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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, MARCH 10, 1843.

No. 2.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- March 12. Sunday II. of Lent, Vespers of the following festival, com. of Sunday.
13. Monday, S. Gregory the Great, Pope, Conf. and Doct.
14. Tuesday, S. Casimir, King and Conf. from the 5th inst.
15. Wednesday, S. Zacharias, I. Pope and Conf.
16. Thursday, Mass and off. of this day in Lent.
17. Friday, commemoration of the H. Winding Sheet in which the Dead Body of our Saviour was wrapped. (The Office and Mass of S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, whose festival occurs on this day, are transferred to Wednesday, the 2d inst., as all the Fridays in Lent are devoted to particular commemorations of the Passion of our Redeemer.)
18. Saturday, Holy Gabriel, Archangel.

EXTRAS. &c.

As one of the principal objects of the establishment of THE CROSS has been to diffuse cheap religious information as widely as possible, we intend to issue from time to time Extras at a low rate, which will include several little works not easily attainable in these countries. We will also sometimes publish Original compositions in this form. The first Extra, price one penny, will be issued on Thursday, March 25, and will contain a work, very little known, from the ascetic writings of Thomas a Kempis, the pious author of the Imitation of Christ, and entitled "THE MANUAL OF LITTLE ONES," in fifteen chapters.

Stations for the Holy Time of Lent

OR OTHER SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

From the French of Père Bérthier.

"I will bring them into my holy mount, and will make them joyful in my house of prayer for my house shall be called, the house of prayer for all nations."—Isaiah.

INTRODUCTION.

STATIONS are the venerable remains of the ancient customs of the faithful, who were wont to visit holy places, such as the tomb of Jesus Christ, the Churches erected over the ashes of the Holy Apostles or the Oratories in which the memory of the Martyrs was solemnized. Long voyages were often undertaken for these pious purposes. But in process of time abuses crept in, and the devotees, in their zeal, will abuse everything, no matter how sacred. These pilgrimages are now very rarely undertaken, and in their place have been appointed Stations, which pious souls may go through without leaving the place of their residence. They visit the temples of the Lord, particularly during the time consecrated to penance, and meditate on various mysteries of religion.

I shall suppose six churches, or chapels, or oratories, which I shall visit successively, in order to renew my fervour, and I will observe the following order:

FIRST STATION.

First Station. To the Eternal Father, the principle of all good, and the source of all perfection.

Second Station. To the Incarnate Word, whose Sacred Heart is all longing with love for me.

Third Station. To the Holy and Sanctifying Spirit, who has chosen me for his temple, by the divine charity which he has poured out in me.

Fourth Station. To the blessed Virgin Mary, through whom I have received Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Fifth Station. To the Holy Angels who conduct and support me in the way of salvation.

Sixth Station. To all the Saints in Heaven, by whose example I am animated and by whose prayers I am assisted.

TO THE ETERNAL FATHER.

I contemplate the Eternal Father creating the world, sending his Son upon the earth, and subjecting this dear Son to death. I recognise in these three great events, the power, the goodness, the infinite justice of my God.

The infinite power of my God in the creation. Who but Omnipotence could have selected this universe amongst an infinity of worlds which he beheld in his divine essence? Who else could have made that which had no existence begin to exist? Who else could have established harmony between all the parts of this immense whole, have given light to the stars, fruitfulness to plants, instinct to animals, or formed substances capable of knowledge, reason, and love?

Infinite goodness of my God, in sending his Divine Word, whom he has united to our nature. The world had been lost; it required a deliverer, a legislator, a model. The Incarnate Word has fulfilled this triple function, and the human race sprung up as if a second time from nothing. Grace revived the soul, the germ of immortality was given to the body. The whole man is renewed, enlivened, deified.

Infinite justice of my God, in the sa-

crifice of his dear Son, the object of his complacency. It was necessary that man should make satisfaction for his sin; this, of himself, he was unable to do. Sin, in its malice, is of a superior order because it outrages an infinite majesty. This divine justice, whose rights surpass all my understanding, hath stricken the Man-God, and the satisfaction is complete, superabundant, and infinite.

O God, infinite in your power, in your goodness, in your justice! who am I that I should meditate upon so many wonders in your presence? You have but spoken, and all the beings that fill this universe started into existence. I do not presume to fathom this abyss of power, this force of operation, which transcends all the conceptions of angels and men. If I should ask Moses, with St. Augustine, to reveal to me more clearly the origin of things, he would reply only as he has written, GOD CREATED EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING THAT HE CREATED WAS VERY GOOD. But what affects me, and fills me with a profound respect for your adorable Majesty is, that all these creatures, the work of your hands although far removed from you, because they are finite, are nevertheless in you, and you always in them. The heavens and the earth do not contain you, because you are infinite, but you contain them in your immensity. You are the union of everything in existence, and you exist only in yourself. Yes, my God, even whilst prostrate at your feet, I form some desires of approaching you, you are already within me. Alas! nothing ought to be more familiar to me than the exercise of your holy presence; but my dissipation, my levity, my passions raise up a wall of separation between you and me. This unspeakable mystery of Jesus Christ ought at least, O Lord, to induce me to be united to you. By Jesus Christ, and with Jesus Christ, I have contracted with you an alliance that is entirely divine.

You dwell yourself in inaccessible light ; but Jesus Christ, my divine Mediator, takes me as if by the hand, and leads me into this sanctuary. You are a hidden God to the Jews and the Gentiles ; but you reveal yourself to Christians, because they are the brethren of Jesus Christ, and the heirs of your kingdom. Why then should I live in anything but in you, since I ought to live, like the Apostle through Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ ? Ah ! if I do not adhere to this bond of my alliance with you, I ought to fear all the scourges of your justice. Jesus Christ has made atonement for me ; but I will not derive the fruit of his atonement if I be always far from him and from you. Jesus Christ immolated for me, teaches me how to reconcile your infinite goodness with your infinite justice and by this means I triumph over all the vain reasoning of the impious. But will it suffice me not to be incredulous, if I be tepid and inconstant in your service ; if I do not profit by the miracles of your goodness and justice, if Jesus Christ on Calvary do not teach me that I no longer belong to myself but to you ? I pour forth tears at your feet, O God of all majesty ! and I conjure you by the sacred wounds of my Redeemer, to unite me, to yourself alone, to you who have created me, redeemed me, and imprinted upon me the seal of divine adoption. At the moment of my death the minister of the church will tell my soul to depart in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in the name of this adorable Trinity, to whom I owe everything. Ah ! may I, at that moment, flee from the world and from myself to take refuge in you, O thrice holy God ! May there be no other change at my death, except that which will deliver me from this earthly habitation, and transport me into the region of the living. May I then be able to say—My Creator and my God, I have always liv-

ed in you, and for your sake ; receive my soul, and place it in your bosom for ever, with Jesus Christ and with all your saints. Amen.

Bishops and Vicars Apostolic in British Colonies

Sydney, Australia,	Most Rev. Dr. J. B. Polding
Hobartown, Van Diemens	Joseph Wilson,
South Australasia,	Francis Murphy.
Quebec, in Canada,	Joseph Signay.
Coadjutor,	Peter F. Turgeon.
Hudson's Bay, North Ca-	Joseph Norbert Pro-
nada,	vencher.
Montreal, in Lower Ca-	Ignatius Bourget.
nada,	
Kingston, in Upper Ca-	Remigius Gaulin.
nada,	
Western Canada,	Michael Power
Halifax, Nova Scotia,	William Frazer.
Coadjutor,	William Walsh.
Newfoundland,	Michael A. Fleming.
Trinidad or Trinity Isle,	Daniel McDonnell.
Coadjutor.	Richard P. Smith.
Jamaica,	Benedict Fernandes.
Coadjutor,	William Du Quesnay
Mauritius,	William Morris.
Calcutta,	Patrick Joseph Carew
Madras,	John Fenelly.
Charlottetown,	Donald McDonald.
British Guaians, or Dem	William Clancy
Capo of Good Hope,	Patk. R. Griffith, O.P.
Gibraltar,	Henry Hughes, o.s.f.
Texas,	John Mary Odin, Con.
	St. Vinc.
Bombay,	Louis Mary Fortini,
	Disc. Carm.
Coadjutor,	Wm. Joseph Whelan,
	Disc. Carm.

Right Reverend Doctors

Vicars Apostolic of England.

RIGHT REV. DOCTORS.

London District,	Thomas Griffiths, 35, Golden, Square, London.
Western District,	Peter Augustine Baines, Prior Park, Bath.
Eastern District,	William Wareing, Bishop's House, Northampton.
Midland District,	Thomas Walsh, Oscott College, Birmingham.
Coadjutor,	Nicholas Wiseman, ditto.
Welsh District,	John T. Brown, Chepstow, Monmouthshire.
Lancaster District,	George Brown, Dalton Sq. Lancaster.
Yorkshire District,	John Briggs, Fulford House, York.
North In District,	Francis Mostyn, Cumberland

Life of John Bessard,

THE VIRTUOUS PEASANT OF STAINES.

"Place thy treasures in the Commandments of the Most High, and it shall bring thee more profit than gold."—*Ecclesiasticus*, xxix. 14.

JOHN BESSARD was born at Staines, near St. Denis, in the vicinity of Paris, May 26, 1666. His ancestors, for more than three hundred years, resided there—his father was a vine dresser. The pastor of the parish, remarking his great spirit of piety, and turn for learning, took upon himself the care of bringing him up. Like another Samuel, under the shade of the sanctuary, John showed at the altar such modesty and recollection, as fully evinced that Heaven had particular designs upon him.

About this time John was introduced to a pious and learned clergyman, Father Chevalland, who resided at St. Denis. This good priest, whose memory should be in eternal benediction, wishing to second in him the designs of God, taught him the first lessons of the interior life, penance, renunciation of self, and incessant occupation with God; and he had the pleasure of seeing his advice fully adopted.

When the pious peasant attained the age of thirty years, he began with the approbation of the pastor, to assemble several of the parishioners on Sundays and festivals, after the church office, for the purposes of keeping them from public houses, or amusements offensive to God. The good pastor sometimes honored these pious meetings with his presence; he, truly solicitous for the salvation of his flock, thanked Heaven for giving him in Bessard an instrument which contributed thereto. Such was his esteem of this humble parishioner, that he used to tell the others if they but knew his worth they would reve-

rence the very ground on which he trod.

The entertainment given at these little assemblies, consisted of a lecture from the Holy Gospel by John, whence he afterwards drew short but pious and useful reflections. The unction of his words so powerfully operated on the minds of his artless auditory, that the very youth of the village became most edifying and pious. When the missions were given there, the officiating ministers were amazed at the good wrought by the humble Bessard.

In his discourses, one might equally admire the sublimity of his ideas and the simplicity of his expressions. His instructions lost nothing of their dignity, though accommodated to the lowest capacity in his auditory. The grace of the holy spirit seemed to accompany them, so that when returning home the peasantry used to say, "Were not our hearts glowing while he spoke?"

When some objected to his explaining the Holy Scriptures, he confined himself to the works of Father Lewis of Grenada, and it would be hard to conceive the precision with which he collected the passages most interesting, and which he afterwards most judiciously and successfully applied. Sometimes his plan was to interrogate himself on the points least intelligible to his hearers, and then reply to them in the clearest and most satisfactory terms. He was so deeply read in the Saints' Lives, that he could relate whole pages from memory, and he never failed to conclude the proceedings of the assembly by proposing some one among these blessed servants of God as a model for imitation.

John never lost an opportunity of extending the reign of Christ; he took occasion from the questions proposed

by those who visited his poor cottage, concerning the pious pictures with which it was hung, to draw their minds to God in the most eloquent but simple manner. But where did this illiterate peasant receive so many lights?—In what academy was he taught? At the foot of the cross. It was in this book, always open, he acquired all his learning, and gathered these treasures of celestial science, with which God enriched the Bernards, the Bonaventures, and the Aquinas.

The Archbishop of Paris, on hearing of John's pious exertions, exhorted him to continue them, and gave him testimonials of his approbation. Many persons of the first rank went to his conferences, and returned much edified. Even the Pope's Legate in France admired the talents of the poor vine-dresser, and never omitted to speak of him in the most flattering terms.

John Bessard imposed on himself an obligation of visiting all the sick in the village; for the space of forty years few died therein that had not the happiness of being consoled by him in their last moments. The Holy Scriptures, with which he daily fed his soul, furnished him with abundant reflections calculated to tranquillize and render meritorious the trying moments which preceded their entrance on eternity. When he came to their bedside, they thought it was the angel of the Lord, such consolation did he afford. All desired to expire in his arms, trusting that the friend of God would procure their admission to the eternal tabernacles.

He divided his time between these charitable exercises, manual labour, and holy prayer. This latter was his sweetest delight. No sooner did he call to mind the presence of God than

he fell into a rapture, in which he remained several hours. O! what extatic delight does the soul taste in the practice of solid piety! From his own experience, Bessard often spoke of them in exalted terms. The graces received in the holy Sacraments, excited in him sentiments of the most lively gratitude. Convinced that without being fed with the bread of angels we cannot arrive at the 'mountain of God,' he went to communicate every Sunday and festival, besides some other days. His eyes were bathed in tears of love when he returned from the banquet of the Lord, and his sighs attested how deeply he felt the bounty of Jesus Christ in admitting him to his divine feast. Like the spouse, he then declared that his only regret was not to be able to make a return of gratitude proportioned to the gift. He sometimes spent more than two hours in making his thanksgiving after communion. On weekdays his occupation would not permit it to be so long, but he knew well the secret of making his whole life a preparation and thanksgiving for this divine Sacrament, by great purity of heart and constant union with God. He seldom used a book after Communion—his heart alone spoke; he rarely moved his lips, and when he did every word indicated how absorbed he was in God.

He prepared himself for the holy Eucharist by the sacrament of Penance. Profoundly humbled before the priest, in whom he only beheld Jesus Christ "the great High Priest of men," he protested his unworthiness of the holy absolution, and his lively contrition procured for him an inexhaustible source of grace.

But the Sacraments were not his only channels of grace; in prayer he

obtained a very abundant supply. And what a rapid progress did he not make in this holy science! From ordinary mental prayer he was soon raised to contemplation, where the soul finds itself inundated with delights by the simple remembrance of God or holy things, without reasoning or reflection—in which she ascends to God and he descends to her by a most admirable communication. This is a gift which God does not bestow, but upon those who, like Bessard, dispose themselves for it by faithfully exercising ordinary meditation and practising mortification.

He had read many excellent treatises on prayer. He was well acquainted with those of St. Teresa, and that of John Aumont, peasant of Montmorency. But that which he studied most assiduously was his own heart; thence he generally drew the subject of his meditations.

As he never lost sight of the obligation all Christians are under to be holy, so there was not a moment in which he did not tend to perfection. Annihilated in the presence of God, whom his lively faith rendered in some sort visible, he sometimes for hours remained in a species of ecstasy. When interrogated on the fruit of his prayer, he answered, "O! my God, how good you are to those who love you; how sweet to those who seek you." But knowing that it was necessary to keep "the secret of the Prince," he sometimes said it was impossible to declare what the heart of man feels when it is wholly given to God, and occupied with him alone—Some holy persons in Paris, worthy of his confidence, said, that in prayer John Bessard experienced wonderful effects of grace and received most sublime communications.

The altars and oratories were not the only scenes of his fervour: always oc-

cupied with God, he prayed in all places. In the fields, tilling the ground, or pruning the vines in his vineyard, he was as recollected as in the sanctuary of the Lord or the retirement of his chamber. He said that his mortal occupations greatly helped to raise his mind to God, and gave him sufficient matter for prayer.

But it was not on his personal wants alone he conversed with God, the necessities of others were also his, and he never failed to ask for them the graces which they appeared to want. The villagers of Staines testify how much he loved peace and harmony; these say, that he made it a rule to reconcile all who were at variance in the neighbourhood, both parents and children, masters and servants. His irreproachable life and edifying conduct, had prepossessed all in his favour, and hence his very appearance produced the most happy effects among them.

He had it often in his power to better his condition in life, by embracing the advantageous offers of marriage that were made him; but he preferred following the Gospel counsel of virginity, knowing that "the unmarried and the virgin think more freely on the things of the Lord." He was very temperate and abstemious, living on bread, milk, and a little wine. Perhaps it was on account of his great regularity in this point he attained such an advanced age.

Though poor in reality as well as in affection, he might be deemed the father of the indigent, by the abundant alms he procured them.

To the interior spirit which animated all his actions, he joined the practice of universal charity, obedience, humility and love of suffering. He was most faithful in fulfilling the duties imposed by nature and religion. When very old he continued to attend his mother, and would not yield to any one his right of

waiting on her. After continual proofs of love and affection he lost her in the 95th year of her age.

So many virtues could not but procure him universal confidence, and hence he was often consulted on the most important affairs. Some persons one day asked him, what they should say in a public consultation relative to some ecclesiastical concern? "Be silent in the matter," said he; "God will not have you interfere with what does not concern you, and you know this belongs to the Church."

Knowing that external ceremonies have great power over the mind and heart, Bessard was most zealous in procuring them for the village. He proposed to the inhabitants of Staines to enter with one accord into the sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, then but lately established. He was delighted with this holy devotion, as it immediately placed under the eyes of men the immense love, the eternal charity with which God has loved them. Very soon the Church of the religious of St. Chaumont, where this devotion was solemnly established, was filled with the peasantry of Staines, on the feasts of the most Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Word. With Bessard at their head, they devoutly approached the holy table, and after making a fervent thanksgiving for this new proof of the charity of Jesus, returned home in silence and recollection. On these holy days this good peasant did not forget this beautiful idea of St. Augustine—"The side of Jesus has been opened to give us a passage to his Sacred Heart, that we may therein learn how much he loved us."

As he received in holy Baptism the name of the beloved disciple, he imagined he was in a particular manner a child of the blessed Virgin's. Knowing that to merit her patronage it was necessary to imitate her virtues, he never

lost sight of them. Those which he admired in her, were love of solitude and silence, humility, obedience, purity of heart, love of the cross, and constant union with God. He never spoke of this blessed Mother but with profound respect. He drew several young women to her service and perfect imitation; some of them totally renounced the world and became nuns, and those who continued in the world declared, that it was by being devout to the august Mary they persevered in the service of God.

Bessard was also very devout to the nine choirs of angels, and avowed, that if in early life he had determined to be vigilant over his ways, it was because he was unwilling to offend the sanctity of their presence who continually beheld him, by any thing unworthy of a Christian.

John was tall of stature, but by dint of labour he was greatly bent. He carried to prayer a most sovereign distrust of his own endeavours, and he never was more pleased than when, in commencing, the presence of God inspired him with a lively sense of his miseries, his weaknesses, and sins. This animated him to say with more faith and confidence, in his invocation—"Have pity on me, O Lord, for I am alone and poor."

His life, so replete with good works, now approached its term, and the supreme Remunerator was about to reward the virtues which had been so long the admiration of the shepherds of Staines. In the middle of November, 1752, John having gone to Paris to see one of his nephews, died in that metropolis after an illness of about six days. Fortified with the holy Sacraments, and "considering death as a gain," he joyfully beheld the moment approach, which was to free him from his tene-ment of clay, and when ready to expire

sung with transport the canticle of his deliverance. His remains were interred in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents at Paris. The inhabitants of Staines were inconsolable, at being thus deprived of his venerable relics, as they regarded him as the promoter of their best interests and the edification of their village.

At the school of the poor but virtuous Bessard, let us learn to prefer virtue to every thing, and however mean his birth or education, to recognise as truly great the pious, humble, and zealous Christian.

The Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross.

Translated from the French of M. Pirou, Professor in the Seminary of Lucon.

The first observation which presents itself to our mind, when we are disposed to meditate on these divine words, is that they are seven in number—a number always mysterious in the holy scriptures, and especially intended to designate any thing perfect in its kind. Thus there are seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, seven sacraments, seven petitions in the Lord's Prayer, &c., to give us to understand that these gifts, these sacraments, that prayer, exhibit a complete catalogue of the necessary graces, of the means by which they are communicated, and of the petitions which we should offer to God. Following up this principle we should believe that the seven words of Jesus on the cross, declare to us the mystery of the unspeakable perfection of the dispositions in which he dies, and consequently, present a perfect model of those in which we should die ourselves.

Another very striking circumstance is, that the seven last words of our Saviour, have not been all recorded by

any of the four Evangelists. St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, have only related four; namely, the first, second, third, and seventh, whilst the three others are mentioned by St. John alone. Nevertheless, beloved disciple, you were present. Is it possible then, that you did not hear them all? Could your grief, or perhaps, the heroic effort, which you required to follow Mary to the foot of the cross, have made you inattentive, whilst the other words were spoken? Or rather, did your sacred pen, which wrote after the other three Evangelists, merely wish to supply their silence, by relating only the words which they had omitted, in order that the entire should present themselves to our view, in the most moving character, thus extracted word by word, and collected together by us as the scattered shreds of a divine inheritance?

Whatever may be the reason, Christians, we are in possession of them all! We possess this precious whole. Let us adore God, who has pronounced them; let us meditate on the entire, and imprint them on our hearts.

FIRST WORD.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

Luke xviii. 24.

This word, pronounced by Jesus whilst they were nailing his adorable body to the cross, seems to have been elicited by the very peculiar cruelty with which his impatient executioners expedited the work of punishment, in order to finish their victim. Thus, the first word of this innocent victim is in behalf of his murderers, and this word prays for them, and implores their pardon.

Father, forgive them, for they know

not what they do. The divine Saviour here calls God his *Father*, and not his Lord or his God, as he will do very soon, because it is particularly as a *Father*, that God should be enraged at the insults and death to which his Son is exposed; and by using this sweet name, he desires to interpose between his executioners and his Father all the influence which he derives from his title and quality. It is as if he had said, "*Father*, by all the tenderness which you have borne to your Son, and bear him even at this moment, I conjure you to forgive them."

The reason which Jesus assigns for obtaining the pardon of his enemies, is, *that they know not what they do*. There were, undoubtedly, amongst those who persecuted the Saviour, a great number who knew not what they were doing, and who had little notion of his heavenly mission, or of his innocence. Such, certainly, were the Romans, and it might be, many of the common people amongst the Jews; nay, even the executioners themselves, who were the governor's soldiers, and consequently Romans. The latter, however, could not be entirely excusable, on account of the barbarity with which they fulfilled their deicidal office. But as for the scribes, the pharisees, the chief priests, and a great many of the other more intelligent Jews, they either were not in ignorance, or their ignorance was but the voluntary fruit of their passions, their pride, and especially their hatred and jealousy of Jesus Christ; and hence their ignorance, far from excusing their crime, was in itself an inexcusable crime, and the more grievous, as it drove them to the most violent excesses. It was pride and confidence in their own wisdom, whilst they despised that of God, that

made them misunderstand or reject the mysterious wisdom of the Most High who wished to redeem the world by the humility of his incarnate Son. And it was this also, according to the testimony of St. Paul, which made them crucify the Lord of Glory.

Let us however be convinced, that this merciful prayer was also offered for them. Jesus on the cross was always — nay, more than ever, the God of charity, the unequalled friend, who, as he said himself, was to give his life for his enemies. He had not forgotten also this word which had proceeded from his own lips: If you offer your gift at the altar, and there remember, not that you have any thing against your brother, but that your brother has anything against you, leave your gift before the altar; go and be reconciled with your brother, and then coming, offer your gift. (Matt. v. 23.) Amiable Jesus, you can no longer, because your hour is come, quit the altar of your sacrifice to go and be reconciled with those whom you did not disdain to call your brethren, and who prefer being your executioners, instead of treating you like a brother; but your heart at least goes in search of them: for an ignorance which is in itself a crime, you make their excuse to your Father, and being at the same time both priest and victim, you do not offer yourself as a holocaust on the cross, until you have implored in their behalf, that pardon which you have yourself already bestowed them.

But let us not confine the meekness and charity of our Saviour to this point. This divine charity is immense; let us then extend it over the whole world, over all sinners, and ourselves among the first. Yes, the greater our sins are; and the more their enormity has caused

the sufferings of our Saviour, and rendered his death necessary, the more we should be convinced that it was we who were then present to his mind, we who touched his heart, we, for whom he prayed, and for whom he implored forgiveness from his Father. O consoling reflection! O fortunate sinners that we are—let us accept this generous pardon which Jesus offers us, let us accept it with confidence. Let us not fear the reproaches of our victim. When we shall have once entered into his peace, into that peace which he procures for us from his Father, he will no longer consider us as his murderers, he will look upon us as his friends, and as friends who are the more worthy of his tenderness, as they cost him so dearly.

But, after having received this pardon from our divine Saviour and Redeemer, will it be necessary for him to exhort us any longer to forgive our brethren in return? Ah! what an exhortation is his example of a God, and of a God who is put to death for our crimes! Whatever may have been the iniquity of their proceedings with regard to us, it is not us, so much as Jesus, whom they have afflicted. Their iniquity, even against us, is one of those sins which caused his death, one of those sins which he forgives, and for which he implores the forgiveness of God his Father. Shall our persons then be more sacred than that of our adorable Saviour! And shall an injury against us, be in our eyes a greater crime than to have caused his death? Or, in fine shall our heart be more delicate in its feelings than that of the Saviour himself, so as not to be able to resolve to love those to whom the Lord himself makes a tender of his love? Alas! it is we who should properly undertake to excuse their ignorance. Frequently

their unjust proceedings against us spring from error. They imagine we have offended them, when we really have not. Have we never committed the same fault ourselves? Do we set ourselves right at this very moment, with regard to those offences which we fancy we have received? Whilst God closes his eyes on their sins and ours, shall we unhappily be too ready to close our eyes with him on our own iniquities, and keep them open on those of our brethren? Ah! if we had faith, we would, instead of nourishing the least resentment against them, love them the more, the more outrages we should suffer from them, because they would have furnished us a more worthy opportunity of resembling this Man God in the most divine action, of which he has left us an example—the pardon of injuries, and the love of enemies.

It is, especially at the hour of death, and before he offers his last sacrifice, that the christian should remember his enemies, and his Redeemer. It is with them he ought to occupy his thoughts before God, after the example of Christ; and it is by forgiving and praying for them, that he should dispose himself to appear before God, who accepts no sacrifice, unless it resembles the sacrifice of his Son, and who will be merciful only to those who have shewn mercy from their whole hearts.

SECOND WORD.

AMEN, I SAY TO THEE, THIS DAY THOU SHALT BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.

Luke xxiii. 42

The executioners having finished their work, the decidual instrument is raised, and presents Jesus crucified to the sight of his jealous enemies, and of all the blind multitude whom they have excited, and hurried along to be witnesses of his punishment. It was then—

it was when they saw him nailed to an infamous gibbet, him who had dared to reproach the pharisees for their hypocrisy, and the people of God with their prevarications, and the house of Israel with its numberless infidelities, him who had been announced as speaking in the name of God, whose Son he declared himself to be: it was then that cries, and derisions, blasphemies and insults of all kinds arose at every side. "He has saved others, let him now save himself! He said he was the Son of God, let God deliver him now." (Matt. xxvii. 42.) Even one of the two malefactors who were suspended at each side, thought it to be his duty, in imitation of the multitude, to offer his tribute of insult: "If thou art the Son of God save thyself, and us." But it was then also that the most moving spectacle was presented to our view. In the midst of the clamour and invectives of the populace, his companion in punishment rising by faith, says St. John Chrysostom, superior to every thing that his eyes beheld, recognised in Jesus, thus humbled and crucified at his side, the King of Heaven himself, and whilst his most faithful friends deny or forsake him, he alone has the courage to confess him, and to undertake his defence. "Neither dost thou fear God," said he to his companion, thou that art condemned to the same punishment. As for us, we have deserved our fate; but he whom thou insultest has done no evil." (Luke xxiii. 39. He then said to Jesus, "Remember me, O Lord, when you shall come into your kingdom." O what faith! cries out St. Augustine, and what reward does it not receive! And Jesus answered him, 'Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'

This day, from this very day, and not at a future day, more or less remote, you shall not only be remembered, which is the object of your prayer, but

you shall be in my company, of which you deem yourself unworthy. You shalt be with me in my kingdom, but in a kingdom of which you speak without having as yet little knowledge of it. Know it, therefore: this kingdom is Paradise. It is I, thy king, who say it to thee, and my royal word is, and can be nothing but truth.

By the Paradise, which was here promised by the Saviour, we must understand, according to the fathers and interpreters, not the paradise of heaven, whither it is certain Jesus did not enter until his ascension, but limbo, where all the souls of the ancient saints were detained; a place which on that day became a place of delights, by the presence of their deliverer, who was so long expected, and by the blessed vision of his divinity and glory, which he revealed to them.

Now who can express the rapturous surprise, and delicious transport, of this happy criminal, at hearing him to whom he had prayed and recommended himself as his king, and as sanctity itself, opening his mouth and answering him, him a vile malefactor, and answering him with an assurance of his royal word, that he would be, even that very day, in his society, and in paradise? 'You will find no one before this thief,' says St. Chrysostom, 'who was judged worthy of receiving such a promise, neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Moses, nor the Prophets, nor even the Apostles, but above all, you will find, and only find this thief.' What glory! what happiness!

And how did he deserve, or rather how did he bear away so much glory and happiness? By his faith and confidence in Jesus. Faith and hope exalt a vile malefactor, and raise him up to God, because he acknowledged that God, whose charity humbled itself so far, as to be numbered amongst such companions.

(To be continued.)

Maxims of the Saints.

CONTAINING EDIFYING REFLECTIONS,
Extracted from the Lives and Writings of eminent Servants of God.

Let your heart be in the heart of God, and you will every where find heaven.

—ST. ANTHONY.

Believe that you have as yet done nothing, and say—Now I begin; it is time; perhaps this will be the last day of my life.

In order to overcome the devil have recourse to God; keep yourself in his presence, and let your heart be grateful. Discretion is the mistress of virtues; be discreet in every thing for the love of God.

Study that science which alone is worthy of man, the science of the love of God. Let your love for him be such that you may place no value upon any thing in the universe but him.

Despise the world and all its vanities. If you know how to despise it, you know every thing; if you do not, you know nothing.

Have recourse to God frequently; when God will be with you, what can all the devils in hell do to injure you?

Look upon yourself as a perjurer, when you reflect, that after having so often promised to serve God faithfully, you serve him so badly.

—ST. BASIL.

In order to perform all your actions well, remember that God and your good angel are looking at you, and that they are witnesses of all your actions. Perform all your actions as well as you can and believe that you have performed them very badly. Be afflicted at nothing but sin: fear nothing but sin.

Do nothing without advice, nothing but through obedience, unless you wish to do your own will, and thereby expose yourself to destruction.

—ST. PACOMIUS.

Mortify yourself in such a manner, that for the love of Jesus Christ, your life may be, like his, a severe martyrdom.

If you have placed your heart in the heart of God, you should no longer have any affection for the things of earth—for the vanities of the world.

Imagine that you hear every moment the trumpet that is to summon you to judgment before the tribunal of God.

—ST. JEROME.

Accept whatever cross God will send you, and practise mortifications: to be happy in heaven you must suffer on earth.

Let heaven be in your mind and in your heart. An excellent method of laboring for heaven and deserving it, is to think of it and to desire it.

Say frequently to yourself: of what use will it be to me to have been honored, if the Lord shall humble me; to have lived in abundance, if I shall be deprived of every thing; to have suffered nothing, if I shall be dreadfully tormented; to have been happy, if I shall be eternally miserable?

The four degrees by which we arrive at sanctity are, silence, retirement, prayer, and austerities. Do not speak without some necessity. Love retirement. Pray without ceasing. Mortify yourself in every thing.

Do not use your tongue but to bless God, and to cause him to be blessed. Cultivate solitude as much as you can,

in order to live in recollection. Excite yourself to sentiments of piety. Labor to acquire purity of heart.

ST. BENEDICT.

Endeavour to think well, to speak well, and to act well, in order to please God.

Labor to be humble of heart, and to serve God purely: humility of heart and pure love are the two wings by which we ascend to perfection.

Employ all the moments of your life in the service of the Lord alone; you can do nothing better.

Speak of God through love for him, or be silent; silence is the guardian of retirement and piety.

ST. SCHOLASTICA.

Let the heart of Jesus be the place on which your heart will repose.

You do not love Jesus Christ, if in your sufferings, one single look at your crucifix does not make you forget all.

Think on Jesus crucified, with love adore him; kiss with veneration the sacred wound which leads to his heart: enter in there and bury yourself in it, and burn with love for a God who has loved you so much.

Admire what others do, and entertain a sovereign contempt for what you do yourself; the humble Jesus, who loves the humble, will be always in your hearth.

ST. ONO.

Open your door to the poor of Jesus Christ during your life, and the gates of heaven will be open to you at the hour of your death.

Preserve yourself in humility by reflecting that all the evil you commit is your own work, and that all the good you do is performed by God. ST. ONO.

Strive to do well every thing that you do. Oh, what a pleasure there is in doing good when it is well done! It produces at the moment great delight, and afterwards excellent fruit.

Humble yourself profoundly by reflecting on the one hand, what Jesus Christ and the saints have done, and on the other, what you are doing.

ST. ROMUALD.

Do nothing, except prepare yourself to die well by permitting grace to operate in you: you have nothing to do on earth but this.

Is it not just, useful, and necessary to suffer with resignation for the love of God, every thing that God wishes we should suffer?

When you are fatigued with labor, or in suffering, be animated by this reflection: I shall have time enough in heaven for repose and enjoyment.

Seek to please but God alone, desire nothing but God: he alone is better than millions of worlds.

In the midst of your sufferings cast yourself successively into the heart of Mary, into the heart of Jesus, and into that of God, and you will be infallibly consoled.

ST. ROBERT.

Have a great distrust in yourself, and a great confidence in God. Let your confidence in God be such that you may apprehend nothing in this world so much as to lose confidence in him.

If you be so wretched and miserable it is your own fault alone. Why do you not humble yourself before God, and continually implore his graces? He only waits for this to enrich you with his blessings.

Maxims for Servants.

I.

Remembering that God, as sovereign master, has the first claim to your service ; never neglect the duties of your holy religion, however occupied or embarrassed with your various employments.

II.

Be ever obedient and docile to your masters ; fulfil instantly their lawful commands with cheerfulness and good humour, never murmuring, whatever pain you feel in their execution.

III.

Never leave your work unfinished, in the hope that your fellow-servants will perform it for you, because you are only paid, and clothed, and fed by your masters to do their business.

IV.

Restrain your tongue ; speak little, and inviolably keep the secrets of the family—it would be a great crime to betray them.

V.

Avoid lying and dissimulation ; it is a detestable habit ; no one is willing to trust a person addicted to it ; always speak candidly and ingenuously.

VI.

Make a positive rule with yourself never to curse, swear, or use any sort of imprecation ; this abominable custom sooner or later draws down on its votaries the vengeance of the Most High.

VII.

Strive “to please all in our Lord ;” and when it is impossible for you to render them the service they require, let the sweetness and charity of your excuse, supply, in some sort, the defect.

VIII.

Patiently bear with the faults, vicious habits, and peevish humours of your

fellow-servants, knowing that you yourself are not without faults ; never do or say any thing that may irritate or provoke them.

IX.

As with the good we become good, and with the wicked perverted ; fly the company of the vicious and disorderly ; never cultivate the friendship or acquaintance of any one who is not prudent and religious.

X.

Fly the society of libertines—avoid the conversation of persons of the sex ; both are attended with great danger, and may be your eternal loss.

XI.

Complain not of your fellow-servants unless charity and religion require it ; square all your actions by the golden rule, of doing as you would be done by. I have often remarked, that God permits us to be treated, as we treat others.

XII.

Acquit yourself with great fidelity of every pecuniary commission : if it be sinful to injure any person in his property, how much more so must it not be, to steal from one's master, to waste his goods, to expend his money carelessly, or, if a thing happens to cost less than he supposed, to keep the overplus in one's pocket ?

XIII.

Never frequent taverns or public houses ; they are the ruin of Christian souls ; never mispend your time in idle games, such as dicing, playing at cards, &c. ; these have brought many to destruction.

XIV.

In fine, my son, never forget that “it avails nothing to gain the whole world at the risk of your soul,” that you were made for eternity, and that nothing is worth a sigh, but what is to last for ever.

Poetry.

TO JESUS.

Ah, Jesus, Jesus—in what word
 What potent word, shall I declare
 The depth of thrilling rapture stirred,
 In my full heart when Thou art there!
 Ah! must I ever voiceless be,
 When soul and sense are wrapped in thee?

Do let me find some words that will
 But breathe the love I feel so deep;—
 For now—whene'er I try my skill
 In human sounds—I only weep,—
 Or if, perchance, my lips will move
 I only sob, "I love—I love."

Heart of my Jesus! thou know'st well
 The love thou dost to me reveal
 I cannot speak, I cannot tell;—
 All that I know, is that I feel,
 And feel such agony of joy,
 That language works me most annoy!

But shall I be so slow of tongue,
 And shall I so unlettered prove,
 When every nerve to bless is strung
 In one delirious gasp of love?—
 And shall I never mould to praise
 The raptures that thy mercies raise?

Yes! by the mighty joys of heaven,
 By thy own heart that wept our fall!
 By thy own blood and body given
 To man, and me, the worst of all!
 I will, I will thy praise repeat
 Whilst life shall leave a pulse to beat!—

Aye! Father, Brother, Guide and Friend—
 My memory's dreams, my bosom's flame,
 Would that these titles I could blend,
 And melt them into one dear name,—
 That name of praise should upmost be
 In my heart's heart eternally;—

A NIGHT HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Ere sleep upon us fall,
 One prayer, the last of all,
 Mother, to thee our weary hearts shall raise;
 Ah, pressed by hostile night
 Unfit for fight or flight,
 Guard us this live-long night,
 And we will bless thy care with morning praise.

Do not good children meet,
 Before their mother's feet
 At night, to beg her blessing ere they rest?
 So now to thee we flee

Sweetest! one smile from thee
 Shall sword and buckler be
 'Gainst every foe, and make us truly blest.

And if ere I awake
 Sighs from my breast shall break,
 To Jesus first, then shall they raise to thee;
 And when my senses stray,
 From conscious life away,
 Do thou, dear Mother, pray,
 When prowls the midnight demon, pray for me!

TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

O ye, whom golden pinions bear
 Down to this world of sin and care
 By boundless mercy sent,
 To shield us when most desolate
 And guide us back to Eden's gate,
 Of love and pity blest!

Ye pure, ye white-robed choirs, who raise
 Melodious songs of endless praise,
 Oh! teach us to fulfil,
 Though our frail nature may rebel,
 And all our ruder passions swell,
 Like you, th' Eternal's will!

Some heavenly spark bring from above,
 To warm our frigid souls with love,
 And bid them soar away,
 Upon devotion's wings of flame,
 To that far clime, from which she came,
 The realms of lasting day!

Oh! when the darker power would bind
 The fatally deluded mind,
 To warn us, hover nigh;
 And may your inspirations bright
 Aye round us shed a radiant light,
 And guide us to the sky!

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

(Translated from the Parisian Breviary by
 the late Puseyite candidate for the chair of
 Poetry at Oxford.)

Ut so. dicoro lumine

As the sun	Stands amid
O'er misty shrouds	The vernal hower;
When he walks	Or the water's
Upon the clouds;	Glassy face
Or as when	Doth reflect
The moon doth rise,	The starry space;
And refreshes	Thus above
All the skies;	All Mother's shone
Or as when	The Mother of
The Lily flower	The Blessed One!

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