



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1875.

NO. 7.

JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES;

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.

For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON.

For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL.

For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWERNY.

For the DIOCESE of ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON.

For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET.

EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK.

Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE; OR A SISTER OF FABIOLA. AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH. COURAGE TO DO RIGHT. We may have courage, all of us, To start at honor's call, To meet a foe, protect a friend, Or face a cannon ball;

CHAPTER XI.—THE SEDITION.

The discontent became louder and louder, and spread rapidly on every side. The most ferocious arguments were maintained between the malcontents and those who were inclined to defend the General. The evil had now assumed alarming proportions, and had reached its climax. "The traitor!" "Down with the traitor!" was heard in every quarter, mingled with savage replies of "It is a lie!" "A calumny!" and the different parties would have come to blows, had not Sylvain interposed, and made a sign of his hand to beg them to desist and keep silence while he spoke. It was some time before order was restored.

by the god of war. Let us then appease them, for if we remain inactive, instead of victory and green laurels to deck our brow, the sand upon which you tread at this moment will become your grave. Follow me then to your chief, and surround me while I speak to him of the immortal gods, and communicate to him my heavenly message. He has been called a Christian. We shall soon know. He must preside officially at the sacrifice. It will prove his innocence if he complies; if he refuses, it will prove his guilt. This, O warriors! is the only means of appeasing the wrath of our great Mars!"

tered in the sun. There were many who still respected their commander, and who were opposed to extremities, but they were carried on by the irresistible force of the current. At this moment a dagger suddenly gleamed in the air. Sylvain would have the glory to himself and he had seized the chief by the throat, but as the deadly weapon was descending, he was caught by two guards who held him with a firm and steady grasp. He was marched to the General's tent, and there bound tightly in iron chains.

CHAPTER XII.—THE PARDON.

The Numidians had profited by the visit of Afer. At an appointed hour, they had gathered together and prepared themselves for the attack. The signal was given, and the barbarian's horde rushed wildly from the wood and came flying over the intervening space.

ment of the nerves, was an indication that life was ebbing fast. Father, he said in a feeble voice to Aruntius, what think you of the wound? It is mortal, is it not? God is all powerful, my dear friend, and even though we are on the point of death a breath from on high may re-animate the spark which is dying out. Venerable Aruntius, fear not. How often have I confronted death on the field of battle? It is hard however, to die by the hand of an assassin. I should have desired to fall gloriously by the sword of the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE FALSEHOOD AND TEMPTATION.

Vivia was confined to her room for days after she had learned the tragic end of her beloved husband. Her mother and Felicity were ever by her side to minister to her wants and console her in her affliction.

breast of Jarbas, he fled from the camp. He took care to gain time during the short period of excitement, and though he suffered a great deal from the punishment which had been inflicted upon him by the Numidian King, still he continued to urge on his fiery steed for hours. Night came, and he descended from his horse to take a little repose, but long before the sun arose, he was in the saddle and pursuing his way onward. He was accustomed to the forest, and it was not difficult for him to find his way. In the day the course of the sun was his chart, and in the night the appearance of the stars was sufficient to guide him through the trackless brakewood. It was impossible for the cavalry to pursue him. He knew this, and a savage grin played upon his thick lips as he exulted over his deed of blood. The image of his native land presented itself before his excited imagination and cheered him onward in his journey. He would have plenty of gold likewise. But what if his master endeavored to withdraw from his engagement, and refuse to fulfill the conditions of the contract which he had made? He would use the same poignard, and perhaps with as sure an aim. Gold and liberty were the ideas which pre-occupied his mind and beguiled the tediousness and fatigue of his march. Five days passed over, and he came within sight of Carthage. It was day when he first perceived the neighboring height, and his heart distended as he reflected that he was so near the termination of his journey and so near the consummation of a life-long dream. He turned aside, and concealed himself in a shady recess until nightfall, when he thought he could enter more safely the precincts of the city. The sun disappeared in the west, and the shades of night closed around, leaving only here and there a solitary star to shed its dim and uncertain light through the breaks in the clouds. Afer demanded nothing better than this. About midnight he arrived unperceived at the house of Jubal.