

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 6.

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, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY	16—Second Sunday of Lent—Vespers of the following day.
...	17—Monday, St. Lyginus, Pope and Martyr.
...	18—Tuesday, St. Raymond, of Pennafort, Confessor.
...	19—Wednesday, Feast of the Most Sacred Name of Jesus.
...	20—Thursday, St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
...	21—Friday, Feast of the Winding Sheet of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
...	22—Saturday, Chair of St. Peter, at Antioch

ORIGINAL.

THE BIRTH;

A DIVINE POEM.

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

[Continued]

The Psill last obey the high commands,
And those that hold the Grammatian lands,
And those who plough the Cyrenian ground,
Where richest fruits, and rarest plants abound,
And those that dwell in Ayrta's sacred shades;
And those that traverse Ilasbyria's far glades;
And those that cover the Maranarian strands,
And they that stretch o'er Egypt's fertile lands,
And the inhabitants of Meros isle,
Whose fields are watered by the heavenly Nile.
Attended, also, by his virgin chaste,
The saintly Joseph moves along in haste,
To have his lineage, and his name inroll'd
Observe the law, and pay the order'd gold,
Inspecting, therefore, his ancestral strain,
And all the kingdoms subject to their reign,
In silent thought he marks the regal line,
Their splendid deeds—their origin divine,
And now, though poor and mark'd indeed no more,
With aught that signified his sines of yore,

He comes from far, and hastens to proclaim
Before the world their number and their name,
Now having pass'd, O Galilee; thy bounds,
And Carinol's vale—and Thabor's rural grounds
And fair Samaria—land of palm and flow'rs,—
He leaves behind him Solyma's high tow'rs,
Then as he looks on, from a neighbouring height,
The well known prospect that arose in sight,
Where high in air appear'd those wails and spires
That show'd at last the City of his sires,
With hands uprais'd, exclaim'd thus he cries,
While sudden tears came trickling from his eyes:—
Hail tow'rs of Bethlehem! hail lov'd domains!
O'er which my Fathers held their golden reigns;
I hail my sweet home! hail thou fair land of Kings!
From out whose bosom now a monarch springs,
Whom stars and skies shall honour at his birth,
And angels celebrate o'er heaven and earth!
Jove's fabrick crete before the low shall bow,
Fam'd Dirces walls shall lose their lustre now;
The name of Deios shall be heard no more,
By thee eclipsed her days of pride are o'er—
Vain words!—e'en Rome shall come with humbled crown,
That brilliant spot of Glory and Renown!
And bid her hills—her seven proud hills resign
Their vaunted splendor to give place to thine!
Thus spoke the sage, then moving quickly down,
Resum'd his journey to the distant town.

And now the sun descending brilliantly,
In beauty shone above th' Iberian sea,
Wherein, reflect'd, smil'd the evening skies,
With purple clouds, and brightly tinctur'd dyes;
When lo! was seen a num'rous spreading throng,
Pour through the gates, and crowding rush along,
So thick ning, vast, that he who view'd their train,
Would deem them merchants wasted o'er the main,
Or men who harass'd by the foeman's brand,
In hope of safety fled their native land.