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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 24, 1843.

No. 4.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- March 26. Sunday IV. of Lent, called *Lestare*.  
27. Monday, 4th week in Lent.  
28. Tuesday, S. Sixtus III. Pope and Cont.  
29. Wednesday, 4th week.  
30. Thursday, 4th week.  
31. Friday, Feast of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
April 1. Saturday, 4th week.

## Lent.

### FOURTH SUNDAY, CALLED MID-LENT SUNDAY, AND SUNDAY OF THE ROSE.

- 'Rejoice, Jerusalem, and meet together all you who love her.'  
'Rejoice exceedingly you who have been in sorrow, that you may leap for joy, and be satiated with comfort from her breasts.' *Isaias lvi.* (Introit, or commencement of the Mass for the 4th Sunday of Lent.)

Mid-Lent has nearly arrived—one half of the Penitential Fast is over—the sinner is animated to new combats in the holy struggle for heaven—the enemy of our souls has been forced to resign many an unhappy victim whom he held in cruel bondage—the angels of God have rejoiced over the conversion of many a poor sinner,—and to his peaceful and happy fold the Good Shepherd has brought home with rejoicing many a weary and wandering sheep!

And is not all this a cause of rejoicing to the Church our Mother? But can she indulge in joy in the midst of

penance and mourning? Can she call upon her children to rejoice whilst they are engaged in a fearful struggle with sin, death and hell? Oh yes! She knows she is the spouse of Him who even "when he is angry will be mindful of mercy," of Him who "came to call not the just, but sinners." She knows too how prone fallen man is to evil even from his youth. She fully understands the nature of the deadly warfare in which he is engaged. She knows how many sacrifices he has to make, how many enemies to combat, how many habits to renounce, how many passions to subdue, how many allurements to despise, and how many dangerous occasions to avoid. She has learned from the Apostle that her beloved children have to struggle not only against flesh and blood, but against the Prince of Darkness, the Rulers of this darksome pilgrimage, the spiritual things of wickedness in the high places; and she well knows what grace, and strength, and courage and perseverance are necessary for them in order to win that blessed kingdom which suffers violence, and which none but the violent will bear away.

With heavenly wisdom therefore she sometimes mingles a portion of spirit-

nal joy with the sorrows of her dear children, and leads them by Hope as well as by Penance, Faith and Love to the glories of their true country.

Many of her children have listened to her maternal voice. The impious man has forsaken his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and have returned to the LORD their GOD.

The wretched Prodigal who was perishing with hunger in a strange land, has from the lowest depths of his misery, heard her affectionate invitations and contrasting the delicious plenty of his Father's House with the foul husks of swine which Satan flings to his hapless victims, his heart yearns for the paternal abode, his soul is drenched with bitterness, his conscience is torn by remorse, his eyes are filled with tears. In the midst of all his misery a bright ray from the star of grace has fallen upon his darksome spirit.

And his resolution was instantly taken, for he said: *I will arise and I will go to my Father.*

And he has arisen, and come, and cast himself at his Father's feet, and cried out from his heart of hearts:

*Father! I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee!*

*Father! I am no longer worthy to be called thy child: make me as one of thy hired servants!*

And his Father has clasped him to his pardoning bosom, and the ingratitude the past is all forgotten—and the memory of his son's guilt is drowned in

joy because the lost one is found, because the Dead is returned to Life again!

And shall not that lost one's mother exult? Will not her heart expand and rejoice? Who can wonder then that even in the midst of Lent, she has her *Latare* Sunday, on which she is congratulated and the rest of her children summoned to partake her joy?

Let us then sing. Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and meet together all you who love her!

Rejoice, Jerusalem, because your lost and erring children have returned. And meet together all you who love this tender Mother, that you may celebrate with her this feast of gladness, this triumph of repentance, this delightful union of filial sorrow and parental love!

And you who have been in grief for the loss of your brethren, rejoice exceedingly, at their happy return to your Father's House.

And you, poor sinners, too long unhappy, too long wallowing amid the husks of swine, but now returned to your Heavenly Father, now come back to your affectionate Mother for that consolation which you sought for amongst strangers in vain—do you exult exceedingly, aye, and leap for joy and be satiated with comfort from her breasts!

As nought can heal the anguish of the tearful and suffering babe so much as the mother's breast, so none but your mother the Church knows how to console you that were in sorrow, nothing

can satiate your famished souls so well as the honied milk which flows so abundantly from her pure breasts!

She has another reason for her sounds of gladness at this mid-lent season :

She wishes to animate, to encourage, to fortify her children. She fears they may be "wearied, fainting in their minds," and she mingles a drop of comfort with the bitter chalice of repentance to commend it to their wavering lips. She relaxes somewhat of her austere mien, and wears a smile of heavenly comfort. She even permits her altars to be decorated, and the vaulted roofs of her Temples to ring once more with the organ's sweet and thrilling sound.

And will she not thus allure her children on in the narrow and thorny path that leads to Heaven? Will she not encourage them "to fight the good fight" and to "finish their course" of salutary penance by persevering to the close of Lent in their holy austerities that they may rise at Easter to a new life?

The Christian is one born to penance. The whole of this mortal pilgrimage is a continued Lent, a season of affliction, a time of penance. It will be succeeded by the true Easter, the real Paschal Feast of the Lamb, the glorious Resurrection with Christ to a newness of life and bliss which will never end. From time to time as we pursue our sorrowful journey through this vale of tears, a ray from above comes to cheer

our path, as in the midst of the austerities of Lent the Church has placed the Sunday of rejoicing which comes upon us like a sudden gleam of sunshine in the gloom of a winter's day, reminding us of the glories of the heavenly spring which approaches.

But what shall we say of those unhappy children of the Church who are still feeding on the husks of swine, who are yet in a strange land, who have hardened their hearts in the day when they heard the voice of the Lord, who have performed no penance, renounced no sins; brought forth no good fruit? . . .

Because the Lord is merciful, they are ungrateful; because he delays to strike, they refuse to repent; they are all wickedness because he is all goodness. Those very attributes of mercy which should win their hearts, they turn into weapons of injury with which they wound their patient Benefactor again!

Oh! they "know not that the benignity of God leadeth them to penance"—that "according to their hard and impenitent hearts, they are treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath!"

Alas, alas! on that day of wrath it will be "more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrhah than for them."

One half of the "acceptable time" is past; but one half of the "days of salvation" still remains. And what a precious half! and how valuable is not every moment of this season of mercy to them! Let them hasten to the vine

yard even at the eleventh hour, for this may be their last Lent on earth. Let them be "not unwise but as wise, redeeming the time" the precious time which they have lost. Let the intensity of their sorrow, and the fervour of their love atone for the heartless ingratitude of the past. Let each poor sinner cry out before it be too late :

"Convert me, O God, and I shall be converted.

"Heal my soul, because I have sinned to thee.

"I will arise, and I will return to my Father."

### Ceremony of Blessing the Rose.

The Roman Pontiffs have long been accustomed, on the 4th Sunday in Lent, on which the church sings in the Introit, *Lætare Jeru salem*, to bless a golden rose; and to present it, after a solemn high mass, to some great prince, if there happens to be such a personage at the Roman court. If not, the rose is sent to some king or prince, according to the pleasure of the Holy Father: but the Pope is accustomed previously to consult the cardinals, as to whom he shall present the rose. A small altar is prepared for the occasion, near the place whence the Pope takes his vestments, and, upon the altar, are placed two candlesticks. The Pope, vested with an amice, alb, girdle, stole, cope and mitre, approaches this altar, and, taking off his mitre, says :

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

R. Who made heaven and earth.

R. Our Lord be with you.

LET US PRAY.

O God, by whose word and power all things were made, and by whose nod all things are directed; thou who art the joy and delight of all the faithful: we humbly beseech thy majesty, that in thy mercy thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless ✠ and sanctify this rose most pleasing to the sight and smell, which we this day bear in our hands, in token of spiritual joy, that the people devoted to thee, being brought forth from the yoke of Babylonian captivity, by the grace of thy only-begotten Son, who is the glory and exultation of thy people Israel, of that Jerusalem which is above, our mother, may exhibit joy again with sincere hearts, and as thy church, in honour of thy name, exults and rejoices in this sign this day; do thou O Lord bestow upon her true and perfect joy, and, accepting her devotion, remit her sins, fill her with faith, cherish her with forgiveness, protect her with mercy, destroy all adversity, and grant her all prosperity: so that, by the fruit of good works, she may pass on to the odour of the ointments of that flower, which, produced from the root of Jesus, is mystically proclaimed to be the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys: with whom, in glory above, may she rejoice with all the saints without end. Who lives and reigns, &c.'

After this prayer his Holiness anoints the golden rose with balsam and scatters over it a little musk; he then sprinkles it with holy water and incenses it. During these ceremonies the rose is held by a clerk of the Camera apos, tolica, who now gives it into the hand of the Cardinal Deacon, who stands on the right, and he gives it to the Pope, who carrying the rose in his left hand, and giving his benediction with his right, proceeds to the chapel, his cope being held up, on each side, by a Cardinal Deacon. When he

rose to the first mentioned Cardinal Deacon, who delivers it to the clerk of the camera, and he places it upon the altar.

When mass is finished, the Pope prays before the altar, and afterwards receives the rose, and carries it to his chamber. If the personage, to whom it is to be given, is present, he is summoned, and as he kneels at the Pope's feet, the Pope presents the rose to him, saying: 'Receive a rose from our hands, who though unworthy, hold the place of God upon earth, by which rose is signified the joy of the two cities of Jerusalem, that is the church triumphant and militant; by which is manifested, to all the faithful of Christ, that most beautiful flower, which is the joy and crown of all the saints: receive this, most beloved son, who art noble, powerful, and endowed with much strength, according to the world, that thou mayest be much more ennobled with every virtue in Christ our Lord, like a rosetree planted upon the streams of many waters, which grace may He, of his abundant clemency, vouchsafe to grant thee, who is three and one for ever, Amen. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' The person, to whom the rose is thus presented, after kissing the hand and foot of the Pope, returns his thanks, and, bearing the cross in his hand, is accompanied to his house by the college of Cardinals, between the two senior Deacons after all the other Cardinals, escorted also by the officers of the Roman court.

## The Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross.

### FOURTH WORD.

MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?

Matt. xxvii. 46. Mark xv. 34.

A God complains; his sufferings,

therefore, must be great. O you who pass by the way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like to his sorrow.' (Lamentat. i. 12.) And to what, indeed, can we compare it? Is it to the sorrow of the two culprits, who are suffering the same punishment at each side of him? But what a difference! They were far from being put to death, like Jesus, for their sanctity and innocence.—They had not, from the evening before, experienced that mortal sadness which covered the whole body of our Saviour with a bloody sweat. They had not been sold by one friend, abandoned by others, and betrayed by a kiss. They had not been for an entire night, during which the only nourishment Jesus took was to do his father's will, barbarously dragged from one tribunal to another—from the sanguinary high priest to the timid governor—from this weak governor to a deriding king, and sent back again from this insulting king to the unjust governor, by whom, after having proclaimed his innocence, he is condemned to death. They had felt none of that atrocious scourging, in which the executioners, forgetful of humanity, and the very law itself, which forbade them to inflict more than fifty stripes on a culprit, had inflicted a countless multitude of scourges on Jesus, and rendered his entire body one immense wound.—They had not borne the instrument of their punishment on a mangled and bleeding body,—they had not thrice fallen under the heavy weight of their crosses and sufferings—the Jews had not hurried their crucifixion with that ferocious impatience, which they shewed to Jesus. It was well for them that their executioners were otherwise engaged on that day—they were en-

tirely occupied with Jesus alone. It was into his head that they had driven the crown of thorns. For Jesus alone they reserved their cruel blows, their vile phlegm, their clamours, their insults, their blasphemies, and outrages of every description. Jesus alone had his mother at his feet, whilst he was dying. Added to this, the extraordinary sensibility which must have been felt by his divine body, the perfect organization of which was not deranged by the shadow of sin, or excess.

Pilate was apparently ignorant of, or at least forgot all these circumstances, when he was astonished in the evening that Jesus was already dead, whilst the two thieves were still breathing. Who does not see that in this long series of moral and physical suffering, that Jesus had endured a thousand times more than was sufficient to cause his death. if he had not been pleased to retard it, that he might suffer more, by a more than human power?

For our parts, without sharing in this astonishment of Pilate, let us take advantage from it, by reflecting, that above all the miseries which we have described, this divine Saviour had experienced another suffering, of which the former present us but a faint image. Yes, ye blind and barbarous Jews, open your prophets, and you will see that in persecuting this God-Man, your hands inflict only the second blows upon him. An invisible hand has already stricken him: an invisible hand has inflicted those cruel wounds upon him, to which you have only added, *Beaus they have persecuted him whom thou hast smitten.* (Ps. 68, v. 27.) But, can I describe, O Lord, these divine and invisible wounds? And yet I ought to do so, for they are the work of my hands. "These wounds

are the iniquities of us all, whom God has placed upon Jesus. (Isa. 53, 5.) O God! what a frightful burthen! All the sins of all men, all the iniquities, all the atrocious deeds, all the horrors which have been committed to the end of the world, proceeding from the hearts of men, like so many impure serpents come to take refuge in the heart of Jesus. Ah! behold what rends and torments his heart more than all the phlegm and insults! Behold what covers his sacred face with an incomprehensible shame! *Confusion has covered my face.* (Ps. 18.)

Shame! what a torment shame is, when it enters into the presence of virtue! What a torment then must not the confusion of Jesus, who was innocence itself, have been, when he appeared loaded with crimes, in the presence of a thrice holy God!

To his confusion and his suffering—and what suffering! A suffering which is necessary before God's justice to expiate those very crimes of which we have spoken. Now, though the imagination is incapable of representing to itself all the immensity of our Saviour's suffering, yet it can go so far as to be overwhelmed by the idea which it may conceive of it. The contrition which we cold and insensible sinners feel for our crimes, is a sorrow that rarely affects our sensitive part. It is frequently no more than a mere affection of the spirit, which considers it the greatest of all misfortunes to have offended God. And blessed be the God of Mercy, his goodness is satisfied with this sorrow. Heaven forbids to deliver ourselves up to a sorrow whose liveliness would interfere with our existence or our health. But if God spares us in this manner, he has done so at the expense of his own Son, and

Jesus Christ has endured for our sakes, that bitter and profound grief, which made his *soul sorrowful, even unto death.*

That perfect contrition, which certain souls who are deeply penetrated with grief for their offences against God, feel in such a manner as to cause their death, was felt by Jesus Christ for all men, and for each of them in particular, and felt for each of them to such a degree, as none amongst them could bear. This is true to such an extent, that it would not be too much to say, that if the grief which afflicted the heart of Jesus were distributed amongst all mankind, who have ever existed, or who shall ever exist, it would be enough to cause their death. O sinner, meditate for an instant, at least on this abyss of sorrow!

Our generous Saviour, Jesus Christ, up to this moment surmounted this grief, and expanding his great soul, and his immense love, he extended them like a network of mercy on all men together, by praying for his executioners. From thence, without however for a moment losing sight of the entire world, whom he redeems, his thoughts are fixed on a penitent sinner, then on his mother, and on his friend. They at length were directed to himself, at this moment. It was then, that weighed down by a consciousness of his evils, and as if, affrighted at his own appearance, instead of merely speaking, he cries aloud, as the Evangelist informs us, and throws himself, if we may say so, into the bosom of God, of that God who had stricken him, to implore consolation. It is to him that he addresses himself, and with him he is henceforward to treat, even to his last sigh.

My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me? My God, my God, it is no longer, My Father, Jesus no longer beholds in him a father. Did a father

ever treat his only son in such a manner, He sees in him only an avenging God, whose paternal tenderness has vanished, and who no longer feels any thing but implacable resentment for a son, who is charged with the iniquities of those who have offended him. This what he wishes to express by these words: Why hast thou forsaken me? for God was always with him; but it was from this very divine presence that sprung the immensity of his sufferings, and the strength by which he was enabled to endure them.

But let us more deeply examine this adorable complaint. We see that it is couched in an interrogation. Was Jesus, then, ignorant of the cause of this divine abandonment? Undoubtedly not. Why, therefore, does he enquire, and why is the enquiry permitted without a reply?—This is a mystery—but it is one which we can easily penetrate. Jesus asked why his God had forsaken him, in order to excite our attention, and to teach us that it is our duty to enquire into the cause, and to reflect upon it. He does not answer, in order that we may answer in his place. Or rather, Jesus Christ has given an excellent answer himself. But in what manner? Let us read the 21st psalm, from which this complaint is extracted, and which Jesus seems to have entirely recited during his Passion. There we see, that after these words which form the very commencement of the psalm; My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me, it is immediately added, the cry of my sins are far from my deliverance.

Behold then this reply, which should be ours, and which is really ours, because Jesus, who was sanctity itself, had no other sins but our sins; but this answer he made in the silence of grief, and of the most profound confusion, and he continues to sigh before his God; and to invoke his assistance, with the greatest fervour and the most touching language.

as we may perceive in the remainder of the psalm, the length of which alone prevents us from quoting it here at full.\*

What a lesson, christians, and at the same time, what a consolation is afforded us by this word of the Man-God! The Son of God, the Just, the Holy One by excellence, meets with a total abandonment on the part of his father, because he is loaded with our sins. Shall we, sinners—shall we, the enemies of the Most High God, dare to pretend that he would never chastise us? And what would become of us, if his Son did not endure his anger for our sakes? And what shall become of us, if we know not how to profit by the sufferings and patience of his Son, but submitting patiently to our own sufferings, after his example?

Nevertheless, the Man-God complains

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\*This is the psalm which is commonly called the Psalm of the Passion, because our Saviour pronounced its first words on the cross, and because throughout it the psalmist evidently speaks of the person of the future Messiah, whose persecutions and sufferings he recounts with such minuteness of detail, as to relate to the casting of lots amongst the soldiers, for his raiments. Now, we cannot doubt but that our Saviour addressed to God, during his mortal life, and at suitable times and places, those prayers which the Holy Ghost had previously prepared for his lips; by the ministry of his prophets. There is nothing, therefore, more probable, nor more edifying to believe, than that this Man of Sorrows, during his Passion, recited the entire of this psalm, as he has here quoted its opening words, †

† We will publish hereafter an exposition of this Psalm, written by the translator.

and sighs under the blows of the paternal hand. We therefore, weak dust and ashes, are allowed to complain, when God strikes us in our turn. But to whom shall we complain, except God himself, in imitation of Jesus? But as was the case with Jesus, and will be so with us for a much better reason, we shall hardly have opened our mouths when we must close them again, to listen within us to this withering answer—‘It is the cry of your sins that has brought these chastisements upon you?’

Nevertheless, how great soever our sins may be, let us never despair, but continue to pray like our Saviour, with fervour and confidence, and that God, who immediately hastens to console, will comfort at least at the moment appointed by his mercy.

Let us also remark, that in order to express his grief to the Lord, Jesus employs the language of the Holy Ghost. Let us make use of the holy scripture in our prayers. It alone has consoling expressions, words sweeter than honey, says the psalmist. Let us above all make use of those which we have heard Jesus pronounce—My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Oh! how attentive will not God be to a complaint which the mouth of his expiring Son resounded in his ears! Let us pronounce these words particularly upon our bed of agony. He will imagine that he still hears the sound of the voice of his agonizing Son. On our bed of agony likewise, let us, after having discharged our duty towards men, entertain ourselves with God alone, even to our last breath.

#### FIFTH WORD.

“ I THIRST.”

John xix. 24.

THIS thirst which Jesu feels, is at the same time both natural and mysterious. In addition to his having taken

nothing since the evening before, the quantity of blood which he had lost, the excessive pain which he had undergone, were sufficient to cause an extreme thirst. For, as St. Cyril remarks, it is the peculiar effect of intense pain to excite the natural heat so strongly as to absorb the interior liquids, and set the entrails on fire. Hence from the dryness of the palate and mouth, rises a consuming thirst, which nothing can extinguish. Then indeed was fulfilled to the letter in our Saviour, that expression of the 21st psalm, which perhaps he recited at the moment he spoke this fifth word—My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue hath cleaved to my jaws, (v. 16.)

Every one is more or less acquainted with the suffering which is occasioned by thirst. But it is those particularly who have felt it, in some illness, that can form a just idea of it. Hence a pious person, who was tormented on his death bed with a similar heat and thirst, said, that he had never comprehended, until then, those words of the psalmist, which he was fond of repeating—*My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue hath cleaved to my jaws.* And he said he judged by this torment what that of our Saviour had been.

But at best we should only imperfectly comprehend this divine torment, if we consider it merely as a natural thirst. Entirely engaged as he is in accomplishing every iota of his father's will, the thoughts of Jesus running through, if we may say so, all the oracles that related to him, perceived there was one, which as St. John tells us, was not yet fulfilled. It had been foretold, that in his thirst they should give him vinegar to drink, (Ps. lxxviii. 26.) and he immediately says, he is thirsty. His executioners then fulfilled the prophecy, and presented him vinegar to drink; that

Jesus tasted it, and that his pains were thereby increased is something of moment, without doubt, but almost nothing in addition to so many sufferings. Moreover, it was not to those who surrounded him that he particularly declared his thirst. The word which he here pronounces, is not addressed like the preceding, to some particular person. It is a sigh which issues from the bottom of his agonizing soul, at the remembrance of his God, and of the redemption which he is achieving, a sigh that is directed at the same time to heaven and earth, to God and man, to all mankind, and particularly to all sinners. If he *thirsts*, it is for the return of paternal tenderness, and of those consolations of God, who has forsaken him. If he *thirsts*, it is because he sees the friendship of God at length taking the place of his wrath, and extending itself to all those whom he has redeemed at the price of his blood. If he *thirsts*, it is to see all men hastening to him, to unite themselves to him, to enter into him, that with him, and in him, and by him, they may receive the mercy which he implores; and to give here, at least, some idea of the untranslatable expression of a holy father, *he thirsts*, in order to be himself the object of our thirst. SITIT SITIRI. (St. Greg. Naz.)—He thirsts for the conversion of sinners—he thirsts for the perseverance of the just—he thirsts for the salvation and happiness of the entire world.

## Scriptural Gems.

### ON HUMILITY.

The prayer of him that humbles himself, penetrates the clouds, and returns not back till the Most High regards it. Eccles. xxxv. 21.

Have patience in humility. *ibid.* ii. 4.  
Why is earth and ashes proud? *ibid.*  
x. 9.

Where humility is, there also is wisdom. *Prov.* xi. 2.

Humility goeth before glory. *ibid.*  
xv. 38.

Glory shall uphold the humble of spirit. *ibid.* xxix. 23.

The greater thou art, the more do thou humble thyself in all things, and thou shalt find grace before God. *Eccles.* iii. 20.

Because they have been humbled, I will not destroy them. *ii. Paralip.* xii.

He will save the humble of spirit. *Ps.* 33.

A contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise, *Ps.* 50.

He has attended to the prayers of the humble, nor has he despised their supplication. *Ps.* ci.

Not to us, O Lord! not to us, but to thy name, give glory. *Ps.* cxiii.

Thou wert always pleased with the prayer of the meek and the humble. *Judith,* ix. 16.

*Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls.* *Matt.* xi. 29.

Whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself, shall be exalted. *Luke* xi. 14.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid, for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. *Luke,* i. 48.

I know how to humble myself, and how to abound. *Phill.* iv. 12.

What hast thou, that thou hast not received? *i. Cor.* iv. 7.

If any body thinks himself something, while he is really nothing, he deceives himself.—*Gal.* vi. 3.

I will glory in nothing but my weaknesses. *ii. Cor.* xii. 5.

Be humble in the sight of the Lord, and he will exalt you. *James,* iv. 10.

Be you humbled, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in the time of visitation. *i. Peter* v. 6.

## Stations for Lent.

### THIRD STATION.

#### TO THE HOLY GHOST.

There are, in the Sacred Scripture, two remarkable accounts of the Holy Ghost. The first is that after the creation, the Spirit of God moved over the waters, and imparted fruitfulness to all those things which, in the successive order of God's works, were to fill and adorn this world. The second is that after the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven, the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles, and qualified them to discharge the functions of their ministry. Behold two creations, that of the world and that of the church. On both the Holy Ghost pours forth his vivifying influence. He animates, he strengthens, he becomes, as it were, the soul of two worlds—the one sensible and material, the other invisible and spiritual. I understand on one side, that if matter could move of itself, by a much stronger reason it would be incapable of producing in me the principle of thought; and on the other, that if the church required the influence of the Holy Ghost, in order to become the children of the mother of God, it is impossible for me, without the same Divine Spirit to be born of God, to live for God, or to enter, at the close of my life, to the bosom of God. O what light, what extent,

what unction in these two truths! Everything that I am, whether as a rational being or as a Christian, depends upon them.

O Holy Spirit! source of all fruitfulness, of all action, of all sanctity, I prostrate myself in thy presence, and avow, with shame, my ignorance and ingratitude. I have known that you are one of the three Divine Persons; that you proceed from all eternity from the two first; that you are the substantial and infinite love of the Father and the Son; that as the Father sees himself in his Word, and has in him the knowledge of all existing and possible beings, so he loves himself in you, O Divine Spirit! and he loves in you everything that is good, and amiable. But I have not considered that everything which exists in the universe has received from you activity, strength, motion and beauty. O God! inanimate creatures and those who are deprived of understanding, proclaim the different functions which they perform in this world; and endowed with reason incessantly publish, by the exercise of their faculties, the excellence of your gifts. But what is more; our souls, when adorned with grace, are your temple. You dwell in them with complacency, you unite them to the Father and the Son, you are the principle and bond of the divine adoption, you are the pledge of their right to the inheritance of heaven.

O ineffable mystery! God has twice communicated himself to our nature, all weak and limited as it is. First, in giving it his only Son and secondly in pouring his Holy Spirit upon it. Jesus Christ has received us by his blood, and the Holy Ghost has sanctified us by his gifts. Jesus Christ has purchased the church by delivering

himself for it, and the Holy Ghost has formed it by instructing it, by strengthening it, and by extending it even to the extremities of the earth. JESUS CHRIST IS OUR ADVOCATE WITH HIS FATHER,\* and the HOLY GHOST PRAYETH IN US, and FOR US, WITH UNSPEAKABLE GROANINGS.† Jesus Christ feeds us with his adorable flesh, and the Holy Ghost makes us experience the life of love in this heavenly nourishment.

O love! O precious gift of the Divine Spirit! What would we be without love. What would we be without you, O Holy Spirit? Dreadful truth! Love is in heaven, and forms the happiness of the saints; love is on earth, and consoles the friends of God; but love is not in hell, and hence the devils and the reprobate who dwell there, are filled with despair. Spirit of my God! you are in this place of darkness and horror by your power and your justice, but you are not there by your love. One spark of your divine charity would extinguish all the fires of the abyss, and change this darksome prison into a place of delights. Ah! when I had the misfortune to lose you, O holy Spirit, I could still, by the tears of penance, animated by your grace, recal you to my heart; and you did not disdain to bestow me your favours, and to forget my wanderings. But in hell there are no more visits of the Holy Ghost, no other return of charity, no more love for ever, and consequently there are eternal regrets, eternal gnashing of teeth, eternal bitterness of heart.

At this reflection, O divine Spirit! I am seized with a mortal fear; to lose with you the hope of loving you! But what shall I do, O consoling Spirit! in order to deliver myself from so great a

\* 1 John ii. 1.

† Rom. viii. 26.

misfortune! The Apostle has defied all things, present and future, to be able to ever separate him from you.\* I dare not use the same language, because I feel my weakness and my inconstancy; in order that you may entirely and forever possess it. In my hands, the heart which is so feeble, would be badly regulated; I have lost it numberless times; for it is losing it to separate from you, O Spirit of my God! May it henceforth belong to you! Wound it with one of those darts with which you have pierced the hearts of your saints; burn it with one of those tongues of fire which you poured out on the Apostles; inebriate it with that delicious wine, which the Spouse of the Canticles tasted in the cellar of the bridegroom. May I be all love for you alone, and may all false hope disappear at your presence, O eternal Love, who reignest with the Word, at the bosom of the Father, and who will not cease to reign for ever and ever!

#### FOURTH STATION.

##### TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

We do not sufficiently know the holy Mother of God. Perhaps we have some devotion towards her; but, besides this, very little idea of her grandeur or merit. Methinks there are three things that ought to attach us to her, and inspire us with great confidence in her intercession. First—The happiness which she enjoyed of conversing with Jesus Christ for thirty years. Second—The silence which the Evangelists have observed on the most of her actions. Third—The sentiments contained in her admirable Canticle.

We sometimes wish to have lived at the time when Jesus Christ appeared in the world. We imagine that we

would have been amongst the number of his admirers and faithful disciples. Mary heard from his mouth, during thirty years, the words of life. What effects did not so intimate a union produce in this holy soul. To what degree of contemplation did she not arrive! What knowledge did she not acquire of the mysteries of God?

We are sometimes surprised that the Evangelists have related so little concerning this blessed creature. This is what constitutes her glory; she lived in retreat, intent upon what she learned in the school of her Son. The saints are never more worthy of admiration than when few of their actions are recorded. It is a proof that they have led hidden lives, and concealed their virtues, which is the heroism of the saints. Mary excelled in this point; she treasured up everything in her heart, according to the expression of the Evangelist. (Luke, ii. 19.) Men are unworthy to enter this sanctuary where the Divinity had formed with us such intimate union.

We have a hundred times recited the Canticle of the Blessed Virgin, but have not comprehended its hidden meaning. It is everything that faith, humility, and gratitude could produce in the most perfect degree. Let us for the future meditate upon it, and learn from the very lips of this Holy Mother of God what we ought to be.

O Sacred Virgin in whom the Word was made flesh, I implore your holy protection for the Church to which you have given Jesus Christ, for all those who do not know God the Saviour, the object of your tenderness; for careless and indifferent Christians who have little knowledge of you because they know not Jesus Christ, or know him imperfectly; in fine, for

\* Rom. iii. 35.

myself, who desire sincerely to belong to Jesus Christ. To whom could I more properly confide my interests or entrust my sentiments than to you? You were the depositary of the secrets of the Most High. Obtain for me the gift of a lively faith in these unhappy times when the number of the true faithful is so limited. Obtain for me some degrees of that profound humility which formed your character. May I desire, in imitation of you, to be unknown in the world, and profoundly humbled before God. You had all the titles that could distinguish a pure creature, and they served to make you understand more clearly the advantage of being nothing in the presence of the Supreme Being. I, on the contrary, have deserved to be the reproach of the world, and yet I forget myself so far as to covet its esteem. May your example instruct and humble me. In fine, obtain for me the love of Jesus Christ your son and the happiness to die in pronouncing his Holy Name and yours. Amen.

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ANECDOTE.

A poor artisan had made it his constant practice never to refuse an alms to the poor. One day, having distributed almost all the bread which he had in his house, he wished to give the last remaining piece to a poor man who came to his door. His children represented to him, that the piece of bread was the only remaining food to support their existence. "Fear not," said he to them, "as long as I divide my bread with Jesus Christ, we shall never want." In fact, a short time after, two men entered his shop with a basket of bread, and on retiring left it behind them. Father Versiau, who at that time was

two men. The good artisan with great simplicity answered, that these two men had often brought him a like succour, when in want.

---

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Hail, queen of heaven, the ocean star,  
 Guide of the wanderer here below,  
 Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,  
 Save us from peril and from woe.  
*Chorus.* Mother of Christ, star of the sea,  
 Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O pious, chaste and spotless maid,  
 We sinners make our prayer through thee,  
 Remind thy son that he has paid  
 The price of our iniquity.  
*Chorus.* Virgin most pure, star of the sea,  
 Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
 To thee, blest advocate, we cry,  
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
 And soothe with hope our misery.  
*Chorus.* Refuge in grief, star of the sea,  
 Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to him, who reigns above,  
 In godhead one, in persons three,  
 The source of life, of grace, of love,  
 Homage we pay on bended knee;  
*Chorus.* Do thou, bright queen, star of the sea,  
 Pray for thy children, pray for me.

ARON.

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March 24.

Are V. C. S. O.

## Maxims of the Saints.

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Let Jesus crucified, and Mary, be the treasure of your heart.

ST. BRIDGET.

Do nothing without the advice of your confessor, in whose person you consider God.

Be filled with confusion when you behold, on the one hand, the favors which the Lord has conferred on you, and on the other your infidelities.

Can you love Jesus Christ, if you look at him on the cross and feel nothing?

Do you wish not to fear death; ardently desire eternal life.

Study without ceasing Jesus crucified; extract from his sacred wounds a balm which will assuage all your pains.

In order to know what humility is you must practise it yourself.

ST. LAURENCE JUSTINIAN.

Never lose sight of this reflection: God is every thing, man is nothing. Let this reflection keep you before God in perpetual humility.

Of what honor and happiness do you not deprive yourself, if you do not communicate as often as you can and with all the fervor of which you are capable?

You will not preserve your chastity, without prayer, without mortification, and great precautions. It would be more easy for you to preserve ice in fire.

Remember that humility is nourished and increased by humiliations, by a love of abjection and a desire of

contempt. In order to have an idea of heaven, you should be in contemplation in solitude.

Often implore from Jesus and Mary the gift of humility, with which their sacred hearts were filled.

Be the last of all men in the modesty of your exterior, the mildness of your language, the humility of your sentiments, and your fidelity in practising humiliations.

ST. FRANCIS OF PAULO.

There is no virtue, without true humility, and virtue increases in the same proportion as humility.

You will become great in the sight of God, in proportion as you are humble.

The more liberal you are towards God the more magnificent will he be towards you.

To what degree should you not humble yourself, when you behold the Son of God in a crib, and on a cross?

Have a great esteem for grace, a thousand sceptres, a thousand crowns, are not as valuable as one grace.

ST. JANE.

There are three mirrors, which you ought to consult without ceasing.— These mirrors are Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Sacrifice every thing in order to serve God, and you will discover it is nothing in comparison to what you will find.

Make a good use of time, for life is short, and eternity is long.

On Friday last 17th inst., the Festival of St. Patrick was duly solemnised in Saint Mary's Church. The preparations made for the ceremonial were on the most extensive scale, and the Sacred Edifice was crowded in every part with a Congregation of some of the most respectable Citizens of Halifax. At ten o'clock, the Bishop entered the Church and was received by the Charitable Irish Society. Soon after the Ceremonies commenced with the Solemn Blessing of a Splendid Processional Cross, and a pair of Reliquaries of a very costly and tasteful description, in which were afterwards enclosed a portion of the True Cross, with Relics of the Apostles and other eminent Saints. Pontifical High Mass then commenced. His Lordship was attended by Rev. Mr. Quinan, as Deacon, Rev. Mr. Connolly, as Sub-deacon, Rev. Messrs. Kennedy, O'Brien, Brun, Hannan and Nugent assisted in Copes and Dalmatics. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien delivered a very eloquent panegyric of St. Patrick, which we hope to see printed for the use of the Society; after which a collection was made, and a handsome sum received. The ceremony closed by the chanting of Sext in the Choir by the Bishop and his attendants. At seven o'clock in the evening there was a benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. On the whole, we may assert that St. Patrick's Day in the year 1843 will long be remembered by the Catholics of Halifax.

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