

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 17.

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 3, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- MAY 4.—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension—St. Monica, Widow.
- ... 5.—Monday—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.
- ... 6.—Tuesday—St. John before the Lateran Gate.
- ... 7.—Wednesday—St. Benedict II., Pope and Confessor.
- ... 8.—Thursday—Octave of the Ascension.
- ... 9.—Friday—St. Gregory, of Nazcazen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- ... 10.—Saturday—Fast-Day. Vespers of the day.

## ORIGINAL.

A TRUE TALE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

By a Student.

I.

Long ago—and there was seen in other lands a promising boy, whose mind was formed to virtue. He was like all the rest, with his mirth, and his gambol, and his wild ways, a favourite with those of the grey hair and staff-borne step, as well as with youth's gay troop so heedless and hopeful. Why we remember him so well, is—that he was, in after hours, a being that was much talked of, in the world.

This boy not only loved Religion but he fancied he should become one of her ensigns, and with this idea uppermost, he soon began to study her manners and her mandates. At this time had Religion her camps extended all over earth, beautiful, were they, as ever, too, with their gorgeous, sun-bright banners waving in the breeze. Who would not be an officer in a chivalry so fair?

II.

Under these circumstances the loved boy forward went, in the hope of acquiring all things necessary for his enlistment. Ere long he saw the beauties of Religion—her discipline so well ordered—her maxims so sage—and her habiliments so

luring. He, after some years of deep attention to her constitution, at last saw the hope of his suns and moons to be realized fairly.

III.

The hour was upon the dial when Religion was to receive him among her leaders. In his father's home, then, were rejoicings various; peace in the hearts of all, and mirthfulness laughing in every eye, save in his sire's. The hoary Hans (this was his name) saw not wherefore his laugh should ring, or his voice should mingle in the mirth, strange to say—but he sat amid sunlight, a shade, and seemed as if onfowed with prophetic ken, he liked not much the Future.

His boy, now a man, was arrayed in the garb of the honor he aspired to—his friends and familiars, each one, shook him by the hand, hailing with smiles his happiness. Music—the music of master lyres went floating through the mansion where sat the welcome of the boy homeward—the hours were minutes—and the night seemed an hour—and the morning only bade the joyance hush.

IV.

Holy deeds and holy thoughts marked Han's son's career, and, mayhap, rarely will be found again, one who knew his sphere more truly. This course did not continue. Alas! for our world of change! itself and its children are like to its waters, and its winds, shifting for ever, and warring with each other—a sorry multitude! He fell. That youth so full of promise fell. Miserably did he betray his trust, because he was not exalted higher, and strongly endeavoured he to hurl to ruin that glorious mistress, Truth, which was from eternity—which his young, fond spirit, so listily prized, ere ambition so foul, so unhallowed, whispered death to his soul.

V.

Even in his glory he became a rebel. He left Truth's fair battalion which for fifteen hundred years charged bravely home upon every invader, and though wounded, sometimes sore, yet, like the Titan of old, acquired fresh force by every fall.