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THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 21.

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, JUNE 13, 1846.

CALENDAR.

June 14—Sunday—II after Pentecost, within Octave. St Basil the Great, Confessor and Doctor.
 15—Monday—St John of St Faounda, Conf.
 16—Tuesday—Of the Octave.
 17—Wednesday—Of the Oct.
 18—Thursday—Octave Day of Corpus Christi.
 19—Friday—Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 20—Saturday—St Silverius, Pope and Martyr

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

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“ Peter Walsh	5	0	0
“ Thos. Ring	1	0	0
Ditto 8 months' subscription	1	0	0
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(The remainder will be inserted next week.)

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

On Monday, May 4, the usual Sermon in favour of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, was preached in the Church of St. Sulpice, at Paris, by Dr. Verrolle, Bishop of Colombo, and Vicar Apostolic of Mantchourie, in Chinese Tartary. His Lordship, for an hour and a half captivated the religious attention of his immense auditory. He vividly described the sufferings of the Christians in China in their struggles against paganism, and against the superstition and lying philosophy of Confucius. Well may France be proud of the establishment and maintenance of this glorious Institution.

The Anniversary of the death of Napoleon was celebrated on the 5th of May, in the Parish Church of the Invalids. The Princess Matilda (Countess Demiedoff, the niece of the Emperor) was present, and the Mass was offered by the Abbe Coquereau.

The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda has addressed an important circular by order of his Holiness to all the Heads of Foreign Missions, in which, amongst other matters of great interest, the establishment of Diocesan Seminaries and the selection of a native clergy are particularly recommended.

A most imposing solemnity is preparing at Liege—the centenary jubilee in honour of the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi, which, as is well known, had its origin in that city, when Urban IV. was Archdeacon of Liege. In common with Rome, the city of Liege enjoys the great happiness of celebrating, the whole year, without interrup-

tion, the Devotion in honour of the Most Adorable Sacrament called the *Quarant' Ore*, or Forty Hours. A Pastoral from the Bishop, written for the purpose of encouraging this salutary devotion, was read in all the Churches, on the 26th of April last. The Jubilee opens in the month of June, and the celebrated Abbe Lacordaire is expected to preach.

His Eminence the Cardinal de Ja Tour D'Auvergne, Bishop of Arras, has returned to France from his visit to his Holiness. During his stay in Rome, the Pope shewed him every mark of respect, and the Cardinal had ordered a full length statue in marble of Gregory XVI., which he intends to place in Arras as a perpetual memorial of his visit. The Pope has recently decorated this venerable prelate with the *Pallium*, the special mark of the Archbishopial dignity. On the 5th of May his Eminence left Paris on his return to his Episcopal City where the most magnificent preparations were made for his reception. He has been, we believe, 41 years Bishop of Arras.

Father Ambrosio, who has been appointed by the Propaganda as Procurator of the Chinese Missions, lately embarked at Naples with five other Missionaries, three of whom are Jesuits, and all three of the same family (Massa). Another brother of those heroic apostles is already in China; and a fifth, the youngest, is actually finishing his studies, at Naples, to follow the same Apostolic career. The pious mother of these five apostles shed tears of holy joy when she heard that the last of her children had determined to consecrate himself to God. Where, outside of the Catholic Church, can we find such noble proofs of faith and sacrifice?

Mgr. de Marsan, Archbishop of Ephesus, who has been appointed Apostolic Nuncio to the King of the Belgians, arrived lately in Brussels, and presented his credentials to his Majesty. He was most graciously received by the King and Queen, and the Court Carriages were placed at his disposal.

The new Bishop of Algiers, Mgr. Pavey, was to have been consecrated at Lyons, on Sunday, 24th of May, by his Eminence Cardinal de Bonald.

M. Henry Schmid has been appointed by the Chapter of Einsiedlen (63 in number) Prince-Abbot of the splendid Benedictine Convent of Einsiedlen, well known by the name of Notre Dame des Ermites. The new Prelate who was Archivist of the Convent for many years, and who possesses a fund of Ecclesiastical Knowledge, made his religious vows in the year 1820, and is now in his 46th year.

Mr. Plumptree gave notice, lately, in Parliament, that he would bring forward a motion for the repeal of the Act 8 and 9 Victoria, for the endowment of Maynooth College. Mr. *Plump-tree* is a *Plump* Ass.

ST. MARY'S.

CORPUS CHRISTI.—THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.—THE FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION TO JESUS IN THE ADORABLE EUCHARIST.

It was announced on last Sunday, by the Bishop, that every measure would be adopted during the Feast and Octave of Corpus Christi to excite the faithful more and more to the love and adoration of Jesus in the Most Holy Eucharist—that the Church would be unusually decorated, that there would be an Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, on Thursday, a Benediction every evening during the Octave, and that a Novena or Nine Days' Devotion, in honour of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, would commence on Wednesday last. He also published that he had received Powers from the Holy See to establish that most glorious and salutary Devotion of the Quarant' Ore, or Forty Hours' Devotion to Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament, in memory of the forty hours during which the Precious Body of our Most Dear Redeemer reposed in the grave, from its burial to its triumphant resurrection. And as the Octave, during which we commemorate with thanksgiving and praise the Institution of the Great Mystery of Love, was considered the most appropriate season for the introduction of this Devotion, the Quarant' Ore will commence on to-morrow, after High Mass, and will terminate on Tuesday morning. During those hallowed hours the King of Love will be continually exposed on the Altar, under the Eucharistic veils, to receive the devout visits of his affec-

tionate subjects, and the ardent expressions of their thanksgivings and love for all his innumerable mercies, and especially for the Institution of the Sacrament and Sacrifice of his Body and Blood. The Church—his Palace—will be decked out as well as our poverty can afford; but our exterior manifestations will be all in vain, unless we adore our God in spirit and truth. To each and all we therefore say, *Venite adoremus*. Come let us adore, the Lord our God, for we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Come, let us return love for love, to the Great King of suffering and love, who was born for love, and who died for love. Come let us adore and love Him, who first loved us, and who delivered Himself into the hands of sinners, and to the ignominy of the Cross, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and make us unto Himself an acceptable people, following good works. Come let us make reparation and atonement for all the sins of our lives, and implore from our Hidden God, on the Throne of His mercy, forgiveness for the past, determined resolution for the future, a hatred and sorrow for sin, an enkindling in our Hearts of that Divine Fire which He came to cast upon the earth, and, above all, let us ask for the great gift of perseverance in His love and holy service, until the hour of our death. Oh! these are blessed days, inestimable hours, precious moments! This is the acceptable time, these are the days of salvation. Some amongst us will never more enjoy this heavenly opportunity. What graces and blessings may we not hope to draw down on this city and Diocess, by our fervent prayers during these forty hours? What a harvest time for the conversion of sinners, for the enlightening of the ignorant, for the reclamation to the One True Faith of our dear, though separated brethren, for the establishment and preservation of charity, peace, order and discipline amongst the children of God?

“Truly there is no other nation so great that hath its Gods approaching unto it, as our God is present with us,” that infinitely-amiable and ever-adorable God who said: “Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world,” and, “Come to me all you who are burthened and heavy laden, and I will refresh you.”

-At the present moment there are 19 Jesuits in the province of Naulkin.

The Eucharist: a Poem.

(For the Cross.)

THE INVOCATION, &c.

O Thou, who in those sacred shades of Faith,
Vestest thy inborn splendour, and the charms
Divine, with which, before creation's dawn
Clothed as with a garment, 'Thou didst reign
Co-equal with Thy Father!—God of Might
Omnipotence's Mirror! Wondrous Fruit
Of Virgin Womb! Flesh of the Eternal Word!
Blood of Redemption! Sun of Sacraments!
Thou Miracle of Faith, and Gift of Heaven!
Ransom of the lost universe! Endearing Pledge
Of Love, that far transcends all other love,
My heart is Thine! all Thine, and fain would pour
Its bursting tide of gratitude to Thee,
In sweetest melody. Oh! who will give me
Or Angel's tongue to chaunt thy boundless Love
In verse immortal; or a Pen of Fire
To write that Love in characters of gold
And on the tablets of all grateful hearts,
Print them for ever! May the Paraclete,
Spirit of Truth and Love, inspire my song;
Inflame my words, and regulate my thoughts;
Light up my soul with his most glorious beams
And there imprint those truths my verse shall
paint!

That I may fitly celebrate thy praise,
Thy attributes unnumber'd, and Thy glory,
For ever equal, and for ever bright.
That so Thy living Flame may constant burn
In thy lov'd children's hearts, and shed the light
Of clear conviction o'er those darksome souls,
Who know Thee not; or will not recognise
In this great Mystery, their Hidden God!

Four thousand years a fallen world had groan'd
Beneath infernal bondage, since the Tyrant,
Euvius of man, had lured him to destruction,
And reign'd the Prince of darkness o'er the earth.
In vain did guilty man send forth his pray'r,
In vain his victims bled, his altars smok'd;
The Eternal's wrath, for infinite offence,
Nought finite could appease; hence Sacrifice
And holocaust for sin, were made in vain
The blood of bulls and goats could ne'er efface
The deepen'd stain; man languish'd, pin'd and
died,

Under hell's ruthless influence, the gates
Of day celestial op'd no more to bless
And cheer his pilgrim steps; when, lo! the time
Of plenteous, bright Redemption, sudden gleam'd
O'er all the darkened earth; and horrid night
Fled with its hellish train, as, proud arose
THE SUN OF JUSTICE!

This glorious Day did Abraham see, and died
Rejoicing. David wept, and Isaac pray'd

For its bright dawning. Ev'n inanimate nature
Echoed the general wish, and deeply mourn'd
Its fallen state, and beauty sore defil'd.
The Everlasting hills desir'd their God.
And when the broken Heav'n's distill'd their Dew
Of Life and sparkling radiance; when the Earth
Was open'd, and the Saviour budded forth;
When Truth and Mercy met; when meek-eyed
Peace

Was kiss'd by Justice; when the Heav'n's bow'd
down,

And God was seen on earth!

The Heav'n's were joyful and the Earth was glad
The sea was mov'd, with all its teeming fullness
The gladden'd fields and sylvan trees rejoic'd
Before EMMANUEL'S face; the desolate land
Look'd smiling; and the sterile wilderness
Bloom'd like the Lily, budded forth and blos-
som'd;

With joy and praise resounding. Saron's beauty
And Carmel's deck'd it; and the brightest glory
Of cedar'd Libanus. For, He, its King,
Had come to Sion's daughter. O'er the moun-
tains

His feet, that brought good tidings, preach'd of
peace,

Were seen. And, oh! how beautiful!—Alas!
Although He came unto His own, His own
Received Him not. His glorious, divine Light
Shone amid darkness; and the purest splendour
Of this bright, stainless Mirror was obscur'd!

[To be continued.]

LITERATURE.

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

The Melon.

CHAPTER I.

TERESA.

On a fine summer morning, a fruit-woman was seated at a neat and tasteful stall, near the gate of a large city. Her pretty straw baskets, lined with fresh green white leaves, were filled with all the fruits of the season: beautiful cherries, both red and black, and unusually large; dark yellow peaches, streaked with glowing purple; pyramids of citrons and pomegranates; and, last of all, shining out among the other fruits, like the moon among the stars, an enormous melon, the first of that season.

But few persons had, as yet, passed through the gate where the woman was sitting under the shade of a lime-tree, when suddenly a little girl, not more than fourteen years old, dressed in a neat, but humble gown, came up, and asked the price of the

melon. She was the very picture of innocence and beauty.

"Ah, my child!" said the woman, "this melon is too dear for you. In three or four weeks, perhaps, you could get such a one for a dollar; but I could not give you this for less than five florins."

"Five florins," said the girl, "is a large sum. Could you not give it cheaper?"

"Not a fraction," said the woman. "I applied to five gardeners before I found that single melon. I have no profit on it. I did not buy it to make money by it, but to keep up my name with my customers."

"Well, then, be it so," said the girl. "I never thought that melons were so dear." She took out her little purse, and counted out the money.

"But what will you do with the melon?" asked the woman, pensively, before she took the money. "Surely you will not eat it yourself?"

"I never tasted one in my whole life," she answered. "I am not accustomed to such costly food. We are happy enough when we can get bread."

"Whom are you buying the melon for, then?"

"I cannot tell you that," she answered with a slight blush; "and I beg of you never to tell any person that I bought it."

The fruit-woman raised her hand warningly, and began to advise her. "Dear child, take care that you have not got into bad company, among persons who, without the knowledge of their parents, are squandering ill-gotten money, and with whom nothing good can happen. That would be a great shame. Once more—take care. Wasps always cling to the fairest fruit."

"O, Ma'am, don't be afraid!" said the girl. "I go no where but to the chapel;" and so sincere and innocent did her clear blue eyes appear, as she made this answer, that all the woman's misgivings vanished.

She took the money: the girl bought and paid for the basket in which the melon lay, and casting a cautious glance around, quickly threw her white apron over the melon, to hide it, made her courtesy, and disappeared.

"Ha!" said the woman to herself, "if she did not look so good and simple, I could not believe her. Still there must be something in it, she did it so secretly, and yet appeared so free from fear. Ah! what a pity if she is going astray! Her curling hair is like shining gold, and the fairest of those apples or peaches, is not so delicately red as her cheeks."

For a long time, the woman could not help of the purchase. "Many a penny," thought she, "that child gave me when she was little, for strawberries or cherries. I must speak to her

mother. We must avoid the wicked as well as we can. It is our duty. On other occasions, we can say—'it is no affair of mine.' But to protect innocence is the duty of every good heart."

CHAPTER II.

TERESA'S MOTHER.

In the evening, when the old basket-woman had put up, in her store-room, whatever fruit she had not sold during the day, she went directly to Mrs. Mayfield, the girl's mother, and told her the whole story.

"I am sincerely obliged to you for your kindness," answered Mrs. Mayfield; "but I know something about that matter, and I will tell it to you. You shall know it all, but you must promise to keep it secret. Do you know old Mr. True?"

"Oh! certainly," she replied, "the whole town respects him as one of the best of men—a very rich and most virtuous citizen."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Mayfield, "here is the whole history. My husband, who was taken from me in the prime of his days, was in Mr. True's employment. Ever since his death, Mr. True has been exceedingly kind to me—especially during my last illness. Were it not for him, my orphan child would, long since, have wept over her poor mother's grave. After my recovery, my daughter, Teresa, resolved to do something to please our benefactor. She worked a black silk purse for him, embroidered with rose-leaves and rose-buds, and marked in pearls, with the words, 'God reward you.'"

"When Teresa brought him her humble little present, the good old gentleman was well pleased with it, and examined and praised the workmanship. 'Now,' said he, 'as he took out his old purse, I have no need of this. It is soiled and worn, but you will not refuse it as a present from me.'"

"Teresa did not wish to take the money. 'Take it—take it, at once,' said Mr. True; 'I know you will share it with your mother. She wants something to strengthen her after her illness, and she can earn nothing yet. Make no excuse now—take it at once.'"

"Whether she would or not, Teresa was obliged to take the rich present. When she came home, and poured out all the money on the table, both of us wept with joy. We had never been so rich since the death of my dear husband.

"'It is hard to be even with this good Mr. True,' said Teresa. 'We cannot make him our debtor, even for a day. But we must give him another pleasure on his birth day, which is just now at hand. However he must not know whence it comes, or we would certainly put him to more expense.'"

"Melons are his favourite fruit; and this year, they failed in his own garden. I searched all the gardens for a melon, but learned that the few melons of this season were not ripe. Late, yesterday, I went to the gardener that lives near the new gate, and he told me, that he had a beautiful melon, but was just after selling it to you. Teresa went in the morning to your stall, saw the melon, purchased it, and brought it home with the greatest delight.

"We placed around it, wreaths of oak leaves, the emblem of civic worth: and inscribed upon it in forget-me-not leaves, 'Blessings on beneficence.'"

"Teresa carried away the melon to place it secretly in Mr. True's summer-house, where he was accustomed to take his tea and smoke his pipe on fine mornings. As Mr. True had given us leave to supply our poor table with vegetables from his garden, there was nothing singular in Teresa's going there with her basket on her arm. So she succeeded in placing the melon, without being observed, on Mr. True's tea-table, where, as we afterwards found out for certain, he discovered it himself."

The fruit-woman was delighted with the whole history, which poor Mrs. Mayfield related with a heart bursting with gratitude. The woman went home. It was her heart's delight to have found a secret. But her secrets were never well kept. She was a good woman—but she could not hold her tongue—a failing that has done much harm in this world, and scarcely ever done any good.

CHAPTER III.

MR. TRUE.

As Mr. True was passing by the gate, one fine morning to take a walk in his garden, the basket-woman called out after him, "Mr. True, Mr. True, one little word with you."

Mr. True went over to her stall, and asked with an air of surprise, "What do you want, my good woman?"

"How did you like the melon?" she whispered. "Was it not excellent—very soft—full ripe—as yellow as a citron, and as red as a pomegranate? It was I sold it. Let me tell you the whole story."

"What melon do you mean?" said Mr. True, pretending to know nothing of the melon.

"Oh!" said the woman, "the one you got the other day with the oak-leaves and forget-me-nots. Was it not excellent?"

"Indeed it was delicious," says Mr. True. "I had it served up to a large company of my friends. But tell me who bought it, and sent it to me?"

"Oh! that's a secret I cannot tell for the whole

world. No, I could not tell it to any living mortal."

"Ah! but you can tell it to me," says Mr. True, slipped a piece of money into her hand. At first she refused. But the good old gentleman said with a smile: "This is but a paltry acknowledgment of my obligations to you for having provided the melon for my table. I am still deeply indebted to you for such a splendid fruit. Not one in the whole town sells such good articles as you do. I was so pleased with your melon, that I must commission you to look for more."

The good woman was now quite friendly. She told the whole story, from the very moment Teresa appeared before her stall, on the fine summer's morning, down to the evening when she herself, standing at Mrs. Mayfield's door, and taking her leave, solemnly promised never to tell any person one syllable about the melon. She told all the conversation she had with Teresa and her mother—told some of it twice or three times over, and added much more of her own reflections as she was on her way home. She closed her narrative by saying, "Now, on no account let Mrs. Mayfield know anything of this business. I was obliged to pledge my word and honour, as I told you, not to say one word on the subject to any living being."

"Well, that is quite right," said Mr. True—"but you must make me one promise. From this moment never speak to any person, and least of all to Mrs. Mayfield, on the adventure of this melon. If you do—let there be no mistake—I will never buy a single melon from your stall—not even one cherry."

When Mr. True had retired a few paces, he looked around at her once more with a stern countenance, and significantly pressed his finger to his lips.

The good old gentleman was overjoyed to find his suspicions confirmed—that the melon had come from Teresa. "This delicate and unobtrusive gratitude," thought he, "is the proof of a noble soul. I must take care that it shall have its reward."

To be continued.

General Intelligence.

SPEECH OF O'CONNELL AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

[Concluded.]

They have been already alluded to in more powerful language than any I could find. I allude to the forty clergymen who have given up their livings in the establishment in order to enter into the church. One of these, Mr. Capes, gave up £1,500 a-year, the salary of an ecclesiastical office, in or-

der to be at liberty to follow the bent of his soul. Here is a magnificent example. (Hear.) These are the people to educate England. That example is more powerful than all the speeches that have ever been or ever could be made. Look at all those clergymen, and I do not value them the less because I feel a delicacy in naming them. I do not the less value their sterling English worth. They are examples of what England was, of what England may be, of what England shall be. (Cheers.) Exeter Hall has done us much good. ('Hear,' and laughter.) They tell so many lies there, that people are induced to get the books of these denounced Papists; they read, they are undeceived; they find these works are not deserving of the foul calumnies heaped on them, they find the religion contained in such books is an emanation of God, the belief of successive ages; from foes they become friends, and that which began in prejudice and enmity ends in conversion and a blessing. (Cheers.) I am glad they abuse us—(hear)—we thrive on their abuse. (Laughter.) There was a time when the Catholic body of England had no press. Now, although there are abundance of weapons of attack at the press, we have some organs for defence. But how can the Catholic press meet one hundredth part of the lies that are repeated against Catholicity. For instance, the affair of Lucerne is scarcely understood in England. Lucerne, the Catholic canton, is a democratic state; something like universal suffrage exists there. The people govern. Well, the people resolved to erect a new college, and they desired to have six Jesuits as professors. That was their case. They had a right to choose professors for their children. Well what did the Protestant cantons do? They raised a free corps—a corps which certainly made very free. (Laughter.) They selected a day, and by way of taunt a Festival of the Virgin, and marched to attack Lucerne. They were met by a force not one-third of their own number and they were signally defeated—(cheers)—scattered to the winds. The men of Lucerne took more prisoners than there were individuals in their army. (Loud cheers.) That victory and that case should be better appreciated in England. I now speak of Lausanne and of Berne. These are Protestant Cantons; and what do they do? Why 'the powers that be' turned off the whole of their clergy in one day, for refusing to comply with an arbitrary injunction; and they'll get another set to be turned off again when it suits them. That Government will not tolerate any infidelity but their own particular shade of it; the last infidelity—the fashionable infidelity—if you are not of that you will not be tolerated in that free Protestant State. Now, that case is not understood, for the Protestant papers have contrived, with an in-

genious confusion, so to state it, as to leave it to be inferred that the persecutors are Catholics, and the persecuted Protestants. (Hear.) The case has been repeated under this colour in all the daily and other papers. You want a daily paper. There is now a Catholic Quarterly, and I am not a little proud of the share I had in establishing that organ. You have a monthly magazine, and a weekly organ; but the increasing importance of the Catholic body, and the corresponding increase of calumnies, makes a daily paper necessary. It appears ludicrous to name such an instrument as an educator, but it is so; the people's mind is known through the papers, and, England will never exhibit her actual aspect towards the ancient Faith until she has a daily Catholic newspaper. (Hear.) I am now, said Mr. O'Connell, compelled to leave this place for another place, which a friend of mine—Mr. William Smith O'Brien—they talk of sending him to Newgate—will require my assistance. (A laugh.) I hope a mention of this circumstance, as an apology for absence, will be held as no infringement of our rule against politics. I am rather a politician (a laugh),—but it's a secret. (A laugh.) But I cannot leave this place without again expressing the anxiety I feel, that the Catholic Institute should be enabled to supply the Catholic poor children with a sound religious, Catholic education. (The hon. and learned gentleman retired amid loud cheers.)

A letter from Sigmaringen announces that the Hereditary Princess of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a Princess of the Ducal House of Baden, has renounced the Protestant faith in which she had been brought up, and became a member of the Roman Catholic church.

Father Mathew left town this morning for Dublin, to attend the meeting of the Committee of the Calcutta Relief Fund. He will proceed from thence to Lisdowney, in the county of Kilkenny, to preach and administer the pledge, and will return to Cork on Wednesday next.—*Cork Examiner*, April 22.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We find much difficulty in collecting subscriptions due for "THE CROSS," and have concluded to discontinue all papers, of Town Subscribers, *without exception*, at the expiration of the present half year, that are not paid for by that time. The Publisher is desirous of reducing his business to a CASH BASIS: "short accounts make long friends."

To Country Subscribers—we have this to say— all papers must be paid for in ADVANCE, after the expiration of the present year, all papers not so paid for, will be discontinued. It is impossible to collect subscriptions of FIVE SHILLINGS scattered over a whole Province. The man who cannot pay this sum for his paper in advance, is not more likely to do so at the end of the year. We pay cash for paper and labour weekly, and we must be paid cash by our subscribers, to enable us to continue to do so.

A. J. RITCHIE.

ESTABLISHED AND RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- JUNE 8—Mrs. Martha Mahony, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Mary Curran, of a Son.
 " Mrs. Johanna Hayes, of a Daughter.
 " Mrs. Bridget O'Mara, of a Son.
 9—Mrs. Anne Kelly, of a Daughter.
 10—Mrs. Mary Shea, of a Son.
 11—Mrs. Catherine Magee, of a Daughter.
 12—Mrs. Mary Anne Hanly, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- JUNE 10—John Mulcahy to Mary Phelan.
 11—Thomas Moriarty to Deborah Saunders.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- JUNE 9—Mathew Fitzgerald, native of Nova Scotia, aged 46 years.
 11—James, son of James and Mary White, aged 2 years and 6 months.
 " Catherine, wife of Hugh Dillon, native of county Cavan, Ireland, aged 25 years..
 " Catherine, daughter of Patrick and Mary Cosley, aged 1 year and 6 months.

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