

Hymns of the Heart.

No 7.

CHRISTMAS

INFANT JESUS!

Lead me to Thy peaceful manger,
Wondrous Babe of Bethlehem!
Shepherds hail Thee, though a stranger,
Let me worship Thee with them.
I am vile, but Thou art holy,
Oh! unite my heart to Thee:
Make me pure, and keep me lowly,
Just what Thou wouldst have me be.

Root of Jesse!

Let me listen to the story
More than full of matchless love,
How the Lord in grace and glory
Lest for us His throne above.
Touch'd with sympathy so tender
Man must marvel, seraphs gaze—
Let me hasten to surrender
Soul and body to Thy praise.

Child of Mary!

Blessed is Thy Virgin Mother—
Blessed among women who,
Who alone, without another,
Realiz'd the mystery:
Propriety, priests, and hoary ages
Paths of learning vainly trod.
She arose,—Desire of Ages,—
She conceiv'd the Son of God!

Word Incarnate!

Dread unfathomable wonder,—
Miracle of love and grace—
God and man, once far asunder,
Here approach, unite, embrace!
Here Jehovah, the Eternal,
Shines behind a human face.
Prostrate fall the powers infernal,
Satan trembles, death is pale!

Spotless Victim!

For though now in lustre lying,
As a Lamb of countless price,—
Thou shalt dare the doom of dying,
Thou shalt be our Sacrifice!
Thou shalt climb the mystic mountain,
Thou shalt on the cross expire,
Thou shalt open mercy's fountain,
Thou shalt quench Thy Father's fire!

Prince of Pardon!

Thou shalt tread those rayless regions
Where the king of terror reigns:
Thou shalt set at large their legions,
Whom till then his key detains!
Thou in weakness condescending
In our flesh to live and die,—
Then, the realms of Hades rending,
Swallow'dst death in victory!

Hope of Sinners!

Dear Redeemer! Precious Saviour,
Offspring of the royal Maid,—
By Thy meek and pure behaviour
In her folding arms display'd:
By Thy tears of earliest anguish,
On no mortal brow impair'd,—
By the love that could not languish,
Thou hast sav'd a ruin'd world!

Crown of Angels!

Hark! innumerable voices
Burst upon the ravish'd ear;
Heaven from choir to choir rejoices,
Lo! Emmanuel is here!
Hail, adorable Creator!—
Seraphs, strike ten thousand chords!
Hail, of all things Consummator!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

From a vol. of Sermons By the Rev. F. Oakley, M. A.

Through the great mercy of our God, some of the most effectual remedies against sin are also among the simplest; of none is this more than of the holy Name. In sudden danger, or in strong temptation; amid the pressure of business, or in the flow of conversation; in the violence of pain, or at the approach of death, when we can say nought else, we can at least articulate the Name of Jesus. I see before me some very young, and some too of the poorer class who, are as they would say, no scholars. But, alas! temptation carries not for old age; nei-

ther do poverty and want of letters furnish any protection against its assaults. Brother or sister, whatever be your age or condition, arm yourself bravely with the holy Name of Jesus. Young men and maidens, let the old with the younger praise the Name of our Lord, for His Name alone "is exalted." If tempted to anger, or other sin, say it thoughtfully and with deliberation; say it once and again. Say it in temptation, for it is a Name of strength; in sorrow an anguish, for it is a Name of consolation. In perplexity, for it is a Name of confidence—Above all, my brethren, let us say it often, that in difficulties and emergencies we may not have far to travel in search of it. Let us, such of us at least as have the power, begin to say it early. We read that St Monica, mother of St Augustin, "had often the holy Name of Jesus on her tongue, in order that her son might learn to pronounce it betimes, and to invoke it in his little wants with the lisping accents of infancy. The result was, that the sacred Name became so deeply imprinted in his heart, that, in after years, he could not relish the lectures of heathen philosophers and orators because they did not contain the Name of Jesus, which he afterwards found so frequently in the Epistles of Saint Paul; and thus his entire conversion happily ensued. In the same way the mother of Saint Thomas of Villanova, to the first sentiments of piety with which she inspired her son, endeavoured to join a tender devotion to the most holy Name of Jesus." Saint Bernard calls the holy Name, "honey in the mouth," but to be sweet it must be habitual; "melody in the ear," but what music does not grow upon us by repetition!—Who would not purchase, at any cost, the joy of recognising that sacred name when breathed into the air by our Angel Guardian, or by God's holy Priest during the passage of the soul to judgment! Ah! beloved brethren, the requisite for gaining that happiness is so impracticable, no saving one. Let us but take refuge in that most sweet, most efficacious Name, on each recurring occasion of difficulty or trial; in temptation, in sadness, in perplexity, let us use that holy Name, as may be, for help, or comfort, or guidance. Surely, if we lack not the will to employ the remedy, our enemy will not let us lack the opportunity. But with the opportunities at once, and the use, we shall gain familiarity with the holy Name, so as to use it almost by instinct, and find in it that treasure of which the Church sings on this day, as the fruit of such happy experience.

"Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Exportus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere."

And then, in our last agony, that Name will truly come with the power of music to the ear, even as the prelude to the canticle which is sung before the Throne of God, by those who carry hence, "written on their foreheads," the name which they have loved best of all on earth.—(Pp. 123—126)

SPANISH CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Astun, Dec 7—During the day I have had leisure to go over the extensive and magnificent church of this place—it ought rather to be termed a cathedral. It is stated to be the oldest Christian edifice in Catalonia. Its greatest attraction is the cloisters, the supporting columns (of a hard sort of granite) being most elaborately but rudely sculptured, no two columns, resembling one another. The life of Christ is most faithfully portrayed throughout all its phases, from the search of the "Star-guided Shepherds" to the Crucifixion, Ascension, and re-appearance to the doubting disciples. Innumerable subjects, also from Biblical history, are portrayed; but, perhaps, the most curious of all is an Allegory representing the "weighing in the balance" of the just and the unjust. An angel is holding the scales, in which are two inmates; the Evil One is sitting on the ground, eagerly watching the beam, and endeavouring to pull down the balance; while the infant Christ, in his mother's arms, is stretching forth his hand in defence of the endangered sinner. The "Last Supper," too, is beautifully conceived; the Saviour is breaking bread, while, apparently overcome with fatigue, and reposing, with his head on Christ's lap, is the "loved Apostle John." The whole sculpture looks as fresh as though it had but just sprung from the chisel. In the church, too, are some very ancient monuments, inscribed

upright in the walls. Several of these are knights in armour, in chain-mail of the "Crusaders' time." I assume this date for them from the circumstance of the surcoats having a broad cross displayed, and the arms being crossed upon the breast, grasping the straight cross-handled sword of the epoch. One of my companions attempted to decipher an old date to a half defaced monument, he read it eight hundred and eighty-eight, but I doubt its accuracy. In the church-yard, too, are the remains of an elaborately sculptured cross, and standing apart, and in a lone corner, is a magnificent arched tomb of a bishop of the early ages, the inscription, perfectly legible, is, however, in a character centuries fallen into disuse; there, however, still exists the ruin, standing amidst the graves of twenty generations—

"Its ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Proudly haughtily for glories gone."

PIUS IX.

The extracts we translated for our last number from different French papers, showed the indignation which the news of the late revolutionary events in Rome excited among the well thinking portion of the French population, and the enthusiasm with which the expected arrival of Pius IX., on the soil of France was anticipated. The noble Spaniards were not less indignant at the mean ingratitude of the Romans, nor less desirous to give a triumphant reception to the persecuted Pontiff in their country. Their papers too were chiefly taken up with this subject, as we learn from the Univors.

The "Espana" said, addressing the Romans. "Ungrateful people, your name would pass to posterity as that of the blackest, the most infamous of all the ungrateful, did not history record the memory of the people of the Palms and of the Hosanna, who became three days after the people of Calvary. Yes the Roman people and the Jewish people are now the most ungrateful of the earth. Unless there remain not a single citizen alive in Rome, unless mothers see their sons cut off by death, and there remain not in the Holy City stone upon stone, how can Rome raise again her spotless brow before the Christian nations, who will ask her with that terrible voice which filled Cain with fright: Where is thy Father?"

Where is thy Father? will ask of Rome, Spain, France, Austria, Europe, the whole world. Thou hast beheld him surrounded with a herd of fanatics and savages, thou hast heard their frightful yells and howlings, and thou hast remained quiet near thy hearth. But why should we wonder at thy want of faith, at thy ingratitude, at thy cowardice, if the pestilential breath of demagogues has frozen thy heart, enervated thy arm, and bent thy head to the dust?"

Another paper says:—
"Come, Holy Father! Come, Sovereign Pontiff! Come amongst us holy fugitive! Come to our country, the country of the Reconquered and of the Ferdinands. We are poor, our temples are falling into decay and we have nothing to rear them up again, our clergy are in want and poverty; but you will find faith fully alive in the hearts of all Spaniards. On whatever part of our soil you will show yourself, you will meet with a hearty welcome, you will be received as the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the common father of us all. The poorest of our Priests, the most humble, the most needy of our countrymen will offer you their person and their life, all that they can and possess. Happy would be Spain, if she had the honor of possessing you on her soil, till has passed away the storm which has just broken out against you."

POOR PROTESTANTISM.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL—It appears that the Dean and Chapter had recently come to a resolution to give up chanting the service in the cathedral, and it was understood that Sunday was the day when the new practice was to be attempted, and as it was also intimated that one of the residentiary canons had expressed his intention to chant the service as usual, considering it was his duty, there was a strong muster of the inhabitants determined to support him by chanting the responses. The cathedral was crowded, but it appears that some compromise had been entered into. The Rev. Canon Sartis read the service without chanting, but the choristers appeared in their gowns and

chanted the responses as usual. The inhabitants generally are very averse to having this old custom abolished.—Times.

The Bishop of London, it is stated, has just had a case of some importance referred to him. It is alleged that a clergyman who officiates at a fashionable church in London, long remarkable for its forms and ceremonies, advised one of his congregation who was about to travel to communicate with the Church of Rome whilst absent from England. This advice has been submitted to the Bishop as highly reprehensible, and the decision of the diocesan is looked for with great interest by the Rev. gentleman's congregation.—Daily News.

BELGIUM.

The Belgians are circulating a respectful address to His Holiness Pope Pius IX., dated Christmas Day, in which, after reminding the Pope of the respect, submission, and loyalty evinced by the Belgians at all times for His Holiness, they highly deprecate recent events, which compelled him to flee from his patrimony, inherited from St. Peter, and offer their persons and property in order to re-establish wholly and intact the exercise of the spiritual and temporal authority of the Holy See. In other ages than this, they say, every true Catholic would have shuddered at such acts, and would have come from every quarter under Heaven to re-establish the Pope in his just rights. They entreat him, in conclusion, to extend his benediction to his faithful Belgian children. This address was got up in the first instance by Count L. S. Rationo of Boorsteek. It has already obtained numerous signatures.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Rev. Wm. T. Hamilton, D. D., a Protestant clergyman of Mobile, in a letter from New Orleans to the Mobile Herald, describing the symptoms, progress, &c., of the Cholera in the Crescent city, thus speaks of the Sister of Charity:—

"The Charity Hospital in New Orleans is certainly a noble institution, and does honor to that city. All that medical skill and faithful nursing combined can do for the sick is there employed for the relief of the poorest outcast; picked up in the streets. Nor can I, in justice, forbear to pay the commendation to the benevolent band of women designated as 'The Sisters of Charity,' to whose judicious control the entire department of nursing throughout this whole hospital is, if I am rightly informed, entrusted. Of their religious tenets it is well known, I am no admirer; put their benevolence—their self-denying activity, and their untiring zeal, are above all praised."

OLD SAWS AND PROVERBS.

Confine your tongue lest it confine you.
Conversation teaches more than meditation.
Constant occupation prevents temptation.
Confide not in him who has once deceived you.
Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.
Give a child his will and a whelp his fill, and neither will thrive.
Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.
Let not your tongue cut your throat.
Fear not death so much as an evil life.
Dissembled holiness is double iniquity.
God help the poor, for the rich can help themselves.
He dances well for whom fortune pipes.
He that peeps through a hole may see what will vex him.
He was scant of news that told that his father was hanged.
Better ride an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.
There is no alchemy like saving.
He who has a mind to beat his dog will easily find a stick.
Who gives away his goods before he is dead, take a beetle and knock him on the head.
The devil grow sick, the devil a monk would be,
The devil grow well, the devil a monk was he.

Died.

February 11—Bridget Donnelly, native of Galway, Ireland, aged 38 years.
" 14—James, son of Wm and Mary Kehoe, aged 4 years and 6 months.
" 15—Mathew, son of John Kelly, aged 6 months and 15 days.
" 15—Mary, daughter of Michael and Mary Sullivan, aged 6 months.