



A Hymn for Lent.

BY MATTHEW R. BRADY, IN THE BOSTON PILOT.

O spotless Christ! how shall I dare,
The Christian's crown to claim,
Who Thy grim cross did never bear
With gladness, nor Thy passions share
With heart for Thee aflame?

Shall my weak coward soul e'en think
To share Thy saint's reward—
When foes assailed did I not shrink,
And faithless sought to drink
The chalice of my Lord?

O Christ! what signs attest that I
Have loved and followed Thee—
When for Thy sake did I deny
Myself, and worldly pleasures fly
To walk toward Calvary?

O Christ! unmov'd I saw The bound
With ropes in Pilate's Hall,
And saw Thee scourg'd till gash and wound
Stream'd blood, and fainting to the ground
I, tearless, saw Thee fall!

I saw the hands of torturers place
The thorn-crown on Thy head;
The seofers' lips spill on Thy face,
The scorners kneel in mocking gace—
To death I saw Thee lead!

I saw, with hard, un pitying eyes,
Thy quivering body bear
The gloomy cross, with lowering cries,
And blasphemies that shook the skies,
And paralyzed the air!

When Calvary cast its awful pall
Of shadow on thy face,
Thou smil'dst and didst Thy soul appeal—
I saw Thee gasp and reel and fall
From on its rugged base!

When ruthless hands, mid festings loud,
Thy clinging garments tore
From Thy gash'd flesh, before the crowd,
Thou earnestly didst Thy eyes and bow'd
I saw'd the ribald rout!

And when, O spectacle of woes
Thou, racked with torments, hung,
And Thy reluctant, bleeding face
Reveal'd Thee in Thy dying throes,
No pang my cold heart wrung!

My God, to Thee with streaming eyes,
And contrite heart I turn,
From sin's soul darkening mists I rise,
And, now, in Calvary's sacrifice
I boundless love discern.

My Saviour had forevermore
My sweetest hope shall be
To bless Thy name, my sins deplore,
And bear, though painful, sharp and sore,
My cross and follow Thee!

O world! e'er thou, with hateful might,
Sweep'st evil's blasting flood—
O garden once thy Lord's delight,
To save thy haughty sinners, I rise,
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FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"No, dear lady, why should I come to tell you of all my woes? Oh! why did I leave you and your happy home were I ought to have been so happy? I might then with you, and Syria and Fraja, and good old departed Ephrosyne, have learnt to be good myself, and have embraced Christianity?"

"What, have you really been thinking of this, Juliana?"

"For a long time, lady, in my sorrows and remorse. For I have seen how happy Christians are, even those who have been as wicked as myself. And because I hinted this to my husband this morning, he has beaten me, and threatened to take my life. But, thank God, I have been making myself acquainted with Christian doctrine, by the teaching of a friend."

"How long has this had treatment gone on, Juliana?" asked Oronius, who had heard of it from his uncle.

"Ever," she replied, "since soon after marriage, I told him of an oger made to me previously, by a dark foreigner, named Euratos. Oh! he was indeed a wicked man of black pigskin, and remorseless villainy. Connected with him, is my most racking recollection."

"How was that?" asked Oronius, with eager curiosity.

"Why, when he was leaving Rome, he asked me to prepare for him two narcotic potions: one for any enemy, he said, should he be taken prisoner. This was to be certainly fatal; another had to suspend consciousness for a few hours only, should he require it for himself."

"When he came for them, I was just going to explain to him that, contrary to appearances, the small phial contained a fatally concentrated poison, and the large one a more diluted and weaker dose. But my husband came in at the moment, and in a fit of jealousy thrust me from the room. I fear some mistake may have been committed and that unintentional death may have ensued."

Fabiola and Oronius looked at one another in silence, wondering at the just dispensations of Providence; when they were aroused by a shriek from the woman. They went to the door, and found Oronius, looking behind him, caught a glimpse of a black face grinning hideously through the fence. In the next moment a Numidian was seen flying away on his horse, with his bow bent, Parthian-wise over his shoulder, ready for any pursuit. The arrow had passed, unobserved, between Oronius and the lady.

"Juliana," asked Fabiola, "dost thou wish to die a Christian?"

"Most earnestly," she replied.

"Dost thou believe in One God in Three Persons?"

"I firmly believe in all the Christian Church teaches."

"And in Jesus Christ, who was born and died for our sins?"

"Yes, in all that you believe." The reply was more faint.

"Make haste, make haste, Oronius," cried Fabiola, pointing to the fountain.

He was already at its basin, filling full his two hands, and coming instantly, poured their contents on the head of the poor African, pronouncing the words of baptism; and as she expired, the water of regeneration mingled with her blood of expiation.

After this distressing, yet consoling, scene, they entered the house, and instructed Terquatus about the burial to be given this doubly baptised convert.

Oronius was struck with the simple neatness of the house, so strongly contrasting with the luxurious splendor of Fabiola's former dwelling. But suddenly his attention was arrested, in a small inner room, by a splendid shrine or casket, set with jewels, and with an embroidered curtain before it, so as to allow only the frame of it to be seen. Approaching nearer, he read inscribed on it,

"THE BLOOD OF THE BLESSED MIRIAM, SHED BY CRUEL HANDS!"

Oronius turned deadly pale; then changed to a deep crimson, and almost staggered.

Fabiola saw this, and going up to him kindly and frankly, placed her hand upon his arm, and gently said to him,

"Oronius, there is that within which may well make us both blush deeply, but not therefore despond."

So saying she drew aside the curtain, and Oronius saw within a crystal plate, the embroidered scarf so much connected with his own and his sister's history. Upon it were lying two sharp weapons,

the points of both which were rusted with blood. In one he recognized his own dagger; the other appeared to him like one of those instruments of female vengeance, with which he knew heathen ladies punished their attendant slaves.

"We have both," said Fabiola, "unintentionally inflicted a wound, and shed the blood of her whom now we honor as a sister in heaven. But for my part, from the day when I did so, and gave her occasion to display her virtue, I date the dawn of grace upon my soul. What say you, Oronius?"

"That I, likewise, from the instant that I first misused her, and led to her exhibition of such Christian heroism, began to feel the hand of God upon me, that has led me to repentance and forgiveness."

"It is thus ever," concluded Fabiola. "The example of our Lord has made the martyrs; and the example of the martyrs leads us upwards to Him. Their blood softens our hearts; His alone cleanses our souls. Theirs pleads for mercy; His obtains it."

"May the Church, in her days of peace and of victories, never forget what she owes to the blood of her martyrs. As for us two, we are indebted to it for our spiritual lives. Many may, who will only read of it, draw from it the same mercy and grace!"

They knelt down, and prayed long together silently before the shrine.

They then parted, to meet no more.

After a few years spent by Oronius in penitential labor, a green and a little doll near a grave, marked the spot where he slept the sleep of the just.

And after many years of charity and holiness, Fabiola withdrew to rest, in company with Agnes and Miriam.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

Years ago, when many of the arts were in their infancy, there dwelt in the good old Flemish town of Bruges, an honest journeyman, named John Van Enel, whose calling was to carve wooden figures and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen, and were still daily springing up, in that prosperous city of merchant princes. This young man according to the evidence of those who knew him best, was "nobody's enemy but his own;" he was a frank-hearted merry fellow, and to say the truth, a better workman never existed; he might have had jobs by the dozen but for one obstacle—that he was far too indolent to finish any of them. So long as he could pick up coin for present support, he was contented; when hungry, he worked, and when his money was gone, he had to set to work again, which he did with the best heart in the world. This could not last, however; no person ever employed him twice, he was so dilatory in getting his orders completed; when John, upon the strength of a few stray florins which he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a new leaf" (encouraging phrase), and for some time he had been working hard, and when he had saved up a goodly sum, he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a new leaf" (encouraging phrase), and for some time he had been working hard, and when he had saved up a goodly sum, he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union.

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melancholy tone. "Why, it's because I have no luck! no luck! no luck!"

"No luck?" half shrieked half chuckled a voice at his side; you no luck. Well now, look here, John, Van Enel, and I will show you how to get luck, and make your fortune by it, and you will—"

John had reached the bridge adjoining the Diere, and lolled against it in a drowsy attitude. He started and shook more violently than when the carillons had made him jump in the Grande Place.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "who have we here?" as he looked round and discovered no one in sight; "who are you? where are you?" he shouted, gaining courage, and peering over into the water, from whence the sounds had certainly appeared to come.

A peal of merry and somewhat mocking laughter was the answer; and the next moment climbing the balustrades of the bridge, and vaulting over them with the agility of a monkey, a little figure descended lightly at the side of John, who gazed with staring eyes, and mouth agape, at the form of the new arrival. It was a queer-looking fellow, perhaps half the height of a stalwart journeyman, pressed in a suit of dingy-brown, with a long rapier projecting from beneath his cloak at one side. His features, though quite in proportion with his size possessed an expression of authority blended, moreover, with considerable benevolence of character.

"But I have not a word to say to you, Van Enel!" he said; "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

"O ho," thought John, "O ho! there is to be a debtor and creditor account, then; go on, my man; I will be sure to pay you, and I should not be surprised if that rapier yonder were a tail in disguise; so I'll be careful what I promise."

He merely nodded his head, however, at his companion, who took that as a hint to proceed.

"You must know, John," said the little man familiarly, but without a certain solemnity in his tone, "I must know that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasures. My life long have I been endeavoring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the secret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do without your assistance. Now, John, just walk a little way and observe what happens."

As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up squatted himself upon the top, motioning to John to look over into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a furious manner. "I have not a word to say to you, Van Enel!" he said; "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

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"You must know, John," said the little man familiarly, but without a certain solemnity in his tone, "I must know that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasures. My life long have I been endeavoring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the secret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do without your assistance. Now, John, just walk a little way and observe what happens."

As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up squatted himself upon the top, motioning to John to look over into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a furious manner. "I have not a word to say to you, Van Enel!" he said; "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1879.

TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LOVE'S PRISONER. "But is He lonely? Bond not here Adorning angels, as on high? Ah yes, but yet, when we appear, A softer glory than His eye."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR CHURCHES.

Appointed of His Lordship Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London.

The object of this Association is to furnish poor churches gratuitously with vestments, linen or other requisites for the service of the Altar, when the Pastor cannot otherwise procure them.

Donations in money or goods will be received by the Directors of the "Children of Mary," Convent of the Sacred Heart, 122 Dundas Street, London, Ontario, where the good work will be carried on.

A mission will be opened on Sunday next at St. Peter's Cathedral by the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and will be continued for two weeks.

The circular letter of His Lordship the Bishop of London, announcing the proclamation of a Jubilee for the Catholic world by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., together with the conditions which are to be complied with in order to gain the Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee, will appear in next week's issue.

Justice McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Time," just from the press, tries to prove that good can be found in evil sometimes. He takes the terrible Irish famine as an example, and reasons thus: "It first applied the scourge which was to drive out of the land a thoroughly vicious and very rotten system."

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated all over the country in the most orderly and respectable manner. In Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa and other places everything has passed off harmoniously and enjoyably.

"THE BLAKES IN RELIGION"

Under this heading the Ottawa Citizen of the 11th inst., published a letter from "A Catholic," criticising the following extract from Vice-Chancellor Blake's speech at the congratulatory meeting held after the election of Bishop Sweatman.

"He sincerely trusted that former differences ceasing to exist they should become the pattern diocese, and shoulder to shoulder, fight the battles of the Church, and with other Protestant denominations go strongly against Popery and infidelity."

The writer considers this utterance to be the emanation of an intolerant and bigoted mind, as will be seen by the following extract from his letter:

I take it that Mr. Blake's language has not been misstated. Indeed, his old and well known intolerance and bigotry against what he has the good manners and taste to designate "Popery," give the impress of genuineness to the quotation.

The conduct of the Vice-Chancellor in identifying himself, at all times, with what has been narrow and prejudiced, so far as Catholics and their belief was concerned, is in glaring contrast with that of the late Chief Justice Robinson, Chancellor Vankoughnet, Chief Justice Harrison, or of his surviving colleagues on the Bench, the Messrs. Haggarties, Morrisons, Spraggles, Gwynnes, &c.

Vice-Chancellor Blake's appeal to Protestant prejudice for a united crusade against "Popery and infidelity" is as unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian as it is unbecoming of a functionary whose every public act should display moderation and impartiality.

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The death is announced of Cardinal Philip Mary Guile, O. P., Bishop of Palestina, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was created Cardinal in 1863. R. I. P.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No doubt this confraternity is to be found in some very Catholic country, in the more Catholic portions of Canada, perhaps, in most Catholic Spain, among the pious Catholics of England or Ireland, or in Catholic France, where there are so many fraternities of a religious character and Catholic associations.

The High Church affects higher or more lofty modes of spiritual life. It is also higher in this: that, generally, in its warfare with the ancient Catholic Church, it scorns those meaner modes of attack and defence which are still common among the more vulgar and low sections of Protestantism.

The reason d'être of this confraternity is, as its members profess, "a belief in the real mystic presence of Our Lord in the Sacrament of the altar and the wide-spread unbelief and ignorance in regard to the same, which prevail in the Church of England."

When the first news of the British disaster in Zululand arrived we ventured the opinion that it was due probably to the blandering of incapacity of some person in command. It now appears almost certain that the terrible slaughter was due mainly to the incompetency of Lord Chelmsford.

The members of the confraternity reverently communicate fasting, "not that they intend anything materialistic, but only from the idea of doing greater honor to Our Lord by receiving him as our first food."

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a living soul in it. There were no wounded to tend and succor. Quarter had neither been asked nor given. Black and white lay together in the death-grip. Both had fought with equal courage and desperation.

GRAND SERMON

BY REV. FATHER O'SHEA OF GODERICH.

On Sunday the 9th inst., the people of the town Mitchell were favored with a rare treat. At half-past ten o'clock a solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dean Murphy.

At the end of Mass a good, solid, instructive sermon appropriate to the season of Lent, was preached by the Rev. Father O'Shea.

In the evening vespers commenced at four o'clock. At both services, the choirs of Iridstown and Mitchell combined merited much applause, not only for their good singing, but also for the piety and devotion with which it was rendered; and which, moreover, could not fail to impress the most heedless stranger that this music, united as it was with true Christian piety, was proceeding from Catholic hearts for the greater honor and glory of God.

The day being fine the church was crowded, especially in the evening. At the end of Vespers the Rev. Father O'Shea delivered an excellent lecture on the "unity and universality of the Church," selecting for his text those words of St. Matthew xxviii, 18, 19, 20.—Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: all power is given to me in heaven and in earth; going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Jesus Christ thus commissioned and sent his Church out into the whole world, for the conversion of all nations. In that Church we readily recognize two great characteristics, viz, unity and universality. It is one in its universality, and universal in its oneness.

When the first news of the British disaster in Zululand arrived we ventured the opinion that it was due probably to the blandering of incapacity of some person in command. It now appears almost certain that the terrible slaughter was due mainly to the incompetency of Lord Chelmsford.







CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, we are pleased to hear, has recovered from his recent dangerous illness. The current number of the Catholic Times contains the following: "Our readers will be glad to learn that our Right Rev. Bishop has recovered from his late illness. Rev. Father O'Hare of the Cathedral has received a dispatch from him in the following words: 'I am now well, thank God!' The Bishop is still in Rome.

Monsignor Woodlock for twenty years rector of the Catholic University, has been named by the Holy See Bishop of Ardagh, vacant since Dr. Conroy's death. This appointment has been made not alone in recognition of Monsignor Woodlock's services, but in anticipation of changes incidental to the proposed University scheme, which people in Ireland still think may be introduced in Parliament this session.—London Universe.

The Detroit Home Journal states that a private individual has presented to the Church of St. Peter and Paul, in that city, a beautiful chime of bells, which cost \$3,000. The largest weighs 2,800, all together 9,800 pounds. They will be named Sacred Heart, Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph SS. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, Francis Regis, St. Francis Hieronymus, St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus.

DEATH OF A CHINESE BISHOP.—The Hong Kong Catholic Register announces with deep regret the death in Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, of the Rt. Rev. Adrian Langgillat, of the Society of Jesus, Bishop of Sargopolis (Euphratensis) and Vicar-Apostolic of Kiangnan. He was appointed to his high office on the 30th May, 1859, and during the years of his episcopate succeeded in rendering the mission of Kiangnan one of the most flourishing, if not the most flourishing, of Catholic missions in China. As priest and Bishop he labored for thirty-four years in China. R. I. P.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On Sexagesima-Sunday the following postulants received the habit of the congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind.: Messrs. Peter Klein, Martin Regan and James Crumley ecclesiastical students; and Messrs. Thomas Reilly, Thomas Sullivan, James O'Hara, William Devlin, and Henry Oeterman, brothers, who received the names of Valerian, Raphael, Cyprian, Ralph, and William respectively. The ceremony was performed in the Chapel of the Novitiate, the Rev. Master of Novices presiding.

In the city of Florence, Italy, a precious relic is preserved. It is nothing less than the staff, carried by St. Joseph at the time of his espousal to the Blessed Virgin. This staff was brought to Florence by the celebrated Greek Cardinal Bessarion in the 15th century, on the occasion of the General Council held in that city. The relic was then confided to the monks of the monastery of St. Mary of the Angels, in whose guardianship it still remains. It has been the object of great veneration to the faithful, who flock to the sacred shrine in large numbers. In very many cases confidence in the glorious intercession of the foster-father of our Divine Redeemer has been miraculously rewarded.

The Third Order of St. Francis lately received a most hearty approval from the Holy Father, who is himself a member of it when according the apostolic Benediction to the Franciscan Annals, he said: "I have always loved the Third Order, to which I belong. I have always remembered that the glorious Saint was inspired by God to give birth to that institution at a time, when society was so much in want of some such invitation and some such institution to recall it to piety and meekness." After alluding to the great benefits which have been conferred by the Order and the many Saints that have adorned it, his Holiness added:—"This conviction and these facts urge me to great affection for the Third Order now that I am Pope, for I hope and promise myself from it much advantage to Christian society, which now also stands in need of some one to rouse it, to put it in the way of practical piety. Therefore, I hope and desire that the Third Order may ever be propagated more and more, and I bless from my Heart all who promote and favor it."

Monsignor Bernard, Prefect-Apostolic of Norway and Lapland, gives interesting particulars of the lively faith of the inhabitants of those countries. On their enclosures, richly-embroidered in various colors and plaited by the females, the monogram of our Saviour and His holy Mother is often visible. Meeting each other their salutation is, "the thou blessed!" The Sunday is religiously observed. When a Catholic priest, saying his office in a Norwegian cabin, is kneeling down, the entire family follows his example, uniting with him in prayer. Nothing is wanting but zealous missionaries to make religion flourish. There are at present in Norway 14 priests, 8 Catholic Churches, 13 teachers and an orphan asylum with 60 children. The number of conversions from the upper classes of society amounts to about 50 every year. Owing to the still lively Christian principles, the upper classes of Norwegian society follow the example of their brethren in England. Protestantism does not any longer satisfy their religious wants. Catholic missionaries have become the favorites of the people, and their churches are filled every Sunday with Protestants desirous to hear a Catholic sermon.

Dr. Holt's statistics of yellow fever in New-Orleans shows that three men were taken sick to every woman, and the death rate among them was 75 per cent, greater than among the women. The children, however, suffered even worse than the male adults, for while only one adult in twelve sick died, one out of every nine children sick fell victims to the disease.

Giovanni Romagnani, an Italian, was arrested with four boys Friday, at Uice, on suspicion of being a pedone. He hired the boys from their parents in Italy, and lived on their earnings, which they pick up by singing and playing in the street. He was sent to Italy \$2,000 since 1876, and \$1,125 were found on his person when arrested.

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good barn, sheds and granary. One acre and a half  
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- Portrait of the late Pope Pius IX., 13x10 in. 45
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- Summer & Companions, 7 75
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THE OLD CHISHOLM DRY GOODS HOUSE to the front again. The Subscribers, two years ago, found it necessary to enlarge their premises by making it twice its former size. The business within these last two years has so immensely increased that we are forced to secure the large and commodious house announcing to the general public that we have secured the large and commodious house known as the old Chisholm Dry Goods House, 142 north side Dundas street. Said premises will be known in future as the PALACE DRY GOODS HOUSE for London. The old Arcade House will be continued under the name and style of JOHN H. CHAPMAN & Co. We propose making the new Palace Dry Goods House a leading house for American Cotton Goods. We are now opening the largest stocks of American-made Cotton Goods ever imported by any one retail dry goods house in London. Goods all marked in plain figures, and despatched cheap.

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