

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: / **Some pages are cut off.**
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
			J		
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CROSS.

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.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1843.

No. 25.

Weekly Calendar.

- August 20—Sunday XI. after Pentecost. Saint
Joachim, C., Father of the B.V. Mary
21—Monday, S. Jane Frances de Chantal,
Widow.
22—Tuesday, Octave of the Assumption.
23—Wednesday, S. Philip Beniti Conf.
24—Thursday, SS Soter and Caius, Popes
and Martyrs (From April 22.)
25—Friday, S. Bartholomew, Apostle.
26—Saturday, S. Zephirinus I. Pope and
Martyr.

The Month of Mary.

*Oh, Mary, conceived without sin,
pray for me, who have recourse to
you."*

It was a fine evening in the month of May, and after wandering long among the tombs of Pere la Chaise, I was about to depart from thence, when a murmur of voices fell on my ear, and turning round I beheld a sight which never shall, which never can be obliterated from my memory. It was a funeral procession—but one which told less of death than of life everlasting, less of grief than of gladness, that a pure spirit had been relieved from the contagion of earth to joy in the purity of its heavenly sisters. Beside the coffin walked a pair of mourners whose looks of misery told their tale; they were the parents of the departed; perhaps they had lost their only child, the joy of their younger days; the hope and

staff of their approaching age. Neither of them was old; the creature over whom they wept could have barely passed the first years of childhood; and the hat bands of the mourners, and the pall that covered the coffin, were of the spotless hue that denotes the virgin.

The coffin was preceded by a troop of young girls all clad in white, and bearing wreaths of white roses in their hands. Their eyes were cast modestly down, and amid looks of deep recollection and prayer, I thought I could trace on many a fair young brow a mingled expression of sadness for the loss of a friend, and of most sweet assurance of her present bliss. I knew at once that this young troop of mourners belonged to the Society of the Month of Mary; and that they were about to consign a companion of their pious association to an early grave.

The Month of Mary has always appeared to me one of the most beautiful, as it certainly is one of the most poetical, of the devotions of the Catholic Church. By this holy practice, the month of May, the fairest of the months of Spring, is dedicated to Mary, who was the first and fairest among the daughters of men, and whose days beamed upon this unhappy world like a beautiful Spring, making it fair by her virtues, and bright by the promise of that spiritual summer which was to visit its children in the person of her Son. But I must return to Pere la Chaise. The pure child of this most pure devotion, was consigned to earth; her

ters in piety and love had knelt round her grave, mingling their prayers with tears, half of sorrow for her death, half of sympathy for her present bliss; then each hung her white garland on it, until it became a trophy of white blossoms, and so they all departed in prayer and religious resignation. The bereaved parents alone remained on the spot where their all of earthly joy was buried. Long and fervently that mother prayed! Now she cast her eyes to Heaven, as if there she could trace the flight of her child to bliss! and now she cast them to the earth, as nature would have its way, and her heart was wrung with sad thoughts of the coffin and the worm, and all that makes death horrible to the mind of man. What a contrast those mourners made, each weeping over an object apparently equally dear to both. It was religion and its absence—frenzied sorrow, and silent resignation—the madness of proud despair and the tranquillity of humble hope. The mother's heart was torn with anguish, but supported by an innate sense of religion, which whispered sweet thoughts of the happiness of her child, and hopes of a future union with her. But the father, his face was of despair, earthly despair—the despair of having lost one most dear, without the chance of ever beholding her again. For him there was no hope in God, no belief in the immortality of the soul,—annihilation was written on his brow; and too surely did he seem to think, that all yet remaining of the bright child of his household was mingling for ever in the dust at his feet. The Cross was before him and he turned not to it for consolation or for prayer: Heaven was above him; he raised not his wistful glances thither: but with the strong grasp of despair he

clutched some fading flowers from the grave, and gazed upon it with a fixed and downward look, as if he still sought to pierce through its awful gloom, and there, and there alone, had thought or hoped to behold his child. For this man religion existed not and God himself was as nothing in his eyes. The thought made me shudder and I turned aside. A slight shriek woke me from my reverie; I turned again, I beheld him with frantic eagerness trying to tear aside the earth that veiled his child from his sight. The woman had been roused by this action of madness, and with tears entreated him to desist from his purpose. He heeded her not, and was actually making some progress in his mad design, when she saw me and brought me to assist in calming him. I did what I could: it would have been idle to talk to this man of religion, or of its consolation, but I kept my eyes upon him, and talked for a long time, quietly endeavouring to lead his mind from the subject that engrossed it; and when he seemed calmer, I advised him to retire, adding that he could return later, when there would be fewer spectators of his sorrow.

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the poor woman. "In the calm evening, dear Pierre; that was the hour our Marie loved."

These words seemed to strike him; he rose, and suffered us, for he was utterly exhausted by the violence of his grief, to lead him to his home. Once there, he retired to an inner chamber; his wife would have followed him, but I advised her to suffer this solitary indulgence of his sorrow. She complied, and gently thanked me for my kindness.

"But for your kindness," she said, in a tone of deep feeling, "he would have succeeded in ——" The idea was too horrible, and she broke off suddenly.

"Oh, Marie! Marie!" she sobbed in an under tone. "Ah, Madam! did you know the creature we have lost, you would not wonder at his sorrow—nor at his despair," she added, after a moment's pause, "for he is an infidel, without religion—without a God. He does not believe he has a soul, or that we shall ever behold our child again."

The poor woman looked upon me now as a friend—as a benefactor who had saved the remains of her child from profanation; and, by degrees, she told me the little history of her Marie. I cannot give it better than in her own words, as I heard it partly then, and partly at different visits I paid her afterwards.

"I have told you," she began, "that my husband is an infidel; he is also a man of most violent temper. His conversation is enough to contaminate the strongest Christian; you may believe it might destroy the rising principles of a child. My poor Marie! My life was passed in seeking to efface the impressions which her soul received, and to undo the harm that bad example and profane conversation were perpetually doing. For a time I hoped I had succeeded; but it pleased God to visit me with sickness, which confined me to my bed for several years.—When I rose from it, I no longer recognised my child; the evil doctrine had entered her soul, it had taken root and flourished there. Shall I ever forget the anguish of my heart, when first from the lips of my child I heard the blasphemous doctrines she had learned from her father? It was, indeed, too true. While I was helpless on the bed of pain, that father, who should have shielded his child from the very shadow of sin, had instilled into her's the poisonous creed of his own unhap-

py soul. She laughed in scorn at the name of God, scoffed at religion, mocked at the priests, and never went to church except to meet the gay companions of her folly. She was now surrounded by people well calculated to allure her into vice; she was beautiful, and endowed with a genius, which, if trained in a right direction, had been the pride and glory of her mother; but, perverted as it was, I declare to you I would have gladly renounced it to behold her a gibbering idiot at my feet, so that with the change had come the unstained innocence of an idiot soul. Marie had now attained her fourteenth year; in vain I raised my warning voice. I was a bigot in the eyes of my child, and at last I became passive, content to implore the Mother of God, to whom I had devoted Marie at her birth, that the sins of the father might not be visited on the head of the child. My prayer was in mercy heard, and gladly do I pass over her youthful errors, to tell you of her prompt repentance and heroic virtues. She conceived a strong desire to go on the stage; this awoke her father from his dream of security. Both were of vehement temper, and I will not describe the scenes that followed. While this contest was at its height, we went to a village fete; it was the first of May, and with the exception of my child, all the girls of the fete belonged to the association of the Month of Mary. They had been to communion that morning, and they came to the fete full of innocent and religious joy. Their Lord was reposing in their hearts;—alas! the passions of this world were in the breast of my child: the contrast wrung my soul with anguish. They looked like the birds of Heaven, in their white robes, and whiter wreaths; a little pic-

ture of their heavenly mother hung round their necks. Marie, alone, was in the garb of the worldling, was divested of her spotless robe, and, far worse, her baptismal innocence was no longer on her soul. She herself perceived and felt the difference; I saw it in her face that she did. Her companions gathered round her, and sportively besought her to join their society. She hesitated; I felt as if her salvation depended on her answer. (Oh, Mother! how I besought your aid in that hour!) A sense of guilt seemed to steal over her soul, and something she muttered about being unworthy. They over-ruled her objections, and made a circle round her. One of them took off her own wreath and picture; they knelt, and recited the prayer of the association. Marie, at first, remained standing, then she hid her face in her hands, and before the prayer was concluded she had sunk on her knees. Thus, she received the wreath and picture; I had not seen her in that attitude since the days of her childhood.

"I know not what she thought, or what she felt, but I can imagine, for she suddenly started from her knees, and rushed through the smiling sympathising crowd. Finding, after some time, that she came back no more, I also retired home; and opening the door of her little chamber, beheld her prostrate on her knees; the wreath and picture were placed before her, and the poor child was weeping bitterly. I would have retired, but she heard me, and springing up, she first flung herself into my arms, and then fell prostrate at my feet, imploring my pardon for the past sins of her life. From that hour she was an altered being; the books of poetry and of song, the pictures of actors, and of

worldly heroes, by which she had loved to decorate her room, were there no longer; and pious books, and pious pictures usurped their place. A crucifix was against the wall, and beneath it the withered garland ever retained its place. The picture she always wore upon her bosom. Both have been buried with her. In all ways she sought to repair the past scandal of her life. She publicly implored pardon of her young companions for the example she had given. She would ever walk last in processions as the most unworthy; the first and the last she was ever in the Church! her whole life was divided between prayer and good works. She instructed the ignorant, attended the sick, and more than one poor wretch has owned in his dying hour, that under God, he owned his hopes of salvation to her charity and zeal. This sudden change of life, at first astonished her father. He thought she intended to enter a convent, and he was furious at the idea. He overwhelmed her with abuse, with curses, aye, and often, very often, with blows, likewise. She bore all in patience; she who could never before endure an impatient word, now sat like an angel smiling through her tears. And when the storm was over, and his passion had exhausted itself into silence, she would steal to his side and kiss the hand that had been raised against her, and implore his pardon for having given him offence. Her devotion to the mother of God was wonderful. Her face would brighten at the very name of Mary, and she would often speak to her young friends of her Heavenly Mother with a fervour and holy joy, that failed not to draw from every eye those tears, the very mention of that sweet name could bring in her own. Most of all; she wished to die in

that fair month which is devoted to Mary—and her wish was in mercy granted.

For months I perceived a change in her appearance, which made me tremble lest I should lose my child at the very moment she became worthy of my love. Consumption took possession of her delicate frame; her colour became deeper and more lovely; her eyes seemed to grow larger and more brilliant; the blue veins of her forehead were distinctly visible through the transparent brilliancy of her skin. She wasted away, withering like a flower that fades in the sun; and last week she died. Oh! had you seen, as I did, the expression of that angel face, when, for the last time, she placed the Cross to her lips, the withered wreath to her beating heart; had you seen the bright smile with which she gave her soul to her Creator, you would have believed, as firmly as I do, that it winged its way straight to the habitation of the blessed. Before she died she made a moving exhortation to her father; I trust it will take effect at a future time, at present he is in despair."

The sound of a footstep in the next room made her pause in her story, she opened the door, but her husband was no longer there; terror was depicted on the poor woman's face.

"He is not here," she cried, "he will go mad on her grave. Oh! if ever you hope for the mercies of God, come with me and seek him there."

We hurried to the cemetery; the sun was just setting, and the last rays of glory were shining on the grave. The wretched father was on his knees, prostrate among heaps of withering flowers. At that instant a swell of music floated on the air, and the young girls of the Month of Mary, dressed in white, and singing a hymn to the Mother of God, approached the grave, scattering fresh white flowers upon it. We fell upon our knees; the father also appeared to listen. He raised his head; the soft sounds seemed to soothe him, and recall his scattered senses. Gradually his tears began to flow, and he turned towards the Cross on the grave. The wife saw it, she rushed through the crowd, and

tearing the Cross from her bosom, thrust out with frantic eagerness—

"Oh, Pierre! I knew it would be so. You believe that our child is happy; you believe in the God who died on this Cross!"

The man sprang from his knees and stared wildly around him. For a moment, doubt, pride, and shame appeared to shake his soul; then truth and religion triumphed; he caught the Cross, and falling on his knees, he kissed it most devoutly.

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried the wife, flinging her arms tightly round him, "and the prayer of our child is heard already."

The man made no reply, his head sank upon her shoulder, and he burst into a flood of hysterical tears, such as I had never before seen from the eyes of a man. With true natural good feeling, the crowd dispersed; none remaining with us but the Cure, who had accidentally been passing by, and remained to give what assistance was in his power. He spoke long, and seriously, with the man and Pierre submissively promised all the good priest demanded of him; and we left the couple broken-hearted, yet happy, by the grave of their child.

"And will a conversion so sudden, be also lasting?" I asked of the good priest, as we left the cemetery.

"Few conversions are really sudden, though, I admit, there have been wonderful instances of the kind. But this one is not sudden. A heist seldom succeed in believing their own doctrine, though pride induces them to call it such. There is almost always an innate conviction of its folly; infidelity, is in some, the pride of philosophy,—in others, the cowardice of guilt. Some fancy atheism the proof of a mind soaring above the superstitions of the vulgar, but many more seek to disbelieve Eternity and a just judge are fearful things to those who act as if such things were not. But the opinions of this poor Pierre must have been changing. The conversion of his child, and her happy death, cannot have failed in making an impression, not seen or felt at once, but gradually leading him to reflection and (which is

the same thing) to conviction;—for who ever seriously reflected and remained obstinate in unbelief? All his hopes are now directed to meeting his child in heaven; and he will never relapse into infidelity while he believes that she is an Angel there!"

Here we parted, as our roads lay in different directions; and I returned home weaving sweet fancies on the name of Mary.

How sweet, I thought, is the name of Mary! How well does St. Bernard speak our thoughts when he says, "Oh, Mary! you cannot be named without inflaming the heart of him, who pronounces your name and loves you." Why is this name ever given to common mortals? It should rather be enshrined in every heart,—it should never be named but with a feeling of reverence,—it should never be heard but with an interior motion of respect and love for her who bore it once, and who has thus made it a name holy to every Christian's ear. How venerable is the name of Mary,—how full of fragrance and of beauty! Truly it is an inspiration to all pious thoughts, sweet as the odours of the cedars of Lebanon, fair as the lily, lovely as the rose, meek and gentle as the lowly violet, bright as the stars that encircle her brow. All virtues, and all memories of virtue are entwined around it. Chastity, poverty, humility, obedience, charity,—these are the bright attributes of Mary, and these are the memories that encircle her name. The name of Mary has also a mystic signification—meaning, 'Star of the Sea.' She was indeed the Sea-star, the star of hope, which rose over the troubled waters of bitterness and crime, and soothed their billows to a sudden calm.

All the nations of the earth were pagans, and the bright days of the religion of Juda had vanished for ever. The days of the patriarchs, of the judges, of the kings, of the prophets, had passed away. The glory was about to depart from Jerusalem, the sceptre of her power had already been wrested from the princes of her people. The Roman cohorts were in her streets, the Roman eagles flew over her towers, a Roman delegate was on her throne, and Roman power controlled her councils. The forms of

religion were still preserved; but the spirit—the spirit was there no longer. The priests still lay prostrate before the holy of holies, the temples still echoed to Jehovah's name, but the heart slept on in cold indifference; the body was bent in prayer, but the spirit was bowed yet lower, and grovelled in the very dust in the sordid interests of human nature debased and fallen. Such was the world when Mary came,—the morning star which was to usher in the true sun of the spiritual world. As the storm-beaten mariners of ancient days hailed, with shouts of delight, the rising of that star which was their only guide over the waste of waters, so may we hail the name of Mary, as the true beacon to our haven of safety at the foot of the Cross. Oh! let it sink deeply into our souls! let it linger in our hearts, and about our lips! let us call upon it when we rejoice, as when we mourn—in the sunshine of security as in the gloom of distress and danger. It will be to us as most sweet refreshment in the hour of need as a light in the darkness of this world, as a certain assurance of safety and rest, as a shield around our hearts, and an armour of proof against the attacks of our foe. We will think on Mary and the virtues amid which that name is enshrined, will crowd to our memories and perhaps bloom in our hearts. We will speak of Mary, and the devil shall fly from before our footsteps. We will pray to Mary, and our prayer shall be heard at the throne of her Son! She, on earth, denied him nothing,—neither, in Heaven, will he refuse her aught. On earth, He called her 'Mother';—his head was pillowed on that sinless heart, his nourishment was derived from that most sinless breast. Will he deny the wish of that heart—the sighs of that bosom? Her tears often fell upon his infant brow, her lips were often pressed upon his infant cheek. Will he refuse the prayer of those lips?—Those lips which belonged to her, who shared in all his thoughts, and wept with more than a mother's love over all his woes. Where is the child who would refuse aught to his parent? Where the son would deny aught to his mother? And Father of Heaven! That mother, Mary,—that Son, the Saviour of the world.

Month of August consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Mary.

MEDITATION.

August 15.—The Pains of the Sacred Heart of Mary in Egypt.

1st Point—Consider the pains of the maternal heart of Mary in barbarous Egypt. She, and her little family, wanted there even common necessaries. They were obliged to pay dearly for food and lodging, had to work day and night, and be contented with half the hire earned by them. What pain must Mary not have felt in seeing her son suffer such privations, to be clothed in rags: to live in a poor cabin and be often hungry, and this during a long period, even to the death of Herod.

How often do we treat our Lord thus, in the persons of his poor. What we do to them we do to him. Perhaps we treat him like the Egyptians, and do not give him even of our superfluities. Ah, dear Lord, give me the bowels of mercy and charity, and grant that I may feed, clothe, and lodge you in the persons of your suffering members as far as I can.

Flower—Give some alms for love of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Fruit—To be charitable to all in distress.

MEDITATION.

August 16.—Grief of the Sacred Heart of Mary on losing Jesus in Jerusalem.

First Point—Consider how terrible was the anguish of the Sacred Heart of Mary, when she noticed the absence

of her Son, who had never before been from under her eyes. Consider how violent was her grief when for three days and three nights she sought in vain. Her grief was proportioned to her love—separation from her son, was in her equal to martyrdom from another. It was so great, that she could not avoid complaining to him when she found him in the temple, “My son, why have you done so to us?—Your father and I have sought you sorrowing.”

It was not through her own fault Mary lost her divine Son, and yet her grief was thus vehement. And we have wilfully lost him many times and without any or little regret. O, my Jesus! my sins have greatly separated me from you, ah, come to me in your mercy to-day, and thus re-united, may we never be separated from all eternity.

Flower—Frequent acts of sorrow for sin.

Fruit—Careful preservation, of grace: If a fault be committed, speedy repentance.

MEDITATION.

August 17.—Vigilant care of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Nazareth.

1st Point—Consider that Jesus having returned to Nazareth with Mary and Joseph, “was subject to them.” If a precious article be found after being lost, it will be preserved thenceforward with additional care; thus it was that Mary preserved Jesus, after having found him in the temple; no one can form an idea of her attention to all that concerned him, during the thirty years he abode with her. Her humanity

greatly suffered on seeing him so submissive and obedient: she was obliged to do herself violence to order or direct him.

How dear should our Jesus be to us when moved by our repentance, he returns to take possession of our hearts, from whence he had been driven by sin. How much should we not humble ourselves before the divine Majesty, on beholding him become our food. O, my Jesus, I am a monster of ingratitude, who should be in hell for my sins. You have dealt mercifully with me, granting me anew your grace, and coming to reside in my soul by the holy communion. And yet I live unmindful of your favors. But it shall no longer be so. O, my light, O, my Father.

Flower—The Te Deum, for favors received from God, and three Ave Marias to our Blessed Mother, for the same intention (her bounty to us.)

Fruit—To value grace, to prepare well for holy communion, and be grateful to God for his benefits.

MEDITATION.

August 18.—*The Sacred Heart of Mary, the repository of her blessed Sons words and actions.*

1st Point.—Consider what a precious treasure Mary collected in her Sacred Heart for her own and our profit, in observing the words and actions of her blessed Son, particularly during his mission. The Gospel says, she conserved all these things in her heart. When the woman exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bore, and the paps that suckled thee," our Lord publicly declared that his blessed mother was more happy in having heard

his word and kept it. Blessed are those, who, like her, shall hear the word of God and do according to it.

Are we assiduous in hearing the word of God, attentive in listening to it, and careful in practising it? We should, like Mary, hear it with eagerness, observe it with vigilance, and keep it with constancy. This holy word purifies, enlightens, and sanctifies.

O, my Lord Jesus, I have hitherto closed my ears to your holy word—I have been deaf to your inspirations.—Ah, speak to me anew, may I hear your divine word and keep it carefully in my heart.

Flower.—Assist at a sermon, or make an additional lecture.

Fruit.—Esteem and profit of the word of God.

MEDITATION.

August 19.—*The Sacred heart of Mary, a treasure of instruction for the first Christians.*

1st Point.—Consider that Mary, from the treasury of her heart, instructed in many points the primitive faithful. What she privately learned from her Son she subsequently taught the Apostles and Disciples that it might be transmitted to all Christians for their instructions. No one could know, as she did, what passed at the Incarnation, in Bethlehem, and during the entire life of our Lord: and no one, as St. Bernard says, was qualified in any degree like her to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the kingdom of God. It is, then, to her we owe much of what is most beautiful in the Gospels, so that not only can we say to her *many have*

heaped up riches, but you have surpassed them all ; but she herself can say to us, with me are glorious riches and justice, that I may enrich those who love me and may fill their treasures.

Unhappy is he who loves not Mary, who has been loved by, and who so much loves her Son and her God ; and blessed is he who truly loves Mary, for he will be truly rich ; in communicating with her his understanding will be wonderfully enlightened, and his heart will receive grace to profit of the light. Are we happy or unhappy ? rich or poor, are we, in fine, the children of Mary ? Ah, tender Mother, I prostrate at your feet, and humbly beseech you to accept my heart, which I dedicate irrevocably to your love ; diffuse on it your benedictions, and enrich it with your graces.

Flower.—Say often, “ Seat of Wisdom, pray for us.

Fruit.—Filial love towards Mary.

MEDITATION.

AUGUST 20.—*Anguish of the Sacred Heart of Mary at her last interview with Jesus.*

First Point.—Consider the cutting anguish of the Sacred Heart of Mary on taking a last farewell of her Son, preparatory to his Passion. “ After the Supper,” says St. Bonaventure, “ our dear Lord Jesus came to his Mother, and sitting down near her delighted her with his presence once more, of which he was soon to deprive her, ‘ dear Mother,’ said he, ‘ it is the will of my Father that I should go and suffer death, since the period of the redemption is come. All that is predicted of me is

now about to happen, they will make me an object of derision—they will exercise on me all their cruelty.’ ‘ What, my Son,’ replies Mary, ‘ what do you say ? * * * O, my spirit is disturbed—my heart is broken—I am fainting—Eternal Father ! Divine Providence ! What shall I say ? ” But sobs choke her utterance, she sheds a torrent of tears, and Jesus, at the sight of her tears, experienced a mortal grief. St. Bridget learned by revelation from Mary herself, and when Jesus saw her tears he was sad even to death. He alone could form a just notion of what his mother suffered—he alone could feel thereat a proportionate grief.

Who has separated those who were so closely united—such a Son and such a mother ? Who has so cruelly pierced these two hearts ? Ah, it is we and our sins. And yet we remain plunged in fatal indolence. O, Mary, the most desolate of all mothers ! O, my Jesus, the most afflicted of all sons ! Inconfess I have been the cause of your affliction. Why, then, is not my heart broken with sorrow ? Ah, my Divine Redeemer, penetrate it with the darts of a true contrition. By the sweet and precious tears of your beloved Mother, grant that my eyes may shed salutary tears, to wash away my abominable sins.

Flower.—Abstinence in honor of Mary.

Fruit.—Compunction for our sins.

MEDITATION.

AUGUST 21.—*The Sacred Heart of Mary torn at the Scourging of Jesus*

First Point.—Consider how the tender heart of Mary was torn at the sight of her Son, stripped before a furious

people, bound to a pillar, like a slave, and sinking under a shower of blows.— His blessed mother herself said to St. Bridget, “that at the first stroke of the scourging, the excess of grief which overspread her soul, did not permit her to continue standing.” It was the sight of this, through the vista of ages, which made Jeremy exclaim, “How has the Lord in his fury covered with the darkness of death the daughter of Sion. St. Ephrem says, that seeing her dear Son all disfigured and covered with wounds Mary ceased not to lament and exclaim, “O, my Son, where is now thy beauty.”

Who has inspired those cool executioners with so much rage? Who has placed in their hands the instruments of torture? Ah! does the innocent Lamb of God answer, *they are sinners, who have, as on an anvil, beaten on my back.* O, Mary, I shall say confidently with St. Bonaventure, O, sweet and element Virgin, I conjure you, by your sighs and groans, and the extreme pain you experienced at the sight of your son cruelly scourged, to obtain for me the salutary tears of a perfect contrition.

Flower.—Say the Seven Penitential Psalms.

Fruit.—Love of purity and modesty.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

Mother of Christ, on thee we call!
Portal of Heaven, Star of the main,
Guide thou our footsteps, lest we fall,
And aid the fall'n to rise again.

All nature stood aglaze to see,
O mystery ineffable!

Thy Lord and Maker, born of Thee
To save lost man from sin and hell.

Mother and Maid, we bid thee hail,
The hail that came from Gabriel's tongue.
Soothe then, sweet Queen, the sinner's wail,
And reconcile him with thy Son.

AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

Hail! Queen of Heaven, around whose throne
Angels and Archangels bend,
Mother of Him, whom mortals own,
True light of light, God without end.

Hail! purest Virgin, crowned with grace,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Pity man's frail and erring race,
And for the suppliant pour thy prayer.

REGINA CÆLI LETARE.

Rejoice! rejoice! O Queen of Heaven!
Alleluia!
For Christ, thy Son, from death's dark prison,
Alleluia!
As He foretold, this day hath risen!
Alleluia!
Oh, Pray to God that we may be forgiven!
Alleluia!

SALVE REGINA.

Hail! Heavenly Queen! Mother of Pity, Hail!
Hail! Thou, our life, our hope, our solace, hail!
Children of Eve! Exiles from Heaven!
To Thee, blessed Advocate, we cry;
And from this vale of sin and woe,
To Thee, our second mother sigh.

With eyes of pity, watch our steps,
The while we tread this earth upon.
And when our exile's o'er, present
Thy rosy children to thy Son.
Mary, benign and spotless Maid!
Sweet Patroness, lend us thine aid!

*From the Annals of the Propagation
of the Faith.*

Missions of Tong-King and Cochin China.

*Extracts of a letter from the Father-
Retord, Jeantet, Charrier, and Gau-
thier, Missionaries-Apostolic to the
two Committees of the Institutions.*

(CONCLUDED.)

One village, inhabited exclusive-ly by pagans, is mentioned, in which three persons only have survived this disaster. The pursuit of the mandarins was very useful to us in this circumstance. At their approach, Priests, Catechists, Nuns, and the faithful, fled into the mountains, where they found a refuge from the inundation, while they sought only an asylum from their persecutors.

The latter, however, did not relax in their persecuting zeal, and new arrests shortly followed: from the activity of their searchers, one of our Annamite Priests, named Paul Khoan, betrayed by a pagan, was arrested, together with his two disciples, Peter Kien, and John Baptist Thanh. The chief mandarin exhorted them to trample the cross under their feet. 'What you require is unreasonable,' replied Father Khoan. 'Why should it be unreasonable?' said he, 'as by doing so, you preserve your life, and by refusing to do it, you lose it.' For instance, you, mandarins, who receive your dignities and appointments from the king, if you aban-

don him in the time of war, under the pretext, that by fighting for him, you would expose yourselves to death, would you not be guilty of cowardice, ingratitude, and shameful infidelity? Well, then, it is thus, that I have, from my birth, received the graces and benefits of the Lord of Heaven; he has raised me to dignity in his religion, and you would wish me to abandon him in the time of trial! It is by death that we prove our fidelity, say the Chinese books: an opportunity of proving mine is presented to me; it behoves me, then, that I now profit by it.' The mandarin blushed at his words, and not finding any other answer to give the holy Confessor, he caused twelve lashes to be inflicted on him, as a punishment for having been right, whilst his judge was wrong. Such is the habitual conduct of the mandarins; if you give them unmeaning answers, they despise you for your ignorance; if you reply to them, so as to shut their mouths, they flog you for your insolence. John Baptist Thanh, summoned in his turn to apostatise, contented himself with saying, 'I am the disciple of this Priest; his resolution is mine.' If you take compassion on me, mandarins, I will live; if you require me to deny my faith, I prefer dying.' The mandarin caused him forthwith to be beaten with rods, but it was to no purpose. He was not more successful with Peter Kien, and he took vengeance on him in the same manner. It was

then thought by separating them, they might be rendered more docile. Father Khoan was therefore put into a dungeon; and his two Catechists, deprived of his support, had to defend themselves against assaults of all kinds; sometimes the mandarins sought to prove their faith to be absurd: sometimes they tempted them by the most seductive promises, or threatened them with horrible tortures: sometimes, in fine, they dragged them over the cross, and forcibly placed their feet on that object of their veneration. At length, overcome in all their stratagems, they had recourse once more to the lash, which was not more successful with them. Eleven days thus passed on in constant trials. 'When I saw,' said Father Khoan, 'the attention of the mandarins directed against my disciples, I was seized with great fear on their account; the more so, as several times the satellites of our judges came to frighten me, by informing me that those two Christians had obeyed the king's orders; that I should hasten to imitate them, or otherwise, that I should prepare to die under the lash. As I was plunged in deep sadness on this account, a woman, who had just seen them, consoled me, by the assurance, that they still remained firm in their first resolution.' The judges themselves were obliged to admire their constancy; one of them said, 'Truly, Thank is not like other men; he pays no more attention to the scour-

ges of the whip, than if one was striking a piece of wood.'

'Father Khoan had at length the consolation to find himself united once more in the same prison with his two disciples, to wait for the same crown together, after having sustained the same conflicts. The sentence which was passed against them, condemned the former to be forthwith beheaded, his body to be then exposed, during three days, on a stake, for public instruction. His two Catechists were also condemned to the same punishment, but after an unlimited period of close confinement. To be able to arrive at last at the term and recompense of all his trials, was all that this holy Priest desired: hence, his joy was very great on seeing his death so near. But his companions, who were disappointed in the hope of dying with him, were inconsolable. Nevertheless, they still hoped that the king, in his wrath, would hasten their punishment, and issue the order to have them executed along with their master. It happened otherwise; that prince, who was then sick, and whose cruelty was perhaps weakened with his bodily strength, instead of aggravating the punishment of the Catechists, mitigated that of Father Khoan. 'Considering,' said he, 'that this old man, more than sixty-nine years of age, has not long to live, we condemn him to the same penalty with his disciples, that is to say, to death, with respite.'

“Thus, our three generous champions are condemned to die for the faith, after an interval of captivity and suffering, the limit of which is unknown. Before the law, such a condemnation is lighter than capital punishment; but in the eyes of our confessors it is incomparably more cruel. Let us hear them complain of it, in a letter to Father Retord: ‘We hoped much to be condemned to die speedily; and behold, now the king wishes us still to live, we know not for what length of time: we are greatly afflicted on account of such a delay; it is certainly our sins which have rendered us unworthy of the grace of martyrdom. God wishes to make us expiate them by leaving us longer in the miseries of this world.’ ‘The great mandarin continues to tempt us from time to time.’ wrote one of the Catechists; ‘he said to me one day—Just make one little step on the letter X; pass a little on one side, if you are too much afraid to step on it, so that I may be able to write to the king to demand your pardon. Nearly all the kingdom follows the religion of Phat; nevertheless, if the king proscribed it, as he has done yours, we would all abandon it without hesitation.—I answered him, that it was not by disobeying God, that one proved their fidelity to the prince. Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when the mandarin’s bailiff commanded me to be silent. But his master said to me—You have never stolen anything, not even the

most trifling article, and yet you are so wretched! If I wish you the least evil, may it fall upon myself. From that time, he did not call me before him any more.’

“How long will this respite, which is but a series of tribulations for our brethren, last? Probable until the autumn of next year. In the mean time, they suffer patiently the horrors of a dungeon, loaded day and night with their cangues chains. May their holy angels visit them, often console them in their distress, and obtain from God, for them, the gift of perseverance!

“Such is the simple account of the events which have afflicted our Churches. There are besides a great many local persecutions which we have passed over in silence, either because we only know them imperfectly, or because we reckon on other brethren, to render an account of them to you. It is on the vineyard which we cultivate that the storm has burst with the greatest violence; the Mission of the Rev. Fathers of St. Dominic has more particularly suffered. A furious torrent, which rushes down in an inundating tide over the country is not more fatal to the harvest, than the mandarins have been to the churches of eastern Tong-King; but however terrific the tempest may have been, our courage has not been crushed by it; our Christians have frequently shown themselves worthy of the primitive martyrs: like them ‘they have suffered stripes and insults, chains and imprisonment: immovable in the confession which is their hope, they have preferred being afflicted with the people of God, to tasting the sweetness of a transitory pleasure.’—(H. B.) And what is still more wonderful is, that

this heroic virtue is met with among the Annamites, who are naturally weak and inconstant. Whilst in Europe, Christians, who have received with their birth the inheritance of the faith, exhaust all the resources of their mind to destroy the religion of their forefathers; here timid neophytes, Christians of yesterday, bear testimony to it by their death and cement it with their blood! Yes, we have had great consolation in the course of this year, yet, not without much mixture of bitterness, for, side by side with martyrs, is found the shame of apostates. It is for that reason that we conjure fervent souls to pray to the Lord, that he may shorten the period of our trials; not that we desire to be liberated from the troubles which persecution brings in its train; for we did not come here to gather flowers; and were even all the miseries of this life accumulated on our head we would still support them with joy, in the certain hope of the felicity which will be their reward. But this abundant harvest, already ripe, and which we cannot gather in this vineyard of the Lord, ravaged before our eyes, without our being able to defend it; this inefficiency to which our ministry is reduced; it is this which makes us call with all the energy of our souls for more peaceful times. When, then, shall we find, either the peace of this world, that we may be able to clear away, by the sweat of our brow, some part of those uncultivated districts, or the glory of another life along with our martyred brethren?

“However, in the midst of all our mysteries, God has given us the grace to be neither sad nor cast down. What does it signify to us whether death be mild or violent? If the Lord be pleased that it should be so, ought it

not to be our greatest joy to conform our will to his? We, therefore, always stand cheerful and immovable at our posts. Will a good sailor abandon the sea because he sees it agitated by a blast of wind? No; he always furls his wide canvas, waiting for a favourable breeze to spread it forth once more.

“Besides, however great our losses, we are still far from having lost all, as in heaven we have still a Father, whose merciful arm has not been shortened; and on earth our dear fellow-countrymen, the fervent and zealous associates of the Propagation of the Faith, whose charity for us is not extinguished, and who will continue to help us, as they have ever done, with their holy prayers and their abundant alms.

“It is in this hope that we remain,
&c.

“RETORD, Bishop elect of Acanthus, Vicar-Apostolic.

“JEANTET, CHARRIER, GAUTHIER, Missionaries-Apostolic.

ETERNAL PRAISES BE TO THE EVER
BLESSED SACRAMENT OF THE
ALTAR.

Jesus, source of everlasting blessing,
Jesus, every joy possessing,
Come and repose upon this breast,
And make thy hapless creature blest!

Oh, silent, silent, soft and slow,
With streams of love this breast o'erflow,
And in its waters pure and deep,
My wearied soul and senses steep

Lost in the solemn sweet delight
Of holding thee, my Saviour bright,
My spirit, faint with joy would say,
Stay with me Saviour!—Saviour stay!

Stay! for while resting on my heart,
All thoughts of lowlier things depart,
Gladly to earth's affections, dies
My prostrate soul, where Jesus lies.

Love, that I hold upon my breast
Oh, love! the brightest and the best,
Worthless and dull each vision bright,
Where Thou art not, my soul's delight!

Yes, while thy spirit blends with mine,
While mingles thus my soul with thine,
I envy scarce the bliss that's given
To see Thee face to face in Heaven!

Oh! that I had some secret spot,
Where all forgetting and forgot,
My spirit rapt in ecstasy,
Could, Jesu, say Thee, only Thee!

Thee, only Thee! it still should say,
While the sun went its onward way,—
Thee only Thee! when midnight shed
Its mists of darkness round my head.

Thee, only Thee! my gladsome voice
Should make the desert wilds rejoice,
Till every echo learned from me
Still to repeat, Thee, only Thee!

Lost in the sweets of love like this,
My soul should spurn all lowlier bliss,
Till face to face, exultingly,
Once more it said—Thee, only Thee!

M. C. A.

THE PROSE, INVOLATA, IN HONOUR
OF THE B. V. M.

O Mary, spotless, chaste and pure, to whom it
has been given,

To be for us the portal fair, and shining gate of
Heaven;

O Mother fair, Christ's Mother dear, and wor-
thiest of all love,

Do Thou our lowly praises hear, and herald
them above.

Thine aid, with hearts and earnest lips, devout-
ly we implore

To keep from sin our hearts within, and cleanse
us more and more;

That by thy prayers, that sound so sweet, and
have such power in Heaven,

The pardon that our sins require for ever may
be given.

O Mary dear!

O Mary! Hear!

O Mary, Mother mild,

Thou who alone of all hast been, for ever upda-
filed!

Feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England, 1843

THE CROSS,

A WEEKLY PAPER,

Wholly devoted to the Interests of the Roman
Catholic Church,

is printed and published every FRIDAY afternoon,
at the Register office, by John P. Walsh. The
yearly Subscription is FIVE SHILLINGS in
advance. All letters must be post paid to receive
attention

To the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Catholic Church of British North America, Booksellers, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs most respectfully to intimate, that he is appointed *Agent* for one of the most extensive publishers of CATHOLIC BOOKS in the British Empire, of whom he will have a regular supply of the LITERARY TREASURES of the CATHOLIC CHURCH, both ancient and modern, commencing with the HOLY SCRIPTURES, down to the most Rev. Dr. Butler's CATECHISM.

The following is a list of a part of those well known and desirable standard Works of Piety:

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

DOWAY BIBLE, with notes, references, &c., new edition 8vo. call, or in Royal 4to call extra.
DOWAY TESTAMENT, with notes, and an Historical Index, &c., 12mo. bound.
REEVES HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, new edition, considerably improved with 232 cuts, 12 mo. bound.

REEVES HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, abridged by the Rev. W. GAHAN.
MISSAL ROMANUM, new edition with Music, &c., 8vo. black calf or embossed roan.
MISSAL FOR THE LAITY, new edition, with four new plates, 18mo. embossed roan.
BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS, new edition, with five plates, 2 vols. Royal 8vo. on 47 plates. This new edition contains the same matter in 2 vols. Royal 8vo. that was in the former 12 vols.

MEMOIRS OF MISSIONARY PRIESTS, by the late Ven. and Right Rev. RICHARD CRANZ, D. D.

CHALLONER'S MEDITATIONS, new edition, complete in one vol. 12mo. bound.
MORAL EXTRACTS, POETRY, &c. Selections from eminent authors, historical and biographical, edited by A. LADY.

THE PRACTICE OF CHRISTIAN AND RELIGIOUS PERFECTION, by ALPHONSE ROUBIGNE, of the Society of Jesus, in 3 vols.

THE DEVOUT CHRISTIAN, new edition, complete in one vol. 12mo. bound, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. George Hay.

THE PIOUS CHRISTIAN, new edition, complete in one vol. 12mo. bound, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. G. Hay. Revised and corrected by the Rev. Wm. Gordon, Catholic Clergyman, Glasgow.

THE SINCERE CHRISTIAN, new edition, complete in one vol. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. G. Hay.
MRS. HERBERT AND THE VILLAGERS, or, Conversation on Christianity, 2 vols. 18mo. bound.

IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas A. Kempis

IMITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, from the French.

THE DEVOTION AND OFFICE of the Sacred Heart of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Bound mo. and embossed in roan with plates.

CATECHISTICAL CONFERENCES on the Holy Eucharist, by the Rt. Rev. J. Lanigan, D.D.

LOUISA; or the Virtuous Villager, a Roman Catholic Tale.

LIFE OF ST. ANGELA DEMERICI, and a history of the Order of St. Ursula.

GLORIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, 3rd edition, 18mo.

PLATES OF BUTLER'S SAINTS, beautiful y engraved on steel, India paper.

PRAYER BOOKS.

URSULINE MANUAL, a collection of prayers, exercises, &c., 18mo. embossed roan

CATHOLIC PIETY, by the Rev. W. Gahan, the only complete edition, 18mo. sheep, or in embossed roan, fine paper, with frontispiece.

GARDEN OF THE SOUL, or Manual of Spiritual Exercises, 18mo. sheep, or embossed roan; fine paper, with frontispiece.

KEY OF PARADISE, opening the Gate of Salvation, 18mo. sheep, or embossed roan, fine paper with frontispiece.

POORMAN'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION, 18mo. sheep, do. do. do. Double do.

KEY OF HEAVEN, a collection of devout prayers, 18mo. sheep, or embossed roan, with plates

PATH TO PARADISE, with four engravings; 48mo.
do. do. Diamond edition, do. do. Tark

CATHOLIC PIETY; 32mo.
Most Reverend Dr. James Butler's CATECHISM, do. do. Smaller do.

Not Reverend in form, or from the country addressed to "The London Bookstore, opposite the Grand Parade, Halifax, N. S." will receive every attention.

JOSEPH GRAHAM G. P. A.