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# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 2.

No. 42.

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, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

## CALENDAR.

- OCTOBER 18—XX after Pentecost.  
 19—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.  
 20—St. John of Cantium, Confessor.  
 21—Feast of the Purity of Blessed Virgin Mary G.  
 22—St. Juliana of Falconeri, Virgin.  
 23—Feast of our Most Holy Redeemer G.  
 24—St. Raphael Archangel G.

## ST. MARY'S.

An ordination was held in the Cathedral on Sunday last by Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, when the holy order of Sub-deaconship was conferred on the Rev. Edward Daly, of Halifax, and the Rev. Thomas Walsh, of the Diocese of Tuam. The latter was ordained Deacon on Wednesday morning. We understand that another Ordination will be held on to-morrow. It is a legitimate subject of congratulation to our Diocese to behold this regular augmentation of its Clergy, and also to find that its own children are beginning to aspire with success to the high dignity of the Priesthood. Before many years the diocese will furnish Candidates enough to supply all its missions. *Sacerdotes tui induant justitiam, ex sancti tui exultent!*

## CORPORATION OF HALIFAX.

We are happy to be able to record the accession of a Catholic to this body, in the person of Mr. Thomas Ring, who has been elected this week as

the Representative of Ward No. 4, in the City Council. Before Mr. Ring's election, there was but one Catholic in the entire Corporation—Mr. Daniel Creamer. We are no advocates for making a particular religion the test of fitness for public situations, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that neither in town nor country do the Catholics of this Province possess their fair share of public offices or honours, although they constitute nearly one third of the entire population of the Province, and we suspect, not far from one half of the population of the Capital.

## LIBERAL DONATION.

We learn that the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh has given £10 in aid of the funds for the finishing of the Catholic Chapel in Digby, and that His Excellency Sir John Harvey has given £5 for the same object.—*Sun.*

## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WARD NO. 1.

Collected by Messrs. Holden and Grant.

Mr. Thomas Dunphy	£0	5	0
Thomas Cunningham	0	5	2½
Eliza Aylward	0	2	6
Mary Flinn	0	3	1½
Mrs. Patrick Costen	0	10	9½

Collected by Messrs. Philip and William Compton.		Mrs Shey	0	0	7½
Mr. Richard McCarthy	£0 2 6	Mr. John Mahoney	0	3	1½
John Coshran	0 2 6	Arthur Brady	0	2	6
John Cormack	0 2 6	James Brennan	0	5	0
Wm. Murphy	0 1 3	Mrs. Burke	0	1	3
Donald McKenna	0 1 3	Mr. Arthur Jones	0	3	1½
Thomas Garby	0 1 3	Michael Whelan	0	2	6
Joseph McKenna	0 1 3	William Barlow	0	2	6
Thomas Sullivan	0 1 3	Andrew Cullerton	0	2	6
James Kennedy	0 1 3	Catharine Cullerton	0	2	6
Austen Hallahan	0 1 3	Mrs. Hurley	0	0	7½
John Tracey	0 1 3	Mr. John M'Cartny	0	2	6
Thomas Walker	0 1 3	Arthur Murphy	0	5	0
Miss Bridget Warren	0 1 3	Margaret Murphy	0	1	3
Mrs. Walsh, senr.	0 0 7½	Mrs. Eustace	6	2	6
Mrs. Walsh, junr.	0 0 7½				
Miss Fitzgerald	0 0 7½				
Mrs. Dowd	0 0 7½				
Mr. John Dowd	0 0 7½				
Dennis Shea	0 0 7½				
Alexander Mellom	0 0 7½				
	WARD NO. 2.				
Collected by Pierce Ryan and William Walsh.					
Very Rev. Mr. Connolly	£1 0 0				
Mr. John Kelleron	0 1 3				
Jeremiah Lyons	0 1 10½				
George Smith	0 2 6				
Mrs. Dorothy Coady	0 1 3				
Mr. James Phelan	0 1 3				
John Willard	0 2 6				
Lawrence Connors	0 1 3				
Alexander McNeal	0 1 10½				
Timothy Dunn	0 0 7½				
Richard Dawson	0 1 3				
Patrick Maher	0 1 3				
Patrick Phelan	0 5 0				
William A. Smith	0 5 2½				
Michael Morrissey	0 0 7½				
William Leahy	0 2 6				
William Tierney	0 1 3				
	WARD NO. 3.				
Collected by Edward Eustace and Patrick Going.					
Mr. Patrick Barry	£0 1 3				
Mary Tobin	0 1 3				
Mrs. Keating	0 1 3				
Ann Kavanagh	0 1 3				
Mrs. O'Brien	0 1 3				
Mrs. Rafter	0 0 7½				
Michael O'Brien	0 2 6				
McDonnell & Healy	0 1 3				
		WARD NO. 5.			
		Collected by Joseph Purcell and Timothy Linnehan.			
		Mr. Joseph Purcell	£0	1	3
		Timothy Linnehan	0	1	3
		Lawrence McDonald	0	1	3
		Mrs. Wm. Flinn	0	1	3
		Mr. John O'Connell	0	2	6
		Michael Bohannon	0	1	3
		James Healy	0	2	6
		Patrick Lannigan	0	5	2½
		Michael Long	0	2	6
		Wm. Mooney	0	1	3
		Edward Metzler	0	1	3
		David Kiely	0	0	7½
		Michael Purcell	0	0	7½
		Wm. Wallace	0	1	3
		Thomas Wyse	0	0	7½
		Wm. Whelan	0	0	7½
		Patrick Quinn	0	0	7½
		Thomas Tracey	0	0	7½
		Lawrence Spruhan	0	0	7½
		Bartholomew Joyce	0	2	6
		Miss Margaret Joyce	0	2	6
		Mrs. Ast	0	0	7½
		Mr. Edward Cavanagh	0	1	3.
		Wm. Brown	0	1	3
		Patrick Healy	0	0	7½
		Wm. Rowley	0	0	7½
		Wm. Carey	0	0	7½
		Michael O'Neil	1	0	0
		Wm. Lynch	0	1	3
		Mrs. Grinnion	0	0	7½
		Mr. John Wall	0	0	7½
		John Eustace	0	0	7½

John Whelan	0	0	7½
James Dunn	0	5	7½
James McCloud	0	1	3
Thomas Buckloy	0	1	3
Michael Fitzgerald	0	10	5
Collected by Messrs. M. Egan and D. Von Malder.			
Mrs. M. Egan	0	2	6
Mr. Michael Egan	0	2	6
D. Von Malder	0	2	6
Michl. Lynch	0	1	3
J. Fitzgerald	0	1	3
J. Conway	0	1	3
P. Stokes	0	1	3
J. Mokler	0	1	3
Thomas Pender	0	1	3
E. Pender	0	1	3
P. Londergan	0	1	3
Henry Cooper	0	0	7½
P. Kenny	0	0	7½
Wm. Delaney	0	0	7½
Thomas Guilfoile	0	0	7½
John Guilfoile	0	0	7½
A friend	0	1	3
Collected by Messrs. Patrick Walsh and James Wall.			
Mary Dunphy	£0	2	6
Mrs. Sullivan	0	1	3
James McAssey	0	1	3
George Chaplain	0	2	6
Ellen Bevins	0	1	10½
Miss Power	0	1	3
William Holland	0	2	6
Mr. Farrell	0	2	6
John Connors	0	5	2½
Mary Neil	0	2	6
Austen Ferguson	2	0	0

**General Intelligence.**

The following is from the *Diario di Roma* :—  
 “Always justly regarded as an angel of peace, Pope Pius IX. never ceases to receive from his subjects the most touching proofs of gratitude and love, that they endeavour to express in all ways towards him. A letter informs us that Rome is preparing for the 8th of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, fetes which will surpass all that has ever been seen before. The Pope will proceed, according to custom, to the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo. The corporations of arts and trades have agreed to erect by subscription a magnificent arch of triumph for him at the entry

of the Piazza del Popolo. at the end of the Corso. They had begun to work as early as the 22nd of August, and we are assured that it will cost 22,000 francs. His Holiness had expressed a wish that the money might be given to the poor, but they replied, ‘The poor shall not lose by it.’”

The Pope lately distributed a donation of 350 scudi to the indigent Israelites. He likewise sent a quantity of bread to the Ghetto.

The German papers, anxious no doubt, for the failure of the Pope’s benevolent endeavours, still speak of excitement in the provinces, “kept up by the partisans of the former system. M. Mondeni, an *employe* in the Finances, recently fell a victim; he was assassinated while on his way to Rome on a summons of the Pope. A priest said from the pulpit, that he did not pray for the Pope, because he was a heretic. Renzi entered Rimini preceded by one hundred and fifty women dressed in white, his wife bearing a banner with ‘Viva Pio IX. on it.’”

An interesting ceremony that recently took place in Rome is thus described in the *Diario di Roma*,—

“His Holiness the Pope, after having on the 11th August in a general assembly at the Quirinal heard the votes of the Consults and Cardinals composing the Congregation of Rites on the heroism and virtues of the venerable servant of God, Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, a professed Nun of the order of the Visitation of the Holy Virgin instituted by Saint Francis of Sales; after having also according to custom, enjoined it on all to supplicate the Divine Majesty to deign to enlighten him on affairs of such great importance, it was resolved to pronounce a decree conformable to the vote on Sunday the 23rd of August. His Holiness selected that day because it was within the octave of Saint Jane Francis Fremiot de Chantal, foundress of the same order. On that day, then, His Holiness, after having offered up the Holy Sacrifice, repaired in great state to the Monastery of the Salesian Nuns, at the entrance of which he was received by the Cardinal Patrizi, his vicar, and Mgr. Arnilda, Director of the Convent. His Holiness having entered the cloisters found all the Nuns on their knees, blessed them and immediately repaired to the chamber set apart for that purpose, and then seated on his throne, assisted by Cardinal Patrizi, reporter in the cause, directed Mgr. Fatati, secretary of the Congregation of Rites, to read the decree by which he solemnly declares that the allegation of the Heroism of all the Virtues of the Venerable Servant of God, Margaret Marie Alacoque is established, and that in consequence the examination of the three miracles necessary to the beatification may be proceeded with.

The Holy Father then admitted to the kissing

of his feet, according to custom, Mgr. Fatati, Secretary of Rites, Mgr. Fontini, Promotor of the Faith, Mgr. Minetti, Assessor of Rites, and Mgr. Gigli, Substitute of the Secretary of Rites. Then Mgr. Arnaldi, Voter of the Supreme Tribunal of the Signature and Postulator of the Cause, speaking in the name of the Order of the Visitation, and especially of the Nuns of Rome, returned thanks to His Holiness, not only for the decree which he had issued, but for his goodness in promulgating it in their monastery. His Holiness, in a benevolent reply, encouraged the Nuns in the exercise of the virtues practised by the venerable Sister, rigidly to observe the rules of their institute recommending them above all, to ask of God that those among them who were occupied with the instruction of youth might be animated with a true spirit of charity and holy zeal. His Holiness then admitted to the ceremony of kissing his feet the postulator of the Cause, M. Bartoleschi, Advocate of the Cause, and M. Carleni, Procureur; then Her Royal Highness the Princess of Saxony all the Nuns and other ladies and other persons who had obtained the privilege of admission to the monastery. His Holiness again conversed with the Nuns, to whom he granted several spiritual graces. Descending the staircase, he was agreeably surprised to see already in its place a stone tablet recording his visit on the 2nd of July to celebrate mass in the convent church and his promulgation within the convent of the decree of which we have just spoken. After having paid his homage of adoration to the Holy Sacrament in the church, His Holiness returned to the Quirinal saluted by the acclamations of the people who filled the streets

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A DISCOURSE

ON THE

**SACRED HEART OF MARY:**

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ADDRESSED TO

THE RELIGIOUS OF THE VISITATION IN PARIS

BY THE

REV. PERE M'CARTHY, S. J.

[Translated from the French by a Religious of the Presentation.]

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A DISCOURSE

ON

DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF MARY.

Amongst pure creatures, there is one so highly privileged, so far elevated by grace above all others, that she is designated by the holy Scripture, sometimes the daughter, at other times the sister, or spouse of the Most High: *Filia Regis, soror, sponsa*: again, the unequalled masterpiece of his

all-powerful hands. This beloved daughter of the King of Heaven, this august Queen of the universe is MARY. Yet if I seek in her any exterior or apparent mark of this incomparable greatness, I find none: I see only a poor and modest virgin, who has united her lot to that of a humble artizan, who supports himself by the work of his hands, and lives remote from men, in profound obscurity.— Where is then this glory so celebrated in the sacred Scriptures, and in the Canticles of the Church? You have just now heard it described. It is all interior and concealed; it is enclosed in her heart: *Omnis gloria ejus filia regis ab intus*. But in this heart what treasures do I not discover! All the perfections of the angels and saints, and in such a degree of excellence, that nothing even in heaven can be compared with them. What do I say? They are the perfections of God himself, as faithfully retraced as they can possibly be, in a simple creature. It is just, then, that we render to this sacred heart, a tribute of veneration and love; and as we adore the heart of Jesus, because it is that of a God, so it is proper that we honour the heart of Mary, because it is after that of her Son, the worthiest sanctuary in which the Divinity has ever dwelled.

Such, my dear Sisters, are the grounds of a devotion sanctioned and extensively established in the Church these two centuries; and such is the object of the feast you celebrate this day; an impressive feast, on which virgins consecrated to the Lord come to present their prayers to the heart of the purest, the most fervent of virgins, whom they invoke as their patroness, love as their mother, and endeavour to imitate as their model. May the instruction you are about to hear animate your zeal, and heighten your esteem for a devotion so holy! May these sentiments be shared by all who are present at this pious ceremony!

Without intending directly to justify the homage which we render to the heart of Mary, and which is sufficiently justified by the suffrage of the Church I will endeavor to prove, in such a manner, the reasonableness the advantages, and value of it, that every truly Christian soul may conceive a still stronger affection for it, and find new consolation in its practice.

This discourse shall be a simple and familiar eulogium on the heart of this sacred Virgin; and I intend to show, by three short reflections, how worthy it is of our devotion:

First: For the perfections with which it is adorned.

Secondly: For the intimate relations that unite it to God.

Thirdly: For the love with which it burns for us.

This is the entire subject which shall claim your attention.

O Mother of our Saviour! how can we worthily praise your heart, if you do not vouchsafe to open to us yourself this sanctuary of every virtue, this living temple of the Holy Spirit, that we may contemplate the riches it contains, and that, imparting the knowledge of them to those who hear us, we may fill them with admiration, gratitude, and love, for the most perfect, the most affectionate of all hearts after that of Jesus. Ave Maria.

FIRST POINT.

Permit me, in the commencement, to make a supposition. Did we possess any venerable relic of the Mother of God; if her heart, or some portion of her virginal body, in which was conceived the incarnate Word, had remained on earth, and that the sacred deposit was in our possession, what use would we make of it? You hasten to reply: We would place it on the altar, and, not content with lavishing upon it all the honours the Catholic Church renders to the mortal remains of the saints we would add others still greater and more extraordinary, on account of the singular dignity of the Queen of Angels: in a word the heart of Mary, though insensible and inanimate, would be in our opinion the most precious of treasures. Behold what our religion would inspire us with, had this heart been found in the tomb! And because it is living, and glorious in heaven, where, intimately united to God, it burns with the purest flames of divine love, where it melts with tender compassion for our miseries, and is eager to share with us the happiness it enjoys, are we less obliged to honour it? and what strengthens its claims to our veneration, shall it only induce us to refuse it? Ah! let us lay aside these vain subtleties, on which I could never understand how sensible, well informed men could dwell for a single instant. If there be any one here, who fears to testify too much respect and love for the heart of the purest of creatures, I beg of him to consider how much God himself has loved the heart of man. This great God disdains not to acknowledge that he is captivated by this weak heart, that he loves it even to jealousy, that he glories in making it his conquest, and establishing his reign within it. Listen to him at one time commanding with sovereign authority: "Thou shalt love me with all thy heart;" *Diliges ex toto corde tuo.* Deut. vi. 3. At another, descending to a tone of entreaty, he says: "My child give me thy heart." *Præbe fili mi, cor tuum mihi.* Prov. xxiii. 26. See how he promises to show himself without a veil to the pure heart; to set no bounds to his liberality towards the upright heart; to extend his mercy to the tender and compassionate heart! If he is indignant against his people, it is because unfaithful Israel has turned away its heart

from him; if he pardons, it is the humble and contrite heart; if he speaks to us, it is to our hearts his words are addressed: *Lorquar ad cor ejus.* Osee ii. 14. In a word, for otherwise it were necessary to cite the entire Scriptures, God has his eyes always fixed on the heart of man; he observes all its movements; he sees, he esteems in the entire man only the heart: *Dominus autem intuetur cor.* 1 Kings xvi. 7. And do not we ourselves say, a man is great, virtuous, estimable, and worthy of love, only on account of the qualities of his heart? Is it not the heart of heroes and of saints that we praise? And will any one now ask, why we venerate the heart of Mary? Have we reflected on the excellence of this heart: the more than human, more than angelic perfections with which it is adorned? O my God! when you created our first parent in original justice and rectitude, you beheld with complacency his innocent and pure heart; you loved it as the most beautiful work of your hands; you impressed it with the seal of your divine image; you established between yourself and it a correspondence, an intimate union of sentiment, of affections, and of will. But soon, alas! sin severed this happy union, your image was disfigured, the degraded heart of man received the odious impress of your enemy, and after having been the admiration of the angels, it was now become a hideous object of aversion and horror. So great an evil remained not, however, without a remedy, thanks to the infinite mercy of the Lord. Yet the contagion extended to the posterity of the culprit: all, according to the expression of St. Paul, was enveloped in sin; (Rom. iii. 9;) and during four thousand years the eye of God did not discover, in all the human race, a single heart which was not tainted with this fatal contagion, this frightful leprosy. Hence the disgust and indignation which made him once exclaim that he repented for having made man, because all the inclinations of his heart were towards evil. (Gen. vi. 6.) In fine, after so many ages, his divine regards repose on an object worthy of attracting them. A child of benediction appears on this earth that was so long accursed: preserved from the universal corruption, by a miracle of grace, a daughter of Adam is conceived in innocence, and born in sanctity. The Lord sees all the beauty, all the purity of the first design, on which he formed man, revive in her. Oh! with what delight does he contemplate this heart, which no stain disfigures, no germ of passion has corrupted, which not even the slightest fault shall ever render less worthy of his love! this heart, whose every inclination is holy, every affection celestial! Or rather, with what complacency does he therein contemplate himself, as in a faithful mirror, and discover his image that was effaced from the rest of mankind! Do you wish to know, my dear sisters, in what terms he expresses his tenderness for this cherished creature,

and how he exalts this masterpiece of his hands! He who after having drayn the world from nothing, considering all that he had made, was contented with saying it was good: *Vidit quod esset bonum.* Gen i. 10. How different his language after having given existence to Mary! "Thou art beautiful," said he to her, "O my beloved; Thou art all beautiful." *Ecce tu pulchra es amica mea;* Cant. i. 14; *tota pulchra es.* Ib. iv. 7. My eyes that discover spots in the most brilliant stars, and imperfections in the pure intelligences that surround my throne, perceive no defect in thee; *Et macula non est in te.* Ib. iv. 7. Then, addressing himself to the celestial spirits, he glories in the work of his hands. Behold, he says to them this chaste dove! she is unrivalled, alone perfect perfect in the universe: *Una est columba mea perfecta mea.* Ib. vi. 8. Continuing to develop the hidden sense of the most mysterious of Canticles, shall I now show you the celestial spirits hastening at the voice of their God? shall I describe their surprise and rapture at the sight of such beauty? Do you hear them exclaim: Who then is this admirable creature, who unites in herself alone the perfections of all others? *Quæ est ista?* Ib. 9. They compare the lustre with which she shines, sometimes to the soft and benign light of the moon: *Pulchra ut Luna.* Ib. At other times, to the more vivid brightness of the morning starr: *Quasi Aurora consurgens.* Ib. Again, to the dazzling splendor of the sun: *Elicta ut Sol.* Cant. vi. 9. But whence proceeds this sweet odour which charms and attracts them? *Curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum.* Ib. i. 3. Is it not from her heart, as from, a precious vase, full of the most exquisite perfumes? *Ex aromatibus myrrhæ, et thuris, et universi pulveris pigmentarii.* Ib. iii. 6.

But let us lay aside this figurative language, which we have borrowed from the holy Scriptures: let us consider what these images represent; that is to say, the qualities, the virtues of the heart of Mary. And first, let us speak of her innocence. This pure heart knew not the irregular propensities of nature, it had no apprehension of ever knowing them; and yet, what precautions to preserve a treasure which she could not lose! what solicitude to fly from the world, and its dangerous occasions! what retirement! what solitude, from her tenderest years! What shall we say of a modesty that is troubled at the sight of an angel? of a chastity of heart, which, without a moment's hesitation, prefers virginity, not to all the grandeurs and joys of the world,—that would be little,—but to the ineffable honour of the divine maternity, which infinitely surpasses all thought or expression! To a purity so heroic is united the most profound humility. See this daughter of David, who reckons so many kings amongst her ancestors, condemn herself to a voluntary obscurity, become the spouse of

an artisan, and devote herself to all the humiliations inseparable from a condition so abject in the eyes of men! Observe all her steps, listen to her words study over her silence, and you will conceive to what a degree she seeks self-abashment and humiliation. A prince of the celestial host salutes her with respect, and announces to her, that she shall conceive in her womb the Son of the Most High: trembling, abashed, as if she feared to receive the title of Queen, she hastens to take that of servant; called to be Spouse and Mother, she places herself in the rank of a slave: *Ecce ancilla Domini.* Luke i. 38. Elizabeth breaks forth into an ecstasy of admiration at the contemplation of the wonders her presence alone operates, and calls her blessed amongst all women. Mary, in the midst of all that is capable of dazzling her, wishes only to contemplate her own nothingness and lowliness: *Respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ;* Luke i. 48; she will ascribe greatness to God alone: *Fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus.* Ib. 49. Joseph, ignorant of the cause of her fecundity, conceives dark suspicions; she could by one word undeceive him, but she prefers to bear the weight of this ignominy, rather than reveal to her holy spouse a secret which rebounded to her glory. The law obliged the women of Juda to purify themselves from the stain they contracted in becoming mothers; Mary, though always a virgin, purified herself like them, and covers, under the veil of this humiliating ceremony, the privilege and sanctity of her divine maternity. When has she been seen vainly displaying the favours of heaven? When has she even let the graces and lights with which she was filled, be perceived? When has a word which tended to gain the esteem of others escaped her? What do I say? was not her entire life almost a continued silence? Is she outraged or honoured, she is silent. Let the shepherds and magi adore her divine Son, or the Pharisees, priests, and soldiers overwhelm him with insults; let her Son himself speak in terms of apparent severity: "Woman, what is it to thee or to me?" John ii. 4; yet is she silent, and blesses the decrees of Providence, which seconds so well her desires of humility. O my sisters! how easy is silence to sincerely humble souls, but how difficult to the proud? How vain would it be to undertake to banish from a community, idle, indiscreet, perhaps even sinful conversations, unless the poisonous root of pride is torn up from the heart! Let us return to Mary. Detached from glory even so far as to fear and hate it, she despises riches, she strips herself of them from her youth, to embrace all the rigours and privations of poverty. O! under what an humble roof does she dwell, who will be placed one day above the choirs of angels in the house of God! With what poor and coarse garments is she covered, to whom

the sun will one day serve as a mantle and the stars as a crown! *Mulier amicta sole et in capite ejus corona stellarum duodecim.* Apoc. xii. What is the poverty of this Virgin, who brings forth her divine Son in a stable, and can procure for her infant God no other bed than straw, no other cradle than a crib! Mother truly worthy of Him who will not have whereon to lay his head, who will live on alms, die naked on a cross, and leave as a treasure to his disciples the maxim: "Blessed are the poor." If we wish, my sisters, to comprehend this maxim, which the world cannot understand, and which even religious persons do not always relish, let us enter into the heart of Mary; we will there see evangelical poverty shine, like a precious stone, amidst so many other excellent virtues, and we will feel that she who possesses it is richer in her privations, than the princes and monarchs of the earth in the midst of all their opulence. But how rare are the truly poor of Jesus Christ? To merit the name, we must be dead to all things; have renounced in heart and effect the interests, enjoyments, ease, and conveniencies of life; think but little of life itself; feel a horror of superfluities; be without solicitude for necessities; receive with indifference, like St. Paul, health or sickness, tribulations or joy, abundance or want! Such is that universal detachment, that perfect poverty of spirit, which the Saviour has placed in the first rank of beatitudes; and such was the detachment of the heart of Mary. Hence that invincible patience in afflictions, contradictions, and sufferings; that unalterable sweetness towards even her most implacable and unjust enemies; that peace, that unalterable serenity, in the midst of dangers; that generosity, superior to every sacrifice; that spirit of mortification, which unceasingly immolated to penance a body that was pure and innocent; that annihilation of self-will; that blind and mute obedience, which admitted neither of examination, nor delay, nor distinction, nor reserve. Whether she heard the voice of the angel or of Joseph; whether the law of Moses or that of a prince commanded; whether it were necessary to leave Nazareth, her country, to repair to Bethlehem, or to fly from Bethlehem to Egypt; to interrupt the repose of the night, or bear the burden and heat of the day; to deliver her Son to the knife of circumcision, or offer him in the temple; to accompany him through the towns and villages of Judea, or ascend with him the hill of Calvary, she knew not how to deliberate or complain; she only desired to fulfil, no matter at what cost, the will of heaven. What an example, my sisters; and who will seek excuses to dispense themselves from obedience, when the mother of God finds none? But what have I undertaken, O Lord? Have I believed it possible, in a single discourse, to exhibit all the perfections of the heart of Mary?

Though I had a thousand tongues, could I even name them? Is not this sacred heart an abyss of virtues and of wonders? What are all my efforts to give even a faint idea of them? and after so many words, what have I said in comparison of what yet remains untold? Have I spoken of the faith of Mary: of that faith which transports not mountains, but makes the eternal Word descend from the highest heavens into her womb? Of her hope, more heroic than that of Abraham, since Mary hoped even after the death and burial of the true Isaac? Of her charity? O charity of Mary! vast furnace in which her heart was consumed, no mortal lips can express thy ardours! How many other perfections are there which we must pass over in silence! Alas, how imperfect is the portrait which I present to you, and how does my incapacity confound and afflict me? Oh! could I place before you, for an instant, the heart of this incomparable Virgin, such as the angels and blessed see it eternally, what would be the transports of your love! For, since such is the beauty of virtue, that from the heart where it resides, it sheds an inexpressible charm over the countenance, and a sort of heavenly brightness which enchants the eye; what a spectacle would it be to see so many virtues displayed in their source, in the heart of the most accomplished of creatures! Contemplate, at least, in spirit, my dear sisters, this object of your religious veneration, but do not content yourselves with rendering it sterile honours. It is proposed to your imitation, as well as to your devotion; or rather your most essential devotion is the imitation of its virtues. It seems to me, I hear a voice issue from this heart which says to you: O my beloved children, you whom I have withdrawn from the world, and united under my protection in this asylum, you who bear my name, and who have learned from your holy founders to love me, I ought to be your model. I have been pleasing to God only because I have been humble and docile, patient and mortified, chaste and modest, laborious and poor, meek, silent, recollected, fervent in prayer, detached from all perishable things, attentive only to glorify the Lord, charitable and indulgent to others, severe to myself, faithful to my least duties, and ready to surrender a thousand lives, rather than allow even the shadow of sin to approach me. What I have been, you must become, as far as your weakness will allow. It is in my train, virgins will arrive at the abode of eternal happiness: *Adducuntur regi virgines post eam.* Psalms xliv. 15. I present to my Son only those who walk in my footsteps, and try to imitate me: *Proximæ ejus afferentur tibi.* Psalms xliv. 15. They only will enjoy the delights of heaven, and will sing the canticle of the Lamb: *Afferentur in latitia et exultatione.* Psalms xliv. 16. I open to you my heart, that its traits may be imprinted on



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.)

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## LITERATURE.

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### 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.)

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## BIRTHS RECORDED.

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### 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.

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## MARRIAGE RECORD.

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- OCTOBER 13.—Timothy Kidney to Ellen Casey.

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## INTERMENTS.

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### 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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