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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 27.

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, JULY 12, 1845.

CALENDAR.

JULY 13—Sunday IX. after Pentecost—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 14—Monday—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 ... 15—Tuesday—St. Henry, Confessor.
 ... 16—Wednesday—Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.
 ... 17—Thursday—St. Leo IV. Pope and Confessor.
 ... 18—Friday—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.
 19—Saturday—St. Ananias, Pope and Confessor.

LITERATURE.

LAYS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

NO. V.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP.*

Right dear in sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints,

PSALTER.

Night hung o'er Meles' rapid flow and Smyrna's tower and bay.—

'Neath Smyrna's lowliest roof that night the Saint in slumber lay:

And through the uncurtained window as the solemn star-light streamed,

And from the chamber as they flowed up to the deep of oven,

There lustre glowed, a radiant road from that rude couch to heaven.

Morn over Meles' rapid flow and Smyrna's bay and tower.—
The blessed sun looked calmly down on Goodness mocked by Power.

The soldiers of the Roman stood within that humble room.
To bear the holy father forth to trial and to doom:

Yet was the old man's smile as sweet, his soul as little moved,

As when his seat was at the feet of him "whom Jesus loved."

High noon o'er Smyrna's tower and bay.—The haughty chiefs of Rome,

And pagan priests and people thronged to fill the Hippodrome.

—O 'tis a fair and pleasant sight, as gay heart could desire,
To see a brave old Christian die by faggot and by fire:

To feed the merry flames to flout and mock his holy calm;
And swell the shout that echoes out to crown his chaunted psalm!

Then came the Martyr, through the crowd that billowed like a sea,

Robed all in white, as every priest of our pure God should be.

And as he came, distinct and clear, along the sky there ran

A voice from Heaven—"Now, Saint, be strong, and quit thee like a man!"

He raised his eyes as if to greet some vision he might see,

Then murmured sweet, "Ah, it is meet, Jesus, to die for thee!"

Warriors were there who had not bleached where blows fell thick as rain;

Men who had gorged the eagle's beak on many a bloody plain,

Men who had launched from fearless hands the thunderbolts of war!

And chained proud princes to the wheels of their triumphal car.—

But priest and prince and soldier felt the noblest hero there

To be that brave old man who knelt beside the stake in prayer.

They bound him, and they fired the pile, quick raged the
 flames abroad,
 But, lo, the Heaven-chained element harmed not the Saint
 of God!
 As the three children stood of old,† save, 'mid the circling
 fire,
 It curled about the martyr's feet, and raged, but soared n
 higher,
 Till a rude soldier pierced his side with malice-sharpened
 spear,
 Then far and wide the fiery tide rolled in its mad career.

So as the Prophet‡ went of old, in chariots of flame,
 The old man's saintly spirit passed to God from whom
 it came.
 His soul the Angels met, the fire and steel destroyed the
 rest—
 O CHRIST! inspire with warm desire my weak and erring
 breast,
 That I may suffer all for Thee, nor deem the trial sharp,
 With all the free high loyalty of good Saint Polycarp!

ACOLYTIS.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

PART II.—ITS DARKENING.

“May the counsel of the wicked be far from me. How
 often shall the lamp of the wicked be put out, and a deluge
 come upon them, and He shall distribute the sorrows of
 His wrath.”—Job xxi. 17.

Nearly six years had now passed over since the
 vow was spoken; and they had been years all of joy
 and happiness; when a change came over the
 household of Pierrot, which blighted it sadly with
 sorrow and woe.

A little before this time, two strange men came
 with their families to settle in the neighbourhood.
 They were a rough set, and no one knew anything
 about them. They took a piece of land at some
 distance from any other dwelling, and built them-
 selves large huts of timber, much like those of
 others; but while they were working at them, they
 seemed jealous of any one's coming to look at
 them; and when they were finished they never
 invited any one inside. The men did not seem to
 have any particular occupation, and the women
 were idle and slovenly; yet they always seemed to
 be better off than their neighbours, and on Sundays
 made a very dashing appearance. Nobody knew
 what to make of them, but it was clear there was
 some mystery about them.

A few months after they had settled there, a sensi-
 ble alteration in the character of Pierrot was obser-
 vable by his wife and daughter. He went to his
 work with less cheerfulness, and got apparently
 through much less of it, for his earnings clearly fell

* St Polycarp, pupil of the “beloved disciple” and Bishop
 of Smyrna, suffered martyrdom in that city about A. D. 164.—
 for an account thereof, vid Epistle of the Church of Smyrna.

† Daniel iii. 13-26.

‡ 2 Kings ii. 2 et. seq.

off. He was thoughtful and reserved, almost moody,
 and for the first time had evidently a painful secret
 which he concealed from his family. Instead of re-
 turning home as soon as his work was done to en-
 joy their society, they would have to wait some
 hours in silent grief, and when he did come in, he
 was cold and silent, and made some poor excuse for
 his lateness. At length one day when he went to
 work, he said to his wife: ‘Annette, I shall proba-
 bly not return till very late to-night—so don't sit up
 for me. I have important business which may even
 detain me all night.’ He gave no time for any
 remonstrance, but hurried forth. Oh! what a sor-
 rowful day was that for mother and daughter! they
 scarcely spoke all day, and each tried to hide her
 tears from the other; for the child, though only
 eight years of age, had sense enough to know that
 things were going fearfully wrong. Towards even-
 ing, therefore, both guided by the same impulse,
 took the road towards Mont-Marie, to pour forth
 their grief, and seek consolation at the foot of the
 altar. There Marie knelt in her usual place behind
 the lamp; she raised her eyes and her heart, and
 was soon absorpt in meditation. And her medita-
 tion was this:

She thought of the desolate home which awaited
 the blessed Mother of our Lord as she descended
 from Mount Calvary; the joyless board, the cheer-
 less chamber, the restless couch, prepared for her
 after a day of anguish and of blight. There, com-
 paring sorrow with sorrow, how trifling appeared her
 own afflictions beside Her's. There, eyes that fall
 on garments sprinkled from the wine-press, trodden
 that day, of God's justice; there, ears that yet ring
 with the clang of the hammer, forcing nails through
 the quivering flesh; there, a heart pierced through
 with a sword of grief, panting to its core with the
 keenest of material sorrows; there, body and soul
 staggering under a weight of anguish that would
 have crushed a frame of iron and a mind of adamant,
 but can be borne up by Her unresisting patience.
 And in the thought of such an ocean of sorrows,
 how small a drop did those appear to that child of
 grace, which the heavenly Father had allotted her!
 And now, after each kind friend that has accompa-
 nied this sovereign Lady to Her humble home has
 departed, she sees her left at last alone in the silence
 of night, with the lamp (fed perhaps from the gar-
 den of Gethsemani), beaming upon Her pale coun-
 tenance, on which that day has written more of woe
 than years had traced before, glittering in tear after
 tear, as it trickles from Her dimmed celestial eye,
 watching alone beside Her, sole thing that cheers
 and sheds a ray of comfort through the dreary
 chamber and the drearier heart. And, in her child-
 ish thought, she blessed that pale and trembling
 light which then gave Mary comfort; and felt as
 though the little flame above her, shining now upon
 her and upon the sacred representation of that Queen
 of sorrows; before her were the faithful descendant
 and representative of that which then lighted up and

cheered Her sanctuary and home. Its calm twilight thus exercised its soothing influence on the innocent child's spirit, and associated her afflictions with the holiest that earth had ever witnessed. She felt as though she suffered in company with the noblest and blessedest among women; and the total darkness which had before overspread her soul, was lighted up by a cheering ray, mild, serene, and pure, as that which tempered the shadows of night within that sanctuary. She felt that she could return to her desolate home, with resignation at least, after what she had contemplated.

But before she rose from prayer, she had made an offering to the Almighty through the hands of the Blessed Virgin, which she did not tell to her mother for some time after. She felt as though it was accepted, and she was comforted.

Let it not be thought that we have described conduct or feelings beyond the age of such a child. In the world we ordinarily have no idea of the maturity of grace to which children brought up under the Church's wings, are sometimes brought by Him who 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings bringeth forth perfect praise.' We hear often amongst us of precocious talent, seldom of precocious virtue; yet one is as natural in its own order as the other. But not only do the lives of Saints, as those of St Rose of Lima, St Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St Catharine of Sienna, present us with instances of intelligence and spiritual illumination in even an earlier age, but at this day are yet such examples to be found, and that within the compass of our own knowledge. And if parents, mothers in particular, knew how to train their children from the cradle for God; if, instead of fondling their infant humours, and caressing their very passions and caprices, they turned the first dawn of their reason to the knowledge and consideration of the Divine goodness; and shaped their lips to utter as first sounds the two sweetest names in human speech, many who now have to weep over the follies and vices of their offspring, might be thanking God instead, for having blessed their family with a Saint.

But to proceed: when the mother and daughter returned home, they were far better able to encounter the melancholy of their cottage than when they left it; nor did its gloom appear so deep, especially to the latter. She seemed almost cheerful, as she bid her mother put her trust in God and in the intercession of His Blessed Mother. It was late next morning, when Pierrot suddenly entered with a pale and haggard look, cast a purse upon the table at which his wife and daughter were sitting, and hurried, without uttering a word, into his bed-room. They both gazed long in silent amazement at the unwonted sight; and when Pierrot, after a few hours' troubled rest, came back, he was surprised and mortified at finding his purse lying untouched where he had thrown it.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked with some bitterness. 'Do you take that purse for some

venomous animal, that you have been afraid to touch it?'

'Pierrot,' answered his wife, 'how is it come by?' 'Honestly I assure you,' he replied. 'You do not, I hope, think me capable of theft or robbing?'

'God forbid!' rejoined his wife, 'but you have done very little work of late; and it would take long in your craft, even with great industry, to amass such a sum. A purse-full like that, got in one night, looks, you will own, to say the least, rather suspicious.'

'Then make yourself easy,' said Pierrot, 'it is honestly come by. I have fallen in with acquaintances, who have put me in the way of a successful commercial speculation; and these I hope are only its first fruits.'

The poor woman was glad to receive the comfort of his words. But though she looked contented and put up the purse, she could not bring herself to use its contents. She redoubled her industry, and wore herself to death at her wheel, to keep up appearances and guard off famine; but neither she nor her daughter would touch the suspicious gold. And often would Pierrot bring more, after having been out a night, and sometimes two, and the intervening day; and yet the store remained untouched. For one sign was in their eyes decisive, Pierrot was no longer the same. He neglected every religious duty, was seldom at Church except on the Sunday, and then seemed to have no pleasure in its duties.

Once it happened, that his little daughter enticed him in the afternoon to Mont-Marie, where taking her usual place she prayed earnestly for him, and renewed the offering of herself before alluded to; she prolonged her prayer beyond dusk, by the favorite light of the Sanctuary lamp; but, on rising from her knees, she found her father gone. He was waiting outside, and on her affectionately remonstrating with him on his impatience in leaving the Church, he replied:

For my part, I wonder how you could stay in so long and pray by that dim and dismal light. By it the church looked to me like a dark sepulchral vault, so gloomy and oppressing. The pictures on the walls stared at me like so many ghosts, or appeared to frown upon me. It made even the image of the Blessed Virgin look cold and stern. I could not stand it, and came out to breathe a mouthful of free air.'

The child sighed, and said, 'Ah! dearest father, you used not to speak so. There must be something amiss in that breast that loves not, or dares not, to pray by the light of the Sanctuary's lamp!'

Pierrot walked home in silence, and for some weeks was more steady at his work. But he soon relapsed into his former habits, and even extended his absence from home to longer periods; to weeks instead of days. It is time, however, that we explain the cause of this unhappy change. The new comers to his neighbourhood, whom we have mentioned, belonged to a rough and unprin-

ciplined class, that hang (especially in mountain districts) about the frontiers of foreign countries. They were contrabandists or smugglers, who contracted for a certain profit, to carry French goods over the Spanish border without paying duty; and this was often done by large parties on a great scale, in spite of the vigilance of revenue officers, whom they did not scruple to attack and fight in case of surprise. These two men and their families were old offenders and experienced hands. Being too well known at their former station, and having observed, in the neighbourhood of Mont-Marie, passes comparatively but slightly guarded, in consequence of the honesty of the peasantry, they had determined to turn the circumstance to their advantage, and came to settle in that neighbourhood. But to succeed, they saw it was necessary to get some one to join them, who was well acquainted with every nook and track among the crags and mountains; and, having taken some time to pick up acquaintance with the characters of their neighbours, they fixed upon poor Pierrot as their victim, not only because he was an expert mountaineer, but because his very gentleness of character, the result of his virtue, would enable them, could they but once corrupt him, to keep him more completely under their power, than one of a rougher and sterner cast.

They began, therefore, artfully to insinuate themselves into his familiarity and friendship, by expressing an interest in him and his family, and their pity at seeing him toiling all day for a paltry pittance, when by commercial undertakings, sure of success, he could soon put himself in far better circumstances. Pierrot listened at first with indifference, and then with curiosity, which soon grew up into eagerness to their tempting suggestions. At length they unfolded their schemes more openly, and he was startled. But for this they were prepared; and after the first shock was over, they began to remove his scruples. They told him speciously, that they were French subjects, and consequently not bound by the Spanish laws, which alone forbade the introduction of goods across the boundary; that, consequently, with them, this could not be wrong, but was merely a commercial speculation, attended with risk of seizure; just like a venture in time of war, or a ship's freight sent through the boisterous ocean in winter.

Pierrot was at last engaged to join in one of their expeditions; they took care that it should be a safe, easy, and pleasant one; and he received as his share of profit the purse which he threw on the table of his cottage. Although his conscience was ill at ease, the love of money had now struck root in his heart, and he was soon so surrounded with toils of his artful seducers, that he had no longer

strength to disentangle himself or to break through. Such is the history of many a good but weak mind, that has but listened to the arts of a deceiver. Its very goodness makes it an unequal match for well-trained cunning and daring profligacy. After its first fall, its powers are broken, and it allows itself to be led by the will of its ensnarer.

After Pierrot's visit, described above, to the Sanctuary of Mont-Marie, his companions, afraid of his escape from them, and of his betraying them, determined to involve him still deeper in crime. First, when they had again prevailed on him to join them, they took him upon a more venturesome expedition, which as they had foreseen, led to an encounter with the revenue guard; shots were fired, blows were struck, and the pass was forced by sheer violence. A few days after, placards were posted in all the neighbouring villages, offering rewards for the discovery of the offenders, with free pardon to accomplices who should betray them. Pierrot's tyrants showed him these, and threatened on his first attempt to dispute their will, to carry him over the frontier, and deliver him to the authorities.

He was now their victim, their tool in any wicked enterprise. He had no longer a will of his own; he seemed to have surrendered his very soul into their hands, and there was no extent of crime (short of murder), to which they did not lead him at their pleasure. They had at length ventured to unveil to him their real characters, as outlaws and banditti. They made him join them in their midnight robberies; but he sickened at the very thought of polluting his once happy dwelling with the fruit of his villainies; he refused a share in the spoils, and whenever he returned home, it was only with more haggard looks, more tortured conscience, and an empty purse.

[To be continued.]

THE DANGER OF THE ALE-HOUSE.

The little village of A——, which stood in a quiet and secluded spot of one of our midland counties, could only boast of thirty families, ignorant of luxury and its fictitious wants. They had preserved among them a spirit of probity and disinterestedness, and when a stranger happened to wander in that direction, he had reason to be pleased with their hospitality.

At the time my history commences the miller's son had just been married to a young girl, whom the lady of the manor had educated from her childhood, and who was possessed of every qualification for rendering an honest man happy—pretty, sweet-tempered, industrious, and pious. Ned might, and did, think himself a very happy man. His old father, Joseph, was very much pleased also, and

not the less so that Agnes brought with her a good many pounds which she had saved, or which had been given to her by her friends at the manor.

In the course of the following year, Agnes presented her husband with a little boy, and Joseph was so delighted at the sight of his grandson, that he resolved on giving up the mill entirely to Edward, saying, "My old arms have had plenty of hard work in their days, and now they shall have nothing more to do but to handle my grandchildren." He accordingly installed Edward and his young wife in possession of the mill, making a singular bargain with his son at the same time. "You know, Ned," says he, "that this mill is the best for many miles round about; the water never comes in too great quantity, nor does it ever happen that we have none; and I believe the reason is, that in the good old times the spring from which it comes, on the hills yonder, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. But you know, Ned, it behoves us to be grateful, for we cannot expect our good Mother to continue her kindness if we are not at the pains to thank her for it. I, therefore, oblige you, under pain of my displeasure (and it is no light matter to displease a parent, for God takes notice of it); I oblige you to do what I have always done, and my father before me, that is, every night at nine o'clock in summer, and at eight in winter, to go round the mill, saying three Paters and three Aves, and every Sunday you shall go at seven o'clock. Go to your bed as soon as you have finished, and take my word for it the mill will go merrily next day; but if you neglect this, misfortune will follow, and remember your father said it."

There was much wisdom and foresight in the counsel, and Ned, who had a great respect for his father, followed it for many years. Agnes had borne her sixth child, and old Joseph had died a happy death, receiving the last sacraments with great devotion, and blessing his family before he gave up his spirit into the hands of his Creator, when one evening the priest called to inquire if all was going well. "Reverend father," said Ned, "I often think there was great wisdom as well as devotion in the advice I got from father when he made over the mill to me, for ye see it puts one so out of the way of temptation; now since the fine new ale house has been set up in the village, if I go drink with the neighbours, I must neglect the Paters and Aves, and, then, who knows what might happen?"—"There is much truth in your remark," said the priest: "but you will find devotion and wisdom are one and the same thing: 'the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.' But there is another thing that concerns you as a Catholic, and that is, to give example to your Protestant neighbours, who are too apt to

blame the church for the faults of her unworthy members." Ned was sure of himself; had he trusted less in his own strength it would have been better for him.

"What a clever fellow the son of our new neighbour is," said one of his customers to Ned one afternoon, as he was loading his cart with the bags of flour which had been ground at the mill. "Clever," said Ned, "I never see him doing any thing but smoking a pipe all day long at the door." "Ah," said the other, "that is because you are hen-pecked a little, and dare not take a tankard with us after work hours." "Hen-pecked!" said Ned, his face reddening with pride and anger; "I'd like to see the woman that could hen-peck me." The other gave a knowing sarcastic nod, and replied, "Oh, none of us never sees nothing of the kind, it's only our neighbours that sees for us: good evening, friend, for I'll not likely see you at the ale-house to-night, and yet that chap plays the drollest tricks with the cards." So saying he drove away, leaving his unthinking venom rankling in the heart of Ned. To be supposed hen-pecked, what man of spirit could hesitate to do all sorts of foolish things to convince the world of the contrary! Poor Ned, out of humour with Agnes, who could not imagine the cause, flung himself out of the house as soon as he had swallowed his supper, and instead of his saying his Paters and Aves round the mill, walked straight to the ale-house. Here he was greeted by his customer, who tipped a knowing wink to the others, evidently showing he had spoken to them of the hen-pecking; and this being observed by Ned, deprived him of the little self-possession he had retained. He entered into the spirit of the jolly fellows present; the son of the landlord did exhibit extraordinary legerdemain tricks, and at last a game at cards was proposed. Ned was lucky, he returned home a winner of some shillings; but he returned a little tipsy, and too late to say the Paters and Aves. Agnes who had sat up some hours watching anxiously for the sound of her husband's footsteps, was deeply grieved when she saw in what state he returned, but she hid her grief in her own bosom, and as usual received him with a joyful welcome. Conscious of his delinquencies he went hurriedly to bed, and next morning awoke with a racking headache. We know by bitter experience that the paths of sin are all on the decline; every step sinks us deeper and deeper; and as he who has once manfully resisted temptation, finds the second attack much more easy to sustain; so he who has once yielded, finds a tenfold difficulty to resist when the temptation is repeated. The circumstances are unfortunately so common, that we need not retrace the steps by which Edward became a drunkard, a gambler, a

bad husband and father. The family at the Manor had gone to spend some years on the Continent, and the agent who managed the estate was lukewarm and indifferent about the habits of the tenants, provided they paid their rents. It was not long before Edward was in arrears; his character had changed, he had become harsh and exacting towards his customers—no more credit, no more civility, no more good faith, and no more probity. The money he received was no longer expended on household wants, or laid by for term-day; it was all spent in drinking, or futile attempts to redeem his losses at play. For a long while Agnes hoped all from the natural goodness of her husband's heart, but that heart became hardened by sin; and if he could not look with indifference on the misery he occasioned to his wife and children, he only ran the oftener to the ale-house to deaden his susceptibilities with drink. The good priest strove in vain to reclaim him; at first he seemed truly penitent, and promised amendment, but falling again, false shame estranged him more and more from his spiritual father, until his habits had become inveterate.

The market-day arrived, and Edward had a calf to sell. Under pretence of avoiding the bellowing of the poor little animal when led away from its mother, he insisted on leading the cow along with it to the fair. Agnes had a sorrowful presentiment, and resisted the proposal as long as she could without giving offence, or infringing on that duty of obedience which she owed to her husband, and from which she had never swerved, notwithstanding his unworthiness; but at length compelled to yield, she milked her favourite Brunie, now her only cow, and the tears ran down her cheeks as she thought her little ones would no longer have the only nourishing food she had been able to give them for many a day. It was the month of July, and Agnes had been busy all day in mending the almost worn-out garments of her little ones; it was evening, and she sat at the cottage door while the children gambolled around.—“O Mamma,” said a little fellow, “only look what a big drove of cattle are coming along the high-road!” Hardly had he spoken, when a cow, escaping from the herd, ran rapidly towards the mill; then all the children clapped their hands with joy, for they recognised their favourite, for whose absence they had been mourning all day. But their joy was soon changed into bitter tears: two men followed the animal, carrying large sticks, with which they began to beat her.—“O do not hurt poor Brunie,” cried Agnes, her voice almost drowned in roars of indignation and anger from the children. “Do not hurt her, this was her home; only let me give her a mouthful of corn, and then take her gently away, for I see you

have bought her.” The men soon saw how matters stood; they were very civil, and tried to console the children, offering them some gingerbread, but the poor things would not be comforted, and wept for their favourite cow. “I'll tell you what,” said one of the men, “I have a farm only twenty miles off, and if you can re-purchase the beast within the year, you shall have her for the same money I gave for her; so live on hope, it's a long lane has no turning; and I promise you she shall be kindly treated for your sakes;” and bidding them good evening, he went away. The night passed, and Edward did not return. Towards noon of the following day he made his appearance; for the first time he beat his wife, and repulsed his children when they approached him: the justice of God overtook him, and he was found dead in a ditch into which he had fallen when returning home in a state of brutal intoxication. Poor Agnes, her cup of misery was full. During the two miserable years of her husband's misconduct, although almost heart-broken, she had bowed with humble submission to the will of God; she knew that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of Heaven; and though her cross was a heavy one, she took it up and bore it after her Lord. Towards her husband she had always conducted herself with the most unwearied gentleness and patience; but unfortunately, instead of reclaiming him, her admirable conduct added stings to his conscience, and helped to drive him oftener to the bottle to drown his senses in strong drink.

The funeral of the unhappy man was over. Agnes sat in her cottage ruminating on the future, the past she hardly dared to think of; her children lay sleeping in their beds, the tears still wet on their pale cheeks. ‘To-morrow,’ said she to herself, ‘I will give up all to the creditors; I fear it will be long before I am able to pay my husband's debts, but they are kind and they will wait.’ Then falling on her knees before a crucifix which hung on the wall, ‘Saviour,’ she cried, ‘Thou seest me, Thou hearest me, and Thou wilt help me to suffer, not with patience only, but with joy; for every tear I shed will be a pearl in the crown of glory which Thou wilt bestow upon me if I persevere to the end.’ Then looking towards a picture of the Virgin which hung near, she said in the words of St. Bernard, ‘Remember, O Most Holy Mother, that no one ever implored thy protection and assistance without obtaining relief. Be a Mother to me and to my children. Mother Mary, I trust in thee.’ She arose with a weight of sorrow removed from her heart; her guardian angel seemed whispering words of comfort, and she sunk to rest experiencing that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Next day she went to

the manor, and inquiring for the agent, she was shown into the hall, where he sat before a large screen. 'I am come,' said Agnes, 'to beg you will take the lease of the mill off my hands; for my children are too young to work, and I am unable to take the management myself.' 'Supposing I take your lease,' said the agent, 'how do you propose supporting yourself and family?' 'You know,' said Agnes, 'that my good Lady gave me a better education than falls to the lot of many; I propose to open a school, to take in needle-work, and I hope in time, when the children can work, to be able to pay all my husband's creditors.' 'I have a better plan for you than that,' replied the agent: 'a friend will advance you money; you will hire a stout lad to do the hard work about the mill; your eldest and youngest boys will remain at home with you; the Priest will take the second one; your two little girls will be educated by the Sisters of Mercy at B——, and the other will—' 'be taken into my service as you were at her age,' said the lady of the manor stepping from behind the screen, and embracing Agnes, who wept and knelt at her feet. The family had returned the evening before; and hearing for the first time the misfortune of their protegee, determined to give her all the assistance necessary.

It was Christmas day. Several weeks had elapsed since the last events recorded. Agnes and her children sat at their cottage fireside after having made their usual circuit round the mill saying their Paters and Aves. They had that morning heard their three masses, and worshipped at the cradle of their Infant Redeemer; afterwards they had dined at the manor house, and each one had returned home laden with Christmas gifts. 'Where is Tom?' said Agnes, for this was the name of the lad she had taken into her service. A noise was heard at the door. 'Surely these footsteps are not Tom's, or he must have got four legs,' said one of the boys. All turned round, and there stood Tom, sure enough, but beside him was—What could it be?—O dear! cried the children screaming with joy—'It's our dear old cow!'

GENUINE POLITENESS.—He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercises of these feelings by good common sense is truly the polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance—it does not consist in artificial smiles, and flattering speech but in sincere and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to add to the enjoyment of others. The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man though he may wear a home-

spun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable who dresses genteelly and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility.—True politeness is a virtue of the understanding and the heart.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reprehend thee not. He that does a bad thing in zeal for his friend, burrs the golden thread that ties their hearts together. Prepare to yourself every day a chaplet of good works to present to God at night.

A TEXAS WONDER.—The 'Enchanted Rock,' which has long been celebrated as a place to which many of the tribes of Northern Indians pay periodical visits, for the purpose of performing their superstitious devotions, is situated on the 'Sandy,' a branch of the Perduales; and is thus described by a gentleman who has recently visited it:

"The feelings and imaginations swell almost to breathless astonishment one immense solid rock of dark reddish colour, rising to the height of about 400 feet and covering a space larger than a common mile race track of about 200 acres of ground. Upon its surface there are several excavations or pits one of which would hold several hundred hogsheds of water, from which there may under a peculiar state of the atmosphere, exhalations escape and explode, doubtless giving rise to the traditions of its emitting light. The only evidences of the pilgrimage and worship of the Indians were the innumerable amount of deeply worn trails approaching in from every valley and plain, and the small pieces of loose rocks and pebbles found upon its top.

This rock is composed almost entirely of a dark colored mica, and it is probable to the reflection of the rays of the sun or moon from the numerous glassy surfaces of the scales of mica, that the brilliant appearance of the rock is attributable."

General Intelligence.

THE URANIA.—A Sicilian Frigate called the Urania, has been anchored in our harbor for some weeks, and has attracted considerable attention from the citizens. She has been visited by thousands, who have been treated in the most courteous and gentlemanly manner. The frigate is of the largest class, her complement of men being three hundred and fifty; they are fine, healthy looking men, and, we should judge, good soldiers and seamen. On the lower deck is an altar, beautifully decorated with flowers, where the sacrifice of the mass is daily offered up. We believe the whole crew are Catholic.

Some of our pious citizens had strange conjectures in relation to this popish frigate. Some thought she came here by order of the Pope, others that she came with a cargo of Jesuits, and various other surmises were made. We believe the editor of the *Courier* has not had a good night's rest since her arrival among us.—*Boston Paper.*

DIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.

ORDINATIONS.—On the 25th of April, an ordination was held in the Cathedral Church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thos. Scanlan, to tonsure; Thomas Scanlan and Denis Byrne to the four minor orders; John Higginbotham to sub-deaconship, and William Wheeler to priesthood.

On the 16th of May, an ordination was held in the same church, when Augustine Acquarone, of the Congregation of the Mission, was ordained deacon.

On the 17th of May, being Saturday in Ember week, an ordination was held in the same church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thomas Scanlan and Denys Byrne to sub-deaconship; John Higginbotham to deaconship; Augustue Acquarone of the Congregation of the Mission, Patrick O'Brien and Bernard Donnelly to priesthood.

CONFIRMATION.—The Sacrament of confirmation was administered on Sunday the 13th of April in the Cathedral Church, to 100 persons; on the festival of the Ascension, in the Chapel of St Vincent to 33 persons; on the Sunday the 4th of May in the church of St. Francis Xavier, to 200 persons, and on Sunday, the 25th May, in the Church of our Lady of Victory, to 50 persons.

NEW CHURCH.—On the 4th of May, the new Church of St. Patrick, situated near the corner of 6th and Bridle streets, in this city, was solemnly dedicated to Divine service. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. J. Timon, Superior of the Lazarists in the United States, who also delivered an able discourse analogous to the occasion. The first stone of this church, measuring 120 by 90 feet, was solemnly laid by the then Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis, on the 16th of October, 1842. The lot on which this church is built, estimated at four thousand dollars, is the gift of Mrs. Anne Biddle of this city and the sum of one thousand dollars was generously contributed towards the building by her excellent mother, the late Mrs. Mullanphy; other citizens, too, have contributed towards this meritorious object; although, we regret to state, that a very considerable debt has been incurred by the Bishop in its erection.

BENGAL, February 15.—Since our last publication, three Protestants have placed themselves under instruction in order to prepare themselves to be admitted in to the Catholic communion. One of the three is a native of England the second is a respectable young woman of the East Indian community, the third a native of the Bramin coast. During the last week of February a Malabar woman, a Pagan, was baptized, and some natives came from different parts of Bengal to become Catholics. Two natives of England, adult Protestants, were

being instructed for Catholicity, and a Mahomedan was being prepared by Mr. Zubibribu for baptism.

On last Friday week, at the Durrumtollah church a young man made his abjuration of the Protestant faith, and received conditional baptism from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Veralle. A protestant lady mother of a family is at present under the instruction of the same rev. gentleman preparatory to her reception into the Catholic church.

BANGALORE—The number of children baptized yearly in the Catholic Church at Bangalore is, upon an average, 4£0; the number taught in the Catholic schools, 218. The number of Confessions, 5,000; that of communions 3,500; marriages, from 80 to 100; extreme unctions, from 80 to 100; deaths, between 250 and 300. The number of conversions to the Christian faith at this station, from the 1st of January, 1838, to the 1st of March, 1844, a period of six years, amounts to 355, of which number 60 are from the errors of Protestantism and 295 from Paganism. The population of Bangalore, including the military station, the fort and the Pettah is thought to amount to about 150,000 persons, who may be classed in the respective proportions—Pagans, 125,000; Musselmen, 15,000; Catholics, six thousand—one thousand of whom are Europeans or East Indians; and five thousand are natives. Protestants of all sects and colors are included in the remaining four thousand.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our Subscribers in Town and Country are again reminded that the terms of the 'Cross' are **ADVANCE**,—and the publisher respectfully requests their attention to them.

NOTICE.—All persons having demands against the Subscriber will please render their Accounts; and all persons indebted to him, will please make immediate payment to **JAMES DONOHUE**, to whom all debts due him have been assigned.
Halifax, 9th Jan., 1845. **JOHN P. WALSH.**

NOTICE.—**MR. JOHN PATRICK WALSH**, of the City of Halifax, Printer, having by Deed of Assignment, dated the 8th day of January instant, appointed the Subscriber his Assignee, and having Assigned to him his books, debts, and all other personal property whatsoever, for the benefit of those to whom he is indebted, such of his creditors as reside within this Province becoming parties to the said Deed of Assignment within three months from its date, and such as reside out of it in six months therefrom, it being provided by the said Assignment, that all parties who shall not execute the same within the said times shall be excluded from all benefit and advantage to be derived therefrom. All persons indebted to the said John P. Walsh are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber he having been duly authorized to receive the same and to give discharges therefor, and all the creditors of the said John P. Walsh are requested to call at the Store of the Subscriber and execute the said Deed of Assignment.

JAMES DONOHUE,

Halifax, 9th January, 1845.

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