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JUBILEE BOOK. CONTAINING

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"EARTH to EARTH, and DUST to DUST BY REV. GEO. CROLY, B. L. D.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust !" Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful, and the old, Here the fearful and the bold, Bold no more, no more afraid, In one silent bed are laid; Here the vassal and the king, Side by side lie withering; Here the sword and scepter rust—"Earth to earth, and dust to dust." Age and age shall roll along

O'er this pale and mighty throng; Those that wept them, those that weep, All shall with these sleepers sleep, Brothers, sisters of the worm! Summer's sun and winter's storm, Song of peace, or battle roar. Ne'er shall break their slumber more; Death shall keep his silent trust-"Earth to earth, and dust to dust." But a day is coming fast;

Earth thy mightiest and thy last; It shall come in fear and wonder Heralded by trump and thunder; It shall come in strife and toil, It shall come in blood and spoil, It shall come in empires' groans, Burning temples, trampling thrones; Then, ambition, rue thy lust-" Earth to earth, and dust to dust." Then shall come the judgment sign, In the East the King shall shine, Flashing from Heaven's golden gate, Thousands, thousands, round his state; Spirits with the crown and plume, Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb, Heaven shall open to our sight, Karth be barned to living light, Kingdoms of the ransomed just "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem, Shine thy mount, Jerusalem; Then shall, in the desert, rise. Fruits of more than paradisc. Earth by angels feet be tread. One great garden of her God; Till are dried the martyr's tears Through a glorious thousand years, Now in hope of him who trust-

The second house of his will trans"Such to gook, and got to fine."

The second house of his will trans"Such to gook, and got to fine."

The second house of his will trans"Got a school to the second house, the second house of the second house, the second hous

Atman of muscular form, and tall withal, had by the chin, a silk cap of the same colour, which onlytaking advantage; first of a projecting portico, then of some detached column, and eventually of jutting portions of the architecture of the bridge, succeeded in following her from the Quai of Slaves to the Riskop and his powerful arm now snatched her from a grave beneath the waters of the Adriatic. Rash girl!" said he, "hear one word; if your

conscience is oppressed with the remorse of a bad action—a crime—kill yourself if you will, death may be an expiation; but if you are only unhappy, go to you church of the Saviour and kneeling upon the cold marble pavement, return thanks to God that you have been preserved from the commission

of a fearful crime. In Far from being impressed with these words, though spoken in a tone of singular authority, she repulsed the stranger, exclaiming wildly:

"Leave me; I wish to die!"
And as though Heaven had heard her wish, she became lividly pale, and fell senseless on the pave-ment of the bridge.

The night which had been very dark, now became suddenly light, as the moon emerged from a deep bank of dark clouds, and cast a flood of silvery light upon the deserted Rialto, shining brightly upon the two solitary figures. Supporting the fainting girl against a parapet of the bridge, the stranger gently drew back the mantle which partly concealed her face, and starting, appeared deeply struck with the almost angelic beauty revealed to him. Indeed, as that young face lay still as death upon his stalwart arm.

"White as new-fallen snow."

it formed in contrast with his own burly figure, a picture that the poet or the painter might in vain have sought elsewhere. Beauty was not then so rare in Venice as now; but there was then found a style of beauty distinct from that which those great masters leved to portray. It was a beauty formed by an exquisite delicacy united with firmness of form and feature.

Of such a character was the beauty of this maiden of Venice, who did not appear to be above the age of sixteen. Her dress, by its extreme simplicity, showed that she belonged to the plebeian class. But the stranger, as he gazed with curious interest uron her exquisitely chiselled features, seemed to be inwardly reflecting that fate had mistaken its office in bestowing a lowly condition on one who was so true a patrician, in all but rank—one of Nature's own nobility.

The man, however, who for a moment appeared to abandon himself to such reflections, was one of those who do not admire through the hearth, but through the reason. He had known beauty in every phase, from the peasant to the queen, but its contemplation had never quickened his heart of ice by one apoutaneous bound. The most beautiful had ever been to him a mere model of form, and nothing more, for he was an artist, and his pencil had immortalized more than one proud beauty.

The fainting girl slowly opened her large

eyes, of that peculiar almond form so characteristic of Southern beauty, and seemed endeavouring, as she revived from a sort of artificial death, to reunite the broken thread of her recollection.

"Antonio!" at last she murmured; that word contained the secret of her young heart's miseryin that word was a whole romance of love and

As she pronounced so sweetly the name of Antonio the contemplative and sombre artist fult a thrill, as though of jealousy, vibrate for a moment upon his heart, revealing to him the ecstacy of an undeveloped sense : one which he had never known and never knew.

The history of this poor girl, called Maria, and surnamed La Bella, from her extreme beauty, which had been conspicuous from her earliest childhood, was very simple, and may be stated in three words—an avaricious father—a poor lover—a disappointed: love.

In vain had Maria pleaded with indefatigable constancy the cause of her heart. Her father, who kept on the Quai of Slaves one of the best frequented taverus of the district, above the doorway of which might be seen a rudely illuminated painting of the lion of Saint Marc, was obdurate, and treated the love of his daughter for the handsomest gondolier of canal grande with the disdain of a prosperous host, and the irreverence of a calculator. One of those aftercations took place on the night when the stranger artist first beheld Maria la Bella; the brutal Gianetti, in default of better argument, had even struck this beautiful child, and she had fled terrified and trambling to the Rialto to end her sorrows, and add another name to the martyrology of lovers

The artist completed his good work by conduct-

But few minutes had elapsed after the return of Maria la Bella with the artist when Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier, rushed into the tavern, and seizing the hand of Maria, exclaimed in a voice tremulous with excessive agitation, "My dearest! my beloved!"

These sounds at once roused the dormant anger of the enraged Gianetti, "Hence! hance!" he cried; out of this house—beggar—vagahond—lazzarone!"

But the gondolier did not stir—rendered daring by the danger his mistress had just incurred, but

submissive by the depth of his love, which renders man insensible even to insult, when the welfare of the loved one is at stake.

"Hear me Gianetti," he said coolly, "hear me-

if you have finished insulting me, and if not, complete the list of foul names you have cast upon me, and then hear me. Have you never loved, Gianetti? Was the mother of Maria never as dear to you as her daughter is to me? LAb; Gianetti, you cannot have forgotten the love of your youth—no! And do you not know that when I was but ten years old, and Maria five, I was already her cavalier and defender? that even then, in childish fear, of an imagined danger, she took refuge in my arms, as later, beneath the shade of the sail of my gondolafriends before we became as brother and sister, brother and sister before we became lovers, the little chapel of St. Marc received at last our yows and will keep them forever. And this betrothing, Gianetti, is beyond your power to cancel-beyond the power of man to break; our bodies may be separated—one of us may die; but our hearts—our souls are united for ever. Come, Gianetti will you cheer the path of your old age with a blessing, or will you wet it with our tears?"

"This poor boatman speaks like an orator," murmured the thoughtful artist; "he is inspired—it is love. Strange that all other men exult in a passion that I cannot, or," he murmured in a still lower tone, " perhaps will not feel!"

But the eloquence of the gondolier produced no effect upon the obdurate heart of Gianetti who renewed his insults and his threats.

"Stay ! stay!" cried Antonio, "I may become rich! I have youth-I have strength-I have ambition-1 have hope-I have enthusiasm; these may lead me far, may-

The dreaming of an idlot!" interrupted Gian-"Why not of a prophet?" replied the still un-daunted Antonio. "Lorenzo de Medici was but

a cloth merchant, and Giscomo Sforza but a cowherd." Here the artist, who could contain himself no longer, interposed and touching the shoulder of the

gondolier, said : "Barbarigo, thou hast spoken well. Confidence and success are twin brothers. Maria la Bella shall be your wife In

"Never!" exclaimed Gianetti. "Master Jew," continued the artist, turning disdainfully toward Gianciti, suppose that this man

put six hundred pistoles in the wedding basket!" 'It will be time to talk of that when he has six hundred pistoles to dispose of," replied the tavern-

keeper. "He cannot call even four planks of his gondola his own property."

"He will possess the six hundred pistoles before tomorrow," replied the artist, motioning Gianetti from him hy a turn of his hand; and drawing from his vest a small roll of parchment, he detached a small piece, and spread it out carefully upon a table. Then securing the corners with four forks, which were lying ready for the use of hungry visitors, with marvellous ease and rapidity he drew a human hand—a hand expressive as a face. It was widely opened; but the fingers bending up, seemed as though about to clutch something with anxious joy, as if a shower of gold were about to pour wealth within its grasp-and that would close upon it, not only with ecstatic joy, but with a grasp of iron. It was the hand of a miser, trembling with sensitive impatience for his only idol, his only treasure—his gold! A thick siver ring of a peculiar pattern seemed to make a portrait of that speaking hand. It was, in fact, a portrait, and Gianetti unwittingly furnished the picture, exclaiming.

"But that is my hand."
"And your history," added the artist. Then giv ing the drawing to the gond lier, "Take it." said he, "to the Father Beurdo, the chief librarian of St. Maro, and ask him in exchange six hundred pis-

'toles." "Six hundred pistoles I"exclaimed the astonished Gianetti, "the man is raving in al-raving mad. [would not give a sequin for it."

Antonio Barbarigo, who stood gazing on Maria, partially confined his crisp and abundant hair. The pale with excess of joy, now threw himself, with But few minutes had alanged after the return of true Italian enthusiasm, at the feet of his benefactor, 'One more boon," he exclaimed, " one more-who

erenkon J., ."What matters it?" said the stranger, turning proudly away.

"What matters it, say you?" cried the gondolier with a delirium of enthusiasm, of the carnest en-thusiasm, that communicates itself, to the coldest nature—to the hardest hearts. "What matters it? then what matters the name of God to the priest who glorifies Him, or to the faithful who adore Him —or what matters to a lover the name of his be-trothed? Your name, signor, your name! that I may add it to the religion of my heart."
"I am Michael Angelo Buonarotti."

"Michael Angelo!" exclaimed the surrounding group-and with one accord they bent the knee beore the renown of the great painter, sculptor, and architect; for in Italy, the majesty of genius is always acknowledged with enthusiasm.

"It is now my turn to ask a favor," said Michael

Angelo, grasping the hand of the gondolier; "but will not fix the date of its performance. You must allow me to reproduce upon canvas, or in marble, the exquisite form of the beautiful wife I have given you."

Was it only the great artist that spoke?--dreaming of conferring the immortality of a masterpiece upon the evanscent but exquisite beauty that stood plooming in short-lived youth before him?-or was it the man that spoke, longing to preserve the record of a moment which had roused, though but for an instant, some dormant, but 'vet not absolute sentiment in his being-the softness of which though rejected, was yet sweet in recollection.

His cold face showed no sign by which the enigma might be guessed.

Maria had not uttered a word since the return of Antonio.

Sentiment suffocates words, as words destroy sentiment, which Montaigne felt when he so naively exclaimed," Nothing empties the heart like the tongue." But now, Maria, approached the great artist, and taking that hand which had wrought so many marvellous works—the most marvellous of which appeared to her, her marriage with Antonio -she reverentially kissed it, and as she did so, a tear felt from her beautiful eyes, the overflowing fountains of her gratitude, and traced its silver course over the dark hand of the deeply-moved Buonarotti. His pulse beat tumultuously, and a world of gentleness and love and beauty appeared to him for a mom nt—as the clear serenity of heaven is seen sometimes for an instant through the dark clouds of the tempest—but brief, too, as the glimpses of azure in the storm was the gleam of a love world of to the solitary soul of the great painter; the vision closed—and for ever.

The destiny is written in the character of man, his fatility consists in his organization; and the great Michael Angleo was destined to make the even-Raphael, once said "lonely as the headsman"

Twenty years passed, and Antonio Barbarigo found, as Buonarotti had foretold to him, that confidence and success are twin brothers; he became step by step, a distinguished commauder in the service of the Venetian Republic, but never forget his debt of gratitude to the artist which had accompanied Buonarotti to the last. Maria la Bella too, continued to render her pure homage and gratitude to the name of Michael Angelo; and his name was always associated with her purest reveries and most fervent prayers.

The "band"—the almost momentary work of a small piece of black chalk, guided by the inspiration of genius—was long preserved in the library of St." Marc: but on the French Invasion, when so many rare and valuable works were dispersed, it was carried to France by a private soldier, and found its way to the matchless collection of drawings of the great masters in the Louvre, where it was carefully preserved, and formed one of the rarest gems even of that incomparable casket. But the year 1814 brought about the fall of France; and the trophies of her victories were torn from her, many to be restored to their original and legitimate homes, but many more to be lost forever. I have since sought the famous "hand" of Michael Angelo in the collections of Venice, Rome and Florence, without success; but the last-named city preserves among its popular traditions the little romance I have endeavoured to narrate.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

Well, indeed, may the celebrated conundrum,

however, they were regular professional thieves, and then he had more respect for them.

The captain of the band—there were just forty of them—approached a rock hard by and uttered the words, "Open Sesame!" when, as Ali afterwards expressed it to his wife, "you'd orter see Sammy open." Instantly on the word a door concealed in the rock opened as if by magic, and the captain entered, followed by his band, who marched in open order by the left flank double rat-tail file, centering on the left wing, the extreme right resting on the door sill, at a shoulder arms, with muskets reversed.

[Military readers may understand this. I don't.] When they were all in, the captain shouted "Shut Sesame I" when Sammy immediatly shut, that being apparently what Sammy was for. Shortly after the robbers (having stored away their plunder) reappeared; the door closed after them at the word of command, and mounting their horses they rode away. When they were gone, All Baha, getting down from the tree, tried the magic word himself, When open flew the door, and after a little hesitation he entered the robbers' cave.

Great was his astonishment at what he beheld. He found splendid apartments, suitable for married or single gentlemen, handsomely furnished, and lighted with gas, with or without board, and within five minutes' walk of the post-office. On every hand were heaps of diamonds, bags of gold, and dead loads of greenbacks. Here, then, was where the robbers lived when they were at home, and stored their plunder. He was determined to have ais whack at it. So loading his mule with all the gold it could carry, he started for home.

Imagine the delight of Mrs. Baba, when her husband arrived. (She had been very much concerned over his prolonged absence, because he was Ali Baba she had.) She helped him unload the gold and store it away in the cellar with an alacrity she rarely displayed in doing her housework.

She was anxious to know just how much there was of it, so as to make out a correct income return to the government. Accordingly while her husband was gone to put up the mule she tried to count it. Naturally wearying of this employment after she had got up among the millions, she concluded to measure it, and for that purpose ran across the street to her sister-in-law's, Mrs. Cassim's, and borrowed a half-bushel measure, pretending that she wanted to measure some potatoes. As it was so unusual a thing for Ali Baba's family to have half a bushel or potatoes at one time, Mrs. Cassim's curiosity was excited, so she put some of Spaulding's glue on the bottom of the measure to see what kind of potatoes they were, which was mighty small potatoes on the part of Mrs. Carsim.
When the measure was returned Mrs. C. found a

five cent nickel adhering to the bottom. This was a very suspicious circumstance, indeed. "When," said she to Cassim, in relating the circumstance and showing the nickel, "when did your brother have five cents in the house all at once?" Cassim walked over to his brother's house and questioned him on the subject, when All, being a gererous-hearted fellow, told him all about the cavern. Next day Cassim went up there to get some of it himself, butafter loading himself down with wealth he forgot the magic word which opened the door, and so he couldn't get out. He tried various words; cried_ Open, Sec-Tommy !" "Open, Sec-Billy " and Open, Sec-Polly Aun!" but all to no purpose, because his memory couldn't come and see Sammy. The result was the robbers came and killed him, and being always ready to make a quarter when they could they quartered him-he was the only gentleman who had ever been quartered there before except themselves—and hung him up inside of the door as a warning to any other rash intruder who might seek to enter without a suitable recommendation from his last place.

The result was as might have been anticipated. Mrs. Cassim, alarmed at her husband's absence, sent Ali to look for him. He went to the cavern, and, on finding his murdered brother, felt almost as badly cut up as his brother was. He packed the last four sad remains of his brother in one of the sacks which were on the mule he brought along, and then, to balance it—to make accounts squere with his brother, as it were—thoughtfully stuffed the other sack with gold and things, so that as he afterwards reckoned it, his brother's four quarters on one side of the mule were equal to thirteen hondred thousand six hundred and forty-threef dollars and fifty cents on the other. It is rarely that a brother can he made so useful, dead or alive, especially with only four quarters.

The next business, after getting his quadrilateral brother home, was to bury him without creating suspiction among the neighbors. To account rea-