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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 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 OBINNON; For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL; 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. For Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5 D. & J. SALLIER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MOTHER OF GOD. BY AUBREY DE VERE. How many a lonely hermit maid Hath brightened like a dawn-touched isle When, on her breast in vision laid, That Babe hath lit her with his smile! How many an aged Saint hath felt, So graced, a second spring renew Her wintry breast; with Anna knit, And trembled like the matron dew! How oft 'th' unbending monk, no thrall In youth of mortal smiles of tears, Hath felt that Infant's touch through all The armor of his hundred years! But Mary's was no transient bliss; Nor her a vision's phantom gleam: The hourly need, the voice, the kiss— That Child was hers! 'Twas not a dream. At morning hers, and when the sheen Of moonrise crept the cliffs along; In silence hers, and hers between The pulse of the night-bird's song. And as the Child, the love, its growth Was, hour by hour, a growth in grace: That Child was God; and love for both Advanced perforce with equal pace.

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE; OR A SISTER OF FABIOLA. AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH. CHAPTER XIX.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE COMBAT. (Continued.) Suddenly, however, there was a voice: "The coward! Fears has destroyed their appetite. Ah! ah! to-morrow! The Amphitheatre!" Felicity shuddered, and closed her eyes. "Who is that calls us cowards?" demanded Saturnus, in an indignant tone. "It is true, we despise these luxurious dishes. We do not need them. We are not like your criminals, who want to render themselves less sensible to pain by intoxication. We can look death in the face, and so far from shrinking from it, it is the object of our most ardent desires. Those who accuse us of fear, and cowardice, let them be present at the Amphitheatre to-morrow." These words were not lost upon the crowd. Many were filled with feelings of compassion, and some even who had come to insult them, felt themselves restrained by mingled sentiments of fear and respect.

"Look at us well, resumed Saturnus—scan our features, in order that you may recognize them at the terrible day of judgment, when Christ will come to judge all men. To-day, you blaspheme his name; because you know it not. You have demanded our death because despising your impure divinities, we reserve our homage for the true and living God. But at the last day, you will tremble before the wrath of this inexorable Judge. Words of malediction will resound in your ears, and you will hear a sentence that will condemn you overlastingly to punishment—you, I mean, who have neglected the means of arriving at the truth. Your ignorance is not inexcusable. Then, 'Fool,' will you see those whom you persecute now, crowned with glory and enjoying the sweets of the beatified vision? 'Some appear moved with pity; but, perhaps, they will rejoice in our agony to-morrow. Let them reserve their pity for themselves, for it is only the transient feeling of the moment. From the day on which we enrolled ourselves under the standard of Christ, we have offered to him the sacrifice of our lives, and we have been accustomed to look upon ourselves as victims destined to death. By the word we might avert the impending danger and

save our lives. Your tribunals have endeavored to extort from us this word, but their efforts have been all in vain. We have been laden with chains, buffeted, and tortured in every way, but you have not heard a murmur escape our lips. To-morrow is the day to which we have long looked forward, and after which we aspired with a dread lest the sacred cup might be dashed to the ground untasted. Come to-morrow to the Amphitheatre, and there you will see us drink it to the dregs in transports of heavenly joy." "To-morrow! to-morrow!" cried out the same voice that had spoken before. "O, Vivia! my eyes will see thy blood flow in the arena, and I shall see thee torn to death by the teeth of the infuriated lions!" Vivia thought she knew that voice. Felicity grew pale, and lent for support upon the shoulder of her noble mistress. Her lips grew livid and trembled with deep agitation. Finally, she whispered in a tone scarcely audible. "O, Vivia! it is my father—my unhappy father!"

CHAPTER XX.—THE AMPHITHEATRE. For days past, Carthage had become a scene of activity and movement. All anxiously looked forward to the exciting spectacle of the sanguinary combats which were to take place in the arena. Public business was suspended and the posts were abandoned. The public mind was intent upon one thing alone, and to accomplish it they were ready to sacrifice their material interests. The cry was, "The Christians to the lions." That portion of the crowd indifferent to religious belief, were joined by the fanatics—the former to taste the pleasure of the thrilling scene, such as they would enjoy the illusion of a tragical performance; the latter, to appease the wrath of the unpropitious deities, and assert their anger at the progress of the Christian faith.

The sun ascended, and its rays shot through the pure and balmy atmosphere. The guards now gave the signal to issue forth from the prison. The martyrs had previously assisted at the celebration of the holy mysteries, conducted by Saturnus and Saturninus, and Revocatus, Vivia, and Felicity, had received from his hands the bread of angels. It was, indeed, their viaticum. Before they followed the guards they fell on their knees before the priest and asked his blessing, and then they gave each other the sacred kiss of peace. Saturnus went first. His mild and benevolent countenance at that moment carried the impress of nobleness and majesty, and his eyes frequently directed above, beamed forth an indescribable glance of happiness and joy. Saturninus and Revocatus came next, and it was evident by the movement of their lips that their souls were absorbed in prayer. Felicity could not restrain her feelings, and wept aloud for joy that God had permitted her, though unworthy, to ascend to heaven by the shedding of her blood. By her side walked Vivia. That beautiful face was rather pale, but it had assumed a quiet and subdued expression. Those blue eyes, too, which were wont to beam forth her love for her husband, her father and her mother, were now modestly cast down, and nothing but the glitter of those brilliant gems which were soon to adorn her crown. Her step was firm, and her movement as graceful as of old, but it did not proceed from pride, but from the assurance that she was the beloved spouse of Christ. Her soul was filled with the divine fire, and it yearned with impatience to escape from its mortal tenement of clay. They stood within the arena. Before Vivia entered she knelt down.

"Mother! darling mother! bless your child, it is the last time!" and a lady bent forward and embraced her. "Yes, Vivia, my beloved! my first-born! Your mother blesses you. Take courage, show that you are worthy of Christ, the living God; I will pray for you in your—your—agonies!" She then handed to her daughter the blood-stained veil of Potamiana. Vivia reverently pressed it to her lips and covered her head with it as the sacred sign of final perseverance. She then turned round and entered boldly the dead enclosure. "The Christians to the lions!" cried out the infuriated mob. The cry was repeated and repeated until its echo resounded far and near. "Glory and benediction to the martyrs!" And the man who had uttered these words rose to address the multitude. But the excitement was at its highest pitch, and his voice was unheard amid the deafening roar of thousands. It was just as well, for he would have paid with his blood for the impudent ardor of his zeal. That man was Tertullian.

They were ordered to put on the scarlet robe and the band around the forehead. The former was for the men, and was the insignia of the priests of Saturn; the latter for the women, and the sacerdotal mark of the priestesses of Ceres. But they loudly protested against wearing anything that was polluted in the superstition of paganism. "We came here," they said, "only to preserve our liberty. We are Christians, and we have publicly confessed it, and it is on this ground that we have been condemned. We sacrifice our lives willingly, and you have no right to make us do anything contrary to our holy faith. No! no! we will not clothe ourselves with the priestly robes of those who sacrifice to false gods, for we hold them in horror and abomination." We stand here in the arena as we stood in prison, determined alike to resist your impious commands, and to confess the faith that has been vouchsafed to us in our Lord Jesus Christ."

The officers retired. They could not use violence at the last extremity. "My heart and my flesh have exulted in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord! they shall praise thee forever and ever!" This sang aloud Vivia, holding the hand of Felicity, who joined her voice with her own. The crowd held their breath for a moment, for it was strange indeed to the eyes of the Carthaginians, to behold two young women, chanting in the transports of joy, though on the point of a most cruel death. "The blood of the martyrs cries to heaven like the blood of innocents. A bel—Enjoy our tortures, but fear the justice of God! Beware! the vengeance of heaven is terrible against those who, blaspheming or who persecute the servants of the Lord." As for

thee, O! Hilarion, thou knowest not that all power is from above, and that woe be to him who has abused this power!"

Thus spoke Saturnus. Hilarion grew pale with indignation. "Let them be flogged!" cried out the Governor, whose eyes flashed with rage. "Be thou blessed forever, O, Lord!" they all cried out as the blood ran down their naked backs. But, the crowd grew impatient. "The lions!" resounded from all sides. "Let me confront them first," cried out Revocatus, rushing to the iron bars which formed the entrance. Intense suspense now held the people. Not a breath was heard. The sun looked down from its height and shed a brilliancy upon the noble martyrs as they stood boldly awaiting death for the religion of the Favourite! Where were the friends and dearly beloved parents of Vivia? Was her pious mother amongst that crowd, or had she retired? Perhaps she was looking on and had already seen the delicate flash of her child torn by the whip. Had she murmured aloud when she saw it? If she had, it was not heard. The Virgin as she stood beneath the Cross and looked upon the drops of blood as they fell from the lacerated brow of her son, was a scene of which the present is repeated in miniature. Perhaps Vivia was thinking about her mother, and her agony would be thereby increased by the reflection that she was an eyewitness of her torture. Perhaps, too, the little items of her past life came vividly before her mind, and the image of Jarbas, her darling companion, stood out before her in all the charms of reality. Her infant, where was it? Poor innocent child, it was too young to know of anything. God had preserved it at least from the pain of mental martyrdom. She might have cast a look upon the past, but it was a temptation from which she shrank. Her mind was absorbed in the future, and the pleasures of that sternity which now opened before her. She had approached the threshold, and one step more, and the crown was gained.

The signal was given. The beasts, starved for some days previous, were now ravenous for their prey. Like the rapidity of lightning they bounded forth, with their shaggy manes flying in the air, and their mouths wide open displaying their hideous fangs. It was permitted to the priest to fall the first. In less than a moment, his body was nothing but a shapeless mass of mangled flesh. The furious yells of the savage beasts, as they jumped from prey to prey, re-echoed fearfully around, and struck terror even into the beholders. The dust, raised by the animals, concealed the sight from the people, and as they thought that all had been gorged sufficiently, they cried out, "Let the sword do the rest!" They had all fallen but one. Vivia stood erect. Nevertheless, she had been wounded, and her sweet countenance was trickling with blood and sweat.

"Where was she?" exclaims St. Augustine, speaking of Vivia, "where was she when she was attacked and almost torn to death without feeling the cruel wounds? When, after such a violent contest, she asked, in all simplicity, when the fight was to commence? What did she see when she saw not what all others saw? What did she feel, when she felt not what all others felt? By what transport of love, by what inspired vision, by what mysterious enchantment was she carried in spirit without the limits of the flesh, that she should not feel the suffering of a mortal body?" Faith must answer. Human wisdom will find here a mystery which it cannot solve. The burning ardor—the violence of divine love, transports beyond himself, and renders him insensible to all that passes here below. Examples of this is frequent in the lives of saints and martyrs. The lions were withdrawn from the arena, and when the guards pressed around Vivia, to carry into execution the sentence of the people, they could not but shrink back with respect and veneration. "Come," she said, clasping her hands and holding them up, "come and let me join my brethren, who have passed away." One of the guards raised his sword, but it fell down harmless by his side. "Let the will of the immortal gods be done!" cried the exasperated crowd, from all sides. "Into thy hands, O Lord!"—the sword struck her, and she fell upon the ground, consecrating the arena with her blood. She struggled in the agonies of death for some time, and though the movements of her body indicated pain, nevertheless, that sweet smile was still upon her lips. There was one convulsive agitation of her delicate frame, and her soul mounted to the throne of God to receive from his hands the aureola of martyrdom. The crowd was satisfied, and began to disperse. It was hours before the last one had left the vast enclosure. The bodies were left as they lay, for no one among the pagans cared for them, and the Christians were, perhaps, too timid to expose themselves by showing sympathy before an excited mob. The evening came on, and the sun disappeared behind the western hills. The moon however arose, and the dark long shadows, cast by the vaulted arches and pillars of the Amphitheatre, stretched along the thickly trodden sand.

A female figure, scarcely discernible through the dim moonlight, crept stealthily under one of the arches, carrying in her arms her murdered child. It was the mother of Vivia.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE ANNIVERSARY. Two years passed away. During this long interval, Julia and Rufina were always together, and their only conversation was the heroic and happy death of Vivia. The liberated slave longed to unite herself with her divine spouse, and now that her brother Revocatus was no more, there was but one link which bound her to this world. She loved her mistress with all the strength of filial love. A young slave raised gently the veil, which closed the entrance to the apartment, and walked noisily over to the rich patrician. "Noble mistress, an old man desires to see you," she said. "The poor old man I saw tears falling from his eyes, and he appeared to be in deep affliction." This young slave was a Christian whom Julia had taken into her service soon after the death of Vivia. "We must always be kind to the poor. These—let him enter."

The stranger entered. "Pardon!" he cried, "pardon for a wretched man," and he went on his knees and bent down to the floor. "Rise, old man! Explain what you want. Rise." "In the name of Him who has in dying pardoned his executioners—in the name of the noble martyrs who now pray in heaven—pardon me! pardon me!" "Whoever you are," replied Julia, "if you have done aught against me, I pardon you for the sake of Jesus Christ," and she reached him her hand. "Generous lady! you do not recognise the guilty man whom you behold at your feet. Oh, no! I cannot touch the hand of the pious mother of Vivia!" He was overcome, and wept aloud. He still kept his humiliating posture, and kept violently striking his breast. Julia could scarcely restrain her tears. At length she told him to rise again, and not give way to such grief, for that she forgave him, even though he had been the murderer of her daughter. "Murderer of your daughter! I am more guilty than he who has shed her blood. I am he who cursed your daughter because she was a Christian—I am that implacable wretch who has pursued with vengeance and hatred that woman whom you loved so much!" It was the old shepherd of the mountains. The martyrs had prayed for him, and that heart of vengeance and hatred was changed into one of goodness and love. Julia started as she recognised him, but she quickly restrained whatever feelings might have risen within her breast. "Sylvain," she said, "I forgive you, and henceforward you will have a sister in the mother of Vivia." The old man raised his head, and as he gazed upon her, the tears of gratitude coursed down his cheeks. "Noble and holy lady! I have come down from the mountains only that I might ask pardon. That pardon, I have now obtained and I can die in peace." "But, tell me, Sylvain, how did you become a Christian?" inquired Julia. "I can conceal nothing from you. I witnessed the death of Vivia with a savage joy, and when I saw her blood flow, I felt that my vengeance was satisfied. I then sought my solitude in the mountains. I was now released from a heavy burden that had pressed upon me for years. I thought to find comfort and tranquillity of mind, but no. Remorse raised up in my dreams phantoms horrible to behold, and even in the day this inexorable tyrant pursued me, and often I saw my hands steeped in human blood. The arena, with all its thrilling sights, was ever before my distracted mind, and the insulting cheers of the thousands present rang perpetually in my ears. I invoked the gods, and brought to their minds that it was for their sake that I had sacrificed my child and pursued Vivia with such a deadly hatred. "My whole effort was now to ward off those sombre thoughts that beset me, but it was useless, for the slightest movement of a leaf, the most gentle breath of wind, the peaceful rippling of the stream, re-echoed the name of my child. "Ah, noble mistress, I have known remorse. It left me no peace. I was in its grasp like a victim within the claws of a wolf. It has been my invisible companion day and night; it has walked with me wherever I went, and has rendered bitter the food I have eaten. And when the shadows from the mountains writhed far athwart the valleys, and the stars glittered like gems in the cloudless sky, it was then indeed, that it bent over my couch like some supernatural vision, to terrify me with the scenes of the past. Remorse! Remorse! The arrow was in my heart! "But, instead of humbling myself under the hand of God, I continued to blaspheme him. The more I was tortured with remorse, the more I uttered sacrilegious imprecations against Christ and his followers. I could have wished that the name of 'Christian' was blotted out of existence. But all this was said in the delirium of my impiety. "One night, as I sat in my mountain hut, a stranger approached, and asked admittance. I readily granted him hospitality. I soon found out, however, that he was a Christian. I snatched a dagger that was lying on the table, and already it gleamed in the air when the stranger fell on his knees before me. 'Strike, if thou wilt,' he cried. 'Noble Jarbas has pardoned thee, as also the priest who taught him to have mercy!' The dagger fell from my hand. I was conquered. I fell at the feet of the noble Armitius, and besought him to pray for me to the God of the Christians. "She who had been your daughter upon earth, is now in heaven praying for you," resumed the priest. "The blood which she has shed is all-powerful, and will, eventually, bring you into the fold of Christ." "I felt repentant, and I felt confidence return in proportion as I invoked the Christian God and the blood of my child. I had been told that this Divinity was merciful and forgiving, and with the crimes of the blood of my daughter, Vivia, and Jarbas upon my soul, I prayed, and he poured down upon me his spirit in rich profusion. "For weeks I prepared for the sacrament of baptism. Armitius instructed me in the doctrine of the religion of Christ. Finally, the happy day arrived, and I was admitted into the true Church—a blessing for which I will praise God as long as I shall live. "But, noble mistress, let me ask another favor—it is the last." "Favor? brother in Christ. Ask it—ask it," replied Julia, deeply moved at the recital. "Let me bathe with my tears the tombs of my daughter Felicity and Vivia." "The old man stooped by the graves. His long, dishevelled hair, grown gray, with the lapse of years, fell loosely over his brow as he bent over the sacred spot. His hands tremblingly rested on the funeral stones, whilst his breast heaved, with excessive agitation. Tears flowed from his eyes in abundance, and his hueless lips moved as if in prayer. "Pardon! pardon!" he cried out at last. "Felicity! Vivia! let the voice of your blood appeal for me to the true and living God! Pardon! pardon!" He remained a long time over the grave. When

in fine he withdrew, his brow was serene and peace had filled his mind. Julia endeavored to keep him for a few days, but it was in vain. He retired to his mountain home.

A few words more and we have done. The mother and father of Angela were laden with chains, and suffered martyrdom about two weeks after the death of Vivia. As for Jubel, he could not remain in Carthage, for it recalled to him too many unpleasant reminiscences. He withdrew to the solitude of the country. Years of reflection had somewhat moderated his ardent temperament. Vivia was not forgotten by him. Her noble image occupied perpetually his thoughts, for he could not but feel admiration for her virtue and heroism. He had desired to know that religion which had elevated her above the weakness of her sex. Solitude favored him in his efforts to arrive at the truth, and that man of pleasure, that mind so cold and indifferent to any form of belief, became, under the grace of God, a model among his Christian brethren. The blood of the martyrs had cried out for mercy and had obtained it. After had fled to the desert, and there died as he had lived, without remorse for the blood he had shed.

God gave to Julia many days. It is true, she had not the consolation of seeing her husband embrace the true faith. He had declared that "Christ should never be his God," and, perhaps, the grace of conversion had been refused him. It was for her a subject of the most poignant sorrow. Her two sons, however, were all that she desired, and by their practice of every Christian virtue they rendered happy the evening of her days. She died in the arms of her beloved family, and her last wish was to be laid side by side with her darling child. Her desire was faithfully complied with, and her ashes repose in the sacred precincts of the tomb of Vivia.

Tertullian had attained eminence in his struggles against the stronghold of paganism. That vast fabric which had deluded the entire world, spreading its dangerous delusion over the minds of men, had been attacked by the Christian philosopher, and now felt itself shaken to its very depths. Heresy, too, experienced the force of his writings, and little by little it gave way to the light of truth. The fame of his genius had spread abroad, and had called forth the admiration of the infant Church. He saw himself surrounded with honors, and wherever he went the greatest testimonies of homage and respect were shown him as the most able defender of the Christian religion. His style was free and intrepid, and his arguments were irresistible from the force of truth. But, after all, the genius of man may sometimes go astray, and his knowledge may sometimes become foolishness, when treating of those things which pertain to a God whose ways are inscrutable. The demon of pride is ever seeking to tempt the great. It had thrown its spell of enchantment around Tertullian, and had brought him step by step within the grasp of its mysterious influence. It was on the wings of faith that he had ascended so high, and now that he lost the faith, whither has he fallen? It is one of the secrets of the Eternal.

We cannot close without recurring to that noble creature who has been, as it were, the heroine of this humble sketch. We feel that in bringing this recital to an end, we are parting with her forever—But, it is not so, for those who have risen from the dead are exempt from immutability or decay. Her sweet face, covered with blood and dust, is still before our mind, as she stands defiantly in the middle of the arena. Those words of burning love which she uttered when resting on the threshold of death, still thrill us with emotion, and now that she has passed away, who does not behold her pure brow decked with the floral crown of martyrdom, as she kneels on the steps of the everlasting throne.

THE END. THE SYNOD OF MAYNOOTH. PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY. (CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.) "But there are yet other dangers against which we must raise our warning voice. With deepest pain, and after the example of the Apostle, weeping, we say, that the abominable vice of intemperance still continues to work dreadful havoc among our people, marring in their souls the work of religion, and in spite of their rare natural and supernatural virtues, changing many among them into enemies, of the Cross of Christ, whose end is destruction; whose God is their belly; and whose glory is in their shame (Philip iii. 18, 19). Is it not, dearly beloved, an intolerable scandal, that in the midst of a Catholic nation like ours there should be found so many slaves of intemperance, who habitually sacrifice to brutal excess in drinking, not only their reason, but their character, the honor of their children, their substance, their health, their life, their souls, and God himself? To drunkenness we may refer, as to its baneful cause, almost all the crime by which the country is disgraced, and much of the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties, more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants. Against an evil so widespread and so pernicious, we implore all who have at heart the honor of God and the salvation of souls, to be filled with the holy zeal. We warn parents and employers that they are bound to set in their own persons an example of temperance to those who are subject to them, and to watch lest through their own negligence those entrusted to their charge should fall victims to drink. We exhort artisans and other members of the working classes, to join some one of the pious confraternities approved of by the Church, in which, if they be faithful to the observance of their rules, they will find a school of Christian self-denial. We bless from our hearts those zealous ecclesiastics and others, who, in accordance with the spirit of the Church, devote their time and energies to forwarding the cause of temperance, and we should remind all that, however valuable other helps may be, there exists