


how much vice has triumphed, how many homes made desolate, how many friends irrecoverably lost, how many widows and orphans created with no other heritage but that of tears, how many parents left childless to whom the whole world is a melancholy void, how many new tenants have peopled the crowded regions of the dead, how many immortal souls whose priceless value was written in letters of blood, even the Blood of a God, consigned to hopeless perdition, to black despair, to everlasting fire, the horrid depths of whose eternal dungeon no ray of hope shall ever penetrate!

But, if 'the desires of sinners have perished,' if their guilty pleasures are ended, so are also the sufferings of the just. For the good Christian the trials and persecutions of the past are over, but the merit of their patient endurance is written in the Book of Life. 'The Recording Angel has duly noted every sigh, and tear, and pang, with all the minute detail of suffering for justice' sake. Sweet is now the memory of past anguish to the tried servant of God, because it is gilded with the bright hope of future rewards. He has added another year to his  of salvation, he has advanced another year to the possession of his Sovereign Good. His painful exile is shortened his sorrowful pilgrimage through the valley of tears is abridged, he may 'lift up his head,' he can 'exult and rejoice for his redemption is at hand.' Yet 'a little while' and 'He that is to come, will come, and will not delay.' Another short interval of hopeful patience, and the faithful soldier of Christ will behold the King 'in whom he trusted' coming to decorate his brow with the immortal crown of justice, coming to invest him with the glorious palm-branch of triumph, and the White Robe that is washed in the blood of the Lamb.

'O children of men how long will you love vanity, and seek after lying?' How long will you blindly devote yourselves to a world that is slipping from beneath your feet? How long will you trouble yourselves with a thousand useless cares and dangerous distractions whilst you forget that there is but **ONE THING NECESSARY?** How long will you suffer cold and hunger and thirst, and expose yourselves to a thousand perils by sea and land for delusive wealth and fleeting objects, which, when attained, can never satiate your heart? How long will you devote your days and nights to the settlement of your earthly accounts, to the balancing of your books, and the reckoning of your gains, whilst the

great account of conscience, the awful account, upon the settlement of which hangs an eternity of weal or woe, is deferred to the last?

Alas! alas! though each revolving year in its departing knell proclaims that the history of mankind is a history of death, mankind live as if this world's existence, and their own, were never to have an end.

The Cross is now commencing its Fourth Year. It was begun for no earthly speculation, for no sordid love of gain, for no political cause. True to our original declarations, we have endeavoured to conduct it in such a manner, as that it might be read by all, without wounding the feelings of any. To aid in the diffusion of religious Truth, to unfold some of the beauties of the Ancient Faith, to expound for the Catholic some of the dogmatic points as well as the moral precepts of his Religion, to awe the sinner, to confirm the just, to excite the slothful and encourage the timid, to defend the most sacred principles in the language of moderation and charity, to give glory to God in heaven, and peace to men of good will on earth, to cultivate between our fellow-men the fraternal love of the gospel of Christ, to correct erroneous impressions, and remove unfounded misrepresentations—these have been our principal objects; and if we have succeeded in reclaiming even one Catholic, or inducing one honest opponent to 'return to judgment,' and to look with juster and kinder feelings on our much calumniated creed, we would consider that our humble labours have been fully rewarded.

We would respectfully entreat the Clergy of this and the neighbouring Provinces to lend us their valuable aid in promoting the circulation of the Cross. It is published at so trifling a sum as to place it within the reach of all, and it forms at the close of each year an entertaining and instructive volume. We will always feel happy in publishing for the Clergy, any communications affecting the interests of our common Religion, with which they may favour us; and if our clerical readers be extended we hope to be able to devote a portion of the Cross to Ecclesiastical matter, to Rubrics and Decrees of the Congregation of Rites which they would find particularly useful.

To each and all of our readers we wish a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!** May it be to them a year of holiness, a year of grace, and a year of salvation!

Books are sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable.