

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 18.

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, MAY 10, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

MAY 11.—Pentecost Sunday.—Vespers of the same day.	
.. 12.—Monday.—	Do.
.. 13.—Tuesday.—	Do.
... 14.—Wednesday.—Fast day.—	Do.
... 15.—Thursday.—	Do.
... 16.—Friday.—Fast day.—	Do.
... 17.—Saturday.—Fast day.—	Do.

## ORIGINAL.

### SPRING.

Already Spring is in our fields and woods. On all sides appear green leaves, beauteous buds, and sweet flowers. The air is fragrant with perfumes. Each grove and thicket resounds with notes of joy. The prospect which everywhere presents itself, proclaiming that gloomy winter is past; that the morning of the year is brightening our land. Let us hail with joy and gratitude its gladdening sunshine. Let us draw health and vigour from the fresh breeze and the soft shower; let us drink deep of nature's cup which, by Spring's sunny influence, overflows with sweet and salubrious waters. Let us praise and adore God who by a word has produced all these—created the earth anew, for the use and pleasure of man. Spring with its peering flowers and winged minstrels fills every genial bosom with hope. The youth who, during the long wintry months, would fain in fancy enjoy its charms, who sang its praises, who sighed for its green leaves, will now enjoy them, and hope to pass away many a bright hour of revelry under

Spring's cheering auspices; manhood will glow with the hope of pursuing his labours with redoubled strength, of executing his plans with redoubled energy. Even old age, trembling at the brink of the tomb, will have more hope, and defy death another summer. O yes, sweet to his ear is the gale of Spring! It will waft to him the joys of other days—the many happy springs of the cherished past: he will fancy himself, once more, a boy, ardently pursuing the forest-nest or playing by the stream of his childhood. Spring heightens devotion, and makes the good man sing songs of praise and gratitude. He will now consecrate each beauty and wonder of nature—turn an ordinary walk into a morning and evening sacrifice. Surveying the beauties around the woodland, melodious with song—the embroidery of fields—all that the genial ray of heaven yields—he enjoys such pleasure as our first parents enjoyed in Paradise; he will hope, and trust more strongly in the promises of God whose omnipotent hand he beholds arraying the lilies of the field more beautiful “than Solomon in all his glory;” and will feel that vernal delight and joy which the poet so finely expresses:

When God hath showered the earth so lovely seem'd  
That landscape; and of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy able to deprive  
All sadness but despair.

And when he is intoxicated with the draught of vernal delight which his soul drinks in from the