

FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

THE MAGDALENE AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The night, it is dark, and the churchyard is drear, The wall of the wind is the one sound I hear, The night birds sing 'round me, in low, mournful tone...

Alone! while the stars their patient watch keep— I sit by the grave of my mother, and weep. And I rest my white cheek on the cold marble stone...

SAINT BERNARD AS NOVICE.

Nobil porto del mondo e di fortuna, Di sacri e dolci studi alta quiete, Silenzii amici, e vaghe chiostrare, e liete!

—TASSO.

By J. F. L., D.D.

I.

Carried along by Bernard's enthusiasm for the cloister, we had quite overlooked a touching episode in the history of his retirement from the world—I mean his bidding farewell to home, Bernard and his brothers, before shutting themselves up in Cîteaux, went to Fontaines to embrace their father and to ask his blessing.

Paganism had its anchorites, Timon shunned the human race, Crates, they say, distributed his large fortune among the poor. Demosthenes in the beginning of his career retired into the deepest solitude.

Why should they? They were rich and noble, high in the favor of their feudal lord—some for deeds of valor achieved, others for deeds of valor expected.

Moreover, Paganism, the religion of a corrupted heart, can logically produce its Timons, and Protestantism, the religion of an egotistic mind, can breed its Swifts, but can a true Catholic be a misanthrope?

Demosthenes retired from the bustle of the world so did Bernard; but the Pagan orator retired, only to reappear with greater splendor; the Christian monk, in the hope and resolution that his name should die and be forgotten.

Bernard left his home, sold what he possessed and gave it to the poor; this Crates, the philosopher had also done, and many other pagans despised riches," says St. Jerome. But their motives were different.

In Bernard's age, there was little glory to be gained in embracing a life of solitude and poverty. What was rare and striking among the Pagans had become an every day occurrence in the Church.

full into gentle reader to imagine that the prayers and the good works of the monks and hermits are of avail to themselves alone. Although they have left the world, they have not left the Church.

But what a long digression! In the year 1113, from the Incarnation of our Lord, the fifteenth of the founding of Cîteaux, Bernard, servant of God, about twenty-two years of age with upwards of thirty companions, Stephen being then Abbot, entered Cîteaux, and bowed his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ.

The Cistercians adhered strictly to the rule of St. Benedict. They ate little, they slept little, and divided their time between prayer, study, and heavy work in the fields and forests.

Bernard's conduct as novice is recorded to have been exemplary. His obedience, humility, recollection were such as to astonish and gladden the aged Abbot.

In his fasts and vigils he allowed his youthful ardor to carry him to an excessive length. His constitution, naturally frail and delicate, demanded a care and indulgence which the zealous novice was not disposed to exercise.

He, however, persevered in his efforts to comply with the rule, though it needed his spirit and resolution to dig the earth, fell trees, and carry wood while scarce able to stand.

After a year of novitiate Bernard and his companions pronounced with deep emotion the solemn vows which severed all connections between them and the world.

THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S WRECK.

THE ROCKY COAST WHERE THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES WAS STRANDED—MALTA AS IT IS—A VISIT TO THE GROTTO OF CALYPSO.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes from Malta to the San Francisco Chronicle as follows:—

"All day we plowed an ugly sea, slowly plowing our way toward Malta. Sicily lay like a blue cloud in the horizon when I went on deck in the early morning, and like a blue cloud it faded out of the horizon and was seen no more.

Malta is certainly a very lovely island. It is quite the fashion to speak lightly of its soil; there is little of it; and to call the water brackish, and to wonder why there are three little islands in the group when one of that sort would be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable soul.

"Sure enough, there was a certain creek with a shore, and on the cliff above the shore, a colossal statue of the Saint, just distinguishable in the twilight, a great white figure like a ghost, brooding over the fretful sea.

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The Saint was, after all, the best seaman of the lot for without him that company would not have got safely to shore. In the morning they got up their anchors, made sail, and drove their bows right into the sandy beach, and the ship went to pieces, and every one of the two hundred three-score and sixteen souls set foot on Malta without stopping to consider the beauty or barrenness of the island at the moment.

"My Maltese friend assures me that the snakes in Malta, and there are plenty of them, are all perfectly harmless, and that this has been the case ever since St. Paul shook the viper from his hand into the fire, on the bank yonder, on the morning after the wreck.

"When I had come to the end of my sojourn in Malta, and was thinking on the chief point of interest on the sixty monotonous miles of coast, my eye chanced to fall upon this paragraph in a small history of the island that lay open before me.—'St. Paul's bay is now a watering place, where many of the inhabitants spend the summer months.'

"Half an hour's ride from Saint Paul's watering place is the grotto of Calypso. Could Homer have ever seen it, or was he born blind that he sung of the spot in a strain that ought to increase immigration to Malta?—It is now celebrated for the enormous quantities of sandwiches and soda water consumed on the premises, and there is not a line of Homer discernible as far as the eye could reach.

"It was after sunset when we steamed into the harbor of Valett and let go our anchor. Half an hour before we had been rolling up and under the low cliffs of the island, and finding it difficult to picture any given object; but now we lay as still as a lagoon in the deep, quiet waters, only a stone's throw from the shore.

IRELAND NINETY YEARS AGO.

Nearly a generation since a little work entitled "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was published in Dublin, and was attributed—we believe accurately—to a distinguished barrister, who afterwards found his way to the Bench, the late Rt. Hon. J. E. Walsh, sometime Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

To commence with, he it always remembered, that ninety years ago Dublin had no police, and the sole guardians of the peace of the city were certain decrepit and useless old watchmen, appointed under an act which directed that the posts should be filled "by honest men and good Protestants."

"The streets were from every point of view appalling. There were no areas in front of houses, and the spouts projected out either from the roof or half way down the wall so as to pour in torrents over a large space below after every shower.

"These natural advantages are enhanced by the ancient ruins which are scattered far and wide over the island. Linking the present with the glories of the past, those majestic remains stand for the most part in the midst of scenes of great natural beauty, and the additional charms which they impart to such favored spots has been felt and acknowledged even by strangers, unacquainted with their history.

The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure— A thousand ages rolled away, and still those fountains endure: As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod, The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God.

The Scripture of Creation holds no fairer type than they— That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay.

These old ruins, then, are a treasure which every Irishman should prize; and the following item of news relative to them which came by one of the late mails, is calculated to afford pleasure: "At a general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy—we quote from the Dublin Daily Express—"The President, Dr. Stocks, delivered an inaugural address in the course of which, after referring to several of the more interesting papers read before the Academy during the last session, he said he sincerely hoped that Sir John Lubbock's Ancient Monument Bill would be passed during the next session of Parliament.

In fact, not alone in Dublin, but in the country, not in one class but in all classes of society, fighting was the great pastime in the Ireland of ninety years ago. The list of noted duellists includes the names of Lord Chancery, Lord Chief Justice Clonmel, Baron Metge, Justice Patterson, Lord Chief Justice Norbury, Grattan, Curran, Hely Hutchinson, Dr. Duigenan, &c. The people followed the example of their betters, and for whole days the quays of Dublin were impassable owing to the furious battles waged between the tailors and weavers of the Coombe and the butchers of Ormond-market, on Ormond-quay.

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THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF IRELAND.

The beauties which nature has, with bounteous hand, bestowed on Ireland, have been extolled by many pens and many tongues. Tourists have visited the country from England and Scotland, from France, Germany and other parts of the Continent, and all have paid the same tribute of praise to the grandeur of its coast and mountain scenery, and to the tranquil loveliness of its lakes and rivers, of its plains and valleys.

"There may be seen lakes of Alpine beauty; streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their sparkling waters down rugged precipices; deep glens and sombre ravines, where the dark mountain shadows make twilight of the summer noon; mountains whose bare and craggy peaks seem to pierce the clouds; romantic woods and picturesque glades, with fertile, warm and pleasant valleys."

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the extremely defective character of the list of ancient Irish monuments now before the Church Temporalities Commissioners, a list which specified only twenty-five monuments. Of the 125 Round Towers, which were noted as in existence at the close of last century, only 75 are now standing. It will be truly a shame if, through the neglect and carelessness of the present generation, they are allowed to perish, after having for centuries so nobly resisted the wasting power of Time.

The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys of our land; In mystic file through the isle, they lift their heads sublime. These gray-old pillar temples—these conquerors of time! Beside these gray old pillars how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek. And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires— All are gone, one by one, but the temple of our sires.

We earnestly hope that effective measures will be taken to preserve these relics of Ireland's past greatness. The preservation of her ancient language and literature will be the surest means of keeping alive the spirit of nationality, and of transmitting from generation to generation, that love of country for which her children have ever been remarkable.—Dublin Irish Times.

THE BITER BITTEN.

Chief Justice Pyne, who was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1864, had the reputation of being influenced in his judicial capacity by gifts. He had a landed property on the banks of the Blackwater in Munster, called Waterpark, to which he repaired after the fatigues of the Munster Circuit. Being of a bucolic taste, he cultivated good breeds of cattle, and was noted for the value of his stock.

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