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JUBILEE BOOK,

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 LONDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

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"LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH."

Montreal.

[Speech of Robert Emmet when on Trial.]

BY MRS. M. M. WARDE.

So spoke, with royal will, the lofty soul, From death's lone threshold looking proudly out, To years, in "hollow of God's right hand" held, Which hides from human knowledge or its doubt, The future-myst'ry sacred, since alone A God its fathomless abyss can own!

So spoke the hero with instructive rule O'er hearts of Irishmen in that unseen But sure beyond . f Time, when through God's truth His deeds should witness what his life had been Then o'er that threshold and its shadows bright Swept the proud step, that found eternal light!

So spoke, and men obeyed. Such epitaph As man can write, no hand hath dared to trace, No stone confronts the sky with graven words Attempting Emmet's life or acts to grace; No name e'en marks that grave which Ireland's

heart To-day holds of itself a cherished part. Ah! men obeyed-but God, the Lord of Time,

And of Eternity, Creator said,
"It shall be written." Lo! His word is truth. And it hath crowned with fame, the mighty dead, For deep on hearts of Irishmen to-day "Tis 'graved in characters that last for aye

" Here lies," it saith—as epitaphs will say— But what? A name obscure, or name with stain? A name that tyrant England "felon" stamped? Or name of one who suffered felon's pain? "Ireland's martyred chief, her own, her pride, Who, for his country, as a hero, died."

God writeth it on living hearts that throb, And breath, and burn, this truth which cannot die Not on dead stone, such as men force to hold Words, that in praise or blame alike can lie! And in this Now, which was veiled Future then, Is Emmet's name held honoured amongst men.

No epitaph ! Nay, unmarked grave, thou 'it but A little spot upon earth's broad expanse, But o'er its treadth, where throbs the Irish heart. E'en far from the Green Isle of fate or chance Its lot has east, this epitaph God traced is proudly kept, and first in love is placed! And most in this free land, he loved to praise,

And love to name as model for his own. That epitaph is cherished by true souls Exiled from country, and by Fortune won To be the pride of their adopted land 'Mongst Freedom's sons to take a lofty stand !

And mothers, turning to the mem'ries dear Of "home" that cluster around the green, green

Isle, Sweet whisper to the children at their knees-Americans—with Irish hearts the while— The story that their own so sacred hold, Rehearsed from God's own words there mighty told.

But oh! my native land, still held in thrall! 'Tis where thy heart's blood 'neath the tyrants

"Here lies" midst galling pain, and tears, and

shame have seen the martyred Emmet's

name So lives the epitaph man did not write, Imperishable as the hand that traced And love and pride of Irish hearts the stamp

Which, from it grandeur neer can be effaced.
Ah! when God's vengeance sets our dear land free,

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

There lived at Cordova, many years ago, an old Jew, who had three passions: he loved science, he loved gold, he loved his only child, who bore the sweet name of Rachel. He loved science, not for its own sake, not because it was the means of the acquisition of truth, but for himself, that is to say, through pride.

He loved gold, a little perhaps because it was gold, very much because it gave him the means of providing luxuries for his darling child, greatly also because without it he could not have made the costly experiments necessary in the pursuit of science.

He loved his daughter alone, with the pure and disinterested, but passionate tenderness of paternal

love. In a word he was a savant, a father, a Jew. His name was Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah, and he practiced medicine. He wrought such wonderful cures that very soon his fame spread through Spain, and from all parts of the kingdom people came in crowds to consult him. He received his patients in the afternoon. In the morning he slept, it was said; but how his nights were passed none knew, and many were the speculations concerning it. This only was known, that they were passed in a secret chamber, of which he alone possessed the key, and it had been observed that this mysterious apartment was sometimes illuminated with manycolored flames, blue, or red, or green, whilst a dense smoke issued from the chimney.

The police of the kingdom at length resolved to penetrate the mystery, which seemed to them very suspicious. Everything is suspicious to the police of all countries. One evening, Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah saw two dark,

grave men watching his house. He listened and heard these words of sinister import: "To-morrow, at dawn, we will know whether this

wretch is a money-coiner or a magician." The conscience of this poor old Jew did not reproach him, for his life was pure and innocent; but he had had great experience of the world, and held as an axiom that innocence is worth absolutely nothing in a court of justice. He went still further, he considered it an aggravating circumstance. He often quoted the old Arabian proverb: "If I were accused of having stolen and pocketed the grand Mosque at Mccca, I would immediately run of as fast as I could." He said that justice was a game

What misanthropic ideas! How different would his conclusion had been had he lived nowadays! However, as he had not the happiness of living in that Eden of justice, France of 1866, he put the philosophy of the proverb into practice, and left Cordova that very night, taking with him all his treasures. The next morning at dawn the two dark grave men, found an uninhabited dwelling; which made them still more dark and grave.

of cards-and he was no player.

п. Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah, disguised as a merchant and mounted on a strong mule, passed rapidly through On either side of his saddle, and securely fastened to it was a long wicker basket, in the shape of a cradle. Ben-Ha Zelah looked from time to time at these baskets with satisfaction, mingled with sadness, and then urged on his mule, casting many a backward glance, to be quite sure he was not pursued. In one of the baskets were his treasure and his books; in the other slept peacefully the young daughter of the fugitive. Having reached a small seaport town, the old Jew took passage in a vessel which was about to sail for Egyyt.

llabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah had often heard of the caliph Achmet Reschid, who was celebrated throughout the East for his love of science, and the high consideration in which he held scientific men. As for impostors, charlatans and empirics, he held them in sovereign contempt and took real pleasure in impaling them.

This good prince reigned in Cairo. Thither Ben-Ha-Zelah bent his steps; for he believed himself, and with reason, to be a true savaut.

The profound and extensive acquirements of the old Jew, together with his artonishing skill in everything appertaining to the healing art, soon made him as famous in Uriro as he had been in Cordova, and he was at once made court physician.

The caliph Achmet Reschid was never weary of admining the almost universal knowlege of the old man, and often invited him to the palace to converse with him for hours upon the secrets and marvels of nature. Suddenly a terrible plague broke out in the city, and threatened to decimate the population. Ben-Ha Zelah compounded a wonderful lotion, which cured six times in seven. He contended that in nothing could evil be conquired in a greater proportion than this; that a seventh was a minimum of disorder, of serrow, of vice, in the imperfect organization of this world, and that when the proportion of evil in the human body, in the soul, in society, in nature, had been reduced to a seventh, all the progress possible in this world had been made.

However that might be, he was summoned one night in great haste to the palace; the wife and son of the caliph were stricken down by the pestilence. Ben-He-Zelah applied the miraculous lotion and the son was restored to health—but the wife

The caliph Achmet Reschid was overcome with gratitude for so signal a service, and throwing himself into the arms of the old physician, exclaimed: Venerable old man I to thee I owe the life of my son and my happiness! As a proof of my gratitude, I appoint thee Grand Vizier!"

The old Jew prostrated himself on the ground before his generous benefactor.

"Yes," continued the caliph, who had a truly noble heart; "yes, I need a friend in whom I can confide, as I have, one after another, beheaded all those whom I had in a moment of impulse honored with:

"Thanks, O mighty caliph !" humbly replied Ben-

of the courtiers had always succeeded in poisoning the mind of the caliph against any one on whom he had conferred the dignity of Grand Vizier; but the prudence of the old Jew baffled all their schemes, and Achmet Reschid had learned how to guard against calumniators. At the first word breathed against the new favorite that benevolent prince and faithful friend ordered the rash slanderer to be beheaded, and very soon the courtiers vied with each other in their praises of the Grand Vizier. The good caliph seeing that harmony of feeling among his poeple with regard to the new favorite, congratulated himself on his firmess.

"I knew very well," said he, "that the whole court would at last do him justice. I talk of him with every one and no man says aught against him."

As for Ben-Ha Zelah, he seemed to be perfectly indifferent to the immense power which his favor with with the caliph, gave in the state. In vain did the courtiers try to entangle him in the intrigues of the court. In vain did the noblemen of the kingdom, in hopes of gaining his protection, lay costly gifts at his feet. He gently refused them all. Devoid of ambition, and prudent to excess, the old Jew withdrew as much as possible from public affairs. He even begged the caliph to excuse his attendance at the palace, except at certain hours of the day, that he might devote himself more uninterruptedly to scientific pursuits. The love of the caliph grew day by day, and the courtiers as well as the common people, seeing the humility and disinterestedness of the Grand Vizier, acknowledged him to be indeed a sage.

At court, as everywhere else, he was clad in a coarse brown robe, and was in no way distinguishable from the crowd, had not the intellectual expressions of his face, and the strange brilliancy of his eyes, revealed at a glance a superior mind. He might often be seen in the streets of Cairo, carrying in his own hands the metals, stones or medicinal plants, which he bought in the bazaars, or gathered in his solitary rambles. Wherever he went he heard his own praise; but never did he in any way

betray that it was agreeable to him.
"No one is so poor and humble," said the common people to each other, "as the Grand Vizier of our high and mighty caliph."

The truth was, however, that with the exception of Achmet Reschid, no one in Cairo possessed such vast riches as the "poor" Vizier; but after the manner of the Jews he carefully concealed them, and lived in a very modest mansion situated outside the walls of the city. This humble dwelling was completely hidden by the palm and cedar trees which surrounded it, and for still greater security was enclosed by a high wall.

In this quiet and mysterious retreat, where he admitted no guests, he had centred all that made his life; there dwelt his child, the young Rachel, just budding into womanhood.

When, after passing weary hours in the unmean. ing ceremonial of the court, he reached his garden gate, and stealthily epened it, his usually impassive face was suddenly illumined as with a sunbeam. It was as if he had passed from death unto life.

His daughter, clad like a queen of the east, ran to meet him, and embraced him so tenderly that it seemed as if a portion of her young life was breathed into the worn and exhausted frame of the aged father. Ben-Ha-Zelah forgot his sorrows and his cares, and seemed to revive with the breath of spring. "I gave thee life, my daughter; thou dost restore it to me!" murmured the old man.

Rachel was just entering her sixteenth year. Her hair was of the beautiful golden color which the poets love. Her eyes, her voice, her smile, her bearing carried with them an irresistible charm. She looked, it was a ray of light; she spoke, it was a strain of music; she smiled, it was the opening of a gate of Paradise. Her heart was pure and innocent as was that of Rachel of old, whom Jacob loved. Can we wonder that the heart of her father was bound up to her? Who, indeed, could help loving a being so pure and bright?

Ben-Ha-Zelah was old, but his was a vigorous old age—and the young daughter and aged father, as they walked under the grand old trees of the garden, made a beautiful picture. The long white head, piercing eyes, eagle nose, and broad brow of the old man, formed a striking contrast to his humble dress, and when no sooner under constraint, it revealed a mysterious and profound satisfaction in his own personality and intelligence. There was so much pride that there was no place for vanity in

his soul. What cared he for the admiration or contempt of others, the vain clamors of the multitude, whom he considered infinitely his inferiors? When he said to himself, "I am Ben-Ha-Zelah," the rest of the world no longer existed for him.

His pride was like that of Lucifer ; it was not relative but absolute; he contemplated himself with a tetrible satisfaction. Thence his disdain for all the miserable trifles which gratify the self-love of inferior men. The pride of seeming comes when the pride of being is not absolute.

Whence then came the gigantic pride of the old

Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah was the most learned man of his time.

He had carried his investigations far beyond those of the most scientific men of the age; he was well versed in physics, music, astronomy, medicine, burgery, and botany; but the science he most loved was that which, at first known under the name of alchemy, was destined to become the greatest science of modern times—chemistry.

He passed night after night shut up in his laboratory, as he had formerly done at Cordova, seeking to penetrate one after the other all the mysteries of nature. There, bending over his glowing furnaces, surrounded with retorts and crucibles of strange shapes, filled with metals in a state of fusion, by all sorts of instruments and alembics, old Ben-Ha-Zelah interrogated matter and demanded the mys-Which from it grandeur need can be classed. "Thanks, O mighty caliph!" humbly replied Ben. Ah! when God's vengeance sets our dear land free Then, from their cores, its words shall copied be!

Then, from their cores, its words shall copied be!

Then, from their cores, its words shall copied be!

A New Jork more hand, has been detected meas:

A New Jork more hand, has been detected meas:

"Thou sayest well and truly, ohld of Jacob,"

"The far from diminishing the love of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly and the first of the sayes of the calible truly of the calibration tery of its essence; he pursued it from form to

Matter, thus pursued by the indefatigable alchemist, had revealed more than one of its mysterious laws, which he had made useful in the practice of his profession, so that he was considered in Cairo little less than a demi-god. However, in his labors he sought not the good of his fellow-men, but the barren satisfaction of the passion which was consuming him, the pride of knowledge; he sought to penetrate the secrets of the most high God. The promise of the tempter to our first parents : Eritis sicut del scientis, "You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," had penetrated his soul; and he desired to plant in his garden that fatal tree to which the first born of our race stretched out their guilty hands. Like his ancester Jacob, he wrestled with Jehovah.

One can readily understand that the old man, absorbed in this gigantic struggle, was dead to all vanity, so far as men were concerned. He had reached such dizzy heights that he had almost lost sight of them. To him they were like brute beasts which crossed his path; he believed them to be of an inferior nature to him, who had been gifted with such vast genius-such indefatigable industry. His high thoughts were not for such miserable pigmies.

Sometimes seating himself in a dreamy mood in his garden, at the foot of a grand old cedar, his favorite seat, and taking in his hand a pebble, a blade of grass or a flower he was plunged in profound meditation.

What makes this "a body," thought he. This body" is brown, heavy, hard, square, or has many other properties which come under my notice. But it is evident that neither the color, weight, cohesion, nor form constitutes its essence. They are its manner of beings—not its being. If I modify it, destroy it even, it will still be the same body, and I shall, after all, have only attacked its manner of being; the essence which heretofore has always escaped me—the soul of the body, if I may say so will have suffered no change. It is as it I were suddenly to become hunchback, lame, idiotic—I would still be the same man. I must discover the substance quod sub stat; in the first place, what causes this to be? in the second place, what constitutes it a body? and, finally, what makes it this particular body which I hold in my hand and not another.

The problem was formidable; it was the mystery of the omnipotence of the God who created the world, and nevertheless this unknown Prometheus sbrank not from the task, and flattered himself be could wring from created matter the secrets of its Creator.

In his experiments Ben-Ha-Zelah had started with the axiom that all bodies were formed from certain elements which were invaluable, but combined in different ways. Moreover, his researches had proved to him that many elements, formerly believed to be primary, were composed of different elements into which they might again be readily resolved. So that seeing their number decrease as his investigations became more abstruce and his analyses more delicate, he had arrived at the conclusion that there existed an original and absolute substance of which all bodies, even those apparently the most different, were only variations.

He affirmed the identity of the base under the infinite variety of the forms. This primary substance which he considered as coeternal with God was, he thought, that one which Jehovah breathed in the beginning, and in his Satanic pride he believed two things-first, that the Almighty had combined the atoms of matter in so wendrously complex a manner only to conceal from man the secret of its creation-and, secondly, that the Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah would be able to baffle the precautions of the Almighty, and by analysis after analysis, at length succeed in finding the simple primary substance from which all things were originally formed.

Such were the thoughts which continually filled his mind—such the gigantic plan he had conceived. Again and again he said to himself that by taking from a body one after the other its contingent qualities, as one takes the bark from a nut, he would succeed at length in penetrating its most hidden depths, to that matter essence from which was made, as he believed, all that existed in the universe.

He had inscribed on the door of his laboratory Materia, mater And as soon as he should be able to imprison in his alembics this primary matter he could at will, disposing it after certain forms, make in turn bronze, stone, wood or gold. Nay, more, he hoped to surprise with the same blow the mystery of life,—and then, thought he in his impious pride, I shall be a creator, like unto Him before whom every knee bends in adoration. I shall be God! Eritis sicut dei.

The old man, lost in the vain search for the absolute basis of matter, little suspected that the final word of all science is: "The essence of matter is

immaterial" However, he devoted himself most zealously to the great work he had undertaken, and passed night after night in the recesses of his laboratory which would have reminded one of the entrance to the infernal regions but for the sweet presence of the young and lovely Rachel, who glided in and out, bringing order out of confusion, and in the evening beguiled the long hours by singing to her father snatches of the old Hebrew songs of which such touching and beautiful fragments have come down to us. and the track of the second of the se

One night, Ben-Ha-Zelah, regardless of fatigue, was still bending over his glowing furnaces. For more than a week he had allowed himself no sleep, ror had he permitted his eyes to wander from the vast crucible which had been heated to white heat for six consecutive months. He had discovered phenomena hitherto unknown: His bony hands clutched convulsively the handle of the bellows, and his cager careworn face was illumined with a two fold radiance, that from the purple light of the furnace and from the interior flame which consumed his soul. He was motionless from intensity of emotion. At last then he was about to attain the aim

The old man raised his tall form to its full height and at that moment appeared like a second Lucifer. He shouted in triumph, "I have created!" Then rushing to the casement he gazed upward to the starry heavens, not in prayer, but in defiance.
"I have created!" he repeated, "I have created have conquered! I am the equal of God?"

A noise, slight in reality, but to the excited senses of Ben-Ha-Zelah, louder than the crash of thunder, was heard behind him. He turned with agitated countenance. The crucible, unwatched during his delirium of pride, had fallen and was shivered to atoms. All was lost; the creation of him who aspired to an equality with the Most High was but a heap of ashes.

Ben-Ha-Zelah was stunned by this unlooked for

calamity. He fell back fainting, as if, while he rashly sought to penetrate the mystery of life, pale death, entering his dwelling had touched him with her sombre wing.

When consciousness returned, the fire of the furnace, which had been fed with so much care for six weary months, was extinguished. Through the open casement he saw myriads of stars blazing in the firmament. The majestic silence of the night hovered over the unchanged immensity.

The old man was seized with an indefinable ter-

ror. He understood that he was punished for his pride, and he had a presentment that the sudden failure of the labor and research of so many years was but the beginning of his punishment. It seemed to him that in the midst of the thick darkness. the living God had looked into the depths of his guilty soul and had stretched out his all powerful hand to smite him, Suddenly, as if by a revelation there came to him a knowledge of the point where God was about to strike him.

"My child! my child!" cried he, in a voice broken. by terror and remorse.

He ran to the chamber of his daughter. The old man opened the door gently, taking, in spite of his terror, a thousand paternal precautions not to awaken the sleeper. The trembling light of a small alabaster lamp cast its faint rays about the apartment. Gently he drew back the curtains of the bed and gazed fondly upon the child.

Rachel slept profoundly, her breathing was as. peacoful as innocence. Ben-Ha-Zelah looked upon the sweet, calm face with a transport of delight. The tranquility of this peaceful sleep of childhood: was communicated to him, and for a moment stilled: the agitation of his soul.

He leaned fondly over the sleeping form; listened, joyfully to the calm breathing of his darling child, to the regular beating of her heart; then stooping, imprinted a kiss of fatherly love on the beauti-

Rachel remained immovable, and her sleep was: unbroken; "It is strange she has not awakened," said the old man to himself, looking at her again. Sleep is so like death."

As he allowed this thought to take form a vague terror took possession of him. "Bah! she sleeps! I hear her breathing," said he

aloud. The secret indefinable fear which he could not banish, and for which he could not account, still

remained; he could no longer contain himself. "Rachel!" cried he in a loud voice. The young

"Rachel! my child!" he cried again, at the same time shaking her gently by the arm. Still the calm sleep was unbroken, and the peace-

ful breathing which at first delighted the fond father-now seemed like a fatal spell. " Rachel! Rachel!" He took her in his arms; he placed her on a

couch; he tried to make her walk; and in vain essayed with his trembling fingers to open the sealed eyelids.

The young girl slepton; her respiration as calm and the rhythm of her heart still preserved it frightful monotone. All the efforts of the despair ing father were vain. Day dawned, night came the next day, and weeks and months, and Rach of awoke not.

The distracted father, remembering that he v 7asa physician, sought in medical science a remedy for this strange malady. He tried every known m edicine, he essayed new ones; but nothing could by ceak the fearful sleep. He no longer went into the palace of the caliph, but his days and nights were were passed in his laboratory as they had formerly been at Cordova; his researches, however, were no longer to feed his pride. Sorrow concentrated his z lighty genius on one thought-to discover a reme dy for his idolized child. Bitterly did he expiate i he old anxietics of his pride by the torturing per dexities of this new sorrow.

More than six months passed thus. A last and desperate remedy to which he had recourse, had, like all the others, failed; Ben-Ha-Zelah (in a night like that on which this weight of sorrow had come upon him, was in his laboratory bendis g as ever over his retorts. He had made every rest arch, every experiment that genius, quickened by affection could suggest, and had failed in all. Rachel still slept. Then the broken-hearted old mian, convinced of his own importance, let fall his arms at his sides and burst into tears.

At that moment he heard a voice which seemed to come at once from the depths of immensity, and from the inmost recesses of his own heart.

"All thy efforts are vain," said the voice. "Thou wilt cure thy child, only by passing about her neck a pearl necklace, not the pearls which bountiful nature gives, and God makes, but pearls which thou thyself has fashioned. Thou thoughtest thyself the equal of God, the equal of Him who created the world; and he punishes thee, by condemning thee to create only a few pearls, and he is willing to lend thee all the riches and treasures of his beautiful world. Go, and seek! And when thou hast man enough of these pearls to fill the box beside thee, make a necklace of them. Put it on tha