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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, DECEMBER 22, 1843. No. 43.

## Weekly Calendar.

- Dec. 24 Sunday IV of Advent. Vigil of Nativity, Vesp. of following festival.
- 25 Monday, NATIVITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, Holy Day of Obligation, At Vesp. com. of following festival.
- 26 Tuesday, S Stephen, First Martyr.
- 27 Wednesday, S John, Apostle and Evangelist.
- 28 Thursday, The Holy Innocents, Martyrs.
- 29 Friday, S Thomas, of Canterbury, B and Mart.
- 30 Saturday of the Octave of Nativity.

## DISCOURSE ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

*“B’old I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people, for this city is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David.”—St. Luke ii. 10, 11.*

If there ever was a time, O Christian when your faith should be enlivened, your hope excited, or your love inflamed; when all the acts of humility, purity, gratitude, and praise, which have been elicited from the time you drew your first breath, should be united in the common adoration of your God, it is certainly in the present solemnity of this day and of humiliation.

Let your Faith be strengthened, for the object of it has descended upon the earth.

Let your hope be enlivened: for the “Desire of the Eternal Hills” has verified the predictions of his Prophets, and fulfilled the promises which he made to his servants.

Let your love know bounds, for a God has become man; heaven and earth are united together—the angels are astonished—a daughter of guilty Eve is at the same time a mother and a virgin, and all this for your interest and happiness!

Let your humility be unexampled; for he that was rich, has, for your sake, become poor; the God of God—the Light of Light—the Splendour of Heaven—the Omnipotent—Immense—Eternal Jesus, has for you concealed all the resplendent rays of his glory under the vilest rags, within the confined compass of a crib, in the midst of a desolate stable!

Let your purity shine forth with the lustre of a polished mirror, untarnished by a single breath; for your illustrious Mother now receives the full recompense of her angelic innocence; though ennobled by the dignity of Heaven’s Queen, and enraptured by the joys of the Mother of a God, she still breathes an unspotted Lily of the Valley—all the undying fragrance of Virgin bloom.

Let your gratitude be immeasurable; for your redeeming Jesus, amid the loneliness and misery of Bethlehem, comes smiling to earth to expiate your crimes, and the inestimable price of your atonement already flows through his infant veins.

Let your praise and thanksgiving, for so singular a mercy, be uninterrupted and ardent: for Heaven has dispatched

a choir of its brightest princes to congratulate the earth on the rich present has received.

In fine, let your eyes swim in tears—let your hands be clasped in ecstatic fervour—let your tongue be eloquent in devotional gratitude, and your heart be dissolved and melt away in the furnace of pure love whilst I recourt to you the most astonishing of all prodigies—one of the greatest mysteries of love, which infinite wisdom and might could devise, or perform, in the sublimely simple narration of the Evangelist.

Attend with amazement, reverence and love, to the humble history of the birth of Jesus in the grot of Bethlehem :—

“And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the City of Nazareth, into Judea to the City of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass that when they were there, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger : because there was no room for them in the inn.”

Shall I presume to add a single word by way of comment, to this enrapturing account? Have we not here ample subject for reflection to an eternity?

O ye Angels and men!—saints and sinners—women and virgins—parents and children! enter the little cave: come forward, and behold your King, your Brother, your Justifier, your Redeemer, your Honor, your Glory your Model, and your Reward!

O, ye Angels! blush not to attend your King, at his descent from the splendour of his celestial court, to one

of the meanest habitations of a vile and miserable world.

But I need not call upon you. Already I hear your enchanting sounds through the stillness of the air; already I hear your joyful proclamation of “Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.”

O, fallen man! will you not unite your voice of gratitude with the angelic choirs? Will you not echo the heavenly strains? Oh, rejoice! Your music should, if possible, be sweeter than that of the Angels; their glorious King is about to leave them, and they proclaim to you his approach to earth. Will you not, then, respond to the joyful summons? Will you not with them sing glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to your fellow-men? Will you not banish discord and strife, and restore harmony and peace; for the King and Prince of Peace has descended upon the earth to cultivate this amiable virtue? Now, indeed, are verified the words of the Psalmist: “Mercy and Truth have met together, Justice and Peace have kissed.”

Approach ye just, and view the author of all sanctity—contemplate this kingly Babe as the Saint of Saints, the fountain and source of all holiness—the perfect pattern of piety. This infant Jesus, whom you behold, comes to render your good works meritorious in the sight of his Father, to adorn your souls by the reflection of his virtues, and through the infinite propitiation of the sufferings which he here commences in the crib, gives you a title to the name of Saints, and renders your access secure to the regions of the blessed.

Is it possible, O merciful Jesus, that ungrateful man, whose crimes have induced thee to forsake the bosom of thy Father, should be allowed to approach

thee in this state of humiliation? Yes, O Loving Heart! when we consider the object of thy coming, no transgressor or howsoever stained with crime, should be absent from the scene of mercy and love.

Approach, then, with confidence, O sinner! for He has come to call, not the just, but sinners; He has come to seek and to save that which had perished; He has come to restore the lost sheep of the house of Israel; He has come to unlock the gates of mercy—and to shew his extraordinary love for sinners, He assumes that frail, corrupted nature, which He has come to repair, to honor and to purify.

Return, then, thou strayed sheep—thou unhappy wanderer, to the arms of thy tender Shepherd, who comes to take thee on his shoulders to his peaceful and happy fold.

Return, thou prodigal child, with a tear of sorrow in thine eye, to the bosom of thy tender Father, who awaits thy arrival in anxious solicitude; return in haste, for he has prepared a fatted calf for thy entertainment. Sinner, I say, advance; enter the humble grot; behold there with amazement, gratitude, and confidence, your future victim. Repel the gloom of despair from your troubled bosom, when you contemplate the smiling Infant, who comes with a burning desire to wash away your crimes in his blood; and let not their enormity by any means weaken your confidence, for He is all sufficient. If you are polluted with sin, He is holy by excellence; if you are ambitious, He is humble; if you are rich in spirit, He is poor; if you are clothed in purple, He is covered with rags; if you are defiled by impurity, He is adorned with chastity; if you are disordered by intemperance, He comes the

Innocent Martyr of Repance for your sake, and the willing Victim of Mortification to atone for your many crimes.

Christian Matrons! behold your Model. Contemplate Mary, the Mother of God. See her respect for her husband the virtuous Joseph, and her most pure love for Jesus, the fruit of her womb; she kisses, with maternal tenderness, the divine face of her new-born Son; she at the same time adores him as her God, and her heart beats in silent response to his love; though crowned with honour, and dignity, and glory she is not elated; she is meek, and silent, and reserved; she treasures up in her heart all the wonders she beholds.

O ye unspotted virgins! chosen portion of the flock of Christ! enter and behold Jesus the King and Crown of purity. Behold Mary, his Immaculate Mother. Learn from this scene, how dear to him is a virgin life, and love it for his sake. Here contemplate that virginal flesh that knew no corruption, and that spotless creature, whose love for purity is rewarded by the dignity of Mother of Jesus; emulate her bright example that you may deserve to share in her reward; preserve the inestimable virtue of virginity with the utmost care, that you may be worthy, by faith, to conceive within your chaste minds Jesus 'the mirror without stain;' that you may have His name and that of His Father written on your foreheads; that with white robes, the emblems of your purity, and palms in your hands, the tokens of your triumph, you may sing a new canticle to the Lamb, and be permitted to attend him through the spacious mansions of heaven in his virgin walks.

O ye parents! behold Joseph and Mary, your models in the conjugal state: contemplate the holy Joseph, the head,

affectionate, and charitable husband ; see him bending over his reputed son in silent adoration and respectful love ; see with what earnestness he ministers to Jesus and Mary, and how she obeys him in all things. Learn to regulate your life by theirs, and to make your family a holy family, like that of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

O, all ye little children dear to Christ behold He invites you to approach Him : ' Suffer little children,' says he, ' to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' Do then approach Him, tender objects of His complacency and love ; lo, He is become as a little child, like to one of you : in his greatness, He is worthy of admiration ; in his littleness, He is worthy of love ; look on His infant smiles—His angelic face—His lovely hands—His tender feet ; see how in all things He submits to the guidance and care of His Virgin Mother—how He seems to have no will of His own, but to be perfectly regulated by her ; and in all this littleness and humiliation and obedience recognise the Eternal Son of God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth. O ! what lessons of obedience, and docility, and resignation to the will of your parents, will you not learn from your infant God, thus humbled for your example ?

## DESCRIPTION OF BETHLEHEM.

TRANSLATED FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

Bethlehem receives its name from Abraham, and signifies *The House of Bread*. It was called Ephrata, from the name of Caleb's wife, and to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in the tribe of Zabulon. It belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also bore the name of the City of David, being the

native place of that monarch, where he tended flocks in his youth. St. Matthias, the Apostle, had the happiness to be born in the city where the Messiah came into the world.

The primitive Christians had raised an oratory over the manger where the Saviour was laid ; but Adrian overturned it to place there a statue of Adonis. Saint Helen destroyed this idol, and built a Church on the spot where it stood ; the architecture of which is now blended with the different parts added to it by Christian princes. Bethlehem, conquered by the crusaders, was retaken, and fell with Jerusalem under the infidel yoke. It has always been an object of the greatest veneration to the Christian pilgrim. The holy religious devoting themselves to a perpetual martyrdom, carefully guarded it during seven centuries.

On the 5th October, 1806, I began my visit to the monuments of Bethlehem ; and though they have been often described, the subject is in itself so interesting, that I cannot avoid entering into some details. The Convent of Bethlehem is joined to the Church, and enclosed in a court with high walls.—We crossed this court, and a small latticed door gave us admittance into the Church. This Church is of the highest antiquity, and though frequently destroyed, and as often rebuilt, still preserves traces of its Greek origin. Its form is that of a cross. The long nave or foot of the cross, is ornamented with forty-eight pillars of the Corinthian order, placed in four lines. The roof of this nave is wanted, and the pillars support nothing but a frieze of wood that replaces the architrave. Timber-work has been placed on the top of the wall, and raised *en dome* to bear a roof that exists no more, and that never had

been finished. The walls are pierced with great windows, that were formerly ornamented with pictures in Mosaic, and passages from Scripture in Greek and Latin, the traces of which still remain. The Christian sect of the Armenians are in possession of the nave I describe. This nave is separated from the three other branches of the Cross by a wall, and in such a manner that the Church is not now united to it.— When you pass this wall, you find yourself opposite the sanctuary of the choir, which occupies the top of the cross.— This choir is raised three steps above the nave. We there saw an altar, dedicated to the Magi, and on the pavement at the foot of the altar, observed a star of Marble.

Tradition says that this star corresponds with the point in the heavens, where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings to this place, rested. Certain it is, that the spot where the Saviour was born in the subterraneous Church of the Manger, is perpendicularly under this marble star. The Greeks occupy the sanctuary of the Magi, so that the two other limbs of the cross are waste, and without altars.— Two stair cases, of fifteen steps each, open at the two sides of the exterior Church, and descend to the subterraneous Church under the choir. This is the place that has been ever revered as the birth-place of the Lord. Before we entered, the superior put a wax light into my hand, and made a short exhortation.

The holy grotto is irregular, because it occupies the place of the stable and manger. It is thirty seven feet and a half long, eleven feet wide, and nine feet high. It is cut in a rock, the wall of which is encrusted with marble, and the pavement is also of precious

marble. These decorations are attributed to St. Helen. It receives no light from without, but is lighted by thirty four lamps, the gifts of different princes. At the eastern extremity of this grotto, is the spot where the Virgin gave birth to the Redeemer of man.— This place is distinguished by a white marble flag, encrusted with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, which is radiated in the form of a sun. These words are eugraved around it :

*Hic, de Vergine Maria,  
Jesus Christus Natus Est.*

*Here, of the Virgin Mary,  
Jesus Christ was born.*

A marble table, that serves for an altar rests against the rock above the place where the Messiah was born. This altar is lighted by three lamps, the finest of which was given by Louis XIII. Seven steps from this spot, nearer the south, you find the manger, and descend to it by two steps, for it is not on a level with the rest of the grotto, but sunk in the rock. A block of white marble, raised a foot and a half above the soil, and excavated in the form of a cradle, indicates the place where the Sovereign of Heaven was laid upon straw. At two paces opposite the cradle is the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrow to the adoration of the three kings. Nothing can be more delightful than this subterraneous Church. It is enriched with pictures from the Italian and Spanish schools. The general ornament of the manger is blue satin, embroidered with silver, and incense burns without ceasing before the cradle of the Saviour. I have seen the inhabitants of this desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervour and piety unknown to the Christians of the west. No place in the universe in-

spires more devotion. The continual caravans from all the Christian nations—the public prayers—the prostrations—the rich presents sent thither by Christian princes—all excite in the soul what is better felt than described. Added to this, the extraordinary contrast in scenes the most striking. On going out of the grotto, where you have found riches, the arts and the religion of a civilized people, you find yourself in a profound solitude, in the midst of the paltry houses of the Arabs, among half-naked savages and Musselmans without faith. This holy land dare no more display its gladness—the remembrance of its glory is confined in its bosom. We descended from the Grotto of the Nativity to a subterraneous Chapel, where tradition places the Sepulchre of the Innocents. The Chapel of the Innocents leads to the grotto of St. Jerom. We there saw the tomb of this doctor of the Church, who passed the greater part of his life in this grotto. Saint Paula and her daughter S. Eustochia, are also buried here. These noble ladies, of the family of Scipios, quitted the splendor of Rome to live and die at Bethlehem in the practice of monastic virtues.

I returned to the convent, and viewed the country from the top of a terrace. Bethlehem is built on a small hill that overlooks a long valley. This valley extends from East to West. The hill, to the South, is covered with olive trees and to the North, with fig trees. The monastery owes part of its riches to Baldwin, king of Jerusalem. It was a fortress, and its walls are so thick, that it would easily sustain a siege against the Turks.

At six o'clock in the morning we departed from Bethlehem. We followed at first the valley of Bethlehem, that

extends, as I have said, to the East, and arrived at a grotto, called the Grotto of the Shepherds. In this place, the shepherds of Judea were apprised of the birth of the Saviour. The piety of the faithful has transformed it into a Chapel. It must have formerly been greatly ornamented, as I remarked there two pillars of the Corinthian, and two others of the Ionic order.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Yet a little while and a very little while, and he that is to come will come and will not delay."

"To-morrow you shall go out, and the Lord will be with you."

"Be prepared to meet your God!"

O God! who cheerest our hearts by the yearly expectation of the feast of our Redemption, grant that as we joyfully receive thy only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, when he comes to redeem us, we may also behold him without fear, when he shall come to be our judge; who with thee liveth, &c.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

"And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

"While the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty Word, O Lord! leapt down from thy royal throne."

"He is God, our God unto eternity: he shall rule us for ever more."

"And of his kingdom there shall be no end."

"This day is born to you a Saviour."

"The Lord your God is in the midst of you to deliver you."

"God so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son."

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Through the bowels of the mercy of our God, the Orient from on high hath visited us: to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace.

"Born of the Father before all ages," Christ was, in the fulness of time, "born of the Virgin Mary," and he is daily born spiritually in the heart of the just. These three births of the

Son of God are celebrated by the three masses, which every Priest is allowed to say on Christmas Day. The temporal birth of Christ, when the Blessed Virgin "brought forth her first born Son, wrapped him up in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger," is celebrated at the first or midnight Mass; the second Mass may be considered as the celebration of his spiritual birth in the heart of the just; and the third Mass, as the celebration of his eternal birth in the bosom of his Father.

## COLLECTS.

*At the Midnight Mass.*

O God! who didst enlighten this most sacred night by the brightness of the true light, grant, we beseech thee, that having known upon earth the mysteries of thy incarnate Word, we may partake his joy in Heaven: who liveth, &c.

*At the Second Mass.*

We pray thee, O Almighty God! who surroundest us, on this day, with the new light of thy incarnate Word, grant that whilst it enlightens our minds by faith, it may shine forth in our actions: through the same Jesus Christ, &c.

*At the Third Mass.*

Grant, we beseech thee, O Almighty God! that the new birth in the flesh of thy only begotten Son, may free us from the yoke of sin, which we have borne for so long a time. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, &c.

## HYMN.

## Jam desinant suspiria.

LET the sighs of mankind cease: God has heard them from above; the heavens are open;—behold! the peace promised to mortals is granted.

The angelic choir breaks in upon the stillness of the night, and with festive song announces to the earth the birth of God.

Lo! the vigilant shepherds hasten to the sacred cave:—let us follow them, and clasp to our breasts the new born Saviour.

But what sight opens to our view as we enter!—a manger, straw, swaddling bands;—a needy mother, a helpless infant!

Art thou O Christ! the Son, and brightness of the eternal Father? do I behold him, who

upholds all things with the word of his power and weighs the heavens with his palm?

'Tis so; faith penetrates the mysterious clouds under which they are concealed: in thee, I recognise him in whose presence the Angels bow down;—and tremble whilst they adore.

Though silent, thou teachest us from thy cradle to shun what gratifies the flesh, and patiently to bear what is repugnant to its corrupt inclinations.

O Divine Infant! be born in our hearts; heal their pride, and kindle in them the sacred fire of thy love. Amen.

## PROSE.

## Votis Pater annuit.

THE eternal Father has at length granted the wishes of mankind; the Heavens have rained down the Holy One; a Virgin Mother has brought forth the Saviour;—the Man-God is born.

The angelic choirs proclaim the Mystery;—let us with the shepherds surround the manger in which Christ is laid.

Thou, O light of light! art before the sun; thou, God of God! art begotten from eternity, in all things equal to thy Father.

Such is thy greatness! and—what love urges thee?—thou comest down from the seats of bliss; that our weakness may rise, thou liest stretched on the ground.

The atonement which I owed for my sins, thou who art innocent, dost undergo; thou, the lawgiver, submitted to the law which I have despised;—thus dost thou teach us justice.

Heaven is thy abode, and thou dost not disdain a stable; all power belongs to thee, and thou takest the form of a servant;—thus dost thou confound our pride.

Thou vouchsafest to become like to us in all things; weak with the weak; mortal with mortals;—thus dost thou draw us to thyself. Exempt from the common contagion, thou mingest with the infected; there is no sin in thee, and thou sufferest for sin;—in this alone unlike to us.

Almighty Father! who sendest thy Son to man, grant that we may know Jesus; the principle of grace, the origin of salvation.

Holy Spirit! by whose sacred fire clarity is enkindled in our hearts, grant that we may love Jesus, who is born for us. Amen.



H Y M N.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

O Jesus, Redeemer of all men! only-begotten son of the Father, who alone, before all ages, art born equal to the most High!

Thou art our peace and our glory, the only hope of mortals; hear the prayers which we offer up to thee on the altar of our hearts.

In the fullness of time, being made in the likeness of men," thou grauntest us to be partakers of thy Divinity.

Protect thy brothers whom thou hast raised to that dignity, lest a degenerate life may sink us into our former vileness.

'Tis the grace we beg of thee on this sacred day commemorative of thy birth, when thou, the true sun of justice, arising from the bosom of light, visitest the world.

The heavens, the earth, and the vast extent of the seas, now emulously vie to praise the Father who gave thee, O Christ!

And we, for whose Salvation thou art born, delight in celebrating this glorious day with transports of joy and exultation.

Jesus, born of a Virgin! glory be to thee, together with the Father, and the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen.

P R A Y E R.

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace to men of good will."

Let every spirit praise, bless, and give thee thanks, O Almighty Father! for having manifested thy glory and thy mercy on the earth, by the wonderful birth of thy Son, whom, through thy infinite love for us, thou has sent to be my Lord and my God. The state of humility poverty, and suffering, in which I behold thee, far from deterring me, strengthens my faith, revives my hope, enkindles my love, and heightens my gratitude; for such is the Saviour who was promised to me and whom I needed, to heal the wounds which pride, ambition and sensuality have inflicted on my soul. Grant then, O Jesus! that taught by thy example and aided by thy grace, I may be poor in spirit, meek and humble of heart, mortified and obedient as thou art in the manger, in which thou liest wrapt up in swaddling bands to free me from the pains of sin, and "call me unto the liberty of the children of God." Grant, that considering myself as "a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth," I may "refrain from all desires which war

against the soul," and be born again with thee to a new life, according to the pattern which thou showest to me in thy humble birth; who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest God, world without end. Amen.

P S A L M XCVII.

Sing you to the Lord a new canticle; because he hath done wonderful things.

His right hand hath wrought for him salvation, and his arm is holy.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: he hath revealed his justice in the sight of the Gentiles.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel.

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of God.

Sing joyfully to God, all the earth: make melody, rejoice and sing.

Sing praise to the Lord on the harp, on the harp, and with the voice of the psalm: with long trumpets and sound of cornet.

Make a joyful noise before the Lord our king: let the sea be moved, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

The rivers shall clap their hands, the mountains shall rejoice together at the presence of the Lord; because he cometh to judge the earth.

He shall judge the world with justice, and the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

A D I S T E F I D E L E S.

Hasten, Christian people! joyful, triumphing, come over to Bethlehem: come, and behold the new born King of Angels.

Come, let us adore our Lord.

Lo! the shepherds have relinquished their flocks, and, obedient to the heavenly call, they hasten to the manger. Let us with exulting hearts run in their footsteps.

Come, &c.

We shall see the eternal brightness of the eternal Father clothed in human flesh,—an infant God, wrapped in swaddling bands.

Come, &c.

Made poor for us, he lies on straw:—let us devoutly clasp him to our breasts: O, who would not love him, who so loved us?

## THE LITANY OF INFANT JESUS.

Lord have mercy on us,  
 Christ, have mercy on us,  
 Lord, have mercy on us.  
 Christ, hear us,  
 Christ, graciously hear us,  
 God the Father of Heaven,  
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world,  
 God the Holy Ghost,  
 Holy Trinity, one God,  
 Infant Jesus Christ,  
 Infant, true God,  
 Infant, Son of the living God,  
 Infant, Son of the Virgin Mary,  
 Infant, begotten before the day star,  
 Infant, the word made flesh,  
 Infant, the wisdom of thy Father,  
 Infant, the integrity of thy Mother,  
 Infant, the only begotten of thy Father,  
 Infant, the first born of thy Mother,  
 Infant, the image of thy Father,  
 Infant, the origin of thy mother,  
 Infant, the brightness of thy Father,  
 Infant, the honor of thy mother,  
 Infant, equal to thy Father,  
 Infant, subject to thy Mother,  
 Infant, the delights of thy Father,  
 Infant, the riches of thy Mother,  
 Infant, the gift of thy Father,  
 Infant, the treasure of thy Mother,  
 Infant, the Creator of man,  
 Infant, the fruit of a virgin,  
 Infant, the virtue of a God,  
 Infant, the companion of man,  
 Infant, our God,  
 Infant, our brother,  
 Infant, pilgrim on earth, yet in the fruition  
 of glory,  
 Infant, possessed of heavenly bliss, yet in  
 the pilgrimage of mortality,  
 Infant, a perfect man from thy Mother's  
 womb,  
 Infant, endowed with the wisdom of old age  
 from thy childhood,  
 Infant, the Father of ages,  
 Infant, a few days,  
 Infant, life in want of food,  
 Infant, the word reduced to silence,  
 Infant, crying in the crib,  
 Infant, thundering in heaven,  
 Infant, the terror of hell,  
 Infant, the joy of paradise,  
 Infant, formidable to tyrants,  
 Infant, desired by the wise men,  
 Infant, exile from thy people,  
 Infant, king in thy exile,  
 Infant, the overthrower of idols,  
 Infant, zealous for thy Father's glory,

Have Mercy on us

Infant, strong in thy weakness,  
 Infant, powerful in thy littleness,  
 Infant, treasure of grace,  
 Infant, light of glory,  
 Infant, fountain of love,  
 Infant, source of sanctity,  
 Infant, the restorer of lost heaven,  
 Infant, the repairer of the earth,  
 Infant, the head of angels,  
 Infant, the root of patriarchs,  
 Infant, the word of the prophets,  
 Infant, the desire of nations,  
 Infant, the joy of the shepherds,  
 Infant, the light of sages,  
 Infant, the salvation of infants,  
 Infant, the expectation of the just,  
 Infant, the teacher of the wise,  
 Infant, the first fruit of all saints,

Have mercy on us

Be merciful.—Spare us, Infant Jesus.  
 Be merciful.—Hear us, Infant Jesus.

From the yoke of slavery imposed on the  
 children of Adam,  
 From the captivity of the devil,  
 From the wickedness of the world,  
 From the concupiscence of the flesh,  
 From the pride of life,  
 From inordinate curiosity,  
 From blindness of mind,  
 From a perverse will,  
 From our sins  
 Through thy most pure conception,  
 Through thy tears,  
 Through thy most painful circumcision,  
 Through thy most glorious manifestation  
 Through thy most devout presentation,  
 Through thy most innocent conversation,  
 Through thy most divine life,  
 Through thy poverty,  
 Through thy sufferings,  
 Through thy travels and labors,

Infant Jesus, deliver us

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the  
 world.—Spare us, O Infant Jesus.  
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the  
 world.—Hear us, O Infant Jesus.  
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the  
 world.—Have mercy on us, O Infant Jesus.  
 Jesus Infant, hear us,  
 Jesus Infant, graciously hear us.

Let us pray:

O Lord Jesus! who didst vouchsafe to de-  
 base the sublimity of thy incarnate divinity, and  
 of thy most sacred humanity, to the humble  
 state of birth and infancy, mercifully grant that  
 acknowledging thy divine wisdom in thy infan-  
 cy, thy power in thy weakness, thy majesty in

thy littleness, we may adore thee little and de-  
based on earth, and behold thee great and ex-  
alted in heaven: who livest and reignest, world  
without end. Amen

May the infant Jesus Christ hear us now, and  
for ever. Amen.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

"For a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to  
us, and government is upon his shoulder; and  
his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,  
God the Mighty, the Father of the World to  
come, the Prince of Peace."—Isaiah ix 6.

HARK! what music fills the skies  
With joyous melody of Heaven;  
Bids mankind from despair arise,  
And grateful own their crimes forgiven?

Through solemn stillness of the night  
It gently steals along,  
Attun'd by Angels clad in white,  
"Glory on high to God" of might,  
And peace on earth its song!

.....  
.....  
.....

Exult, ye Heavens! O Earth rejoice!

Let Men and Angels sing  
In unison, with heart and voice,  
Their Saviour and their King.

For He it is who now descends  
From his celestial throne;  
All nature in oblation bends,  
A seraph retinue attends  
The Father's only Son!

Thrice happy souls whose ardent sighs  
Resounded through dark Lumb's prison,  
Your tears brought down from lofty skies  
The opener of the gates of Heaven!

He comes, the Ransomer of man!  
He comes, the Prince of Peace!  
To execute the wand'rous plan  
His love devised ere worlds began,  
And sin's foul blots efface.

Approach, O man! and see thy God  
Assuming thy frail, wretched clay;  
A little crib his mean abode,  
And nought whereon his head to lay.

See Him whose glorious presence fills  
Both Heaven, Earth, and Sea:  
How Law and Prophecy he fulfils,  
Though God, enduring mortal ill,  
And all for love of thee!

O Babe of Bethlehem! Price of Sin!  
Though pierc'd with cold in every part,  
In glowing furnace burns within  
Thy tender, meek, and lowly heart.

Then give us of that sacred flame  
(Lest we ungrateful prove)  
One kindling spark our souls to inflame,  
That we may bless thy saving name,  
Returning love for love.

Glad tidings to all nations bring,  
In every land let joy be heard;  
The Virgin's Son, the Angel's King,  
In Bethlehem has now appeared.

Let music, then, in numbers wild,  
Forget its rules, for now "the Child,"  
"The Just," "the Holy One's" come down  
From his eternal Father's throne,  
To live by glory and renown.

Come let us Him adore.  
Come let us Him adore.  
Yes, yes, unto the Virgin's Son  
Be glory given and renown,  
For ever, evermore.

For ever, evermore.  
Come let us sing  
The Angel's King,  
Come let us Him adore.  
Come let us Him adore.  
The Prince of all the Heavenly host,  
With Father, and the Holy Ghost,  
For ever, evermore. Amen.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

"Whilst all things were in deep silence, and the  
night was in the midst of its course, thy Almighty  
Word came down from Heaven, from thy Royal  
throne."—Wisdom xviii 14, 15.

In Eden, garden of delicious sweets,  
Where all that pleas'd the taste, or charm'd the  
eye,

Were bounteous, scattered with a liberal hand,  
Man, earth-born man, enjoyed serene repose,

Till by dissembling Satan lure'd to guile  
His God, his earthly and celestial bliss  
He forfeited, by disobedience proud:  
Whose fruit was sin, and woe, and toil, and death

In time, and for eternity; had not  
The richest mercy of the Son of God  
A victim promised to his in-  
A Father

To save mankind from punishments deserved  
But who (O wonderful) this victim was?  
No less than he himself, who undertook  
Our frail and mortal nature to assume,  
And thus, by dying, to restore us life.

Four thousand years rolled on, when now the  
time,

Foretold by Prophets for his birth, was come:  
Then man behold the eternal Son of God,  
Whose presence fills both Heaven and earth,  
and sea.

Usbering himself into the vale of tears;

Confined within the Compass of a crib!  
 And oh remark! how neither pomp nor wealth  
 Accompanied his entrance: for a stable  
 His palace was, his throne a manger vile;  
 His heav'n'd retinue a troop of spirits,  
 Whose peaceful anthems sounded in the air,  
 A lowly ox and ass his earthly suite.

The sighs and tears of ancient Patriarchs,  
 Their longings for th' expected Holy One  
 Are satisfied: the clouds have rain'd, the just  
 A Saviour buds from out the open'd earth,

Abel and Noe, Abraham the just,  
 And Moses, leader of the chosen race,  
 With all the souls of the primæval Saints,  
 Exult! your pain and sadness are no more  
 For now a gleam of everlasting joy  
 Illumes the pitchy night of Limbo's cave.  
 Let Zion now break forth in hymns of praise.  
 Welcome, ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
 Your infant King, your true Emmanuel.

Approach him too, ye happy souls redeem'd  
 And silently adore the shivering Babe,  
 Who, smiling, comes to expiate your crimes.

Let all approach, for he came down for all:  
 Sinners and Saints; the wicked and the just?  
 But why speak I of sinners or of just?  
 Had he not come sure none were justified.

Night of celestial splendour! crib of joy!  
 Stable of Beth-lehem, wonder-worshiping, hail!  
 Mother and Virgin, God and Man, all hail!

Oh! swift invoke all nature to unite  
 In the Angelic song attend before,  
 Thou greatest master-piece of all his works,  
 Man! for whose sake he has come down and  
 died.

O! join in the melodious harmony,  
 And call to thy assistance all the choir  
 Of joyous harps, with heav'nly organ's tone.  
 O! all ye ether of his divine works—  
 Ye blazing lights—ye gold-bespangled skies—  
 Ye scaly fishes, and ye plumag'd buds,  
 Mix in th' angelic and the human song,  
 That thus all nature may in unison  
 Chant: forth the praise, the boundless love of  
 Him.

Who gave himself a victim for mankind.

### ADDRESS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN FROM WORDSWORTH.

Mother! whose Virgin bosom was uncross'd  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet come, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
 As to a visible power, in which did blend,  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee—  
 Of Mother's love with maiden purity;  
 Of high, with low, celestial with terrene!  
 —*Ecclesiastical Sonnets* vol. iv. 252.

### LINES ON THE MOTHER OF GOD. FROM DANTE.

O Virgin Mother! Daughter of thy Son!  
 Created beings all in lowliness  
 Surpassing, as in height above them all;  
 Term by th' Eternal Counsel pre-ordained;  
 Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced  
 In thee, that its Great Maker did not scorn  
 To make himself his own creation;  
 For in thy womb, re-kindling shone the love  
 Revealed, whose genial influence makes now  
 This flower to germinate in eternal peace;  
 Here then to us, of charity and love,  
 Art as the noon day torch; and art, beneath,  
 To mortal men, of hope a living spring.  
 So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,  
 That he who grace desireth and comes not  
 To Thee for aidance, vain would have desire.  
 Fly without wings. Nor only him who asks  
 Thy bounty secures; but doth freely oft  
 Overrun Thee asking. Whatsoever may be  
 Of excellence in creature, pity, mild,  
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,  
 ARE ALL COMBINED IN THEE.

### LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood;  
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me;  
 As near his Cross I stood.  
 Sure never till my latest breath  
 Can I forget that look;  
 It seemed to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.  
 A second look he gave, which said  
 I freely all forgive;  
 This blood was for thy ransom paid,  
 I die, that thou may'st live.  
 With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
 My spirit now is filled,  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by him; I will.

From the Register.

## SAINT MARY'S AND SAINT PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

We publish the following report of the Secretary with much pleasure. We always hail the progress of Temperance as the sure indication of social and religious advancement. The resources which are husbanded by its influence purchase blessings, which they would have been employed in destroying; and the self-respect acquired by the possession of a decent competency, will induce efforts at amelioration which otherwise would not be dreamed of. The fevered excitement of intemperance is supplied by the legitimate one of intellectual rivalry, and the degrading occupations of debauch are banished for the ennobling ones of domestic or national improvement. The spirit of nationality which now reflects so many pure and heavenly virtues, first caught its hue of strength and healthfulness in the atmosphere of Temperance. And that self-reliance which renders Ireland's pensive endurance more terrible to despotism, than the wildest wassal oratory of of days gone by, is attributable to the developed power from which even experience of her own firmness has drawn the veil that covered it.

But, Temperance at best is but a pagan virtue if it were not rendered subsidiary to religion, from which alone it can derive permanence, and by whose zeal alone it can claim merit.—It is a monstrous retrogression to seek in it the panacea of all human evil, or to make it the summons of all human virtue. Temperance ought to be the effect of religious feeling. If it be made "Religion"—and that the virtue and the efficacy of the Sacraments are deemed secondary to a "Pledge" against intoxicating drink, it becomes a delusion—a pretender to the throne of pure faith and sound morality—that combines its followers by a passing impulse, and afterwards has not power to retain them in subjection. We are glad, therefore, that with us Temperance and Religion go hand in hand—the one pointing to heaven as the star, strength, and recompense of the other. We are glad that no absurd coercion of judgment, or disposition seeks to deprive men of their liberty, and that all are left to the exercise of a sound judgment—the best security for persevering faith. We are glad that our good Bishop is taking such an active part in securing the happiness of unborn generations, by imparting to Temperance in Halifax the encouragement of his Patronage—the intelligence of his mind—the blessing of his sanction—and the security which religion always gives to the efficiency, integrity and orthodoxy of the checks upon human passion.

A report of the progress of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8th, 1843.

A Meeting of the requisitionists, who waited on His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, to organise this society, was held in the Parochial School room this evening: to receive the report of the Committee appointed to draw up a code of rules for a new Society, to be denominated the Saint Mary's and Saint Patrick's Temperance Society.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Patron of the Society, presided—assisted by L. O'C. Doyle, Esq., President.

The Bishop read the rules, and clearly explained the nature of the Pledge which was to be administered in the Society.

The Rules were then submitted to the meeting, and unanimously adopted, after which the Society proceeded to choose their officers, when the following were unanimously chosen:

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Patron of the Society.  
Laurence O'Connor Doyle, Esq., President,  
Mr. James Wallace, Vice President,  
Mr. Patrick Power, 1st Asst. Vice President,  
Mr. John Compton, 2d Asst. Vice President,  
Mr. Patrick Walsh, Treasurer,  
Mr. Edwd. J. Gleeson, Secretary,  
Mr. Patrick Donohoe, Asst. Secretary.

His Lordship addressed the meeting in an emphatic and impressive manner, dwelling strongly on the advantages derivable from temperance, and was listened to with great attention.

Previous to adjournment, it was then Resolved, That the Society do meet again on the second Monday in December, to hold their first quarterly meeting.

On Monday last, Dec. 11, the Society held its first quarterly Meeting in the Parochial School Room, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the room was crowded to suffocation.

Laurence O'Connor Doyle, Esq., President of the Society, took the Chair, and was supported on his right by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Patron of the Society, the Vice President and the other officers of the Society in their proper places,

wearing their Stars and Medals as badges of office.

The President opened the meeting with an eloquent address, congratulating the Society on the progress it had already made, learning from the Secretary that it was only on Friday last, that His Lordship commenced administering the pledge, and that on Sunday evening the Society exceeded three hundred.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Doctor Walsh, then addressed the meeting at considerable length, briefly but emphatically explained the nature of the Pledge, the benefits derivable from it, the importance and necessity of strictly observing it, and the consolation and comfort it afforded the poor man here, as well as the happiness it ensured hereafter, to those who would keep, it inviolate.

The Society then proceeded to choose a committee of management, to consist of eighteen persons, three out of each ward, when the following persons were unanimously chosen.

Ward No. 1.—Messrs. Valentine Mulloy, Jas. Kelly, and Arthur Bennett.

Ward No. 2.—Messrs. Thomas Murphy, Matthew Young, and Pierce Ryan.

Ward No. 3.—Messrs. William Murphy, Jas. Wall, and Thomas Brown.

Ward No. 4.—Messrs. Thomas Ring, John Duffield, and Thos. Kirby.

Ward No. 5.—Messrs. Timothy Linahan, Patrick Wall, and John Etchingham.

Ward No. 6.—Messrs. Michael Tinan, Edw. Ryan, and Jeremiah Murphy.

Mr. Edw. Eustace was appointed Marshal and Mr. Patrick Going, assistant Marshal.

A Resolution was then moved and carried That a Temperance Band be organised in this Society, previously to which the Bishop spoke at much length on the science of Music, both as consecrated to the service and praises of God, and as a source of refinement and innocent recreation. A committee was appointed to carry the resolution into effect.

Several persons then came forward to join the Society, to whom His Lordship delivered the pledge in a very solemn and imposing manner.

Having gone through with the business of the evening, and subscribed a considerable sum for the sick fund, the meeting adjourned.

E. J. GLEESON, Secretary.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

It will be seen by the following list that the exertions of the Collectors are unceasing:—

Miss Fagan,	£0 3 0
Mrs. P. Power,	11 0
Mrs. Michael Tobin,	2 0
Miss M. Barber,	6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Master T. Kenny,	7 6
Mr. T. Kirby,	8 8
Mrs. M. Cochran,	8 0
Miss E. Condon,	6 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mathew Young,	3 6
Miss Mr. Dowling,	5 3
Edward Daly,	4 10
James Conroy,	3 7
Miss Cragg,	2 6
Mrs Connors,	2 6
Mrs. F. Walsh,	10 0
Miss Margaret Cragg,	2 2
Mrs. J. C. Tobin,	2 6
Miss Margaret Heffernan,	8 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Miss Deborah McSweeney,	1 1 0
Miss Brennan,	3 4
Miss Longard,	2 6
Mrs. Butler,	4 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Miss Mathew,	7 4
Miss Moser,	6 8
Miss O'Dell,	4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mrs. Power,	3 9
Mrs Dillon,	5 2
Mrs. Hickey,	5 5
Mrs. Harney,	8 6
Miss Ann O'Brien,	6 2
Miss Compton,	6 2
Miss Ennright,	2 6
Richard Ryan,	4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hugh Carey,	5 7
Miss Driscoll,	6 3
Mr. Patrick McGhee,	3 4
Messrs. Whall & Walker	1 0 0
Miss E. Power,	5 0
Mrs. Morgan Doyle,	2 6
Master John Hackett,	13 10
Master Patrick Power,	5 0
Master J. Ryan,	6 2
Miss Mooney,	12 0

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.—FROM MILTON.

This is the morn; and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release.  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far beaming blaze of Majesty,  
Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, [table  
He laid aside, and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day. [clay.  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant-God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light  
And all the spangled host keep watch in equa-  
dron bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel-choir, [fir.  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd

THE HYMN.

It was the winter-wind,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him,  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great master so to sympathise;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.  
Only with speeches fair,  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.  
But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace: [sliding  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand, [land.  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unus'd with hostile blood;  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kiss,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer hath open warn'd them thence;  
But in their gimmering orbs did glow, [go.  
Until the Lord himself bespake, and hid them

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wanton speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame [need:  
The new-enlighten'd world no more should  
He saw a greater Sun appear [could hear,  
Than this bright throne, or burning axletree,

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or o'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chaunting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, [keep.  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose, [venly close  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each hea-  
Nature that heard such sound.  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling  
She knew such harmony alone [union.  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light, [array'd;  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night  
 The belated Cherubim,  
 And swooled Seraphim, [play'd,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, [their  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born  
 Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sang,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel  
 Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And with your timfold harmony  
 Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.  
 For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
 And hell itself will pass away, [day,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
 Yea, truth and justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orld in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen, [steering ;  
 With radiant feet the tissue clouds down  
 And Heaven as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.  
 But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The Babe that lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss ;  
 So both himself and us to glorify ;  
 Yet first, to those enchain'd in sleep, [the deep ;  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro'  
 With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang, [outbreak ;  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
 The aged earth aghest,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
 When, at the world's last session, [his throne.  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is ;  
 But now begins ; for from this happy day,  
 The old Dragon, under ground,  
 In scathed limbs bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fall,  
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.  
 The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum [ing,  
 Routs through the mached roof in words deceiv-  
 Apollo from his shrine,  
 Can no more divine, [ing,  
 With hollow sigick the step of Delphos leav-  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [cell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
 The lonely mountain's o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edged with poplar pale.  
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;  
 With flower-mwoven tresses torn, [ets mourn.  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-  
 In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth, [plaint ;  
 The Lays, and Lemnias, moan with midnight  
 In mus, and ahars round,  
 A Great and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
 And the shud marble seems to sweat, [seat.  
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wanted  
 Peer and Baalim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice battered god of Palestine ;  
 And moaned Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
 The lively Hamanon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-  
 muz mourn.  
 And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
 In vain with symbols ring  
 They call the grisly King,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.  
 Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphis grove or green, [ings loud ;  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with flow-  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest ;  
 Though but profoundest hell can be his throne  
 In vain with umbrells and atheris darts  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipark



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