

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, Gal. vi. 14.

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WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- April 2. Passion Sunday.
3. Monday, S. Francis of Paula C. from yesterday.
4. Tuesday, S. Isidore, Bishop Confessor and Doctor of the Church.
5. Wednesday, S. Vincent Ferrer, conf.
6. Thursday, S. Sixtus I. Pope and Mart.
7. Friday, The Seven Dolours of the B. V. Mary.
8. Saturday, S. Celestine I., Pope and Confessor from yesterday.

Lent.

PASSION WEEK.

The next Sunday will be Passion Sunday. The more precious days of Lent now commence. The sorrows of the Church become more deep as the Passion and Death of her Spouse are now beginning. Her sighs are more profound, her prayers more earnest, her grief more apparent. The sacred sign of Faith, the emblems of Redemption, the images and pictures of the friends of God, her sainted children are covered with mourning veils, and that venerable Doxology—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—which for so many hundred years has resounded through her Temples, is now heard no more. All these solemn preparations are intended to remind her children that she is about to bewail the death of a God! She has en-

deavoured, during the preceding portion of Lent, to purify their souls by fasting, alms-deeds, meditation, and prayer. She knew that she could not invite them to Calvary to witness the bloody spectacle there, and to assist at the death of Jesus, crucified for sin, if they were still laden with those crimes which nailed him to the cross, and transpierced his most loving Heart. She has therefore exhorted them to plunge their guilty souls in the fountains of mercy, to wash them in the blood of the Saviour, to cleanse them by the precious tears of heartfelt sorrow, and thus restore them to the *second innocence*, the innocence of Penance! And now when she deems them sufficiently prepared, she clothes herself in her deepest mourning, she proposes for their consideration the great mystery of Infinite Love, the glorious standard of the Cross, beneath whose sacred shade she stands in agony like the pure and blessed Mary his mother in the flesh, and cries aloud: *O al! you that pass by the way, attend and see; is there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!*

And that the whole world may understand the cause of her intense grief, her Ministers on this day and through-