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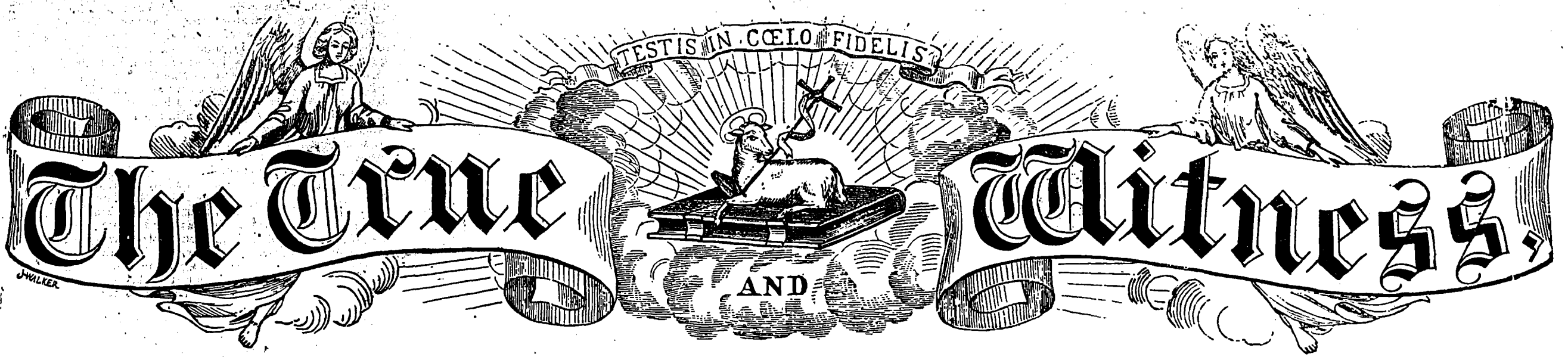
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

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NO. 5.

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 ORINNON. 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.

BETTER THAN GOLD. BY REV. A. J. RYAN. Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and a mind averse, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for another's woe, And share its joys with a genial glow. With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold. Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere, Doubly blessed with content and health, Untried by the lust or cares of wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot, For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine tests of gentleman. Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep. Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed Where luxury pillows its aching head, His simple opiate deems A shorter road to the land of dreams. Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore. The sage's lore and the poet's lay; The glories of empire pass away; The world's great dream will thus unfold And yield a pleasure better than gold. Better than gold is a peaceful home, When all the fireside characters come, The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife. However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree, The bleedings that never were bought nor sold, And centre there, are better than gold.

THE LAST DAYS OF CARTHAGE; OR A SISTER OF FABIOLA. AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SHEPHERD OF THE MOUNTAINS. Afer, the slave of Jubal, pursued his way through the solitary streets of the city, and before the rays of the morning Sun had illuminated the horizon he was far on towards the camp. He was accustomed to climb the most rugged and inaccessible mountains, to swim the most swiftly flowing rivers, so that for a journey of that kind, a better choice could not have been made. He continued on at a rapid pace while his mind was absorbed upon the important object of his mission. The reward was great. He would have gold enough to live in ease and quietness for the remainder of his days, and would be enabled to enjoy it in all the freedom of a noble patrician. He would revisit his native forests and wander with unshackled feet over the immense solitudes of his native land. He would then forget the chains and slavery of Carthage, and if perchance the thought might return to disturb his rest, he would glory in the idea that it was but an empty thing of the past. He would chase the lion and the tiger, and lead the wild romantic life of his daring ancestors. These reflections made his heart beat with joy, and lent vigor and suppleness to his wearied limbs. Night came on and he was obliged to halt as the road was not well marked over those rude and rocky places. It was a necessity and he sought out

some concealed recess, and there he lay down and was soon buried in a deep repose. The second day saw him well on towards the camp, but his brow was somewhat clouded, and it might be said that courage had left his heart. From time to time he would stop, and as he brought his trembling hand to his forehead, an excessive agitation would seize his frame and his faltering knees were scarcely able to support him. The expression of his countenance grew darker and darker, and the convulsive tremor of his colorless lips showed the deep emotion that oppressed his soul. What was passing within him? Was it remorse? he that was so long hardened to every sort of crime. Was it cowardice? he whose poignard was already dripping with the blood of his former victims. He was indeed accustomed to deeds of this kind. He struck without resentment, when his only motive was a smile from his mistress or the promise of a sum of gold. He was however, not without a considerable share of prudence. His craft besides could baffle the wisest of his enemies, and in these points he excelled as much as he did in the arts of villainy. Accordingly he was not the man to compromise himself by acting prematurely, or committing any rash or ill-considered crime. He was now not far from the camp, and in proportion as the danger increased, his usual calm composure and tranquil judgment returned. "That impetuous Jubal!" he thought; "what have I promised? What have I undertaken? Let him wait a little longer, and if he asks me why I have held back, I will content him by assuring him of my fidelity to his cause; and that the time for vengeance has not yet come." The moment the slave began to reflect he grew terrified. Should he return to Carthage and expose himself to the anger of his master? Besides, the soldier whom he had to select as his victim, was valiant and strong. He was a chief too, general of the army, and consequently surrounded perpetually by a formidable escort. How could he approach him? Find him asleep? ridiculous! And what if he could penetrate unobserved into his tent, how could he plunge the dagger into his heart without alarming the surrounding guards? Sinister and unwelcome visions formed themselves before the vivid imagination of the trembling slave. He saw himself dragged in chains before a high tribunal and threatened with being put to torture if he would not confess the details of the assassination. The sentence which would condemn him to death already rang in his ears, and it might be said that he suffered in anticipation the agonies of execution. His breast heaved with pain and thick drops of sweat ran down his haggard cheeks, his limbs refused to sustain him, and the once courageous Afer sank to the ground disconcerted, exhausted and overcome. After all he was a coward. He lay motionless for some time, and had any passed by at the time, he would have said that life had departed. At length, however, he manifested symptoms of returning consciousness, and exerted his remaining strength in crawling under the shade of a tree to protect himself from the ardors of the noontday sun. "I will go no farther," he said; "for I have cherished hopes that were vain, deceitful, and absurd. Liberty! Gold! What would the use of all the liberty he could give me, if I were laden with chains and condemned to die the death of an assassin? Ah! I had forgotten! I have gold in my belt. I should be a fool indeed if I went back to Carthage." His eyes began to get heavy again as he continued in soliloquy. He stretched himself out at full length and with the image of Jubal, Vivia's husband, guards, daggers, and felon's chains, dancing in wild confusion before his excited fancy, he fell asleep once more. Afer took no precaution against being overheard in the vast solitude of the desert. He had lain there for some time and not even a blade of grass had moved in the breathing of the mild and gentle zephyr. But scarcely had he closed his eyes when, hearing some one approach, he bounded up like a lion that the arrow of the hunter had pierced while lying in his den. An old man stood before him. He was a shepherd. He gazed at Afer silently and without altering his usual composure. His steadfast look would seem to indicate that he knew him, or that his countenance revived for him the reminiscences of the past. "If I mistake not," he said at length; "thou art Afer." Afer clutched his dagger as he approached the old man. "What is it to thee? get thee gone to thy herds or by the gods!" "Hold! Thou art Afer. I know thee. Moreover thou and I are long acquainted. Thou hast forgotten me, but it could not be otherwise, for sorrow increased by the infirmities of old age has changed me. Dost thou not remember poor Sylvain, the slave of Hanno?" "I remember Sylvain! Sylvain! may the gods be propitious to thee! Ah! I cannot erase from memory those nights of pleasure. Those games—" "Recall not those sad remembrances—at least they are sad for me. Happiness for me is past. All joy upon this earth is gone, unless indeed—but come into my tent. I heard all. Thou wert speaking of Jarbas whom, no doubt, thou wert charged to assassinate. Can I aid thee? I have no need of gold what should I do with it? But my heart thirsts for vengeance! Yes, vengeance!" and the eyes of the old man flashed with fire so as to make the slave tremble with fear. A moment after they were both seated in the tent. An old female slave bent down with age served them with something to eat. Presently she retired to attend to her herds. "Now we can speak," began Sylvain; "for the old woman, Fatima, will not return before night. Afer, conceal nothing from me. It is useless. I have heard all. I have listened to thee and treasured every word as they fell from thy lips. Thou art on thy way to the camp to slay Jarbas and take revenge for thy master. Fear not, I will not betray thee. I have told thee that the desire for vengeance has left me no repose day nor night. I have never been offended by the husband of Vivia. As far as I know he may be good, and generous towards his slaves, but she! Oh! if my dagger could only reach her heart, I would die happy! Ah! ah!" and the

withered features of the shepherd assumed a fiendish grin, while his palsied hands trembled still more with convulsive agitation. "To strike him whom she loves, to sever the ties of the family, and deprive her forever of that joy she feels in his company, is not that to strike her herself and pierce her heart with a thousand daggers? Ah! I feel the sweets of vengeance by anticipation, and my heart distends at the cherished thought. Say, Afer, wilt thou aid me? Give me thy hand and thou shalt have nothing to regret." "Sylvain, I understand not thy strange language. I thought thou wert happy and I even envied thy lot. Thou art free. Thou breathest the fresh air of these lofty mountains and thy flocks supply thy wants." "Liberty! pure air of the hills! my flocks! There was once a time when these blessings would have made me happy, but now, alas! they have no charm for me. When night approaches, under the shade of these grand old trees I lie down, not to repose, but to sigh and weep. Vivia! Vivia! happiness would return to this heart now grown cold with sorrow, if my eyes could behold thy life blood flowing, and my ears hear the wailing of thy agony!" "But what has Vivia done?" inquired Afer, astonished at the vehemence with which the old man denounced his enemy. "What has she done to drive thee to such fits of desperation? Has she ever loaded thee with chains or cast thee into a dungeon? I repeat, I cannot understand thee. Was it not her mother who procured thy freedom and has even given thee the herds which we see around us, and which affords thee the means of existence?" "True, I admit, but the only treasure I prized in this world has been snatched away from me by that infamous Vivia." "What doth thou mean, Sylvain? who is this treasure of which thou speakest? I fear that old age has troubled thy reason." "Hast thou forgotten, Afer, that I have been a father? The young companion of my youth died years ago, but she left me a pledge of our mutual love. The name of that child was Fatima. I watched over her cradle and guided her infant steps with all the love of a tender parent, and often I returned from the day's work sooner than usual to attend to her little wants. And when the early dawn would find me at work, the thought of that dear child would renew my vigor and make me forget the drops of sweat that fell from my brow. I would return towards the close of day, and I would feel my heart dilate as I beheld her little hands outstretched to welcome me, as her face beamed with an angelic smile. I would take her up in my arms and press her to my bosom as I covered her with kisses. Often a tear would fall but it was a tear as sweet as those that I have since shed, have been sorrowful and bitter. If Fatima was ill, I would pass a sleepless night beside her pillow, giving her the most tender care and using every effort to assuage her suffering. When the light of the morning would appear, I would confide her to the care of my old friend Fatima, but not without feelings of anxiety lest anything should happen in my absence. It is true that my mistress often took care of her, and it would be ingratitude to forget the kindness with which she ministered to her wants. Oh! why did she not die in those sufferings? Why did she not go and join her who had given her birth? Fool that I was, I prayed to the immortal gods to preserve her! But I could not lift the impenetrable veil of the future and foresee that I should one day blaspheme the gods for having heard my prayer. Pardon the grief of a father, Afer, and take not scandal from what I have done. Besides, if I mistake not Jupiter inspires you with no more terror than that crucified Jew whom the impious sect of Christians adore." "Fatima grew up the image of her mother, sweet and lovely like her. When I would come home from the fields she would run as usual to meet and wipe the sweat from my brow, and her first word was some kind word of love and encouragement. She would have the water already prepared to wash my feet, and refresh me after the labors of the day." "She now became the property of Vivia and for two years she received from her the same kind attention which she had before experienced from the wife of Hanno. One day, however, Fatima appeared to me to be somewhat dejected and unhappy; she appeared grave, thoughtful and serious. Her conversation had lost its natural vivacity and her thoughts were deeply pre-occupied. Was she concealing anything from me; she who was always so open and affectionate? I was afraid to ask her, for after all there was always something so sweet in her smile, something so tender in her caresses. What was it that gave her pain? Had she found her position irksome and unpleasant? Was she suffering from the pride and anger of her mistress? I could not ask her. One day as I returned home at the usual hour. I was astonished at not seeing Fatima. She had not come out to meet me as she was wont to do and I could not rush into all kinds of wild conjectures as to the cause of her absence. The stars had become bright in the heavens and still I heard not the step of my beloved child. At length I heard the noise of some one approaching. I listened attentively. It was she! I ran to catch her in my arms, but I stood back in horror, as if a thunder-bolt from the gods had smote me to the earth! Fatima no longer wore the dress of a humble slave, but, pardon, O immortal gods! the white robe of a Christian! A long veil of the same color hung gracefully over her head, half concealing her beautiful hair. Upon her breast glittered a small gold cross, the symbol of the faith which she had embraced. She had been deceived; her ingenious simplicity had been abused and she had been induced to apostatize from the worship of those gods which she had been taught to reverence from her infancy, and this to join that impious and accursed sect of Nazarenes. That was the secret she withheld from me; that was the mystery that hung over her and which I was so anxious to find out. I had conjectured many things indeed; but that had not struck me even in my wildest dreams." "I stood there transfixed, unable to utter a single word. She cast down her eyes and trembled as she came forward to embrace me. Her lips touched my forehead and I heard her softly call me father. But the thought of what she had done came to my

mind and I rudely cast her back. I reproached her in bitter terms, and though she fell at my feet and besought me to have pity and forgive her, I raised my hand and imprecated curses upon her head. I bade her begone and never cross the threshold of her father's house. Afer, I hate the Christians. I have sworn to have revenge, and by the gods of Olympus I will have it before this withered form is borne to the grave. But I am inconsiderate. Take a little rest, Afer, for thou needest it. The shades of night have closed upon the mountains, and repose here in peace. As for me, I cannot rest. My brain is on fire and my heart beats with the deadliest feelings of rage and hatred. I will tell you all I have to say to-morrow, and I will then let you know the project which I have in view and which I hope to realize with the aid of our immortal gods. Success is sure, believe me, and then indeed I shall taste how sweet vengeance is to a heart that hitherto has sighed for it in vain." "To-morrow be it as thou sayest," replied Afer, rising and pressing the hand of Sylvain; until then, mayest thou rest in peace." CHAPTER IX.—PAGAN FANATICISM. Scarcely had the day dawned when Sylvain and Afer rose to continue their conference which the lateness of the preceding night had interrupted. "Fatima," resumed the shepherd, "was united to me by a bond of the most sacred affection, but now there is a wide, impassable gulf between us and we are separated for ever. I have cursed her and have sworn never to behold her again." "Time assuages grief and calms the impetuosity of an angry mind. This is the rule. I am the exception. The longer I live the more violent is my rage, and the more I thirst for the blood of her that has injured me. Fatima often sought me out, but I avoided her, and would never see her. Frequently she remained hours together at my door weeping and sobbing, as she begged me to forgive her and remove from her my malediction. But I was implacable." "Julia, the wife of noble Hanno, often called upon me, to remonstrate with me and reproach me for my cruelty; 'your child,' she would say, 'is inconsolable, her grief and her touching applications, would soften the heart of a barbarian. It is true she has become a Christian, but she did not intend by this to offend you and forfeit your love. She has not become worse by the change. She is sweet, modest and submissive, and her virtues distinguish her from all around her.' I listened to her simply, because, I could not do otherwise, but when I withdrew from her presence I found that my hatred had only increased." "I learnt from an old slave in the employ of the family, that from the moment that Fatima became a Christian, Vivia began to treat her no longer as a slave but to enter on terms of the most intimate friendship with her; that they would remain in each other's society the whole day long, under the plea of attending to some embroidery or the like, but in reality to speak more freely of the new religion; that Vivia never ceased to instruct her in its doctrines and never grew tired of praising in terms which could not but make an impression upon the tender and pliant mind of Fatima; that she promised her the greatest happiness in practising the duties of this faith, and that if she would embrace it they should both be united in the ties of eternal friendship. How could my child resist the influence of those hypocritical embraces and remain unaffected by her insidious tongue? The work was now commenced; it was finished by that fanatical Priest, well-known in Carthage, called Tertullian." "From the moment that I heard all this I conceived a violent and implacable hatred against Vivia. I had to suppress any outward manifestation of what I felt but my feelings were on this account the more vehement and strong. The torrent was stemmed, but the waters were more troubled." "I cannot rest Afer—the image of Fatima pursues me waking as in my midnight dreams I see her still enveloped in white, and before my eyes I still see glittering the accursed symbol of her apostasy—that cross upon which hangs the crucified." "Ah! Afer, thou knowest not the heart of a father whose affections are concentrated upon an only child. There is a sacred bond between them and when that is suddenly broken—when the hopes he has long cherished are buried in an eternal separation—when those sweet dreams of the future are dissipated and their beautiful images, like the phantom of the lake, are continually receding as he advances—then indeed sorrow fills his heart, the sun no longer sheds his genial rays upon him but he is enveloped in a darkness as thick and as awful as the dreaded Tartarus." "I have sworn never to see Fatima again, for from the moment that she became attached to that religion which is allowed to progress with impunity but which ought to be quenched in the blood of the last of its followers, she is no longer my child. The gods (may they be praised!) have inspired me with sufficient courage to continue firm in my resolution. I finally came to this place with Fatima, to live in solitude and escape from the turmoil of this world. But I have carried with me the remembrance of my sorrows and the arrow that pierced my heart there still transfixes its inmost core. Afer, I can die when I have revenge and not before." "I was a long time in ignorance of what was passing in Carthage. I knew not even if Fatima was still in existence. Some days ago, however, a young warrior that was returning from the army passed by, and I was enabled to have a short conversation with him. He told me that Vivia lived still, and that she had become a Christian and moreover; it was expected that Jarbas, her husband, would follow her example. Tertullian, it appears, had acquired considerable influence over his mind, and had almost persuaded him to apostatize from our national faith. He, himself, did not conceal his sympathies for the new religion and in the camp his guard was entirely formed of Christian soldiers. The natural consequence was that there was general discontent among the soldiers and now dissatisfaction has spread among all ranks and has assumed alarming proportions. Fatima, I learnt, had joined her destiny to a man of the same sect, and in order to forget the religion of her father and her youthful days, she has abandoned the name I gave her and has adopted that of Felicitas."

"What can I say of her, Afer? Has she not deserted the sacred cause of our gods? And who has been the cause? Vivia, Vivia, thou must die! Let her not count on the protection of her valiant husband; it will avail her little. She will soon wear the garments of a widow and when I shall have feasted my eyes upon her corrupted blood, I can then return to these solitary mountains and die under the consolation of having slain my bitterest enemy." The old man could say no more. His lips were useless and trembled with rage. He rose from his seat and his palsied hands clutched the dagger at his side. His lurid eyes, blood-shot from sleepless nights, stared wildly around and a convulsive agitation shook his entire frame. Afer had not the courage to say a word. "Afer, listen," resumed Sylvain after these few moments of repose, "listen to the project I spoke of yesterday. Jarbas, it is true was received with enthusiasm after his victory over the wild Numidians. That is now passed. He is since then afraid to attack them. They go so far as to accuse him of cowardice and even treason. It is said that he has formed a secret alliance with our enemies, that the camps are badly guarded, and that in fine our brave legions are condemned to a dishonorable inaction. It is feared that these barbarians will destroy our superb metropolis." "Time is precious Afer, let us not lose a moment. Let us go to the camps. We can arrive there before to-morrow night. I will go in the disguise of one of those individuals who are inspired by the gods, and who are the interpreters of their august will to mankind. In the name of those outraged divinities, in the name of the immortal Juno protectrix of our noble Carthage, I will raise the enthusiasm of the soldiers and incite them to revolt. I will place myself at their head and demand of Jarbas, as head of the army, that he offer sacrifice to Mars, the terrible god of war. I will declare loudly and solemnly that this god had appeared to me in the shades of the night and commanded me to present myself before the commander of the armies, and to tell him that the blood of two young oxen should be shed upon his altar, and that at this price alone he could purchase a triumph over these almost invincible Numidians." "The altar, victims, will already be prepared. Jarbas will refuse if it is true that he is a Christian. He will not conceal his true sentiments. This refusal on his part will be the signal of a general rising and our pious prayers with the aid of the gods will do the rest. Mine will not tremble in my hand. It will be drenched in the blood of Jarbas and I will send it as it is, all dripping with blood to the infamous Vivia, with my name engraved upon it. She will then know that the father of Fatima has commenced the work of vengeance." "We will then return to Carthage. I will be the first to carry the news of the death of Jarbas. It will stir up the deepest feelings of revenge against the Christians in the minds of the people, and what will be easier than to rally them round the standard of the gods and secure them reverence by the general slaughter of their enemies. The air will resound with shouts for the cause of truth and paganism, mingled with cries of 'Christians to the lions!' There is a strange magic in this Roman phrase, for all who hear it rise quickly from their apathy and take up the cry with vehemence and ardor. The Christians will then be sought out and among the rest the impious Vivia. I shall see her. I shall exit as she writes in agony, and when I behold her gasping out her last breath, bleeding and lacerated by the teeth of the savage lions, I will raise these feeble hands and pronounce upon her guilty head my withering curse! Fatima may suffer with her. Their blood may mingle in the dust of the arena. What matter? Let her die; she is no longer mine." He finished from exhaustion. His frame enfeebled by infirmity, now sank under the excitement of a mind which the desire of vengeance had well nigh undermined. He felt back exhausted and weak. Afer refreshed his lips and temples with water, and opened the rude apertures of the cabin to admit the cooling breeze. He seemed somewhat recovered. He reposed gently on the chair, leaving his head upon his arm which rested on the table. His sunken eyes were shut, his livid lips were compressed convulsively, and he appeared to have fallen into a deep slumber. Afer cared little for his plans and if he went to the camp, it was because he saw himself aided by one, who was himself determined to take the initiative and perform the principal part in carrying out their project. Gold and Liberty were great incentives to action and it was worth while to brave some little danger in the attainment of such a noble prize. As for the persecution against the Christians that was a matter in which he did not desire to see himself involved. If he were rich and could wander where he liked the Christians might progress as much as they pleased and the immortal gods might exhaust their rage in launching thunderbolts until all Heaven was emptied. Everybody should mind their own business. This should be the principle upon which his future measures should be based, and the meaning of any enterprise which he might henceforward undertake. The same evening both started for the camp. But it is time to return to the more pleasing scenes in which those who are inspired by the true sentiments of Christianity, are the actors. Let us transport ourselves back to the great City of Carthage, and behold the Bishop clothed in all the insignia of his high and holy office, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church, and receiving the professions of faith, from a young and gentle lady, whose pure brow seemed a reflection from the angels that hovered invisibly around. (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.) A Boston murderer, in consequence of his poor health, wants his execution delayed. A Mount Bethel township farmer, cut open an old hornet's nest, just to examine the inside arrangement. He says he thinks he will be able to see his barn-in about two weeks. When a man goes to a quilting party about tea time, and sits down on a ball of wicking with a long darning needle in it, he will think of more things connected with darning in a minute than he can mention in two hours.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee stretch thy tiny hands in vain; Dear, I have no bread to give thee, Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!

ABELADE PROCTER.

THE ORATORS OF IRELAND.

Father Kenny, pastor of the Church of Our Lady and St. Paul, Dunsbury, England, recently delivered a lecture on the above subject. We take the report from the Liverpool Catholic Times.

by the gallant sword of Washington. Himself a Protestant, he was a devoted advocate of religious equality, pleaded on behalf of the Catholic claims, and of generous concessions to his Protestant dissenting fellow-countrymen.

When Grattan rose, none dare oppose The claim he made for freedom; They knew our swords to back his words Were ready, did he need them.

to love it in their daily lives by cultivating a spirit of friendship for the kindly people among whom their lot was cast, and by emulating the virtues which had made Ireland an object of veneration in the darkest period of her history.

"For freedom comes from God's right hand, And needs a Godly train; 'Tis righteous men alone can make Our Isle a nation once again."

ARMAGH.

The city of Armagh is placed amid scenes of great national interest. It stands in the centre of historical beacons. There is scarce an age of Ireland's history of which a token is not found in this locality.

COERCION FOR ENGLAND.

Ireland is governed by a coercion code, and ruled by an army of spies. England enjoys the fullest political and social freedom, and has the public peace guarded by the civil police or parish constables.

Here are indeed, in an aggravated form, the very grounds on which coercion for Ireland was justified. It was not, it was pleaded, that Ireland was more criminal than other nations.

Before more fully considering this question, and pointing out the means by which Irish members of Parliament may either force the Ministry into adopting coercive legislation for England, or make them stand in a false position before the world, it will be instructive to point out how Ireland stands in criminal matters when compared with England.

Now, all these places are, in the eyes of the peace-loving English people, the centres of blood-thirsty passions, and reeking crime—and are accordingly bound down by English statesmen in the galling and degrading bonds of coercion, while these same peace and justice-loving English people freely commit crime, and conspire and threaten to shield murderers.

But Ireland still groans under a coercion code. Now, we have a suggestion for our Irish legislators, which we desire seriously to commend to their consideration—and venture to add, that we think it of more importance to Ireland than the interests of Don Carlos in Spain—the consideration of high imperial policy in India, or the many other universal questions to which our Irish members devote themselves.

We desire not to be ungrateful for past favours, and would therefore ask our members of parliament—the Party, in fact—to ask leave to introduce a measure into parliament for the suppression of crime in England. If a Peace Preservation Act has prevented crime in Ireland it is necessary in England. If it is not needed to suppress crime in England, it is tyrannous in Ireland.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S ORIGIN.

A French gentleman, the estates of whose family are situated in the ancient province of Burgundy, at no great distance from Sacy, the village so often and so grotesquely celebrated by that most unique of French writers of the eighteenth century, Restif de La Bretonne, informs us that, as might have been expected, the Bonapartist Parisian journal which we cited on Friday is all wrong, and that Vapereau's biographical dictionary is all right in regard to the parentage and ancestry of the Marshal-President of the French Republic.

It curiously illustrates the recklessness of a large portion of the Parisian press, that the fact of the Duke's origin are as well ascertained as the facts of the origin of the Marquis of Noailles or the Duke of Luynes. The father of the Marshal-President was, as Vapereau states that he was, "a peer of France" and a warm personal friend of the last legitimate King of France and Navarre; Charles IX.

had been to the Stuarts in 1688, went into emigration with them and returned with them. More fortunate than many of the emigrating nobles when he came back in 1815. The Marshal-President was his second son, and was known in his youth as Count Maurice de MacMahon.

SCOTCH VITAL STATISTICS.

The Scotch Registrar-General has published his seventeenth annual report, of the births, deaths, and marriages which occurred in Scotland in 1871. This is as near to our time as the Registrar-General has been able to go, it seems. The history of a twelvemonth which has elapsed four years ago, is, in our days of change and hurry, little more interesting, if at all so much, as the social statistics of the Year One would be.

When ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.—Danbury News.

People who carry chewing gum and postage stamps loose in their pockets do not complain of lack of business.—Danbury News.

The editor of the Dresden Darnings is rather absent minded. He held the position of local on the St. Alban's Pioneer several years ago, and was alone in the office writing up some items one morning, when a stranger came in and presented a scrap of paper with the words scrawled awkwardly: "I am dumb and deaf, and have nothing to buy bread: can you help me?"