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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 35.

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, AUGUST 29, 1846.

CALENDAR.

August 30—XIII after Pentecost.

31—St. Raymund Nonnatus.

September 1—St. Louis King of Franca Conf. Sem.

2—St. Stephen King of Hungary.

3—St. Angela Merici.

4—St. Rose of Viterbo.

5—St. Laurence Justinian.

ADDRESS TO THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH.

The following Address was presented to His Lordship on his arrival at Clare :

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Western District of the Province of Nova Scotia :

May it please your Lordship—

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen—(Catholics of the Parish and District of Clare and its vicinity,)—beg leave to approach your Lordship on this your first visit to this Parish with much joy and unfeigned welcome ; and to assure you that in this distant part of your Diocese, where we seldom have the privilege of benefitting by your personal offices, the favour at present bestowed upon us calls for our liveliest gratitude.

We desire to express to you our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the evidences extended to us of the guardianship and watchful care constantly exercised over every portion of the Church, and in

particular, that portion now addressing you, since your entering into the high and important trust conferred to your Lordship's hands; and more particularly for that manifestation exhibited since the decease of our late and ever-to-be-lamented Abbe Sigoyne—in the wisdom and care shown to us in the selection of those pastors, whose duty and pleasure it has been to minister to our necessities so efficiently since their appointment among us.

That the Church may be long blessed with a continuance of your ministry, and that this portion of it may enjoy many returns of your presence among us, is the wish of your Lordship's devoted and affectionate servants.

We also assure your Lordship that this humble tribute (through our incompetency) is but a feeble representation of the sensations of our hearts. And in conclusion, we again, with all sincerity, tender your Lordship a most hearty and cordial welcome.

(Signed)

SIMON CONWELL,
JOHN MOONEY,
JEREMIAH McLAUCHLAN,
JOHN CALLAGHAN,
JAMES STUART.

A meeting of the Committee for the North End Church will take place on Tuesday next.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The above establishment will re-open on the return of the Rev. Gentlemen connected with its departments. The Students will consequently resume in a few days hence.

For the Cross.

ALTERNATE ACROSTIC.

ODE TO ERIN.

(Respectfully inscribed to Rev. J—— N——.)

The Demon that ruled thee, O, Erin, hath vanished,
Dissevered the chains that religion enthrall'd
Honour and virtue now triumph! and banished
And crushed is the Foe that with bitterness gall'd.
Enlightened, exalted, the people now cherish
Now eagerly knowledge & science pursue;
On the hearth of the poor man joy, happiness,
flourish—

Intemperance! who could be happy with you?
Bright, even now, has thy morn-star arisen—
E're long will thy "full noon of liberty" shine!
And the Genius of Freedom, released from his
prison,

Long breathe o'er thy mountains his spirit divine!
Let union and peace, then, with happiness bless
thee!

Oh! never let discord again thy heart gall!
Delights worthy freemen may ever caress thee,
Contentment bring balm to the bosom of all!
May patriotism and valour protect thee,

Oh! true be thy sons to the faith of their sires!—
And religion, wisdom, and honour, direct thee,
Nor quenched e'er the flame that thy bosom
inspires!

Then long may those names, thus together entwined,

NAMES which to Erin and mankind are dear!—
High throned on thy altar of love, be enshrined,
Ever the hopes of their country to cheer!
Encircled their brows with thy trefoil, e'er green—

Love, happiness, honour, long may they enjoy!
When called to the glory that 'waits them serene,
Like cherubs, their guard'ship still o'er thee
employ!

August 25.

A CHARITABLE APPEAL

FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

In favour of the doctrines of

The Catholic Church.

"Return back to judgment."—Dan. xiii. 49.
"To the law and to the testimony."—Isa. viii. 20.

NOTE.—The scriptural quotations by which this appeal is enforced, are taken from the Protestant Bible.

POINT XIV.

Protestants hold, That there is no purgatory or third place, no middle state of suffering souls in the other world; and that it is a vain and superstitious custom to pray for the dead.

Contrary to the written word of God. 1. "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be remitted unto him; and he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Matt. xii. 32.

These words of our Saviour leave no room to doubt but some sins are remitted in the other world; but there are no sins in heaven, and none can be remitted in hell; then there must be a third place, or middle state of souls in the other world which is neither hell nor heaven.

2. "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: every man's work shall be made manifest. For, the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he has built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burnt he shall suffer loss: but, he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." 1 Cor. iii. 10 to 15.

Whether by the wood, hay and stubble, here mentioned, is meant curious and unprofitable doctrine, rather philosophical than apostolical, which some preachers of the gospel, like the Corinthian doctors build upon the foundation of the true faith or whether by the wood, hay, and stubble, are meant other lesser sins and imperfections which the better sort of christians, who hold the foundation of the true faith, are subject to; certain it is, that by the words, hay and stubble, are signified some sins or other of christians, which do not merit eternal damnation; because, the apostle assures us, that the persons guilty of them will be saved; for which sins nevertheless, they will be punished in the

other world; because the same apostle declares, they shall pass *through fire*; and whether this fire be understood of a material elementary fire, or a metaphorical one, that is the affliction of the mind, great sufferers certainly must these souls be whilst they are passing through that fire, wherein their works will be burnt, though, at length, their persons will be saved, not without pain and difficulty; like a man, who, to save his life when his house is in flames about him, is forced to pass through the fire to make his escape. Some lesser sins, then, according to the apostle's doctrine, Christians die guilty of, not deserving eternal damnation; which, nevertheless are punished in the other world *with fire*, whatever that fire be; which is the genuine doctrine of purgatory maintained by Roman Catholics.

3. "For Christ who hath once suffered for sins the just for the unjust, (that he might bring us to God) being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit; by which also he went, and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing." 1 Pet.-iii. 18, 19, 20.

From this text it appears, that at the time of our Saviour's death there were some souls in a state of suffering (in prison) in the other world, on account of lesser sins not deserving of damnation; for certainly our Saviour would not have gone and preached to them, had they not been capable of salvation. These souls therefore were not in heaven, where all preaching is needless, nor in hell, where all preaching is unprofitable; but, in the middle state of suffering souls, they were; which is the purgatory maintained by Roman Catholics.

4. "Who will render to every man according to his deeds." Rom. ii. 6.

"And then he shall reward every man according to his works." Matthew, xvi. 27—Apocalypse xxii. 12.

That God will render to every one, according to their works, with strict justice in the other world, is plain in Scripture, even for every idle word man shall be accountable. Matt. vii. 36. Again, we know from Scripture, that no one lives without sin; for there is no man that sinneth not, and, in many things, we offend all. (1 Kings vii. 46.—James iii. 2.) But if no one lives without sin, it is not to be doubted, that great numbers, even of the better sort of Christians, die before they have sufficiently washed away all their sins in the blood of the Lamb. For, who of a thousand can say, at the time of their death, that they have by penance entirely cancelled every sin they had committed, of thought, word, or deed, from the time they came to the use of reason to the end of their lives? Now either Protestants maintain, with the ancient stoic

philosophers, that all sins are equal, at least all mortal, and, if so, whoever die in any sin before they have repented, are forever lost: (which doctrine none but a madman will maintain) or, they allow that there are lesser sins and imperfections in men which we call venial sins, and, which are incident even to the just, that do not merit eternal torments. But, if there are many, who, before they have repented, die guilty of lesser sins which do not merit eternal torments, either they immediately after death are translated into the joys of heaven, without undergoing the just punishment of their offences either in this world or the next; and then how is it true, that God renders to every one according to their works? Or, they are at first punished in the other world, in proportion as their sins deserve, and, in the end, are translated to heaven; which in other words, is what we mean by a purgatory.

5. "But the most valiant Judas exhorted the people to preserve themselves from a sin, seeing before their eyes what had happened for the sins of those who were fallen in battle. And, making a collection, he sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously of the resurrection. . . . It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome cogitation to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Mac. xii. 42.

Whether Protestants allow the history of the Machabees a place in their canon of Scripture or not it may I hope, be of sufficient authority to inform them, that prayers and sacrifices for the dead were formerly a solemn rite of the Jewish Church, at a time when it was the true Church and taught the true worship of God. Now, if the belief of a third place, or purgatory, was a point of true faith, then revealed from God and delivered to the Jews by tradition from the saints, it is also a point of true faith now.

TENETS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH FAIRLY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER V.

ON RELICS, PICTURES, AND IMAGES.

With regard to Relics and Images, the Council of Trent expressly forbids us to believe, that 'there is any power or divinity in them, for which they should be revered, or that any thing is to be asked of them, or any confidence to be placed in them;' and expressly declares, that "all the honour be referred to those, whom these relics or images represent," for it requires, "that honour and

“veneration are to be shown to the images of Christ and the Saints” (Vid. Sess. 25. de invoc. SS.) Such, and no other, is the doctrine of the Church of Rome—such its members believe and practise—such its Divines explain and defend; and we all unite in denouncing any other as unecatholic and false, and in branding the man, who imputes any other to us, either as an ignorant calumniator, or libellous imposter.

I have remarked above that as man consists of a body and soul, a religion instituted for him, must be calculated to arrest the senses of his body, in order to operate on his soul. This, I observed, was the principle, on which the Catholic Church acted in the institution of religious ceremony; and it is also the principle, from which she infers, that relics and images should be used and honoured.

Every man, with his eyes open, must know, that a picture or image recalls, or introduces, thoughts into his mind, which are connected with the original. The cross or a picture of the redeemer certainly reminds us of Jesus Christ, this recollection is surely proper and holy; and why should we not use the intervention of a picture or a relic, to attain this holy object? Notwithstanding all that the heavy polemics of the last centuries have written against this tenet; and however much they may have admired the naked walls and barren simplicity of a reformed church, men of sense, when prejudice has worn away, will never condemn the Catholic church for using pictures and relics to recall their originals to the minds of her members; and if at the same time they be men of taste, they will rather lament, that the introduction of an opposite tenet into the world, has destroyed for ever many of the finest specimens of painting and sculpture.

There is little difficulty in defending the propriety of using pictures and images for the purpose of exciting in the mind religious reflection; but it seems more difficult to convince our dissenting brethren of the propriety of paying religious respect to them.—But I think there should be no difficulty even in this. The scripture says, that “at the name of Jesus every knee should bow;” (Philipp. 2. v. 10.) and every Christian acknowledges the propriety of bowing the head when that venerable name is pronounced. The name excites the idea of our Saviour, and on this account only it merits our respect. A picture or an image has precisely the effect; a crucifix reminds us as forcibly of the Redeemer as the articulation of his name; and why should we not show respect to the crucifix? The internal recollection, which alone claims our reverence, is identical; the word Jesus is as much a picture or image to the ear, as a crucifix is to the eye; and the representation to the mind is the same; and the only difference between the name and the crucifix is, that one is addressed to the ear, the other to the eye. If the word claim respect, why

should not the image? It is not irrational to condemn the Catholic church for paying external respect to the scripture, and yet Catholics have been frequently condemned, and by those very men too, who discover no impropriety in presenting the scripture to be kissed by whoever takes an oath in a court of justice. And why is this done? Certainly from respect to the word of God, which is contained in the scripture. The combinations of letters in the book have no meaning of themselves, and deserve no reverence; but because words have been universally admitted to be the signs of ideas, the scripture is therefore revered, because the words which it contains, occasion and signify ideas, which merit respect, reverence, and veneration. And why should we not pay respect to pictures and images? They, too, are the cause of ideas that claim our reverence.

Nature herself dictates that the representations, or, in fact, any thing, which recalls to the mind an object which we love, claims a degree of relative love and respect. The portrait of a cherished friend, whom the unrelenting grasp of death has torn away from us, and hurried to the cold region of the grave, is always affectionately loved by the surviving partner of his joys and his sorrows. Every thing, which was his, is consecrated by friendship in our eyes, and we hang his hair around our necks, with all the fervid recollection of former love, and well requited affection. Should some cold metaphysician attempt to prove, that we were dishonouring our departed friend by venerating the objects which recall him to our minds, his frozen arguments would be dissolved by the warmth of natural affection before they could reach the seat of conviction. We should say, “I love the portrait, not on account of the canvass, on which the painter has spread his colours; I love the lock of hair, not for the matter of which it is formed; I love every thing which was my friend’s, not for their intrinsic value, but, because they represent him to my mind, and recall the idea of departed worth.” This is the language of nature. And, now, why should not Catholics respect pictures, and images, and relics? We do so. “We respect the pictures and images of Christ and his saints, not on account of the canvass, on which they are painted, or the metal of which they are formed, we respect the relics of the cross or of departed saints, not on account of their intrinsic worth, or the matter of which they are composed, but we respect them because they represent to our minds, objects which deserve our respect and veneration.”

General Intelligence.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES--ITS ORIGIN.

Now that public attention is fixed on the recent election of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., many of our readers will, we have no doubt, be gratified by the following historical summary of the origin of the temporal power of the Popes, taken from Doctor Donovan's interesting and learned work entitled 'Rome, Ancient and Modern, and its Environs,' a work which we cannot too strongly recommend to every reader of education :

"After the fall of the western empire, Italy remained a prey to the Northern barbarians; but the evil effects of their domination were experienced by Rome more than any other Italian city, which attracted the rapacity of those ferocious and greedy herds. Accordingly she fell successively under the dominion of Heruli and the Goths; and if, after the cruel laceration, she returned for a time to the empire of the east, it was only to augment her suffering by subjecting her to the arbitrary misrule of the imperial minister. Even the Exarch resided not within her walls; and the Queen of cities saw her senators reduced to vassalage, and her people to vicarious despotism, whilst internal dissension was suffered to gnaw her vitals. In this deplorable state recourse was frequently had to the paternal intervention of the Supreme Pastor, who proved himself, on all occasions, the strenuous defender of the oppressed, protecting the citizens against the power of the Praticians, the misrule of the Imperial Exarchs, the exactions of the rapacious ministers, and the tyranny of the Emperor himself. That, under such circumstances, the people, experiencing the parental solicitude of the bishop, should have recognised in him the strongest claim to their confidence, and even preferred his mild, domestic rule to a foreign and oppressed yoke, cannot be a matter of surprise. Accordingly an occasion presented itself, which ripened into maturity this feeling and conviction. In the pontificate of Gregory II. (715—731,) the Emperor, Leo Isauricus, patronising the seat of the Iconoclasts, inflamed their sacrilegious violence against sacred images, and against the Catholics, who paid them an inferior respect, given to the sign for sake of *the thing signified*. The imperial reformer claimed supreme authority in spirituals as well as in temporals, and sought to enforce the novel claim, not by argument but by arms. He ordered by public edict that all representations of holy persons or things should be defaced or destroyed; the most admired and revered productions of the chisel and pencil were accordingly demolished by the hand of violence under the sanction of law: and resistance was punished by confiscation and

death. In vain did the Pontiff admonish the fanatical Isaurian to pause in his career of sacrilege and blood; 'Abandon your rash project,' writes Gregory II.; 'if you persist, we are innocent of the blood that will be spilt in the contest.' The proscriptive edict was enforced with increased rigour, and Rome itself was repeatedly assaulted by the armies of the Greek tyrant, who however, were successfully repelled. Every attempt, says Gibbon, 'was made by fraud or force to seize the persons of the second and third Gregory, and to strike at their lives.' A bloody battle at Ravenna terminated in the defeat of the Iconoclast army; but 'no sooner had the Popes confirmed their own safety,' continues Gibbon, 'than they appear to have spared the relics of the Byzantine dominion. They exhorted the Indians not to separate from the body of the Roman monarchy;' but the indignant senate and people resolved on asserting their independence by placing themselves under a resident sovereign, from whom they might hope for protection not persecution; and accordingly they spontaneously transferred the supreme magistracy from the sacrilegious usurper, who oppressed them to the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory II, who had risked his life for their defence—an event which occurred A.D. 730, the year before the decease of that Pope. The liberties of Rome were thus rescued from Leo the Isaurian, and re-established after a servitude of 750 years; her bishop became the temporal as well as the spiritual father of a free people; and after the loss of her legions and her provinces, Rome was again restored to honor and dominion. The chair of Peter replaced the throne of the Cæsars; the seat of empire became the sanctuary of religion; and, had it not been for this new vital principle, which renovated her decayed energies, Rome, like other cities of antiquity, like Thebes or Babylon, or Carthage, might have been blotted from the map of the earth, verifying the awful foreboding of Lucan, 'fabula nomen erit.' To the mild sway of the Roman Pontiffs she owes her independence, probably her existence; and, as the seat and centre of Catholic unity, she now enjoys a supremacy of spiritual dominion, a voluntary sway, over regions far beyond the loftiest and boldest flight of the Roman Eagle. 'The temporal power of the Popes,' says the unsuspected authority already cited, 'is now confirmed by the reverence of a thousand years; and their noblest title is the free choice of a people, whom they had redeemed from slavery.'

THE NEW POPE.

The manner in which Pius IX., has accepted the Pontificate, is extremely affecting. He was filled with tears: at one time his emotion was so great that he relapsed into his seat, and the Cardinal

who summoned him, according to form, for acceptance, had to stop a while to permit him to recover himself. A circumstance all infantine was observed since with a kind of spiritual joy. A short while before the election, one of those wild pigeons (*pigeons sauvages*) which nestle, as you know, in the great edifices of Rome, introduced itself into a neighboring hall of the Conclave, and there fluttered during a long time. This affecting image of the Holy Ghost, made on all those who witnessed it, a certain impression. I, for one, retain it.

ROME.—A letter from Rome, dated July 2nd, published in the Augsburg Gazette, states that the Pope, the day before went on foot, accompanied only by a few prelates and some Swiss soldiers, to the church of the Silesian nuns, where the festival of the Visitation was being celebrated. The inhabitants of Rome were surprised to see the Pope walking through the streets, a circumstance which had not been witnessed since the days of Pope Ganganelli, His Holiness on his return was received with great enthusiasm, and the acclamations of the crowd increased when he condescended to receive a petition presented to him by a poor man.

The expedition to the interior of Africa, projected by the late Pope, is now organised. It consists of Monsignor Casolani, recently appointed bishop. Father Ryllo, Dr. Knoblocher, and Angelo Vinco. The last two were to leave Rome on the 2d of July, and to traverse Africa from Abyssinnia to Senegambria, and from Congo to the Barbary States.

LITERATURE.

Fruits of a Good Education.

LETTER X.

Mary to John.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Once more, my dear John, good news! May the kind Providence which rules over us be ever blessed. God certainly takes pleasure in consoling those that love him; he extends his beneficent hands to assist the poor who put their entire trust in him. We have a new guest at the castle; the brother of the Countess has been here the last eight days. Yesterday evening as the whole family were sitting at the portico, enjoying the cooling breeze of a delightful afternoon, and entertaining themselves in conversation, a messenger arrived, the bearer of a letter for the Chevalier. As soon as he broke the seal, he exclaimed: 'Dear sister, how fortunate! the ring which I had lost, has been found and sent back to me! How glad I am!' He then read the letter aloud. He had hardly pronounced the words: "My Lord; a

poor shepherd' . . . when I exclaimed: 'The letter is from my brother.'

After the Chevalier had read the letter, the Countess said to him: "Brother, God has already intrusted one of those poor orphans to our care, I have taken charge of this little girl; do you take her brother." 'O my Lord!' said I, 'do take pity on us!' 'Why do you speak of pity?' said he with kindness. 'That good boy has certainly deserved it: what he desires is due to him.' Our gracious Lord the Count then added: "There is an excellent carpenter in the village, who has no children; bind the boy to him as an apprentice. Thus those two children will again enjoy each other's company, and we shall perhaps have one day another honest man in the parish!" The carpenter was sent for, and everything immediately concluded. I then asked permission to be allowed to announce the good tidings to you first. 'Without doubt,' they exclaimed, 'write to him and tell him to come as soon as possible.'

Come soon then, dear brother. It will be with tears of joy, and a heart penetrated with the most profound acknowledgement of gratitude towards our Heavenly Father, that you will be met by

Your devoted sister,

MARY.

LETTER XI.

From the Chevalier De Brof, to his Sister, the Countess of Thannenbourg.

WALDEY, Nov. 18, 1816.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I hasten to announce to you news which will no doubt interest you, and be a source of great happiness for your adopted children, John and Mary.

In the ring which I had lost, and which John so faithfully returned to me, was set a beautiful diamond, which being loose for some time past was in danger of being lost, I therefore took it to my jeweller to have it fixed.

Mr. Daniel, the jeweller, was sitting at table with a man rather advanced in years, and poorly clad, but who was remarkable for his fine mien, and extraordinary height. His meal consisted of bread, cheese, and water. When I entered, he arose from the table, saluted me respectfully, and stood erect, in the position of a soldier before his officer. "You have been in the service," said I to him. "Many years," he replied, "but at the conclusion of the war I was dismissed. My small pension being insufficient to support me, I have been obliged to become a wood-cutter. The charity of Mr. Daniel has induced him, besides paying my wages, to give me my board."

I gave the old soldier a crown, for which he

thanked me heartily. I then showed my ring to the jeweller. "How fortunate you have been not to lose the diamond," he exclaimed. "O!" said I, 'I was already so unfortunate as to lose both ring and diamond; but an excellent boy named John Muller, whom the misfortunes of war had driven from his home, and forced to become a shepherd, found it and restored it to me.' The old soldier approaching me, said: 'Kind sir, do you know anything else concerning that boy? Where is he? has he not a sister? does his mother still live?'

I told him that I had obtained a situation for John; that his sister Mary lived with you; that their general demeanor was such as to give the greatest satisfaction, and that their mother, Helen Muller, was dead.

'My God!' he exclaimed, as the tears streamed from his eyes, 'they are my children, my John and Mary. O, how happy am I to find them alive! But I am also grieved to learn the death of my poor wife.'

He endeavoured to obtain whatever information he could concerning them. I told him all that I knew. 'All, all,' he exclaimed 'concur to make me happy. One thing only gives me trouble; that those dear children think that their father is dead. But I ought not to be surprised at it.—When I was married, I belonged to the body-guard of the Prince. The war began, and I was obliged to separate from my wife and children. In an engagement I was wounded so severely, that I was left on the field of battle for dead. Being made prisoner I remained in confinement till the end of the war. In the mean time the enemy had taken possession of the country, and my wife and children were obliged to fly. As soon as I obtained my liberty, I made every effort to find them, but in vain; I could receive no intelligence about them. Now, thanks to God, I am consoled in part, to learn that my wife has died piously, that my children are good, that Mary took care of her mother until her death, that John returned the ring which he found, and lastly, that both have continued to behave well. This is my greatest consolation, my only joy. I cannot return our Divine Lord due thanks for having watched over them with so parental a care. I will go and see them as soon as possible, although I be obliged to beg my way, for I wish to see them once more before I die.'

The brave old soldier spoke with so much animation, and shed so many tears that the jeweller and myself wept also. The wife and children of Mr Daniel, hearing the words and the sighs of the veteran, wept with us, and mingling our tears we endeavoured to console poor Muller. I told him that as soon as the weather would permit, I would procure him a conveyance to Thannenburg;

but that I wished first to furnish him with new clothes that he might be dressed as an old soldier like him deserved to be. In a word, I raised his joy to the highest pitch, by promising to furnish him with the money necessary for the journey.

Announce, then, my dear sister, to those children the pleasing intelligence that their father still lives. I hope too that your charity will find for this old man a corner in your castle of Thannenburg, where he may spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity. Thus we shall have been instruments in the hands of God, to draw two deserted orphans from misery, to restore them to their father, and to be his consolation in his misfortunes. O! how admirable are the ways of the Lord!

Present my best wishes to my brother and the children.

Your affectionate brother,

ADOLPHUS.

LETTER XII.

John to the Chaplain of Wiesenthal.

REVEREND SIR,

You were pleased to honor me with your friendship when I was a shepherd at Wiesenthal. Allow me to present to you my most heartfelt acknowledgments, in return for the good advice you were then accustomed to give me. The ring which I found on the bank of the river, has enabled me to learn the business at which I am now employed; and you, Reverend Sir, enabled me to restore it to my protector.

You have already learned with pleasure that God, through the medium of that ring, has made known to my sister and myself that our father still lives. You will also without doubt be equally pleased to learn the following facts, which relate to our subsequent history.

It would be impossible for me to pretend to describe the joy of our hearts, when we cast ourselves into the arms of a father whom we had for so long a period believed to be dead. He was surprised to see us so large, and pleased that we looked so well; but what gave him the greatest pleasure, was to hear us so well spoken of by every body. "All would now be well," he said, "if your mother were alive." He was desirous to see her grave. I had raised over it a beautiful cross, which I took the greatest pains to make. The evening before, my sister had ornamented it with a garland of flowers; they were already withering; however, my father saw by this, that the memory of our mother was still cherished by us.

My father burst into tears when he arrived at the spot beneath which my mother reposes. The tears of my sister and myself were soon mingled with his,

as we prayed over the tomb. My father at length rising up, said: "Your pious mother now rests from her troubles; but as for us, we have still to carry our weighty crosses: if, however, we bear them with resignation, and place our confidence in God, a crown of never-fading felicity will be our reward."

As to the rest my father has been highly gratified. When he came, the Count, our Rev. Pastor, and my master went to meet him, and showed him every mark of kindness. After having passed three weeks with us, he went to the Count and said to him: "My Lord I have abused your kindness long enough, it is time for me to go and seek lodgings elsewhere." The Count replied; "My wife has taken your daughter into her service; my brother in law has taken charge of your son; and I wish to do something for the father of those interesting children. You see that my castle is large, and surrounded by extensive grounds. "I have remarked that you are skilful in farming. For a long time, I have desired to find a man on whom I might rely, and whom I could trust with the management of my affairs. In you, sir, I think I have found what I sought. You will find it to your advantage to engage in my service. I do not wish you to labour in person, but what I require is, that you see that everything is in its proper place, and that the labourers do their work well."

My father accepted the offer with pleasure; and you may easily imagine what was the gratification of myself and my sister, to see him located so near us. He immediately entered on his new charge. Notwithstanding his age, sickle in hand, he went into the harvest field, and worked with the rest. He takes the lead among them, sees that every thing is properly done, remains in the field from morning till night, without taking any repose, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Count, who desires him not to work.

Mr. Daniel entertains great friendship for my father. Last Sunday evening, he would not be satisfied until my father related in detail an account of his campaigns. As Mr. Daniel is well advanced in years, he took the resolution some time since, of giving me the management of his house and shop. 'For,' said he, 'I am persuaded John will provide for all my wants, and take care of me as long as I live. However, there is a great obstacle in the way. In order to obtain the right of citizenship, and to lay in a sufficient store of timber to commence with, and to defray other necessary expences, at least a hundred crowns will be required; but where is the sum to be obtained?'

I had not as yet mentioned to any one the intention of my master, when yesterday the curate calling to see me, presented me with the sum of one hundred crowns, saying at the same time: 'This

money is yours, it is given to enable you to carry on the business of your master on your own account."

Astonishment took away from me the power of speech:—"What is this?" said I to myself. "Is it not a dream?" the curate smiled, and soon relieved my singular situation. 'For a long time,' said he, 'the Chevalier has had the wish to set you up in your business. But a few days past, I received the intelligence that I was advanced to a dignity in the Church, which requires me to wear a ring ornamented with a jewel. The Chevalier came to me, and told me that he wished to part with this ring. 'It is of no service to me,' he said, 'and I wish it to benefit John. Your new dignity requires you to possess one of the kind. Take it on condition that you pay the young carpenter one hundred crowns, a sum which is below its real value.' This greatness of soul surprised the Curate as much as the hundred Crowns did me. The Chevalier is accustomed to say, that we must terminate well the good actions which we have commenced. Thus I will be able to receive my sister and father, if they do not find it more to their advantage to dwell elsewhere, and we shall live happily together.

The Chevalier then added: "As this ring has also been the occasion of my brother in-law and myself being acquainted with the virtuous Chaplain of Wisenthal, we have used our influence with the Bishop to have him appointed to the vacancy of Thannenburg.

The Curate then putting the ring on his finger, said with emotion: 'I shall ever wear this ring as a mark of the protecting care of Divine Providence: it will continually put me in mind of the beneficence of the Lord, who makes the smallest thing instrumental in producing the greatest good.'

Much honored and Rev. Sir,—You were the first instrument whom God chose to consummate the work of his mercy towards me. O! happy shall we be in having you near us! I cannot tell you with what joy, not only my father, my sister, and myself, but also the entire parish have learned that the care of their souls is to be intrusted to your direction. Accept, then, Rev. Sir, the assurance of the gratitude, veneration and respect entertained for you by your devoted and affectionate child in Christ.

JOHN MULLER.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- AUGUST 24—Mrs. Walsh of a Son.
26—Mrs. McKenna of a Daughter.
28—Mrs. Whelan of a Son.