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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 LYNDAL.

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.

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 people with regard to the new favorite, congratulated himself on his firmness.

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 dei scientes. "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 ancestor Jacob, he wrestled with Jehovah.

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! I 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.

"LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPI TAPH." [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" heid, Which hides from human knowledge or its doubt, The future—myst'ry sacred, since alone A God its fathomless abyss can own!

Rabbi Ben-Ha-Zelah, disguised as a merchant and mounted on a strong mule, passed rapidly through Spain. 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 Egypt.

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 intelligence in his own personality and intelligence. There was so much pride that there was no place for vanity in his soul.

He had inscribed on the door of his laboratory Materia, mater. And as soon as he should be able to imprison in his alchemics 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 distracted father, remembering that he was a physician, sought in medical science a remedy for this strange malady. He tried every known medicine, he essayed new ones; but nothing could break the fearful sleep. He no longer went into the palace of the caliph, but his days and nights were passed in his laboratory as they had formerly been at Cordova; his researches, however, were no longer to feed his pride. Sorrow concatenated his sightly genius on one thought—to discover a remedy for his idolized child. Bitterly did he expiate the old anxieties of his pride by the torturing perplexities of this new sorrow.