

Poetry.

HYMNS OF THE HEART.

No. 20.

DOMUS AUREA.

Light! Light! Infinite Light!

The mountains melted away:
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright
Were lost in a blaze of day:
For God was there, and beneath His feet
A pavement of sapphires glow'd,*
As the mother of glory transcendently meet
To reflect His own abode!

Love! Love! Infinite Love!

The lowly Lady of grace
Hov'rs underneath the o'ershadowing Dove
Her eternal Son to embrace!
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,
An Infant of human years.
Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,
And nature is wrapt in tears!

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!

A Golden House hath it found,
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase
With immortality crown'd!
For God was there, the Lord of the skies
Whose loud alleluias ran,
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel! lies
In the arms of Mary for man!

*Exodus xxiv. 10.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY IN BERLIN.

[Translated from the address of the Berlin Delegate, Chaplain Ruland, to the Catholic Association for the Religious Freedom of Germany.]

Very much has, of late, been said and written upon the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Devonport, and very much interest taken, even by our separated brethren in the advocacy of the Catholic principle, upon which these Sisters have opened an "Orphan's Home," in one of the most spiritually destitute districts in England. The subject is certainly of the deepest importance, as involving, in its development, one of the most glorious triumphs of the Catholic Church. The following account will present a very striking contrast between the manner of establishing a house of the Sisters of Mercy in the Catholic Church, and that of establishing the one at Devonport in the Protestant Church. In the Catholic Church, we always see the Omnipotence of Evangelical poverty, the inmates of such institutions "having nothing, yet possessing all things; being needy, yet enriching many," (2 Cor. vi.); confounding the wisdom and the power of the world, yet acting in strict conformity with the principles of the Gospel, and meriting the admiration and the blessing of the highest authorities in the Church. In the Protestant Institution, at Devonport, on the contrary, we see a temporary triumph of riches in the person of a wealthy lady, who makes a most praiseworthy and meritorious application of her fortune, in the establishment of a charitable Institution; we see her and her adopted Sisters devoting their lives to the exercise of the corporal works of instructing the ignorant, and harbouring the orphan, &c. &c.; but in so doing, we see them, so far departing from the established principles of their religion, by the embracing practices and devotions, at variance with the ordinances of their Church, that we can hardly feel surprise that they have drawn upon their heads more of reproof and censure than of blessing, from many of the most exalted members of their communion.

"Yes, Gentlemen," said the Chaplain Ruland, "I repeat it, and well may you be surprised, we have now in the Protestant city of Berlin, that association of love, the Sisters of Mercy; and how we came to possess them I will tell you in a few words. Seven years ago a Westphalian Franciscan, on his way to Rome, came to Berlin, in order to procure a passport. He was habited in the dress of his Order, and though travelling through a Protestant country, he preserved inviolate his vow of poverty.

"Approaching the city, he joined seven or eight females who were going to Berlin, in order to find a spot where they could practice, in cloister, unity and Sisterly Charity. Without having taken any vow upon themselves, they yet bore themselves, as if they had been professed nuns. On arriving at

Berlin, the monk begged a lodging at the Priest's house, and the Sisters, for so I may term them, in different Catholic families. In this manner they resided for some time, and daily was the Franciscan to be seen perambulating the streets, a sight which filled the people of Berlin with wonder. After six weeks, the pilgrim proceeded on his journey to Rome, and from thence to the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and afterwards he returned to his cloister in Westphalia. In this short history the Sisters of Mercy do not appear. The Catholics, however, of Berlin, expressed great astonishment to their clergy at the almost incredible circumstance that these half nuns, and this whole monk, had perambulated the streets of Berlin without insult, or being detained by the authorities. If they did not stone this wandering monk, reasoned a shoemaker's apprentice, surely they will not do so to the Sisters who remain here! And if they tolerate the name of the Sisters of Mercy, surely they will do so to the establishment itself! The clergy were startled at the shrewd reasoning of this shoemaker, and they determined upon discussing the matter with the more influential members of their congregation, who immediately opened their purses for the purpose of embodying the idea. We were considered mad, and we almost thought ourselves so.

"One morning a carpenter's apprentice came to me and brought me 17 thalers. (£2 10s), saying, 'this is the savings of half a year's labour; I give it towards founding a Convent for the Sisters of Mercy.' I related this to some excellent Catholics of the congregation, who said, that such a willing offering, at the feet of Almighty God, of the toil of a half a year, must and would be heard. We mentioned the subject from the pulpit; in this way we received so much, that we could at last hire a house at No. 29 Kaiserstrasse. We formed a Committee, at the head of which was Herr von Beckendorf. What the clergy failed in courage, was supplied by their Faith. The Committee placed itself in communication with the Bishop of Nancy, who sent four professed Sisters to Berlin. The Mistress of Novices brought these four Sisters to a place where they had been told want mockery, and persecution awaited them. Nothing of this, however, did occur. But still they came to a house, wherein there was not a bed for them to lie upon; for no one thought that they would or could come. They hurriedly borrowed or begged a few pillows, from some good people—They borrowed of the Protestant neighbours knives and forks, chairs and stools, and even wood. At the present moment, these Sisters have 62 furnished beds, and pray remark, well furnished beds; for all desire to be nursed by the Sisters of Mercy. The usefulness of this Association is twofold, exteriorly upon the sick, and interiorly upon their own members. Employed without intermission in the service of the sick, they are, nevertheless, constantly engaged interiorly in prayer. But they stand higher, through their perfect obedience, and the humility with which they carefully endeavour to conceal their own austere manner of living. In evidence of this, I will relate a short anecdote.

"One of the Sisters, who was of a very delicate constitution, had been obliged to watch, during the night, by the bed-side of an invalid, who died. Now, the Sisters consider it a matter of honour, not to permit a stranger's hand to be laid on the patient, entrusted to their care, either living or dead; and it was, therefore, the turn of this delicate Sister, already very much fatigued, to take charge of the dead body during the night. But the Rev. Mother, in order to spare her, said—'Go to your bed, another Sister will help me to wash the body, and to carry it away.' I was present—tears rose to the sickly Sister's eyes, just as if she had been deprived of some great and meritorious act. 'See Chaplain, said the Rev. Mother, turning to me, 'how this angel murmurs'—upon which she silently kissed the Superior's hand and went to bed. You have here a good proof of the humility and obedience, with which the Sisters of Mercy conquer the world."—*The Orthodox*.

PIUS IX. TO THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

It is well known that some months ago the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston invited His Holiness to assist at the Council recently held in Baltimore, and that the invitation was forwarded at a time when the situation of the Sovereign Pontiff was undetermined, and there was reason to believe that he would visit Paris, where he would be within two weeks' travel from our shores. His Holiness has most graciously responded to the letter of the Most

Rev. Archbishop. Owing to the indirect mode of communication, his reply was not received until last Friday. We give below a translation of the original letter of the Pope:

PIUS P. P. IX.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolical Benediction. We have received with the greatest pleasure the expression of your particular regard and love for us, and well aware of your religion and faith in the Church, we are not surprised to learn, that the momentous trials which the Head of the Church, the Roman Pontiff, has to contend with, have filled you, Venerable Brother, with the most bitter grief. Although our afflictions would overpower us, without a special assistance from God, yet being able to do all things in Him who strengtheneth us, we are prepared to suffer most cheerfully any kind of tribulation, if our labors will only contribute to the peace, advantage, and safety of the Church. And, having the divine promise that Christ the Lord will be with his Church to the consummation of the world, and that the gates of hell will never prevail against it, we are exceedingly animated and encouraged by this belief, and amidst the most trying difficulties, we experience a great consolation, while we wait for assistance from above. God, indeed, will not be wanting to his promises, commanding the winds and the sea, he will make peace, and will show, as you have well said, Venerable Brother, that the present dreadful storm has been raised, for manifesting the greater glory of his name, and achieving the more brilliant triumph of his holy Church. As you have signified your earnest wish, that we should assist at the Provincial Council, which you are about to hold, according to custom, with our other Venerable Brethren, the bishops of the United States of America, be assured that nothing could afford us more pleasure, nothing could be more grateful to our heart, than to enjoy the presence and conversation of yourself and the same Venerable Brethren, to embrace you all with affection, to express to you the sentiments of profound regard which we entertain for each one of you, and to congratulate you upon the pastoral zeal for which you are distinguished, and the well known solicitude with which you labor so assiduously, in the discharge of your functions, to extend the glory of God, to promote our most holy religion, and to secure the salvation of the beloved flocks committed to your care. But, as in the existing times and circumstances, it would be impossible for us to comply with your invitation, as your wisdom will easily understand, Venerable Brother, we request you to make known to the prelates these sentiments of our mind, and to inform them of the Apostolical benediction, which from our inmost heart we affectionately impart to you, to them, to all the clergy of that country, and to all your faithful people.

Given at Gaeta, the 8th day of March, 1849, in the third year of our Pontificate.

PIUS P. P. IX.

—*Catholic Magazine*.

A DELICATE EXPRESSION OF FILIAL DEVOTION.

The letter of the Holy Father to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, which we give our readers in another column, was received too late to be published during the Council.—On the Sunday after the Council, it was handed to the Very Rev. Dr. Pise, who is one of the best scholars in the country, a short time before he ascended the pulpit, with the request that he would read an English translation of it to the people. After a hasty perusal of the document, the Reverend Doctor read it in English in his own happy, elegant diction, and concluded by one of those refined acts of delicacy, which betoken the good Priest, the pious Christian, and the accomplished gentleman. He kissed the letter with respect and veneration, saying, "The letter which I have just read to you bears the autograph signature of Our Most Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, which, in the name of the Most Reverend Archbishop and of the congregation, I reverently and affectionately kiss."

—*Catholic Observer*.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

The N. Y. Police Gazette commenting upon the recent failure of the Protestant Bishop of New Jersey, makes the following just remarks in relation to the Catholic Clergy:—

Hitherto, save with but few recent exceptions, the Episcopal persuasion has, with the Catholic, stood aloof and intact from the disgraces which have attached to the thousand and one scrub creeds which grow upon the surface of the Christian faith. They have

preserved ostensibly at least, a lofty morality, while the low Methodists, the lazier branch of the Universalists, the outside Unitarians, and other snob denominations, have been plunging into all manner of abominations, and piling up against the sacred interests of saving grace, more reproach and tangible discouragement, than an irruption of martyrs and apostles free from blemish, could counteract in half a century. Recently, however, and it is worthy of remark that it is since the schism has grown up in the Episcopal church about Puseyism, there have appeared some shocking delinquencies charged to their account, and the result is that the Catholic faith is the only one in this country that stands, as far as its American reputation is concerned, intact from any blemish by means of its ministers. Patient, humble, abstemious, benevolent and virtuous above reproach, its modest priests seem to live only for good works, and their church, thus righteously sustained by its own pillars, is rapidly and naturally extending its influence throughout all classes of society.—Among them, and we are not a Catholic who say it, where can be shown in any American diocese, an instance of clerical licentiousness; of pecuniary dishonor, or sordid default whatever? While on the other side, what a repulsion does the sense receive, from such a various category as Ouderdonk, Mailli, Potter, Avery, Fay, Van Zandt, Le Fevre, Green, Blanchard, Fairchild, and a thousand others. Verily, brethren of the stock which Luther slipped one very fine day in the sixteenth century from the then old lady incarnadine of the town of Babylon, we have need of sackcloth and ashes, and a world of prayers.

MORE CLERICAL RASCALITY.—We learn from the Lewiston Journal that the Rev. Daniel Quimby of Lisbon, Maine, for the last fifteen years a circuit preacher in the Methodist connexion, and who, almost to the moment of his departure, had been above suspicion, and had enjoyed the confidence and respect of a large circle of highly respectable friends and relatives, had eloped with the wife of a Mr. Lawrence of Wayne, leaving behind him a sick wife, and three young children. His paramour also left three children, the youngest only a year and a half old. The Sabbath before his elopement and while making arrangements with his guilty partner for their flight the reverend hypocrite preached to the people of Wayne Village upon the evil consequences of sin and the retributions of eternity upon the ungodly. No trace of his whereabouts has yet been discovered, and it is supposed he is on his way to California. Before leaving he had arranged everything pertaining to his business, settled all his bills, taken all his papers, and in fact, disposed of everything disposable, even to the provisions for the family, leaving only a dollar to pay the hired girl.

A YANKEE'S ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—'Neow, I ain't a-goin' to degrade myself to the level of them aristocratic prejudices, and have a whole bilin of griffins and hands with daggers and lions rampant, and them sort of things which belong to the old country, put on my carriage, I calculate. No; I ain't a-goin' to have them I guess; but then I ain't a-goin' to let down the dignity of Uncle Sam by having nothing on the panel, neythar? But you must either have armorial bearings or nothing, Si, said the coach-builder. 'No I needn't now. I'll have a coon a-sittin on a rail, with a couple of free enlightened citizens on each side, wolloppin their niggers with one hand, and holding out the peefless flag of freedom with the other.' Any motto, Sir? said the tradesman. 'No; I guess I ain't a-goin' to have a motto—nothin' but a few written on a scroll at the bottom—'America expects every man to larrup his own nigger.' So you see, it won't be one of them aristocratic feudal humbugs of coats of arms; but a right down, straight up; good, democratic emblematic pictur, and an ornament besides.'

CURE FOR CHOLERA.

The British Ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, in a letter to his brother, the Bishop of Derry, states, that "to his own knowledge, dissolved camphor proved to be a certain cure for cholera, both at Paris and in Germany; and if taken in time, the cure is generally effected before it is possible to procure a physician—that is, in less than an hour." In confirmation of this, J. T. Duncan, Esq., an eminent medical authority, states, that he found Sir J. Murray's Fluid Camphor by far the most effectual preparation—a wine-glassful, every five minutes, produced warmth, perspiration, and a manifest decrease of sickness and of cramps, with rapid revival of spirits and circulation.