

Forgotten Among the Lilies.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS."

"I faintly saw abandoned; And amid the lilies forgotten There all my cares away."

Through the dark night I wander on alone, And, as I wander, grope my way; Without a lamp to guide my going; I wander on, and feel no pain.

I see not, yet my heart will give me light, And safer than the noonday sun will guide; To where the Bridegroom waits for me, I cannot fear but He will guide me right.

O darkest thou hast beauties as the morn; The quiet positive stars are all for thee; They veil their eyes when time the shadows deep; And their bespangled mantle is withdrawn Before the day's brightness of the dawn.

To thee the night-dew yields their sweet perfume, Thou hast Thy music, too, the gentle breeze, And the low waving of the cedar trees, Whose giant branches tower the dimness loom.

I wander on, scarce knowing how I roam, Thus have the terrors of the lonely night; Ah! what a bliss before my death I find; From yonder turret in the dark-blue air I see a shadow as of waving hair!

Art thou, then, near? Oh, speak and let me know! I see thee, hear thee not; is this thy hand? And dost thou bid the waving cedars stand? And does the night-dew on thy forehead bead?

Will thou depart? Oh, answer ere I go! And did He answer? Ask me not to say—I only know He left me, and I lie As one forgotten, yet who cannot die; And here I found my rest for many a day, Forgotten and the lilies by the way.

It is a weary thing to be forgot— A fearful weary, melancholy thing; Ah! what a bliss before my death I find; From yonder turret in the dark-blue air I see a shadow as of waving hair!

Forgotten and the lilies by the way, I breathe the magic perfume which they shed; As though my bleeding wounds they faint would heal, And from my heart its aching sorrow steal.

A sad, sweet lot—I needs must call it sweet; My cares, like withered buds, I cast aside, And seek but little what may next befall; The days and years fly past on pinions fleet, Amid these lilies crushed beneath my feet.

Forgotten and abandoned—yet withal Leaning my heart upon my only love; Say, raise me not, do not care to move; Soon I shall near His gentle footsteps fall, And lift my eyes, as I gaze, to His call.

Till then among the lilies let me lie; How'er it be, I am content to stay; Until once more the Bridegroom comes, And I turn thither His gracious, pitying eye.

Blame not my folly, for I know full well My words can naught but idle babbling seem; The madness of a fond and foolish dream; Bear with my folly, for the thoughts that swell This burning heart I cannot, dare not tell.

Know only this—I suffer, yet I rest; For all my cares and fears are cast away, And more than this I know not how to say; Forgotten though I be, I own it best, And 'mid the lilies lie in perfect rest.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

The True Position of Catholics.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE ESPECIALLY NECESSARY—IMPORTANCE OF ENLIGHTENED FAITH.

The following sketch is the substance of a sermon preached at a recent mission by a Dominican Father, at the request of our BROTHERS TAUGHT US IN THE CATECHISM. The common duty of all Christians in all the nations is well understood and easily explained. To find it we have only to open the catechism, and turn to the second question of that little book, "Why did God make you?" We have the plain but all-embracing answer, "To know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this world." This brief definition of man's whole duty on earth is complete. Its application to various circumstances and states of life will admit of, and even demand, different methods. Thus, the manner in which the child serves God is different from the manner in which the father serves Him; the duty of the servant is different from that of his master; the religious state is different from that of those living in the world; and so of the rest.

THE YOUNG MEN SHOULD TAKE THE PLACE OF THE OLD.

The peculiar duties and special mission of Catholic young men in America is the subject upon which you expect to hear me to-night. It is a most momentous subject. It is one in which the deepest feelings of my heart are enlisted. For, if the title of the priest is entirely given to the preservation and extension of the Catholic faith by means of preaching and the administration of the sacraments of the Church, his heart and mind must surely be deeply interested in the perpetuation of the cause to which he has given his life. Now, it is plain that when we of an older generation are called to our account, you are younger and are expected to defend the Catholic faith. Here is indeed a great and mighty work! A work demanding your earnest attention.

THE GIFTS OF FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

In presence of this work we will consider together its two essential elements—the gift of faith, mainly, and the gift of knowledge. "Faith," St. Paul tells us, "is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence (or proof) of things that appear not." Again he says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Without faith, a man is not a man, properly speaking. The works of creation round about us speak to our hearts in accents not to be misunderstood of the great Creator and of His divine intelligence. It is only the fool who can say in his heart, "There is no God." Faith, therefore, is the foundation of all good. Faith in Christ is confirmed by His resurrection from the dead.

"For, if He had not risen," says the same apostle, "my preaching were in vain." Faith in Christ is the level by which mankind has been elevated from the mire and misery of sin in the modern world. Ask the history of the last eight hundred years whose are the greatest and best names it has saved from oblivion! History will answer that they were men and women of faith, every one of them. On the other hand, who has disgraced the name and character of men? Those who either pretended not to have faith or were untrue to its teachings. Examples of both are abundant. Theodosius, Justinian,

Charlemagne, St. Louis, King of France,

were all men of deep and abiding faith in Christianity; and no thoughtful man that reads history will deny their beneficial influence on the ages in which they lived. Alfred and Edward were men of faith; and all of their countrymen honor themselves by honoring their names. In science we find Copernicus, a priest, and Columbus, a layman, and a strong knowledge of the theoretic and practical sciences more than any of their times. They were both men of strong faith, and ardent charity. Nero, Diocletian, Henry VIII, of England, Elizabeth, his daughter, were scoffers at God and religion—and necessarily untrue to their fellow-men. They were both men of strong faith, and ardent charity.

THE TRUE POSITION OF OUR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

I rejoice in speaking to-night to young men, most of whose forefathers received Christian faith without staining their hands in the blood of its apostles. In this they differ from all other nations. And they differ also in another respect—that having once received the Christian faith they have clung to it with more unflinching love, through storm and sunshine, than any other people. As a priceless treasure they received it; as a priceless treasure they have kept it. Permit me to indulge in the conviction that, having received our Apostles as angels from heaven, and having treated them as such through all changes of time, God has given us a great and glorious mission in these modern times. That it is to build upon solid foundations the faith in His Son, and to extend it among the nations that were untrue to it or never received it. This is the work which young men of America of the Catholic faith, and mostly of the Irish race. You are never in your true position among your fellow-citizens except when you are among them as good Catholics—honest and true to the convictions in which you were baptized and brought up.

ENLIGHTENED FAITH NECESSARY.

The second consideration to which your attention is called is to the necessity of an enlightened faith—or faith united to knowledge. In truth, a living faith, supported by good works, constantly leads to all changes of time, God has given us a great and glorious mission in these modern times. That it is to build upon solid foundations the faith in His Son, and to extend it among the nations that were untrue to it or never received it.

ARCHBISHOP AFFRE'S HIS ASSASSIN MEETS HIS FATE.

The following account of the horrible fate of the unfortunate Archbishop of Paris is taken from a French journal of late date: Archbishop Affre was assassinated June 22, 1848, by an insurgent named Laforce, who was a cabinet-maker living in faubourg Saint Antoine. Laforce, it appears, stationed himself in the turret of a house known as the *vingt-cinq*, from the window of which he fired, while he kept himself free from observation.

On the morning of the 25th of June, Archbishop Affre called upon General Cavaignac, and although warned by him of the danger which was impending, he nevertheless determined to make an effort to stop the carnage among citizens of the same race. Accordingly, the holy Prelate repaired to the faubourg Saint Antoine, the stronghold of the insurgents. On his appearance between the two hostile parties in the *Bastille*, the firing was suspended, and the holy Prelate calmly and courageously proceeded in the direction of the barricades without any other protection save the insignia of his peaceful calling, which he wore, and the presence of a man whose name was a green branch, in token of peace, in front of the Archbishop as he moved between the two lines composed of the soldiers and the insurgents. Lifting aloft his pectoral cross, the Archbishop had just commenced a house known as the *vingt-cinq*, from the window of which he fired, while he kept himself free from observation.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE ESPECIALLY NECESSARY.

Here, then, is the great duty of Catholic young men to acquire all things a knowledge of their religion, and, as far as lies in them to impart that knowledge to others. My meaning is not that they become officious or restless to make proselytes; but that they shall be ever ready to repel with firmness and good temper all attacks made upon their religion. Also that when they fall in with well-disposed persons inquiring for truth and tossed about by the waves of uncertainty and constant change, they will be able to point out to them the guiding star of Catholic truth, which will be unable to spend half an hour in the day in reading some good book? "The Following of Christ," the writings of St. Francis de Sales, the New Testament are a good mine of true preservation in virtue and knowledge to those who practice reading them. A great variety of most excellent works, by which we are enabled to answer any and all objections to our holy religion, and published in this our day. The printing press itself is an invention of Catholic times, having come into use in 1450; and it is the duty of Catholics to turn it to the best account in defending and propagating their doctrines. Truth is surely stronger than error; and it is cowardice of the lowest order not to make an honest effort with the weapons at hand to resist the powers of darkness. You that have leisure and some means at hand before God to use your superior advantages on the side of truth. What can be so discouraging as to see wealthy Catholics, when they take a notion to ornament their houses with libraries, deliberately fill them with books in the reading of which there is danger to faith and morals, and in which there are often found positive attacks upon their religion? To support such literature is to work directly into the hands of the devil. It is tacitly to deny one's faith. Do you not know that there are those yet living who were born in the times when it was high crime and misdemeanor—yes, an offence punishable by English law—for Catholics or their children to learn to read or write at all? Now that our chains are broken, now that the grand and majestic power of opening the leaf. Again, if it is overriden is the oven it will turn crisp, and will nip the tongue in smoking. It is by careful attention to all these points that the "Myrtle Navy" has been brought to such perfection. The man who manufactures have their own stores in Virginia, and from the time the leaf leaves the planter's hand until it is turned out of the factory, months afterwards, in plugs, it is under the care of their skilled and trusted employees.

NATURAL RELIGION.

Will a Simple Theism Satisfy the Hearts of Men?

Catholic Columbian.

More than half a century ago Felix de Camenais published his famous treatise in which he contended that the malady under which the age suffered was indifference. Christianity, he said, has been in the world for eighteen hundred years—eighteen hundred years of combat and of triumph—yet now at last it is under going the same fate which its Founder underwent at the beginning. Cited, so to speak, not before a Roman Proconsul, but before the entire human race, it is asked, "Art thou a King? Is it true, as thou sayest, that thou proudest to reign over 'thyself' have said it, 'the religion of Jesus Christ replies: 'Yes I am King; I reign over intellects, in enlightening them; over hearts, in regulating their movements—even to their desiring to conform to the law which I confer upon society by the benefits which I confer upon it. The world was buried in the darkness of error. I am come to bring it the truth: There is my title. Whoever heareth the word loveth Me.'" But this august word—truth—no longer conveys any meaning to a perverted reason. What is truth to the judge, occupied with other things and stupid (*distracted* and *stupid*). And, without waiting for an answer, he goes out, declares that he finds nothing worthy of condemnation in the accused and delivers him with respect to the multitude, to be made its sport and soon a victim.

Now during the fifty years and more that have passed away since these words were written, a change has come over the attitude of the public mind with regard to Christianity. Whatever may be alleged against the world, INDIFFERENCE WITH REGARD TO RELIGION, cannot be urged. The enemies of the Cross of Christ show no symptom of indifference in France, in Italy, in Germany, nor for the matter of that, in this country.

On the other hand, are professed Christians—even those external to the true Church—any longer open to the reproach which in the last century and in the early part of the present was urged against them, with only too much reason, of resting content with the mere profession of religion, unquestionably being a revival of religious earnestness. And, what is more directly to our present purpose, there is between the two camps, the religious and the irreligious, a vast multitude whose minds are not indifferent but UNDECIDED.

They are looking out, with greater or less steadiness and intensity of gaze, for some firm foundation of faith, some sure ground of hope, some worthy object of life, some end to which they may devote themselves. Who are saying, perhaps, "I am a Christian, but I know not what it means." Catholics of all people in the world, should be the last to contemplate with unconcern such inquiries as these. The fact that we Catholics have received a gift which makes faith easy is itself a reason for kindness towards those who are in doubt. Many religious Protestants, as has been truly said, "can hardly conceal from themselves that they have a house without logical foundation, which continues, indeed, for the present to stand, but which may go any day." And if this is so, how can we view with anxiety and misgiving those external to the Church who hold fast to these fragments of divine truth which their several sects have preserved outside the pale of Catholic unity, what must our feelings be about men, not perhaps of the same faith, but of the same logical minds, who, following out the doubts that the systems in which they have been brought up, have drifted into scepticism about the Christian revelation, into faint possibilities? Pitiable indeed is their case. The natural result of such a state of mind is speculation and inquiry, generated by the more earnest spirit which has been abroad during the last fifty or sixty years. But it is not on that account the less worthy of the helpful attention of Catholics.

Hence, it is recognized as a work as Mr. Seeley's recently published book on "NATURAL RELIGION," about which every one just now is talking or writing. It is close upon two decades ago that this eloquent and thoughtful Prelate gave to the world his *Essays on the* attempt, as we were told in the preface, of one "dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ, and unable to rest content without a definite opinion," "to trace His biography from point to point," and "to accept these conceptions as they are, and to show the facts which seem to appear to warrant." The reception which that remarkable book met with from religiously-minded men was notable. Few of any school of theological thought doubted its good faith or denied its importance. The foremost of Catholic writers devoted to it an article in the *Month*, in which a guarded and well-weighted recognition of its merits was accompanied by sad reflections touching the phase of thought which it represented. The foremost of English statesmen—a man whose earnest persons may feel towards him—formed from it so good an opinion of the author as to bestow upon him the chair of modern history at one of our great national universities. And now the author of *Essays on* comes before the world and responds to the inquiry whether natural religion—by which he apparently means mere THEISM OF THE NATURAL ORDER, and that in its most attenuated and shadowy shape, will content mankind. It is a curious and sympathetic of its critics arrange to be unable to agree whether its author's aim is to recommend or discredit the natural religion of which he writes; whether his irony and paradoxes are the preface to affirmation or denial. Indeed he himself recognizes the latter possibility, and who, as he allows, from the great mass of mankind, "all that has been offered in this book will at first seem offered in derision." For ourselves we are far from thus regarding his speculations. On the contrary, we are very much as there is in his volume to sadden and distress, we think that, consciously or unconsciously, he has done something to serve the cause of truth, and to put before the world

THE GREAT ISSUE.

which it is being imperiously called to

face. To us it seems an irrefragable position that religion is an integral part of man's nature; and equally irrefragable does the position appear that religion, in its intelligible sense, must mean a looking up to something higher than sense or reason supply. Religion of some sort man must have. Will mere Theism of the natural order content him? Is there not a strong a priori probability of a revelation, "founded on our sense, on the God, and on the other on our extreme misery and need?" That the mere natural religion of which the author of *Ecco Homo* discourses in his new volume will not satisfy the cravings of man's nature he apparently allows. "We may well begin to doubt," he writes, "whether the known and the natural can suffice for human life. No sooner do we try to think so than Pessimism rears its head. The more our thoughts widen and deepen as time and the infinite goodness of God, and on the other on our extreme misery and need?" That the mere natural religion of which the author of *Ecco Homo* discourses in his new volume will not satisfy the cravings of man's nature he apparently allows. "We may well begin to doubt," he writes, "whether the known and the natural can suffice for human life. No sooner do we try to think so than Pessimism rears its head. The more our thoughts widen and deepen as time and the infinite goodness of God, and on the other on our extreme misery and need?"

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