

her expiring Son, that no part of his sufferings can escape her: *Juxta crucem*. John xix. 25. But, perhaps the excess of her affliction has caused her to lose all consciousness; perhaps she is no longer in a state to perceive any thing; a dark veil has overspread her eyes, or she has fallen to the earth fainting and lifeless. O prodigy, surpassing belief! my sisters, the mother of Jesus is standing erect in the attitude of priest and sacrificer, before the altar on which is consummated the great holocaust: *Stabat juxta crucem Jesu mater ejus*. Ibid. What is her occupation? Whilst Jesus offers himself to his Father for the expiation of our sins, his mother offers him for the same end: she consents to his torments, to his ignominy to his death, in order that we may obtain grace; she conjures an offended God to satisfy his vengeance on this innocent Lamb, and to spare us. Behold how the heart of Mary loves us! We are so truly the only objects of the thoughts of both Son and mother at his terrible moment, that Jesus, addressing his last words to Mary from the cross, speaks neither of himself, nor of her, but of us. Seeing near him one of his disciples, who represented all the rest he presents us all to Mary in his person, saying to her: "Woman, behold thy son." *Mulier, ecce filius tuus*. John xix. 26. New Eve, behold your family, you will be henceforth the true mother of all the living, that is, of all my disciples; you have brought them forth this day, in an excess of the most inconceivable sorrow; they have cost you too much not to belong to you; I give them to you, love them as you have loved me. And you, my disciples acknowledge your mother; I transfer to you all my rights to her; have recourse to her love in all your necessities; though she has not borne you in her womb, she bears you in her heart at this moment; she has loved you more than the life of her only Son; and if any thing could equal my love for you, it would be hers. Then he says to the disciple: "Behold thy mother." Ibid 27. Behold our titles, O Mary! behold our security to rely on the sentiments of your heart. We are your children, the children of your exceeding great sorrow. We will place an unlimited confidence in your maternal affection. Into whatever abyss we may fall, we will never despair whilst permitted to invoke your name. You possess not that omnipotence which commands and effects whatever it pleases; but you possess the omnipotence of prayer that obtains all that it demands. Who has not experienced the effects of your protection? The virgins who hear me owe to your intercession the favour most estimable in their eyes and the veneration they render your sacred heart is dictated by gratitude. We cast ourselves with them at your feet, or rather into your heart, which is open to us as a secure asylum, whither our ene-

mies cannot pursue us. Alas! we all sigh under the weight of our miseries; we carry in frail bodies, subject to a thousand evils, souls yet weaker and exposed to more fatal maladies; we invoke you, O support of the weak! O health of the sick! *Salus infirmorum!* This life is fruitful in misfortunes: there is not an eye that does not weep, nor a heart that is exempt from sadness and affliction; we invoke you, O comfortess of the afflicted: *Consolatrix afflicto. um*. Who is there that dares to believe himself innocent and spotless before the Lord? Who is there that is not in something, accountable to the divine justice? Some are yet under the empire of their passions; others the sport of deplorable illusions; some returned from their wanderings, are terrified by the remembrance of their former disorders; others have to reproach themselves for their less grievous, but daily faults. We all acknowledge ourselves guilty, and invoke you, O refuge of sinners! *Refugium peccatorum*. In fine, we are all embarked on a strong sea; we sail in frail barks in the midst of perils, uncertain sometimes of the course we should pursue, but too certain that if we gain not the port of salvation, we shall suffer a frightful and irreparable shipwreck. Seized with fear we invoke you, O resource of Christians in the hour of danger: *Auxilium Christianorum!* We will not perish, O mother of mercy; you are the star that will guide us amidst those dangers to the blissful haven, where our hearts united to yours, will repose in the bosom of God, after the fatigue and afflictions of our sad pilgrimage—Amen.

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### BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

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- OCTOBER 17—Mrs. Bride of a Daughter.  
 17—Mrs. Haly of a Daughter.  
 19—Mrs. Deken of a Son.  
 20—Mrs. Newman of a Daughter.  
 20—Mrs. Conway of a Daughter.  
 21—Mrs. Marks of a Daughter.  
 21—Mrs. Murphy of a Son.  
 21—Mrs. Connel of a Daughter.  
 22—Mrs. Murphy of a Son.  
 23—Mrs. Noll of a Daughter.
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### INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

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- OCTOBER 19—Harriett Freeman, a native of Halifax, aged 21.  
 22—Patrick McEnvy, Private of the 60th Rifles, a native of Ireland, aged 24 years.
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