

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 10.

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, MARCH 15, 1845.

CALENDAR.

March 16.—Palm Sunday—Vespers of the same day.
... 17.—Monday of Holy Week—The Feast of St. Patrick, occurring on this day, is transferred to the 16th of October.
... 18.—Tuesday of Holy Week.
... 19.—Wednesday of Do.
... 20.—Holy Thursday.
... 21.—Good Friday.
... 22.—Holy Saturday.

LITERATURE.

TRUSTING GOD.

DR WM. WORDSWORTH.

—How beautiful this dome of sky !
And the vast hills, its fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice :
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here ; where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness.

Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound
To worship, here—and everywhere—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued ! By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched ;
And, mid the wild woods a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends : the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead.

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath ; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee ;
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

And what are things eternal ?—Powers depart.
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions holds a fluctuating seat :
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists :—immutably survive,
For our support the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract intelligence supplies ;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not :
Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require.
What more, that may not perish ! Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of being fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained :—Thou—who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therewith, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone,
Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away—a frame
Glorious ! because the shadow of Thy might—
A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee,
As ! if the time must come, in which my feet