

O Sacred Virgin lend thy aid,
Teach me to fly their faults and love
Thy purity, Celestial Queen,
For sake of Him who reigns above.

When death has marked me as his prey,
And mourning friends shed sorrow's tear;
And my last breath leaves mortal clay,
Let thy chaste spirit hover near.

Yes, thou shalt have my latest sigh,
Remember me—I am thine own;
Come from beyond the starry sky,
And wait me to thy Father's throne.

Song of the Catholic Missionaries.

OUR STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

On hearing Dr. Miley's Sermon on the Propagation of the Faith (in the Metropolitan Church, Marlboro' street) on 30th September, 1841.

Our Standard is the cross!—let us raise that
standard high,
While we anchor all our hopes in that home
beyond the sky;
We are not for earth! I ween—then we will not
yield to man,
But glory in a mighty cause—and fearless join
the van;
'Mid those who part from friends and home,
and seek a foreign strand,
Nor shed a tear, nor heave a sigh, to leave their
native land,
So like the gentle zephyr's breath, which
flings rich incense round,
We'll breath of peace where'er we pass and
make it hallowed ground;
We'll follow "Him" in word and will, from
whom our power was given,
And 'mid the savage horde we'll speak sweet
words of hope and heaven.

Our Standard is the Cross! a sacred badge to
wear
On burning sand and desert plains where ne'er
was murmured prayer;
To make in every breast a love—for "Him"
who died to save.
To raise the sinking heart!—and smoothe the
passage to the grave:
To whisper thoughts—deep holy thoughts—into
the listening ear,
To soothe the anguish of despair, and dry the
falling tear;

*These—these are truly noble works, and God will
be our aid,
And dauntless will we bear the scourge, and
scorn the crimson blade;
Yea, we will brave the rack—the wheel—
each deadly torture given,
For our Standard is the Cross! and our hope
and trust in Heaven.*

The Seven Words of Jesus on the
Cross.

FIFTH WORD.

"I THIRST."

John xix. 24.

Continued

But, O bitter portion, which Jesus
has to drink! So many blind and
hapless sinners, who regret his light
and his knowledge! So many sinners
who refuse to love him, and who die
impenitent! So many souls that shall
fall into hell in spite of all he has done
to save, and purchase heaven for them,
despite of his crucifixion, despite of
his passion, despite of his love, despite
of that *thirst* for their salvation, by
which he is consumed! To have
done so much for so many sinners, and
to have done so much in vain! O in-
comprehensible torment! O sinner,
sinner, how hard and insensible must
be your heart! O God my Saviour,
must you love me in such a manner as
to have so scorching a thirst for my
salvation! And shall I neglect you,
shall I not think of you, shall I thus
quench your thirst with vinegar and
bitter gall? No, O Lord! far from
me be the guilt of cruelty towards my-
self. O I wish, I wish at least to as-
suage your pains, by laboring for my
own salvation. I desire at least to
diminish your thirst, by giving you my
soul to drink! And why can I not at