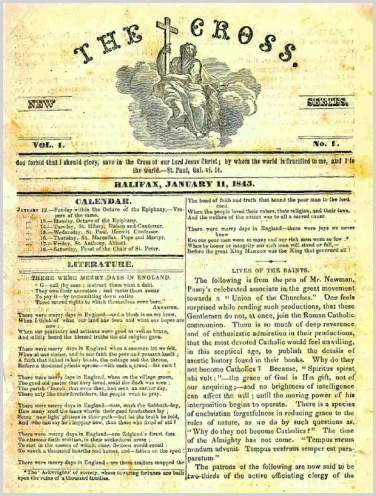


THE CROSS.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. I. No. 1.

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.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 11, 1845.

CALENDAR.

January 12.—Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany.—Vespers of the octave.
13.—Monday, Octave of the Epiphany.
14.—Tuesday, St. Hilary, Bishop and Confessor.
15.—Wednesday, St. Paul, Hermit Confessor.
16.—Thursday, St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.
17.—Friday, St. Anthony, Abbot.
18.—Saturday, Feast of the Chair of St. Peter.

LITERATURE.

THERE WERE MERRY DAYS IN ENGLAND.

O, well do I now remember those words a child,
They used to say in days of yore when times were
To pay in—by unbuilding down castles
Those ancient rights by which themselves were born."
Anonyme.

There were merry days in England—and a blush is on my brow,
When I think of what our land has been and with our hopes as
When our ministry and artizans were good as well as brave,
And richly loved the blessed truths his old religion gave.

There were merry days in England when a sneerless lot we felt,
When at our vicar, and to our faith the poor and peasant knelt;
A faith that linked in holy bonds, the cottage and the throne,
Before a thousand private ends—with such a creed—for such I

There were many days in England, when on the village green,
The aged and parson that they loved, amid the flock was seen,
The parish Church, that even then, had seen an earlier day,
There only then their forefathers, the people went to pray.

There were merry days in England—nor, mark the Sabbath-day,
How many could be there whose feet past forefathers by
Were many holier pictures in their pride—dead on the heath be held,
And who has not by Calvaire now, that knew his Friend of old?

There were merry days in England—ere England's first tea
To stimulate fresh workers, to their unbroken sleep
We watch a thousand hostile not heroic, evil—fallen on the spot.

There were merry days in England, ere three traitors mapped the
*The Archbishops of misery, whose surging fortunes are built upon the ruins of a thousand families.

The bond of faith and truth that bound the poor man to the lord
When the people loved their rulers, their religion, and their laws.
And the welfare of the realm was to all a sacred cause.

There were merry days in England—those were days we never
Ere our poor sons were so many cut our rich sons were so few.*
When by honor or integrity our rich now will stand or fall,
Before the great King Mammon was the King that governed all!

LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

The following is from the pen of Mr. Newman, Pusey's celebrated associate in the great movement towards a "Union of the Churches." One feels surprised while reading such productions, that these Gentlemen do not, at once, join the Roman Catholic communion. There is so much of deep reverence, and of enthusiastic admiration in their productions, that the most devoted Catholic would feel unwilling, in this sceptical age, to publish the details of ascetic history found in their books. Why do they not become Catholics? Because, "Spiritus spirat ubi vult:"—the grace of God is His gift, not of our acquiring;—and no brightness of intelligence can affect the will; until the moving power of his interposition begins to operate. There is a species of unchristian forgetfulness in reducing grace to the rules of nature, as we do by such questions as, "Why do they not become Catholics?" The time of the Almighty has not come. "Tempus meum nondum advenit. Tempus vestrum semper est paratum."

The patrons of the following are now said to be two-thirds of the active officiating clergy of the

Don de livres à l'université de Dalhousie à Halifax

Il y a quelques années, la SHGP, grâce à la collaboration de l'ancienne bibliothèque centrale de la Ville de Montréal, a sauvé quelque 30 000 livres destinés à disparition (voir notre *Bulletin* de l'hiver 2007-2008). Il s'y cachait des trésors insoupçonnés. En en faisant le tri, entre autres pour notre centre de documentation, on a trouvé deux volumes en date de 1845 et 1846 : des années complètes d'un journal hebdomadaire, *The Cross*, publié à Halifax, Nouvelle-Écosse. Des raretés ? On le croyait bien. Nous avons communiqué avec la bibliothèque de l'université Dalhousie afin de savoir s'il y aurait un intérêt de sa part. En effet, sa collection manquait les années en question. La SHGP a offert les livres à la bibliothèque, où ils seront conservés dorénavant dans les rayons des collections spéciales.

— *K.C.*