

THE CROSS.

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.

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Weekly Calendar.

- August 20—Sunday XI. after Pentecost. Saint
Joachim, C., Father of the B.V. Mary
21—Monday, S. Jane Frances de Chantal,
Widow.
22—Tuesday, Octave of the Assumption.
23—Wednesday, S. Philip Beniti Conf.
24—Thursday, SS Soter and Caius, Popes
and Martyrs (From April 22.)
25—Friday, S. Bartholomew, Apostle.
26—Saturday, S. Zephirinus I. Pope and
Martyr.

The Month of Mary.

*Oh, Mary, conceived without sin,
pray for me, who have recourse to
you."*

It was a fine evening in the month of May, and after wandering long among the tombs of Pere la Chaise, I was about to depart from thence, when a murmur of voices fell on my ear, and turning round I beheld a sight which never shall, which never can be obliterated from my memory. It was a funeral procession—but one which told less of death than of life everlasting, less of grief than of gladness, that a pure spirit had been relieved from the contagion of earth to joy in the purity of its heavenly sisters. Beside the coffin walked a pair of mourners whose looks of misery told their tale; they were the parents of the departed; perhaps they had lost their only child, the joy of their younger days; the hope and

staff of their approaching age. Neither of them was old; the creature over whom they wept could have barely passed the first years of childhood; and the hat bands of the mourners, and the pall that covered the coffin, were of the spotless hue that denotes the virgin.

The coffin was preceded by a troop of young girls all clad in white, and bearing wreaths of white roses in their hands. Their eyes were cast modestly down, and amid looks of deep recollection and prayer, I thought I could trace on many a fair young brow a mingled expression of sadness for the loss of a friend, and of most sweet assurance of her present bliss. I knew at once that this young troop of mourners belonged to the Society of the Month of Mary; and that they were about to consign a companion of their pious association to an early grave.

The Month of Mary has always appeared to me one of the most beautiful, as it certainly is one of the most poetical, of the devotions of the Catholic Church. By this holy practice, the month of May, the fairest of the months of Spring, is dedicated to Mary, who was the first and fairest among the daughters of men, and whose days beamed upon this unhappy world like a beautiful Spring, making it fair by her virtues, and bright by the promise of that spiritual summer which was to visit its children in the person of her Son. But I must return to Pere la Chaise. The pure child of this most pure devotion, was consigned to earth; her