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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. 1.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1843.

No. 3.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR\*

- March 19. Sunday III. of Lent, Vesp. of foll.  
20. Monday, S. Joseph, Spouse of B. V. Mary, Conf. (of yesterday.)  
21. Tuesday, S. Benedict, Abbot.  
22. Wednesday, S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, (from the 17th inst.)  
23. Thursday, Off. and Mass of this day in Lent.  
24. Friday, comm. of the Five Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
25. Saturday, Annunciation of the B. V. M.—a Holyday of Obligation.

## Lent.

The trumpet of penance has been sounded throughout the Catholic world—the children of the Church are invited to mingle their tears with hers and to commemorate the sufferings of the Bridegroom to whom she has truly been "a spouse of blood" and "all mankind are every where called upon to do penance," (Acts)

The Hallelujahs of joy have ceased—the angelical Hymn *Gloria in excelsis* is no longer chaunted at Mass—the sweet peals of the organ have died away, the altars are stripped of their festive ornaments, and the Priests and Levites who minister there to the Lord are clothed in the colours of mourning.\*

\* As Lent is a season of mourning and penance, the organ is not sounded in the Church unless on the 4th Sunday, called the Sunday

On Ash Wednesday the ambassadors of Christ proclaimed the salutary decree of Heaven in the affecting words of the Prophet Joel :

"Thus saith the Lord : Be converted to me with all your heart, in fasting, in weeping, and in mourning."

"And rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God."

"For he is gracious and merciful, patient and rich in mercy"

"Who knoweth but he will return and forgive, and leave a blessing behind him?"

"Blow the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a Fast, call a solemn assembly, gather together the people, sanctify the Church, assemble the ancients, gather together the little ones, and them that suck at the breasts."

"Let the bridegroom go forth from his bed, and the bride out of the bride-chamber."

"Between the porch and the altar, the priests, the ministers of the Lord shall weep, and shall say :

"Spare O Lord, spare thy people ;

Lecturo from the first words of the Introit of the Mass, Holy Thursday and Holy Saturday at Mass, and a few festivals occurring at this holy season, which are mentioned in the Rubric

and give not thine inheritance to reproach !”

Oh ! surely then this is a hallowed, a gracious and blessed season ! Those repeated cries for mercy from between the porch and the altar will penetrate the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, whose fatherly and willing ear heareth even “the preparation of our heart” (Pe.) and will bring down upon us the choicest benedictions of Heaven.

“Now is the acceptable time, these are the days of salvation.” With what confidence should we not unite our prayers with those of his anointed representatives, and whilst we supplicate for mercy, give thanks to our Holy Lord, Almighty Father and Eternal God who, as his spouse on earth sings “by this bodily fast extinguishes our vices, elevates our understanding and bestows us virtue and its precious rewards !” \*

And who so competent to teach us how to pray as this Spouse of Christ, our tender mother ? She has composed for us a daily lenten oblation of prayer and praise. That abridgment and perfection of all prayer which her Divine Founder himself hath taught us, she faithfully employs in the celebration of all her offices. Listen to the words of hope, the accents of sorrow, the sentiments of humility in which she securely points the way to the throne of Grace in the Lenten season

O Almighty and Eternal God who forgavest the Ninivites when they did penance in sackcloth and ashes ; mercifully grant us so to imitate their penance, that we may obtain pardon of our sins !

Grant us, O Lord, to begin our Christian warfare with ho’y fasting ; that being to fight against spiritual wickednes we may be fortified by the succours of abstinence !

Grant, O Lord, that thy faithful may enter on this solemn fast with suitable piety, and thoroughly perform it with secure devotion.

May our fasting be acceptable to thee, and become a remedy to us !

Graciously favour us O Lord, we beseech thee, in the fast we have undertaken ; that what we outwardly observe, we may perform with sincere minds !

Defend, O Lord, thy people, and mercifully cleanse them from all their sins ; for no misfortune can injure them, if no iniquity rule over them !

Give ear, O Lord, to our prayers, and grant that we may with true devotion, observe this solemn fast, which was wholesomely instituted for the cure of our souls and bodies !

O God, who purifiest thy Church by the yearly observance of Lent ; grant that what thy children endeavour to obtain of thee by abstinence, they may accomplish by good works !

We humbly beseech thee, O Lord, that as we retrench from the food of

\* Preface for Lent

our bodies, we may also refrain from all noxious pleasures !

Convert us, O Lord, our Saviour, and instruct our minds with thy heavenly doctrine, that this Fast of Lent may be beneficial to us.

Look down, O Lord, on thy children, and grant that while we chastise ourselves by the mortification of the flesh, our minds may be inflamed with the love and desire of Thee !

We beseech thee, O Lord, mercifully to regard the devotion of thy people ; that mortifying their bodies by fasting, their minds may be refreshed by good works.

Mercifully, O Lord, look down on thy people, and in thy clemency turn away from them the scourge of thy wrath !

Grant, we beseech thee, O Almighty God, that thy people who mortify themselves by abstinence from food, may likewise, by following righteousness, fast from sin !

Grant us, O Lord, we beseech thee, thy assistance in order that we may thoroughly perform this holy fast, that what we have undertaken by thy appointment, we may accomplish by thy grace !

Vouchsafe us, we beseech thee, O Lord, the assistance of thy grace, that whilst we duly apply ourselves to fasting and prayer, we may be delivered from all enemies both of soul and body !

Grant, O Almighty God, that being purified by the fast, we may come to

the approaching Solemnity (of Easter) with pure hearts !

Grant, O Lord, we beseech thee this salutary effect of our fast, that the chastisement of the flesh which we have undertaken may become the improvement of our souls ! \*

This is but a small portion of the melting language of our Holy Mother, a few of her thrilling accents. Who can address them to Heaven without emotion ? Who can refuse to see that her glorious object is the spiritual purification of her beloved children, her principal aim to teach them the saving fast from sin ?

We may probably before this holy season shall be over, be tempted to draw again on the rich Treasury which she has filled for us in Lent with the most sparkling and precious gems from the Book of Life and Truth, that inexhaustible mine of wealth from Heaven !

We are edified at the manner in which the Catholics of Halifax are availing themselves of the spiritual opportunities afforded them during these days of mercy and grace. The House of Sacrifice and Prayer is diligently frequented, and as the bread of life is more abundantly broken, the faithful listen with a holy eagerness to "every word that cometh out of the mouth of God" through his sacred ministers. During the last, and a portion of the present week, the Rev. Mr. Quinan de-

\* Collect. &c. for Lent. *Misale Romanum* Passim.

livered a series of instructive Discourses at St. Mary's ; and on Tuesday and Thursday the Rev. Mr. Conolly has preached to attentive audiences at the North End. May we all feel that " this is the acceptable time and that these are the days of salvation !"

## Stations for the Holy Time of Lent.

OR OTHER SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

From the French of Pere Berthier.

### SECOND STATION.

THE INCARNATE WORD.

I present myself in this station before the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ, all flaming with love for me. It was love that produced the Incarnation of the divine word and it was by love that this divine word made flesh accomplished the work of my redemption.

Behold the origin and the foundation of the devotion of the faithful to the Heart of Jesus. There are two relations in this devotion ; one to the Heart of Jesus itself, as being one of the principal parts of the adorable body of Jesus Christ ; the other to the love which this divine Saviour has entertained and still entertains for us.

This love affects his heart in a lively degree and it is this affection which I particularly honour whilst I also render to this Heart the worship that is due to the entire body of the Man God. These notions are most simple and most easily comprehended. The object of my devotion is the material heart of Jesus Christ, as forming a portion of his adorable body ; the object of my devotion is at the same time the love of Jesus Christ, as forming the most lively impressions upon this heart. It was necessary, I imagine, to establish these principles in order to vindicate a most solid devotion, a devotion which is imperfect-

ly explained by some and most unjustly attacked by others.

Ah ! Lord, I perceive that your sacred heart has been at all times an object of veneration to the faithful. At all times have they adored your body inseparably united to your divinity, and consequently adored your sacred heart which forms one of its principal parts. In every age have they been affected by the unspeakable love which has produced in your heart emotions far superior in strength and in dignity to those which the most ardent and legitimate love could produce in our hearts.

I present myself before this heart which is wounded and inflamed with love. Ah Lord ! there was no faith in you, because you behold all the mysteries in the bosom of your heavenly Father ; hope was not in you, because you enjoy perpetually the immediate vision of God. But you were all love, and you have come on earth for the sole purpose of enkindling and diffusing this sacred fire. O Love ! what characters do I perceive in you !

A TENDER LOVE : Jesus pours forth tears over the ungrateful sinners who reject his benefits, who despise his visits and the salvation which he offers them.

A VEHEMENT LOVE : Jesus was to be baptized in a baptism of blood, he longed for the moment when it was to take place, and complained that his sacrifice was deferred for a short time.

A GENEROUS LOVE : Jesus possessed all the riches of heaven and earth, and he made himself poor in order to enrich men ; he almost annihilated himself, in order to raise them to the highest degree of glory.

AN UNIVERSAL LOVE : Jesus has excluded none from the price of his sacrifice ; he offered it even for those who shed his blood to the last drop.

A CONSTANT LOVE : Jesus came into the world only to love : he conversed

with men only to teach them to love; he died only to shew them what it is to love; and he is their advocate now in glory only that they may be able to love.

**A PATIENT LOVE:** Jesus waits for us in spite of our ingratitude; he does not lose sight of us even in our greatest wanderings, but eagerly seeks us.

**AN EFFICACIOUS LOVE:** Jesus, loving even unto death, has triumphed over sin, death and hell.

**A POWERFUL LOVE:** Jesus performs the most wonderful miracles in order to dwell with us, to make us live by his life, by nourishing us with his own substance.

**AN IMMENSE LOVE:** Jesus in his love has comprehended all time, from the creation to the end of the world; all generations have shared in his love, because all stood in need of being washed in his blood.

**THE LOVE OF A FATHER, OF A BROTHER, OF A FRIEND, OF A PROTECTOR, OF A SHEPHERD, OF A MEDIATOR:** Jesus bears all these names and he eternally performs their various functions, because his love, like himself, is eternal.

What shall I say, O my God! and how can I penetrate the depth of this love with which this heart is inflamed? The Apostle desired that all the faithful should comprehend his holy charity, which is so far above all human understanding.\* I perceive his meaning: he knew that my spirit would never arrive at that fulness of light which revealed to him the extent of thy love, O divine Saviour! but he wished that all our faculties should be devoted to this ineffable love; that we should be CONFIRMED and ENGRAFTED in this love, so that every other knowledge should appear unworthy of our attention.

May I therefore, O Lord, learn today this science of your love! May it pro-

duce in me two effects necessary to salvation—a forgetfulness of myself, and an entire confidence in you! May I be buried in this ocean of love, in order that the world and my passions may not find me any more, and that I may prepare myself in this life to praise and bless you in a blissful eternity. Amen.

## The Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross.

### THIRD WORD.

WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON—BEHOLD THY MOTHER.

John xix. 26, 27.

When St John relates this word of our Saviour, he tells us, that it was addressed successively to his mother, and his disciple; but these names of mother and disciple were not pronounced by Jesus. Nevertheless, there is no doubt, but they were well understood by Mary and St. John. Hence, it is he, the beloved disciple alone, who has related them, like a child, who shews with a kind of melancholy pleasure, his precious portion of the paternal inheritance. But how could they know that Jesus spoke to them? Nothing is more easy to comprehend, and nothing more useful to reflect on.

Mary and John had followed Jesus, even to Calvary. Mary and John were at the foot of the cross of Jesus. From thence their eyes were constantly fixed on the dear and august victim. Mary in particular, had, if we may say so, the entire possession of his love. Standing near the cross, as the Evangelist tells us, who was himself by her side, notwithstanding her sufferings, her soul had only strength enough to sustain her eyes and her eyes looked only to afflict and rend her heart. 'O how sad and afflicted was this blessed mother of an only Son, when she beheld this divine Son in torments!

\*Epher. iii. 19.

She saw Jesus under the scourges ; she saw this dear fruit of her womb, expiring and pouring forth his last sigh ! Who would not share in her grief, that beheld this tender mother, enduring in herself all the torments of her Son ?

Alas ! alas ! what deep, what poignant grief,  
Felt the fond mother of her only born,  
In that sad hour, when sunk beyond relief,  
She view'd the sufferings of her Son forlorn !  
Her trembling frame, with fear and horror  
shook,

At every wound she writh'd with deadly pain,  
Her piteous eye expressed in every look,  
Her woes too big for nature to sustain.

Ah ! say what mortal could unmoved behold,  
Christ's sweetest mother thus with grief oppress'd ?

Who would not weep to see the tears that  
roll'd,

Amid the storm that heav'd her sacred breast ?  
Who could the burst of pious grief restrain,  
To view her tender, sympathising eye,  
Speak all the anguish of his bitter pain,  
And hear her answer to each groan and sigh ?\*

Now, Jesus had seen from the beginning his mother, who was so tender ; he had also seen the affliction of his disciple ; but before he thought of consoling his mother and disciple that were so dear to him, this Man-God had something else of a more urgent nature to perform ; he had then, (O merciful heart of Jesus !) to pray for his executioners ; he had to promise paradise to the sinner who had acknowledged him for his king on this throne of humiliation and suffering, and Jesus did so. Then he turned towards his mother, and looked upon her. When Jesus had seen his mother, (St. John,) their eyes met ; and who can tell all the grief and pain which those mutual looks inspired : the pains of the Son in the mother's heart, and those of the mother in the Son's ? It was at this moment that this divine Son pronounced that touching word, which Mary, as we have perceived, could not

but have felt to be addressed to her : Woman, behold thy Son. At the same time, his eyes sought St. John, for turning them towards him, and indicating Mary, he said : Behold thy mother.

Woman, behold thy Son. As Jesus here discharges a duty of filial piety, we must not imagine that the term of woman, and not mother, which he applies to Mary, is a new dart by which he seeks to wound and probe her maternal heart. Indeed, this appellation did not, amongst the ancients, and especially the Jews, denote that coldness and want of feeling, as it were, which it does amongst us. It was thus they addressed persons of the highest rank, without excepting even queens themselves, every time that they had reasons for not addressing them by any other denomination, or when this title was better suited to the subject which they wished to introduce. Now these two circumstances seem to have existed in this case. The Saviour had reason for not calling Mary his Mother : he would not have exposed her to the insults and annoyance of his executioners, and of all his enemies, and moreover, this very name would tend, perhaps, to augment, and not mitigate, her sorrow. But independently of this motive, the name of woman is more suited to that filial interest which Jesus felt in her regard. The weakness of a woman, and the consideration that is due to it, require that she should have support and protection. Although Mary was the valiant woman by excellence, Jesus had discharged this pious duty towards her. Jesus is about to die, and is naturally anxious to choose a person to succeed him, and his choice falls upon Saint John, whom he gives to his mother, as her support and consolation. Woman, behold thy Son—Virgin disciple, it is with great propriety a virgin mother is confided to thy care. Behold thy mother. Never-

\*Stabat Mater.

theless, whatever may have been the intention of Jesus, it is quite evident that this language, and this very concern, should make a most sorrowful impression upon the heart of this tender mother. What a change was it not for her? Ah! whatever might be the qualities of a stranger, however worthy he might be of esteem and affection, it is not at the moment when a mother loses a son, (and what a mother, what a son!) that she is to be told to transfer, or at least to extend her maternal affection to another — Nevertheless, that is what took place at the foot of Calvary. For the word of the Man-God is not like that of a mere man, a simple and ineffectual recommendation. It is a word as efficacious as that which created the world, as that which formed the hearts of the mother and the son, and which producing therein the very thing which it signifies, inspires Mary with a new and maternal affection for St. John, and St. John with a new and filial affection for Mary. And from that moment, as he himself tells us, the disciple took her for his own, and treated her as his mother.

Happy disciple! how sweet in the midst of affliction must have been to your ear this word of a master who loved you! this word which selected you for Mary, in place of Jesus, to be the brother and the successor of Jesus, the son and the consoler of Mary! Such therefore is the reward of your purity, of your love for Jesus, and above all, of that heroic fidelity to him which you displayed, by following him with his holy mother, even to the foot of the cross, when his other disciples had abandoned him!

Happy are we also, Christians! happy is our lot! For it is not with St. John alone that the heart of Jesus is concerned, but with all those whom he did not disdain to call his brethren. With St. John, and in his person, are included all

the apostles, and all the faithful whom Jesus bestows as children to Mary, according to the unanimous declaration of the fathers — Mary is the mother of all the faithful, but more especially, more affectionately, more maternally of those who imitate the purity of St. John, and his love for Jesus, and who like him accompany Mary to Calvary, and sympathise with her in his sufferings:

Fond mother! thou, whose love was love indeed!

Oh! give me by one sweet, resistless prayer,  
Whilst meditations sees thy Jesus bleed,  
In thy vast agony of grief to share!  
Give me, in loving Christ, my God, my All,  
To feed the ever glowing, sacred flame!  
And whilst unwearied at his shrine I fall,  
To make his love my sole, my glorious aim!\*

Let us make another reflection: The holy fathers, and particularly St. Augustine, have not failed to present this word of Jesus on the cross to his mother, as an example and instruction for all children, that even to their last breath, and in the midst of the greatest suffering they should remember the authors of their existence, and furnish them with all the consolation in their power. Let us add, that the words addressed by Jesus to his faithful disciple, from the summit of his cross, is an example and instruction to all friends. Hence, as our friends attach so much importance to the last recollections, and particularly to the last words of a dying friend, and as they feel so great a pleasure in recalling them to memory, we owe them this consolation, for the enjoyment we have experienced in their friendship. It would be hard-heartedness and ingratitude to neglect them on our death-bed. — But according to the example of Jesus, let not our friends, nor even our parents, obtain precedence of our enemies.

\*Stabat Mater.



## Catholic Processions.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT BORDEAUX—AN ANCIENT ABBEY—FUNERAL PROCESSION AT ROME—CATHOLIC BURIAL SERVICE FOR CHILDREN.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of June; the sky was clear, and of that dark azure hue that told that the air had none of the chilly north in its balm;—that we were, indeed, in a southern climate.

It was the day on which the feast of CORPUS CHRISTI was celebrated in Bordeaux. The streets of the old capital were thronged; from the windows and balconies of the houses, drapery and tapestry were hung, or they were adorned with wreaths of flowers or green boughs. The pavement was strewn with foliage, and in places where the adorable Victim was to pass, it was literally ankle-deep in rose leaves. We had but the day before landed after a voyage from a country where religion had no rites; whose service had no attractions; whose doctrine had no symbolical language, to speak to the silence of the heart; whose form had neither room for imagination to dwell in, nor scope for devotion to spread their wings therein. The fairest and best gifts of God, all that elevate and support the soul of man; all that raises him intellectually above the brutes, that perish, were *there* held vain and useless, if offered for God's service, as if it were only the dregs of human intellect that should be consecrated to God, and all that by a right direction might elevate his soul should be degraded to the service of lust, or vanity, or empty pride. Music, that soars on wings of inspiration to heaven, was there given to pander to the frivolities of life, and the

merest dregs given to the service of Him who implanted in the heart of man those gifts, to the end that they should be restored, after cultivation, to Him again. Architecture racked the brain, and new orders arose, to prove that even invention, when it springs from the gratification of human or national vanity, can produce only deformity. There painting, shorn of its heavenly end, flourished but to minister its degraded art, to commemorate on the canvas, the pride and bad taste of its supporters; and sculpture, that might have idealised by simple figures the chain of God's mysteries of redemption,—instead of our blessed Redeemer, or his holy Mother,—instead of the angels of God and the saints of heaven,—fell a slavish imitator of the impurity and sensual tinctures of a heathen people, who were in a measure so far excusable that they did it in blindness, and that the light of salvation had never spread its beams on their benighted polity.

In a land so barren, and so void of food for holy thought, we had been some time before, and had alighted in one which of old had been true, but which, after a long void of haply worse desecration, was, by God's favour, again restored to holy faith, and to the public celebration of its moving mysteries.

We shall never forget, when as a stranger we walked the festive streets, we heard for the first time the solemn strain of devout music rise in the tranquil air. It was the procession in honour of, and bearing along THE BODY OF OUR LORD through the city. Troops of acolytes, like winged angels, led the way; and little girls, beautiful in their girlhood, scattered sweet flowers as they went. The holy banners of the Cross and of our blessed Lady floated over all;

the solemn clergy followed, and from glowing censers clouds of sweetest incense filled the air with rich perfume: from innumerable voices rose canticles of jubilee and praise; and last of all, borne by a venerable prelate, under a canopy of silk enwrought with gold, came the blessed BODY OF OUR LORD; for whose honour and glory all these best gifts of God to man had been consecrated, as so many offerings to his adorable presence. And wheresoever the BLESSED HOST went, the faithful knelt devoutly;—like waves of the sea, as HE passed they fell and rose, and the noise was as the rush of many waters. What the emotions were when the benediction was given from the *Reposoir*;—when the *Tantum Ergo* and *O Salutaris Hostia* rose in the open air, that was redolent with incense, those only can tell who have had the pleasure of witnessing the like solemn rites as these, and under the like circumstances.

But there are yet other processions which the Church sets before us for our improvement, instruction, and edification. Let us turn then to a vast and dimly-lighted abbey;—let us look and listen, as the solemn line of holy monks walk processionally round their hallowed aisles; see them, with downcast eyes, following the processional Cross, on which at the foot of our Lord's Rood, stands Mary and the beloved disciple—these two links that bind us, as it were, in kinship with our God; hear, how with downcast look, and countenance full of recollection and holy joy, they lift up the devout litany of intercession, as they move round the holy sanctuary, into which, as into a garden enclosed, the pure only are privileged to enter. Hear how their voices rise and fall—how one

speaks, and many respond; hear how the sound echoes in the high-pitched roof, and seems to linger in the rafters, among the imagery whose praises have been sung, whose intercessional prayers have been entreated, whose invocation has been solemnly implored. In our old abbeys and conventual churches such scenes were once common,—in the new abbeys and conventual churches which are now arising we may shortly see the same.

Yet once more let us read out of the book of experience. The scene is Rome; the time, evening. In slow procession, with the Cross borne aloft, there comes a long line of bare-headed friars, each holding in his hand a lighted taper, and preceding a bier, on which lies the still more solemn dead. In the quiet evening as they move along, the flickering tapers show lustrous, as a long living breathing line of light, and brethren chaunt the solemn office as they bear the body to the church, where it is to lie till the propitiatory sacrifice be offered up for its soul's rest, on the following morning.

But yet consider in a deep heart *him* who lies upon that silent bier, and who is borne along, preceded by a line of lights, and the affecting cadence of the funeral office. Can the mother forget the fruit which her womb hath borne? She may forget, but God is ever merciful, and the Church, his voice, ever kind and indulgent. Though pale and silent now, His spirit is neither silent nor withering away with fear. He is one who was washed in the baptismal waters of regeneration, who was nourished by the graces that flow from the holy Sacraments; who, though offending, yet found reparation at the chair of confession, and was strengthened and fed with the bread of the strong. There

lie the remains of one who loved the Church; who loved her solemn rites and holy mysteries; who at her teaching, believed in God, loved God, hoped in God. Whose heart was wounded with contrition; whose soul was healed by the precious balm of her graces. If sin overtook him, his tears flowed, and he was forgiven; and in his person God's justice met with mercy, and gave to his bruised spirit the kiss of peace. There lies one who loved God's poor, and holy poverty; who out of the abundance of his gifts gave of his substance, and from his giving gained new increase. Fortified with the last Sacrament, his soul, in it and the viaticum, felt that it was indeed an unction—oil cast on the troubled waters that he was about to stem, and a safeguard against the storms that raged in his last hour—when, but for that staying hope, he would have fallen into the depths from which the prayer of faith had called him; for during all his pilgrimage, prayer had been his prop, and now, whether praying or being prayed for, the virtue of imprecation returns on either side redoubled, and whether it be for glory or for grace, the chain of communion of heaven with earth in his or our persons, is one, and in both effectual. For like two lutes tuned together in perfect concord, when one is struck the other answers; or as when two strings by a certain arrangement are struck together, a third and independent note is generated of the two in the air,—so when the prayers of the faithful, militant, or suffering, or triumphant, are in concord, a third harmony is generated, which hath affinity to both, and springs from both; and what is this but the COMMUNION OF SAINTS? Oh blessed be God, who has inspired his Church to reveal so sweet

and consoling a portion of our creed, and would that we would but glow the more, and seek, by being tuned in virtue's chord, to beget too a responsive harmony, that so our works may be done for one only end—THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD!

But yet once more we will recall to mind one other page from the book we love to read. It is of another procession—and of the dead.

Among the olive-trees that wind their old roots and trunks in such fantastic shapes,—amid the orange-trees that shed their sweet perfume in the air,—amid the clustering vines that wed the trees in gay and wild festoons, there is a voice of chaunting, but it is of joy not of sorrow. See it winds forward and draws near. "*Laudate, pueri, Dominum, Laudate nomen Domini.*" Can these be the accents of death: or is it some festival of joy? Headed by the Cross, with lighted tapers in their hands, see an innocent band of children all in white, bearing a white bier and a white pall, and see that venerable priest wearing a white stole. It is a festival of joy, and can those be tears which the mother weeps?—and for whom? Is that fair infant, beautiful as alabaster, who lies with a wreath of flowers on its head, and a cross of roses on its breast, and with that ineffably beautiful smile, which is only to be seen in sleeping infancy,—is she dead? and are those tears tears of sorrow which the mother weeps?\*

She is not dead, but sleepeth. Her

\* The Burial Service of Children who die in their innocence after Baptism, is appropriately solemnized as a ceremonial of joy in the Catholic Church. The flowers denote the sweet-smelling fragrance of virginal integrity in which they have departed to the spotless King of Virgins.

n gel beholds the face of her Father in heaven. Those lips that have not lisped on earth, are now singing jubilee of praise in heaven. The mother weeps—but her's are tears of nature, not of sorrow; she knows that though she has lost a sweet bud on earth, she has gained a rose in heaven; and therefore, even in tears she can sing "*Laudate, pueri, Dominum,*" for she knows that she is gone to Him "who maketh the barren in her house the joyful mother of children." "*Qui facit sterilem in domo matrem filiorum latantem.*"

The taint of sin has been unknown; the waters of reconciliation have made this little one purer than our first parents in Eden. They, had they lived in obedience, might have deserved the continuance of their Paradise of pleasure. This little one, by virtue of the unspeakable merits of Him who gave the baptismal covenant for appli-ance to the souls of the faithful, has merited heaven. Truly she is not dead, but sleepeth, her angel beholds the face of her Father in heaven!

*In Fest. Nativ. B. V. M., 1842.*

From a

## Sermon on the First Sunday of Lent.

BY PÈRE BOURDALOUE.

But in what does mortification of the flesh consist; and to what is this exercise confined by the practice of the world. Ah, my dear brethren, allow me to tell you, that according to the practice of the world, this virtue is hardly known—that it is despised, nay, that it is looked upon with horror. But no matter what idea the world may form of it, the oracle of the apostle will always endure—that in order to belong to Jesus Christ, and to preserve an inviolable fidelity to him, it is necessary to crucify our flesh, and die to its in-

ordinate passions and desires. Those who are of Christ, have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences, Galat. v. No matter what the opinion of the world, it must ever, that the more a sinner is subject to temptation, the more vigorous and strict becomes this law of the mortification of the body. If we were Christians as we ought to be, these rules of the gospel, although general, would be more than sufficient to make us comprehend our duties. But, because self-love rules us, and because in the excess of an indulgence for ourselves, we hardly overtake the trouble of imposing the slightest penance on ourselves—what has the church done? She has reduced this general precept to a particular commandment, which is the fast of Lent: justifying herself on the one side by our infirmities, and on the other by our wants—forming her rules after the example of the ancient patriarchs, and much more on that of Jesus Christ—relying on the power which God has given her, to make laws for the guidance of her children, and promising on our fidelity, that if we have a sincere desire of mortifying our flesh as much as it is necessary to overcome temptation, we shall not only experience no rigour in the precept, but shall even do much more than she prescribes; because, in the many temptations which we may experience, even this would not be sufficient to restrain our cupidity, or extinguish the fire of our passions.

This is the design which the Church proposed to herself in the institution of this holy fast. But amongst the small number of the faithful who respect the Church, and who seem obedient to her commands, how many are there who change this precept, and by

what means? By the false interpretations of corrupt nature; by pretended reasons of necessity; by vain dispensations which they either obtain or grant to themselves. I have said, vain dispensations, and to convince you of this, we have only to consider three great disorders that are connected with these dispensations. The first is, that in general these dispensations seem to be attached to certain conditions in life, and not to individuals; an infallible proof that necessity is not the rule for them. And is it not really surprising, Christians, that when a man in these days is raised to fortune and rank, there is no longer any fasting for him—that then his strength fails, and that neither his constitution nor health will permit him to do what he could and would have done in a more humble state of life? In the second place, those who imagine they are most dispensed from the obligation of fasting, are those to whom fasting ought to be most practicable; because they are the rich who abound in every thing, and who enjoy all the comforts of life. In the third place, those who strive most to be exempted from the law of fasting are those to whom fasting and penance are most necessary; who are not only guilty of many past sins, but who are still enslaved by the habits of sin—who have daily a thousand temptations before them, that render them more subject to relapses for which they require a remedy.

### Maxims of the Saints.

CONTAINING EDIFYING REFLECTIONS,

Extracted from the Lives and Writings of eminent Servants of God.

Often say to yourself: O proud ashes

why are you inflated? Will he who cast Lucifer into hell, spare you?

ST. BERNARD.

Be confounded when you behold a God almost annihilated, and a worm of earth almost exalting itself. O my Saviour, may all the ignominies and reproaches, with which you were covered, fall upon me.

Be attached to no one but God; happy are they who have no other master but God!

Give yourself to God without reserve; you owe him everything, and yet you have given him so little! love Jesus Christ in such a manner that every thing which will not be sweetened by the remembrance of him may become insipid to you.

Endeavour to feel that there is nothing like being entirely attached to Jesus Christ, and loving him alone.

ST. NORBERT.

You fear the devil: if you wish that he should dread you, arm yourself with Jesus Christ; the cross of Jesus Christ alone makes him fly and vanish.

Let your heart and your purse be always open to the poor.

If you were asked to choose between the whole universe and God, ought you hesitate? The whole world is nothing; God is everything; God will supply the place of every thing else.

ST. WILLIAM, Duke of Aquitaine.

Esteem nothing but your title of being the servant of God. Watch and pray, in order that you may not lose God.

Do not content yourselves with offering him desires; hell is filled with those who have had them.

Serve God; we suffer much less in

the service of our good God than in the service of the world. O if we knew what God bestows on a heart that loves him well.

Do not what you wish, but what God wills.

ST. DOMINIC.

Regret that you have only so miserable a heart to love a God who is so amiable

Often reflect that at the hour of your death and during eternity, it will avail you nothing to have gained the whole world, yes if in this life, you should possess all riches, attain all honors and enjoy all pleasures.

Study the science of salvation in the crucifix, which is the book of charity, and in the five wounds of your Saviour; love, poverty, humility and mortification, and you will fear nothing in the world.

Make yourself master of your passions, if you do not wish to be their slave.

Love God alone and find him everywhere.

Say to Jesus Christ, that you do not know how to love God as he ought to be loved; and that you beg of him, to love him for himself and for you.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM.

Rejoice because God is your Father, Jesus Christ your brother, and your Saviour, the Holy Ghost your guest and director; Mary your Mother and your advocate, the angels and saints, your directors. In your labours, infirmities and sufferings, console yourself by this reflection. For the light sufferings of a few moments the kingdom of heaven is prepared for me.

Without prayer and mortification God will not bless you, and you will not be sanctified.

Desire to love God, to love nothing but him, to love him for his own sake, to love him as much as you ought to love him, since you cannot love him as much as he deserves.

If you wish to be rich and happy, possess God by a great love. Whom can we love, if we do not love God: How can we exist without loving him.

ST. CLARE.

Behold a means of finding time short: meditate on the passion of our Lord.

In order not to render the work of Jesus Christ useless, love for God's sake your neighbour, whom Jesus Christ has loved so much, and whom he has purchased at so great a price.

Frequently have the cross in your hand and before your eyes; carry it always in your heart by love, and let it be imprinted on your senses and members by mortification.

ST. CYRIACUS.

Consider with love, Jesus crucified, and you will despise your crosses.—When we look at Jesus on the cross, can we complain of our own?

As you cannot serve Jesus Christ himself in person, serve him in the person of those who are his servants.

Be always ready to shed your blood, sooner than offend a God who has poured out the last drop of his, in order to redeem you.

In order to pray well, do nothing which will be an obstacle to it.

Let it be your chief care, to purify your heart, and to banish every thing inordinate from it.

ST. ALBERT.

Love Mary and serve her with fervour : you will thus have a great treasure of grace in your heart.

How is it, that when you believe God is God, you serve him so badly ?

God who requires of you the offering of your heart, also requires, that this heart be pure, humble, devout and faithful.

Be not wedded to the earth or its vanities, you who are made for eternity. Renounce the delights of earth, 'in order to merit those of heaven. If you have good will, God will shew you mercy.

ST. PETER CELESTINE.

Whenever you go into a church imagine that you are entering heaven.

In your sufferings, consider your Saviour all covered over with his blood for your sake, and then complain if you dare.

ST. NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINE.

Serve God for his own sake, in order to please and to possess him, and rejoice at the honor which you receive in serving so good a master, and at the bliss which is promised you.

Do not love life only because it leads you quickly to death, and because during so short a space you are able to gain eternity.

Act before you speak, and do more than you say. ST. COLUMBAN.

Do good, do good, whilst you have yet time ; in a little while you will be able to do no more.

ST. JOHN OF GOD.

Hope in him who forbids you to despair in him. Forgive quickly, because you must forgive sooner or later if you wish that God should forgive you.

## Poetry.

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

" He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed."

ISAIAH liii. 5

He comes!—the Man of Sorrows—bleeding torn ;

His garment tattered—thorns pressed on his head.

For him no pity, nought but savage scorn,  
As on to Calvary's hill he's meekly led,  
His heavy heart seems bursting with his woes ;  
His shoulders ache beneath their torturing load,

Surrounded by a multitude of foes,  
Christian ! 'tis thus that you behold your God.

Feeble and faint, He sinks upon the ground ;  
His face is covered with a deadly hue.  
Fresh smarting from each lash inflicted wound,  
He's urged along, for Calvary's in view.

At length, 'tis reached :—His body is laid bare,

And naked he is nailed upon the tree ;  
The cross is lifted, dangling high in air,  
Christian ! come, now, thy suffering Saviour see.

Already flows the blood !—the earth is dyed '  
Each gash is opening in the glare of day.  
Down Calvary flows the precious purple tide  
To wash the sins of wicked worlds away.

Praying for all he now resigns his breath ;  
A mangled form—each nerve and sinew riven ;

His sacred limbs fast stiffening into death.  
Christian ! thy Saviour hangs 'tween earth and heaven.

The patriarch's joy—Messiah promised long ;  
The expected of the nations—the eternal Word ;

The hope of prophets—theme of David's song ;  
Now in this blood hath quenched the flaming sword.

His was the great accepted sacrifice—  
Self-offered on the cross, and failing never ;  
In him we live, and die, and hope to rise.  
Christian ! rejoice, thy Saviour reigns for ever.

Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland.

Vicars Apostolic of Scotland.

PROVINCE OF ULSTER.

Names of the Prelates.	Dioceses	Residence Post Towns	Anniversary days.
M.R. Dr. W. Crolly, A.B.	Armagh	Armagh	8 May
R.R. Dr. J. Cantwell, B.	Meath	Mullingar	21 Sep <sup>r</sup>
Edward Kernan, B.	Clogher	Carrickmacross	12 April
Patk. M. Gettigan, B.	Raphoe	Letterkenny	17 September
James Browne, B.	Kilmore	Coochill	10 June
Wm. O'Higgins, B.	Ardagh	Ballymahon	30 November
Michael Blake, B.	Dromore	Violet-hill, Newry	17 Mar.
Cornelius Deavir, } John M'Loughlin, B.	B. Down & Connor	Donegal st, Belfast	22 November
		Derry	16 July

PROVINCE OF LEINSTER.

M.R. Dr. D. Murray, A.B.	Dublin	Mountjoy-square	30 Nov.
R.R. Dr. Jas Keating, B.	Ferns	Enniscorthy	21 March
William Kinsella, B.	Ossory	Kilkenny	26 July
Francis Haly, } {	Kildare & Braganza	Hse.	25 March
	Leigalin	Carlow	

PROVINCE OF MUNSTER.

M.R. Dr. M. Slattery, A.B.	Cashel	Thurles	24 Febr'y
R.R. Dr. John Murphy, B.	Cork	St Mary's, Cork	23 April
Cornelius Eagan, B.	Kerry	Killarney	25 July
John Ryan, B.	Limerick	Limerick	11 Dec.
Bartholomew Crotty	Cork	Cove	11 June
Patrick Kennedy, B.	Killaloe	Decipark, six mile bridge	17 January
Nicholas Foran, } {	Waterford & Lismore	Waterford	24 August

PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

M.R. Dr. J. M'Hale, A.B.	Tuam	Tuam	8 August
R.R. Dr. Thos Coen, B.	Clonfert	Loughrea	5 May
Patk. M'Nicholas, B.	Achonry	Ballaghaderin	17 May
Patrick Burke, B.	Elphin	Turla, Ballymoe	27 June
Edmund Firench	Kilsenera	and K.I. Kinvara	13 March
	maeduaigh		
Geo Jos P Browne, B.	Galway	Maryville, Galway	23 October
Thomas Coen, B.	Killala	Ballina	13 October

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