

**Hymns of the Heart.**

No 13.

**AVE MARIA.**

Hail, holy Virgin! Mary—Hail!  
Whose tender mercies never fail;  
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,  
Of purity the spotless shrine,—  
Mother of God, with virtues crown'd,  
Most faithful—pitiful—renown'd:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my mournful Litany.

Mirror of justice, and of joy,  
Wisdom itself without alloy;  
Vessel of honour, and of grace,  
Beholding Jesus face to face:  
Mystical Rose of rich perfume,—  
Beauty of beauties, bath'd in bloom:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower, beyond compare,  
Like that of David, yet more rare;  
Palace of peace, and House of Gold,  
Ark of the Covenant of old;—  
Gate of that heaven beheld afar,  
And of dark night the Morning Star:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Health of the weak, to make them strong,  
Refuge of sinners, and their song;  
Comfort of each afflicted breast,  
Hayen of hope in realms of rest:—  
Queen of the patriarchs gone before,  
Light of the prophets' learned lore:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my lowly Litany.

Queen of the thousand thousand quires,  
Where angels sweep unnumber'd lyres;  
Queen of apostles, where they reign  
Assessors to the Lamb once slain;  
Queen of the martyrs—where they glow  
In raiment whiter wash'd than snow:  
Queen of all virgins, look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Lead me, oh! lead me to thy Son,  
To taste and feel what He has done;  
To lay me low before His cross,  
And reckon all besides as dross:—  
To speak, and think, and will, and move,  
And love, as thou wouldst have me love:  
Oh! look upon this bended knee,  
And hear my heart's own Litany.

**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MRS. SETON,**

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

ELIZABETH ANN BAILEY was born in the city of New York in 1774. She was the younger of two daughters of Dr Bailey by his first marriage. Deprived of her mother at a very early period of her life, the cares of her education devolved entirely upon her father, whose anxiety and tenderness she repaid with a degree of filial piety seldom equalled. That filial affection was the spring of all her actions, the incentive to all her exertions, and easily formed her to habits of diligence in the prosecution of her studies, which with the superior intellect, the strong mind, and the correct judgement with which she was endowed, compensated, in some degree, for the want of able instructors, which New York could not at that time afford. From early youth she was inclined to piety, and always wore on her person a small crucifix, wondering, as she subsequently expressed, that Protestants should not be as desirous as Catholics of possessing this emblem of salvation. She took great pleasure in reading the Scripture and all religious works. The descriptions of monasteries and convents which she met with in the course of her reading excited her admiration for such institutions, while she regretted that establishments of this nature were not to be found among Protestants. She received confirmation and the Lord's Supper in the Episcopal Church, and remained a practical member of it until her conversion to the true faith.

In her 18th year she married Mr. William M. Seton, a merchant of the city of New York, and went to reside on Staten Island. She had five children, two sons and three daughters. In the Spring of 1803, a sea voyage having been recommended by the physicians for the benefit of Mr. Seton's declining health, Mrs. Seton accompanied him to Italy, taking with her only her eldest daughter Anna. Three weeks after their

arrival there Mr. Seton died. Truly good and pious, she herself administered to her husband, previously to his death, every consolation and support that could be derived from that religion which they both sincerely believed to be the true one. In religion, too she looked for support in her bereavement—not did she look for it in vain. God who saw the purity of her heart and never turns from those who seek him in truth and sincerity, directed her to that true and holy Catholic religion where alone she could find the consolation she so much needed.

While waiting in Leghorn for the vessel which was to convey her to America, she allowed herself to be persuaded, by a friend who wished to divert her mind from its melancholy musings, to enter a Catholic Church one Sunday during the celebration of high mass. It was near the moment of the consecration when she entered. Struck by the grandeur and solemnity of the ceremony, and the fervor and humility of the prostrate multitude, she fell upon her knees before the altar, and when the sacred host was elevated for the adoration, not one of the assembly knelt with a heart more replete with awe and fervor than Mrs. Seton's. Almighty God who had guided her to the foot of his holy altar, there visited her heart, and enlightened with the first rays of his holy faith that mind whose purity and uprightnes had already prepared it for these heavenly impressions, and for the grace by which she was to be henceforth solely and entirely devoted to his service. Long after mass was over she remained fervently praying the Father of light to dispel the doubts that agitated her and show her the right path. Frequently, after that, she returned to church to pray. "If I am right," she would say, "permit me not to stray from thy fold, but if I am wrong, guide thou my steps, my God." Her doubts, and her ardent desire to know the truth, were constantly agitating her mind. In speaking of this event of her life to one of her spiritual children, she said, "often, in the silence of night, whilst gazing on those beautiful stars which enlighten and decorate the skies, beyond which is that star of Jacob which never sets, often have I repeated those lines of the poet:

'If I am right thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay,  
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart  
To find the better way!'

Her fervent prayer was heard. Not only did God shew her that better path; but showering upon her his grace, he made her one of those bright stars that adorn and illumine the paths of Christian piety, a burning and shining light that spread far and wide its holy and happy influence. She left Italy determined to investigate the truth, and on her return home, she proceeded without delay to possess herself of every information on this all important subject. She consulted several clergymen, and corresponded with many of the most enlightened divines of the Catholic Church, among whom was Dr. Cheveras, afterwards Bishop of Boston, and at a still later period Archbishop of Bordeaux, and Cardinal, with whom, however, she did not become personally acquainted till eight or nine years after her conversion to the Catholic faith. She devoted a great deal of her time to the reading of religious books, and was particularly pleased with the writings and life of St Ignatius Loyala, from which she imbibed her first inclinations for a religious life.

Courageously following the inspirations of divine grace, although she was aware of the sufferings that such a course of action would entail upon her, Mrs Seton addressed herself to the Rev'd Matthew O'Brien, pastor of St Peter's Church, in New York, whom she requested to receive her abjuration of Protestantism and to admit her into the Catholic Church. By him she was baptized conditionally, and to the name she already bore, she added that of the B. Virgin Mary. On the feast of the Annunciation, the 25th March, 1805, she received for the first time the Holy Communion. The anniversary of this feast she always observed as a day especially consecrated to thanksgiving for the inestimable favor that had been conferred upon her.

Mrs Seton's position in New York had become after her conversion truly painful; the narrow income to which she was reduced by the death of her husband, being insufficient for the support of her family, she supplied that deficiency by devoting herself to the instruction of youth. To one whose life had been, till then, one of ease and affluence, the necessity of labor must have been a severe trial; but in the love and gratitude of her children, for whose sake she

subjected herself to it, she found an ample compensation. After the fatigues of the day she would go to her piano, and surrounded by her five interesting children, whose great happiness was to be near their mother, she would play for them and adapt some words of piety to familiar airs, while they mingled their youthful voices with hers. Her musical attainments were not directed solely to her temporal benefit; she had learned how to derive from the earthly sounds that fell upon her ear an occasion of elevating herself in spirit to the celestial harmony of saints and angels. Having heard the lamentations of Jeremiah chaunted in the Church service, she entered deeply into the feelings of the sacred bard, which transported her mind beyond this scene of trial to the heavenly Jerusalem, and suggested to her the beautiful hymn which is now so well known.

"Jerusalem my happy home,  
How do I sigh for thee,  
When shall my exile have an end  
Thy joys when shall I see.

No sun or moon in borrowed light  
Revolves thine hour away;  
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,  
Is thy eternal day.

From every eye he wipes the tear:  
All sighs and burrow cease;  
No more alternate hope and fear;  
But everlasting peace.

The thought of thee to us is given,  
Our sorrows to beguile;  
To anticipate the joys of heaven  
In his eternal smile."

Many of her friends, whom a change of circumstances had not estranged from her, were inclined to view her less favorably on account of the change that had taken place in her religious opinions; not reflecting that the courage she had manifested in embracing a religion, the practice of which imposed additional sacrifices, entitled her to their increased esteem and admiration. Some few there were, however, whose attachment remained unaltered; the following circumstance, though trivial in itself, will illustrate both the thoughtful kindness of one of these friends, and her own spirit of humility. An elderly gentleman, a relative, knowing that for the support of her family she was dependent on her exertions, would frequently, take a basket, go himself to the market, purchase the joint of meat which he knew she liked, (for he had in more prosperous days been a guest at her table,) add to it some other little article and carry it himself to her humble dwelling, fearful of entrusting so delicate a commission to a servant. In speaking of this circumstance to a friend, in after years, she manifested a lively sense of the kindness that had been shewn to her. Instead of listening to a false pride, that would have caused many to shrink from the acceptance of this friendly aid, she thankfully availed herself of it, laying aside all human respect, and receiving alike with grateful resignation the gifts and the trials which God dispensed to her.

If for the love of him, she was obliged to endure the sacrifice of friends and connexions till then most devoted; amply did that merciful Father supply their place, directing her to one whose friendship became to her the source of every happiness, and her guide and aid in the execution of that pious and great design, which subsequently engaged her thoughts; the foundation of a Sisterhood of Charity in the United States.

In the spring of 1805, the Rev'd Mr Dubourg, then president of St Mary's College in Baltimore, afterwards Bishop of Montauban and Archbishop of Besancon in France, visited New York, partly for the purpose of securing for his college, as professor of Belles Lettres, a gentleman whose position in that city since his conversion to the Catholic faith was no longer an agreeable one. Celebrating the holy sacrifice one morning at St Peter's Church, Mr Dubourg was struck with the uncommonly fervent and pious deportment of a lady who approached to receive holy Communion at his hands. The same day he was introduced to her as Mrs Seton. He had heard of her conversion, and having formed an acquaintance with her, became very much interested in her welfare. Convinced that a residence in Baltimore would be more agreeable to her, and that she would meet with ample encouragement as the conductress of an academy, he persuaded her to remove thither with her children. She reached Baltimore with her three daughters in June, 1803; Rev'd Mr Dubourg and his sister having provided for her a residence in the neighbourhood of St Mary's College.

To be continued.

**Funeral of the late Right Rev. Dr. WALSH, Bishop of Cambristopolis and V.A. of the London District.**

On Wednesday last the late Bishop of the District was buried in St. Mary's Church, Moorfield's. A large number of Clergy met both from this and from the Midland District, over which the departed Prelate had for many years presided. The coffin containing his earthly remains was visible under a large *catfalque*, surrounded and surmounted with burning tapers. His mitre and pastoral staff were laid upon it. The Clergy entered the church in procession, and filled the spacious sanctuary, which was too small for so large a concourse (about a hundred in number) so that many of them were placed in the body of the Church, which too was crowded by a large congregation of the Faithful. The procession closed with the Vicars-Apostolic and the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, now the Bishop of the London District. He was attended by the Rev. J. Serle and the Rev. J. P. Cooke. The Deacon and Sub-Deacon of the Mass were the Rev. Thomas Rowman and the Rev. E. Walsh. The Bishops present were the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, V.A. of the York District; Dr. Wareing, V.A. of the Eastern District; Dr. Brown V.A. of Wales; Dr. Ullathorne, V.A. of the Midland District; Dr. Hendren, V.A. of the Western District; and Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy. The whole Office of the Dead was then sung by the assembled Clergy, without the accompaniment of the organ. The great volume of sound which now poured forth filled the church, and the effect was singularly imposing. Towards the conclusion of the Office the Bishops retired to the Sacristy, from whence they issued at the end of Lauds, vested in black copes, and resumed their seats in the sanctuary. The Bishop of the District having concluded the Office returned to his throne, and being vested for the celebration of Mass, commenced the solemn Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of his predecessor; the Presbyter-Assistant being the Very Rev. Dr. Cox, President of St Edmund's. The Clergy again resumed the chant, but now accompanied by the organ, and with lighted candles in their hands gave, if possible, additional grandeur to the solemn scene.

Mass being ended, the Absolutions were then given by the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, Dr. Brown, Dr. Wareing, and Dr. Ullathorne in succession; and when all had been accomplished, the Very Rev. Dr. Weedall, of St Chad's, Birmingham, ascended the pulpit and pronounced the oration over the remains of his former Bishop, taking his text from the words, *Eccle Sacerdos Magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo, et inventus est justus.*

We regret that we have no means of giving anything like an adequate representation of a sermon which was so peculiarly appropriate, both to the occasion and as coming from the Vicar-General of the Midland District.

**OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.**

Between two brothers have two witnesses and a notary.  
All complain of want of memory, but none of want of judgment.  
Beauty without honesty is like poison kept in a box of gold.  
Thy purse had better be empty than filled with other folks' money.  
That which was bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.  
A house filled with guests is eaten up and ill spoken of.  
He who has to deal with a blockhead, has need of much brains.  
When the curate licks the knife it must be bad for the clerk.  
Buy what you do not want and you will sell what you cannot spare.  
He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company.  
He that waits for dead men's shoes may go a long time barefoot.  
A profitable religion never yet wanted proselytes.  
A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.  
Ho who sells an acre of land parts with an ounce of credit.  
A diligent man can always find leisure, a lazy man never.  
Deliberate long upon what you can do but once.  
If you wish a thing done, go: if not, send.  
I mistress and you miss, who is to sweep the house.  
Honey in the mouth is money in the purse.  
There is no fishing for trout in dry brooks.