

# THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 14.

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, APRIL 12, 1845.

## CALENDAR.

- ANAL 13.—Third Sunday after Easter—Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Confessor. Psalms of the day.  
... 14.—Monday—St. Simplicius, Pope and Confessor.  
... 15.—Tuesday—St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor and Doctor.  
... 16.—Wednesday—St. Francesca Romana, Widow.  
... 17.—Thursday—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.  
... 18.—Friday—St. Benedict, Abbot.  
... 19.—Saturday—St. Leo, Pope and Confessor.

## LITERATURE.

### TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

DEAR, sainted mother; look 'at thou down  
From thy bright residence in heaven,  
With tearful eye and earnest prayer,  
Upon these heart-strings riven!

Dost thou behold the spirit's woe,  
The agony intense and long,  
Of him thou once didst bless and soothe,  
With thy caress and song?

I fain would think so: it is balmy  
That binds the bleeding tendrils up;  
In tryst's hour, this blessed thought  
Half-drains the bitter cup.

Thy image, mother, did not leave  
Its impress on my infant mind;  
They tell me thou wert young and fair—  
I feel that thou wert kind.

They tell me of thy yearning love—  
Thy frequent and impassioned prayer,  
For me thy darling, only child,  
Thy idol and thy care.

They tell me also thou didst meet  
With sweet resign, the porter Death,  
And speak of Heaven and think of me,  
With thy last lingering breath:

I knew it not perchance I slept,  
Unconscious of myself and thee,  
Or cried in childish peerishness,  
Or laughed in 'roguish' glee.

Perchance I knew my mother's kiss—  
Her eye with mortal anguish wet;  
Great God! and is this all of life,  
To know—and to forget?

My mother! hast thou watched the feet,  
Thou wouldst have lived to guard and guide?  
And hast thou seen them toiling up  
Life's rugged mountain-side?

And hast thou known when sin assailed  
And fierce the conflict raged within?  
And was it thou didst cheer me on,  
And help the field to win?

I know not but full oft I've held  
In spirit sweet commune with thee,  
Through that old blackened scroll of thine,  
Which teems with love to me.

Mother! thy hand didst pen these lines:  
Thy tears annoy and hallow them!  
A thousand fold more dear are they,  
To me, than countless gems.

I love to think, when they were penned  
I lay beneath the watchful eye:  
And often thou didst stoop to kiss—  
But kissed me with a sigh!

'Ah, who will care for thee, my boy,  
When I am low, and cold my brow?  
Will any speak to E'wy then,  
As does his mother now?

Just God to thee I give him o'er—  
Fountain of power and of love!  
So teach and guide that I may meet  
My precious one above!

Most sacred relic! thou dost speak  
As from the far, far world of light.  
Attend, dull soul, my mother's call  
Dost urge thy upward flight.