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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
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THE PEASANT GIRLS.

The peasant girls of merry France,
Beneath her trellis vine,
Watches the signal for the dance—
The broad, red sun's decline.
'Tis there—and forth she flies with glee
To join the circling band,
Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy
Are heard throughout the land.
And fair Italia's peasant girl,
The Arno's bank's beside,
With myrtle flowers that shine like pearl
Will braid at eventide
Her raven locks; and to the sky,
With eyes of liquid light,
Look up and bid her tyre outshine—
"Was ever land so bright?"
The peasant girl of England, see
With lips of rosy dye,
Beneath her sheltering cottage tree
Smile on each passer-by,
She looks on fields of yellow grain,
Inhales the bean-flower's scent,
And sees, amid the fertile plain,
An image of content.
The peasant girl of Scotland goes
Across her Highland hill,
With cheek that emulates the rose
And voice the skylark's thrill.
Her tartan plaid she folds around
A many-colored vest—
Type of what varied joys have found
A home in her kind breast.
The peasant girl of Ireland, she
Has left her cabin home,
Bearing white wreaths—what can it be
Invites her thus to roam?
Her eyes are not the joyous ray
Should to her years belong;
And as she winds her languid way
She carols no sweet song.
Oh! soon upon the step and glance
Grief does the work of age;
And it has been her hapless chance
To open that dark page.
The happy harvest home was o'er,
The fierce tithe-gatherer came—
And her young lover, in his gore,
Fell by a murderous aim!
Then well may youth's bright glance be gone
Forever from that eye,
And soon will sisters weep upon
The grave that she kneels by;
And well may prouder hearts than those
That there place garlands, say:
"Have Ireland's peasant girls such woes?
When will they pass away?"

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE;

OR
A SISTER OF FABIOLA.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VI.

Whilst all these conspiracies were being carried on in secret, the Church of Carthage enjoyed comparative peace and tranquility. A general assembly of the Christians was to be held, and the house belonging to a widow, a close relative of the Bishop, was chosen for this purpose. It was beautifully situated. It was sheltered by the dark foliage of a thick grove on the side of the country, while the front looked towards the sea; that washed in gentle murmurs the base of the elevation upon which it stood. At the end of one of the avenues which ornamented the pleasure grounds was an altar. There were two seats placed to the right and left, and were reserved for the Primate and another Bishop who had come to visit him.

The prayers preceding the sacrifice were begun. The people assisted with feelings of the most profound devotion. Thanks were offered to God for the peace which the Church of Africa enjoyed, and for the progress which the Gospel had made among the Gentiles. Prayers were said for those other Churches that had suffered persecution, and were still suffering from the penalties of cruel legislation. They prayed that those who were called to profess the faith, might do it fearlessly, and that they might have the fortitude to suffer death rather than offer incense to the Gods. They prayed likewise for the poor infidels, that they might finally open their eyes to light and abandon their superstitious ways to enter the fold of Jesus Christ; that the Caesars who were victorious over the barbarians that threatened the Empire, should fall conquered and repentant at the foot of that cross which for two hundred years they trampled under foot in their blind and impotent rage. Several were then admitted as catechumens. The time now came for the offering up of the real sacrifice. A venerable dignitary, preceded by Optatus, the Bishop of Carthage, now approached the altar. He was old, and his decrepit form showed that he had experienced the infirmities of age. His hair was long and snowy white, and fell in large natural curls down his shoulders. He carried in his hand a crozier, which, while it served to support his enfeebled body, indicated the dignity of his pastoral office. His countenance was mild and benevolent. It bore the expression of profound piety, and the marks of a vivid faith were visible in the brightness and loving anxiety of his eyes as he turned them upwards in prayer. The sacrifice went on, and many approached the sacred altar and received from his venerable hands the sacrament of love. Towards the close of the ceremonies, the Deacon turned round to the people, and chanted in a loud voice: "Ite missa est"—"Go, the mass is finished." The *Te Deum* was now sung, the people standing up and joining their voices in the sacred chant.

But, who was this aged Priest? No one had seen him before at Carthage. He wore the pallium, the symbol of high rank in the hierarchy of the Church. The solemnity of the service had stifled for a time all sentiments of curiosity but once it was finished, all were naturally anxious to discover who he was. He addressed them in a few words on the importance of salvation, but modestly forbade him to speak of himself. It was Narcisse. He had been born in the third century of the Church. While he was a child, he had listened to the accents that fell from the lips of the Prophet of Patmos. He had conversed with the immediate successors of the Apostles, with St. Clement, St. Polycarp, and with St. Ignatius of Antioch. He had been called to witness the martyrdom of St. Pollius of Lyons. He had tendered him consolation in prison, and had watched with him to his latest hour. At the time to which we refer, he had already attained his 112th year. His parents had been christened, and he was necessarily brought up in the love of virtue. He was, however, left an orphan at an early age, but he had already acquired a taste for learning, and he spared no effort to study the doctrines of the Apostles. He had a natural aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and under the influence of those brilliant lights of the Church, he became an able defender of its dogmas, and was regarded as a formidable opponent of the stronghold of Paganism. Nature had marked him out as her favorite, and had lavished upon him the gifts of a pleasing countenance and a graceful figure. The mild but firm glance of his brilliant eye, could not but command respect at the same time that it won its way to the heart and elicited the deepest sentiments of affection. His forehead was high, and would have borne the expression of pride, but for the sweetness of the smile that ever played upon his lips. It was in this latter trait that the qualities of his soul were principally depicted, and judging from his outward mark, it could not be but in close communion with God. There was no disguise nor dissimulation in his manner, but, on the contrary, an openness and a frankness that drew all around him and impressed them with an unshaken confidence. But years had left this impression upon his wrinkled brow, and already his form was bent and his step unsteady. The vigor of his intellectual faculties alone remained unimpaired, and seemed to progress in inverse ratio of the feebleness of their material tenement.

His blameless morals, his talents, and vast acquirements in the traditions of the Church, his indefatigable efforts in sustaining the doctrine of the faith against the attacks of heretics, had brought him into notice, and it was not long before he was elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood. St. Polycarp, of Smyrna, ordained him. The Saint was exceedingly fond of him, and desired most ardently that he would remain with him, to aid in conducting the affairs of his diocese. Narcisse came to Jerusalem just at this time. His modesty had induced him to take this step. He considered that he could remain there quiet and unobserved, but he was mistaken. God had destined him to a nobler position in his Church, and called him to responsibilities before which his timid nature would have shrunk with fear. He was elected Bishop, despite his remonstrances, and he now began to fill the chair which had been formerly occupied by the Apostle St. James.

It had been said of him that he had restored sight to the blind, made the deaf hear, and the lame walk. The faith which is sufficient to remove mountains, was possessed by him in a degree which might be termed supernatural. His fame had gone abroad, though he spared no pains to keep secret whatever assistance he had afforded the people through the power and will of the Almighty.

His eminent virtues, however, did not shield him from the curiosity of several individuals whom he had been obliged to reprove with severity. They had resolved to have revenge. Their first idea was to assassinate him, but they came to reflect that death would be to him a boon and anything but a punishment. They knew that he sighed only after Heaven, and that he lovingly complained that God had forgotten him upon this world. Assassination, 'o this holy Pontiff, would not have been regarded as any thing to be avoided, and would not have satisfied the thirst of the wretch who thirsted to do him harm. The spirit of evil has often shed blood, but one of its powerful weapons is calumny. They knew that this latter instrument would inflict a wound on the heart of the patriarch more profound and lasting

than if they had brought suddenly to a close that life which he coveted not, and which, in any case, was well nigh extinct. From his earliest years, Narcisse had cherished within his bosom like a precious gift the sacred virtue of purity. He had seen the world, and had been surrounded with its enticing scenes, but he heard the song of the Syrens without being seduced to their fatal shore. He was old, and it was impossible that temptation should obtain the mastery over his heart. It was still with a their power to harm him. The past offered them a wide field upon which they might labor to tarnish his character and drag from his brow, in the esteem of the people, the aureole of purity which, up to the present time, had borne no stain to cloud the brilliancy of its gems.

There was a woman living at this time in Jerusalem. Her life was dissolute and her name was a scandal to those who knew her. She lived in luxury, and lavished upon her vanity the gold that was thrown at her feet by the lascivious crowd. One day, from some motive unknown, she repaired to the house of the Bishop, to ask the favor of doing public penance and of being admitted to baptism. The predecessor of Narcisse lived there at this time. She succeeded in her demand, and was received into the number of those whom the Church supported with alms.

Whence came this woman? Her accent and manners were foreign. Where were her relatives? Where was her country? No one could say. It was simply known that she had come to Jerusalem in all the beauty of her youth, accompanied with a crowd of slaves that trembled before her as they would before the tyranny of a barbarous queen; that she had rented in the most fashionable quarter of the town a beautiful dwelling, which since became the receptacle of the licentious of the city; that she had ever held in contempt, and insulted by her blasphemous, the Church of Jesus Christ. Her conservatism was sometimes suspicious, and led to suppose that she was not sincere in demanding the grace of baptism, but simply to obtain the succor which was usually given by the Church. The mask of hypocrisy was thick, but to the close observer it was sufficiently transparent to allow the traits of her concealed countenance to be seen.

A woman of this kind was what just suited those parties who had sworn to revenge themselves for the humiliation to which they had been subjected. They had money and influence, and with those two powerful elements they hoped to succeed. They consulted with each other, and finally resolved to call upon her. She appeared somewhat astonished to see three men coming at the dead hour of night, but when she saw that they had money, her eyes flashed with delight. They were not slow to observe this.

"We know who thou art, woman," began one of the visitors. "Thou hast been called the 'Beautiful Juno.' This is the name which thou gavest thyself at a time when thou hadst crowds of adorers among the Jews and Pagans, who were ruined without bringing any advantage to thee. Jewels and precious stones were thy play toys, and viands fit for princes were scarcely delicate enough to be placed upon thy table. Thou hadst a palace to live in, and thy retinue was numerous, and always at thy side to assist thee. What a change? What is the meaning of this poor cat! Is this all that is left thee for thy old age? The bread thou hast to eat must indeed be bitter, for it is the bread of the poor, the price of lies and hypocrisy. It is useless to deceive us by false protestations, for in thy heart thou hast never abjured the religion of thy fathers. Thou art Christian only in name. Every one says it, and the Bishop believes it, and, if I mistake not, he will refuse thee for the future the bread that enables thee to live. What wilt thou become of thee? But, listen: if thou desirest, thou canst have the means of going back to thy country. Thou canst then have slaves to serve thee, and canst profess freely the religion in which thou hast been reared from thy infancy. Consent to do us a favor and all thy hopes will fall short of the pleasure that is in store for thee!"

The infamous wretch listened to the proposals that were made her, and consented to defame the pure name of Narcisse. She swore an oath to the Pagan gods that she would accomplish her promise. The visit of the strangers was therefore successful.

Soon after reports were heard touching the character of the Pontiff. They were readily received. Many who had accepted favors from his hands, were the first to repeat them and give it as their opinion that some of what was said was true. It was reported that his election had not been valid, and that ambition alone had induced him to thrust himself into dignities to which he had not been called. His previous life too had been spent in debauchery, and that he had wandered about from place to place not to acquire that science necessary for the priesthood, but to satisfy his unbridled passions. These false rumors naturally increased as they passed from mouth to mouth, and murmurs were soon heard on all sides. The minds of the people became excited to the highest pitch, and it wanted very little to induce them to an open revolt.

The day after the aspect of affairs became more serious. Crowds gathered around the door of the patriarch, and were vociferous in their denunciations of his sacred character. They demanded loudly his removal from the See as an unworthy Priest and Bishop.

"Let him be driven forth from the Church and the city," cried the enraged crowd. "He is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Narcisse appeared. He raised his hand to ask silence for a moment, but the clamors of the unruly mob rang through the air, and the holy Pontiff could only raise his eyes to Heaven in testimony of his innocence.

At this moment an old woman, bent with age, and bearing the mark of time in the hideous wrinkles that furrowed her brow, and gave to her features a hateful aspect, approached the door, and cried out in a loud voice:
"Willst thou dost thou recognise me? Dost thou recognise in the woman, changed now by age and misery, the virtuous young girl whom thou seduced? Dost thou not know the 'Beautiful Juno,' the timid maid, innocent and pure? Dost thou not remember Lucilla? I was the pride of my parents, but, through thy infamy, I have become their shame!"
She then turned towards the people:

"This man," she cried, raising her voice, "this man came to Corinth, my native country. I was then young. He came there, he said, to collect certain traditions left there by St. Paul. My parents were Christians, and occupied a high rank in society. They received him with a generous hospitality. But he abused it with black ingratitude. He saw me and conceived an affection for me. My mother desired him to teach me the doctrine of the Christians, and prepare me for baptism. But, the wretch! the infamous— I can say no more! He left, to continue elsewhere, no doubt, his evil doings. But I was driven from home, and became a wandering fugitive on the face of the earth. I passed from city to city until I came amongst you here. Ah! the miseries of my youth! Who is the cause? Look, that degraded man, Narcisse! Let him now feel the weight of that shame that has hitherto weighed upon his unfortunate victim!"

The holy Bishop sustained by the testimony of a good conscience, and the grace of God, heard patiently those grave accusations which had been brought against him by Lucilla. "Woman," he at length replied; "woman! in the name of Jesus Christ I pardon thee. The Lord knows my innocence, and one day it will be manifested before all men." The people were moved, for they could not doubt the sincerity and truth of those words that had fallen from the lips of the venerable Priest. They raised their voices to condemn the perfidious woman, and were it not for the timely interposition of Narcisse they would have torn her to pieces. But all was not ended. The three men who had suborned Lucilla to utter those falsehoods were not to be overcome by this sudden change of public opinion. They cried out loudly, "That woman tells the truth. We know that the accusation is true for we have been to Corinth too. He did seduce her; we can swear it."

The virtuous qualities of this eminent Patriarch were so well known that it was not difficult to clear himself of the charges brought against him. Public opinion was divided. He thought it better to retire secretly into solitude. He was glad too to be released from the burden which he had unwillingly accepted. He accordingly left Palestine and came to Africa. But God called him once more and instructed him to return to Jerusalem and to undertake once more the government of His Church.

Lucilla came to die sometime afterwards. She felt the stings of conscience and fearing to meet her God before she had repaired the evil she had done, she gave public testimony to the innocence of the Bishop she had so cruelly maligned. In the agony of death, she raised her voice and repeated several times, "I have calumniated him! I have calumniated him!"

Such was the venerable Pontiff who had just celebrated the holy nuptials, and who was the object of curiosity to the Christians of Carthage.

CHAPTER VII.—THE VEIL STAINED WITH BLOOD.

The same evening Narcisse, yielding to the request of Optatus, related several episodes of his exile. There was an earnest simplicity in his manner which lent a charm to his conversation and enchaind the attention of all present. The company was numerous, and chiefly composed of Priests and Deacons, together with a few Senators who had been converted from Paganism. There were in attendance several aged ladies who had renounced the world for the faith and who had been elevated to the rank of Deaconesses. They had distinguished themselves by their eminent virtues. Their duty was to visit the sick and attend to the wants of the poor. They made garments for the orphans and those who had no means to procure them. They instructed the ignorant and prepared them for baptism. They assisted at funerals and prayed in common for the repose of the faithful departed. Their devotedness to their sacred cause was worthy of praise and they added dignity to the Church by their presence in the sanctuary. They were in fact the germ of those holy institutions which later years have developed and brought to maturity, and which in our day have commanded the respect even of unbelievers by the success which they have lent to suffering humanity.

The mother of Vivian was there. Since her baptism, her whole ambition was to serve the church, and practice its sublime virtues. She was as usual accompanied by the pious and gentle Rufina.

The venerable Patriarch related that he had left Jerusalem in the night and alone. He was obliged to disguise himself under the garments of a certain old man. He was constrained to change them frequently as well as take different directions in order to avoid several of his Priests who had come in pursuit of him with the intention of bringing him back to the city. He travelled by night, as the heat of the day was too great, and his feeble constitution could not have withstood the fatigue it would have occasioned. When the dawn would appear, he would choose for himself the foot of some tree, and there he would rest his wearied limbs concealed from the sun by its outspreading branches. The brook that flowed by in sweet murmurs at his feet supplied him with water, while the wild fruit that the hand of Nature had planted afforded nourishment to his wasted frame. Thus did he pass day after day until he arrived in Egypt. His intention was to enter some monastery where he was not known and there pass the decline of his years in the calmness of a peaceful repose. He wandered on the banks of the Nile, in the vast deserts which the children of Israel had crossed in their journeying towards the Promised Land, until he came to the frontiers of Africa. "I passed, he said, sometimes westward, sometimes eastward, something like the first descendants of Adam who went from place to place without knowing whither they were going. Providence sometimes conducted me to some kind habitation where I was well received. They pitied the poor traveler when they saw his bleeding feet and tattered garments. I never stayed to take repose. I betook myself to the woods and slept. But from the heavens above the Lord looked down upon his old wearied servant and the wild, ferocious animals that prowled round about, appeared to stand off in token of respect.

"I came to your city after having visited nearly all the Churches of Africa. I was rejected to find so many virtues among your Christian population. I have assisted at your religious assemblies, and with you I have humbly approached the table of the

Lord, and my trembling lips have drunk the adorable blood of the Saviour.

"God has spoken. My tears and prayers have not obtained what they so ardently sought which was to die forgotten in the silence of solitude. He desires that I return to my people and that I take once more into those aged hands the symbol of my former authority. But before I go back to Jerusalem, that city so long the beloved City of God, I have a mission to fulfill amongst you here.

"Some months ago, I passed through that famous city that owes its name to the conqueror of Asia. I was retained there by sickness. The Patriarchal See was then vacant; the clergy and the people were unable to meet in order to elect a successor to the pious Pontiff whom death had just taken from their midst. Thick clouds, the presage of a storm, had gathered on the horizon. Unhappy Provinces that are governed by cunning and wicked men! They will not resist the popular cry, and rather than forego a title that flatters their pride and their cupidity, they would stifle the most generous movements of the heart and suppress the voice of conscience. They renew the scene of Pilate. They hang upon the smiles of Caesar, and sooner than incur his displeasure they are ready to condemn the innocent and sl of the blood of the just.

"Aquila, who is the Prefect of Alexandria, has no personal hatred towards the Christians. He esteems their virtue and has often testified to their fidelity to the Empire. In the beginning he went so far as to favor them openly. Afterwards he came to find out that this policy did not accord with his interests. Public opinion regarded as a crime his spirit of tolerance, and there were many who murmured against him and threatened to report him to the civil authorities of Rome. From this moment he changed his plan of action. Christians were sought out and imprisoned. Those who could not escape were laden with chains and subjected to the most cruel tortures. Their eyes were torn mercilessly from their sockets, and their arms cut off for having assisted at the celebration of the sacred rites. Others, again, were exiled to the deserts and retained in subterranean caverns in which they were constrained to breathe a heavy and oppressive atmosphere. Thus were they condemned to perpetual slavery and every kind of ill treatment until death came to release them from the miseries of their existence.

The pagan crowd were not yet satisfied. They thirsted for vengeance, and they could only quench their thirst in blood. At Rome there were amphitheatres and the people were amused from time to time with the thrilling sight of Christians struggling in the agonies of death in the fearful arena. Why should they not have the same thing in Alexandria? The impious sect of the Nazarenes were progressing with astonishing rapidity and severe measures must be taken to arrest the evil and preserve intact the worship of the gods.

How, shall I depict those dreadful scenes which I myself was called to witness! Many were called to receive the crown of martyrdom. Some were tied up and lodged until their lacerated flesh became one whole wound. Others were torn with sharp instruments and when their bodies presented the appearance of a bleeding mass they were suspended over a slow fire and consumed by inches. Some there were who received their death by decapitation or by being thrown alive into the river; but this only occurred when the executioners were fatigued and unable to exercise their refinement of cruelty.

"Every day witnessed scenes of this kind. Old men whose blanched hairs indicated that they were already on the brink of the grave, were led to be executed together with the rest. Young children whose locks were golden on their sunny brow, were torn asunder by the swords of the soldiers, and women whose beauty and exterior grace was but the faint reflection of their interior virtues, were subjected to every kind of outrage and finally tortured to death by a thousand inventions of barbarous ingenuity. Often their bodies were trampled upon and lacerated by the weapons of the mob, when already life was extinct and the soul had appeared before the throne of God to receive its reward.

"There was likewise an arena where confessors were brought to contend with the wild lions from the deserts of Numidia. It was to be an exciting spectacle for the people who were thirsting for the blood of the Christians. But the ferocious animals instead of bounding on their prey in obedience to their savage instincts, approached in a crouching attitude and licked the feet of these servants of God. There was one young man, not yet twenty years old, who stood erect in the arena. His forehead was lofty and proud and a smile of celestial joy played on his lips. He held on his arms in the form of a cross and prayed. Three times the wild beasts rushed furiously towards him but, as if overcome by some invisible power, they held back and crouched in the attitude of fear. The intrepid martyr continued praying, as if he was insensible to everything around him, and his lips were still trembling to bring forth the last accents of his love, when he fell beneath the stroke of a sword.

"One day a young woman was brought before the tribunal of Aquila. She was dressed as a slave, but her delicate hands and noble features indicated a noble origin. She fearlessly confessed that she was a Christian and that she was ready to confirm her faith by whatever torture they might inflict.

The Governor spoke to her at first with calmness and promised her her liberty and an alliance which would procure her all the gifts of fortune if she would abjure the faith of the Christians.
"Lose no time," she replied laughingly, "do your duty. My only spouse is Christ the Saviour."
"Seize that insolent slave!" cried Aquila, burning with rage at the courage of the young woman before his tribunal.

They tore the veil from her face, and stared impudently into that sweet face that was now crimson with a holy modesty. She was however nothing daunted.

"I despise your gods and your infamous godesses! I am a Christian and the betrothed of Christ! Why do you wait?"
"These words uttered with such vehemence and courage irritated still more the executioners. They fell upon her like the ferocious tigers of the woods, and soon her whole body ran down with blood. She was pierced on every side and her beautiful countenance was lacerated with their pointed iron-