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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 GRINNON. 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. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

increated centre. But don't weep so, Vivia, if you would not raiuge a drop of bitterness in my cup of happiness."

Vivia started back in astonishment. What that bright halo of light that surrounded the pure virginal brow of Angela? How supernatural that sweet face shining with the reflexion of celestial beauty! What brilliancy in those blue eyes as they were turned upwards with a look of deep meaning and love to behold what to others was invisible.

A few moments after Angela turned round to Vivia, saying:

"Did you hear the tender accents of that voice? I thought I saw the hand of my beloved spouse extending to me a gorgeous bridal ring, and after speaking of the heavenly joy which was soon to be my heritage, he stooped down to kiss me and I felt an inexpressible thrill of pleasure as he left the impression of his lips upon my brow. It appeared to me as if I should die of happiness alone, but Vivia what shall it be when I shall behold him in the plenitude of his beauty, and enjoy the sweetness of his love?"

"O Angela! speak and inspire me with that celestial fire that breathes through your every word. I have need of it, for I too, may be called to suffer death. You will pray for me will you not? I must needs follow in the thorny and rugged path in which Christ first led the way, and without grace to sustain me I shall grow faint from weakness."

"I will, my dear friend," and Angela imprinted on her cheek the sacred kiss of peace.

"Angela, I came here to comfort you. Poor frail creature that I am; it is you who have to comfort me. Angela, your faith is strong and your love is stronger still. You will prepare the way. You know those recent events which have transpired. The passion of the people against our most holy religion have increased to a pitch of fury and will soon take the form of a systematic persecution. My darling husband, Angela, excuse these tears; human nature is still strong within me; my husband has been cruelly assassinated, and his ashes scattered to the four winds because it was found out that he had died a Christian. And who is likely to be the next victim for the sacrifice? Angela, pray that when I am called by the bridegroom my lamp may be burning. But your example will animate me, and sustain me in prison; your image, with that sacred halo and that crown of lilies interlaced with roses will be before our minds as we march to the arena, and then you will kneel before the throne of God and pour forth a prayer which will ascend like sweet incense in his sight—that prayer will be for you dear Vivia, when, writhing in the agonies of death; will it not Angela? A fan hung from the long eye-lashes of Angela. "But come, Vivia, let us not grow weak. Let us valiantly meet the foe, resting upon the omnipotent arm of God. See that crucifix; that dear beloved image! How often have I kissed it? Let us kneel before it and pray to the Saviour for final grace. You know the soldiers of Hilarion will soon be here. They kneel together and their pure souls had entered into close communion with God."

The early dawn of the morning approached and the guards were already at the door.

"Venerable old man," said Pudeus, the officer of the party, addressing the father of Angela, "pardon me if I bring mourning to your hearth. I am a soldier and must obey. Hilarion summons your daughter to appear before him."

"I pardon you, for I know it is hard for you to perform this disagreeable duty, and tear a loving child from the arms of her father. But obey. I beg of you, I implore you not to put these cruel heavy irons on those tender arms." Emotion choked his utterance and the old man wept.

"I have received orders to lead her in chains, but I care not. I cannot do it. Let her come with me. I will take her under my protection and I swear no harm shall be done her, no insult shall be offered her until I place her in the hands of Hilarion."

"Thanks, soldier, thanks! I hope God will reward your humanity and respect for virtue. May he enlighten your mind as to the truth."

"But time is going fast and my duty must be performed."

"Well, come with me; spare me the pain of telling my beloved child that the moment of separation has arrived. When she sees you she will understand the motive that has brought you here. Come!" And both ascended to the room of Angela.

The young virgin was still on her knees before the crucifix and appeared to be absorbed in profound contemplation. Her arms were as usual crossed upon her breast, and her eyes were steadily fixed upon the image of the Redeemer. But her gaze was strange and preternaturally anxioety in her features such as would naturally betray the ardent emotions of the heart. Her lips had assumed a stiff and rigid appearance, though they still bore that sweet and winning smile. It was, however, the smile of a statue skillfully chiselled by the hand of an artist. These lively impetuous movements which from time to time she was wont to suppress, lest their violence might be too great for her feeble frame, now no longer came to disturb her, but on the contrary all was quiet as the silence which reigned around. The round and arched forehead was as white as the lilies which adorned it, and her countenance wore that soft serene pallor which denotes the calmness and innocence of the thoughts. There was nevertheless a glow of celestial beauty about her features that seemed to descend from above, and reflect the smile of God's approval upon that creature whose every act was fashioned according to his will.

The rough soldier stood transfixed and unable to utter a word. He was overawed by a scene of such supernatural loveliness. How like an angel as she knelt before the crucifix with Vivia on one side and her mother on the other! But the thought of Hilarion came to his mind and looking at the father, he pointed to Angela, as if he himself were afraid to speak.

Rise my child, bid farewell to your mother! Come my darling, rise. I will accompany you to the place of martyrdom, and bear back to your mother the precious blood, which shall have flowed from your veins. Come, my beloved child, let me offer you as a sacrifice of sweet smelling odor to the Lord of Hosts—and the father approached her and laid his hand trembling upon her shoulder. He started

back while his entire frame shook convulsively. Vivia now rose to her feet and turning round and stretching for her hand with an air of defiance, exclaimed, "get ye gone, she is dead."

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE VISION.

From the beginning God has revealed himself to man. In the garden of Eden he made known to him his destiny, and instructed him in his commandments. Adam knew the voice of God, and when after the violation of the Lord, he heard it calling upon him, he withdrew to conceal his nakedness. That voice was heard by Cain, and the fratricide trembled with fear when it declared to him the terrible punishment which he and his descendants were to undergo. The patriarchs were likewise in close communication with God. Jacob had two mysterious visions, and all the prophets commenced by saying, "the word of the Lord came to me." Thus begins the royal prophet who commenced the great events which he foresaw through the mist of future ages. Again the chaste spouse of the Virgin Mary beholds in a dream a heavenly messenger who warns him of his danger. And who has not read the mysterious visions of St John in the solitude of Patmos? There he saw with a clear eye view the trials and sufferings of the Church. He beheld to its final victory over the passions and prejudices of the world and all the striking vicissitudes which have since marked its path in the accomplishment of its destiny. The vast extent of that wicked empire over which anti-Christ should reign was clearly visible to his prophetic eye, and he sighed with grief as he looked upon the apparent glory of the throne upon which he sat in place of the living God.

The Apostles had ascended in spirit to heaven and there stood enraptured with the beauty of the heavenly Jerusalem. It was then that he was permitted to behold the Incarnate word in all its marvellous splendor, and to hear the chants of praise as they issued forth with thrilling ecstasy from the loving hearts of the blessed.

In every age God has favored his servants with communications of this kind which are called visions. It may be opposed to the convictions of those who have not fully entered into the spirit of Christianity, but they are nevertheless true and well authenticated. The wisdom of the world has marked out for itself limits, and these limits do not include within their grasp anything that is supernatural. But the visions related in the "acts of the martyrs" repose upon historical proof, and are moreover of such a nature as would naturally be vouchsafed to those who were ready to shed their blood in defence of the faith. They are monuments of those ages of faith, of heroism, in which God has manifested his power and his goodness as well for the consolation of the faithful as for the conversion of those who are still in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Vivia, as has been remarked, had two brothers. They were now catechumens and were preparing in secret for the grace of Baptism. They had not, however, ceased to frequent the public schools of Carthage. Such was the desire of their father Hanno. They kept away from the company of the young patricians, and studiously avoided their games and places of resort. They listened attentively to the lectures of their professor upon the art of speaking and then returned to their parents to follow the religious exercises which had been marked out for them by their pious mother Julia.

They had obtained permission to visit their sister who was in prison, for the persecution had commenced despite the efforts of some among the senators to oppose it. It was thought that the object of their visit was to induce her to renounce her faith, and they were accordingly permitted to enter without the slightest difficulty. No one as yet suspected them in their attachments to the ancient religion, and many were convinced that the final issue of the intrusions would be a complete retraction on the part of Vivia of all that she had previously declared in reference to the Christian faith.

One day the elder of the brothers came alone, as the younger could not accompany him for some reason. "Sister," he said, "there is a strange rumor in the streets to-day. They say that the Emperor has changed his policy and has given orders that the persecution against the Christians be immediately suspended. It is said, likewise, that those who are already in prison by virtue of his former edict, will have their sentence commuted to perpetual exile. Our father received those tidings with transports of joy, and he will procure your liberty in consideration of our rank."

"May the will of God be done!" replied Vivia. "I ardently desired to die for the faith, and I thought I saw already approaching the day on which I should render before the gaze of the world this supreme testimony of my sincere and unwavering love. However, if my divine spouse wishes that I should live for the consolation of my mother in her declining years, I am ready, for whether we live or die we belong to Him. But who has given rise to this report? We have not heard it yet?"

"I really cannot say. All I know is that it is extensively spread. There are many among the pagans who approve of this measure, for the feelings of humanity are not entirely excluded from their midst. But there are many who are vehemently opposed to it, and loudly denounce this ill-timed and dangerous clemency. They even call the Emperor a coward and have gone so far as to accuse him of treason against the body of the nation. It is true that this latter class are nothing more than the dregs of the people, but it is from them alone that every species of excess is to be apprehended."

"Oh, my dear brother, let them do as they please. You know God exercises over them a supreme control and can make them, if he chooses, walk that way which has been traced out for them in his secret counsels. There is a limit marked out for them and beyond it they cannot go. When the first blast of the present tempest was felt I knew that it had been given to the power of hell to let loose their fury against us, and until the angel of the Lord drives them back into the abyss from which they came, they will pursue their work of vengeance against Christ their eternal enemy. God has given us up to them, and has sacrificed our blood, but it is for purposes which they know not

and which will eventually turn to their own confusion."

The face of Vivia grew radiant, and her blue eyes were turned upwards as if she beheld the smile of her Creator.

"Sister, has the Lord visited you in the person of his angels like he did to St. Peter when in prison? You speak with the strong assurance of the truth of what you say, and you know that in things which concern the workings of the Almighty, we are often left in doubt. His ways are inscrutable."

"Darling brother, you know your sister, does she deserve any special interposition from above? Would the blessed leave the throne of God to commune with me?"

"But you are sure that you will give your life for Christ?"

"I am sure I have that sweet and cheering hope. God has chosen me, the first in our family, and I shall praise him for it for ever more."

"Who has told you that, Vivia, if an angel has not revealed it to you?"

"Those who have told me are now in heaven. It is Jarbas and Angela. Before Angela had passed away she gave me the assurance that I should soon shed my blood for the faith. But let my father still cherish the hope of saving me; as for my mother, I know that she will be happy to offer to God her first born child."

"Yes, Vivia, we must do that, but promise me one thing; pray to God for the favor of knowing beforehand your lot, and if he vouchsafes to hear your prayer let your brother know it—let me know whether that blood which is dear to me—that blood—"

"I am the last among his servants, but notwithstanding my unworthiness, he has already given me proofs of his infinite goodness. Come to-morrow, brother; come to-morrow," and she rose and gently kissed him on the cheek. Perhaps a tear coursed down his manly face, but if so, it was quickly dried, for he did not want to add to the sorrow of his beloved sister. The guards suddenly came upon them to inform them that the night had now approached. They separated. Who can depict the feelings of those two hearts that were joined together like the interlacing tendrils of the vine? Time might bring its changes but it would only be to unite them still more closely in the bond of mutual and undying affection.

But what were those peculiar proofs of love which God had deigned to bestow upon Vivia? What was it that inspired her with such confidence in her predictions regarding the ultimate and sanguinary ordeal through which she was to pass? Her humility has concealed them from us and we know them not. Saints only speak of those extraordinary favors which they receive in obedience to divine inspiration, and as for they are able, they carry with them to the grave those mysterious revelations which it would seem, belong not to the present life.

Vivia was now left alone. She began to pray, and the prayers of that innocent and fervent soul ascended like sweet incense in the eyes of God. She prayed on far into the night, until weary nature assumed the ascendancy and she fell into a quiet peaceful slumber.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE COMBAT.

Of all the prisoners that had been made on the same day for the faith, there only now remained Saturnus, Saturninus, Revocatus, Vivia, and Felicity. Two had died in prison; the others, to appease the multitude, had been burnt alive. They were now all put in the same prison room. The time was now fast approaching when the noble remnants of this sacred army were to gain an immortal crown. The torments which they were to suffer, did not so much engage their attention as the happiness to which it would lead them. They looked down upon their chains and smiled, and when they saw, in imagination, the horrible instruments of death, they sighed as if the hours passed on too slowly. The sun was now setting, and one of them remarked that it was the last time they would see that beautiful scene. They might see it arise, but before it would disappear, they themselves should have passed away. A smile of joy lit up the sweet face of Vivia. She said nothing, however, for her thoughts were, perhaps, too sublime and sacred to find suitable expression in words. She crossed her hands upon her bosom, and falling down instinctively upon her knees, she fell into a quiet and subdued ecstasy of love. After a few moments she arose, and addressed her fellow prisoners:

"Do you know I have had a vision? I thought I saw the Deacon Pomponius come to the prison. I ran to meet him. He was dressed in a long white robe, ornamented with beautiful designs of embroidered gold. 'Vivia,' he said, addressing me, 'we are waiting for you.' He then took me by the hand and led me along a road that was rough and steep. We came to a great amphitheatre and entered the arena. 'Fear not,' he said. 'I will be with you in a moment, and participate in the glory of the combat.' He then left me. I then prepared to meet the savage lions, but they came not. Suddenly, an Egyptian, hideous to behold, presented himself before me, and desired me to contend with him. I shrunk back with horror, especially as I saw that others of the same cast followed him. At the same time, however, I saw a troop of young men coming to my assistance. I thought I became suddenly changed. I was a frail, weak woman before, now I was strong and athletic. There was one whom I had not seen before, standing in the group. He came forward and commanding silence said: 'If the Egyptian gains the victory, she shall be killed with the sword. If the woman is victorious, I will give her this green branch.'

"We fought, and in a moment I had my heel upon the prostrate Egyptian. The air rung with applause, and those who had come to defend me, sang loudly the song of triumph. I approached the stranger who had promised me the green branch in the event of victory, and stretched out my hand to receive the prize. He kissed me on the forehead, saying, 'Peace be with you.' I now awoke, and I found that I was not contending against Egyptians, but against the Spirit of Darkness."

This vision has been written by the hand of Vivia herself. Sometime afterwards they were published in the acts of the Martyrs, and publicly read in the Churches:

Scarcely had she finished the recital of her vision when her father came to see her. His hair was grey, and his noble countenance bore the mark of years. His eyes were suffused in tears, and as he seized the hand of his beloved child he tried to speak, but emotion choked his utterance. At length, with an effort, he cried out, "Vivia, my child! my child! let me go on my knees!—let me reverse the order of nature—let me supplicate you! Vivia, do you know to-morrow is the day for the spectacle! And that aged form, which was already bent with infirmity, was now bent to the ground with sorrow. The wild anguish of that heart was visible in the heaving of his breast and in the maniac dash of his eye. He was overcome. Nature gave way, and he fell heavily at her feet.

Vivia started back, and raised her hands to heaven, exclaiming: "O, God! intend unto my help, O, Lord! make haste to help me."

She assisted her father to rise, and when his emotions had somewhat subsided, she ventured to reply:

"Father!" she said boldly, and with a confidence of one that was inspired, "I know that to-morrow is the day appointed—but that only fills me with joy. Yes, to-morrow your child will receive a crown from the hands of God himself!"

"Am I still your father? Are you still my child? O, Vivia! for the last month you have been here, I have begged of you, with tears of sorrow, with a heart filled with grief, to consent to live for me—for your mother—for your child. Tears and prayers, you have despatched all; and still you know you are breaking the heart of an old man who has loved you so much!"

"Father, I know your tenderness for me, and I love you as a child should her parent, but I am a Christian, and I will not betray the faith."

"Blindness! obstinacy!"

"Fidelity, dear father—wisdom. It is God who has given me this strength, and I must not abuse his goodness."

"But you, Vivia—you who have been so proud of your birth and rank—how will you sustain the withering scorn of the crowd?"

"How have I already borne with it? I have learnt that true nobleness consists in humbling one's self at the feet of the Redeemer."

"But the roaring of the lions! O, my child! that arena flowing with blood—blood from your veins! Will you have courage then? That strength of which you boast is not for my feeble Vivia. You will grow pale, and tremble with horror, and then it will be too late—too late. How often have I seen you shudder at the sight of the Amphitheatre?"

"Because God had not then prepared me for the glory of martyrdom. Now, that I have received this power from on high, I can listen to the savage roar of the beasts without a sentiment of fear, and I can give up my body to them without a dread of suffering. The power of God is omnipotent."

"Oh! Vivia, do not kill your aged father! There is yet time. Do not by a rash act, inflict sorrow and shame upon the few remaining days of those who have given you birth. Have pity upon me—upon your mother! Can your God be angry with you for that? Sacrifice then to the gods, and be saved; or, at least, pretend to sacrifice—go through the outward form."

"I am the daughter of Hanno, and I cannot save my life through cowardice—I am a Christian, and I must not deny the faith."

"O, immortal gods! Vivia, my child, my own flesh and blood, what can I do to save you?"

"Nothing, father, nothing. I am never sacrifice to the gods. I must go to the Amphitheatre, father—the crown—the glory of eternal joys—at the foot of that throne where there are pleasures forevermore. Farewell, my dearest father, farewell. May the Lord enlighten your mind and bring you to the knowledge of the true faith!"

The aged man turned aside, and remained motionless for a moment, but his lips trembled as if they essayed to express the deep movements of his soul. At length he raised his clenched hand, and raising his eyes to heaven, he murmured bitterly between his teeth: "Cruel God of the Christians! thou shalt never be my God!" A second after, he had disappeared.

During the interview, Vivia had made a powerful effort to restrain her feelings, but, now that she was left alone, she almost poured forth her soul in sorrow. Was it that she regretted not having sided with her father? It was because her father grieved and could not appreciate the glory of martyrdom. His last words had filled her with deep affliction. Her dear father should never see the light of faith? Ah! she would pray for him when she should be in heaven, and there her prayers would have more force than here below in the pilgrimage of life.

The custom was to entertain the prisoners to a supper the evening before the plays of the Amphitheatre. It encountered the opposition of many in the Senate, on the ground that though they were guilty, the law ought to protect them against the excited passions of the multitude. But the majority decided in favor of the custom, and the prisoners were forced to appear in public and endure the scoffs and insulting jeers of the pagans. Crowds assembled to witness the spectacle.

The repast was served in a sumptuous manner. The table was covered with viands of the most delicious kind, and the fruits were such as to please the most fastidious. There was wine in abundance and of the first quality. It was supposed that its exhilarating effect would have some influence upon their unbending obstinacy, and lead them to sacrifice to the immortal gods.

They sat down to partake of the supper. Their serious looks and gravity of manner, contrasted strikingly with the splendors of the epicurean feast that was spread out before them. They thought not of pleasure, but of the trial of their moral strength to which they were subjected, and the eternal recompense reserved for victory.

"May the name of God be blessed, from henceforth and forever," said Saturnus, in making the sign of the cross.

"Amen!" responded all. They ate sparingly, but no one tasted the wine. The bystanders looked on in astonishment, at their simplicity of manner, and, were deeply touched at the profound serenity which was imprinted on their features.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS. When Spring's bright flowers are weaving Their perfume wreaths in air, And the zephyrs wings, receiving, The love-gifts gently bear; Then memory's spirit stealing, Lifts up the veil she wears, In all her light, revealing, The loved of other years. When April's stars are shining In the deep blue midnight sky, And their brilliant rays, entwining, Weave coronals on high; When the fountain's waves are singing In tones night only hears, Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing The loved of other years. The flowers around me gleaming— The midnight star's pure gleams— The fountain's ceaseless flowing— Recall life's fondest dreams; When all is bright in heaven, And tranquil are the spheres, To these sweet thoughts are given, The loved of other years!

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE; OR A SISTER OF FABIOLA.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER XVII.—LAST MOMENTS OF ANGELA.

When Vivia arrived at the door of Angela's dwelling, she entered stealthily, for in case she should be at devotion she did not wish to disturb her. Angela was on her knees at the other end of the room pouring forth her soul before her crucifix. Occasionally she would fold her arms across her bosom and look upwards as if in deep contemplation of the things of God. It seemed as if some supernatural being had presented itself before her clothed in a visible shape, for her lips were half open and bore the expression of a sweet and tranquil smile. She was preparing herself for the approaching feast of her eternal marriage with the lamb without stain. She had dressed herself in a white bridal robe, and the veil which she had received on the day of her consecration covered her head and fell in graceful folds over her shoulders. A garland of lilies entwined with roses surrounded her brow while a circlet of white satin girt her waist as the symbol of virgin purity. In this attire she was waiting for the supreme moment when she would be called upon to seal with her blood the indissoluble contract of love with her Saviour. To see her thus with the faint and solemn reflection of a midnight lamp, one would take her for an angel lost in the contemplation of the beauty of God.