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JUBILEE BOOK,
CONTAINING
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AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE
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To which is prefixed the Encyclical of
His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,
For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the
PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP
LYNCH.
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**THE LAST DAYS OF
CARTHAGE;**
OR
A SISTER OF FABIOLA.
AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.
CHAPTER II.—THE FAMILY OF VIVIA.

(CONTINUED.)
A man of this character could not be said to be had in the strictest sense of the term. He was not given to sensuality, nor did he fail to respect the honor of his family. His conduct was characterized by a propriety and decorum which were qualities rarely to be found in that age of wickedness and corruption. But this was his limit. What virtues he possessed were confined to these which go to make up good citizen, and if he manifested anything above the common it proceeded not from any supernatural motive, but from an instinctive sense of honor, and from a desire to take an elevated rank in the esteem of those who were around him.
The mother of Vivian had, of course, been brought up in the Pagan religion, but had nevertheless always shown, even from her infancy, a detestation of its impure rites. She had ever been regarded as a model of sweetness and virtue. The licentious practices which were observed in the temples and which were encouraged in a still worse degree in the theatres, inspired her with disgust that saved her from the seductions of the world. Her natural instincts taught her that reserve and modesty were qualities which belong peculiarly to the female sex and constitute their charms. She knew that in her tender years, her proper place was under the protecting care of a mother, and that in after years her duty was to superintend the household and render her companion happy by bestowing upon him all the sweetness of a pure affection. For this reason, she had purposely avoided the company of persons in whom she might have noticed any lightness of behavior, or a taste for the pleasures of worldly dissipation. She was rich, and withal endowed with the graces of external appearance, and nothing would have been easier for her than to have attracted to her house a host of fawning admirers. But, to this she was averse. She received them with coldness, and spoke to them with gravity and when the occasion presented itself, she would retire to her private apartments to occupy herself with some useful work, or, perhaps, to exercise her skill on the harp or guitar. Her reserved manner had its effect, and her house never could be regarded as the receptacle of giddy, frivolous young men.
Her father had died when she was very young. Her affections were accordingly concentrated upon her mother and upon a near relation by the name of Potamena. The latter was an orphan, and younger than herself by ten years. This young child was the object of her most tender solicitude. She had watched over her from her cradle, and had consoled her in all her little troubles. She had joined in her childish plays, and had finally conceived such an affection for her that she could not endure to be separated from her even for an instant. They often took walks together. One day as they were taking one of their accustomed walks, the orphan suddenly disappeared. The grief of the family was inexhaustible. Every effort was made to recover the lost child. Twenty years passed by and still the mystery remained unsolved.
Julia, the name of Vivian's mother, was now seventeen years of age, and in obedience to the desire of her mother, she "espoused" Hanno Vivian. He was possessed of an immense fortune, and bore a good name, which he "justly" merited. She was, however, still richer than he was, and in order to sustain her rank in society, they undertook to live in a style "equal to that maintained by the highest aristocracy" of Carthage. They received numerous visits from their friends, but as the conversations rarely turned upon subjects of an in-

structive nature, but rather on those of an irreligious tendency—as everything sacred was turned into ridicule and became the object of the pungent sarcasm, such visitors found very little sympathy with her, and it was with the greatest repugnance that she consented to entertain them.
Julia had several children. Two, however, died young, and a third was taken off at the age of seven years by a cancer that had horribly disfigured his face. She mourned over the loss of this young child in tears of bitterness, and often went to visit the superb mausoleum which she had caused to be erected at great expense.
Poor mother! she had not yet experienced the sweet consolations of prayer, which assuages the most poignant grief and whispers to the heart the mysterious words of hope! She did not know that she could behold once more in the bosom of the Divinity, and in all the glory of immortality, that dead infant which had been so suddenly taken from her arms. Like those around her, she believed his shade forever honored in the vicinity of his tomb, and when, after spending hours near it, she would rise to go, she would cast a look behind and bid him an eternal adieu.
But she had other children to live for, and she was far from forgetting that they likewise had a sacred right to her affection. There were two sons who had already made great advancement in their studies at the schools of Carthage. There was besides a daughter, a little older than her brothers, and, in every respect, the perfect reflection of her mother. She was affectionate and submissive, and devoted to her brothers. To the slaves, she was always considerate and kind. She would not shrink from aiding them when they happened to have a pressure of work, and when laboring under sickness, she was ever at their side, giving them her greatest care and attention. If by chance she had given any of them offence, she would afterwards ask their pardon and redouble her kindness to compensate for the pain she had given them.
Notwithstanding, it cannot be said that Vivian was without a fault. She was somewhat sensitive, and could not suffer the slightest contradiction. She was talented and this became to her the occasion of developing her sentiments of pride. She loved to attract attention in conversation, and here she endeavored to display to the greatest advantage the brilliancy of her vivid imagination. She inwardly rejoiced when she saw herself admired, and she listened to words of praise with anything but indifference.
In her character there was wanting firmness and decision, nor could it be said that she possessed sufficient energy. Occasionally she would give evidence of having come to a determined resolution, and her enthusiasm would lead one to suppose that she was then capable of the greatest sacrifices. But soon her ardor would grow cool. She would find that her determination extended to things which were above her strength, and she would naturally fall back into her usual vacillating state of mind. Her mother had done all in her power to combat this weakness, and when she found that her efforts did not meet with success, she grew alarmed at the evil consequences which might possibly ensue in after years. Vivian would listen to the wise counsels of her mother and would openly admit that she was wrong. She would even promise to do better for the future, but to effect a complete reform something more was required than her own reflections or the simple desire to please her mother. It was necessary that she should be subjected to the impulse of some supernatural motive, and this her own religion was unable to supply.
Nature had favored her—she was beautiful. To a noble extraction, and distinguished acquirements, she added remarkable powers of conversation. She was universally known throughout Carthage, and universally admired. The germ of vanity began to develop under these powerful influences, until she began to employ artificial means to enhance the charms of her fascinating beauty. She wore diamonds of great value, and gold bracelets always adorned her wrists. Her robes were of the most costly material, and were ornamented with the most elaborate embroideries of gold and silver. Notwithstanding all this, it must be said to her praise, that, up to the time of her marriage her life had always been pure and chaste.
Such was the family of Vivian when an event, such as no one can foresee, came to introduce a material change into its interior relations.
CHAPTER III.—THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.
Amongst the number of the slaves which the mother of Julia had given her on the occasion of her marriage with Hanno, was one called Rufina, almost of the same age as her young mistress. The light complexion of her countenance distinguished her from the African race, and would indicate that she came from some of the tribes of Europe. She was grave, and even melancholy, though always respectful and affable, appearing as she found herself in the presence of her superiors or in the company of her equals. When she had no moments of leisure, she would retire to her own room, or take a walk in the gardens alone. Occasionally she would sing in some strange language, and though none around her could understand what she was singing, still her accent and voice was so sweet, and so full of tenderness, that many would stop to listen. Sometimes she could not restrain her tears, and overcome with emotion, she would desire for a few moments and cover her face with her hands as if to conceal her grief.
Her companions, as might be supposed, were exceedingly curious to find out the cause of these mysterious scenes.
One of them remarked that she appeared to her to be a hypocrite, "for, at her age, every one is naturally inclined to pleasure. Everywhere youth is smiling and happy; and when one sees premature gravity, it is a sure sign that the predominant element in that character is deception. Perhaps she thinks that by acting thus she will please her young mistress. Anyway, she has succeeded pretty well."
"Perhaps she is some great princess," remarked another, "while the others second her sarcasm by a burst of merriment."
"Perhaps she is the daughter of some barbarous king who has been reduced to slavery by some untoward event. She appears humble in her present position. Her pride keeps her reserved from our

society, and makes her shrink from the work which she has to perform. I have even seen her refuse presents which were offered her."
There was another amongst them who pretended to solve every mystery, and, according to her view, the young slave was one of those who had been accustomed to contemplation and reverie from their earliest years. "Those never marry, avoid company, and always prefer to lead a wandering life in the forests, or to retire to some solitary island in order to escape what they consider the illurements of the world. They belong to the race of prophets, and are even admitted into the councils of kings. The grave question of peace or war are decided according to their sage advice, and in the moment of combat, they had a peculiar chant by which soldiers are animated with the fire of enthusiasm and driven on to meet the enemy with a courage that renders sure the successful issue of the contest. I suspect strongly that Rufina is one of these. Her incantations are invincible, and she has more than once proved their effect amongst the barbarous people with whom she has formerly lived. But, having deceived the hopes of some prince or army chief, she has been thrown into chains and sold as a slave."
"Nonsense!" replied a negress, who, up to this time, had said nothing. "The poor girl is in love! I have watched her for some time back, and certainly that melancholy state of mind into which she has fallen is no mystery to me. The 'virtuous' Rufina has simply become enamored with a slave called Revocato, and her deepest feelings of affection have been elicited in favor of this young stranger. You may not believe me now, but a little time will convince you of the truth of what I say. Revocato was just the same color she was. He came to Carthage just at the same time that she came, and they have always manifested the desire of belonging to the same master. It happened, however, that they were separated. Rufina could not restrain her tears, and Revocato, though, apparently more contented, looked upon their separation with feelings of sorrow. When she sings in the garden, do you not notice that Revocato comes to the other end of the walk and there listens to her with an untiring attention. No doubt those peculiar chants which appear to us so melodious and plaintive, are a medium by which she expresses her regret at not being united to the object of her love. Some time ago I heard them both conversing together in a strange language. They remained a long time in each other's company, and it appeared to me as if they were meditating upon some means of escape, in order that they might satisfy their mutual affections in all the security of freedom."
Such were the remarks passed upon the young slave. She was far from suspecting the ideas which her companions had formed of her, and, in fact, she was too much occupied with her duty to notice their sarcasm and raileries. She always showed herself kind to them, and in case of need she would anticipate their wishes, and never fail to be of service to them when it was in her power. But this generosity had no effect upon them, and served to excite their jealousy and hatred rather than conciliate their favor, for they had now formed the serious intention of lowering her in the esteem of their mistress. All seemed to be profoundly impressed with the astonishing facts which had just been brought to light by the old negress, and it was principally upon them that they depended in their efforts to realize their nefarious designs.
From the moment that Julia received her from the hands of her mother, she was struck with her sweetness and devotedness. She was modest and reserved, and her melancholy manner gave to her features an indescribable expression of beauty. She enjoyed the entire confidence of her mistress, and she often remained the whole day in her elegant apartments talking over the details of family affairs. When Julia heard the accusations with which her favorite servant was charged, her first impulse was to have her punished, but after a moment's reflection, she thought it more just to submit the question to an impartial investigation. Accordingly she ordered her into her presence. When she was alone with her she began:
"Rufina, why have you deceived me? Have I not always been kind to you? I had confidence in you, and you were well aware of this. I only permitted you to watch over my children when I was obliged to remain absent from them myself. I thought you devoted virtuous—but you have betrayed me!"
"It is true, you have been kind to me," replied Rufina, with an imperturbable calmness. "I am grateful to you for your confidence, but, you accuse me of having deceived you! No, madame; it is not true."
The tranquility of her disposition here gave way, and she pressed her hands convulsively to her bosom as abundance of tears flowed from her eyes.
"Tell me, Rufina, what mean those mysterious chants in which you express so plaintively the sentiments of your heart. I liked so much to hear them, though I did not understand a word. I often asked you to repeat them, and sing them softly for the children. What is this strange poetry! Is it a mysterious incantation, or is it not rather the ardent, impassioned expression of a feeling to which I thought you a stranger?"
"Most noble mistress, believe me when I answer you. Those chants, of which you speak, are no superstitious incantations, nor are they songs of love. Am I not poor, deprived, no doubt forever of the precious boon of liberty? Where then could I carry the affections of my heart? What object could be found upon which to pour forth these deep feelings of the soul? I know I cannot act thus without crime, for I am your slave. I belong to you unconditionally, and even life is in your hands. All my desires are confined to that one alone, of pleasing you. If I sometimes sing, it is to obey you, or to beguile the few moments of leisure which you are good enough to give me during the day. They are songs of my native land, and songs which I used to hear my mother sing, when I was young. They recall to my mind the pleasures of bygone days, and I may say they are the only treasures I brought with me in coming to this climate. After the happiness of serving you, they are my only consolation. However, if you desire it, I will forever cease. They shall no longer be heard on my lips, and if I want to commune with my thoughts, and the past, it shall be in silence."

There was a sweetness and simplicity in the manner of Rufina that Julia could not help being deeply impressed. She now began to regret the harsh words she had uttered in the beginning. Such candor and openness of conduct she thought incompatible with the crime with which she had been accused. She was, nevertheless, determined to know all the truth if it were only to confound the jealousy of her fellow-slaves. Accordingly, she resumed:
"Rufina, you know a slave of the name of Revocato, who is sent here occasionally by his master? Is it true that he stops to speak to you, and that your interviews are prolonged beyond the limits of propriety? I do not believe evil of any one without sufficient proof, but these secret reports which have reached me, are of a nature to compromise you gravely. What could have induced you to expose yourself thus to the remarks of the other slaves, as well as to the anger of my husband, if he should come to know it. Follow my advice, Rufina; avoid the company of Revocato, for his character is not sufficiently known."
"Noble mistress, I am ready to sacrifice anything to please you, but, with your permission, let me remark that Revocato has been my companion from my earliest years. We came from the same country; we were born on the same day. When children, the same roof covered us, and our first years were passed in an unchanging union. We grew up together in the hope that death alone should be the occasion of our separation. But like other hopes, it has vanished. We had not grown many years older when an evil genius came to disconcert all our plans and render the horizon of our future gloomy and obscure. O, my dear mistress! and she fell on her knees before her and raised her hands in the attitude of supplication, "this Revocato whom I must now behold no more, is the son of my poor mother—my twin brother. Do you not see points of resemblance between us sufficient to indicate that we both belong to the same family?"
"Rise, Rufina," said the rich patrician, as she reached her hand, which she seized and covered with kisses. "Rise you are a noble girl. I believe you are innocent. Pardon me if ever I have afflicted you by my unjust suspicions. From this day I will not look upon you as a slave. Remain with me to aid me in taking care of my children. They love you and you love them. My beloved Vivian will not rest quiet under any but with you or me. How kind you have been to her. In her sickness you never abandoned her bed-side day or night. Rely upon my gratitude, as also upon hers. You have my confidence more than ever. You may see Revocato as often as you please. The slaves that have been around you, and who have reported such calumnies against you, shall be severely punished."
"Thanks, my dear mistress. You make me happy indeed, in believing in my innocence. If it please you, may I ask the pardon of those slaves whom you design to punish? Noble mistress, grant them a free pardon, and let them not know that I have asked the favor."
"Generous young girl! Where have you learnt this sublime virtue? Your history has been a mystery for us all! Pray let me hear some more details regarding your former life."
"There is nothing very interesting in my life. It is the history of an unhappy young girl who has passed through the world nameless and unnoticed. My country is far from here, but that makes no matter, as I shall never see it again. I was born at the farthest extremity of Gaul, near that narrow channel which separates it from Britain. It is here where, it is said, Cæsar carried his victorious army after having subdued my native land. I was ten years of age when my father died. I had not the consolation of being present at his last moments for he was seized in his house and loaded with chains for having remained faithful to a cause which he regarded noble and sacred. In a few days afterwards his head was severed from his body.
"My mother was left with two children, too young to be of any assistance. She died soon afterward. We were but children—my brother and myself—and too poor to remain. We were obliged to bid adieu to the tomb of my mother and the little cabin that had sheltered our infant years. But the laws of our country were severe, and for a slight debt which our parents had contracted, we were sold into slavery. We embarked for Carthage. I will not harass you by the details of the voyage. It is enough to say we experienced all the hardships of a long and stormy passage. We arrived in Carthage, and to our inexpressible grief, we were again sold to different masters. Such is my history. It has no interest for any but myself."
"No, indeed, Rufina, it is interesting to me. But, tell me clearly, what are those strange, mysterious chants you were singing? Where, too, have you learnt such sublime virtues as I have witnessed in you? Tell me openly now and without fear."
"Well, noble mistress listen. I have never frequented your temples nor your sacred ceremonies. The religion of Saul, at least that religion in which I have been educated, is not the religion of Carthage. The chants which you have heard me sing, are hymns which I have known from infancy, and which we used to sing in our solemn worship. They are beautiful and chaste, and fall not to touch the inner depths of the human heart. They date back to the remotest antiquity, and are the composition of men who had received the gift of inspiration. They elevate the soul above the things of this world, and give rise to the most noble inspirations, and here Rufina detailed to her in a simple form, the principal dogmas of her faith.
"Keep that holy religion. Though I see that its maxims are severe, I do confess it has an irresistible charm for me and, perhaps, one day."
"O, noble mistress," interrupted Rufina, falling down on her knees. Just at this moment the evening meal was commenced.
CHAPTER IV.
After the sudden departure of Tertullian, Vivian remained motionless and half-stupefied at the severe words which she had just heard. Her infant was in her arms, but she felt it not. Her color had completely vanished, and a deadly paleness had ensued making her resemble the cold and frigid aspect of a marble statue. Finally she recovered her natural composure and perceiving that her babe was asleep, she laid it carefully on the couch and set

down beside it overcome with mental anxiety. She endeavored to banish from her memory the details of the scene through which she had just passed, but in vain. The severe attitude of the Priest was before her mind and she thought she heard him speaking still. Suddenly one of her servants entered.
"Thank you, Verecundia," said the young patrician, "but I desire to be alone."
"I came, noble mistress, to render you my accustomed services, but—"
"Well, never mind, however if my mother or Rufina comes, introduce them, but mark no one else."
"You will be obeyed, but may I be permitted to ask if you have received bad tidings of your husband? Surely he is not wounded or laden with chains by those wild Numidians?"
"No, I cannot say that; but for the last month I have not heard from Jarbas. Though I am somewhat apprehensive that his reckless courage may lead him into danger, still I trust that he is under the protection of Heaven."
"Why then, contrary to your usual custom, do you refuse my attendance and close yourself up this way in your apartment?"
"Pray let me watch near you at least. This is at least the duty of a faithful slave."
"I know your devotedness to me, my good Verecundia, but don't be afraid. I am not unwell; I only desire to be alone."
"It is that stranger, noble mistress—there is something so gloomy in his look—something so repugnant in his face. He has afflicted you, for I see the marks of tears upon your cheeks. If he comes here again to repeat this scene I—"
"You know not what you are saying, my poor Verecundia—that stranger is the Priest Tertullian, the glory of our City, the noble defender of our Faith and the terror of the pagans; but enough Verecundia, you may retire now. I will call you when I need you." The slave departed.
The emotions of the young patrician were such as to make her shed torrents of tears. After this outbreak of sorrow followed a period of calmness and reflection in which she was enabled to see under a different aspect the tenor of her past life. She went over in her mind all the words of Tertullian, and dwelt upon them with the full assurance that they proceeded from a sealed oracle. The reputation of Tertullian, as a profound scholar was now well known for his celebrated "apology" in favor of the Christians had already appeared. The Churches were lost in admiration, and the enthusiasm of the faithful knew no bounds. Vivian had read that *Œuvre* of eloquence and reasoning of the Priest of Carthage, and she was thereby led to regard him as a man raised up by God to defend the Religion of Christ and confound the pretended wisdom of an age, that new naught but pride and corruption. She was under his influence, and his words were not heard to be forgotten but penetrated into her heart and remained there as if they were engraved in characters of gold. She looked around her and everything that mother gaze was an object which the Priest had criticised. She looked at herself and as she beheld her parlor glittering in pearls, representing the colors of the rainbow, a crimson blush mantled to her temples. Everything reproached her with vanity, and feelings of remorse took possession of her heart. "All this must end," she said to herself, "if I intend to embrace the Faith, I must enter into its spirit and not become a mere observer of external forms."
It cannot be denied but what Vivian was virtuous. She had been formed in the school of Rufina, and had imbibed the good qualities of her mother. From the day on which she had renounced all connexion with the idol of paganism, her faith had never wavered, though she had not shown sufficient anxiety in pressing forward to receive the Grace of Baptism. But in those times many remained a considerable time in the order of catechumens, and the Bishop was not averse to this, lest the ties of family, or inveterate habits acquired among the pagans and now difficult to eradicate, might expose them to the danger of apostasy. He profited by this delay to try their sincerity and complete their religious instruction.
Vivian's faith however, seemed now to take a more lively form, and her soul was filled with thoughts more elevated and sublime. At the foot of the Cross, she had abjured the worship of the false gods, and had asked in all the sincerity of her heart, to become the humble servant of Christ. The salutary waters of regeneration were soon to purify her brow, and nevertheless she continued to lead a life similar to that which she had led when still among the pagans. But now she was somewhat changed, still all difficulties were not as yet surmounted. There was Hanno, her father, what would he say when he knew his daughter, whom he loved so much, had abandoned the religion of her youth? Would he not make her feel the weight of his anger? And then the proud Jarbas, what would he say, when returning with the laurels of victory, he would see her no longer surrounded with luxury, but leading an austere mortified life? He might grow furious at the sight, and cast her away from him ignominiously, to the dishonor of all the family. Besides that dead infant, might he not take it away from her and educate it apart, and then she would no longer look upon its sweet face and watch its tender smile?
This is the state of fallen humanity. We know what is good, pure and holy; we admire it and love it. Our heart aspires after virtue, but it is something like the bird whose wings are broken. It endeavors to fly upwards into those airy regions through which it lately moved in delight, but its efforts are vain and it falls to the ground wasted and overcome. We experience moments of enthusiasm, and noble aspirations, but the flesh is weak and when we come to execute the great designs which we have formed in the mind, we become listless and fall into a state of apathy from which it requires more than an ordinary effort to emerge. Nature seems suppressed for a moment, but it is only to rise again still more ardent and imperious. It is a terrible combat, and it has, been truly said that man's life on earth is a continual warfare.
Thus was it with Vivian. She felt the force of temptation and, but for the timely admonition of the Priest, it might have led her, she knew not whither. Now, that gentle, longing, to become a Christian was enkindled into a burning resolve and she exclaimed, "No! I will never, betray the glorious destiny which has been marked out for me by