

Hymns of the Heart.

No. 1.

THE ADDRESS OF A CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT SUNRISE.

Soil not thy plumage, gentle dove,
With sublunary things,—
Till in the fount of light and love,
Thou shalt have bath'd thy wings.

Shall nature from her couch arise,
And rise for thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
Such types of truth contain.

See—where the Sun of Righteousness,
Unfolds the gates of day;
Go,—meet Him in his glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours,—
Scar thou,—and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers.

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!

And let the drops of sparkling dew,
From Siloa's spring be shed,
To form a fragrance fresh and new,
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,
Nor fear to wend away;
And let a glow of heavenly air,
Gild every earthly day!

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them.—Francis every now and then stopped, and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone, upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm yard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where, going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by those foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost of them a switch across the back. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension, but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

'It is a lucky thing,' said Francis to his tutor, 'that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese. What can be the reason of it?'

'The reason,' replied the tutor, 'is, that palfry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safest to act the part of bullies; and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting of no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

'Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves, whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.'

The late Prussian Consul, General Chevalier, A. C. Gieso, who died recently at Antwerp, has bequeathed to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in distress a legacy of £300.

CHILDREN.

What you wish your children to be, they will be, if you take pains to make them so; but if a child is eager and impatient for every thing he sees, and it is constantly given him, you must expect that he will never bear to be denied. If you suffer him to refuse every thing he is asked for, you must expect him to be selfish and illiberal; if you suffer him to strike or ill-treat those beneath him with impunity, you must not wonder if he becomes proud and haughty; if you never teach him to be gentle and affectionate, you must expect him to be coarse and cruel; if you never permit him to take exercise, he will be puny and tender; if you supply all wants, and never leave him to do anything for himself, he will neither be active nor healthy; but if you use him to manly exercises, he will be strong and vigorous; and if you teach him forbearance, he will bear fatigue and difficulty. Example is generally found to be stronger than precept; it is of infinite importance, therefore, that we never expect from our children that which we do not ourselves, and that all we enjoin or forbid, be strengthened by the powerful authority of our own example.—*Burden.*

VIEW FROM A BALOON.

Dr. Morill, the great aeronaut, whose ascensions from our city have been so successful, gives the following spirited account of one of his voyages into the upper air.

'I have tried several times to give a description of the appearance of objects on the surface of the earth from an elevated point in the air; but I have finished by saying little else than that 'the view is wholly unlike that obtainable from any point on the surface of the earth.' It is equal to the production of the most exuberant fancy. As I lost sight of the abundant upturned crop of noses and eyes, my attention was next fixed by the beautiful appearance of Philadelphia and the surrounding country. The regular streets and beautiful parks of the city, the basin and grounds of Fairmount, the public buildings, the villages and farms far in the country, and the magnificent Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, winding and extending to a great distance, were looked upon at the same moment. As I arose to a greater height I had an indistinct view of objects beneath me—the bay to the south, could be seen widening into the ocean, while before me, far to the north east, the broad Atlantic was spread—Objects on the surface of the earth could now no longer be individualised; the shades of men, forests, and other inequalities disappeared, and the earth itself began to assume its rounded shape.'

He says that the ignorance of some persons, in relation to a balloon, is almost incredible, of which he gives an instance.

'Just after having arisen from a warm supper, and while seated at a comfortable fire, an old lady came in to look at the 'strange air balloon,' whom informed that the bundle (balloon and car) in the corner brought me all the way from Philadelphia, she looked at the mysterious bundle, and then at me, as though I was something supernatural, and expressed a great surprise that it had brought me 'over that long piece of woods.'

'Although she had seen me pass over her head, I was unable to make her fully understand how it had been brought about. She remarked that she saw me when I looked no larger than a 'tin-cup,' and upon being asked what she supposed it was she gravely replied, that she thought it one of the signs read of in the Bible, which should appear in the latter days.'

MEXICAN MILKMEN.—One of the curiosities of Mexico, is the manner of selling milk; instead of the neat, white, wooden vessel, or the spotted tin can, with the different measures hung upon it, and the rattling bell cart, to convey it from place to place with dispatch, or an old home upon looking negro packing it about on his crowned head, we have the animals themselves driven from door to door of the different regular customers, where they are milked, and a regular stand, where transient patrons are supplied by milking it into the vessels in which they take it home. Besides a drove of cows, with the calves all muzzled, running and bleating after them, there is also a gang of goats and asses driven along, that people may suit themselves as to quality and price, as also their different tastes—for which there is no accounting.

INTERVIEW WITH JELLACHICH.

The *Vienna Gazette* publishes the report of a Professor Von Ettinghausen, who paid a visit to his brother serving in Jellachich's army, who had a conversation with the Ban:—

After finding out my brother, he conducted me to the Ban, who received me in the most friendly manner. I had a long conversation with him, in which I endeavored to convince him of his precarious position, and the heavy responsibility that would fall upon him. I told him not to underrate the strength of Vienna, I told him that in point of numbers, they were far his superiors, and that he should recollect a Hungarian army was close upon his rear; that as soon as it came up, the population would attack him, and place him between two fires; I, therefore, said it would be both prudent and generous for him to enter into negotiations. The Ban replied 'I am no enemy of liberty; I have both spoken and fought for liberty; more, perhaps, than any man in Vienna. I cannot endure the sight of slavery. As they proposed making serfs of the race to which I belong, I regarded it my duty as Ban to call that people to arms. I have drawn my sword in the cause of liberty, and not in that of servitude. I do not desire to establish reaction in Vienna, or to serve as a means for others to establish it. I am no servant of the Camarilla. Why am I before the walls of Vienna? My military operations in Hungary brought me towards the Austrian frontier, I have not been beaten; my retreat was a strategic movement. On my road I heard Vienna was in a state of anarchy, that the Minister of War had been barbarously murdered, and his dead body insulted, and that the Emperor had been compelled to fly. I am an imperial general, and command imperial troops, although as royal commissary in Hungary, a post I still retain, I might have taken another direction. As a General of the Empire it was my duty to act as I have done—that is why I am here, not called, but ready to obey the orders of my Emperor, whom I have informed of my presence here. I have not commenced hostilities against Vienna, and shall not do so. I shall only lend a helping hand in what is done. Anarchy reigns at Vienna. The Diet is without power or authority, perhaps already dissolved. You may sacrifice your lives, but you cannot overcome a regular army. You want unity. The longer I remain here the more disturbed you will become; the more armed men you have, the greater will be your disorder.'

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—There fell under our observation yesterday—says the *Kingston (N. Y.) Journal*, the most singular case we ever witnessed. The subject is a man named Snyder, aged 35 years, residing in the town of Wawarsing, in Ulster county. Four months ago he had an attack of sickness, but recovered and was to all appearance entirely healed. About a fortnight after his recovery he was seized with drowsiness, and for some time after slept nearly two-thirds of the day. The disease continued to increase, until he would sleep two or three days without waking. When we saw him yesterday he was continuing an uninterrupted sleep of five days. His pulse is regular, though not very full; his respiration is easy and natural, and his skin moist and cool. If food or drink be placed in his mouth he swallows it, and he walks when led by the hand and slightly supported. On Thursday last he awoke from a sleep of two days, spoke a few words, struck a lady who was in the room violently with a chair, and almost immediately afterward sunk into his present slumber. He is on his way to the New York Hospital.

WHOLESALE EXTERMINATION.—It was stated recently, by the Rev. Mr. Chignay, in a public meeting at Montreal, that he had a list of fifteen families, once among the wealthiest of Montreal, who had all been destroyed by intemperance:

Their aggregate fortunes, a few years ago amounted to \$500,000. Now they have disappeared entirely, root and branch, solely through the influence of intoxicating liquors. He had another list of fourteen families, of various occupations, whose aggregate fortunes amounted to \$1,200,000, who have also disappeared from the same cause; and another list of five hundred and seventeen families who remained in fourteen parishes, all now destroyed by liquor, except the remnants scattered through the States and elsewhere. It is thus that intoxicating liquors destroy the human race.

ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS AND HIS PASTORALS.—The Paris correspondent (R. Walsh, Esq.) of *Littell's Living Age*, writes as follows:

'The Archbishop, Sibour, talked to me earnestly of Archbishop Cheverus, so respectfully, or reverentially remembered in Boston; of Bishop Dubourg, admired of you in Baltimore, Georgetown and New Orleans, and of Bishop Flajet, resident in Kentucky, and universally beloved; with all of whom, like myself, he had been well acquainted. This prelate (Sibour) has issued two pastoral epistles, one to the faithful laity, the other to the clergy of his diocese. The present, he thinks, is fraught with anxiety, the future appalling; a new paganism, a new barbarism, rushing from the depths of society, threatens the civilized and christian world, as the old heathenism invaded and perverted mankind. He denounces socialism, to which atheists, anarchists, libertines, and desperadoes of every description, now cling as their engine of disorder, cupidity, ambition, and universal subversion. The journals of socialism, the speeches and toasts at its banquets, the character of most of its oracles and allies, fully warrant this pastoral anathema. A league of all christians, patriots, and men of order and morality is invoked for the common safety. The Archbishop asserts the freedom of public instruction and the right of religious association.'

'COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC BISHOPS IN GERMANY.'—A correspondent of the 'Volks Halle' of Cologne, writing from Wurtzbourg, gives a gratifying account of this assembly of Bishops. The Prelates who were present were the four Archbishops of Bamberg, Cologne, Munich and Friburg, and the Bishops of Augsburg, Culm, Dresden, Eichstadt, Hildesheim, Limbourg, Munster, Osnabruck, Paderborn, Ratisbon, Rothenbourg, Spire, Treves and Wurtzbourg, and the representatives of the dioceses of Breslau, Ermeland and Mayence. The most distinguished theologians of Germany were arriving daily at Wurtzbourg, and also several laymen skilled in ecclesiastical and civil law. The Catholic papers of Germany anticipate much for the future welfare of the Church, from this council of so many distinguished Prelate and scholars.—While evil-minded men are endeavoring to sow discord amongst the faithful, to destroy discipline and strike at the Church of Christ in the person of its Bishops, the great mass of the Catholic population is steady in its attachment, and will sympathize with the Prelates of the Church in the noble effort which they are making, to drive away the wolf from the fold and save the flocks committed to their care.—*Cath. Tel.*

Curses.—'God is said to curse; yet man is forbidden to curse, because what man does through a vindictive feeling, God does through a regard for justice. When holy men utter imprecations, they speak not from a desire of vengeance, but from a love of justice; for they inwardly regard the just judgment of God, and they view external disorders as worthy of divine malediction. Hence they sin not in uttering wishes which are not discordant from the divine judgment.'—*S. Greg. M. l. iv. in c. in. Job. 2.*

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, than the right with falsehood.

A candid man blusheth not to own he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

While a man liveth he may mend; count not thy brother reprobate.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride.

Men, who fear no God, tremble at a gipsy's curse.

Therefore cometh it to pass, that an Atheist is ever the most credulous, snatching at any foolish cause, that may dispel his doubts.

Men who jest at Revelation, cling to a madman's prophecy!

He who robs a scholar, robs the public.

God deliver me from the man of one book.

Pen and ink are Wit's plough.

No tyrant can take from you your knowledge.

Gold goes in at any gate except Heaven's.

He is a good orator who convinces himself.

Crosses are ladders leading to Heaven.

Death is deaf and hears no denial.

If you trust before you try—you may repent before you die.

He that ill did never good believed.

If things were to be done, twice all would be wise.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.