

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 13.

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, APRIL 5, 1847.

CALENDAR.

- APRIL 6.—Second Sunday after Easter—St. Sixtus, Pope and Martyr. Vespers from the little Chapter of the following day.
- ... 7.—Monday—St. Colectine, Pope and Confessor.
- ... 8.—Tuesday—St. Agatho, Pope and Confessor.
- ... 9.—Wednesday—St. Gregory, Pope and Confessor.
- ... 10.—Thursday—St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- ... 11.—Friday—St. Leo, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.
- ... 12.—Saturday—St. Gregory, Pope and Confessor.

LITERATURE.

A RECOLLECTION OF "NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES."

"Twas night!—the torches blazed in Notre Dame—
The solemn music of the choral psalm
Pealed through this fretted and this pillared home
Of all that are forsaken; while the dome
Shone with fair hues—anticipated scene!
Caught, as a fort taste, from the joys serene
Of that bright reign, when time shall be no more;
When the Sun's taper shall have blackened o'er
The death-bed of destruction here be'ow,
The death-bed of all earthly joy and woe.

Sweet was the ancient genius of the place,
And tears stole hotly down the pallid face
Of many a rapt believer. But there stood
Apostate, and muffled in his mantle's hood,
A profligate and spendthrift, who was there—
He scarce knew why. Perchance because the air
Of that Cathedral, as he passed the door,
Looked beautiful, and the organ thrilled him more
Than all the music of those earthly halls,
With festive seats and decorated stalls,
Where the light echo frolics in the ear,
But never moves one solitary tear;
Where sense is much addressed, and fancy warmed,
But hearts lie cold, while thoughtlessness is charmed.

Lady of Victories, a mightier pow'r
Is surely thine than in thy suff'ring hour!
Now is thy life of triumph; yet, before
That life arrived (and, what astounds us more!)
*Ere thy Son's hour for miracles was come,**
A miracle was worked amid the hunt
Of Canaan's marriage feast:—the sky
Has n'er beheld a deed so strange, so high—
The miracle of miracles—that deed!—
*Twas worked in spite of what had been decreed!!

Lady of Victories, if, in thy hour
Of trial and obscurity, this power
Belonged to thy entreaties, what must be
The favour of thy bright eternity?
If such has been the sapling, what on high
Is now the tree, transplanted to the sky?
I pity the protesting fools who deem
Our trust in thy protection but a dream;
Where'er I be, and whatso'er my lot,
Lady of Victories—forget me not!

MILES GERALD KEON.

ORIGINAL.

[For the Cross.]

ST. PAUL.

BY A STUDENT.

"La bontà della Provvidenza fece improvviso brillare un lampo di grazia attraverso lo nostre tenebre. Fermise il cielo cho il pensier primo di religione nascesse per noi dall'eccesso modesto de nostri piaceri: così la via dell'Eterno sono inspiegabili!"

MARTINI.

SAINT PAUL, the most glorious light that ever illuminated the Church of God, was a Jew, of the sect of the Pharisees, of the stock of Abraham, and of the tribe of Benjamin. He was born at Tarsus,

* Mine hour is not yet come.—St. John's Gospel, c. ii. v. 4.