

Hymns of the Heart.

No. 6.

ECCE AGNUS DEI.

Behold the Lamb!

Oh! Thou for sinners slain,—
Let it not be in vain,
That Thou hast died :
Thee for my Saviour let me take,—
Thee,—Thee alone my refuge make,—
Thy pierced side!

Behold the Lamb!

Into the sacred flood,—
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast :—
Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me thro' life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!

Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs,—hush all the strings
Of million lyres :
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—
Unveil'd,—enthron'd,—ador'd above,
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!

Drop down, ye glorious skies,—
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—
For man once lost!
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—
And to His church Himself He gives,—
Incarnate Host!

Behold the Lamb!

All hail,—Eternal Word!—
Thou universal Lord,—
Purge out our leaven :
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with Thy celestial food,—
Manna from heaven!

Behold the Lamb!

Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—
Oh! Lord,—how long!
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with
fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb!

Worthy is He alone,—
Upon the iris-throne
Of God above!
One with the Ancient of all days,—
One with the Paraclete in praise,—
All light,—all love!

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS. HYMN AT FASTING.

O King of Nazareth! O Bethlehem's pride!
Thou beauteous offspring of a virgin-bride!
Word of God! Saviour! be Thou ever nigh,
Regard our fastings with a gracious eye,
While thus to Thee we make our sacrifice.

Nought is there purer than this sacred art
By which all guilt is banished from the heart,
By which the passions of the flesh are quelled,
And every wild intemperance expelled,
That the free soul unfettered still may rise.

By this is conquered every vain excess—
Wine, that degrades, and sloth that harms no
less—
All lustful thoughts—all ribaldrous offence—
The varied evils of rebellious sense,—
Each overruled, possesses feebler sway.

If we so revel in the banquet's sweets
As ne'er to keep us from its tempting meats,
The frequent pleasure sates us to the full,
Makes the bright radiance of the soul grow dull,
Till soon—the mind is dormant as the clay.

Then be our cravings subject to control,
That Virtue's light may shine within the soul,
Thus shall the mind be beauteous as before,
On pinion free pursue its flight once more,
To seek the Lord, and heav'nly raptures taste.

By such observance was Elias blessed,
That ancient priest—the dreary desert's guest,
Who, far removed from every care and strife,
Renounced the doings of this sinful life,
With holy silence round him in the waste.

Soon was he borne upon his heav'nly flight,
By steeds of flame and in a car of light,
Lest the vile contact of the wicked age,
Would stain the virtue of the sainted age,
For deeds of fasting far and wide renowned.

Moses, the faithful Witness of the Laws,
Could not approach the great Eternal Cause,
Till he had fasted while the orb of day
O'er all the skies diffusing his glad ray
For forty times performed his daily round.

The holy suppliant's only food was tears,—
Through all the night his deep distress appears,
Prostrated lowly on the dewy sod,
Till, roused, he started to the voice of God,
And quaked to view insufferable light.

Not less unconscious of this art was John,
The blest precursor of th' Almighty Son,
Who made again the crooked pathways straight,
And gave new form to man's disordered state,
Leaving a way where we might walk aright.

The messenger fulfilled the sacred call,
The way preparing for the Lord of all,
That every mountain might be made descend,
And each rough way in gentle smoothness end,
That nought should stay Truth's progress to
the earth.

That wondrous child, from rare conception sprung,
Not yet upon his mother's breast had hung,
To gain the milk unfound in her late stage—
Nay—nor yet issued from the womb of age,
When he proclaimed the coming Saviour's
birth.

And afterward, in vest of camel's hair,
And waist surrounded by a girdle bare,
The holy Hermit hastened to the wild
To live alone, unblemished, undisturbed,
Flying communion with offending men.

The rigid mortal in that dwelling drear
Contented—vowed to abstinence severe,
His little hunger only would relieve,
When nightly shades had banished distant eve,
Yet nought but "locusts and wild honey"
then.

He was the first to preach Salvation's word,
In Jordan's river he baptized our Lord,
Who cleansed the waters and ordained that they
Should thenceforth wash each sinful stain away,
While from above the Holy Spirit came.

Cleansed in that fountain we go forth new men,
Regenerated and all born again,
Pure as the silver casting lustrous light,
Or gold refined that glitters trebly bright,
Beaming and glowing from the cleansing flame.

Now sing the glories of the fasts of old,
Whose truthful tale in Holy Books is told,
When heav'n, relenting, stayed the threat'ning
fire,

Bade the red lightnings of its wrath expire,
And saved the people from their destined fall.

There was an ancient city far renowned,
Begirt with strength, with every beauty crown'd,
Where foulest crime, prevailing far and wide,
With worst perversity and headstrong pride,
From God's sweet worship drew the hearts of
all.

The mighty Judge, indignant at her lust,
At length arises in his anger just,
With sword of flame arrays his red right hand,
Seized the loud thunder, grasped the lightning's
brand,
Threat'ning swift doom to that polluted pile.

But while his mercy still decrees a time
In which they haply may bewail each crime,
And free themselves from sin's degrading yoke,
Indulgent Providence suspends the stroke,
And the dread judgment is delayed awhile.

Forthwith he bids the prophet Jonas go
And warn the city of the coming blow;
But Jonas knowing 'tis his Maker's joy,
To save frail mortals, rather than destroy,
Silent pursued his flight to Tarshish' walls.

And now he mounts a lofty vessel's side—
The binding hawsers quickly are untied—
They plough the deep, but soon wild winds pre-
vail,

The cause is sought that wakes the rising gale,
The lots are cast—the lot on Jonas falls.

Of all the others death is his alone
Whose hidden fault the fatal cast has shown,—
Headlong he falls—the billows round him sweep;
But lo! a whale swift draws him from the deep,
Burying the Prophet in its monstrous womb.

Thus sudden taken, swift he downward sped,
O'er the fierce tongue and by the jaws so dread,
Nor harmed, nor hurt, nor hindered on his way,

For monster-teeth to make an easy prey,
But safe descending to his living tomb.

While three days pass and while three nights
go by,
Within that prison is he doomed to lie;
There he surveys each dreary dark retreat,
While quick and short his pulse's thrillings beat,
For wild gusts trouble the surrounding spot.

Where break the billows with a hollow sound,
And wreath the rocks with snowy foam around,
Lo! he is belched the third glad night, at last,
From out the bowels of that monster vast,
Astounded—wondering at his happy lot.

Filled with affright and urged by heav'nly force
Back to the Ninivites he bends his course,
Now to denounce them for their deeds of shame:
"Soon Niniveh shall sink beneath the flame,"
The wrath of God hangs burning o'er her now.

Then fled he swiftly to a neighb'ring height,
To mark the work of horror and affright,
To see a waste where glory once had been,
And all the terrors of the fearful scene,
He sat, o'erhung by many a verdant bough.

But lo! the doomed swift feel a bitter woe—
What sighs, burst forth! what tears of sorrow
flow!

Princes and peers—youth—men of every class,
Hither and thither fly—a woful mass,
While shrieks of women rend the sounding
air.

Now is forgot each revel of the past,
And Heav'n is called on with a solemn fast;
Her silk and gems the matron casts aside,
Dark weeds of woe succeed the pomp of pride,
And show'rs of ashes fill the flowing hair.

The wretched fathers move in squalid vest,
The weeping crowd in shaggy hair are dressed,
With locks all loose young maids in sackcloth
vail,

Their face all shaded with the mournful veil,
While screaming strplings grasp the ground
in dread.

The king himself resigns his robe of state
Of golden texture and of massive weight,
Tears off his tinkets—slings his sceptre down,
From his galled brow removes the radiant crown,
And scatters ashes on his royal head.

The bowl, the banquet, are no longer sought,
Strict fasting now demands the general thought,
Yea, e'en the cradles float with frequent tears,
Poured forth in vain, by those of infant years,
For milk which now the mother's breast do-
nies.

The watchful spirit of the herding swain
Within close covert shuts his horned train,
Lest e'en the brute would crop its grassy food,
Or quench its thirst amid the swelling flood,
While from the stalls loud bellows arise.

Appeased by this, Jehovah's wrath is done,
And gracious pardon is immediate won,
For heav'nly favor is still ready shown,
When sinful mortals for their crimes atone
By tears of sorrow poured to mercy's throne.

Yet wherefore sing we fasts of ancient date,
When Jesus' self confirmed their use of late,
Appearing here in limbs of mortal mould,
Yet, long before by prophet tongues foretold,
The great Emmanuel, or, our God with us.

Who freed this flesh, (by nature all so vain,
And ever bound in Pleasure's flowery chain,)
Leading it forth in Virtue's narrow way,
The liberator of our fragile clay,
And ancient victor of careering crime.

Retiring lone where stillest silence reigned,
For forty days and nights the Lord remained,
Without receiving aught of earthly fare,
By wholesome fasting only nourished there,
And heav'nly joys that cheered the dreary
time.

The foe, amazed to find frail man, thus strong,
As there to struggle with distress so long,
With wily art endeavored now to find
If God could come in form of human kind,
But quick repulsed, back rushes he again.

This bless'd observance, then, let's ever make,
Which thou, O Lord, hast practised for our sake,
That when we quail before Temptation's might;
Thou great Ordainer of each sacred rite!
The conquering soul triumphant still may
reign.

'Tis this which Satan marks with envious eye,
This glads the Ruler of the earth and sky,
Sweetens the victim on the hallowed shrine,
Wakes the cold slumbering soul to faith divine,
And drives each stormy passion from the
heart.

Swifter than waters stop the fire's red glow,
Swifter than sunbeams melt the wasting snow,
Doth the deep power of Fasting's sacred sway
Send from the soul each sinful gust away,
If heav'nly Charity but claim a part.

For 'tis true Virtue's first and greatest deed—
'To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
On those who want; our kindly aims bestow,
And last, observe, between the high, the low,
One rule of conduct evermore the same.

Ho who for praise is lavish of his gains,
Already has the merit of his pains,
But he who giveth, letting none behold,
Shall see his fruit increase a thousand fold,
While fadeless glories shall enwreath the
name.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, Jan. 20, 1849.

End of the Cathermerinon.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

A correspondent of the Manchester Time
newspaper, writes as follows:—

"In September and October last a friend and
I made a tour through a considerable part of
Ireland, and found that our preconceived opinions
of Ireland and the Irish were much altered by
what we saw during our journey. Travellers in
that country have very erroneous impressions as
to the Inns and the accommodation they afford.
We may briefly say they were excellent in
everything, and moderate in price; and in the
smaller towns or places in which we had occasion
to stop, had always good beds and capital food,
and every thing clean. We were never at a loss
for travelling. Our tour was from Belfast to
Dublin, thence to Tipperary, Fermoy and Cork,
thence to Bandon, Bantry, Kenmare, Killarney,
Cahirvee, Dingle, Tralee, Limerick, Killaloe,
Portumna, Galway, Clifden, Westport, Castletown,
Balina, Sligo, Ballyshannon, Enniskillen,
Armagh, and to Belfast again. If there be impro-
vident habits amongst the Irish, there is little
drunkenness. We have not seen ten men in a
state of intoxication, and not one woman in
liquor; and we have never had an insult offered
to us, but, on the contrary, we have experienced
the greatest courtesy by the very poorest of the
poor. Indeed we heard often the expression
that they hoped more English people would come
amongst them and witness their condition.

"As regards the country, we have no hesita-
tion in saying that it is naturally the finest part
of the united kingdom, possessing the richest
and best land, but having the disadvantage that
there is no one to look after its cultivation. The
gentry, as a whole, have no interest in the land.
Many of them are as poverty stricken as the poor
themselves, and those who are not so are, gene-
rally speaking, absentees, and their land (not
bog) is one mass of undrained uncultivation, full
of weeds of the most luxuriant description.
There are exceptions, but we speak generally as
to the state of the country, excepting in the
neighbourhood of Belfast, and near a few towns.
Without work, and consequently without
wages, they do certainly look a little savage;
but there are men under rags, men able and
willing to work, if they could find work.

Births

February 5—Mrs Sweeny, of a daughter.
" 5—Mrs McCulley, of a son.
" 5—Mrs Callaghan, of a daughter.
" 6—Mrs Cloony, of a daughter.
" 8—Mrs Aylward, of a son.
" 9—Mrs Donovan, of a son.

Married.

February 6—Benoni Legoff, to Bridget Warren.
" 6—Thomas Hogan, to Mary Cough-
lan.
" 7—Thos McGorlick, to Ellen Kirby.

Died.

February 2—Charles Robert, infant son of Sam-
uel and Ann Shanks, aged 5 months
and 15 days.
" 8—Catharine Coady, native of Halifax,
aged 71 years.
" 2—Mary Jones, native of Halifax,
aged 32 years.
" 4—Owen Flinn, native of the County
Sligo, Ireland, aged 62 years.
" 4—Catharine, daughter of Timothy
and Mary Martin, aged 10 months.
" 6—Mary, daughter of Patrick and
Elizabeth O'Mally, aged 4 years;
" 7—James Fanning, native of Callan,
Kilkenny, aged 38 years.