

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 32.

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, AUGUST 16, 1845.

CALENDAR.

- Aug. 17—Sunday XIV. after Pentecost—Octavo of the Feast of the Feast of St Lawrence
 ... 18—Monday—St Hyacinth, Confessor.
 ... 19—Tuesday—St Joachim, Confessor.
 ... 20—Wednesday—St Bernard, Confessor and Doctor.
 ... 21—Thursday—St Joanna Francesca, of Chantal, Widow.
 ... 22—Friday—Octave of the Assumption.
 ... 23—Saturday—St Philip, Beati.

HYMNS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

VENI CREATOR.

Spirit, Creator of mankind,
 Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
 And sweetly let thy grace invade
 Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made !
 Thou art the Comforter whom all,
 Gift of the highest God, must call ;
 The living fountain, fire and love,
 The ghostly unction from above.

God's sacred finger, which imparts
 A sev'n-fold grace to faithful hearts ;
 Thou art the Father's promise, whence
 We language have, and eloquence.
 Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
 That we Thy love may never want ;
 Let not our virtue ever fail ;
 But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Chase from our minds th' internal foe,
 And peace; the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray
 Protect and guide us in the way.
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe :
 Give us thyself that we may see
 The Father and the Son in Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 To thy Son equal praises be
 And, Holy Paraclete, to Thee ! AMEN.

INVOCATIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours !
 See; how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs
 In vain, in vain we strive to rise,
 Hosannas languish on our tongues
 And our devotion dies,
 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove
 With all thy quick'ning powers
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Dear Lord, O shall we ever live.
 At this sad, fatal, dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?
 Come, Holy Spirit &c. as above. Amen.

Eternal Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy pow'r conveys each blessing down,
 From God the Father, and the Son.

Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know,
 Our danger and our refuge too.