

THE CROSS.



NEW
SERIES

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VOL. I.

No. 24.

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, JUNE 21, 1915.

CALENDAR.

- June 22.—Sunday—6th after Pentecost. Vespers of the day.
... 23.—Monday—Vig. St. John Neopmucene, Martyr.
... 24.—Tuesday—Nat. St. John, Baptist.
... 25.—Wednesday—St. Galicianus, Martyr.
... 26.—Thursday—SS. John and Paul, Martyr.
... 27.—Friday—St. Wilham, Abbot.
... 28.—Saturday—Vig. St. Leo II, Pope and Confessor.

THE QUEBEC SUFFERERS.

The Collection at the Masses on Sunday is to be appropriated to the relief of the poor sufferers at Quebec. Eight Gentlemen have charitably consented to aid the Collectors already acting, in order to render the collection more efficient. Four Collectors will thus be in attendance at each Mass.

ALL the Collectors will have the kindness to meet in the Vestry before last Mass, to make arrangements for that Mass.

LITERATURE.

VIA CRISIS, VIA LUCIS.

Hour turns to day :

When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Lre long the op'ning flowers,
With dowy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms :—

When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up !

The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquility behind.

Winter wakes spring :

When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up !
All beautiful and glowing,
May float in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace :

Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose :

With noontide's fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life :

Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up !
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

James Montgomery.

Without the love of God, no outward work avails ; but every work that is done for the love of God, however slight and worthless it may seem, brings forth fruit. For God thinks more of a man's means than of the work which he does.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.