

Poetry.

"Amor castus in te esse debet, quo amore desideres videre coelum et terram, non campos liquidos maria, non spectacula nugatoria, non fulgores gemmarum, sed desideres videre Deum tuum, et solum."—

St. Augustini, Hom. ix.

Chaste love ought to dwell in thee, by which love thou mayest desire to see not heaven and earth,—not the liquid azure of the sea,—not empty trifles,—not the splendour of gems,—but that thou mayest desire to see thy God, and him only.

St. Augustine.

O Love, fair love and chaste, how sweet
The kindled flame of thy desire,
That seeks no other aim but God—
Not Heaven, nor earth, nor ocean's sheet
Of liquid blue, nor jewel's fire,
Nor ought that owes material load!

How should my heart, retired from all,
Rest seraph-like, on Thee alone,
Willing to close mine eyes in death,
So to escape corporeal thrall,
And bow'd before thy heavenly throne,
Swallow it sight, what here is Faith!

And yet how infinite remote
My best desires, my sinful will,
Pleased with the idle shades that pass,
I grasp at air, and fondly doat,
Despite of better knowledge, still
On what is vanity—alas!

For if to friends we look for rest,
And give our fond affections play,
How soon alas! comes heavy gloom,
And those we loved the dearest, best,
Like early blossom, pass away,
Shedding their leaves on sorrow's tomb!

Alas! what wretchedness is mine,
What want extreme, and depth of need,
How heavily beneath the load
Of chilling poverty I pine,
How listlessly my footsteps tread,
With feeble efforts, virtue's road

How does the idle love of earth
Intrude where Heaven alone should come,
Where only bitter tears should fall,
I lavish in capricious mirth,—
How do I make this world my home,
And nestle in its luring thrall!

How oft my thoughts, like wandering fires,
Eccentric fly in orbits wild,
How often seek the flowery plains
Of vanity, my heart's desires,
How oft my idle will beguiled,
Gives to loose recklessness the reins!

And must it thus for ever be,
Shall still my heart rove wild abroad,—
What words, alas! my wants can tell,
Apart from love—apart from Thee,
My loving Father, Friend, and God,—
Teach me to love, and love Thee well!

Most sweet and loving Jesus, hear!
Thy multitudinous love pour forth,
That love that from thy beauty wells,—
Fill my heart big with love, and clear
Its dross away, and sinful dearth,—
Grant me thy love and nothing else!

Tainted and foul, and feebly given
To fly from earth's unholy ways,
Cleanse me and let the holy flame
Of love look brighter up to Heaven;
Inresolute no more, let grace
Grow as I breathe thy holy name!

Sweet Jesus! Oh what music deep
Breathes in thy name, richness how vast!
And fullest harmony divine!
What strength and growing virtues sweep
Around the choir, and bid me haste
The infinite consent to join!

Then hear my heart's resolve;—to seek
Henceforth thy will and only thine,

"Dulcissime et amantissime Jesu, infundo obsecro, multitudinem caritatis in pectore meo, ut in solum in corde habeam."—

St. Augustini, in Lib. Medit. c. 35.

"O Deus! O Jesu! amor tuus, et nihil aliud."

Ex. verbis St. Francisci de Assisio.

Here let me weep, and here deplore,
Let my proud heart by penance break,—
But so thy ready grace be mine,
Increase my wants still more and more!

Grant me the gift of tears, to mourn
My wandering will, desire, and thought,
Naked and poor; sweet Jesus, Thou
Wert once more naked and forlorn,—
Then, by thy love, reject me not,
But give me strength, and clothe me now!

I ask not wealth, nor worldly store,
Contentment vain of worldly ease,
Nor to be set from sorrow free,—
But Jesus, let me love Thee more,
And ever may my love increase,
Apart from all, and lost in Thee!

PUBLIC PROTESTANT PENANCE.

In an age when men reconcile themselves to innovation and complacently talk of progress, it is somewhat refreshing to be carried back even in thought to earlier, and, of course, to better days. It is therefore a subject of pure gratulation that we can now recall to our own, and we hope, our readers' memories to forgotten events, but which all-changing time has recently in a manner renewed. The parish church of Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, was on Sunday last the scene of a most venerable service and imposing ceremonial, the account of which we have read with befitting reverence. The lovers of primitive antiquity also, and of mediæval discipline will, we are sure, be extremely gratified with the recognition of their principles, and with the evidence of their undying vigour, and, above all, with the knowledge that they are so deeply imbedded in the body of the English law.

The village fiddler of Fen Ditton, in a drunken revel, forgot the respect due to the wife of the Rector, and touching and concerning her uttered certain defamatory and slanderous words. For this the miserable fiddler, by name Edward Smith, was handed over to the judicial care of Sir Herbert Jenner Frost. His music could not charm that inexorable Judge; and knowing this he declined to appear before him, preferring rather the distant contemplation of that dread tribunal, where detected Parsons are seen to tremble, and abstractors of church-rates make acquaintance with poverty. In due time sentence was pronounced: Mr Smith was to study the ancient Penitential Canons, and to undergo the salutary discipline enjoyed him by the Judge of the Protestant Penitentiary. Accordingly, on the 6th of May he laid aside his fiddle, and putting on the garment of penance, humbled himself for the slander he had uttered.

To witness this edifying sight; this restoration of the primitive discipline, a large congregation proceeded to the church of Fen Ditton. It was a great function, and the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants to assist with all devotion at the solemn act. Even the churchyard was crowded, and those within the church in the fervour of their zeal fought with each other for the best places. The most resolute, or, possibly, the most devout, took possession of the screen, and sat upon it in the form in which men sit on horseback. Genuflexion was unfortunately in that case out of the question. Exactly at eleven o'clock the procession, consisting of the Rev. A. H. Small, who had come from Cambridge to take a part in the day's solemnity, the Rector and his slandered wife, entered the church: the former proceeded to perform the usual service, and the latter to their pew. When Mr. Small began, the assembled congregation became extremely fervid. At first there was a chorus of laughter, and other tokens of the religious spirit of Fen Ditton. Some of the responses used were not in the printed Prayer Book, and Mr. Small must have been a little startled when he heard the first, but before its time; "Speak up, old boy!" But it was "the impressive discourse" that excited most devotion; the mob outside, anxious to hear it, broke the windows, and within there arose to the roof of the church in graceful eddies the thick smoke of fragrant tobacco: probably mistaken and substituted that for incense. There was also a dogfight in the churchyard, and the sound of catcalls and of whistles in the church mingled solemnly with the noisy argument of the assembled congregation.

At last a cry was raised, "Smith is coming!" and soon after the devout penitent entered the sacred building. The crowd within proceeded to another fight, in order to obtain a better view

of the condemned fiddler. The "impressive discourse" was not yet ended. The shouting without was now taken up by those within, and "three hearty cheers" were given to encourage the poor man in his penitential act. He was borne aloft on men's arms and placed upon a hassock in front of the Rector and his wife. "One cheer more" was then given, and the humble Smith proceeded to perform his allotted penance. A sympathetic broom immediately flew across the church, followed by a hassock; these fell close to the pulpit, where the preacher was labouring at his sermon. The pews (modern inventions) were then demolished and the splintered woodwork was hurled about, the hassocks also "thick as hail" rose and descended, and the church was thrown into utter confusion.

Mr Smith read his recantation of the slanderous words, but not a word was heard. The preacher descended from the pulpit to hear it, but matters could not be improved. The pulpit was occupied immediately, as being probably the best place to see from. The penitent fiddler discharged his function, and when he was concluding it, a hassock struck Mr Small, and Smith departed from his place. He was then carried on men's shoulders out of the Church amid the enthusiastic cheers of the mob; and when he had reached the inn of the village he was called upon to make a speech. He expressed modestly his regret that he could not ask the people home to dinner, because he was a poor man—and thus his penance was devoutly performed.

The mob spent the rest of the day in smoking and drinking; some of them proceeded to solicit alms for the fiddler, and others to the Rectory, where they broke the windows. To them it was anything but a penance, for they amused themselves as well as they could, and comforted themselves with the stimulating drinks supplied by the village inns. It seems that in the morning application had been made to the Rector, to dispense with the penance, and that he was willing to do so; but the injured wife, zealous for discipline, refused to accede, insisting on the full accomplishment of the penance which the Ecclesiastical Judge had decreed to be due. On the whole it was a strange sight, and mediævalists may learn from it what the restoration of primitive discipline may do for them if they can succeed in their cherished labours.

This was a scene in an English parish church, brought about by the majesty of English law. The National Church—as it is called—with all the appliances of wealth, and with the aid of the civil power, has brought the people of this country to such a condition that they are worse even than savages. Within three miles of the University of Cambridge was the scene enacted and the day so hallowed was Sunday. It was in a rural parish, where innocence is supposed to reside, and where piety chooses its most agreeable dwelling-place. It was by enlightened Protestants, rescued from the darkness of Popery, and free from the bondage of a debasing superstition, that these deeds were done, and by them was that very day desecrated which Englishmen boast that they so religiously observe. It was in the "pure and reformed branch" that the disgraceful scenes occurred, and on the occasion of vindicating the good name of an injured wife.—*Tablet.*

CHANTING IN ROME.

An extract, selected for the Witness, from 'Kip's Christmas Holidays in Rome,' on chanting at the Chapel of the Propaganda.

The chanting at the Chapel this evening, was without any pretensions to the character of fine music, yet there were something to me very inspiring in the sound. Perhaps it arose in part from the fact, that I knew what they were singing—only the pure words of inspiration, which two thousand years ago were sung on the mountains, and among the valleys of Judea, and had ever since been the sacred Hymns of the Christian Church. They were the regular Vesper Psalms for the evening, in the rich and picturesque language of the Vulgate, were the Orientalism of Scripture is blended up with such curious felicity with the idiom of the Latin. The chanting was antiphonal, the forty students ranged on one side singing the first verse, and immediately those on the other side taking up the strain and singing the second. In the middle of the Chapel stood a high lectern, and when

* Milman's History of Christianity, vol. 2, p. 334.

each Psalm was ended seven or eight students—among whom were two Chinese—left their places and gathered around it, to lead the singing of the *Gloria Patri*, in which the whole assembly on both sides joined. The organ was pealing over head as an accompaniment, and when I heard the deep-toned sound of so many voices chanting the rich Latin words, and saw the upturned faces of those who stood about the lectern, I felt that it was indeed a solemn and impressive service. Widely as we might differ on many points, here at least was common ground. The words they sung were heritage of each branch alike of the Christian Church, and if uttered with a true heart fervently, might well raise them above the cares of this lower world, to the calm lofty devotion which elevated the spirit of the kingly poet, when he indited the sublime strains.

REMAINS OF DR. SEABURY.

[From the Catholic Herald.]

Since the departure of the late editor of the Churchman from the literary world, his brethren of the low church, and of the high church, have expressed themselves rather unkindly as to the course which he had pursued. The Calendar reproaches him with intemperance of language, but praises his determined hostility to Roman errors as sanctioned by the council of Trent.—The Protestant Churchman, anxious to tear from the Doctor's brow this laurel-wreath, gives the following extract:—

From "The Churchman," Jan 20, 1842.

"But we are referred to Trent, and cautioned not to be misled by Sarpi. But, in truth, we have no wish to avail ourselves of any advantage of this sort, being much more inclined to vindicate that holy council, for the sake of our common Christianity, than to disparage it for the sake of any potty advantage over the present Church of Rome. We have no wish to regard it in any other light than as a body of Christian bishops, eminent in their day for learning and piety, and deliberating on the most awful concerns which can engage the attention of man; and so viewing it, we have often and humbly, and with the highest profit, pondered its decisions; and most pitifully cheap do we hold the judgment of that man who can speak of them in a tone of levity and ridicule. We approve most of the decisions of this holy council, and we respect them all."

CANADA.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

It is almost certain that all the Catholics of Canada, of what race soever, are now ranged on the side of the government—so that not only the French and Irish, but even the Scotch Catholics are almost to a man in favor of Lord Elgin and the existing administration. There are several settlements of Highland Scotch (chiefly Catholics) up west, and they are all decidedly opposed to the proceedings of their countrymen down here.

You have been misinformed with regard to the doings in Quebec. The Governor was not burned in effigy, thanks to the prompt intervention of the Irish and Canadians. The attempt was certainly made but made but without success. This party is so far kept under in Quebec that the government would be much safer there and the parliament been seated within its walls no incendiary mob dare attack it. The fire bells of the city which have all along rung the alarm for the mob, have been taken down by order of the corporation, and it is said the fire-companies are to be disbanded, and a new body of police will be made to supply their place.

Weds.

- May 28—Patrick, son of Michael and Mary Sullivan, aged 12 months.
- 30—Michael Hoban, native of Ireland, aged 19 years.
- 30—Mary Farquhar, native of Halifax, aged 19 years.

Centenary Notice.

At a Meeting of the General Committee for celebrating the Centenary of the Settlement of Halifax, it was unanimously resolved, that the Clergy of all denominations be requested to open their respective places of Worship throughout the City for Divine Service on the morning of the EIGHTH OF JUNE next, at an early hour—that Prayers may be offered to Almighty God for the future prosperity of the City. W. C. MANNING, Sec'y.
Halifax papers—religious and secular—will oblige by copying the above. June 1.