

THE CROSS.



W. W.

SELWES.

VOL. I.

No. 5.

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. 11.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 8, 1845.

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY 9—First Sunday of Lent—Vespers of the following day.
 ... 10—Monday, St. Scholastica, Virgin.
 ... 11—Tuesday, St. Anthems, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 12—Wednesday, Theodosius, Pope and Martyr.
 ... 13—Thursday, St. Gregory II., Pope and Confessor.
 ... 14—Friday, Lance and Nails of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 ... 15—Saturday, St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.

ORIGINAL.

THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

(Translated from the Latin of Sannazarus, by a Student.)

[Continued.]

Peace, meantime, holding her indulgent reign,
 O'er all the land, and all the spacious main,
 Augustus bids War's brazen portals close,
 And locks in firmest bonds his vanquished foes,
 That by may therefore, estimate his forces,
 And know his mighty kingdom's vast resources,
 And all the subjects of his wide command—
 His edict, lo! is publish'd round the land
 For every province quickly to be known,
 And loud declar'd before his sovereign throne.
 One law, then, moves all nations far and near,
 And first Armenia's mountaineers appear.
 Then wild Armenia's famous habitants—and then
 The rough Naphata's archer-men,
 A people—skill'd to roam their borders round,
 And guard on foes Armenia's dowery ground,
 About whose circuit the Euphrates strays,
 And swift Araxes cuts its winding ways.
 The nations of mount Taurus are enroll'd;
 The numbers of Amanus there are told.
 The Icarians next—the Cilias fam'd for fight,
 And all that roam Pamphalia's woody height,
 Next those—the bold blest Tigris-towns' plains.

Delightful Lycia's happy, frugal swans;
 The mighty Heleges in war renown'd,
 And all the neighboring provinces around,
 And Ghidus, Ceramus pour forth,—and all
 That make abode within that Carian wall,
 Where high surrounded by huge piles of stone
 In many a ruin round its base strewn,
 Stands that proud fabric, the Barbarian queen
 Raised to her spouse, who press'd the battle-green.
 And they whose country first Macander loves,
 Then Cayster washes with his rapid waves,
 Whose waters sweet, refreshing all the scene,
 Feed the bright swans that grace their margin green!
 And those where Pactolus adorn the lands,
 And where the Hermas shows his golden sands,
 These too who dwell about the Rhodian towers,
 And Ide, Cerene, and the Mysian powers;
 And Sige, and Troy, the theme of poets' strain,
 Whereon King Priam held of old his reign,—
 The land of War—the country of the Brave,
 And famous nook for many a hero's grave;
 To which the roving sailor still is wont,
 Aswat he sweeps across the Hellespont,
 To point his comrades, saying—"lo! 'twas there,
 The sea-man's steed, when, with disherel'd hair,
 Their mother, Thetis, wand'ring along the shore,
 And wept her lord Achilles then no more!

By these are followed the Bythian bands,
 And all the people of the Pontic lands,
 And wild Caranot, and Sinope high,
 And every tribe that Halys wanders by;
 The number, too, of Cappadocia's sons,
 Amidst whose soil the freshening Iris runs,
 And all the counties which Thermodon sees
 And the Caucasians and the Hyabes.

From every spot where warlike Thrace extends,
 And Rhodope with chalyb Aemus bends,
 Where through the roughness of Marceotes' soil