to the source of physical light. In the hope that it may meet the view of some liberal and affectionate mind, we present the following brief sketch of the devotion of the beads, which probably some Catholics might peruse, without much detriment to their stock of information.

It must be remembered that the great object of devotion with the Catholic Church is the person of her divine spouse, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind. All that concerns the Incarnation of the Son of God, is with her a subject of the deepest interest. From the annunciation of the angel to the Virgin, to the Ascension from Mount Olivet, every mystery of our Redeemer's being is a matter of the dearest and sweetest recollection. They are, with her, not mere events of history that have passed away, and melted in the dimness of antiquity, but subsisting and substantial things, with whose memory are bound all the affections of the Christian heart. It is not as God only, but as the God of Man, that Jesus Christ is so precious to his Church; wherefore, every thing of his, human as well as superhuman nature, is an object to us of ineffable interest.

Had the events of the life, death, and resurrection of our beloved Lord, to be re-enacted in the flesh, with what devotion would every Christian rush to behold him, to dwell with him, to undo, if possible, the latchet of his shoe; to weep, to watch, to fast and pray with him, through all the stages of his destiny. But the generation that did this is past and gone, and we can only do in spirit what they did in deed. We may not with the eyes of flesh behold him, but still we can go back in spirit to the days of his sojourn upon earth, and render to him that homage we would have done had we beheld him then. The history of his life has been preserved to us, and we are familiar with all

its mysteries. The place of his nativity, of his habitation, of his agony, his death, his burial, his ascension,—all these with the circumstances of those events, the sacred traditions of the church have handed down, and they form the subject of our constant meditation. Next to beholding the Word made Flesh, himself, what can so well acquaint us with God our Saviour, what so effectually kindle our affections towards him, as the contemplation in our hearts, of the various scenes and events of his earthly career? An abstract thought can never touch the heart; we must invest it with a substance and a shape, ere it can waken love. Hence it is, if we would commune with our Saviour, we must go to Bethlehem, and see him subject to his holy parents—to the banks of Jordan, where the Holy Ghost, in the likeness of the dove, hovered over him; to the mountain where the devil tempted him—to the temple where he taught the doctors—to the sea shore where he discoursed with his apostles—to the chamber where he ate his last supper—to the garden where he was betrayed—to the hall of Pilate, where he was condemned—to the pillar where he was scourged—to the hill where he was crucified—to the sepulchre where he was buried—to the scenes of his appearance after resurrection—to the Mount where he appeared the last time on earth, and from whose summit he ascended into Heaven.

Now, the object in saying our beads, is simply to commemorate these various mysteries, to ponder them in our hearts, and to weep or rejoice over them, according to the subject of consideration. To facilitate this, the beads were invented by St. Dominick, one of the most illustrious and holy men. Whoever will make the experiment, may perceive, if he has not before discovered it, that in order to fix the mind on any given subject is of great assistance. Thus, to recall the memory of our parents, we turn to their cherished portraits, without the help of which, in a very few years, we become incapable of tracing their lineaments, with any precision, on the tablet of memory. So, if we would remind ourselves of the events in the life and death of our Saviour, we should employ whatever aids we can for that effect. Therefore, we make use of the Crucifix, and other pictorial objects. This is perfectly agreeable with the physiology of our natures. No one who has considered the constitution of the human mind, can dispute it. Is it not a wholesome thing to think upon the passion and death of our Lord? If so, ought we not to contemplate it in the liveliest way we can? Then who shall forbid us any aid, which by the constitution of our natures, can facilitate the object we would effect? Perhaps one man's imagination may enable him to dispense in some measure, with artificial helps; but whilst one can do without



them, a thousand may, with difficulty, entertain a thing a moment in the mind. Shall the pride of him who does not require them, impute to those who do, the crime of idolatry and superstition? I kneel before a crucifix, when I would meditate upon the mysteries of the cross; my watering imagination is arrested and shaped by the chiselled form before me; it makes a centre for my wandering thoughts, and fixes them upon the given object. An Iconoclast, surprising me in this attitude, would accuse me of image worship; and thus it is this odious accusation has been obtained against the Catholics.

But to return to the Beads. These are strung upon a little chain and divided into what are called decades, or tens. Between each ten there is a larger bead, to denote that the decade is finished. Each bead stands for one prayer, and the decades in all are five.

Now, let us see how and why these beads are used. It will be observed that the mysteries are fifteen; that is to say five joyful, five sorrowful, and five glorious. The first five relate to the incarnation and birth of our Divine Lord, the second five to his passion and death, and the third to his resurrection and ascension. It must be admitted these are all most worthy subjects of Christian meditation. On one day we meditate the joyful, another the sorrowful, a third the glorious mysteries. To each mystery, then one decade is assigned; because it has been experienced that that is about as long as the average of human minds can, without weariness, continue in the consideration of one idea. The object is not to weary, but refresh the soul. Having finished one decade, we proceed to another, and so on until the five are finished.

But why say any prayers whilst meditating? For two reasons: first, because the prayers are in themselves acceptable to God, and secondly, because being short, and repeated without any sensible effort of memory, so far from diverting the mind from the subject of meditation, they produce a current of affection in the soul, which contributes greatly to its concentration on the image before the mind. These are things, however, always difficult to describe in the abstract; to be appreciated they must be practised. The most we can say is, that this is a method of prayer, and one that all Christians that understood it, have found to be of infinite benefit and satisfaction. It is only a mode, found by experience to be efficacious, of performing what is the great gist of Catholic devotion, namely, the commemoration of the life, passion and death of Jesus Christ. This is the great centre, around which the whole Catholic system revolves. It is the prime object of the holy sacrifice of the Mass; the constant magnet of

our meditations. It is thus we learn to appreciate our redemption, to imitate in our lives, the model given us in Christ, and to cherish a tender love for him through whom he was given. Thus it is, that Catholic piety is displayed. It dwells in the heart, and not upon the lips. It lives in a continual converse with the Redeemer of man. In short to say the beads, is but a pilgrimage to Palestine, to witness the mighty records of the Gospel. One hour thus spent over the wounds of Jesus Christ, is worth a life-time of windy hallelujahs and vociferous harangues.

**BISHOP FENWICK.**—We are grieved to learn from the *Boston Pilot*, that the venerable and zealous Bishop of Boston is daily declining in health, and that anxious fears are entertained that the disease with which he is afflicted will prove fatal.

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### DEATHS RECORDED.

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AT ST. MARY'S.

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- APRIL 20.—Mrs. Margaret Hobin, of a Son.  
 “ Mrs. Catherine Wade, of a Son.  
 “ Mrs. Ellen Derney, of a Daughter.  
 21.—Mrs. Elizabeth Kinclin, of a Son.  
 22.—Mrs. Ellen Fehnerth, of a Son.  
 “ Mrs. Margaret Mahier, of a Daughter.  
 23.—Mrs. Mary Norris, of a Son.  
 24.—Mrs. Ellen Keleher, of a Son.
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### MARRIAGE RECORD.

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- APRIL 20.—John Allen and Margaret Lacy.  
 “ Timothy Donovan and Elizabeth Tilby.  
 21.—John Shea and Bridget Kenny.  
 22.—Thomas Flynn and Maria Cantalon.
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### INTERMENTS.

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AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

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- APRIL 19.—Ellen, daughter of Michael and Mary Tohie, aged 14 years.  
 20.—Catherine, daughter of Richard and Mary Johnson, aged 9 months.
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