

Hymns of the Heart.

No 11.

ASCENSION.

Rise—glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right :
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward roll'd—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light !

Victor o'er death and hell
Chestuble legions swell
The radiant train :
Praises all heaven inspire :
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain !

Enter, Incarnate God !—
No feet, but Thine, have trod
The serpent down :
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour—triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown

Lion of Judah—Hail !—
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age :
Lord of the rolling years,—
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage !

Yet—who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say—
Cloth'd in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles—
A galaxy of souls,
In white array !

And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
Lo ! these have come,
Followers of Him, who gave
His life, their lives to save ;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home.

Oh Lord ! ascend Thy throne !
For Thou shalt rule alone
Beside thy Sire,
With the great Paraclete,
The three in One complete—
Before whose awful feet
All foes expire !

THE MARCH OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

LINCOLNSHIRE—At the Epiphany Sessions for the Lindsey division, held at Kirton, before Sir Robert Sheffield, John Sunman, aged 28, and Alick Johnson, aged 26, were tried on a charge so barbarous as hardly to be credited. They followed a young woman into a field at Winterton, near Barton-upon-Humber, about six o'clock in the evening of a cold day towards the latter end of the month of October, and then and there stripped her of every article of clothing, and then stood over her while they compelled her to go through the whole of her work, that of milking four cows. The field in which the atrocity was committed was above a mile from the nearest house. The prisoners were sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Dr. Bushman states, in the Medical Times, that there is scarcely one English girl, at any one boarding school, by whom such exclamations as "Mister Jesus" are not familiar almost as household words.

"Prior to an election," says the Daily News, "the constituency of Beverley give over every in-door and out-door occupation. They sniff the prey from afar off. Like the giant in the nursery tale, they 'smell the blood of an Englishman' at a great distance—the Englishman, no matter who, whom they are going to bleed."

The following is a *verbatim* copy of agreement of separation, handed in as evidence in a trial for maintenance, a short time ago, in London :—

"We John and Mary Anne Barber do mutually agree to separate for ever giving each other no free toleration to marry whomsoever we may think proper if Mary Anne Barber marries I John Barber do agree to pay the marriage ceremony and give Mary Anne Barber to the man she might for her choice on in what church she might think

proper and each pledges themselves never to annoy or molest each other—16th of May, 1848.

(Signed) "JOHN BARBER,

"MARY ANNE BARBER.

"Witness—Henry Watson.
"Goliath Gray."

The East Indian man, Tigriss, which went on shore on Sunday night, 21st January, to the westward of Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, has become a total wreck, and portions of her cargo have strewn the beach as far as the South Foreland. The consequence has been that hundreds of the lower orders, men, women and children have lined the shore all day long, eager to possess themselves of floating pieces of the wrecked ship, spices, cocoanuts, or anything else that came in their way, wherewith to make lawful prize ; and, unfortunately, in one or two instances, despite the vigilance of the officers of Customs and Coast-guard boatmen, casks or puncheons of rum have been washed ashore, the heads of which have been knocked in, and the contents carried off in the crowns of hats in boots, or any available article at hand ; and such a scene of drunkenness and beastly conduct as to beggar description, men, women, and children lying on the beach, huddled together in the worst state of intoxication, so that many of them have stood a chance of being drowned by the rising of the tide, whilst others have been rendered so insensible through the drink that it has been found necessary to remove their bodies on shutters to the workhouse and other places. It is doubtful whether some of them will recover. It is reported that one or two persons are missing, and it is feared that they were not removed high enough up the beach to prevent their bodies being caught by the flow of the sea. This scene was likely to have been repeated yesterday, by another puncheon of rum coming ashore ; but the coast-guard arriving in time after it had been broached, succeeded in overturning it into the sea—a charitable rescue to many.—*Canterbury Journal.*

In a village in the west of England, the *Arbroath Guide* says, the following is seen to flourish upon a sign board over the door of an ancient couple :

"I cure a goose, and my wiffo cures the ganders."
The meaning intended to be conveyed is,
"I cure agues, and my wife cures the jaundice,"

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

The following article from the *Oxford Herald* (although written in an abusive strain) contains some things of interest.

"It is not true, as was reported, that Mr Newman and some of his confederates have yet been interdicted from preaching for having maintained a similar Anglican 'heresy'—Whatever peculiar leanings they may still have towards certain points of their late faith, I find, on inquiry, that they have, on the other hand, strong feelings of severity and harshness against the Church from which they have apostatized. Father Oakley preached violently against it at St George's last Sunday evening, denouncing in fearful terms the bare thought, should any one dare to entertain it, of returning to hold the slightest communion with English Churchmen as such—telling the trembling 'perverts' that they must renounce every domestic and social tie which might endanger their constancy to the 'true faith' they have been brought to confess. On the Romish festival of St Thomas (A'Beckett) of Canterbury the other day, at the beautiful new Popish Chapel at Fulham, dedicated in honor of that saint, Father Faber preached at a grand high mass, coram pontifice, at which Dr Wiseman presided, to a crowded audience ; and his sermon is said to have been an unmitigated effusion of ultra-monastic zeal, and to have breathed the most determined hostility to the Reformation, and its embodiment in the Church of England. The subject of the day, as recalling the events in the life of A'Beckett, and the lawless exaltation of ecclesiastical opposition to the divine right of kingly power, was well calculated to draw forth such a manifestation of recusant malignancy. As a capping climax to the proceedings of the day, the 'relics' of the saint's mitre,—by the kind permission of Dr Wiseman, were exhibited 'for the veneration of the faithful,' and appeared for that purpose enshrined above the high altar, surrounded by clustering constellations of tapers, and perfumed by clouds of wavy incense. The other fellow laborers of the arch seceders are partly engaged at present in the duties of missionary priests at Birmingham and elsewhere, the establishment at Maryvale, or Old Oscott, being

quite broken up. Their order, the 'Oratorian,' are expecting to make their final settlement shortly at Bayswater, where a Church and Convent are in course of erection for them. The funds of this institution are furnished, it is said, as in the case of Fulham, by the munificence of a single lady.

The slow going English Roman Catholics of the old school are, I hear, frightened from their propriety by the rapidity of proceeding adopted by the zeal of the recent converts, backed by Italian monks and Jesuits ; and above all, seconded by the abilities, the resources, and untiring energies which the 'Bishop of Melipotamus' is bringing to bear on the cause of 'the propagation of the faith' in Great Britain. The *soirees* which I some time since alluded to, are still held once a week at the Episcopal residence in Golden-square, when the metropolitan saloons are thronged by an assemblage of talent and eminence. Such as, I understand, could scarcely be met with at the abode of any other ecclesiastic in Europe. Nor is this surprising, considering the fame of the host, and the facilities with which the privilege of *entree* is to be obtained, an introduction from any acquaintance of the bishop's being sufficient to ensure the stranger not only a polite, but even a cordial reception. Would I could add that these re-unions were confined to those whose character and creed would make them the fitting guests of an avowed and unflinching opponent of our Protestant Church. But, unless report speaks very untruly, there are but too many occasional, ay, and constant visitors at Golden-square, to whom their guardian spirit might justly whisper—'What dost thou here, Elijah ?'—Some may condemn these disclosures ; but it is better that the whole extent of our dangers should be known by the insidious advances of the foe being duly chronicled ; for the work of 'perversion' is still going on. An under graduate of Cambridge, and two more English clergymen, are among the last reported cases of the deplorable mania—one of them an incumbent of advanced age. At Clapham, the order of Redemptorists, who have lately established themselves there, are putting forth immense exertions to obtain proselytes, and are causing proportionate alarm among the friends of evangelical truth, who have long made that locality their favorite settlement. The Romish services and sermons at Clapham, as well as St George's, are attended by vast throngs, on whom the extraordinary eloquence of one of their preachers, Father Petcherino (himself a convert from, and once a priest of the Græco Russian Church) tells with thrilling effect, and has already produced, its fruits in the conversion of more than a dozen young men, not to mention females, of some of the leading Protestant families. One of their converts, a young man, the heir to a property of several thousands a year, is at present, it is understood, undergoing the process of noviceship, preparatory to devoting himself with all his wealth to the service of his order. The monastery, situated near the common is furnished with a large bell, which causes, I hear, much annoyance to the peaceable inhabitants of the vicinity, by ringing out at most unseasonable hours for matins. It is even stated that a petition to Parliament is in course of preparation at Clapham against these troublesome intruders ; and truly it would be hard to say why Protestants should be annoyed by such Popish bell-ringing in a country whose laws confine the right of having and using bells to the National Church.

Rumor assigns Portman square as the future residence of the intended Archbishop of Westminster—a palace in the Gothic style, by Pugin—and a cathedral ! Such is the progress which Popery is unhappily making among us, and which our own Church, it is to be deplored, is making no adequate efforts to check or to counteract. The enemy is united and strong, whilst we, alas ! are divided and weak.

EDIFYING COINCIDENCE.—Two married ladies, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Stevens, joined the Episcopal Church, and were confirmed together ten years ago in Indianapolis. By the grace of God they were both dissatisfied in that modern faith, and without any previous concert between them, Mrs. Brown was baptised last Sunday in Indianapolis, and Mrs. Stephens was baptised in the cathedral of this city, on the same day, in presence of her three sisters, also converts to the Church.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

"Manducate Deus in coelo panem, quem percipit pauper in terra—da, ergo, panem, da potum. Si Deum debitorum, non judicem vix habere."—

Sti. Petri Chrysologi, Ser. xlii.

God in heaven eateth the bread which the poor receiveth on earth. Give ye them bread, give ye them to drink. If God be thy debtor, ye need not fear the judgment.—*St. Peter Chrysologus.*

The lonely poor, dejected, wan,
The outcasts of their fellow man,
Wander apart, depress'd, forgot,
Too loathsome oft for garish thought—
A prey to want, disease, neglect,
And scorn'd by fulsome pride's aspect,
Whose course of life is chill'd and dear,
Whose ears no kindly accents hear.

Yet these are they on whom was pour'd
The blessing of our Blessed Lord,
That who should cherish these, should prove
As to Himself the work of love.—
That who would visit, clothe, or feed,
Should do it in vicarious stead,—
To him who sits enthroned in Heaven,
Receiving that to His poor ones given.

Ah ! haply thoughtless Christian, stay
Thy heart a little while, and say,
How often hast thou given bread
To Him, in His vicarious stead !
Hast thou not often turn'd aside
Thy sordid heart, with look of pride ?
But hast thou thought while turning thence
The sad deductive consequence !

Ah ! fearful thought ! yet while ye say,
Let not this memory pass away,—
Thy suffering Saviour see in those
Whose lot is sorrow, pain, and woe—
Relieve His wants in theirs, and prove
To Him, in them, thy glowing love ;
And while thy earthly cross is given,
Know that ye purchase gold in Heaven !

"Da terram, accipe coelum."—

Sti. Augustini, in Ps. xxxvi.

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

He is doubly sinful who congratulates a successful knave.

He is a happy memory which forgets nothing so soon as injuries.

He who says what he likes must hear what he does not like.

He who spends all he gets is on the highroad to beggary.

If you would teach secrecy to others begin with yourself.

If every one would mend one all would be mended.

If you would enjoy the fruit pluck not the blossom.

Never do that by force which can be done by fair means.

Only trust thyself and another will not betray thee.

Of all impudence the greatest is to deny the truth.

Better to suffer without cause than to have cause to suffer.

Speak as you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise.

A man loses his time who comes early to a bad bargain.

If the Doctor cures the sun sees it, but if he kills the earth hides it.

The higher the plum-tree the riper the plum.

The richer the cobbler the blacker his thumb.

He who would thrive must rise at five.

He who hath thrives may sleep till seven.

There's nothing agrees worse, than a prince's heart and a beggar's purse.

A jest is no argument, and a loud laugh no demonstration.

ARKANSAS.—The Bishop of Little Rock intends to establish a College in the neighborhood of Fort Smith. We learn that he has decided to entrust a Seminary for young ladies to the Sisters of Charity.

March 23.—Mary Ellen, daughter of John and Louisa Rigg, aged 7 months.

DIRECTORY FOR 1849.

The Directory for 1849—just Published.

Price 7s 6d—can be obtained at this Office.