

yours ; and that I may one day, discovering in you my image, introduce you in quality of my beloved children, into the eternal sanctuary where resides the King of Glory : *Adventur in templum regis.* Psalms xlv. 16. It is then true, that the heart of Mary merits our veneration on account of the perfections with which it is adorned. This is what you have now considered. It is not less deserving of it from its intimate union with God ; this I propose to show in the second reflection.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN OF THE COUNT.

Whilst Frederic was dining, the Count of Lowe arrived at his castle of Blankenstein. The porter who saw him come out of a mean carriage, which was, however, the best in the village, refused him entrance, taking him for one of those quacks who frequent that country, going from one market to another to sell credulous people their drugs. The old wig and morning gown were a source of amusement for the porter. The count, seeing that he could not prevail on him to let him enter, asked to speak to the Countess, to whom he said he wanted to give some news of her husband.

"Hold your tongue, you impostor," replied the porter with threatening tone, "do you think that she will trouble herself for you? People of your class come every day, who, some under one pretext, some under another, ask to be admitted into the castle, to steal or do something improper. Go away from here, or I will show you what Martin can do."

But the pretended quack would not depart, declaring that he was master here, and that the porter, Martin, had nothing to do with him.

These words caused a warm dispute, and the porter was about to defend his cause by other arguments than words, when a door opened a few steps from him, it was the door of the garden. A lady followed by two little girls, a boy twelve or fifteen years old, came out. The quack hastened to her: "Good lady," said he, touching his hat without taking it off, I come to bring you news of your husband; he escaped from the castle this morning, between five and six o'clock, by scaling the wall, whilst they were relieving the guard.—You will see to day—."

"Would to heaven what you say were true," said the countess, with a sigh; "but I fear that I cannot rely much on his intelligence."

At these words, a tear stole silently down the countess's cheek, the children also began to sob. The porter came at this moment to join the group, and, armed with a large stick, prepared to prove to the brazen faced quack, that no one violated his orders with impunity. "Go away, you miserable wretch," said he—"Hence, I tell you, or I will give you a good beating."

The quack, retiring a few steps, took off his wig and morning-gown, and then embraced the lady, who endeavored to escape from his arms, uttering loud cries; at that moment one of the little girls exclaimed, "O! it is papa! it is papa!"

The porter's wrath was immediately dispelled—the countess could not believe her own eyes, when she at length recognised her husband. "What a happiness!" said the tender wife, rejoiced to see her husband again, after so painful a separation; "but, tell me, in the name of heaven, in what dress do I find you? you look like a lackey. Are these the clothes they forced you to put on in your prison?"

(To be Continued.)

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- OCTOBER 12.—Mrs. Doran of a Son.
 12.—Mrs. Cowdy of a Son.
 13.—Mrs. Mooney of a Son.
 14.—Mrs. Calavan of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

- OCTOBER 13.—Timothy Kidney to Ellen Casey.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- OCTOBER 10.—Henry Kline, son of Philip Kline, aged 3 years.
 10.—Edward Power, a native of the County of Waterford, Ireland, aged 45 years.
 11.—Catherine Garvey, a native of Kerry, Ireland, aged 48 years.
 12.—Thomas McDermoth, son of Michael McDermoth, aged 10 months.

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