

THE CROSS.

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. Galvi. 11.

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Weekly Calendar.

- June 4. Whit-Sunday, Feast of Pentecost.
5. Whit-Monday.
6. Whit-Tuesday.
7. Ember Wednesday.
8. Thursday in Whitson week.
9. Ember Friday.
10. Ember Saturday. End of the Paschal time.

A brief exposition of the Canticle of the Blessed Virgin, called the *Magnificat*.

LENE L. 46.....53.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

This sublime effusion of the Holy Ghost, who spoke on this occasion by the mouth of the Virgin, has been honoured in every age with singular veneration by the church of God. It holds a most distinguished place in the office of her ministers—is repeated every day, and is usually chaunted in the most joyous strains. Every true lover of Jesus has it always in his mouth; every fervent and emulous imitator of Mary has it graven on his heart. We read but three canticles in the whole of the New Testament, and these are all recorded by the same Evangelist, Saint Luke. The first is this canticle of the *Magnificat*, which the Virgin Mother of God uttered at the dictation of the Holy Spirit, when her pious relative,

Elizabeth, whom she went to visit, exclaimed in rapturous joy—*Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.* The second was pronounced by Zachary, the father of the Baptist, when his speech was restored to him at the circumcision of his son; and the third was spoken in the temple of Jerusalem, by the prophet Simeon, at the presentation of the Redeemer of the World. We also meet with several canticles in the old scriptures, but none so beautiful, none so sublime, and at the same time none so humble as the *Magnificat* of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. For who could pour forth a sweeter spiritual song, or with more celestial harmony than she who was overshadowed by the power of the Most High, and carried within her chaste womb, the delight and joy of the heavenly choirs? What wonder is it if her words should breathe an aromatic balm, and an angelic sweetness, who bore within her that Lamb, that was incensed with the odors of heaven, and for whom the choirs of the just tuned their harps, and sung, "Praise and benediction, clad in white robes, with palms in their hands?"

Who then could presume to give an exposition of this mystic song, unless one who was filled with the piercing light of that Spirit who dictated, or one who burned with the ardent love of the pure Virgin who uttered it. Wherefore, "O Seat of Wisdom, and glorious Queen of Prophets!" look not with indignation upon him, who now attempts