

Written for the Catholic Mirror. THE BORROWED FACE OF JESUS

THE MEMORIES IT AWAKENS AND THOUGHTS IT SUGGESTS.

BY J. M.

Of all the devotions proposed to faithful, there is none more salutary more conducive to holiness than the offering to the Holy Face. A few oblations will serve to make this appear to all reflecting minds.

The sorrows of Christ have ever been regarded as the most fruitful source of meditation and the most efficacious means of salvation. In contemplation of these sufferings, pious souls learn to conceive a hatred for sin which cannot, and to appreciate at least in some degree, the great work of Redemption. They also find motives for exerting their gratitude and love, and arousing their sympathy, since they are reminded whatever virtue they possess or may acquire, is due to the sanctifying influence and agency of divine grace operating upon their minds and hearts and inspiring and regulating their actions.

This grace, they are aware was purchased by the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, and sought to be able by means which He appointed chiefly the Sacraments of His Church. In this spirit the piously disposed accustomed to recall the sorrows of Christ, and learn from their consideration to bear patiently the trials and afflictions of life, and to regard with thanksgiving the sustaining power thus acquired, and the strength obtained have enabled such souls to do valiantly, to overcome every temptation, and to come every obstacle in the way of their spiritual progress or advancement in virtue.

Therefore, whenever an opportunity occurred in the opportunity which tested their fidelity, by their willingness to walk in the footsteps of Him who endured every form of suffering, nay, even death itself, for thus affording the strongest possible proof of His love, for He himself said: "Greater love no man can have than that he lay down his life for his friend."

Having taken upon Himself the frailties of our nature for the purpose of atoning for our transgressions, Christ has made us sharers in His dignity, and participants in His merits, by the will which we could not accomplish in our own behalf—namely, restoring us to lost inheritance by reinstating us in grace and friendship of God. This is our debtors to Him in a degree which renders it impossible for us ever to discharge our obligation. We can, however, manifest our gratitude by a willingness to do what is in our power towards making our lives conform to His; for in this way we render fruit to His precious merits. It should not be thought, then, if we are called to share in the sufferings and labors of Christ; for it is this, and we are called to share in this life, and may wish to partake of His glory in the next life, therefore, profitable to dwell on the sorrows which He endured for us, and invites us to contemplate in touching words: "All you who pass come and see if there be sorrow unto My sorrow."

Although at different times during His life Christ thought proper to manifest His glory, to the great joy and content of His followers, yet it was our duty to establish more solidly their faith in divinity. He wished also to give a foretaste of the glory that awaited them in heaven, and thus sustain them in their trials and wanderings; for He perceived that some were growing impatient in His service. But not desiring to exhort His disciples to complete Him in the aspect of His life, He did not come upon earth as a savior, but rather to reveal the splendor of His immortality, and permitted them to behold in His face the glory which He had inherited in His service. But not desiring to exhort His disciples to complete Him in the aspect of His life, He did not come upon earth as a savior, but rather to reveal the splendor of His immortality, and permitted them to behold in His face the glory which He had inherited in His service.

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DO PROTESTANTS PERISH!

WHAT A FOLLOWER OF CALVIN DISCOVERED BY CONSULTING ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

To the Editor of the Independent: The enclosed letter of the Archbishop of New York is explained by the article that accompanies it. My own note need not occupy your space. It simply asked whether I was at liberty to print, and, if so, whether my report was sufficiently accurate.

That sort of Guy Fawkes' bitterness, which comes to us from the British Islands always throws the advantage on the side of the victims; and a spirit that shall deny what these gentlemen say, and actually refuse the testimony which these fathers in the Church so frankly give, actually builds up the American Catholic religion; for, if we fill our pulpits with any assertions that are untrue, we weaken ourselves as to all the rest, and allow ourselves to be impugned in other differences.

I send my own paper without alteration, and am, my dear editor, yours very truly, REV. JOHN MILLER. In the winter of 1883, I needed to know the best commentary on the Epistle to the Romans in each of the great Churches of the present day. I had intended to write to some Catholic scholar, but stumbling by accident upon the street in New York behind the Cathedral, I impulsively determined to settle the question in that church at once, and presently was on the steps of the Cardinal's palace, and was handing my card to the Cardinal himself.

It was not a little abashed on being asked if I knew what an invalid he was, and on my drawing back and saying I had forgotten, and that my errand was not of importance to give the trouble of an interview, the janitor proposed that my card should go up, and that I should explain to the Cardinal my general errand and how I could communicate as well as by letter.

In a few moments I was ushered into a handsome study, screened off from draughts at the door, and a man strangely reminding me of Dr. Alexander in simplicity and transparent genuineness and grace, struggled up from his chair, and with a shaking hand, welcomed me and made light of my feeling of trespass.

I never knew a man so inensible to all that was grand about him, so constant in his ideas of work, so gracious in all his speeches of other workers, whether Catholic or not, as to be borne down with regret that the falling condition of his health kept him from pushing on and carrying higher the great accomplishments of his office.

It is a lesson to a man bred in Protestantism to come suddenly upon the very flower of Roman Catholicism, and find it as fragrant in its tints and so sweet in its fragrance in the very splendor of pontifical state.

Heavenwide as I am from Rome I can not imagine that any glamer was put upon me of fact or speech; for the very thing that shone out so luminously in our Presbyterian saint was the unmistakable light and sweetness of this great Archbishop.

Hurrying to go, and repeating my apologies for the visit, I was followed to the door by a priest, whom I had supposed a secretary, to whom I remembered to have been introduced, and whose name I only heard as the Cardinal called after him. It was Archbishop Corrigan.

It was an interview with him that I wish to narrate. He insisted that I should pay him a separate visit, and, going to his shelves in a study wide and handsome, like that of his superior, he took down the book the Cardinal advised me to buy, added another of kindred make, told me not to return them while they were in use, and then settled himself for a talk, the subject of which I chose, and which I have long desired to recount to others.

I said to him: This is the first time I have thought of a certain question in the presence of one so amply able to answer it. I am thoroughly convinced against your Church in respect of any impulses to join it. I admire your definition of faith, and wonder at Luther that he ever madly disturbed it. Shoals of Roman Catholic converts have come to you provoked by the news of faith that Luther and our modern Reformers have painted among the people. Roman hardly would have left us but for the instinctive notions of a saint that we were wrong in this particular.

When you had the whole definition clear and traditional, too, so that it was really apostolic and divine, that *fides formata* was faith infused with love. The madness of us Protestants in converting that, and making faith immoral, the morality sequence afterward, is a most deplorable mistake, and one that adds to the respect with which one looks on your adherence to what is better. The perfectionism of Rome, pardon me for counting off, and, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, filled prisons with as pure and patriotic Irishmen as ever lived, and would have shot them to death if he dared—is dead. No Irish tears will bedew his memory.

She repeatedly said that it was not the great charity of Catholics which attracted her, but their piety. 'I have been everywhere,' she said, 'and they alone pray seriously.'

Peace was to be her portion; but at the cost of many sacrifices. Her absence from the customary rehearsals of the company was remarked, and the usual fine increased constantly. But she was not willing to lose the opportunity of instruction so dear to her.

At last the time came when her skill was especially put forward to attract the gaping crowd. The placards announced that Miss Zenobia would, on a certain day, perform a feat, which was unique in itself and to be done only by this Queen of the Circus. It was the most dangerous possible to any other, it could not be imagined unless seen.

As her horse passed at full speed, she was to grasp an elastic cord, noosed above her, with her teeth, and by the force of the recoil throw herself up to sit and swing on it without the aid of her hands. Whether the description belied the reality or not, the feat demanded was certainly one of the most difficult, and required constant practice.

As it happened, poor Zenobia had not tried it for the last five months. Day after day she was absent from the repetition, and finally there was but one more. In her anxiety not to miss the least part of her preparation for Baptism, now rapidly approaching, she took a sublime resolution and sacrificed this last chance. She told the religious, who were aghast; but she calmly recommended the affair to their prayers and herself earnestly prayed to the Blessed Virgin. The day came.

Her nerves were tingling with excitement, but she was filled with trust in the Providence which had never yet forsaken her. She commenced badly. As she dashed round the ring, she fell in front of her horse who passed over her in his furious career. The crowd was intensely agitated; but she sprang to her feet, untouched and unharmed, and again mounted. Then the decisive moment came. Her old skill had not left her in her hour of need, or her heavenly protectors were guarding her. Her success was brilliant; but amid the thunders of applause her over-wrought nerves gave way, and she shrieked amid the clamor: 'O Blessed Virgin thou hast prayed for me!'

'What would you have said if the people had understood you then?' some one asked. 'I should not have been sorry,' she replied. She had no pride, only gratitude for her success. Meanwhile she had not been unnoticed by her unhappy companions. She openly brought her prayer-book to the representations of the circus, so as to go at once to the convent when her part was finished. Some of the wretched creatures ventured to mock at her. Zenobia answered gently: 'Until now I have lived like the brutes; henceforth I wish to live like a Christian. Would that I might die after my baptism. And the white veil, I wish to keep pure until my death; I wish to be buried with it.'

At last the great day came, only two days after she had run so perilous a risk. It was the 16th of January, 1884. The ceremonies began, as the rubric touchingly prescribes, outside the door of the church of the Sacred Heart. Then Zenobia was introduced into the body of the sacred building. A Princess was at her left as her sponsor; and His Grace the Archbishop had asked to admit, in his own person, this wait into the fold of Jesus Christ. He administered to her the four Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, and her first Communion. Zenobia was filled with emotion. Her tears ceased not flowing during the entire ceremony, but they were tears of joy. When everything was over she embraced all the good nuns, who had shown such interest in her. Kissing the hand of the Father who had prepared her for this new birth of her soul, she said: 'Father, have you ever made a soul happier than mine?'

Yes, the theologians were right; to Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat, doing what was in her power, God did not deny His Grace! Buffalo Union. Jay Gould—the Mephistopheles of Wall street, and king of trap makers—seems to laugh at the classic aphorism: *Labor omnia vincit*. The time may come, however, when his laughter will be changed into groans.

'Bucksbot' Forster—the man, who as Chief Secretary for Ireland, filled prisons with as pure and patriotic Irishmen as ever lived, and would have shot them to death if he dared—is dead. No Irish tears will bedew his memory. Snug Little Fortunes may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

now retraced her steps, performing in the different cities of the German Empire, and so came into Italy. She was in the first rank of her strange career, wandering, adventurous, careless for the morrow. Yet she was not without an ever-present thought of a different mode of life, and of making ready for the life to come. It is touching beyond measure that she should not yet have learned that the Christian religion, and the ministrations of its priests, were for her as well as, even more than, for those who crowd the churches, and still lead more thoughtless lives than she was doing.

In the meantime, unconsciously waiting for the moment when Providence should at last number her among the chosen children, she lived up faithfully to the light that was in her. She was able by economy to save each month several hundred dollars from her earnings. Half of this she regularly gave to the poor. When she arrived in a city, she bought whatever was needed for the time, and on her departure, left it for the needy whom she had hunted out. One day she quarrelled seriously with a companion who openly declared herself the rival and enemy of the successful Miss Zenobia. Some time after, when her would-be rival fell sick, she took care of her, and supplied her with all necessary means in her time of need. As they were approaching Venice, she was told of a wretched woman of her profession, once like herself the admiration of all for her sprightliness and skill, but now that her day was gone, left to die of want and misery. 'Let us stop here,' pleaded the generous Zenobia, shuddering at her own future. 'I will go and see her, and make some provision for her.'

In a provincial town of Sicily an offer of honorable marriage was made to her. Her heart responded; it was the beginning of a life of calm for her. She was tired of the world with all its tinsel and gilt and forced merriment, as she had so long known it in the racking sports of the sawdust ring. So she gave her promise. She was still to fill her engagement with her present troupe—the company R—. At Palermo, she was spoken to of Christian instruction and baptism, as a preparation for her marriage. She had long since made up her mind; but she waited until she should arrive in one of the great Italian cities, where she was to perform during the winter. There she would have a longer time for her needed training in Christian truth and practice. She asked who were charged with the management of Christian churches, and was naturally given the name of the Archbishop of the place. On arriving she sought an interview with him, and told the venerable prelate her whole story. He was touched, and after examining her on the knowledge she had already gained, entrusted her to the ladies of the Sacred Heart to teach her that which mere observation could not give. As he discovered that English was still the only language which she could understand—though she could chatter in half the principal tongues of the universe—he left the care of her final preparation for baptism to an English-speaking priest, a religious of his city.

With joy and gratitude Zenobia took her way to the convent where she was to be instructed. As she entered the first object which struck her eyes was a large statue of the great Patron of those who instruct many into justice—St. Anne, represented as teaching the Blessed Virgin. It was the majestic lady of her dream. Her guide led the way to the garden of the religious, where several of the nuns were walking, as is their wont, silently, and to fro. It was indeed the beginning of the realization of all her visions and hopes for this child of the Good Shepherd. She had been lost to him without fault of hers; and by wonderful ways He had sought His own.

The priest, who had been named to examine her on the sufficiency of her knowledge and to give the last preparation for her admission to the Sacraments, could not leave off wondering at the ease with which she grasped Catholic teachings and their bearing. 'I was still more surprised,' he says, 'to find in her a certain Christian instinct, a convert's fervor and a delicacy of feeling, hardly to be looked for among persons of her class.' I asked her: 'What is this?' showing her a host. 'Bread.' 'And tomorrow, after the consecration at Mass, what will it be?' 'No longer bread, but Jesus.' 'But you will see only bread.' 'Yes, but Jesus will be behind the bread—no—in the place of the bread.' 'And if I break the host?' 'You will not divide Jesus.' 'Why not?' 'Because if you should divide me, you would not divide my soul.' 'Then there is more than one Jesus in a single host?' 'No, it is the same. Who is in Australia, and here, and everywhere.'

'What are the effects of the Eucharist?' 'I do not know, but let me think a little. First, it should keep us from all grievous sin; and then it should kindle in the heart a great fire of love, and bring us much peace.'

With different troupes she travelled far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some length of time, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt. Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples in the cities through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingle with others of every class and making their way altogether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door.

It was the holy time of Christmas. Like the others she drew near the Crib of Bethlehem, so commonly represented in Catholic Churches at this season, and in a country like Spain, with the most realistic adornments. In her first awkwardness she did like the others, and knelt before the shrine where the Child Jesus was laying on the straw in the Manger. Coming out of the church she asked a little girl, who was near, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even gipsies should be ignorant of our Christian mysteries, and answered: 'It is the little Jesus.'

'Is Jesus alive?' 'He is not alive there; that is His image.'

Hearing this Zenobia went back into the church, and looked long and attentively at the Child placed in the Crib, wondering who Jesus might be, and what it could all mean. The astonishment of the little girl whom she had first addressed made her afraid to ask an explanation of the grown people around her. Everyone was praying devoutly; it was clear that an American acrobat, instructed in the A B C of the Christian religion, did not enter into their circle of ideas.

Zenobia went on her way deeply impressed at what she had seen. It was all strange to her. There was then something in life which all her wanderings had not taught her. She gathered as much as this from the praying throng, where she saw men and women and children of every class interested and consoled, but most of all the poor and suffering.

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About this time, she had two dreams which left a deep remembrance after them and incited her to go on in this new way, which had so strongly excited her curiosity. One night she saw before her a Lady of majestic mien, who put before her a great book in which all her actions were written. The poor Zenobia exclaimed: 'This is God, or the Mother of God, if God has a mother.' Another time, during the day, she saw a solitary park in which young ladies, with the same noble mien, were walking to and fro in silence. She said to herself, though she had not the slightest notion of what content life was: 'These must be persons who love God well, and whom God loves well.' For the present the dream passed away, leaving only a regretful memory, as of a glimpse of other and better things. But they were to be brought again strongly at a future day, when the adventures of the circus should at last learn true happiness, as far as it may be had in this world.

Now and then the ideas she had of religious things were again aroused within her. Possibly she found her life of constant excitement already palling on her; and her delicate nature could not refrain from thoughts of what was to be after this life is over. She happened two or three times during her many journeys to be obliged to put up for the night with some Christian family. Here, in the conversation which she willingly turned to such subjects, she heard them speak of the unquenchable fire, which shall be the lot of those who misuse the gifts God has given them, and who reject His holy law. In the solitude of her room she lighted a fierce fire in the grate, and deliberately thrust into it for a moment, first her hand and then her bare foot. When the intense pain made itself felt, she said to herself: 'Yet this is nothing to a fire which burns the whole body, and burns forever. And there is something in me which does not die, and which would hinder my body from being consumed in such a burning!'

She now observed curiously whatever concerned the religious life and actions of the countries through which she passed. She performed successfully in France and Austria, and was at Moscow when the late emperor of all the Russias met his tragic fate. His horrible assassination was carried out by means of the explosives which modern science has taught unchristian men to use. Concerning it she had many curious details to tell, which had come to her knowledge from the adventurous people into whose company her profession constantly threw her. She

An Arduous Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

From golden threads of sunset, night is weaving A starry mantle for the land and sea; O'er the sea and a spirit's voice is breathing In whisper low and sweet, "Come unto Me."

O let us follow in the bush of even: Swift lead thee, dear Sacred Heart! and fair, Where we may breathe awhile the breath of Heaven. For Jesus, in the Eucharist, is there.

"The sweet, the love of our dear Lord possessing, Our souls of joy and sorrow to repeat; But sweeter far to crave His tender blessing And self-forgotten, rest at His dear foot."

Why seek for words in moments of devotion, When holy silence in itself is prayer? Why strive to stay the tide of sweet emotion? 'Twill bear us nearer Jesus hidden there.

See yonder cross! It marks His earthly dwelling, 'Tis here He dwelt, and yet a moment stay! O that our hearts all world-wide expelling, Worthy might be, to love, and thank, and pray!

Nature upon her sabbath couch reclining, Wrapped in her starry mantle, calmly lies; Yet in our midst the light of love is shining— Jesus, our Lord, His loving vigils keeps!

See! in the gloom 'one little lamp is burning; Its trembling beams speak to our hearts of Him! Come, let us enter, filled with tender yearning; Adoring with the unseen seraphim.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! Art Thou sad and lonely, Within Thine humble altar home to-night? O that our hearts might burn for Thee, These only, As e'er the faithful Sanctuary light!

O that our souls, all earthly things forsaking, Might enter through yon tabernacle door, And rest in Thee, dear Sacred Heart! parking Of Eucharistic love forevermore! —M. E. Jordan, in Echoes from the Pines.

THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Everywhere along the dead walls of a European city, about two years since, might have been read the following announcement, with that of other stars of the Circus Company R—: "Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat, bat." It is her history, given by herself, that is narrated here:

Twenty-four years ago a little girl was born into the world in an out of the way village of Canada, and, so soon as a name was needed to point her out, called Matilda Prescott. There was no talk of christening her; and the world she came into was sorrowful and unchristian enough. Her father was sober from drink only on odd days; and her wretched mother had sunk into a state of almost brutal stupidity under long-continued ill-treatment from her husband. When the little girl was able to walk about, she was only too glad to be sent on some occupation, out of sight of the misery which was always before her eyes at what was called her home.

In the long days of the Canadian summer she went to pick wild berries in the woods, and thus eked out the scanty food of the family, or by their sale obtained a few pence to supply liquor for the craving appetite of her drunken father.

One day there passed along the road, near the thicket where she was at work, the noisy caravan of a circus that had been exhibiting in the neighboring town. In the carriage at the end of the line of wagons rode a few young women, the chief performers of the mountebank company. Seeing the open-eyed wonder of the child, they asked for some of her berries, and took her up with themselves while they went on their way. Her story was easily drawn from her. It is possible that the heart of some of these wandering people was touched by the brightness of the little girl whose whole appearance told of poverty and wretchedness.

She was lithe, too, as only those who live in the open air and woods from childhood are. Soon Matilda discovered that, in her delight at the unaccustomed drive with her new friends, she had already gone far from her own place, and was on a strange road. She wept, but her companions consoled her and asked her to remain always with them. They told her that it was too late to go back; and soothed by their promises and by almost the only kindness she had yet known, she soon resigned herself and was carried away. Father and mother she never saw again; soon she would not have known them, in the variety of new scenes into which she was thrown. So she grew up a performer in the gymnastics of the circus from her childhood. Her name was changed, as is the custom with that kind of people; but we shall know her only by her last professional title—Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat.

Zenobia, as was to be expected, soon excelled in every trick of her art. None could leap so skillfully as she, or perform such daring feats. She had been stolen away from her parents who did not deserve to be entrusted with her care. As she grew up it was not likely that she would feel any great obligation towards those who had taken her with them for their own advantage. She soon ran away from this first company of rude country performers, and joined herself to another band. Her fame spread, and the little ragged child of the Canadian woods became a great personage in her own curious world.

With different troupes she travelled far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some length of time, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt. Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples in the cities through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingle with others of every class and making their way altogether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door.