

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. 1.

No. 7.

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.

HALFAX, FEBRUARY 22, 1845.

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY 23—Third Sunday of Lent:—Vespers of the following day.

... 24—Monday, St. Mathias, Apostle.

... 25—Tuesday, St. Felix III., Pope and Confessor.

... 26—Wednesday, St. Margaret, of Corton.

... 27—Thursday, St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

... 28—Friday, The Five Sacred Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

MARCH 1—Saturday, St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

ORIGINAL.

THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

(Translated from the Latin of Sannazarius, by a Student.)

[Concluded.]

The virgin, list'ning, drinks the song in joy,
That hails the birth-hour of the coming Boy.
Then rising swiftly, lifts her glowing eyes,
And thus to heav'n with soul ecstatic cries:—
Almighty Sire! who hold'st thy high command,
O'er all the sky—the ocean, and the land,
And O! as fast appears that period bright,
In which shall spring thy spotless son to light,
In which the earth upon my bliss shall smile,
And strew her vales with rosy wreaths the while:
To thee, behold! I render back once more
The ripen'd fruit—the long entrusted store;
Do thou protect me with thy powerful arm,
Nor see my honour suffer aught of harm.
Sweet Babe! soon I, with many a fond caress,
Close to my heart thy lovely form shall press;
My well-known breast oft shall I see thee seek,
And print in smiles sweet kisses on my cheek.

Cling round my neck, and hang upon my breast,
And then at length sink tranquilly to rest!
Thus spoke the maid, dissolved in love away,
Then hung, enraptur'd, on the Spirits' lay!

The moon now beaming o'er the middle sky,
Told to her soul the happy hour was nigh;
What pleasing frenzy hurries me along!—
Assist, blest maid! inspire thy poet's song:
High o'er the clouds I'm borne—all heav'n I see
Descending down to view the wondrous mystery:
—O give the deed on wings of flame to fly:
The Mighty! Grand! Ineffable! Most High!
Away—ye base, degenerate carus! away—
While themes of heav'n inspire my lofty lay:
No more fill'd with ecstasy and free from fears,
There stands, in thoughts divine, the Queen of future years—
The Father and the Son, and He who stood
Above the darkness, on the Ocean-lood,
Ere in the skies the sun's effulgence beam'd,
Or the mild moon with fainter lustre gleam'd,
With rays of Glory fill the favour'd scene,
And calm the bosom of the Virgin-Queen.
Her painless bearing—her unsullied name—
And all she heard God's messenger proclaim.
Meantime come freshly o'er her spirit—when,
(O night of bliss to angels and to men!)
Suddenly bursting on her glorious dreams
The awful moment of deliverance beams,
And there as rests she on her couch forlorn,
And stars, and skies, stand aw'd—behold The Christ is born!

Thus when the Spring is smiling all around,
The silver dews descend upon the ground,—
The thirsty grass receives the silent stream,
And radiant gems o'er all the meadow's gleam:
The earth is moistened; and the pearly rain
Wets the rough garment of some wandering swain,
He turns his eyes to mark the dewy tresses,