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GOFF BROS.

The Holy Host.

By Rev. C. W. B.

Why dost thou dwell, O Saviour dear,
So still in that lone house of thine,
Without one ray of light devine,
One sound to tell us thou art near?
Faint though the halo round Thy head,
'Twould bring all nations to thy feet,
And bid them know that heavenly meat
Thy voice that called, Thy hand that fed,
Thine ever blessed heart that bled.

So have we thought; but we are blind;
Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord.
There beams no light, there breathes no word.
And few are they that seek and find
Yet those that seek—because thou art
So hidden in Thy lowliness—
How wonderfully dost Thou bless!
How to their thirsty souls impart,
Jesu, the riches of thy heart!

If in thy glory thou wert known,
We could not choose but yield Thee then
All that we have or are; but when
Thou sittest on so mean a throne,
No angel near with flaming sword,
Striking the wicked with dismay,
We might go heedless on our way,
Nor bend the knee Thy throne toward,
Nor do Thee homage as our Lord.

Yet, if Thine awful splendors be
All shrouded thus from mortal eyes;
If all thy glory hidden lies
In sweetness and humility;
Surely, dear Lord, we cannot fail
To Love Thee with a love untold,
And every precious thing to hold
For vilest dross, until we hail
Thy Blessed Face without a veil.

—Messenger of the Sacred Meart.

To A Levite.

By Albert Reinhart, O. P.

Now wakes for thee, thou chosen one the hour
When, from on high, into thy trembling soul,
In fullest measure shall flow that wondrous power,
Subjecting God to frailest man's control,
Today, in self-abasement, thou the least
Of all with whom thy current hours do run—
To-morrow, an anointed, holy Priest,
One of the race by Christ himself begun,
A glory on thy brow, in luster sheer,
Exceeding splendors of seraphic band,
And on thy soul the seal that makes thee peer
E'en of those seven that in preferment stand
Before the mighty Throne. Nay, greater thou,
For never they in consecrated hands
Dared hope to bear Him whom they bow
Before, alert to guess his least commands.
How art thou from thy lowliness upraised!
Lo! Angel feet that ever walked before!
Now, by the gratness of thine office dazed,
Do follow thee, thou Priest of God,! Oh, more
Than blazing Seraph, Cherubim or Throne!
Within the narrow years that sped o'er thee,
What work of fruitful merit hast thou done
To reap reward of such untold degree?
What marvel, then, that, lying prone on earth,
With quivering lips in dust and outstretched arms,
Thy sinking heart laments the awful dearth
Of fitness—throbs with fearfullest alarms?
Arise and stand upon thine altar-throne.
Strong as a king of most potential aid,
'Tis not decreed that thy weak strength alone
Should bear the yoke upon thy shoulder laid;
For with the Pontiff's solemn heaven-born prayer
Decends the seven fold gift, the Paraclete,
Into thy soul, to dwell forever there,
Instilling strength and making burthen sweet.
O God of endless power! O God of love?
Where is the measure of ecstatic bliss
That bears th' enraptured Levite far above
All earthly joy in moments such as this?
And yet to think that such as these
Should fall before the blighting breath of sin,
And sometimes choose, alas! that path of ease
The bleeding feet of Christ ne'er entered in!
But not so thou. I read in tear-lit eye
The pledge of stainless days in swelling soul
Uprising; oh may God the grace supply,
That e'en thy latest hour may find thee whole
And so unspotted in thy priestly guise
That angels hovering near, thy task applaud,
And watch thy soul to heaven's altars rise,
Saying: "This was indeed a Priest of God!"

—The Rosary.

To Reign Until 1898.

The remarkable activity displayed by Leo XIII. in formulating new policies and in inaugurating movements for extending the sphere of the churches influence, has been the wonder of his friends He has taken up measures and started policies which only a man who hoped for a long life ought to undertake. When his friends protested and pointed out that his health had never been sound that he was endangering practical interests in taking up others which the future could look after, that he must not expect to live far beyond seventy, he has scouted their warnings and worked away at the most venturesome enterprises as if he had the secret of an earthly immortality- But all Rome knows the reasons. Leo XIII, relies on a prophecy that he will reign until 1898, and thereby hangs an interesting story.

When Pius IX. was approaching his lasts days there was the usual speculation as to his probable successor. The present Pope was then Cardinal Pecci, and was little thought of as the successor to Pio Nino. He was of a delicate fragile appearance, known as a student, and not in favor with the Romans. At the time there lived in Rome an old and saintly priest known as Padre Philippo. His superior said to him one day, between jest and earnest: "Padre Philippo, who will be our next Pope?" Padre Philippo answered, with promptness and simplicity, although he was the humblest and least pretentious of men: "Cardinal Pecci will be the next Pope, and he will reign twenty years." "I know nothing but that he will be Pope, and will reign twenty years," was the only remark that could be got from the priest in reply to raillery and inquiry on the part of his companions. When it became known that Padre Philippo had prophesied in Cardinal Pecci's favor, the Diplomatic Corps began to study his chances closely.

When in 1878 Pius IX. died, Cardinal Pecci entered upon the duties of Papal chamberlain in the interregnum between the Pope's death and the assemblage of the conclave, and ably discharged the duties At last the conclave assembled. Day by day the people watched the smoke issue from the Vatican chimney, telling the story of burning ballots and the failure to elect a pope. At last, on Feb. 20, the smoke failed to issue from the pipe, and shortly after, from the loggia of St. Peter's, a banner with the legend 'Pecci' announced the election and the successful candidate. The first part of the prophecy had proved true.

Of coure, Leo XIII. had been the first to hear of Padre Philippo's prophecy, and, as soon as he had the time, sent for the old priest, that he might hear with his own ears a prophecy of which half had been fulfilled. The saintly priest repeated his prophecy with a child's simplicity. "How do you know that I shall reign twenty years?" said the Pope- "I know nothing, but that you will reign twenty years, and accomplish much for the world," said the old man. He never said more on the subject, and lived only a few years longer, held in the highest honor by the Pope. Now for the second part of the prophecy Leo XIII. made up his mind to acccept the prediction of a twenty years, reign. He set his whole policy to that key. It was presented to him that a few matters of importance well handled would be of value to the Church, while many things just begun in the face or death would be useless. His only reply to each objection was: "I shall live a few years more, long enough to start this matter well."

In this mood he took up all the great movements. At every crisis his opponents were encouraged to hold on in the hope of his speedy death. He was nerved to refuse all compromise by the thought that he had some years yet to live. When negotiating to bring Bismarck to Canossa, as the saying is, the chancellor made a few breaks on the expectation of his speedy departure. When he adopted the cause of the democracy, and declared his intention to support France, forbidding the French bishops to say a word against the Republic, the monarchists smiled at the thought that he would not live long enough to make his support effective. He lived long enough to prevent the heir of the Count of Paris from parading as an official claimant to the French throne, and to let the young man know that he was not wanted at the Papal court.

Instances without number might be cited to prove the confidence which the Pope has had in the prophecy. One must suffice here. It is well known that he is bent on giving the hat to Delegate Satolli before he dies. It would not do to leave the delegate to the favor of the next administration. At any moment he could raise Mgr. Satolli to the Sacred College by a special brief, and his friends have urged it, on the plea of advanced age and debility. "Don't trouble yourselves," has been the steady reply of His Holiness, "I shall live some years yet." It remains to be seen whether that prediction will be fully verified. Yet how much history has been made by the clearsightedness of the old priest; for there is no doubt that Leo XIII. has begun and carried out schemes of admiration and reform which he might never have attempted but for the prediction.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mahdi's Victims.

For a dozen years or more a mob of fanatics in the Soudan have been allowed to hold that region, to oppress the tribes which under a fanatical impulse had joined their revolt against Egypt, to persecute the Christians among them, to hold as prisoners under circumstances of blood-curdling horror a small band of Christian whites, loyal citizens of European countries. From time to time some of these prisoners have escaped and have brought us heart-rending accounts of the sufferings they had undergone, and to which their fellows were still condemned. First came Father Bonomi, in 1884; next Father Ohrwalder, with two Italian nuns, in 1891; then Father Rossignoli, in last November, and finally, Slatin Bey, the last of Chinese Gordon's lieutenants, who in February of this year, after nine attempts had failed, succeeded in breaking away from a living death and finding his way back to civilization. But a few remain behind. With every succeeding escape the lot of the rimainder has been made more hard. Heaven only knows the horrors that have been visited upon the handful that remain under the dominion of the Khalifa. In the words of Father Oarwalder, "How long shall Europe—and, above all, that nation which has first part in Egypt and the Soudan, which stands deservedly first in civilizing savage nations—how long shall Europe and Great Britain watch, unmoved, the outrages of the Khalifa? Father Oarwalder gives a heartrending picture of the fate that overtook the captives of El Obeid and Khartoum.

But now a word about the good Father himself. It was in 1881 that he landed in the Soudan, a young man of twenty-five, full of enthusiasm, and joined an Austrian mission ary station among the jet black nativis of the Nuba Hills. With him were associated Father Bonomi, two lay brothers and four nuns. They soon grew deeply attached to the people among whom they labored, finding them peaceful, tractable and well disposed. Soon they made two hundred avowed converts, while hundreds more were favorably impressed. Father Ohrwalder looked forward to a long life of content and usefulness. Then came the Mahdi's revolt. In September, 1882, the entire mission were taken prisoners and despatched to the Mahdi's headquarters under charge of a detachment of Arabs, who treated them on the way with all forms of cruelty and contumely. When they arrived a council was held to consider their fate. The majority were for killing them. But a certain Haji Khaled pointed out that, according to the Moslem law, it was not lawful to kill priests who had not offered any armed resistance. His views of the case prevailed. For a time they suffered a living death in a miserable hut, where they had no change of clothes and became covered with horrible vermin, and, as they had hardly enough water to drink, washing was out of the question. All fell ill, and before a month had passed away two sisters and a lay brother had died, "while we four who still remained, hovering between life and death, lay helpless, side by side, with our dead brothers and sisters. It was a terrible exertion to us to sew the corpses in mats and to drag them to the door of the hut. At length some slaves much against their will, and on the promise of good pay, removed the already decaying bodies and buried them in shallow pits, which they covered up with sand. No one lent a hand to bury these 'Christian dogs' as we were called. It was a terrible grief to us not to accompany our poor companions in adversity to the grave, but we were all too ill to move, and so they were carried away to their last resting place without prayer or chant." Later the little party was increased by Father Rossignoli and four sisters of another mission, who had been captured at El Obeid.

One day a party of thirty men broke into the hut where the poor religious lay, and carried off all the nuns to Khalifa Abdullah. He and Khalifa Sherif used every means to shake the faith of these poor sisters, Sherif even slitting the nose of one with a pair of scissors. They were then distributed among the emirs and sent to Rahad. On the journey they suffered greatly; they were obliged to walk the whole distance barefooted, over thorns and burning sand; they underwent the agony of thirst, and some of them had to carry loads: one of them had not a drop of water to drink for a whole day. These brutal savages were continually beating, insulting and abusing them, and when, tired and weary, they sat down for a moment, they were driven forward under the lash of the cruel whip. On their arrival at Rahad they scarcely looked like human beings, with their faces all scorched and peeled by the burning sun; and here new tortures awaited them. One of them was suspended from a tree and beaten on the soles of the feet until they became swollen and black, and soon afterward the nails dropped off. In spite of all, and notwithstanding the continual threats of these barbarians that they would be violated, these sisters clung firmly to their faith. One night one of them succeeded in escaping to the Mahdi,s hut, and forcing her way into his presence, she appealed vehemently to him against the cruel treatment which she and her companions were suffering at the hands of his tyrannical emirs saying that their only fault was that they resolved to adhere to their own faith. Under other circumstances the Mahdi would never have forgiven this bitter reproach, but when he saw this poor sister wounded and bleeding he pretended that he knew nothing of the matter, and at once ordered all the sisters to be brought to his enclosure, where they were, to some extent safe from ill-treatment; yet they were in constant fear of being dishonored, and therefore decided to seek the protection of some of the Greeks who were in favor of the Mahdi, and who, at the sisters request, sought his permission to take charge of them and care for them. The Mahdi, who really pitied them from his heart, sanctioned the proposal of the Greeks, to whom the sisters were duly handed over; but it was not, of course, admitted that pity for them had induced this decision. Later on, when Khartoum fell and hundreds of the young women who had been in the harems of the town fell into the hands of the Emirs; the persecution of the sisters stopped, and in retirement they at length secured some rest and quiet, gaining their daily bread by sewing and other handiwork. Meanwhile the priests had not been without their share of suffering. Honors and rewards were promised them if they would turn Moslems; stripes and blows were their portion when they remained contumacious. Once Father Ohrwalder was condemned to death. He was led out to the place of execution, his hands were tied behind his back, he was made to kneel on the ground; one executioner had already taken hold of his head by the hair, and was holding it forward so as to expose his neck, the other standing ready to deal the fatal blow. "Not a bit of fear did I feel," said the Father in narrating the event to an interviewer; "indeed, I welcomed death as a relief from my miseries, and was actually disappointed when a messenger arrived from the Mahdi announcing a reprieve." Finally actual persecution ceased, and the priests also, though neglected in one way and narrowly watched in another, were allowed comparative liberty. Although the Mahdi himself professed to respect them as ministers of the Christian religion, he paid very little attention to their welfare, and Father Ohrwalder had to support himself and his friends by divers ingenious devices, such as manufacturing a rough ribbon loom almost at guesswork and working ribbons on it for sale by the help of an unravelled pattern. The work, hard in itself, was made doubly hard by an exhausting illness of a chronic kind.

In 1885 Father Ohrwalder had the melancholy pleasure of aiding his friend Father Bonomi to escape. When the fact was discovered precautions were taken to guard against any other escapes. For a time it went hard with the whites who remained. From 1885 until the end of 1891 not a European prisoner escaped from the Soudan. Then through the agency of Major Wingate, a trusty agent was secured, and camels were brought to Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder and two Sisters, with a black slave girl, stole out of Omdurman by night, and after a headlong and exhausting ride of five hundred miles over the desert reached the Egyptian outposts and were free. Then after a long interval followed the sensational escape of Father Rossignoli. Hardly had the civilized world been electrified by this news than it was called on for new congratulations in the still more sensational escape of Slatin Bey, or Slatin Pacha, as he is now called. Slatin had been Gordon's lieutenant and the Governor General of a province. At Darra, in 1882, although surprised on all sides by a far superior force of rebels, he gained a splendid victory, after killing 2,000 of them, and until his little army was reduced to 700 men by sickness and demoralization, owing to the annihilation of Hicks' army, still held out, winning battle after battle, until at last compelled to surrender or fight the whole rebel army single handed. During the eleven years that he had been a prisoner he had been kept under strict observation, being himself in the bodyguard first of the Mahdi and then of the Khalifa. Nine previous attempts made to effect Slatin's release had failed. The tenth succeeded.—Exchange.

Counting the House.

A curious and amusing custom of the House of Commons is the performance known as "Counting the House." No business can be transacted unless a quorum of forty members is present. But all the same, business proceeds even though only one or two members are present and the speaker never notices the paucity of the attendance unless a member rises in his place and says: "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present." That being said the speaker must proceed to count the House. He does not, however, simply count the members who are present in the chamber at the moment. He sets going the electric bells which ring in every room of the vast building, a summons to members to return to the House. The members come rushing from all quarters, and after the lapse of three minutes the doors are locked. Then, and not till then, the speaker, using his cocked hat (which, by the way, he never wears over his huge court wig) as a pointer, proceeds to count the number in the House. When he arrives at the fortieth member he cries out "Forty" in a loud voice, resumes his seat and business again proceeds from the point at which it was interrupted. But if there were not forty present he would simply quit the chair without a word and the sitting would be over.—Chamber's Journal.

Fancies and Facts.

'TWENTY YEARS AFTER."

It is interesting to read over at this time the reminiscences of the celebrated Mary Somerville and those of the famous Mrs. Browning. Both of these remarkable women, so totally different in their mental temperaments, passed a large part of their lives in Italy, when the united kingdom was a gorgeous dream. These ambitious and gifted English women died in the belief that the Italy their fancy pictured was found to be a reality. Both women, I think, though boasting of their liberality and freedom from prejudice, had, at the core of their natures, a genuine Protestant dislike of the Pope and a thorough misconception of true Catholicism. If the female astronomer and the female poet had lived to this day, how they would have been shocked and humiliated at the infernal outcome of their Italian vision! How they would have been abashed before the grand triumphs of Leo XIII.! The beautiful verses of Mrs Browning and the placid prose of Mrs. Somerville on the Roman question read drolly now. What a symposium on this subject, in spectral form, after the manner of Savage Landor. a man like Andrew Lang could compose! Or, better still, a literary magician like Mallock might summon the literary shades of Cavour, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini, and the British dames just mentioned, to testify under new lights as to their present opinion of Italian unity. No doubt, Mrs. Browning passed away quite confident, as her sympathetic admirers were, that her glimpses from Casa Guidi windows were prophetic and inspired of heaven. They have turned out mere delusions and falsities. She had no celestial clairvoyance about the Italian revolution, and she lacked faith to comprehend the Pope and the Church founded on the Rock of Peter. All of that fine poetry, like some of Whittier's, is indeed, as Keats rashly said of his own productions, "writ in water." It may be read as a curiosity, but, wanting the element of prophetic truth, it must take its chances with other perishable fiction.—Catholic Columbian.

The Papal Action in the East.

Not the least desired effect of the Papal action with regard to the Schismatic Churches of the East is that it should engage the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities, and if possible, of the Christian population. Up to a certain point it would seem to be a secondary matter whether that attention assume a hostile or a friendly character. To many, if not to all who are acquainted with the religious conditions of the East, it seems sufficient that the question should be raised in order to effect good. The ideal of unity is so deeply rooted, and the difficulties of purely religious nature which stand in the way of its realization are so few, that it appears as though half the battle were won, if the question were once seriously raised. There is good ground to believe that the Pope's action has at least partially aroused the Easterners from their topor. It is credibly reported that Mgr. Azraian, the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, has written an exhaustive memoir to Leo XIII. upon the opposition which has charged three theologians to study the Papal action. Meantime there is good reason to believe that the Holy Father is actually in the preparation of a new letter to the Easterners, which will deal with the spiritual position of the Roman See.

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The above sale is made under a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the First day of December, A. D. 1884 and made between Patrick Dunn; and Alice Dunn, his wife of the one part, and Henry Wolsey Bayfield and Robert Robinson Hodgson, Trustees of Mrs. Freeland of the other part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest due thereon.

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