



VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1875.

NO. 6.

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 CRINNON.

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

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

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.

ON THE CENTENARY REJOICINGS.

As beautiful Erin awoke from her sleeping,
Her children assembled to gratitude's call.
The clouds rolled above her too lightly for weeping,
And kept back the tears ever ready to fall.
Bright was that day of rejoicing and gladness,
Remembering that only a century ago
Our poor little island was shrouded in darkness,
Her children enveloped in mantles of woe.
Unplunged, uncaared-for, this gem of the ocean
Lay stripped of her glory and time-honoured
name,
Her sons broken-hearted lay still without motion,
And sighed for the freedom long sought for in
vain
The soft winds of heaven waft high above them
The incense of prayer to the region of light
And the Father who promised to cherish and love
them
Now sent them a chief filled with wisdom and
might.
Poor Erin stood up at the voice of her Leader,
He unbowed her limbs, and pressed her fair brow,
With that ardour he felt in trying to aid her
To gain all those blessings which she enjoys now.
That voice is still echoed to purple crowned mountains,
O'er sweet-scented valleys and murmuring rills,
And over bright streams to her own matchless foun-
tains,
As when it was cheered on her green-crested
hills.
Oh, Erin, dear mother! sweet pearl of the waters,
Thy bright robes of freedom are known to the
world,
As you fondly called back lost sons and fair daugh-
ters
And proudly raised your gay flags all unfurled,
To honour the loved son who's mission was peace;
His pure soul could see nothing better nor
greater
Than to live and to labour and die for his race.
Oh! great were the deeds of the great Liberator!
—Dublin Freeman.

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE;

OR
A SISTER OF FABIOLA.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER X.—THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN.

Before the birth of Christ, the sublime virtue of continence was unknown to the world. There was one, the lovely Virgin of Israel, who understood it and who cherished it as a precious jewel. It was thus that she prepared herself and rendered herself worthy, to carry in her womb the eternal son of God. Her mind illumined from on high, had appreciated its excellence and her heart, inspired with divine love had experienced its mysterious charm. Idolatry, the offspring of pride and voluptuousness and the natural stimulant to deeds of the flesh, could never elevate itself sufficiently to contemplate the dignity of this virtue. It could never understand how it immolates the entire being and offers it in sacrifice to God, and that there is nothing which assimilates one, more to the Angels of Heaven, than purity of heart, and purity of mind. Those vestals of paganism, those priestesses of the North and of Gaul, who had sworn to celibacy, had not yet arrived at the idea of that voluntary immolation, that interior purity of the heart which was required from the Christian Virgin. Their restrictions were exterior, and all that was dreaded was the enforcement of those civil laws which were established to punish the violation of their vows. Their weaknesses and prevarications were regarded by themselves as naught, provided they were not exposed before the eyes of men or made known to the authorities of the empire. But they forgot, or rather they had never known that God saw into the

depths of the heart, and beheld their interior departure from their vows. They did not reflect, that their legal outward continence was of no avail so long as it was not in strict accordance with the interior emotions of the soul, so long as it was not the type and perfect reflection of movements of the mind and dispositions of the heart.

Even among the chosen people of God, virginity was without honour, for sterility carried in its train obloquy and shame. The daughter of Jephtha, consecrated to the Lord by the imprudence of her father, bitterly regrets her vow and mourns over the obligation of keeping her sacred promise. She asks permission to retire to the solitude of the mountains, to weep over her exclusion from society and the sweets of family affection. She had listened to her father's words and if she had any merit, it was her obedience and her generous sacrifice.

The Gospel rejected by the house of Judaea and of Israel, is announced to the nations of the earth. A new spirit, descended from above, reanimates these masses which corruption had brought to the verge of moral extinction, and there appeared that new faith which renews the face of the earth. Charity began now to extend its limits and exert its genial influence upon all the interests of life. That sympathy natural to different associations was no longer mistaken for this sublime virtue, and was obliged to throw off its disguise and manifest itself, such as it was, before the world. Humility succeeded to ambition, and taught men how to suffer patiently, contempt, opprobrium in defence of their faith. It was this spirit that raised up heroes of a new kind, who smiled at death and sighed at its approach, desiring that their blood might be mingled with that of their Redeemer. Thousands were threatened with all the tortures human malice could invent, if they continued to follow the Religion of the Crucified Nazarene, but they flattered not but bravely stood forth to make public profession of faith, before the Judges who had assembled to condemn them. Persecution raged, but it only served to bring out in more prominent relief the power and vigor of this infant Church. It was however, still small, and was but a spark, a faint glimmering light that shone amidst the universal darkness of pagan superstition.

In this general movement, Chastity became a distinguished rank among the virtues. It was not necessary to pass through blood in order to obtain the merit of this virtue, nor was it necessary that its combats or its triumphs should be visible to any but the all-seeing eye of God. But nevertheless, it was likewise to have its heroes. Many followed in the footsteps of St. Paul and the Queen of Virgins, and carried in their hands the lily as a symbol of that purity to which they had consecrated the remainder of their existence.

From the time that St. Paul wrote his letter to the Corinthians, many young Christian ladies, noble and plebeian, free and slave, had promised perpetual continence and sealed it by a solemn vow. The Apostle called them by the endearing name of the " betrothed of the Divine spouse." He encouraged them in the choice which they had made, and inspired them with strength to continue to the end. Their love, he told them, would not now be divided between God and the perishable things of the earth—that they would escape the sorrows and troubles incident to the family, and be separated from that worldly pleasure, which only brought misery in its train. He would recall to them the vision of St. John, who in his ecstasies of love had seen the followers of the Immaculate Lamb and heard them sing that mysterious canticle, that none can sing but those who have been pure.

The Church of Carthage was flourishing at this time. There were many here likewise, who had taken vows and the singular modesty of their deportment stood out in agreeable contrast with the sad indications of debauchery and corruption, which marked the features of the pagan youth. Many had been born even under the shadow of the Cross, and as it expiates the abominations of the City, and make some little return to God for his outraged mercy, they had presented themselves before the Bishop in order to take the solemn vow of virginity. Rufina was amongst them, and distinguished herself above them all by her eminent piety and habits of retirement. But there was another who was about to join their order.

Angela belonged to a rich and influential family. They had formerly lived in Rome, but the interests of Commerce induced them to take up their abode in Carthage. The father and mother were Christians. It was now some time since they had abandoned their vocation and withdrawn from public affairs. They had been led to this step from motives of religion, for they desired some little time for recollection and prayer now that they were old and naturally verging to the grave. They gave alms in abundance and were unceasing in their efforts to assuage the sufferings of the poor and distressed whom the pagans left in want and destitution. The example which they gave was not without its effect. Many were edified at their generous endeavors in the cause of humanity and of religion; and were brought to examine without prejudice, those doctrines for which before they entertained sentiments of the greatest horror.

Angela manifested from her most tender years a disposition to piety. At that age when children think of nothing but play, she was often found concealed in some secret corner, with her little hands joined in prayer and the silken la-hes of her bright blue eyes uplifted with a look of sweetness and love. The Crucifix was her delight and often she knelt before it and poured out the deepest effusions of her soul.

When she was twelve years old, her parents came suddenly upon her when she was praying and absorbed with reflections on Heaven. Her form appeared to them to have an extraordinary brilliancy, as if illumined by the rays of the noonday sun. Her features had assumed an angelic look and from her lips escaped at intervals, sweet accents of love. She seemed as if she was conversing face to face, with the beloved whom she adored, and as she kept pressing her hand upon her heart to suppress its violent movements, she would eagerly listen as if the ministering spirits were bringing her communications from on high. There was nothing rash or unrefined in her character, but on the contrary an air of calmness and sweetness accompanied all her movements. She was ever the same. The different influences which were brought to bear upon her

mind did not disturb its equanimity; it was like a pathway that was smooth and even, without any inequalities to cause the feet to stumble. She possessed a strange, mysterious power of attraction. All around her felt the charm of her society and there was none that could leave her without experiencing the deepest feelings of regret. She would speak to her young companions and her subject was always about the virtues of the faith. Many who felt a repugnance before contemplating points of such an elevated nature, felt pleasure in them as they were discussed by lips so pure as hers. They would leave aside their levity for the moment to sit by her side, and all around were visible the sparkling eyes and gestures of anxious expectation. And how could it be otherwise? We are naturally wise when reposing under the shadow of wisdom itself.

Angela entertained a horror for any thing like deception. Her lips were unswayed by any fault of this kind. Though but a child, she was frank and open and would readily admit whatever she had done. Her parents were for her in the place of God, and she obeyed them with simplicity and joy. She had read in the Gospel how Jesus, when an infant, was subject to Joseph and Mary, and these words had made such a vivid impression upon her young mind, that she resolved to cultivate, in a particular manner, the virtue of obedience. The events of her after life show that she kept her sacred promise.

She desired to consecrate her virginity to God and for this reason spoke to the Bishop. She presented her request with such unction and fervor, and expressed in such ardent terms what happiness she would experience in becoming the affianced of Christ, that the Holy Bishop thought that the Lord had, indeed spoken by her lips and that he had visibly marked her with his seal as a sign of her being predestinated to this alliance. She was admitted as a postulante according to the customs of that age. Angela withdrew into solitude and never issued forth from her close retreat unless to assist at the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. She was like the happy contemplative of Bethaniam. Her prayers were not the elevation of the mind towards an invisible God, so much, as familiar interviews such as if the object of her thoughts had taken before her real and tangible form. She would remain for hours together, upon her knees, with her hands stretched out towards the image of Christ, her lips half opened, and upon them a smile of indescribable sweetness displaying the ecstatic ravishments of her loving heart.

The days of her novitiate had passed and she now looked forward to the time when she would be enabled to realise her most ardent wishes—her consecration to God.

She was kneeling before the Bishop while a choir of Virgins stood around chanting appropriate hymns and making the Church resound with sweet peals of music. Rufina was there among the rest. Marcella, a noble patrician of Carthage, was chosen, together with Rufina, to act the part of witnessess. The assembly was numerous. All who knew Angela, desired to be present at the ceremony, in order to show their appreciation of her modesty and good behavior. She was to retire from their midst, and it was a duty incumbent upon every one to pay this last tribute to one, who, while amongst them had so well fulfilled the duties of a Christian life. Julia likewise attended, accompanied with her daughter Vivia.

The altar was decorated with the richest kind of ornaments. It seemed as if it were one of the great feast-days of the year. A linen cloth of extreme whiteness was spread over the sacred stone and fell on either sides in graceful folds to the ground. It was edged with a fringe of the most exquisite and elaborate embroidery upon which were designed the memorials of the passion. Bouquets of flowers, the fragrance of which filled the air around, were artistically arranged in vases of alabaster placed between the candlesticks on either side of the tabernacle. The Sanctuary was covered with a carpet of rich and elegant workmanship, and to the right and left were deposited statues of the Apostles resting upon pedestals sculptured with the most eminent skill, and representing in relief the principal events of their respective lives. Chandeliers hung from the ceiling, each containing several lights, and gorgeous lamps of gold and silver, the gifts of the noble Christian families, hung around the altar as the symbol of Faith, as well as of homage to the Sacrament of love that reposed so humbly beneath the veils of its earthly tabernacle. There was profound and universal silence. It was like the moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host, so great was the attention of all minds upon the solemn event which was about to take place.

Optilius, the Bishop, rises from his throne. The mitre is placed on his head and he holds his crozier as the sign of his spiritual authority. In a few words he refers to the sublimity of that holy virtue of purity, that in a body which is perishable and subject to the humiliating law of sin, it elevates man and assimilates him to the innocence of the Angels; that this virtue must be precious, when the Mother of God esteemed it above the sublime prerogatives of her divine maternity; that Christ had paid it a tribute of excellence, when in his incarnation, he suspended a law of nature in order to be born of a Virgin; that he prized this virtue in St. John, called him his beloved disciple and allowed him to lean upon his breast because he was pure.

"This vocation," he continued, "proceeds from the will of God. The creature has no right to his election. The vocation for a life of continence is the highest to which he can aspire but at the same time it imposes the most serious and important duties and demands the exercise of the most eminent virtues. The Christian Virgin ought to love retirement, avoid the world and its seductions and meditate without ceasing upon the law of the Lord. She must guard and nourish with the most assiduous care the tender flower of her innocence and thus at the close of life present to God the lily as a symbol of her right to enter among the followers of the Lamb."

The saintly Pontiff finished and giving his mitre and crozier to his attendants, he turned round and knelt before the altar. The sweet plaintive melody of a canticle, such as is sung before the throne of God, resounded through the Church, and bore aloft like incense in his sight, the fervent aspirations of the pious crowd.

When the hymn was finished, Angela knelt before the Bishop who had now occupied his seat on the left of the Sanctuary.

"What demandest thou, Angela, asked the Bishop in the terms of the formula.

"My Father," she replied, with her eyes modestly cast down and her hands crossed upon her breast, "My Father, if I am not unworthy, I would ask the veil of Consecration, and take my rank from to-day among the chaste followers of Christ."

"Thy piety is known to me; thy virtues form the happiness of thy parents and edify the Church of Carthage, but the favor which thou asked is one that is great indeed. The duties of a Virgin are, as I have told you, serious and important. Hast thou seriously reflected upon this before God?"

"What conclusion could I, the least of the servants of the Lord, form unless I had designed to enlighten me from above? From my twelfth year I have sighed continually for the grace which I now implore of your hands."

"The world, my child presents nothing but danger to a young and tender heart. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The Church, which is just passing from its embryonic state to the beauty of a fragrant blossom, enjoys the benefit of tranquility and peace. But the tempest may rise at any moment. Art thou strong enough to take that veil which covers thy hood, and bathes it in thy blood? Art thou strong enough to confess the faith before the armed emissaries of the law and obtain the palm of martyrdom?"

"My Father, of myself I can do nothing, but I can do all things with grace of God. My heart beats with an ardent love for my Divine spouse and I long to be united to him in the eternal bonds of virginity consecrated by a solemn vow. I feel that I could withstand the terrors of death in the service of Him who has robbed death of its sting by giving victory to the grave. Yes! My Father, I feel that I can steep this sacred veil in my blood, in the same manner as Potamiana did lately at Alexandria."

As the youthful virgin spoke, her countenance assumed a brilliant appearance, and a look of heavenly joy beamed from sparkling eyes. A tear coursed down the cheeks of the Venerable Pontiff, and he endeavored to reply but emotion choked his utterance. At length he said, "My child, let it be done according to your desire. Christ receives you as his spouse and the Church of Carthage admits you amongst the number of its virgins."

Angela retained her usual serenity and quiet composure. There was however, a mysterious tenderness in her sweet face as if she was again in close and personal interview with Christ, whom she called her "beloved." Accents of love and gratitude fell from her lips, and her hands, pressed convulsively upon her heart indicated that she was afraid of yielding to the violence of those divine impressions.

The ceremony went on, Rufina and Marcella assisting. Angela remained motionless and absorbed in a peaceful ecstasy, and perhaps she did not feel the trembling hand of the Pontiff as he impressed upon her brow the sign of the Cross before covering her with the veil which was the symbol of her solemn consecration.

She then arose and ascended the steps of the altar and laid her head for some time upon the altar stone before the tabernacle. This was to signify that the sacrifice which she was making to the Lord, was made spontaneously on her part. She then took a crown of flowers which her companions had prepared and held them elevated for some time likewise as an offering to her beloved. That part of the ceremony was finished and she accordingly descended from the altar giving her hand to kissing, to the numbers that pressed around her, at the same time that the enclosure rang with the canticle of thanksgiving.

The sacrifice of the Mass now commenced and during this period, Angela retired to her former place, and the equanimity, the steady even aspect of her features during this moving ceremony would lead one to suppose that she was supported throughout by her Guardian Angels or that her beloved had come especially to her aid. When the deacon turned round and announced to the Catechumens that the Mass was finished and that the people should retire, a young woman bathed in tears and holding an infant in her arms, rushed forward and threw herself at the knees of Angela. Her emotion was too great to speak but from her convulsive lips were audible the words "pray for me." It was Vivia. The consecration of a noble young lady to the service of God was indeed a touching spectacle, nor was its effect lost upon her mind so susceptible of vivid impressions. Angela embraced her and imprinted on her brow the kiss of peace. "Courage Vivia," she said, in a half whisper, "a rich crown is reserved for thee too, bought at the price of thy blood." Vivia started at the prophecy.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SEDITION.

It was far advanced in the night. The sky was shrouded in impenetrable darkness, and the violence of the wind indicated the approach of a storm. The soldiers of Jarbas had been under arms the whole day and were now reposing tranquilly in their tents. There were sentinels placed in different places round the encampment, but it was impossible to hear their measured tread from the growling of the tempest.

There was an old soldier who slept not that night. A feeble light shone in his tent. He walked to and fro and his nervous gait and anxious gaze would lead one to suppose that something important filled his mind and gave him trouble. There was a sand glass on the table and this he watched from time to time with feverish impatience. Occasionally he would remove the canvass which served as a door and would look out and listen in order to catch the slightest noise.

"What could have happened to him?" he said to himself. "Has he lost his way in the woods or on the sands of the desert? Has some assassin put an end to his days? Perhaps he has betrayed me. The wretch! for a piece of gold he will stop at nothing. Nothing too base or too villainous for him to perform so long as the reward is that false glittering metal!"

Just at this moment the door opened and Afer entered noiselessly, all covered with sweat and dust.

"What kept thee? Thou oughtest to have been here long ago. But, tell me, hast thou seen the

Chief of the Numidians? How did he receive my message?"

"Rather reservedly, I must say, at first. I fancy though that I went the right way about it. But the savage took me for a spy and accused me of having come to examine the strength of his forces and the position of his army. He would scarcely listen to me. He caused me to be thrown into irons and to be tortured in order to extort by violence a confession of what I was and all I knew. Happily, I had nothing to conceal, and if I had, I would have told all to escape from that horrible place. What a barbarian he is—the Chief of the Numidians! By the gods, my bones are all out of joint! If I recover the use of my legs, it is all I can aspire to after that infernal excursion!"

"How didst thou get back to the camp?" inquired Sylvain, half angry and half amused at the final issue of the scheme. "Didst thou return on foot?"

"By order of the General, one of the barbarian horsemen took me behind him on the saddle and left me within a mile of the camp. I could not get him any farther. He was afraid, I imagine, that he might afterwards have reason to suppose he had caught a tartar. I had used all the force of my eloquence upon him to persuade him to approach somewhat nearer and I do not know how long I might have continued exhausting myself in the beauties of our language, if I had not suddenly found out that he did not understand a word! I then had to have recourse to signs and gave him an occasional pinch, but the romantic general was inflexible and threatened to pitch me off, if I did not descend gently and gracefully like a cavalier. I did so, and after dragging myself along against darkness and a rugged road, I have at last arrived; may the immortal gods be praised for ever and ever!"

"Well, well, that is all very good, but will he profit by the plan we have laid out for him? Will he come to-morrow at the head of his cavalry as that he may arrive just at the rising in the camp? Afer, we cannot do without his aid. I know the dispositions of the army. Many will take the side of Jarbas. I have every hope of success, but one indispensable element is the confusion among our soldiers which the sudden assault of their cavalry will occasion.

"When the tiger of a man, continued Afer, saw that I persisted in what I had said at first, notwithstanding the horrible tortures they put me to, he changed his tone and listened to me attentively in all I had to say. After some moments reflection he said he would give me an answer the next day."

"And that answer, what is it?"

To will come with all his cavalry, which is composed of barbarians whose savage grin and outlandish dress would frighten the whole army of Carthage, at least if I can judge from the fellows into whose company I was accidentally thrown. To-morrow at the hour when the sun has reached mid-heaven, he will issue forth from the forest and fall like an avalanche upon our intrenchments. The impetuosity of these Numidian cavaliers is irresistible, for their horses fly through space without leaving the impress of their feet upon the sand."

"Good! good! The immortal gods are for us. Afer, to-morrow, then, my dagger will have done its work; Jarbas shall die and the wretched Vivia shall mourn in the garment of a widow! But Afer, go and rest thyself. Thou art wearied faithful servant, and a little quiet and repose after such a long and perilous journey will add new strength to thy heart and nerve to thy arm. So, here, lie down and sleep."

Afer was soon in a slumber for the degree of anxiety which oppressed his mind in the day, was not quite so great as to disturb him in the night with fitful dreams or spectral illusions. As for Sylvain, sleep existed not for him. He must be up and doing. There were several yet to whom he wished to speak, and prepare them for the approaching outbreak. There were instructions to give—the plan of attack to be more maturely considered—various exigencies to comply with, and many difficulties to overcome. But the mirage of success was on his track and the weather beaven, wrinkled visage of the freedman assumed the expression of a savage scowl. He was nothing daunted. He was sure the gods had given him some token of their friendship and their assistance was omnipotent. But still the affair was precarious and difficult, and it was necessary that all the faculties of his mind should co-operate in bringing matters to a successful issue.

"Not a word, Afer, or all may be lost," he said in going out of the tent. The slave said nothing, but smiled at the useless suggestion.

The storm had increased. The thunder bellowed like as if the heavens had opened, and the lightning flashed as if they were all on fire. It was a night most favorable for Sylvain, who was occupied in fixing the preliminaries and drawing out the scheme of operation. The morning came, however, and the clouds disappeared. The storm was over. The sun arose and its ray shot brilliantly through the pure and tranquil atmosphere. The soldiers had risen and were sauntering to and fro, enjoying such delightful weather after the severity of the night. A false alarm had been given in the camp some days before, and the details, somewhat ridiculous, formed the subject of consultation. Many jokes were passed, and the laughter was universal. But, suddenly, arguments of a seditious nature succeeded to this peaceful topic, and in a short time murmurs and recriminations rent the air, representing in miniature the storm of the elements. Minds were exasperated and driven to a pitch of fury. Some, yielding to the fool impulse of their enthusiasm, drew forth their weapons and brandished them defiantly in the air; others, again, stamped their feet with rage, and gave vent to their anger in blasphemous and curses. All occurred suddenly, as if by magic. "Why not fight the enemy at once? The voice of our country demands it!" cried numbers in a state of desperation, and running backward and forwards as if to incite the camp to rise in arms.

"Are our bones to bleach this mountain soil while our glory is tarnished by this life of idleness and misery?"

"Ah, misery!" cried one; "what does our young General care for that, so long as he is comfortable in his luxurious tent?"

"Yes! You are right," cried out another; "what does he care for active life when he can pass his time in games which are only fit for women?"

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)