

Hymn to the Sacred Face.

Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
Long sorrow, told by tears,
A wreath of torture crowns at last
The agony of years
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin.
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On Brow and Lips, and weeping Eyes
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
The love that liveth on
Through light, and loveliness, and joy,
To sight of earth, are gone
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,
And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears, my God!
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

We pray Thee for Thy straying sheep.
We pray Thee for the eyes,
Thy lips, the hearths, that always bid
Thine own hot tear-drops rise,
We pray Thee for this world of Thine,
Its wandering, wilful race,
Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy Shrine,
Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God.
Bow down Thy weary Head
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy precious Blood be shed.
O royal blood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek
Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

M. R. G.

Mayo's Last Bishop.

The following sketch is from the pen of Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, N.S.W., who was transferred from Ossery, Ireland, in 1884:

Dr. Patrick O'Hely, the last bishop of Mayo, was a native of Connaught, and from his youth was adorned with every virtue. Having embraced the religious Order of St. Francis he proceeded to Spain, and pursued his sacred studies with great applause in the University of Alcalá. In obedience to the minister general of his order he repaired to Rome in 1575, and, having resided for some time in the convent of Ara Caeli in that city, he was proposed for the vacant see of Mayo in the consistory of July 7 the same year. Returning to Ireland he was accompanied by Cornelius O'Rorke, a Franciscan priest, who, though the eldest son of the Prince of Boffin, had abandoned all the pleasures of the world to embrace a life of prayer and poverty. They encountered many difficulties in their journey, but at length safely landed in Dingle, in the County Kerry. The heretical spies whom Drury, the lord deputy, kept at this time stationed along the southern coast of Ireland soon recognized the venerable strangers. They were, therefore, almost immediately on landing arrested and transmitted to Limerick to be examined by Goulden, the military commander of that district. By his orders the prelate and his chaplain were loaded with chains and cast into the public prison. There they remained for some months till the arrival of Sir William Drury in Kilmallock, before whom they were conducted in the month of August, 1578.

On being examined Patrick O'Hely confessed that they belonged to the Franciscan Order; that he himself was Bishop of Mayo, sent by Gregory XIII. to guide and instruct his spiritual flock; this, he added, was the object of his mission, and the only motive of his return to Ireland. "And do you dare," asked Drury, "to defend the authority of the Pope against the laws of the Queen and Parliament?" "I repeat what I have said," replied the Bishop, "and I am ready, if necessary, to die for that sacred truth. Father O'Rorke replied in the same strain. Threats and promises were unavailing to change their resolution, and they both joyfully received sentence to be first put

to the torture and then hanged in the presence of the garrison.

Those orders of Drury were executed with an uncommon degree of barbarity. The two prisoners were first placed on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers so that their thigh bones were broken, and sharp iron points and needles were cruelly thrust under their nails, which caused an extreme agony of suffering. For a considerable time they were subjected to these tortures, which the holy confessors bore patiently for the love of Christ, mutually exhorting each other to constancy and perseverance.

At length they were taken from the rack and hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree. Their bodies were left suspended there for fourteen days, and were used in the interim as a target by the brutal soldiery. When the martyr prelate was being hurried to execution, he turned to Drury and warned him that before many days he himself should appear before the tribunal of God to answer for his crimes. On the fourteenth day after, this unhappy man expired in great agony at Waterford, of a distemper that baffled every remedy. August 22, 1578, was the day rendered illustrious by their martyrdom. By the care of the Earl of Desmond their bodies were reverently laid in the Franciscan convent at Clonmel, whence, seventy years afterwards, in 1647, they were translated with solemnity and deposited, together with the implements of their torture, in the convent of Askeaton.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Effort in the Christian Life.

Remember that the building a noble and God-like God-pleasing character can be erected on the foundation of faith only by constant effort. You do not rear the fabric of a noble character all at a moment. No man reaches the extremity, either of goodness or baseness, by a leap; you must be content with bit-by-bit work. The Christian character is like a mosaic formed of tiny squares in all but infinite numbers each one of them separately set and bedded in its place. You have to build by a plan. You have to see to it that each day has its task, each day its growth. You have to be with one brick at a time. It is a life-long task till the whole be finished. And not until we pass from earth to Heaven does our building work cease.

Let us take upon ourselves God's affairs, and transact them so well that the reign of His Divine Majesty will be glorified in us, and He will cause us to reign in Him. "Think of me," he said to St. Catherine of Siena, "and I will think of thee." Again, He said to another of His servants, "charge thyself with My interests, and I will charge Myself with thine."

Hidden Sorrows.

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break into the tears which oppress them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistle-day surely foretells rain!—*Richter.*

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