

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 1.

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, JANUARY 11, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- JANUARY 12.—Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany.—Versers of the same.
- 13.—Monday, Octave of the Epiphany.
- 14.—Tuesday, St. Hilary, Bishop and Confessor.
- 15.—Wednesday, St. Paul, Hermit Confessor.
- 16.—Thursday, St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.
- 17.—Friday, St. Anthony, Abbott.
- 18.—Saturday, Feast of the Chair of St. Peter.

The bond of faith and truth that bound the poor man to the lord, cord.  
When the people loved their rulers, their religion, and their laws,  
And the welfare of the nation was to all a sacred cause.

There were merry days in England—there were joys we never knew  
Ere our poor men were so many and our rich men were so few.\*  
When by honor or integrity our rich men will stand or fall,—  
Before the great King MAXIM was the King that governed all!

## LITERATURE.

### THERE WERE MERRY DAYS IN ENGLAND.

"G—call thy sons; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear  
To pay it—by transcribing down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

ARKWRIGHT.

There were merry days in England—and a blush is on my brow,  
When I think of what our land has been and what our hopes are  
now:

When our peasantry and artisans were good as well as brave,  
And mildly heard the blessed truths the old religion gave.

There were merry days in England when a common lot we felt,  
When at one shrine, and in one faith the peer and peasant knelt;  
A faith that linked in holy bonds, the cottage and the throne,  
Before a thousand priests arose—with each a creed—his own!

There were merry days in England, when on the village green,  
The good old pastor that they loved, amid the flock was seen,  
The parish Church, that even then, had seen an earlier day,  
There only like their forefathers, the people went to pray.

There were merry days in England—now, mark the Sabbath-day,  
How many ebb the faces wherewith their good forefathers lay,  
Scarcely new light glitters in their path—but let the truth be told,  
And who can say he's happier now, than those who lived of old?

There were merry days in England—ere England's direst foes  
By chance forth scudded, in their wickedness arose  
To riot in the scenes of which, once, Britons would recoil  
To wreck a thousand hearths and homes, and—fatten on the spoil!

There were merry days in England—ere they traitors snapp'd the

\*The Arkwrights of society, whose towering fortunes are built upon the ruin of a thousand families.

### LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

The following is from the pen of Mr. Newman, Pusey's celebrated associate in the great movement towards a "Union of the Churches." One feels surprised while reading such productions, that these Gentlemen do not, at once, join the Roman Catholic communion. There is so much of deep reverence and of enthusiastic admiration in their productions, that the most devoted Catholic would feel unwilling, in this sceptical age, to publish the details of ascetic history found in their books. Why do they not become Catholics? Because, "Spiritus spirat, ubi vult."—the grace of God is His gift, not of our acquiring;—and no brightness of intelligence can affect the will; until the moving power of His interposition begins to operate. There is a species of unchristian forgetfulness in reducing grace to the rules of nature, as we do by such questions as, "Why do they not become Catholics?" The time of the Almighty has not come. "Tempus meum nondum adventit. Tempus vestrum semper est parapatum."

The patrons of the following are now said to be two-thirds of the active officiating clergy of the