

sin, therefore Christ having become the victim for the sins of the whole world, properly says: Far from my salvation are the words of my sins: that is, I cannot escape death, because the sins of the whole world, are laid upon me, in order to atone for them. The words of my sins is a Hebrew phrase, for they use the term *dabar*, a word, to denote a matter, or circumstance.

2. "O my God, I shall cry by day, and thou wilt not hear: and by night, and it shall not be reputed as folly in me."

He again assigns another reason to prove, that he is forsaken, and without any hope of temporal deliverance. I shall cry by day, says he, and by night I shall cry, and thou wilt not hear me, so as to deliver me from death. He seems to allude to the two prayers which he offered one by night, in the garden, and the other during the day, on the cross. And it shall not be reputed as folly in me. That is, my exclamations by day and night cannot be imputed to me as folly; for although I am aware that I will not be heard, so as to be delivered from temporal death, yet I cry out with reason, because I know the principal intention of my prayer will be accomplished—viz. that I should redeem the human race, and not be detained in death, but raised up to immortal life. [To be continued.]

HOLY WEEK.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Here dies away the world's distracting sound.
Lo! here the port, ye starless mariners!
Approach! approach! here reigns a calm profound:

Yet not the calm of death.

No clouds are here, no gloomy tempest lowers.
A pure and equal light here glads the soul,
Light which the living sun continual pours
From the bright domes of Heaven.

Like men who sleep before the dawn is gone,
In youth our vision's o'er, we to this home
Repaired: real joy is ours, while you dream on.
Awake! awake! 'tis day.

Ye loving hearts draw nigh: here love doth dwell.

Love here is kindled—love all pure and true.
Its earthly dross the flames of heaven expel:
Immortal what remains.

Pray'r ever watchful in this blest abode,
The star of morn with gladsome voice proclaims:

The pleasing hours glide by in praise to God,
His praise beguiles our days:

The solemn bell awakes with morning fair;
Its ~~image~~ ^{image} loud with the bland zephyr's voice
It ~~mingles~~ ^{mingles}, wafting on the tremulous air
Our gently morn'ring sighs.

O'er hung with rocks, beneath a vault conceal'd,

An altar stand; is't ~~thine~~ ^{thine} Almighty Lord?
Yes ~~thine!~~ ^{thine!} by love constrained, to faith reveal'd,

Thou deignest here to dwell.

Reason, be still! and let my heart adore.
The cross,—the Saviour's cross new light affords;

A dying God appears!—I doubt no more:
No—love doth love explain.

These heads that humbly bend, these hearts that glow,

These perfumes sweet, these sighs that heav'nward rise,

These transports and these hearts of love that flow,

Proclaim—here dwells thy God!

Favour'd of Heaven! by our example sway'd,
Like the poor beggar of some palace gate,
May I from far adore, and bend my head
To him who gives you peace.

Oh bid my willing praise with yours be told,
My incense with your incense mount to heav'n;
Earth's children to the angel choir of old
Their feeble accents joined.

Each morn my weary life declines apace;
I'm full of days, of sorrows, and remorse.
This humble shed beneath I ask a place,
Here by the sainted dead.

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