

THE CROSS.



NEW

SERIES.

VOL. I.

No. 11.

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, MARCH 22, 1815.

CALENDAR.

MARCH	23.—Easter Sunday—Vespers of the day.
...	24.—Easter Monday.
...	25.—Easter Tuesday.
...	26.—Easter Wednesday.
...	27.—Easter Thursday.
...	28.—Easter Friday.
...	29.—Easter Saturday.

ORIGINAL.

[For the Cross]

THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

BY A STUDENT.

A happy and a holy time is Easter. Even sorrow is rejoiced on *that* day—even wretchedness forgets her own name, and for a while dresses her haggard frame in the raiment of wealth. There is a change in the poorest dwelling—a light and a new being seem to inhabit the humblest homestead—and, 'twere surely no great extravagance to believe that Easter is one of those days which blessed the haunts of Paradise, and shows us that even unhappy man may be happy. Anger and hatred and all the bad passions are absent on Easter. "Come," says the enemy to the object of his resentment, "come, we shall be friends again." "Tush!" cries the man of passion, "I will be tranquil to-day." Everything is charmed into pleasantness at Easter, while Love and Peace,

and Harmony seem to mingle their sweets and to pour them out into all existence.

There is a beautiful superstition among the Irish with regard to Easter. The sun, they say, at his rising on Easter-morning is known to dance with delight at the triumph of his Maker arising on that day from the grave, and many and many an eye is early gazing from its green heights at home to witness their scene of Fancy's own forming. What a fine thought!—who but the possessor of an Irish heart could frame so magnificent an idea? Nature—inanimate nature—endowed with feelings of thankfulness and rapture at the immortal victory of its God!

The bridal-day of Heaven and Earth! O, such indeed is Easter! 'Tis then that the Lord is known in a more special manner, to gladden the hearts of his children—'tis then that he, by the mouth of his ministers, invites them all to meet him at his holy altar and become one with himself. The high, and low, and gentle and froward, partake of the happiness of that glorious season. Winter with all his terrors appears to take wing, and away—Spring, it may be said, dates her birth just as the sun that morning begins to lavish his splendors over the bright blue waste of heaven.—The organ, that old solemn tenement of the gallery—the organ, whose every tone is a warbling spirit singing of the bliss on high,—the very smile that irradiates every feature over which the dark days