

city and country, in the pride of strength, in age's decrepitude, the knavish and the honest, the noble and the humble, the wise and foolish,—brought up the rear of the sad procession, which was to consign all that was mortal of one so young and fair and buoyant, to dampness, mould, and worms.

It had just reached the centre of the square, when a young man of majestic mien and simple apparel stepped lightly forth from a crowd, who had, almost unnoticed, approached from an opposite direction, and stood in the midst of the assemblage.

His presence seemed a spell.

At first all was hushed, then a low murmur ran along from lip to lip—'twas Jesus of Nazareth!

The sun-burst that sometimes breaks over a wild sea—presaging calm and safety to tempest-tost mariners, figures but faintly his appearance. The pall-bearers stopped—every face looked up—every eye beamed with a kind of incredulous hope—the mourners ceased to wail,—the minstrels to chaunt—even nature appeared to sympathize. The aged mother stopped, uncovered her head. She heard of Jesus. A ray of hope crossed her mind, and she flung herself wildly at his feet! She would have spoken, but she could not! At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and with them she bedewed the feet of the Nazarene. At length in a tone of compassion, blessed as that of the angel, who according to oriental belief is to summon the dead from torture to eternal bliss, he said, "Weep not!"

Then advancing straight way towards the bier, he laid his hand upon it, and raising the other in an attitude of command he said aloud, plain for all to hear, "Young man, I say to thee arise!"

The dead youth arose.

Scarcely were the words uttered when the widow's son was alive! Slowly, wonderingly, joyfully, as from some deep trance, he arose from that bed of death. And as he arose he caught the glance of Jesus, so God-like and so gentle, fixed upon him, and he seemed transfixed by that glance, and the world, friends, mother, were forgotten in it, and he seemed as if about to pour out his spirit again in love and adoration.

Then Jesus, "for he loveth each one with a great love," fondly as would a mother, raised him from the couch and caught him to his heart, even *that* heart; and filially, tenderly, as would a child did he that was dead return that divine embrace. The crowd fell back, clasped their hands, "verily a great prophet hath arisen up amongst us, and God hath visited his people!"

And Jesus took the young man's hand, and took the hand of his scarcely-believing joy-stricken mother, and united them; and in an instant they were in each other's arms; and thus was the lov-

ed, lost son of the poor "Widow of Nain" restored unto her. Thus grief was changed to joy, and mourning into exultant adoration. Such, too, was one of the methods by which He performed His mission on earth who came to teach it and redeem it.

And the memory of that day did not pass away in Hermonat. It lived in the hearts of all present, and they transmitted the wondrous tale unto their children's children. So that even now it lingers about the place like a sweet odour, and despite the lapse of time, and the change of scene, makes Nain still a pleasant spot to pilgrims, who, as they travel eastward love to come to the place, and drink of the tale, and glorify, as you and I may now do, dear reader, that mighty and gentle One whose delight it is to cheer the cheerless, and help the helpless, and, by advice unto the friendless, "who healeth the broken heart and bindeth up its wounds."

J. G. McC.

To be perfect in our vocation is nothing else than to fulfil the duties and offices which our condition and state of life obligeth us to perform; and to accomplish them well, and only for the honour and love of God, referring them all to his glory.—He who thus acteth, may be said to be perfect in his state of life, and a man according to the heart and the will of God.

FRANCE.—In a list of persons decorated with the Legion of Honor, published in the Paris papers, is the name of the Rev. Dr. McSweeney, President of the Irish College of Paris.—*Id.*

## INTERMENTS.

### AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS

- JUNE 13—Ellen, Daughter of John and Bridget Waler, aged 8 months.  
 14—Denis Butler, Native of Ireland, aged forty-six years.  
 15—John Lyons, Native of the County Cork, Ireland, aged 45 years.  
 15—Eliza, Daughter of Patrick and Mary Walsh aged 4 years and 6 months.  
 18—John Joseph, Son of Henry and Margaret Schragee, aged 3 years.

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