

out the Passiontide chaunt in mournful strains—

Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium!

Behold the Royal Standard of the King of Kings is unfurled—the mystery of the Cross shines forth resplendent! of the Cross on which the Author of Life endured the pangs of Death, and by that cruel death restored new life to the world! See, where the direful lance has penetrated his side; a torrent of blood gushes forth, mingled with water, to wash away our crimes! Now the prophetic words of the Royal David, the sweet singer of Israel, are accomplished! He proclaimed to the nations that from a Tree a God should reign. Jesus, the true God of true God is exalted on the word of the Cross, and reigns there, the sovereign king of Hearts, for with outstretched arms he attracts the whole world to his affectionate embraces! O Beauteous Tree! resplendent wood! empurpled with royal blood! endowed with noble privileges, chosen amongst all others, and accounted worthy to touch and bear those hallowed members of a dying God! Thrice-blessed Cross, upon whose arms hung the World's ransom, for upon Thee, as if the scales of justice between Heaven and Hell, the prince of sin was weighed in the body of a God, and the jaws of Hell are

ferced to disgorge their spoils. Therefore we salute thee with

O Crux Ave, spes Unica
Hoc passionis tempore!

All hail! O Cross, our only hope at this mournful season of the Passion! Increase the justice of the righteous and blot out the crimes of the wicked.

O lovely tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of His gore!
How glorious does thy substance shine,
Supporting members so divine!

The world's blest balance thou wast made,
Thy happy beam its purchase weigh'd,
And bore His limbs who snatch'd away
Devouring Hell's expected prey.

Hail Cross, our hope! to thee we call
Amidst this mourning festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface!

On the Friday in Passion Week, too, the Church celebrates the Festival of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, and expresses the sorrows of God's afflicted Mother in that touching and melancholy plaint the

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA,
which no truly Christian heart ever yet heard unmoved,—

Close by the ever hallowed cross that bore
The bleesing Son, the afflicted Mother stood,
While pangs on pangs her bosom tore,
And grief pour'd forth an agonizing flood.
No pause, no respite, her affliction knew.
For her, fell anguish edg'd its keenest dart,
She groan'd, she sigh'd, at every breath he drew,
The sword of sorrow pierc'd her to the heart.