

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 26.

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, JULY 3, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

JULY 6—Sunday VIII after Pentecost—Octavo of Sts. Peter and Paul, Apostles.  
 ... 7—Monday—St Benedict XI. Pope and Confessor.  
 ... 8—Tuesday—St Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, Widow.  
 ... 9—Wednesday—Feast of the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
 ... 10—Thursday—Feast of the Seven Brothers, Martyrs.  
 ... 11—Friday—St Pius, Pope and Martyr.  
 ... 12—Saturday—St. John of Gualbert, Abbott.

## LITERATURE.

[From Teit's Magazine.]

### MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

A LONELY mourner kneels in prayer, before the Virgin's face,  
 With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.  
 Wan is her cheek, and very pale; her voice is low and faint!  
 O, little could you deem, from her sad and lowly mein,  
 That she was once the Bride of France, and still is Scotland's Queen!

O, Mary, Mother! Mary, Mother! be my help and stay!  
 Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to day,  
 For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,  
 I solace sought, in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:  
 For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, and men were harsh to thee,  
 And cruel things, and rude they said, as they have said to me.

O gentlemen of Scotland! O cavaliers of France!  
 How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,  
 If ladye love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearer bride,

Had been like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied!  
 But these are sinful thoughts, and sad—I should not mind me now.  
 Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or sad or fruitless vow!

But rather pray—sweet Mary—my sins may be forgiven!  
 And less severe than on the earth, my judges prove in Heaven.  
 For stern and solemn men have said—God's vengeance will be shown,  
 And fearful will the penance be on the sins which I have done!  
 And yet, albeit my sins be great—Oh, Mary, Mother dear  
 Nor to Knox, nor to false Murray, the Judge will then give ear.

Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,  
 To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.  
 Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, to while whole hours away  
 In dark and gloomy Holyrood with some Italian lay.  
 Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,  
 How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezabel!

But thou—dear Mary—Mary, mine! hast ever looked the same,  
 With pleasant mein and smile serene on her who bore thy name.  
 Oh, grant that, when anon I go to death, I may not see,  
 Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman—but Thee, and only Thee!  
 How 'twill be told in coming times, how Mary gave her grace,  
 To die, as Stuart—Guise should die—of Charlemagne's fearless race!