

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 8.

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, MARCH 1, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- MARCH 2.—Fourth Sunday of Lent—Vespers of the following day.
- ... 3.—Monday—St. Dionysus, Pope and Confessor.
  - ... 4.—Tuesday—St. Lucius, Pope and Martyr.
  - ... 5.—Wednesday—St. Casimerus, Confessor.
  - ... 6.—Thursday—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
  - ... 7.—Friday—Feast of the most precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.
  - ... 8.—Saturday—St. John of God, Confessor.

## LITERATURE.

### HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

'Ava Maria' Maiden mild,  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer;  
 Thou canst hear—tho' from the wild,  
 Thou canst advise amid despair;  
 Ava Maria—stainless steel  
 Foul demons of the earth and air  
 From this their wonted haunt expelled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.'

*Sir Walter Scott.*

Spotless Mary—Mother hail,  
 O! guard me with a mother's love;  
 As o'er life's darken'd wave I sail,  
 Guide on the bark towards Heaven above.

Mary, when my heart oppress'd,  
 Sinks beneath dull earth's decree;  
 Then, bright Queen of Virgins, blest  
 My thoughts for solace mount to thee.

When I shed the bitter tear,  
 And every hope with gloom o'ercast,  
 Thine angel-whisper soothes mine ear:  
 With the sweet words—'it will not last.'

When the passing sports of life,  
 Lure me from religion's track;  
 I sicken 'neath the busy strife,  
 And thy brightness wins me back.

When every moment sorrow brings,  
 I hear the music of thy voice;

Exclaim—Oh! work for brighter things,  
 And thy soul will yet rejoice.

O sacred Queen! to thee I soar:  
 Teach me to love thy Son with truth:  
 Mother! blessed where pain is o'er,  
 Be thou the starlight of my youth.

Vain mocking worldlings scorn thy name  
 And o'er dead heroes trophies raise;  
 They deify each sin with fame,  
 Deriding thee, all worthy praise.

O Sacred Virgin lend thy aid,  
 Teach me to fly their faults, and love  
 Thy purity, Celestial Queen,  
 For sake of 'Him' who reigns above.

When death has marked me as his prey,  
 And mourning friends shed sorrow's tear;  
 And my last breath leaves mortal clay,  
 Let thy chaste spirit hover near.

Yes, thou shalt have my latest sigh,  
 Remember me—I am thine own;  
 Come from beyond thy starry sky,  
 And wait me to thy Father's throne.

## FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

MATIN HYMN.

Parent of clemency supreme,  
 Who rulest the world's frame,  
 In Persons Three-fold, Thou art God,  
 Of Substance, One and Same.

Give us Thy right hand when we rise,  
 Let each mind sober wake,  
 And, glowing in the praise of God,  
 Its due thanksgiving make.

To God the Father glory be,  
 To His well-beloved Son,  
 And to the Spirit Paraclite,  
 While endless years move on.