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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. Galvi. 11.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1843.

No. 14.

Weekly Calendar.

- June 4. Whit-Sunday, Feast of Pentecost.
5. Whit-Monday.
6. Whit-Tuesday.
7. Ember Wednesday.
8. Thursday in Whitson week.
9. Ember Friday.
10. Ember Saturday. End of the Paschal time.

A brief exposition of the Canticle of the Blessed Virgin, called the *Magnificat*.

LENE L. 46.....53.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

This sublime effusion of the Holy Ghost, who spoke on this occasion by the mouth of the Virgin, has been honoured in every age with singular veneration by the church of God. It holds a most distinguished place in the office of her ministers—is repeated every day, and is usually chaunted in the most joyous strains. Every true lover of Jesus has it always in his mouth; every fervent and emulous imitator of Mary has it graven on his heart. We read but three canticles in the whole of the New Testament, and these are all recorded by the same Evangelist, Saint Luke. The first is this canticle of the *Magnificat*, which the Virgin Mother of God uttered at the dictation of the Holy Spirit, when her pious relative,

Elizabeth, whom she went to visit, exclaimed in rapturous joy—*Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.* The second was pronounced by Zachary, the father of the Baptist, when his speech was restored to him at the circumcision of his son; and the third was spoken in the temple of Jerusalem, by the prophet Simeon, at the presentation of the Redeemer of the World. We also meet with several canticles in the old scriptures, but none so beautiful, none so sublime, and at the same time none so humble as the *Magnificat* of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. For who could pour forth a sweeter spiritual song, or with more celestial harmony than she who was overshadowed by the power of the Most High, and carried within her chaste womb, the delight and joy of the heavenly choirs? What wonder is it if her words should breathe an aromatic balm, and an angelic sweetness, who bore within her that Lamb, that was incensed with the odors of heaven, and for whom the choirs of the just tuned their harps, and sung, "Praise and benediction, clad in white robes, with palms in their hands?"

Who then could presume to give an exposition of this mystic song, unless one who was filled with the piercing light of that Spirit who dictated, or one who burned with the ardent love of the pure Virgin who uttered it. Wherefore, "O Seat of Wisdom, and glorious Queen of Prophets!" look not with indignation upon him, who now attempts

to comment on your admirable words. Conscious of his inability, he undertakes it purely for the purpose of enkindling within himself, and others, the bright flame of the love of that Jesus who reposed within your sacred womb when you spoke. His tongue shall be ever employed in the sweet task of proclaiming your glories. His pen will ever describe your virtues and your crowns; and his heart, in imitation of yours, shall always endeavour to beat in response to the heart of Jesus. Deign then to favour him with your patronage in the prosecution of his pleasing task.

The Evangelist records, that when the Mother of our Redeemer was informed by the heavenly messenger, Gabriel, that her relation Elizabeth, was in the sixth month of her pregnancy, she arose with haste, and proceeded to pay her a charitable visit. When she entered the house, and had saluted Elizabeth, the Baptist leaped in his mother's womb, with joy and exultation. Then it was that Elizabeth addressed her in these remarkable words: "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." This she exclaimed, (says the Evangelist,) with a loud voice, and filled with the Holy Ghost. And in raptures of astonishment at the sublime honor which she received in this visit, she continued with humility: "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? And blessed art thou, (said she to the Virgin,) that thou hast believed, because these things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord!" Oh! what a happy meeting and salutation were these, between the Mother of the Baptist and the Mother of the Redeemer! The richest treasures of heaven and earth are met together. On the one side,

Mary, the fairest of the daughters of Eve, replenished with grace, and filled with the Author of all grace, the delight and joy of the archangel and seraph; and on the other, the pious and reverend Elizabeth, bearing within her, the greatest amongst the born of women, the prophet and more than a prophet; the forerunner of salvation, the herald of Jesus Christ, the trumpet of penance on the banks of the Jordan! What charity and profound humility are observable on both sides! Mary, though raised to the august dignity of Mother of God, no sooner hears that Elizabeth has conceived, through the interposition of heaven, than she is carried on the wings of charity to the hilly country of Judæa, and without waiting for Elizabeth to address her, makes herself the first salutation. Truly it was matter of astonishment to Elizabeth to find that the Mother of the world's Redeemer should come so long a journey to visit so obscure a person. But was she elevated or puffed up with pride at the honor which she received? By no means.—With a humility corresponding to that of the lowly handmaid of heaven, she exclaimed in admiration: Whence is this to me? Is it possible I am so highly favored? Whence is this to me? What have I done to deserve it? What in me pleased the Most High, that he should inspire the Mother of my Lord to visit me? "For as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant leaped with exultation in my womb?"—See how the Baptist exulted with joy in his mother's womb, at the approach of the Saviour. And why should we be astonished that he was thus prevented with grace—that even in his embryo he breathed all the fragrance of a full-blown flower? Ought we not rather be amazed, that all crea-

tures, animate and inanimate, did not welcome with joy his glad approach to earth? Was he not the desired of the everlasting hills, for whom the patriarchs and prophets of old continually sighed and prayed, saying: "Drop down dew, O ye heavens, and let the clouds rain the just one: Let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour.— O that thou wouldst break through the heavens, and come down!"

On a certain occasion Christ said of himself, with melting tenderness: "Abraham, your father saw my day; he saw it and rejoiced." If then, through the long vista of ages, this father of believers saw but one ray of the bright sun of justice, and gloried in rapturous exultation at the sight, why should we be astonished, if even children in the womb bounded with joy, when the entire splendour of our light and life was about to chase away the dreary night of desolation and darkness? With good reason then did Elizabeth say: "Behold, as soon as the voice of thy exultation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy." And having experienced in herself the truth of the promises of heaven, and having also seen her husband, Zachary, deprived of the use of speech for his incredulity, she commends Mary for her faith, and tells her with confidence, that what the Lord had promised her by the mouth of his messenger, Gabriel, should assuredly come to pass. "And blessed art thou that thou hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord!" You have not resisted the will of heaven. You have not opposed your weak reason to the mysteries and commands of almighty intelligence. You have with an humble, firm faith, declared yourself to be the handmaid of the

Lord, prepared for the accomplishment of his will; and therefore, in recompense of your faith, those wondrous things which have been told you by the Lord, shall certainly be fulfilled. O sublime reward of a docile and humble faith! This faith rendered Mary the temple of the divinity, the resting place of her Creator, the Mother of God.— If we reflect with attention, we shall find that the same humble faith will make us partakers, in some manner, of the honors of the Virgin. For the same faith that was required of Mary to make her the throne of the Deity, is required from us, to make us the repositories of Jesus. As soon as Mary believed the angel of heaven, in what was above her reason, the Redeemer of the world immediately entered her chaste womb. When we believe the words of Jesus himself, though seemingly repugnant to our senses, the same Redeemer enters into our bosom at the feast of our love.

When Elizabeth therefore had told the virgin that she was blessed for having believed, and that the words of the Lord would be verified, then it was that the humble handmaid of heaven found the tide of gratitude overflowing in her bosom; then it was that the burning heart of Mary, which had been consumed by the flames of love, gave expression to its feelings—then it was that the language of the Holy Ghost burst forth in majestic energy from her lips, and she cried out, or rather the spirit and father of lights within her;

MY SOUL DOETH MAGNIFY THE LORD!

My memory, my will and understanding—all my interior powers glorify, praise, exalt, adore, and magnify the Lord. With great justice did Mary cry out: My soul magnifies the Lord;

for it was the Lord created her body and soul—it was he who, out of his pure gratuitous mercy, designed her from all eternity to be the Mother of his only Son. When, therefore, she was honoured for the first time as Mother of God, she very properly broke out into expressions of gratitude and praise :]

! AND MY SPIRIT HAS EXULTED IN GOD
MY SAVIOUR.

Behold a repetition of her delight and joy. She first, with all the powers of her soul poured out her gratitude to the Almighty Father, and then a torrent of exultation burst forth from her bosom, at the consoling thought of possessing within her, the desired of all ages and nations, her Saviour and Redeemer.—Who can describe her ardent transports at the time she uttered these words?—Who can conceive the ineffable union which then subsisted between her and her Jesus? “And my spirit has exulted in God, my Saviour!” But how did she know that her spirit exulted in God, her Saviour? She learned it from the angel, when he declared, “Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins?”

Whilst others praised their Creator on harps and organs, and other instruments of music—whilst several hymned his praise with corporeal tongues, why did Mary’s most pure soul magnify the Lord? Why did her spirit exult in God, her Saviour? What was it caused her to be ennobled in such a manner by heaven, that the assistance of the Holy Ghost became necessary for her to return suitable thanksgiving?—Learn it, O Christians! with astonishment. Let the proud be confounded,

at its recital, and the humble rejoice.—
It was

BECAUSE HE HAS REGARDED THE HUMILITY OF HIS HANDMAID!

Thus, though Mary was endowed with every virtue to an eminent degree, yet we find that none was more pleasing to the Almighty than her humility; for it was in consequence of her humility he raised her to the dignity of mother of God. O ye followers of Mary! learn this sublime virtue: for if you do not possess it, your prayers and your tears, your fasting and watching will be of no avail. Unless humility be the foundation of your virtues, the whole superstructure will fall to the ground. Unless your apparently good actions spring from humility, they shall be changed into deformed vices—they shall fade as the tender flower which droops its withered head, when its root is not watered by the careful hand of the gardener.

FOR BEHOLD ALL GENERATIONS SHALL
CALL ME BLESSED.

Here is a remarkable prophecy which is literally verified to the present day, and will continue to be fulfilled until the consummation of ages. For has not the gospel light of salvation beamed on every nation of the earth? And is it not there recorded, that “Mary is blessed among women?” Are not the choicest epithets which language

* That the virtue of humility was here meant by the Blessed Virgin, and not her lowliness or abjection, is the opinion of most commentators, amongst whom are Origen, Rupertus, Venerable Bede, St. Bernard, St. Ildaphonusus, Cassian, Cardinal Hugo, Dionysius, the Carthusian, &c.

can bestow, sung to her honour by the spouse of Christ? And these shall continue as long as this spouse will endure, that is, to the end of all time. This honour of being called 'Blessed,' was first paid to the virgin, by Gabriel; was afterwards repeated by Elizabeth, and has been thenceforward kept up from generation to generation: "For behold all generations shall call me blessed."

Now follows the next reason why Mary is called Blessed to all generations. We learn it from her own lips, in the next verse of this admirable canticle.

FOR HE THAT IS MIGHTY HAS DONE
GREAT THINGS TO ME.

With justice and truth does she sing: "He that is Mighty: for none but a being of might and power could perform the great and wondrous things which he has done to her. And is that God who accomplished these wonders, a God of Might! Vain and superfluous enquiry! Let the heavens and the earth, and all things contained in them, which started into existence at his almighty fiat, bear testimony to his power. For he but spoke and they were made: he but commanded and they were created. Let Moses, the chief of the inspired penmen, describe his might. "Who is like to thee among the strong, O Lord! Who is like to thee, glorious in holiness, terrible and praiseworthy, doing wonders!"

Listen to Job: "He does things great and incomprehensible, and wonderful, of which there is no number." And again: "He is wise in heart, and mighty in his strength; he removed mountains, and they whom he overthrew in his wrath, knew it not. He

shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble. He commandeth the sea, and it riseth not, and shutteth up the stars, as it were under a coat. He alone spreadeth out the heavens, and walketh upon the waves of the sea." Listen to the royal David: "Sing a psalm to his name. Give glory to his praise. Say unto God—how terrible are thy works, O Lord! Whatsoever the Lord pleases he has done in heaven, on earth, in the sea, and in all the depths." And again: "The Lord is great, and does wonderful things; he is God alone. There is none among the Gods like thee, O Lord, and there is none according to thy works. All the nations which thou hast made, shall come and adore before thee, O Lord; and they shall glorify thy name, for thou art great, and dost wonderful things; thou art God alone." And again: "The heavens shall confess thy wonders, O Lord, and thy truth in the church of the saints; for who in the clouds can be compared to the Lord, or who among the sons of God can be compared to God? God who is glorified in the assembly of the saints, great and terrible above all that are about him. O Lord God of hosts, who is like to thee. Thou art mighty, O Lord, and thy truth is round about thee. Thou rulest the power of the sea, and appeasest the motion of the waves thereof." Listen to the wise man. "At his sight shall the mountains be shaken, and at his will the south wind shall blow. The noise of his thunder shall strike the earth..... at his word the wind is still, and with his thought he appeaseth the deep." And again: "Great power always belongs to thee alone; and who shall resist the strength of thy arm?" Listen to the prophet Nahum: "The Lord's

ways are in a tempest and whirlwind, and clouds are the dust of his feet. He rebuketh the sea, and drieth it up, and bringeth all the rivers to be a desert. The mountains tremble at him, and the hills are made desolate, and the earth hath quaked at his presence; and the world, and all that dwell therein." Listen to the prophet Jeremy: "There is none like to thee, O Lord. Thou art great; and great is thy name in might. Who shall not fear thee, O King of Nations?" And again: "The Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and the everlasting King." But why do I use the testimony of the inspired writers, when we have the testimony of God himself? Listen then to God, in Jeremias: "I am the Lord, the God of all flesh, shall any thing be difficult for me? Therefore, the Virgin might say, that "He who was Almighty had done great things for her."

But what were those stupendous wonders which he wrought for her? In her he has united heaven and earth, and filled up by an amazing condescension, the immeasurable space that lay between God and man. He has selected her as the fairest amongst the daughters of Eve; he has dispatched to her a prince of his heavenly court, on an embassy of joy; and in one word has made her the Mother of his only Son. And who but a God of might could execute all this? Therefore, he that is mighty hath done great things to her.

AND HOLY IS HIS NAME!

His name is holy, venerable, adorable, worthy of all praise and benediction. His name particularly belongs to himself, as the God of holiness. His name is holy, because it designates him who comprises within himself every thing

that is just and holy; and it has been described by himself to Moses, in terms the most sublime and inconceivable. For who can conceive the grandeur of these admirable words, I AM WHO AM? His name is so holy, that as he declared to Moses, he did not publish it even to Abraham, the father of believers, nor to Isaac, the child of the promises, nor to Jacob, the parent of the tribes of Israel. His name is so holy, that his chosen people themselves, although they wrote it down, would not, out of reverence, dare to pronounce it, and consequently the true pronunciation of it is unknown at the present day.

It is impossible for man to fathom the depth of this incommunicable, and ineffable name of the Deity. I shall therefore select from the penitent propheet, some extracts which describe the grandeur, beauty, efficacy and sanctity of his venerable name. Listen then to David: "May the Lord hear thee in the day of tribulation—may the name of the God of Israel protect thee. We shall rejoice in thy salvation, and we shall be magnified in the name of our God. Some in chariots, and some in horses, but we shall call upon the name of the Lord our God. Thus I will bless thee in my life, and in thy name—I will lift up my hands. May all the waters that are above the heavens praise the name of the Lord. Let young men and virgins, the old with the young, praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is exalted. Let them praise his name in choir. I will make a voluntary sacrifice to thee, and I will confess to thy name, O Lord, for it is good. For the sake of thy name, O Lord, thou wilt be propitious to my sins. For in him, our heart will rejoice, and in his holy name we have hoped. And all who love thy name, shall be saved." And all who love thy

name shall glory in thee. Remember that his name is Most High. Holy and terrible is his name. Blessed is the man whose hope is in the name of the Lord.”*

The rest of the scriptures are teeming with epithets of sublimity and affection, concerning this awful name; whence the Virgin cried out with veneration—‘For that he is mighty has done great things to me, and Holy is his Name.’

AND HIS MERCY IS FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION, ON THEM THAT FEAR HIM.

If David, in the gratitude of his soul exclaimed, ‘The mercies of the Lord I will sing for ever;’ with how much more reason ought not Mary celebrate, in thanksgiving, that endearing attribute of the Omnipotent, which was so strikingly displayed in her regard? This mercy of the Lord may be traced by the most careless observer, from the creation of man in Eden down to the accomplishment of the promises which took place in the Virgin. For no sooner had ungrateful man abused the goodness of God, than that darling attribute of heaven, (for the manifestation of which no occasion had before presented itself on earth,) began to appear; and thus, whilst one hand was extended to punish, the other was stretched out to save. In every generation, from the fall of Adam, the tenderest promises of heaven encouraged all true believers, until the mount of Calvary exhibited one of the grandest spectacles of mercy and love that was ever witnessed by angels or men. Hence, the harp of the Royal Prophet

seems to ring with ecstasy whenever it touched on the mercies of God; and he appears even to quote the mercy of God, as a proof of his goodness. ‘Confess ye to the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.’

But let us observe the accuracy of the Virgin’s language. For if she asserts that the mercy of God extends from generation to generation, she also adds, that it is to ‘them who fear him;’ conformably to the sentence of the same Prophet—Let those who fear the Lord, now say that his mercy endureth for ever—for none could say it, but those who have experienced it, and none have experienced it but the lowly and the humble, in whom ‘the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,’ and of whom God himself declares, “On whom shall I have regard, but the humble and the meek, and on him that trembles at my words.”

*He has shewed strength in his arm—
-he has dispersed the proud in the
imagination of their hearts.*

No wonder that the God of might, who had done such wonderful things to the Virgin, should have shewn strength in his arm. He created the heavens and the earth by a single act of his will. He poured forth the waters of his wrath on a sinful world, and covered the earth with an angry deluge. He slew the first born of Egypt, and plunged the mighty host of Pharaoh in the midst of the waves. He smote one hundred and eighty-five thousand of the army of the impious Sennacherib. And he has dispersed the proud in the imagination of their hearts. In order to display this instance of his power, without mentioning the fate of Aman and others, I need but point to the

* Psalms, Psalm.

proud Nabuchodonosor, whom he tumbled from his throne, and numbered amongst the beasts of the field.

He has deposed the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble.

Behold a new proof of the power and justice of the Deity, and without recurring to other examples, the exaltation of the humble ancestor of the Virgin, would strictly justify her expression. For the Lord deposed the mighty Saul, and caused him to bite the dust on the mount of Gelboe, whilst the humble shepherd, David, was exalted to his throne. Whence the same David cried out "Who is like the Lord our God that dwelleth on high, and hath regard to the humble things in heaven and on earth? Raising the needy from the earth, and lifting up the poor man from the dung, that he might place him with princes, with the princes of his people."

He hath filled the hungry with good things.

Another example of the tenderness of this God of might, who has done such wonderful things to the Virgin. He has fed the hungry with good things. He hath fed the disconsolate Agar and Ismael in the wilderness of Bersabee. He miraculously contrived that Joseph's wicked brethren should sell him into Egypt, in order that he might afterwards supply them with provisions in the hour of famine and distress. He hath fed the hungry Israelites with manna in the desert, and hath for their use, caused the limpid stream to gush from the bosom of the parched rock. He hath fed his servant David in the time of need, even with consecrated shew-bread, with which he

inspired his high-priest, Achimelech, to supply him. He fed his servant Elias with ravens. He inspired the poor widow of Sarephata to relieve his necessities, and when he lay weary of life, under a juniper tree in the desert, he nourished him with that miraculous bread, "in the strength of which he walked forty days and forty nights, even to the mount of Horeb."

His servant Daniel was cast into a den of wild beasts in order to be their food. But the angel of heaven conveyed the prophet Habacuc through the air, and set him down with provisions, in the lion's cave. Therefore might the Virgin exclaim with propriety, that, "He fed the hungry with good things."

But if we look at the great sacrament of his love, which he afterwards instituted, we may truly say with his Blessed Mother, that, "He fed the hungry with good things." He feeds them with nothing less than himself, who is the fountain of goodness; and it is the "hungry" he feeds; for none but those who hunger and thirst after him, approach this feast of love, or if they do, are supported by its nourishing qualities. Therefore, he has sent the rich empty away.

How beautifully may we not represent this gracious invitation of Jesus to the hungry to feed on himself, in the words of the Holy Ghost: "Wisdom hath built herself a house. She hath hewn her out seven pillars. She hath slain her victims, mingled her wine, and set forth her table. Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me;" and to the unwise, she said "Come eat my bread, and drink the wine which I have mingled for you."

Thus it is the poor, the humble, and the hungry, that he fills with all goodness in this lasting pledge of love; and

the rich, the proud, the ambitious, the worldly, he sends away empty. For even should they receive in their unhallowed bosoms, the flesh and blood of Jesus, they retire from the banquet of the Lord, empty and destitute of grace. Let us then, with gratitude, for this mystery of overwhelming love, again join the canticle of the Virgin in describing this new favor of Almighty goodness. Let us sing, "He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty."

**HE HAS RECEIVED ISRAEL HIS SERVANT,
(or as it is otherwise read, HIS CHILD)
BEING MINDFUL OF HIS MERCY.**

Here is a continuation of the virgin's description of the attributes of God. He has with the outstretched arms of affection, received and clasped to his bosom, the people of Judea, who were always emphatically termed his chosen people.—We find the Lord, in the prophet Osce, bestowing the same appellation upon them. "Because Israel was a child, and I loved him, and I called my son out of Egypt." At the time the Virgin spoke, the Jews were in subjection to the Romans; but when the Messiah appeared, he delivered them, not from temporal slavery, but (what was of more importance,) from the long and cruel tyranny of sin and hell. And therefore, according to the import of the Greek expression in this passage, he with outstretched arms, supported his disconsolate child, Israel, at a time when his temporal and eternal prospects were cheerless and

gloomy; "being mindful of his mercy," or, as the Greek has it, "that he might be mindful of his mercy," to shew he had not forgotten that darling ornament of his perfections.

**AS HE SPOKE TO OUR FATHERS, TO
ABRAHAM, AND HIS SEED FOR
EVER.**

Thus, he displayed his mercy, in order to fulfil the promises which he had made to the patriarchs of old. For to them he promised the birth of that Redeemer, whose distinguishing characteristics are mercy and love. Whence the psalmist, speaking of Christ's approach to earth, says, "Mercy and truth have met together; justice and peace have kissed." The Virgin declares, that his mercy was promised to her forefathers in general, but she particularly mentions Abraham, who was the parent of all true believers. Listen to the promises of heaven in his regard:—"And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed. I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed."—And again, when he had given proofs of his faith and obedience to the commands of heaven, concerning his son Isaac, he heard a repetition of those promises from the mouth of an angel. "By my own self I have sworn, saith the Lord;

because thou hast done this thing, and hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake, I will bless thee, and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is by the sea shore: thy seed shall possess the gates of their enemies, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed. "Because thou hast obeyed my voice:" as if he had said: "Because thou hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake, neither will I spare my only begotten son for your salvation, and that of your posterity. Listen to the renewal of this promise to Isaac: "And I will multiply thy seed like the stars of heaven.....and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." The patriarch Jacob, on his death bed, comforts his sorrowing children, by relating the same promises which had been made him by the Lord. "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Judah, nor a ruler from his thigh, till he come, that is to be sent, and he shall be the expectation of nations." These promises were also made by the Lord to David, so that the Virgin might with the strictest justice and truth, conclude her admirable song, by describing that attribute of the Deity, which is "above all his works," saying, that "he has received his son Israel, that he might be mindful of his mercy, which he promised to our fathers, to Abraham, and his seed for ever."

A Memorial to Preserve the Precious fruits of first Communion.

COMPILED BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

I promise before his holy altar to observe with God's grace the following resolutions and practices.

I.

I WILL consider the inestimable advantage of having been born in the bosom of the catholic apostolic Roman church as the greatest gift from God.

II.

I will take a pride in openly professing this holy religion; and so far from blushing at it, I will esteem it an honor to have the reputation of being a good catholic in society.

III.

I will cherish and honor the church as a mother who has brought me forth in Jesus Christ, and who preserves my spiritual life. I will take an interest in her successes and triumphs. I will be obedient to her decision and discipline. I will respect in her pastors the authority which they hold from Jesus Christ.

IV.

I shall be on my guard against all those who speak disrespectfully of religion, of its ministers, particularly of the Pope and Bishops, of the commandments of the church, and

those practices of piety which she approves.

V.

I will labour with sentiments of the tenderest compassion for the conversion of sinners, libertines, and those who live in a deplorable indifference with regard to their salvation. I will for that purpose, make use of prayer, good example, kind offices, and admonitions, conformable to the charity with which Jesus Christ loaded sinners and conversed with them.

VI.

I will avoid the company of persons of the other sex, theatres, dances, wakes, and in general all those worldly amusements which are the destruction of virtue and the school of the devil.

VII.

I will avoid all bad company; and I will avoid all friendships, unless with those who have a reputation for good morals and a faithful discharge of the duties of their state.

VIII.

I will never read bad books; and in order more faithfully to observe this resolution, I will be always guided in my choice of books, by the advice of my confessor, or of some enlightened and virtuous christian.

IX.

I will have a profound horror of

indecent songs, licentious discourses, improper pictures, and immodest dresses.

X.

I will avoid the occasions of sins; and I will say to myself in the moment of temptation: "God sees you! God will judge you! God will condemn you! The sentence will be irrevocable, and for an entire eternity! What have you promised on the day of your first communion?"

XI.

I will be prompt in asking pardon of God for any sins which I may have the misfortune to commit; and if my fault be grievous I will confess it at the first opportunity.

XII.

I will love and respect my father and mother; I will obey them, I will help them in their sufferings, in their sickness, and particularly in the infirmities of age; and I shall look upon it, as my greatest enjoyment, to contribute to their comfort and happiness.

XIII.

I will love my neighbour. I will prove my charity for him by my works. I will give good example, particularly in my family. I will contribute, by a prudent and holy zeal, to the salvation of my parents, my friends and my neighbours.

XIV.

I will never lose sight of this essential maxim of religion: not to do to another what I would not wish to be done to myself; which condemns the spirit of cupidity, avarice and duplicity.

XV.

I will carefully banish from my heart all sentiments of envy and hatred. I will pray for my enemies, after the example of Jesus Christ, who prayed to his Father for his murderers; and I will forgive them, according as I desire that God should forgive me,

XVI.

In adversity, I will be submissive to the will of God: I will adore his designs. I will bless his providence: I will bear with patience, and in a spirit of christian resignation, the temporal losses, tribulations, or persecutions with which he may please to punish me, or to try my fidelity.

XVII.

I will look upon idleness, as the source of malice and the mother of all vices: and I will, under the direction of my confessor, lay down for myself a rule of christian life, according to the duties of my state.

EVERY DAY,

I.

I will never fail, when I awake in

the morning, and before I lie down at night, to offer my heart to God, in sentiments of faith, hope, and love.

II.

I will make, at the end of my morning prayer, what St. Francis of Sales calls the examination of prevision, which consists in reflecting before-hand, for a few moments, on the principal occasions of sin, into which I may fall, to guard myself against them.

III.

I will be exact in making, at my evening prayers, an examination of revision: that is, I will examine with profound attention, whether I have been faithful to the resolutions of the morning, that I may humble myself for my faults, and renew my desire of living like a perfect christian.

IV.

I will make it a particular point, never, through human respect, to omit forming the sign of the cross, and repeating grace before and after meals. I will recite the Angelus in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, in order that I may sanctify the day, and revive within me a spirit of christianity in the midst of the world.

V.

I will assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, if the duties of my state permit. If not, I will unite my intention with that of the priest, who

offers up the holy sacrifice in my parish.

VI.

I will excite myself to a tender and solid devotion to Jesus Christ, really present in the Eucharist, and residing in our tabernacles: by affectionate prayer, and, what is still better, by visiting him, if it shall be in my power.

VII.

I will address a particular prayer to the Blessed Virgin, to St. Joseph, to my guardian angel, and patron saint: to place myself under their special protection.

VIII.

I will read, every morning, one article of these resolutions. I will also read some lesson that will be capable of renewing within me a spirit of piety, and religion; and I will offer to God, from time to time during the day, my labors and sufferings. I will think on his presence, and make acts of the principal virtues.

EVERY WEEK.

I.

I WILL examine in the presence of God, on Sunday morning, how I have spent the week: and I will form resolutions to spend the following one better.

II.

I will be careful to assist on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with reverence and piety, at my parish mass and vespers, and to pay a visit to the blessed sacrament. I will remember that these days are the days of the Lord; and not days for dancing, for pleasure, intemperance, or business. I will spend them in a holy manner. I will devote them to good works. I will not follow the example of a great number

of christians who, by a culpable blindness, select those holy days for worldly amusements, and who thus, besides afflicting the church, serve to weaken the spirit of religion.

EVERY MONTH,

I.

I will approach the sacrament of penance with faith and compunction, carefully avoiding to do so from habit or any human motive, and I will receive the holy communion as often as my confessor will direct.

II.

I will read over all these resolutions, and the particular rule of life that shall be prescribed me, and I will renew my desire and firm purpose of being faithful to them.

EVERY YEAR,

I.

I will prepare myself, by some days of more than ordinary recollection, by good works, and even by a general confession of the whole year, to approach with fervour the holy eucharist; on the anniversary days of my baptism and first communion, and on those days I will renew in the presence of God these promises and resolutions.

“I have sworn, and am determined, O my God, to keep the judgments of thy justice.” Psalm cxviii. 106.

AMEN.

On the _____ day of the month of _____ in the year 18____, the day on which I had the happiness to be admitted for the first time to the participation of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, in the Church of _____ archdiocese or diocese of _____

Visit to the Grande Chartreuse.

It was on this day, the 2d of October, that, two years since, in company with my friend, E. S., I quitted Pont de Beauvoisin at one, p. m., with the intention of reaching, the same day, the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.—The weather was agreeably warm; the clear blue of the heaven was not chequered by a single cloud; the invigorating breezes from the mountains exhilarated our spirits; and with feelings of indescribable awe and delight, we traversed the magnificent pass of La Chaille, no longer now, as heretofore, terrific to travellers, who are protected on the side of the precipice by a strong dwarf wall. After travelling for an hour and a half, we reached the first post-house, on the French side of Savoy, at the small town of Les Echelles. The monastery of the Grande Chartreuse lies considerably to the right of this place, and the approach to it is very rugged and difficult.

One hour and a quarter brought us to the iron-foundry at the foot of the mountain on which the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse is erected. This foundry, previously to the first French Revolution, was the property of the Carthusian Fathers, and the principal source of their large reveues; which were expended, not in pampering their bodies and in building splendid habitations,—they have always cherished the same austerity and poverty, which were bequeathed to them, in the eleventh century, by their illustrious founder, St. Bruno,—but in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, in bestowing hospitality on the multitudes, who, from curiosity or devotion, used to crowd to the monastery.

Pursuing the road, the torrent is seen no more; its distant brawling hardly

reaches the ear. At length, after a toilsome ascent, the forest opens, and you behold for the first time, the celebrated Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, the Mother House of the Penitential Order of the Carthusians; perpetuating the austerities of its holy founder St. Bruno; by its locality, its observances, its rigours, and its devotion, transporting the imagination from the nineteenth to the eleventh century; and setting in immediate and striking contrast the simplicity, self-denial, and sanctity of the sincere followers of a crucified master, with the frivolity, self-indulgence, and vices of his pretended disciples.

At every step, the scenery which surrounds the Grande Chartreuse, awakens the enthusiasm of every admirer of nature. We reached the gates of the monastery, the stillness of the air was disturbed by the solemn pealing of the deep bell, a hundred times repeated from echo to echo by the encircling mountains, and floating richly down the narrow valley. It summoned the hermits to allow to the wants of nature a few hours of repose, whereby they might resume with renewed vigour the praises of God, and their penitential austerities.

We rang for admittance. Our appeal to the hospitality of the Fathers, though made at an unseasonable hour, was readily answered. The large doors were flung open; and before us was the venerable appearance of one of the brotherhood, habited in white, his head close shaved, his beard depending on his breast, and bearing in his hand a small lamp. It was the Hospitarius Frere Jean Marie, well known to most visitors at the monastery, and deserving the esteem of all who know him by his kindness and attentions.—Abridged from C. Magge.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

By thy remorse when the vain dream departed,
That lured thy soul from its Creator far,
By the sweet beams to soothe thine anguish
darted

From thy Redeemer's eyes as from a star.
By all thy penitence, by that emotion,
With which thou pourest upon his sacred
feet,
Absorbed in gratitude, and deep devotion,
Ointment, and tears, more than the ointment
sweet.

Oh plead for those still doomed to linger here
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By thy wild grief when, on the fatal mountain
Of Calvary, thou didst behold the flood
Bursting from Mercy's sweet exhaustless foun-
tain,

To drown a world's impending doom in blood:
By all then felt, when, at the cross low kneeling,
Headless of all else near thee, thou didst trace
Alike in self-reproach, and bitter feeling,
Death darken on thy loved Redeemer's face;
Oh plead for those, still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By thine all eager love, when duil night flying
Gave place to morning's rosy-coloured ray,
And breezes faint with rich perfume were sigh-
ing

All musically to the opening day;
The third—the mystic day, when thou didst
hasten

With pious care to deck thy Saviour's tomb,
O'er it to shed such sweet tears as might chasten,
If they could not dispel, thy spirits' gloom;
Oh plead for these, still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By all the varied hopes and fears that trembled
Upon thy heart, half pleasure, and half pain,
When one, who most a Son of Light resembled,
Told thee that there thou soughtest thy Lord
in vain.

By that sweet extacy of joy, which darted
All heavenly transport, through thy mortal
frame,
When, as thou weeping stoodst, half broken-
hearted,

He, thy beloved one, pronounced thy name
Oh, plead for those still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

VENI SANCTI SPIRITUS.

Dwelling high in endless day
Holy Spirit, shed a ray,
A ray divine on man.

Come, thou light of every heart
And thy choicest gifts impart.
Come Father of the poor.

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the Christian's saving guest,
Refreshments to the soul.

Thou canst rest in toil bestow,
Thou canst feel each passing glow
And solace man in grief.

Light all hallowed, may thy beams
Ever flow in pienteous streams
And fill the Christian's heart.

For without thy aiding grace,
Helpless, worthless, were our race,
The sons of sin and wrath.

Soften our hearts, O God, we pray,
Wash the stains of sin away.
And heal the people's wounds.

Bend to grace, each stubborn will,
Languid souls with ardour fill,
And guide our wandering steps.

In thine aid our hopes we place:
Boundless source of every grace
Impart thy seven-fold gift.

Grant us virtue: crown thy deed,
That by death from shackles freed
Our souls may rise to thee—Amen

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Departed year! there is a tone
Of silence eloquent in thee,
That tells of hopes and pleasures flown,
Like bubbles on the swelling sea,
That glitters one short moment there,
And then are lost in empty air.

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