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THE CROSS



NEW

SHRIMPLE

VOL. 2.

No. 18.

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, MAY 2, 1846.

CALENDAR.

- Mar. 3.—Sunday—11th after Easter. Patronage of St Joseph, Confessor.
 4.—Monday—St Monica, Widow.
 5.—Tuesday—St Pius V, Pope and Confessor.
 6.—Wednesday—St John before the Latin Gate, Apostle and Evangelist.
 7.—Thursday—St Benedict II, Pope and Confessor.
 8.—Friday—Apparition of Holy Michael the Archangel.
 9.—Saturday—St Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

We beg to remind the Collectors and Members that the Meeting of the Halifax Branch of this Association, will be held on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, in the New Vestry. Cards will be supplied by the Secretary to those who may require them. The Secretary at Paris has written to Dublin to request that 100 copies of the Annals which are printed there in English, should be sent for the future to Halifax, for the use of the Subscribers in the capital of Nova Scotia. We hope, ere long, to entitle ourselves to double the number. We beg to direct the attention of the Catholics throughout the Diocese to this most valuable Institution to which we are already so much indebted, and from which we hope to receive even more generous aid in future. All sums collected through the country for this purpose, no matter how small, if handed to the local clergymen would

be by them transmitted to the Halifax Branch, and we shall feel much pleasure in acknowledging them in our columns.

ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

THE BISHOP'S BILL.

Since our last allusion to this subject we have perused with much pleasure a sensible and liberal speech of the Hon. Mr. Chandler in which that gentleman placed the question in its true light, and exposed the bigoted sophistry of the opponents of the Bill. We hope that the orthodox Catholics of New Brunswick will treasure up in their heart of hearts all the sayings and doings connected with this measure, both within and without the fold. After some recent manifestations of their hostility to Catholicism, and their contempt, for all it holds sacred, no man of common sense can be ignorant for a moment of their real character. In their intense malignity they have unconsciously torn off the mask which hitherto partially concealed their hideous features, and they now stand before the world a set of spiteful, grinning, sneering, impotent revilers of that holy faith which they seek to dishonour, and of that heavenly-ordained hierarchy to whose salutary discipline the Father of Pride who animates them, will not permit them to bend their stubborn necks. We believe they fancied they had some kindred

spirits here, but we can inform them that the Catholics of Halifax look with unutterable contempt on their Voltairian antics.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, NORTH END. PAROCHIAL MEETING.

After many a long delay and bitter disappointment, the Church of the Apostle of Ireland, is about to be invested with that interest which it deserves. The Catholics of Halifax will be now afforded an opportunity of completing what they so nobly begun. It is unnecessary to allude to the various causes which have hitherto retarded the progress of this eminently religious and national work. But, certain it is, they exist no longer. A preliminary Meeting on this subject was held last Sunday, in St Patrick's, at which the Bishop and Very Rev Mr Conolly attended. All present were most anxious that the necessary improvements and extension of the Church should be commenced without delay. Two Resolutions passed unanimously by one of which it was declared that St Mary's would be more convenient and more central for all the Parishioners, and that the Parish Meeting be held there accordingly on to-morrow after High Mass. In another Resolution the Catholics of the North End pledged themselves to attend the Meeting of to-morrow, and earnestly called on their fellow-Catholics throughout the city to do the same, and to lend them their valuable co-operation in this holy undertaking. When we remember the spirited and creditable efforts of the past, we have no fears for the result. We understand that the Bishop will take the chair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several letters recently from persons anxious to be informed of the particular day on which the brigantine, *The Junta*, of Gibraltar, was to have sailed from St John, N. B. We were unable until this week to give any information on the subject. It seems that the first day of April had been fixed for her departure, but that some of the passengers were unwilling to go to sea without having complied with their Easter duties. Our correspondent adds that the length of time which they would require to get through their General Confessions was very uncertain. However we perceive by the last *Liberator* that a shipment of this kind may now be soon expected. The sooner the better. We wish them a speedy passage and a pleasant gale.

Some witty friend of genuine Hibernian humour, and who dubs himself an *Irish Newbrunswick*, has sent us a copy of verses to the well-known air of 'The Meeting of the Waters,' which he assures us have been lately sung with great applause at St John. We can readily believe in the *applause*, for since the times of Peter Pindar and poor Tom Hood, we do not remember to have seen any thing half so comic. It positively shook our sides with laughter. However we must hold it over, until the application of some of the droll points in it is more fully made known to us. For instance, in a short note to one of its most graphic sketches, the writer furnishes the following alliterative morsel, which we are certain must be very delicious though we cannot feel its savour;—

“A poor, pitiful, puffing, painting, peddling, pettifogging crew!”

Veritas from Fredericton has been received, and is thanked for his kind intentions. But, we never notice the stiletto attacks of anonymous Infidels. Moreover, the prelate whom he so warmly defends, would, we are certain, consider it his greatest glory to be honoured in the cause of God and His Church, with the foul vituperation of the professed enemies of both. We hope *Veritas* will favour us with future communications.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

We have been favoured by a friend with a copy of the *South Australian Register* of the 8th of October last, from which we gladly take some extracts to give our readers an idea of the progress of our holy Faith in that distant colony. The Editor of the *Register*, though not a Catholic himself, seems to write with a considerable share of liberality and candour. The zealous Bishop of Adelaide, Right Rev Francis Murphy is an Irishman, and a native of the county Meath. He had been for many years the devoted and beloved Pastor of the Irish congregation at St Patrick's, Liverpool, and we well remember the heartfelt anguish of his sorrowing flock when it was known that he had resolved to devote himself to a foreign Mission. Dr Murphy was always highly esteemed in his native country, and his promotion to the purple of the Episcopacy was hailed with joy at home and abroad. His holy career in New South Wales has hitherto justified the most sanguine expectations of his friends, and we an

confident, from what we know of his talents and persevering energy, that many triumphs of Religion will yet be achieved through his Apostolic Ministry. Ireland has reason to be proud of such illustrious men—the heralds of salvation to the uttermost bounds of the earth. They revive the memory of her ancient glories when she sent forth her countless missionaries as so many ‘burning and shining lights’ of old Europe, and merited for herself the proud appellation of *Island of Saints* :

OPENING OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL ROOM, WEST TERRACE.

On Sunday last, that indefatigable body of christians, the Catholics, opened their new school room, on West-terrace, as a temporary place of worship, it being the Bishop's intention shortly to erect a cathedral. It is an elegant little building of about seventy feet by thirty, in the purest order of plain Gothic, and, from its great height and stone-pavement, will always be agreeably cool. The fittings are exceedingly neat, and those around the altar very handsome. The paintings of the Last Supper, the Descent from the Cross, and other Scriptural incidents may well make us blush for our miserable daub at St John's, which seldom fails to excite the laughter of those who first see it, and is a continued eyesore to those who have looked at it till it has become a serious annoyance.

The chapel was full, and contained about four hundred persons, constituting a highly respectable congregation, a large proportion of whom were professing Protestants. The morning service included the pontifical mass, the ceremonies of which it is unnecessary to describe. To those who regard them of apostolic origin, they must have been impressive in the extreme; whilst those who, like ourselves, dissent from the Catholic Church, show better feeling and better judgment in passing them by in silence, than in censuring forms which millions upon millions regard as sacred, and in the performance of which some of the most pious and talented of the earth have assisted. To make them the subject of ridicule and of profane ribaldry is worthy only of one who has deserted the service of the altar, to which, however unworthy, he was once consecrated, and who seems disposed to wind up a useless life (to call it no worse) by anathematizing those who, unlike himself, serve God and their fellow-men according to their consciences.

The service of the day commenced by the entrance of the Bishop from the principal door, *in pontificali-bus*. The banner of the Cross preceded the procession, the choir (which was very efficient) raising the hymn *Benedi-ctus*. Mozart, on the entrance of the Right Rev Father, (attended by his officiating priest Mr Ryan, and the usual surpliced boys who are required in the performance of Mass at the altar),

sprinkling holy water as he proceeded down the aisle, and within the sanctuary.

The clerical part of the procession was followed by the children of the schools, who had been previously brought from the old school room in Pirie-street, preceded by the banner of the Cross, and accompanied by their master and mistress, the girls in white dresses, with temperance medals, and the boys in a neat uniform dress, likewise decorated with medals, and who proceeded to occupy the places which had been set apart for them in front of the altar.

After *Te deum audamus*, had been chanted by his Lordship in English, (a circumstance, by-the-by, which we never before recollect having met with in a Catholic church,) he proceeded to read the beautiful prayer of Solomon, at the dedication of the first Jewish Temple, agreeably to the Romish version of the sacred writings, which substitutes the words *do penance*, for that which our translation gives us *repent*. (1 Kings, viii. 47, *passim*.)

The Bishop proceeded to the ambo at the left-hand of the altar, being the one destined for the morning sermon, and delivered an impressive and eloquent sermon on 2 Kings, vii. 1, 2, (called in the protestant version 2 Sam. vii, 1, 2.) ‘And it came to pass when the king sat in his house and the Lord had given him rest on every side from his enemies, he said to Nathan the prophet: ‘Dost thou see that I dwell in a house of cedar, and the Ark of God is lodged within skins?’ His Lordship commenced by observing that the building in which they were that day assembled, had been built by himself for a twofold purpose, namely, to afford greater convenience for the folding and instruction of the lambs of the flock of Jesus, and also as a temporary place of worship for the members of the Catholic community. He should, however, confine his remarks on that occasion to the acceptability of the services and offerings of those who assisted in the erection of temples dedicated to the Most High. It was to be that God was every where, equally present to the distant and desert isles of the sea, as in the peaceful countries of our homes, and that the universe was one vast temple, in which the whole human family might perform its homage, and that whosoever were, we were surrounded with the presence of the great Creator of all things, for in Him ‘we lived and moved, and had our being.’ But it was more especially in the houses that we dedicated to His name, that He manifested His presence to His faithful servants. It was there that He had promised to let His eye and heart rest perpetually. The patriarchs had their Beth-Elis,—it was in the bush that the Deity appeared to Moses,—the Jews worshipped in their tabernacles,—but it was reserved to Solomon to erect and dedicate the first temple for divine worship on a scale of grandeur and magnificence that had never been equalled. It was to this edifice that the distant Jew looked, and for which he sighed

in his captivity; it was towards this that Daniel prayed three times a day, disregarding the wrath of the pagan monarch, and his hungry lions. Long as was the temple in building, and costly as were its decorations, was God displeased with the profusion of its ornaments—the offerings of gold and silver and other costly materials of the Jewish people, offerings so abundant that it was necessary to restrain them by authority?—or did He who forbade the making of graven images on Mount Sinai, forbid the making of the golden images of the seraphim and cherubim round about the altar, or the brazen oxen of the sea of brass?—or, finally, was he displeased with the magnificence of the priesthood? No; all these things had previously received the Divine sanction and approbation, and the service of that temple was constantly commenced by the sounding of trumpets and the chaunting of the praises of the Lord, Solomon being arrayed with crown and sceptre, and the high priest in his ephod of fine linen, with the mitre, breast-plate, and the Urim and Thummim. It was the solemnity of the Jewish ceremonial, and the gorgeous costume of the high priest, that led even the conqueror Alexander to bow down before the servant of the Lord; and so far from the Almighty condemning the splendour of the temple, he had said, ‘I have chosen this house as a place of sacrifice—my eyes shall be open and my ears attentive to the voice of him who prayeth in this place.’ His Lords’ip opened his appeal to their charitable assistance in the work before them by what can only be truly described as a faithful and Christian denunciation of the abuse of temporal riches, either by hoarding them on the one hand, or by wantonly lavishing them on unworthy objects on the other. He reminded his audience that they were stewards only, not possessors of the worldly riches that might be entrusted to their charge; and earnestly and impressively reminded them, that on the great day an account would be demanded of the uses they had made of them, or the abuses to which they had subjected them. The Almighty had been pleased to plant them in a country, whose hills, those by which they were surrounded, were teeming with wealth, and whose soil returned them a hundred-fold the seed they committed to its great womb, and would they do nothing in return for God? Recurring to the solemnity of the house of prayer, in which they stood in the immediate presence of the Deity, he reminded them of the expression of Jacob, ‘How dreadful is this place—this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven;’ and of the Divine mandate to Moses, ‘Take thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is consecrated to the ground.’

[To be continued next week.]

LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

ANGELICA.

Continued.

“Oh!” said the mother, “I don’t know how you got that whim into your head—to marry our Angelica to a painter. How many good painters do we meet? or are you content to give her to a botch? for she will have but little room to choose.”

“I hope,” said the artist, “that in due time an eminent painter, who may please her, will make his appearance.”

“Ah! but it is a strange subject to be jesting on,” said the mother. “Either you are not serious in your expectations, or there is something mysterious in the matter. If you know such a painter, why have you never said one word about him, up to the present moment?”

“It was not necessary until now,” said the father, “there had been no question of the marriage of our daughter. The time had not come for it. Let her now, while she is in the bloom of life, and unencumbered with family cares, devote herself to her art, joyfully and tranquilly. God will provide for the future.—And now,” said he, warmly, turning to his work, “leave me alone; I am just finishing a touch, which, perhaps, may escape me, if I be further interrupted.”

The mother returned quite disconsolate to Baron West and Angelica, and related the substance of the conversation. “Alas!” said she, in conclusion, “nothing can be done now with the good-hearted, but singular old man. I know him well, when he has once taken any thing into his head, it is impossible to move him.”

The afflicted Baron bade adieu to the mother and daughter. He comforted the weeping Angelica. “For the present,” said he, “I go, since that is the best course that remains for me; but do you continue faithful to me. I hope to return after some years, and then to gain the consent of your father, who, notwithstanding his refusal, has still my esteem.” Without further explanation he took his leave.

Nearly three years had elapsed. Baron von West had written twice a year to Bergheim, and more frequently to the mother; and in his letters to the mother, he always enclosed a few lines to Angelica, in which he spoke most confidently of his hopes, but did not tell on what they were grounded. For a few months his correspondence had been discontinued altogether.

In the mean time, Gerhard, a distinguished painter, who was travelling to perfect himself in his art, paid a visit, for a weeks, to Bergheim, saw Angelica and her beautiful paintings, and conceiving an ardent wish to make her his wife, wrote to Bergheim on his return to his own country, after his travels, and solicited Angelica's hand. With the letter, he forwarded a painting, executed by himself, as a present to Bergheim.

Bergheim knew not how to express his admiration of the painting. It was really a most exquisite piece. It represented two children, three or four years old, sitting on the grass under a group of alder trees, and drinking milk out of an earthen bowl. 'It is inimitable!' said Bergheim. 'The little faces of the children are really charming. The lovely brown eyes and dark hair of the boy; the mild blue eyes and light locks of the girl; and the blooming ruddy cheeks of both children could not be more beautiful. In what brilliant relief do the bright figures of the children stand out from the deep green shade of the alder trees! Every thing, down to the most delicate detail, is perfect; even the hue of the earthen vessel, and the pale tints of the spoons, filled with milk, are exhibited in masterly style. Angelica, I certainly will not compel you; that is not right; it would be a sin; but how happy would I not be, had you this excellent painter as your husband!'

Angelica was in great affliction; on the one hand, because, she had not yet forgotten Baron West, though she had heard nothing from him for a long time, and on the other, because it was most painful to her, not to comply with the wishes of her father. She knew not what to do, and asked some time for consideration. But, one morning, the Baron unexpectedly arrived. Bergheim, himself, was from home, with an altar-piece which he had painted for a distant church, where he was also to retouch some faded pictures. The delighted mother instantly conducted the Baron to the gallery where Angelica was painting. She started from her work, with a loud exclamation of joy.

'Now, my dear mother, and Angelica,' said the Baron, after the first salute, 'I trust that you both, and your father himself, will be content with me. I return to you a painter, and though I be not very eminent, yet I trust I am not unworthy of the name.'

He had brought with him two little pictures, which himself painted; the subject of one was flowers, the other was a fruit-piece.

He first exhibited the fruit-piece. The fruits were elegantly arranged in a little fruit basket. Angelica was enraptured.

'O, how charming!' said she, 'inimitable! This bunch of grapes is like transparent gold. These ones especially, from which the skin is

partly stripped, are so clear, that you can see the inner texture and kernels! You can count the veins in this dark green vine leaf; and that other one has the true autumnal yellow and purple tint! And see this pale green peach! It is, as it were, veiled over with the loveliest red, and appears softer and more delicate than velvet! So true, so like nature does it look, that one almost feels inclined to pluck and eat it. The purple streaked apple, with its bright green leaves; the yellow pears; and the blue coated plums, are scarcely inferior to the grapes or the peach! and, then, the wasp there, it is so life-like, one is almost tempted to drive it away.'

The Baron next showed his flower-sketch. 'It is beautiful!' exclaimed Angelica; 'this basket of flowers is more delightful than even the basket of fruits. This rose is perfectly real—it wants nothing but the smell. The large dew-drop which hangs on the green leaves actually reflects the red hue of the rose, and the drops look as if they would fall every moment. How beautiful are those soft blue gilly-flowers! Each flower ruffles its neighbour; and the leaves and flowers are all most delicately shaded. How rich the hues of these pinks!—here dark-red, and there snowy-white; and here, on one of them, is a speckled butterfly—a butterfly, finished to perfection! You almost fear to touch it, lest you shake the dust from its wings. Every moment you expect to see it move them and fly away. Ah, dear Charles, you have made a wonderful proficiency! it astounds me. The extraordinary pains you must have taken, are to me the most convincing proofs of your affection.'

'It certainly costs much toil, and many long years' practice,' said the Baron, 'to be able to paint even a rose or a gilly-flower. A flower has always appeared to me a beautiful subject for this art; for every flower is a benevolent design of the Supreme Artist—a work of the Creator, who first sketched it in all its beauty, then painted it before us, and has drawn its outlines in the little, sequent, invisible to our eyes. But, alas!' continued he, 'what are these paintings of flowers and fruits, when compared with the beautiful portrait of the heavenly Friend of children, at which you are engaged? How poor are they when compared to the pictures in this hall; these soul-exciting images of illustrious men, of holy angels, and of Him who is exalted above all men and angels? Ah! when I look around upon the Angelical Salutation, the Nativity, the Holy Family, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Last Supper, and our Saviour, expiring, with His crown of thorns reeking with blood, or arisen and standing in the midst, of his rejoicing disciples—how deeply do I feel the dignity and power of this art? What heavenly inno-

cence, gentleness, devotion, and recollection do I contemplate in the image of the Blessed Virgin! What brilliancy—what exemption from all earthly cares and earthly sorrows—in the face of the angel? See how, on the noble countenances of these apostles, the 'one faith' and the 'one love' is revealed in different forms and features. And there, Christ, the Man-God, combines divine dignity with human meekness: who does not feel—who does not see, that God has there manifested himself in human form to man—that man is more than dust, and that virtue is the only thing that gives true nobility to men, and makes them like unto God?"

He was silent for a few moments. 'When I look on my poor flowers and fruits, my dear Angelica,' he mournfully resumed, 'I fear that your father will not be satisfied with me, and that, perhaps, I have laboured in vain.'

'Not satisfied with you!' eagerly exclaimed Angelica, 'he will be overjoyed, astonished, enchanted, to find you, thus unexpectedly, so superior an artist.'

Her mother however was uneasy, and told how much the father was taken with Gerhard, and how delighted he was with the picture which he had sent him. Baron West required to see it.

'It is really most beautiful,' said he. 'I acknowledge that I am far inferior to Gerhard. He has chosen for himself a nobler department of the art, than my talents allowed me to aspire to; the human figure, though it were only the lovely figure of a little child, is the noblest work of God upon this earth. All other creatures, fruits, flowers, and insects, bear, it is true, the impress of His wisdom and goodness, and make known His beneficence; but man was created to the image of God, and is of heavenly race. I therefore reverently yield the palm to Gerhard's work.'

He walked up and down the hall for a few moments.

'A thought strikes me,' he suddenly exclaimed, 'which may surprise your father, and, perhaps, still gain the victory for me. As you may see from my two little pictures, I have devoted my study to the painting, not only of fruits and flowers, but, also, of insects; and, certainly, unless my friends and acquaintances deceive me, I have succeeded most satisfactorily. Now I remember, that your father used to have a great aversion to flies, because he feared they would soil his beautiful picture, or their golden frames; and though he is so good and benevolent that he would not hurt the smallest of God's creatures, yet he would often pursue a fly with a sort of frenzy, whenever he happened to see one here in the hall, and never rest until he had succeeded in capturing it. Many a time we used to amuse ourselves at his expense;

but he always took our tricks in good part. My idea is, to paint a fly on Gerhard's picture, which will not injure the piece, but, on the contrary, enhance its value. Flies are fond of resting on milk vessels, and the painted fly will so deceive your father, that he will imagine it to be alive. He will treat it as his enemy; but I choose it now as my advocate, and friendly intercessor.'

The mother and daughter approved his plan. They left him alone, and he at once set himself to his work. The fly appeared so perfect, that Angelica, herself, when in summoning him to dinner, she looked at the picture, thought it was a living fly she saw.

In a fortnight's time, the father returned, late one evening, to his family. They told him nothing of the arrival of the Baron, who was staying with some of his relatives in the town. Next morning, as the father was sitting at his work, in his cap and dressing-gown, and painting busily, Baron von West walked into the gallery, accompanied by Angelica and her mother.

Bergheim welcomed him cordially, though his arrival, at that precise time, was not very agreeable to him. He already looked upon Gerhard, the painter, as his son-in-law; and he feared that the nobleman might prove a formidable rival, and, that Angelica might not be as willing to marry Gerhard, as she had hitherto appeared. He resolved, therefore, to shew Gerhard's beautiful picture, at once, to the Baron; and, then, when the great perfection of the work was duly acknowledged, to declare to him, that he had fixed on the author of that piece, as his destined son-in-law.

The Baron gave the picture its due praise. Bergheim expatiated upon its beauties, one after another.

'I appeal to yourself,' said he. 'Are they not a lovely little pair? Are not these little heads, with their smiling faces and curling locks, literally angelic? So happy, so content, are the little ones with their bowl of milk, that they appear to have no other wish in this wide world; and seem to say to us, 'Thus happy can your dear little ones be, if you do not torment yourself with empty cares.' The whole piece is finished in faultless style. That earthen bowl, with its brilliant varnish, is dearer to me than a real vessel of massive gold; and even that lackered spoon, almost overflowing with milk, which the little girl seems to be raising to her lip, slowly and cautiously, lest she should spill it, is'

He suddenly stopped, for at that moment he discovered a fly on the rim of the spoon.

'Ah, ha!' said he, 'what are you doing there? What brought you here? Has the painted milk enticed you? You shall not escape unpunished.' He pulled off his cap, and endeavoured two or

three times to drive away the fly—but in vain. 'Are you not going, you obstinate creature?' he cried out, angrily. 'Then you shall forfeit your life on the spot.'

He struck the fly with his cap. 'What,' he exclaimed, in astonishment, 'have I not despatched you? are you not dead? no!' Again he struck deliberately and forcibly.

'What can this be?' said he. He looked closely at the fly—he felt it with his finger—he shook his head, and put on his spectacles.

'Verily,' cried he, in the greatest amazement, 'it is painted—as I live—painted! Who did this?'

'Pardon me this innocent trick, my dear father,' said the Baron. 'To gain your good will, and to deserve the hand of Angelica, I became a painter. I did not wish to say anything of my intention until now, as I was uncertain whether I could succeed. I would certainly have made a much greater proficiency in the art, had I the benefit of your instructions, but circumstances made that impossible. I expect to be able to produce more worthy fruits of my labour, than these trifles.'

Concluded in our next.

General Intelligence.

AN INCIDENT AT MOODKEE.

We have been favoured with an excellent authority with the following account of the death of Father Francis, a Catholic priest, at the battle of Moodkee. The event is the same alluded to by our cotemporary, the *Englishman*, in its number of the 5th instant:—"We have received the sad intelligence of the death of the Rev. Father Francis of St. Etienne, which most melancholy event took place on the 18th of December last, at Moodkee, during the first engagement of the British with the Sikh army. He was seen, just before the action commenced, endeavouring to animate the soldiers, and exhorting them to place their confidence in the Lord God of Hosts. When the tremendous artillery of the enemy began to fire, he went to attend her Majesty's 50th Regiment into battle. Catholics as well as Protestants were anxious that he should not expose his valuable life to risk, but the love of his fellow-creatures and the holy ardour of his divine mission were paramount over every other feeling, and, in the fond hope that he might assist the wounded, and soothe the last moments of some expiring sinner, he lost sight of his own safety, and, alas! he fell a victim to his noble sense of philanthropy. Two days after the action his lifeless corpse was found amongst the heaps of the killed, dreadfully mutilated

by several wounds inflicted on his head and neck with a sword. It is necessary to say, that when lately he left Loodiana, Government refused him every comfort, and that in consequence he was obliged to hire two camels for his service at his own expense. The same happened to him when he accompanied the army from Cabul, and when he attended the battle of Maharajpore. The Irish Catholics and many Protestant friends will lament the loss of such a zealous missionary, and will always recollect his wonderful exertions during the cholera in the hospitals of Kurnaul, Agra, and Meerut. We hear that Bishop Borghi has directed two of his clergymen to join the army of the Sutlej as soon as possible.—*Agra Ukhba*, Jan. 15.

We are delighted to hear of Catholic chaplains attending regiments of Catholic soldiers. The notice of this particular chaplain's heroism and good report among all classes will be particularly useful to our readers. We hope the example will be extensively followed, and that provision will be made for giving spiritual assistance to all regiments containing a considerable number of Catholic soldiers.

MALTA.

PURITANISM.—A letter from Malta, dated Feb. 24, says:—"We have just had a little disturbance here, caused by the Protestant Puritanism of our Governor. The Maltese population are in the habit of keeping fete on the three last days of the Carnival, particularly the Sunday. The Governor, being desirous of having the Sunday observed as in England, had this year prohibited the amusements of Shrove Sunday. Notwithstanding this prohibition the people assembled in great numbers in the streets, and particularly in front of the Governor's palace, where the Maltese regiment was on guard. Orders were given to them to charge their arms, and disperse the crowd by force. The soldiers having hesitated to do this, the Scotch regiment was sent for, and several bodies of police. The space before the palace was soon cleared, and a number of persons were arrested, amongst whom there were merchants, lawyers, &c. They were the next day brought before the magistrate, who ordered them all to be set at liberty, with the exception of two, who have been committed for trial."

AMERICA.

THE EFFECT OF RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE ON AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT.—The famous ivory Crucifix brought from Genoa to New York, has been exhibited, and created great interest, as the following extract from a letter proves:—"I entered the room in the Masonic Hall, and as I caught a

glimpse of the white figure, suspended on the dark cross, with the sombre back-ground, I removed my hat from my head, as if I were in a consecrated temple. Fortunately for me, there were but two visitors besides myself, an old woman and a little boy. I took a seat at once, being too much impressed to walk up to it, finger it, measure it, as I afterwards saw critics doing. I felt as the silence of the room was unbroken, as if it were some holy place, and I thought of the words, 'The Lord is in his Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.' He that could look on this statue, the body, every part of it, and the limbs expressing the keenest agony of mortal throes, while the face, all placid and benignant, the incarnation of innocence, shows merely the slightest possible trace of suffering—he, I say, that could see this, and not feel, must be, in my opinion, more or less than human. Glad am I that I have seen it; I feel better for the sight. I thanked God that he had given power to any man to execute the work; and I blessed the monk for having used the power."—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

WALES.

THE BRETON MISSIONARIES.—We are very happy to learn that the Rev. Abbe Mahe, who, in his zeal for the salvation of souls, devoted himself to the Welsh mission, hopes he has succeeded, on his return to Brittany, in securing the aid of three Breton priests and almost enough to enable them to live in Wales, where they hope to arrive soon after Easter.

IRELAND.

COCKHILL, NEAR BUNCRANA.—On Monday last the first stone of a new Catholic chapel was laid at Cockhill, near Bunrana, by the Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, Catholic Bishop of Derry. An erection of this kind was very much required in that locality, owing to the vast increase of the Catholic population. The attendance on the occasion was numerous and respectable. Never was zeal more untiring or better directed to meet the wants of his people than Dr. Maginn's. Seven large and commodious schools, and two spacious chapels, in the same parish, stand the monuments of his efficiency whilst Parish Priest of Bunrana.—*Belfast Vindicator*.

GRAVESEND.—A most eligible piece of ground has been fixed on for the erection of a new church and schools for this interesting and increasing mission.

MORE CONVERTS TO CALHOLICITY.

Robert Monteith, younger, Esq., of Carstairs, was received into the church on the Festival of St. Joseph, (19th March,) at Oscott College; and on the Festival of the Annunciation of our Lady (25th March,) his lady was also received into the church at the Convent of St. Margaret, Edinburgh.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, curate of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, in this town, who has been wavering for some time, has this week conformed to the Church of Rome.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Mr. Wm. H. Welch, a young man belonging to one of our oldest and most respectable families, a graduate of Harvard College, sailed on Thursday for Europe, and will proceed to Paris to study for the Roman priesthood.—*Boston paper*.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- APRIL 25.—Mrs. Eleanor Hays, of a Daughter.
 27.—Mrs. Mary Sullivan, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Mary Kirwan, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Elizabeth McCann, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Margaret Fitzgerald, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Mary Holden, of a Daughter.
 28.—Mrs. Johanna Martin, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Catherine Thomas, of a Daughter.
 30.—Mrs. Margaret Reynolds, of a Son.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- APRIL 26.—William Hughes and Anne Keating.
 28.—Jacob Carleton and Helena Phelan.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- APRIL 24.—Bridget, daughter of John and Anne Power, aged 9 months.
 28.—Sarah Haywood, native of Annapolis, N. S., aged 70 years.

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