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# AVE MARIA. <sup>339</sup>

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 2, 1869.

No. 1.

## The Feast of the Epiphany.

The manifestation of truth to the Gentiles, who had sought for it so long, is not an affair to be passed lightly over, with a legend on the three kings' feast and no more about it. It is a matter which concerns ourselves particularly; for all not claiming a descent from Abraham are Gentiles, and all are interested in this special feast.

We have already seen that all the world, about the time of the birth of Christ, were waiting for the advent of Him who was "the Expectation of Nations." The prophet Daniel had fixed the term at sixty-nine weeks of years, or four hundred and eighty-three years from the time of the prediction. And the Jews, scattered among every nation under heaven gave out the time of expectation for one who was expected by the Gentile traditions as well as from the Jewish prophecy.

Then came the venerable Patriarch's prophecy to aid. Jacob had said: the sceptre shall not pass from Judah's line, till He, the Messiah, is near at hand. Now, Judah's sceptre, in spite of Judah's self, had passed into the hand of the Idumean, Herod, to his own great surprise; for he, Herod, had fled to Rome for safety against his enemies, and was nominated king of the Jews by Anthony and Octavius in seven days after. This was forty years before the birth of Christ.

And he returned to exercise the powers conferred.

We have nothing to do with his life of tyranny and crime through those long

years. But he held his sceptre only by the favor of Rome; which fact must have tended to convince the Jews more thoroughly that the time prefigured by the patriarchs, and presaged by the seers, had now at last arrived; and holy Simeon was not therefore surprised when it was manifested to him that "he should not see death before he had beheld the Christ of the Lord."

"Now then that the Jews thronged every year to Jerusalem with their offerings, not only from all parts of Canaan's land, as formerly had been the case, but from all parts of the world,—from Italy and Greece, from Asia Minor and from Africa, from Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Babylonia, Persia and the regions far beyond,—with what eagerness and in what multitude must they not have met together, when they hoped to behold Him whom they had expected for so many ages! With what holy joy, with what ardent curiosity, must they not have conversed concerning this common and approaching hope, both in their families and on their road, and in the holy city, as well as on their return! This extraordinary movement, this conversation echoed on all sides, by a people scattered all over the earth, who had made proselytes everywhere, must have imparted renewed life to the ancient traditions found among all people, and revived the half-effaced remembrance of a Redeemer promised from the beginning of the world—of this Son of a woman who was to crush the serpent—of this son of Abraham in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed—of this star of Jacob, of this sceptre or king of Israel, which Balaam, a prophet of the Gentiles,

## New Year.

## I.

Friendlessly lying,  
Faded and sere,  
Helplessly dying  
Lies the Old Year.  
No one is sighing,  
Never a tear,  
All of us crying  
Hail to his heir.  
*Ave Maria!*  
So just a year ago  
Hailed we the virgin-snow,—  
How many 'neath it now?  
*Ave Maria!*

## II.

Brave bells are singing  
Old year adieu,  
Glasses are ringing  
Welcome the New.  
Bell, bowl and laughter  
And jubilant gun,  
As if a hereafter  
Of bliss had begun.  
*Ave Maria!*  
Where are the joys we've known,  
Where are the hopes that shone  
Till Eden seemed our own?  
*Ave Maria!*

## III.

In the dark trial  
That comes at the close,  
When Time's crumbling dial  
Its last shadow throws:  
When bell, bowl and garland  
Lie dead with the years,  
And one glimpse of the far land  
Steals vaguely through tears;  
*Ave Maria!*  
Shall we then turn from earth,  
Trustfully, half in mirth,  
Greeting the New Life's birth?—  
*Ave Maria!*

## IV.

Ah how we love it,  
This poor world of ours,  
Though blooming above it  
Heaven's beckoning flowers:  
Through sorrow on sorrow  
Still groping our way,  
Still asking to-morrow  
Amends for to-day.  
*Ave Maria!*

Heavy the load we bore  
Ere the last year was o'er;  
What may be still in store?  
*Ave Maria!*

## V.

Ah, 'tis past guessing,—  
With God let it rest;  
Armed with His blessing  
We wait His behest;  
Accepting whatever  
His wisdom may send,  
With earnest endeavor  
Erect to the end.  
*Sancta Maria!*  
Hark how His Word sublime  
Down the dim aisles of Time,  
Peals in eternal chime,  
*Sancta Maria!*

## VI.

Faith ever measures  
The months as they roll,  
Not by Earth's pleasures,  
But those of the Soul.  
Her New Year has borrowed  
Nativity's sheen,  
And wears on her forehead  
Yule's mantle of green.  
*Sancta Maria!*  
With the Church, hand in hand,  
Let us in every land  
Move to her high command,  
*Sancta Maria!*

## VII.

Mother, the Comfortress,  
Star of the Morn,  
Shield with thy broad carress  
This Babe newly-born.  
Ark of the Covenant  
Shelter the years,  
Bride of the Dove, O grant  
Wings to our prayers,  
*Sancta Maria!*  
That when the bells are tolled,  
Safe in the Father's fold,  
We enter thy House of Gold,  
*Sancta Maria!*

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES remarked that we could not repeat our good resolutions and aspirations often enough; we should imitate painters and sculptors, who complete their works by repeated strokes of the chisel and the brush; thus, to make an impression on our hearts, we must repeat the same thing over and over.

## Letter of the Bishop of Orleans on the Coming General Council.

The General Council to be held this year is a subject with which all minds are preoccupied; friends and enemies, the faithful and the dissenters, look forward with respect or astonishment to the magnificent assembly of catholicity, convoked by the august Pontiff to whom the revolution has left only the remnants of his States, and who from the heights of the Rock, menaced but immovable, extends to the universe his benediction and laws.

It is the most opportune work that can be offered to the zeal of the episcopate to teach the faithful what will be the power, the splendor and the virtue of this assembly, the like of which has been held only eighteen times, and has not been seen for three hundred years.

The Bishop of Orleans, wishing to be among the first to accomplish this pastoral duty, has published the *Letter* which he has addressed to his diocesans, and—I dare to say on account of the privilege his eloquent voice has of echoing far over the earth—to all those who believe as well as to those who believe not, to our separated brethren of the West and to the schismatics of the East.

He proclaims the importance of this “rare and solemn act,” which will be “the grandest event of the century,” and he salutes in advance the venerable place in which this universal reunion of bishops will take place, that city of Rome “the centre of spiritual power;” Rome, which will always be, in the words of its great poet, the most beautiful of all things under the sun, *Rerum pulcherrima Roma!*

To this end the illustrious Bishop proposes to explain what General Councils are, what motives “inspired from on high” have induced the Holy Father to this act, the most extraordinary, the most important of his pontificate; he then examines if there be any foundation to the fears which the announcement of such an act has ex-

cited in the minds of some badly disposed or ignorant people; and, finally, he shows what results bishops, priests and faithful have a right to expect from it.

We give some of the most important passages of this remarkable letter.

I. After having defined and established what the Church is, the Bishop says:

“It was necessary that this teaching Church, spread throughout the universe, should have a centre, a head, a chief, in order that it might rally in one unique body. Jesus Christ did not disregard this necessity, and chose from among His apostles one whom He invested with special privileges: to whom He confided, according to His own divine expression, *the keys of the kingdom of Heaven*; whom He established the foundation, the corner stone of the edifice; to whom He gave the charge of *confirming his brethren in the faith*; whom He named the pastor of the sheep as well as of the lambs—that is, the Chief Pastor of the whole fold.”

He then briefly defines what a council is:

“A general council by the very fact of its representing the whole Church, has the privilege of doctrinal infallibility and supreme authority given by Jesus Christ to the Church itself, to the body of pastors united with their chief. No other council has this privilege.

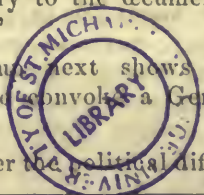
“The supreme Head of the Church, the Pope, alone, has the right to convoke general councils.

“For the same reason, to the Pope alone belongs the right of presiding over them.

“And as it belongs to the Sovereign Pontiff to convoke and preside over a general council, so also to him belongs the right of closing it, of dissolving it if necessary, and of confirming it. The accord of the Bishops with the Pope is manifestly necessary to the œcumenical result of a council.”

Bishop Dupanloup next shows how Pius IX resolved to convoke a General Council.

“We all remember the political difficul-



ties which so sadly impeded the Council of Trent, and these later times appeared still more unfavorable; it was thought that modern powers were more distrustful and more hostile, and the liberty of the Church more impeded, her action more weakened than ever. But it was wrong thus to calumniate our times, and instead of having diffidence in Providence we will do better to admire its powerful hand, which, says an old proverb, 'writes straight on crooked lines,' and forces events to ply, in spite of men, to its eternal designs. A missionary and a traveller, the Church needs to see the roads shortened. A preacher and a liberator, she profits by and rejoices at the fall of obstacles. Now, our age has accomplished these two works, the suppression of distances, the removal of barriers. I use the words distances and barriers in a political and social sense, as well as from a material point of view. It was thought that material interests would gain thereby, and belief has gained; and all that movement which seems opposed to the Church, and against her, turns to her profit. The spirit of the times obliges the governments to use, willingly or unwillingly, more equity towards the Church, and pulls down the old prejudices which whilom impeded her actions; and lo, the holding of a General Council is, politically, far easier to-day than it would have been in the time of Philip II, of Louis XIV, or of Joseph II.

"'To convoke only all the bishops,' said J. Demaistre, in his time, 'and to have it legally acknowledged, five or six years would not suffice.' And, to-day, it suffices that Pius IX places his Bull upon the walls of the Lateran: modern publicity, in spite of contrary wishes, carries it to the extremities of the world; soon, thanks to the marvelous progress of science and industry, on the wings which steam lends to our vessels, in those chariots of fire which devour space, from continents the most distant, from islands the most remote, the Bishops will come at the call of the Pontiff."

"They will come from the free countries, and, we hope, even from those which are not free; and thus—I love to repeat it—this double current of the ideas and industry of our age will serve not only the material life but also the government of souls, the high manifestation of the spiritual life in humanity, and the grand work of the Spirit of God upon the earth.

"As it is just, as Providence has wished it, by this secret harmony hidden in the bottom of things and in the unity of the divine work, matter shall have been pressed once again into the service of the spirit, and the thoughts of men made subservient to the orders of God.

"Three times already, you know, gentlemen, within a few years, the catholic bishops have been able to assemble around the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but none of those grand reunions had the characteristics of a Council. The glory of connecting, by the holding of a truly Œcumenical Council, the ancient traditions of the Church, so long interrupted, was still reserved for that magnanimous Pontiff, so strong in his meekness, so full of serenity in his trials, so confident in God who sustains him, and, as regards this Council, has manifestly inspired him.

II. As to the "programme of the Council," the Bishop finds it in the apostolical letter of convocation, and he thus ends his commentary:

"It is then against us, or rather for us, before all, that the Council assembles. There will not be one amongst us who, about to take his place in that august assembly, will not have bent the knee, that very morning, upon the last step of the altar, and, bowing low his head and striking his breast, will not have said: 'If God is not better known, if He is not served about me, if truth suffers violence, if the poor are not assisted, if justice is in peril, O God, it is my fault, my very great fault!' Kings of earth, who dispose, sometimes with such fearful liberty, of the fate of nations! ah how much good such an examen would do you also, if you could bear it! O human assemblies, par-

liaments, tribunals, popular conventions, think you that this self-scrutiny, these avowals, these scruples and these courageous habits of discipline and of reform would be useless to appease blind agitations, arrogant passions, or to shake off somnolent routine?

"Each of us having thus examined, questioned and severely accused himself, we shall ask ourselves what are the obstacles to the propagation of the faith among the nations which have not yet received it, to its re-establishment among those which have lost it; we shall revise regulations, reform abuses, re-establish forgotten laws, and modify what needs to be modified. Under the supreme authority of the common Father, the bishop of bishops, the experience of old age and the ardor of youth, the inspirations of the most saintly, the wisdom of the wisest, all will concur to the generous and sincere verification of our own state, of our mission upon earth, and of our duties; and this examen will be made in the freest and most fraternal discussion, and soon will be followed by solid resolutions, which from that time and for ages to come will be the rule of our life.

"Such will be the first object of this assembly of bishops; an object sublime and humble, which the children of the Church admire, and which strikes the enemies of the Church with an astonishment they endeavor in vain to disguise." \* \* \* \*

III. "The cause of the council" is the state of souls, the condition of society. After doing justice to the present time, in so far as it merits praise, the eloquent prelate deplores the "profound evils" which afflict it.

"And do not think, gentlemen, that I mean to speak of political strife and of wars.

"I well know that Europe has more than once in the years just elapsed resounded with the din of battle, and at the present moment a secret uneasiness still agitates the minds of men; nations arm and prepare themselves for a war of

giants. Is it of these important political interests, these questions of nationalities, the balance of power, and frontiers of countries, that the Pontiff intends to speak? Without doubt the Church is not indifferent to the peace or war of nations, and her prayers ascend every day to Heaven for peace and concord between princes, and among christian nations.

"But, I have already had to state it, it is not to settle such questions that she calls a Council, and the peaceful assembly convoked to meet in Rome will meditate neither revolutions nor conquests, nor leagues of nations or of sovereigns, nor the elevation or downfall of dynasties. While all Europe, and, if we cast our gaze still farther, while the new world as well as the old trembles at the rumors of war and revolutions, there, in Rome, in that august centre, in that reserved place, reunited around the successor of Saint Peter, around the source of truth, the pastors of the people, their feet upon the earth and upon the immovable rock, but their eyes fixed on Heaven, will be occupied with the care of souls, with their needs, with the eternal salvation of souls, in a word with the superior and permanent interests of humanity.

"And certainly they will do well; for who can dissimulate the state of affairs? Are not souls in peril; is not the faith of nations menaced?

"What new heresy has then arisen?—you may ask. What heresy, gentlemen? from the bosom of the Church, none; never were the clergy more united in faith from one end of the world to the other. Outside the Church, on the contrary, not only the same attacks, a hundred times repulsed, and a hundred times renewed, are reproduced under new forms and with greater venom, against all points of Christian doctrine; there is still more: with an impiety that far exceeds that of the eighteenth century, the natural truths themselves, the primordial truths upon which all here below reposes, are denied and audaciously discussed; science also has her heresies; there is

schism among philosophers; and reason now has to undergo the assaults hitherto reserved for faith.

"Strange, indeed! It is faith which now guards the treasures of reason, and is her rampart! It is you, O savants, and thinkers, who have need of us! You continually accuse us of having neither science nor intelligence; but you, my poor brethren, so wise and so intelligent, you have scarcely known how to keep one stable truth! And you, O protestants, who have pretended to reform the Church, have need of reform yourselves, and feel how much you lack the great blessing of authority.

"Consider, in effect, the state of minds. Whither are these separated philosophers tending? For three centuries in Germany, which to-day is so profoundly shaken, violent spirits have risen up, who, rejecting the rein of faith and giving themselves up to all the rash vagaries of thought, have shown to an astonished world all the audacity, and, at the same time, all the weaknesses of reason—soon followed, as is always the case, by audacity and weakness of conduct. From those prodigious efforts of mind and of erudition, what has come forth? The resurrection of all the old errors, pantheism, atheism, and in religion itself the most contradictory fancies of an exegesis in which, if followed, all christianity would perish. See in what have ended, under our eyes, eighteen centuries after Jesus Christ, the greatest intellectual labors perhaps that the world has ever witnessed.

"And to-day, here at home, what do we see? All religious belief violently attacked; the dissolution of all faith, even philosophic; the crumbling away of all rational truths; the invasion of a pretended science intoxicated with itself, which denies reason, and wants in the name of materialism and of atheism to ravish from men all faith in the immortal soul and faith in God. By all manner of ways—by the press, journals, pamphlets, romances—the most hurtful doctrines con-

cerning God, the soul, morality, future life, the family, society, are ardently disseminated. Many of our contemporaries are either overwhelmed by these errors, or float without compass and without guide before all the winds of error. On all sides tempestuous darkness envelops souls and penetrates to the inmost heart of the popular masses.

"At the same time great misunderstanding has arisen on all the questions which concern the Church, and, consequently, a mortal combat has been declared against her. When, in France, there burst forth the revolution which is now making its way over Europe, over the whole world,—the Church, attached by ties, which time had made, to the old political order, was carried away with it by the tempest, and in that strife against her, that which depended on legitimate state of things, without being necessary, could not be distinguished from essential principles and the unchangeable spirit of christianity.

"A blind and implacable hatred has survived among certain men; forgetting eighteen centuries of benefits, they have continued an ungrateful war against her; and as this torrent of revolution rolls pell-mell in its course truth and falsehood, virtues and crimes, benefits and disasters; and as the Church, which never compromises with error and with evil, persists in pointing out to men of these times the illusions of deceiving words, and the danger of false doctrines;—let us say all—as they are obstinately bent upon placing to the charge of the Church thoughts and pretensions that are not hers, an impious or erring press blasphemes against the Church, seeks to excite the people against her; and we hear in their pretended congresses without authority, in the midst of the cries of social war, blasphemies at once both stupid and sanguinary, against the Church; and we see this antagonism carried into the bosom of our legislative assemblies, in the name of which is demanded a violent separation of the Church and society.

"And not long since, when the voice of

the Sovereign Pontiff was raised to point out the overflow of this torrent of impious or immoral theories, what a clamor, what unmerited accusations resounded from all sides! Without understanding his language, they calumniated him; and we saw with sorrow political men, under the effect of violent emotion, and without asking or awaiting an explanation, hasten to proclaim an antagonism which, thanks to God, does not exist.

This hostility to the Church, by driving the deceived people away from her, renders the peril into which these contemporary errors drag us, still more redoubtable; for doctrines are not inoffensive, and it is a law of history, confirmed by constant experience, which M. de Bonald promulgated when he wrote these vigorous words: 'There are always great disorders where there are great errors, and great errors where there are great disorders.' Ideas give birth to facts; storms come from above.

"And I ask of men of good faith: You wanted to found the governments of nations and our conduct in life upon reason alone. For three-fourths of a century that experiment has been carried on: What is the result? Have morals become any better? Is authority stable? Has liberty been founded? Has war disappeared?—and misery?—and ignorance? How have you resolved those questions which reason propounds with such a rare fertility of invention, but which she cannot answer,—those questions which concern the very organization of society—labor, wages, workmen? I exaggerate nothing when I affirm that since reason has pretended to reign alone, she reigns like the star of night, over darkness she cannot vanquish; and that the earth has become, even in the most civilized societies, the sojourn of disquiet, of unrest, of divisions and affright. The nineteenth century will end agitated, weary, sterile, incontestably sick. Rash in the extreme would he be who would dare to affirm that it will end in glory and not in the abyss."

IV. "A view of the past" shows what

remedies a General Council can bring for such perils and evils.

V, Concerning the "Help offered by the Council," ends with these eloquent words:

"In vain do you say in your unjust and ignorant prejudices that the Church is old and the times are new. The laws of the world, too, are old, and all the new inventions of which you are so justly proud exist and succeed only by the application of these laws. Ah, you know not of what elements, at the same time so simple and so resisting, her Divine Founder formed the Church, and what organization both so stable and progressive He has given to her. Such is the depth and fecundity of her dogmas, and such too the expansive character of her constitution, that she will never be surpassed by any progress of human society, she is able to exist under any political regime. Without changing anything in her symbol, she draws from her treasure, according to the words of our Lord, from age to age according to the needs of the time, old things and new, *de thesauro suo profert nova et vetera*; and you will find her always ready to adapt herself to all grand social transformations, and to follow humanity in all the phases of its existence. The gospel is the light of the world, and always will be; and therefore, believe me, the coming Council will be the dawn and not the sunset.

### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 52....\$	336 21
A reader of the AVE MARIA, Sandusky, Ohio.....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Guilford, Mo.	1 00
Maggie and Mary Lowe, "	1 00
Joseph and James Lowe, "	1 00
Ellie, Thomas and Frances Lowe, Guilford, Missouri.....	1 00
Total amount on hand....\$	345 21
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868.	1,343 00
Total.....	\$1,688 21

### Christmas.

Imitated from the German.

#### MARIAPHILOS.

##### I.

Oh! the sweetest!  
Oh! the dearest!  
Oh! the lovely Christmas time!  
Jesus weeping  
In His sleeping  
Speaks to every heart and clime.

##### II.

Oh! the fairest  
And the purest,  
Oh! the Virgin Mother dear,  
Love is making  
In the breaking  
Of Redemption's morning clear.

##### III.

Oh, the splendor  
And the wonder  
Of the mystery so deep!  
Infant Jesus  
Come to free us  
From the bonds that make us weep.

##### IV.

Oh, the pleasure  
Without measure,  
Contemplating Mary's Son,  
In His meekness:  
And His weakness  
Adam's reign of woe undone.

##### V.

Oh, the crying  
And the sighing  
Of the hearts that Jesus love,—  
Loving Jesus  
Hearts' woe eases,  
And gives light caught from above,

##### VI.

Oh! dear Mother,  
Oh! no other  
After Jesus holds my heart.  
Sin and sorrow  
Dark to-morrow  
With thy name in fear depart;

##### VII.

Oh, my fairest,  
Oh, my dearest,  
Oh, my brightest Mother dear,

Hear my sighing  
In this trying  
War of dark temptation here!

##### VIII.

Oh, thou highest,  
Oh, thou loveliest  
Flower of Heaven's unchanging sky.  
Oh, my Mother  
No, no other  
Wish I with me when I die!

##### IX.

Oh, Thou humblest,  
Oh, Thou meekest,  
Oh, thou Virgin Mother mild;  
Mary! Mother!  
When storms gather,  
Speak for me to thy dear Child!

### The Jesuits in China.

In a letter sent from Canton, mention is made of the cathedral going up there, which is to cost three million dollars. We learn that another, quite as magnificent and costly, is being erected at Peking; also that, in nearly every important city of the empire, churches are being erected. The Jesuits are in China in great force. Here comes one of their priests, a Frenchman, wearing Chinese clothing, with a pig-tail hanging down his back. He has become a Chinaman, following to the letter the apostolic example and precept—becoming all things to all men, to accomplish the end in view. The Jesuits throughout the empire have adopted the dress, the habits and customs of the Chinese—eating as they eat, sleeping as they sleep, shaving the forehead and not the crown, just as the Chinese shave theirs.

Your readers will remember that two hundred years ago the Jesuits were numerous throughout the empire, but upon the accession of a new dynasty they were driven from the kingdom and their property confiscated. But through all these long years Rome has had her eyes open. When the French brought forward the treaty lately signed between France and

China, one article stipulated that all the property confiscated two hundred years ago should be restored to the Jesuits.

"It is impossible," said the Emperor's ministers.

"It must be done," was the reply of the French commission.

"Who can tell where it was situated? How can it be identified? There have been great commotions—a great many changes since then. We cannot find it," said the ministers.

"Of course there may be some difficulty, but if the Fathers of the Church can identify the property, your highness will restore it," said the bland commissioners.

"O, yes: if they can show that it was once owned by the Church," and the article went into the treaty.

A few months later the Fathers appeared at Peking with a great bundle of title-deeds and documents, yellowed by time and mouldy from their long repose in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome.

The Emperor's ministers were confounded, but there was no help for it, and so the Church to-day is in possession of immense estates in nearly every city in the empire.

The other day, while walking through the streets of the old city of Shanghai, Rev. Mr. Yates pointed out long ranges of buildings which had been restored to the Jesuits under that article of the treaty. The income from these estates is enormous. No estimate can be made of the amount, which is known only to the Fathers, who keep their own counsel.

The Jesuits are having great success in this empire. The forms and ceremonies of the Buddhist religion are so much like the Roman Catholic that one can hardly tell the difference. A Chinaman entering a Protestant church sees no gods, images or pictures, and he comes to the conclusion that the Protestants are altogether godless; but he enters a Jesuit church and sees a better class of images than he is accustomed to worship, pictures more pleasing than those upon the walls of his own temples. He sees the priests of the altar

in gorgeous robes, inhales sweeter incense<sup>o</sup> than that ascending from the joss sticks. The music of the choir, the deep-toned organ is more than the rub-a-dub of the drums. Is it any wonder that the churches are thronged at morning Mass or at the hour of vespers.

Rome takes long looks ahead. She is educating for the future. Foundlings are picked up by the hundred and thousand; poor parents sell their children for a trifle, parting with them that they may be educated by the priest. A few years hence these foundlings will be travelling the hills and valleys, stopping at all the villages, setting up schools and carrying on the work of the Church.

A gentleman at Shanghai, one who has been long in the country, who can speak the language, who has traveled through several of the provinces dressed as a Chinaman, in search of coal, and iron, and other minerals, has had excellent opportunities for observation, and his opinion is worthy of consideration. He says:

"Of the missionary effort put forth in China, at least ninety per cent. is by the Catholics."

The restoration of the confiscated property has given the Church of Rome great vantage ground. The priests have been pressing the Imperial Government in another direction. The French Minister has obtained an imperial decree permitting the priests to decide all questions of law between Chinese Catholics and those who still adhere to Chinese religion. Secretly and persistently, constantly they are laboring to obtain possession of China. So high a personage as Sir John Browning, who was here for a long while, and whom I had pleasure of meeting last August at the meeting of the British Association, expresses the opinion that Romanism stands a fair chance of obtaining possession of this vast empire. Certainly Rome is working with zeal, energy, singleness of purpose, and far-sightedness, which may challenge admiration.—*Boston Journal*.

THE will of God must be our centre.

THE TAMOULIAN PAMPHLET OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART; translated by Rev. Father Bonjean, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, now Bishop of Medea.

In April, 1868, we spoke of a pamphlet printed in the East Indies, in the Tamoulian language, about Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We had received several copies, which we preserve with great care as an authentic witness of the sympathy the East Indians have for our cherished devotion; but the pamphlet, unintelligible to us, excited our legitimate curiosity, and we ardently desired to know, word for word, what there was in its pages.

Providence came to our aid. Rev. Father Bonjean, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, and Missionary Apostolic of Ceylon, was so kind as to set to work, and send us, with a charity we cannot praise too highly, the literal French translation of the precious little volume.

We have, then, been able to convince ourself that under these strange characters, in that language so different from ours, were hidden the same "*Remember, O Lady of the Sacred Heart,*" the same *Litanies*, the same *prayers*, with only the changes of expression which the genius of the language and the ardent faith of those new christians required. They delight to call Mary, praying for us, a *power without shore*, an *immense lake of graces*, the *great Sovereign of the Holy Heart of the Lord Jesus*, the *puissant and invincible Lady of the Divine Heart*. To extend the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart an appeal has been made to the East-Indians of every caste, without distinction of title, age or wealth. They are recommended especially to receive *the good* (the holy communion) on the festival of the Association. They always call Mary by the sweet title of "*Mother,*" or the "*divine Mother,*" *Mada*, or *deva Mada*; and they willingly add, *of the Sacred Hearts, Tirou Iroudeyam*, etc.

DEATH OF REV. F. JAMES DILLON.—But a short month ago we chronicled the death of Rev. P. Dillon, and to-day it is

our sad duty to announce the death of his brother, Rev. James Dillon, who died a few minutes before 3 p. m., Thursday, the 17th of December.

The mortal remains of Father James and of his brother were brought to Notre Dame to be interred, and on Saturday, Dec. 19th, a solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted, Very Rev. Father Provincial being celebrant, Rev. F. Lemonnier deacon, Rev. F. Ruthmann subdeacon, and Rev. F. Spillard master of ceremonies. After the Mass, the bodies, accompanied by the students and professors of the University, and numerous friends of the clergy and laity who had come with the corpses from Chicago, and by the bereaved family of the deceased, were carried to the grave-yard of the community. May they rest in peace. Amen.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—Sisters Rose Ackerman and Mauro Feyle made their solemn profession, as nuns of the Order of St. Benedict, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at St. Mary's church, Elk Co., Pa., and Misses Carrie Graeber, Katie English, Lizzie Lotz, Lizzie Ackerman and Emma Vogel received the names of Sisters Mary Matilda, Flavia, Walburga, Agnes and Edith. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Erie presided at the ceremony.

At the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H., on Thursday, the 3d of December, Miss Lucy Wheeler (Sister Mary Josephine Xavier), Miss Mary Whelan (Sister Mary Pauline Xavier), and Miss Julia Delany (Sister Monica), pronounced their religious vows, and received the black veil from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon.

SPAIN.—The religious people of Valencia have been, and are at the present time, suffering in a manner that it is impossible to describe; for they are being ruled by a Provisional Government who are by name only "Liberal," and under such colors perpetrating all classes of barbarities, doing acts of injustice by persecuting the innocent, the good, and the most intelligent

and useful of the Valencian society. It is heart-breaking to see the wanton and cruel destruction that the present governor with a handful of godless and wicked men are engaged upon. They have brought no end of infamous and false charges against the clergymen of the Company of Jesus, so that the few who reside here (about eight) have been obliged to leave their abode by order of the "Junta Revolucionaria," although until now not a word has been raised against their unspotted characters; on the contrary, they have always been looked upon as the most pious, hard-working, and eloquent preachers of the place. The church they used was always crowded to excess both by poor and rich, and every morning, long before daybreak, the church was visited by hundreds of market people, who heard Mass before the commencement of their labors.

Whenever an extraordinary feast was given in the parish churches of Valencia a Jesuit priest was always sought for to preach the sermon, and yet their church is now being levelled to the ground. It was a large and handsome building, possessing many architectural merits, besides some fine sculpture and valuable paintings. A painting in particular of the *Purissima*, by Juan de Juanes, was considered worth between £5,000 and £6,000.

This same abominable governor, with his unholy followers, is also destroying two fine and ancient convents situated in the Calle del Mar. They gave the poor nuns a few hours' notice only of their diabolical intentions, so that they were obliged to take refuge in two neighboring convents, where they are at present located, until some suitable place can be found for them. The convents were named San Christobel and Santa Tecla; the latter a large and interesting building, on account of its antiquity and historical incidents; according to some writers it was the Palace or Pretorio of Daciano, and others, that it was a tribunal of justice where San Vincente suffered all his torments.

Until the seventeenth century the staircase which San Velero and San Vincente

mounted when they were brought from Saragossa, prisoners, in the year 303 or 307, was perfect in conservation, also the room in which the sentence was pronounced against them; and until yesterday, the cell existed in which San Vincente was imprisoned; it was in the centre of an ancient tower. The Moors, when in possession of Valencia, respected and preserved these ancient relics, which this revolutionary rabble have destroyed without remorse or feeling. That most useful and holy society, San Vincente de Paul, has also been dissolved by orders from the Provincial Government, thereby leaving two or three thousand of poor and necessitous people without the means of providing for themselves food and clothing, and they have taken from the young and ignorant the schools where they used to obtain both useful and religious instruction.

In the midst of all this sorrow and trouble I am delighted at being able to relate to you a little incident, which happened in a small town, near here, of the name of Torrente. At the commencement of the revolution, and after the Junta had been formed, the Governor of Valencia sent them orders to destroy without delay a large and ancient convent, but when the poor but good people heard of what was to take place, they were dreadfully indignant, so they formed themselves instantly in procession—men, women, and children—and marched to the spot, crying lustily, "*Libertad de Religion*," and they compelled the Junta and their mob to disperse, thereby saving the sacred structure from destruction. Would to God that Valencia and other cities of Spain had followed the example of these good and honest people of Torrente, and then not only many thousands of duros, but many heartaches might have been saved, and also the good name of Spain might have been preserved from the stains which now affect her character.

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EVERY moment is worth an eternity.

THE *Giornale di Roma* of the 10th ult., says: Yesterday, at a quarter to eleven, the Holy Father paid a visit to the Tre Fontane. In this place the Apostle of the Gentiles suffered martyrdom, and many churches have been erected, as also an abbey, which is one of the finest buildings of the kind in or about Rome. Many illustrious cardinals of the Holy Roman Church have been honored with the titles of this abbey. Monsignor Giuseppe Milesi-Pironi-Ferretti is the present acting abbot. Here the Holy Father established the monks of the reformed Order of La Trappe, which has also been enriched by the munificence of M. de Maumigny, a Frenchman, and of other generous benefactors. The Pope was received on his arrival by Cardinal Milesi, the abbot, by Cardinals Antonelli, Pitra, and Barilli; and by the abbot of the Grande-Trappe, the Abbé D'Aiguebelle, in France, and the Abbé Regis, the purveyor-general to the whole community. In the chapel of the choir the Pope venerated the relics of St. Zenon and others. After partaking of a collation, which had been provided by the Cardinal Abbot, the Pope took to his carriage and returned to the Vatican.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Register* writes:

Catholics cannot be too vigilant in watching for false ideas set afloat concerning the future Council. For this reason I cannot refrain from refuting at once the gross errors contained in the Greek Patriarch's refusal to attend next year's Council. The Patriarch pretends that he could not agree with the Pope, because the principles of Rome are opposed to the Gospel, to the Apostles, and to tradition. One of these principles, that of Rome's supremacy, is, he says, a doctrine that was unknown in the East ten centuries ago. If the Greek Patriarch is sincere in making this assertion, his knowledge of the Greek Fathers and Byzantine historians is such as would shame the most ignorant layman, and tempts us to ask to what vile use he has put the treasures contained in the

patriarchal library? I won't quote Scripture, "*Tu es Petrus*," etc., nor yet ask why, in the very first century, the Corinthians consulted Pope Clement rather than any other bishop of the East or West? I will content myself with the testimony of the Fathers and Councils before the time of Photius, as I find it in a French writer. St. Justin came from the East to Rome, as to the centre of christian faith. The Eastern saint, Irenæus, a disciple of one of St. John's disciples, says, in his work on "Heresies," that "all the faithful should remain united to the Roman Church on account of its supremacy." Origen, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, have all written that the Bishop of Rome is "the corner-stone" and "foundation" of the Church. The Nicene Council, those of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, all anterior to Photius, affirmed solemnly Rome's supremacy. At Chalcedon the Fathers cried out with one voice, "It is the faith of the Church and the Apostles; Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo." It was the reading of a letter from Pope Leo to Flavius which called forth this spontaneous testimony to Rome's supremacy.

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## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

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### ANGELA.

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#### A Legend of the Blessed Virgin.

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Many years ago, in an old Italian town, there lived an artist named Leonardo, and his daughter, a fair young girl of about fifteen. Angela was her name, and it seemed to suit her well, for her sweet face in its pale purity and the bright waves of her golden hair were just what we might picture to ourselves as belonging to the angels.

Still more, however, in the innocence of her heart, than in the beauty of her coun-

tenance, did Angela resemble God's guardian spirits, after whom she was named. The blessings of the poor followed her, for it was her delight to minister to their wants. And many a wretched death-bed was cheered by her presence and the words of hope and consolation which fell from her lips.

Leonardo, her father, was a proud, stern man, whose whole soul was given up to ambition and the love of fame. Although he delighted in painting pictures of our Lady and the saints, it was merely that they should be admired by men, and add to his earthly renown. The sweet countenance of the Infant Jesus, when it smiled upon him from the canvas, awakened no thrill of love in the heart of the proud artist; he only felt a glow of pride that his was the hand that had painted so exquisite a picture.

Next to his own genius, Leonardo gloried in that Albrecht, his pupil, whom he regarded as his successor, and the person to whom he should entrust the completion of any works which might remain unfinished at his death. Albrecht was a German, a handsome youth; with a broad fair brow that bore the impress of genius, and an eye kindling with inspiration. He was an orphan, and his home was with Leonardo. Angela and he had now lived beneath the same roof for years; she was quite a little child when first he knew her, yet even then she had made for herself a place in his heart. Every day she had grown dearer to him; until now, in the dawn of her womanhood, her presence seemed the very sunshine of his existence.

The young girl loved him also with true affection, but as yet it was only with the calm love of a sister, and it was with a clear unconscious glance that she looked into the eyes which, when they turned upon her, were unfathomable in their depths of tenderness.

Leonardo mixed but little in society; his cold proud bearing seemed to chill all those who approached him, and if men accorded him their praise he cared but little for themselves. He lived in a

strange, old-fashioned villa, which stood alone and remote from other dwellings; and here, almost shut out from the world, with no companions save her father and Albrecht, Angela had lived a peaceful, happy life, with, however, one sorrow weighing heavily upon her heart. Grave and pious beyond her years, it was with pain akin to anguish that the girl observed how the thirst for fame was corrupting her father's heart; and frequently did she pray that he might find the emptiness of human applause, and learn to work for a higher and holier motive.

Every evening, at the Benediction hour, when she knelt before our Lady's altar in the church, which was close by her home, she implored, with never-tiring faith, the grace of conversion for her father.

Time went past, however, and her prayers were not answered; it seemed as though they never would be, for the shadow which had fallen upon Leonardo's soul grew darker and darker, till it seemed to stand between him and every glimpse of what was good and holy; religion was neglected and every thought of his soul's welfare forgotten. Angela wept, and was patient, and prayed on; evening after evening, when the twilight crept into the quiet church, and the air was full of fragrant incense and sweet music, the same earnest prayer rose up to heaven before our Lady's altar,

"Oh! Mother, change his heart."

The church where Angela prayed was a very beautiful one, rich in all the picturesque beauty of arch, and pillar, and stained glass, through which the sun shone in with soft and mellowed beams. The altar was of the purest white marble; upon its broad slab knelt sculptured angels, supporting a canopy of wrought gold, beneath which reposed the Holy of Holies. Above the altar was a large vacant space, which seemed intended for a picture of the Immaculate Conception. Leonardo had been chosen as the artist, and requested to exert his utmost skill to make the picture worthy of so prominent a place in so splendid a temple.

The proud soul of the artist swelled within him, and he determined to paint so magnificent a picture that the whole world should be amazed at its beauty, and declare him to be the first of living artists.

Foolish Leonardo! was this the spirit in which to approach the delineation of her who for her humility was exalted?

One bright summer morning, Angela, her father, and Albrecht, sat together in the studio painting. Angela soon laid down her brush, and sat with her forehead resting upon her hand, watching her father. Albrecht, too, had ceased to work, and his eyes were fixed upon Angela, and far away in the future a vision rose before him of a home upon the borders of his own blue Rhine—a home that seemed a very heaven upon earth, sanctified by the presence of Angela, his wife. Leonardo alone seemed absorbed in his painting. He was working at his great picture, which was now pretty far advanced; in fact, it was almost completed, with the exception of the Virgin's face, which was merely sketched in, and seemed as though it had been frequently erased. It represented the woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and "upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

Leonardo worked on in silence for a long time; he touched and retouched the azure drapery, the golden-tinted clouds, the silvery crescent of the moon. Then he drew a long breath, and murmured to himself "This picture shall earn for me a fame that will endure as long as time shall last; my name shall go down to posterity encircled by a halo." He started as Angela made some slight movement, (for he had quite forgotten her presence and that of Albrecht). "Leave me, my children," he said hurriedly, "I wish to be alone; I am going to paint the face of my picture. Is it not your hour, Angela, for going to the church?"

Albrecht left the studio immediately, and Angela too rose, and was about to follow him, when a sudden impulse made her turn back. "My own dear father,"

she said, "will you not kneel and pray, before you attempt to paint this heavenly face? Make an offering of your picture to our Lord, and ask Him for inspiration to paint the face of His Mother."

Leonardo frowned; he was in no humor to be interrupted, and he impatiently waved his daughter away.

Albrecht was waiting in the garden for Angela; this was to him the happiest hour of the day, when, his studies over, he was at liberty to walk with her to the church and kneel by her side during the Benediction. She came walking along with a slow and listless step, and Albrecht started when he saw her face pale and streaming with tears; that face upon which he had never before seen a cloud. His heart ached to witness her distress, of which he knew too well the cause, and he tried to comfort her as they walked along, but she only shook her head in mournful silence.

"Alas! no," she said at last, "he will not change; he has no thought but for his art; no hope, no desire but for earthly fame."

"Still you must not despair, dear Angela," replied her companion; "God, in His own time, will change your father's heart; trust all to His providence"

"Ah, if I could but think so," said the weeping girl. "What would I not give for this blessed hope!"

"Fear not, Angela," said Albrecht; "God will accept the prayers of the child for her father."

"Prayers!" she exclaimed; "alas, what are my poor prayers; I would give everything, even life itself, for my dear father's good."

She paused; a sudden thought seemed to strike her; a light as if from above seemed to brighten her countenance. She stood for a moment as if inspired.

"Yes, Albrecht," she said at last, "I shall ask our Lord to take my life, as the price of my father's soul; it is the most precious thing I have to offer, and I think it would be accepted."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 9, 1869.

No. 2.

## Frederic Ozanam.

Among the contributions to the AVE MARIA is one on the life of Frederic Ozanam, which will appear soon; in the mean time we give an extract from one of his works, lately translated by a member of the bar in England, and given to the public by an enterprising protestant publisher of this country.

The History of the 5th Century, from which we call the following paragraphs, forms a part of a great work the author undertook, to bring out in full relief the influence of the Church in civilizing the nations of Europe. Though forming, thus, a part of a more extensive work, the volumes before us are complete in themselves, and should be in the libraries of all catholic institutions, in some of which Gibbon's Rome frequently holds the most prominent place.

To give an idea of the spirit of this book, we take an eloquent passage from the preface of the author:

"We know how Gibbon, the historian, visited Rome in his youth, and how one day, as, full of its associations, he was wandering over the Capitol, he beheld a long procession of Franciscans issuing from the doors of the Ara Cœli Basilica, and brushing with their sandals the pavement which had been traversed by so many triumphs. It was then that, indignation giving him inspiration, he formed the plan of avenging the antiquity which had been outraged by christian barbarism, and conceived the idea of a history of the decline of the Roman Empire. And I have

also seen the monks of the Ara Cœli crowding the old pavement of the capitolian Jove. I rejoiced therein as in a victory of love over force, and resolved to describe the history of progress in that epoch where the English philosopher only saw decay, the history of civilization in the period of barbarism, the history of thought as it escaped from the shipwreck of the empire of letters and traversed at length those stormy waves of invasion, as the Hebrews passed the Red Sea, and under a similar guidance, *forti tegente brachio*. I know of no fact which is more supernatural, or more plainly proves the divinity of christianity, than that of its having saved the human intellect."

Deferring for the present an analysis of the whole work, we deem it better to take an extract from the chapter on the influence of woman upon music, literature, etc.

After showing the degraded condition of woman under pagan influence, despite legislative enactments: how the pagan Roman theory of marriage was belied by practice; the inequality of the respective obligations of man and wife; the facility of divorce, and consequent frivolity and immorality of pagan women; he then shows how christian theology presupposes the dignity of the female sex, and portrays the christian woman's share in the work of civilization—Clotilda, Bertha and Theodolinda being placed as the forerunners of Blanche of Castile and Joan of Arc.

"But it was not sufficient for christian womanhood to take up with a reforming hand painting and the plastic arts; it was also to enter the domain of poetry, then overflowing with the ardors of Sappho, Alceus, burning with the passion which

had been kindled by the women of old times—poetry, which was to be purified by being sprinkled with the blood of those virgin martyrs, who were to be for the future the heroines and inspirers of the christian bards. And it is a touching fact, that the first woman who moved and drew forth new accents from poetry for the Church was a young girl, St. Agnes, who was martyred at Rome at the close of the persecution under Diocletian, A. D. 310. A sort of prominence was attached to her, as the youngest born of the numerous family of martyrs. All the efforts of the imagination of the time, added to love, respect, enthusiasm, were united, as it were, to compose her crown.

A short time after her death one of the most beautiful of christian legends was related of her. It told how, as her parents, some little time after her martyrdom, were spending a night in prayer at her tomb, the virgin Agnes appeared in the brightest light, amidst a multitude of virgins clothed like herself in long robes of gold, and having a snow-white lamb at her side. She addressed her weeping parents, and said: "Weep not, for you see that I have been admitted into this company, in the abodes of light, and that I am united now with those whom I have ever loved." Her life seemed to have attracted the notice, and charmed the respect of all the men of her age, and no sacred topic has been more frequently celebrated in the discourses of the eloquent or the verses of the poets. Three times did St. Ambrose return to it, and at the beginning of his work "*De Virginitate*," took pleasure in honoring the action of the maiden who had braved her executioners, and had advanced to the place of slaughter with a more triumphant step than if she had been about to bestow herself on the most illustrious scion of the consular houses:

But the poets especially claimed it as their own, and Pope St. Damasus, in the first place, who lived at the end of the fourth century, sang, in a short but forcible poem, of the martyrdom and glory of

St. Agnes: "how at the mournful signal given by the trumpet, she rushed from the arms of her nurse, trampled under foot the tyrant's menace; and how, when her noble body was given over to the flames, her young soul conquered their great terror, and how she covered herself with her long hair, for fear lest her eyes, then about to perish, should not behold the temple of God."

*Viribus immensum parvis superasse timorem  
Nudam profusum crinem per membra dedisse  
Ne domini templum facies peritura videret.*

And those beautiful verses are equalled by the hymn composed by Prudentius, a poet of the fifth century, in honor of St. Agnes, in which he narrated at length the history of the martyr, and crowns her by the following invocation: "O happy virgin, O new born glory, noble dweller in the heavenly palace! lower towards our mire your brow, now girt with a double diadem. The light of your favoring countenance, if it penetrate therein, will purify my heart. For every place becomes pure, on which you deign to cast your eyes, and every place on which your foot so brilliant in its whiteness has alighted." Surely this poetry has recovered the ancient fire, but the path along which it journeyed is one which leads to heaven.

And yet another breath was to proceed from the lips of woman to penetrate the depths of christian poesy, and reveal therein a fertility of which succeeding ages would reap the fruit, in the shape of Platonic love.

This sentiment only just began with Plato to free itself from the obscurity and depravity of the Greek idea of love; but when a christian, who had been touched by its inspiring influence, wrote for the first time in prose, a prose instinct with poetry, when Hermas composed his wonderful "*Shepherd*," Platonic love found place in its pages, but suffered no surroundings which were not chaste. He related that in his youth he had loved, for her beauty and her virtue, a young christian slave, the property of his tutor, and often had said, "Happy should I be had

I such a wife." But some time after, he wandered into the country along with his thoughts, honoring the creatures of God which seemed so fair; and at last falling asleep, dreamed that he was on his knees at prayer in a wild spot; and as he prayed the sky opened, showing to him the maiden he had loved, who said to him:

"Hail, Hermais!"

"My lady, what do you there?"

"I have been called hither to accuse you before God."

"My lady, if I have sinned against you, when was it, and where? Have I not always regarded you as my mistress, and respected you as my sister?"

"An evil desire has found its way into your heart; pray to God, and He will pardon you your sins."

And the heavens closed again. This commenced the love which questions even the legitimate object of marriage, which desires nothing in its own interest, but is consistent in sacrifice and devotion, and becomes faulty the moment that it ceases to forget itself.

With regret we end the extracts from these excellent volumes, and again recommend them to our readers, as the very best reading matter they can have for the time, and to put away on the shelves of their library to refer to whenever they wish anything to read both interesting and useful.

### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 1....\$	345 21
A friend, Philadelphia.....	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Phelan, Lancaster, O.,	25 00
<b>Total amount on hand....\$</b>	<b>371 21</b>
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868.	1,343 00
<b>Total.....\$</b>	<b>1,714 21</b>

Dogs never bark at the house folks, but at strangers. Thus the devil never tempts those who love the temptation, and belong to him.

### Hymn to our Queen and Mother at the Opening of the Year.

Queen of that sacred bond of love  
The Saviour died to form and bless,  
The love that binds the saints above  
In their exalted happiness,  
With pilgrims in earth's wilderness!  
The love that thrills the seraph bright  
In the ethereal halls of light,  
The love that at the martyr-hour  
Strengthens above tormentor's power,—  
Absorbs the sense,—to feel but God,  
When clanks the chain, when strikes the rod!  
O Mary! how we cling to thee  
When sorrows dark beset our path,  
We know thy mother-heart will feel  
The stings we only half reveal  
To eyes less kind than thine must be,  
The Mother—Jesus hath!

O Queen of heavenly purity!  
Power of God, with mortal blended:  
The Holy Spirit hath descended  
To reveal thy dignity!  
Full of grace! the angel hailed thee  
And thy "*Fiat*" hath availed thee  
Over angels bright to tower,  
Once the Bride of God; that hour  
When, (not as since in tongues of fire,  
But) sweet, the Holy Spirit came  
To recompense thy high desire,  
To fill entranced thy virgin frame  
With God!—thy Son! Thy Maker; King;  
The angels awed to ecstasy  
All reverent bow, with folded wing;  
Their homage pay,—all silently.

O Mary! mystic, favored flower,  
We bow before thy holy shrine;  
We ponder fondly on thy dower,  
Thy grace, thy purity divine!  
Nor wonder Angels watch should keep  
Around thy portals, plunged in deep  
And deeper reverence as they see  
Thy Maker to thy bosom caught,  
Above, the stars mysteriously  
Proclaim to earth the wonders wrought,  
God's Son, thy child! His essence—God!  
O Mary, who is like to thee?  
In heaven's bright halls, or earth's dull sod,  
What tongue can name thee, worthily?  
God's Mother, through HUMILITY!  
Heaven and Earth once more united,  
Joy restored which sin had blighted  
Now is eternal justice righted—  
And, Mary, Mother, all through thee!

Thou bright one, singled out for grace  
 Mother of God, God's holy Bride!  
 Angels with awe thy footsteps trace  
 Thy Maker's self is by thy side;  
 None can see God and live, of mortal race,  
 For sin, foul sin hath stamped each mortal  
 frame,  
 Save only thine! In thee, of sin no trace,  
 Therefore to thee the Lord of glory came!  
 Thou art the Mother of His only Son,  
 Mother of God! O bright, O glorious one!

O purity! Thy soul could touch  
 God's all-tremendous majesty,  
 And live! still live: thy love was such,  
 And such thy deep humility;  
 Lit was thy beauty with unearthly grace,  
 Lovelier than Seraph's beamed thy holy face,  
 When holiness entranced thy raptured frame  
 And thou the willing Bride of God became.  
 Mother of God, thy suppliants hear,  
 We bow before thee and revere;  
 O plead with Him, thy wondrous Son,  
 To cancel sin; thy loved One  
 Will hear thee, if thou pleadest, for He trod  
 The earth with thee, His Mother; He, our God.  
 O plead with Him to send His Spirit down,  
 That we may also that bright influence own  
 And be thy children, too! from sin set free;  
 The Holy Ghost directing us through thee;  
 Then, Mother, will we echo Gabriel's voice,  
 And bid triumphant earth: rejoice! rejoice!!

M. A. S.

### The Christmas Tree of "Ave Maria."

Christmas should not be forgotten the week in which the great festival falls. The whole month of January is not too much to dedicate to the mysteries of that glorious festival, and now, when the Christmas Trees in private houses, and our colleges, academies and schools, are stripped and the fruit distributed, we present the Christmas Tree of AVE MARIA, and we hope that many will find some fruit thereon that will last them during the whole year.

"The Christmas tree for the children—that must not be forgotten," says good, provident mamma, trying to enumerate the innumerable preparations that remain to be made for the festival of the year.

Oh! blessings on Christmas, blessings on the children. How well the little monopolists know that it is *their* feast par excellence! With what a charming *naïveté* they appropriate the "pretties" and "goodies," and innocently putting aside the rights of "grown-up people," lay claim to brown, overgrown packages, plethoric stockings and dazzling Christmas trees. Blessings on the rapacious little tyrants! But—was there ever a monopoly that did not suggest encroachment and opposition?

In Germany, we are told, that genial clime where the wonderful "Tree" flourishes most luxuriantly, it is not all given up to the children. Its sturdy branches contrive to hold a gift for all that come. Every member of the household, from "the old folks" with staff and spectacles, down to Hans the groom,—friends, visitors and chance callers,—each and all have a property in the "tree." It is a pretty custom, a graceful reminder of the universality of the gifts and the blessings brought to earth by the "Christ-child." Thinking of it, a fancy comes to us that the AVE MARIA should have its Christmas Tree, for the large household over which it extends its gracious sway, and bringing from various climes the treasures to adorn the mystic boughs, shed over all the pure lustre and kindly glow of its approving smile. So, begging for this fancy that ecclesiastic sanction at once so sacred and dear to the catholic heart, and which, like the sunshine, purifies and warms into life and beauty whatever it touches,—we bespeak the kind indulgence of visitor and friend for a Christmas Tree which, in common with most others, is *arranged in haste* and at the latest hour.

For the tree itself let us take an eloquent French author's

#### HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS.

Augustus Cæsar, at the summit of his power, wished to know how many millions of men crouched beneath his sceptre, and for this purpose ordered a general census to be taken of each nation composing his vast empire. To effect this, he named

twenty-four Commissioners, whom he sent to every part of the world. Publius Sulpitius Quirinus, or, according to the Grecian historians, Cyrinus, was entrusted with the government of Syria, of which Judea then formed a part. We are informed by St. Luke that this was the first census made in that country for the Romans. The same Quirinus, still governor of Syria, was ordered, eleven years later, to take a second census, when the Emperor Augustus made Judea a Roman province, after having expelled and banished into Gaul, King Archilaus, the son of Herod.

The decree published for this general census commanded every one, whether rich or poor, potentate or peasant, to betake himself to his native town, in order to be registered in the Roman rolls.

Now Joseph and Mary, who were both of the royal line of David, went into the city of David, which was called Bethlehem. There the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had been saluted full of grace by the Archangel Gabriel, and who passed among men for the spouse of Joseph, after having in vain sought for a lodging in an inn, was obliged to take shelter in one part of a stone hut, formed out of rock, in which had been dug houses and stables. And it was in this miserable and forlorn place that the King of heaven, He to whom belong all honor and glory, was pleased to be received at His entrance into the world.

Whilst this prodigy was taking place, whilst a virgin was bringing forth a Saviour, some shepherds who kept their flocks in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, in a place called the Tower of Ader, suddenly perceived a brilliant splendor in the midst of the darkness of midnight, and in the brightness an angel appeared to them and said—

“Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.”

And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly army praising God, and saying—

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.”

When the miraculous apparition was over, and the night had resumed its darkness, the shepherds said among themselves, “Let us go down to Bethlehem and see the word which has been shown to us:” and without losing a moment, they hastened to the stable to find the new-born Infant: there they found Him wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, and Mary and Joseph were at His side. The shepherds seeing that all was fulfilled which had been spoken to them by the angel, recognized in this child the Saviour promised to Israel, and they began to praise and glorify God. Mary, the virgin Mother, heard all that the shepherds said, and hoarded all their words in her heart.

Such is, in a few words, the whole history of the feast of Christmas. St. Luke has been the historian of the nativity.

What a series of important events is contained in this short history! \* \* \* Augustus must know every one who is born, every one who lives under his sceptre. Well, here is a Child who comes to increase the number of his subjects; for this Child, when He becomes a man, will say: “Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s.” But this Child who comes into the world so poor and so humble, who is born in a stable, who sleeps in a manger, will overthrow all the false gods of Rome. This Child is the Lord of lords, Emmanuel, Son of the Most High, King of kings and of emperors, Master of worlds. And if a new Rome lives after ancient Rome, it is because she has adored and will adore the Child announced to the shepherds, the Child born in Bethlehem at this hour.—  
*Viscount Walsh.*

What a bewilderment profusion of ornaments and offerings have been hung on this mystic tree by the faith and love of succeeding ages. Here is one of the la-

test—an English “Christmas Carol,” so full of devotional feeling and poetic beauty, that every taste can find gratification in its fervent stanzas:

The Babe of Bethlehem's welcome,  
For the poor and lowly come,  
Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

From Thy Father's throne of light,  
Girt with angels fair and bright,  
Through the soft and silent night,  
Downwards towards our darkness bending,  
Love and joy with Thee descending,

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Vigils glad beside Thee keeping,  
Mary guards her treasure sleeping,  
All her soul in sweetness steeping;  
With a holy rapt amaze,  
Joseph kneels by Thee and prays,—

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Angels bade us come and see;  
Angels bade us worship Thee;  
Angels glad and bright and free,  
Singing through the starlit sky,  
“Glory be to God on high!”—

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

O the tiny hands and feet,  
Wrapt in swaddling bands, unmeet  
For a Babe so fair and sweet!  
O the look of love that lies  
In those grave and earnest eyes!—

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Blest the cave in which He weeps;  
Blest the straw on which He sleeps;  
Blest the watch that Joseph keeps;  
Blest, thrice blest, the Virgin breast  
Whence He draws His food and rest!—

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Rose of Jesse, blooming fair  
In the cold and wintry air,  
In the stable bleak and bare,—  
Star of Jacob, crowning grace,  
Gift of God to Judah's race,

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Watching o'er the Infant bright,  
We would linger day and night,  
Ever with a new delight;  
Tears of love and sorrow sweet  
Weeping at Thy sacred feet,—

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

Jesu, Mary, let us stay;  
Joseph, send us not away;  
Let us linger here to-day,  
While we with the angels sing:  
Glory to our new-born King!

Babe of Bethlehem, welcome home!

C. M. C.

The midnight Mass and the thrilling beauty of the solemnities with which the whole Church gives that “welcome” to the divine Babe, was never, perhaps, more graphically described than in “College Christmas” of the gifted T. F. Meagher:

#### CHRISTMAS WITH THE JESUITS.

There was the midnight Mass. In the lofty sanctuary,—the silver thuribles swinging up their clouds of frankincense—the tall wax-lights upon the altar—the massive lamp above the Communion rails giving forth its sweet chaste radiance—its painted window, broad and towering, revealing, tier above tier the Apostles in their purple robes of martyrdom, and the white vestments of innocence, and the circling glories above the meek, the stern or majestic heads—the great organ, far back in the dim aisle, in solemn darkness, rolling out its noble notes of joy—bright-checked children, in snowy surplices, with torches in their hands—gray heads bending low, clear bells striking, the sacred Host uplifted—in this calm, stately spot, in the midst of these performances, sounds, and subdued splendors, the Christmas opened.

With thrilling trumpet-tones the *Adeste Fideles*—that magnificent hymn with which the soul and genius of the Christian world commemorate the birth in Bethlehem—turned to clamorous joy the dumb solitude of the night. With piety, with reverence, with glad and loud thanksgivings the day was ushered in. With exultant music, in the midst of smoking myrrh, and the bright flickering of torch and lamp, and the rustling of golden-fibred vestments, and the soft undulation of snow-white robes, and the tinkling of bells, clear as the mountain stream among the rocks, the star of the Wise Men softened into the dawning sunlight.—*Personal Recollections, at Stonyhurst.*

In touching contrast with the gorgeous and joyful ceremonials so appropriate to the holy festival, comes the thought of many a scene during the evil days the

Church has had to endure in almost every clime. An author, already quoted, thus pictures

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF CONFESSORS.

I remember a midnight Mass said in secret during the persecution of '93. At that time there was no longer any church in which to celebrate the holy mysteries; a barn was chosen by the villagers for that purpose. The women decorated it the night before. Coarse but very white cloths were hung around; a rustic table, covered with snow-white cloths, served for the altar; branches of holly, with small red berries, were placed like nosegays on each side of the ebony crucifix, with two links in iron torches. This was all the pomp of those times of persecution.

The hour which brings to mind the miraculous birth was come: each family had been waiting for it, assembled together before the fire, relating ancient stories, and singing in a low voice old Christmas carols. Alone and noiselessly each of the faithful hastened to the barn which had been adorned for the feast. With what piety did they fall upon their knees before this mean altar! The faith of the shepherds who heard the angels themselves announce the birth of our Saviour, was not more lively than that of the peasants, of these poor men of good will, who also adored the son of Mary in a stable.

To assemble together for prayer was at that era one of the greatest crimes; death was the punishment, and this thought gave new vigor to their piety; it was like the primitive Christians praying in the catacombs. When the priest appeared at the altar, tears flowed from the eyes of all: the priest was so affected that he also shed tears, which were far from being bitter. Confessor of the faith, he had been struck and persecuted for his Saviour; only a few days before he had been in the hands of the executioners, and was within a hair's breadth of being put to death; and now behold him, leaning over the altar of God, the God who rejoiced his youth.—*Viscount Walsh.*

Of the various local customs which add to the beauty and solemnity of Christmas celebrations, one of peculiar interest has been described by a Protestant traveller:

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE HAPPY.

What a pretty picture is this of the kindly acts, the sweet, hallowed emotions which characterize the beautiful festival:

I must have another dish to-day for S. R., who is come to see us; \* \* it is to the desolate that, it seems to me, we should pay attentions. No reading to-day. I have made a cap for a little child, which has taken up all my time. But, provided one works, be it with the head or fingers, it is all the same in the eyes of God, who takes account of every work done in His name. \* \* \* Christmas is come—that beautiful fête which I love the most, which brings me as much joy as the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly our whole soul sings at the coming of the Lord. \* \* We all went to the midnight Mass, papa at our head, on a most charming night. There is no sky more beautiful than that of midnight; it was such that papa kept putting his head out of his cloak to look at it. The earth was white with frost, but we were not cold, and, besides, the air around us was warmed by the lighted faggots that our servants carried to light us. It was charming, I assure you, and I wish I could have seen you sliding along with us to the church on the road, bordered with little white shrubs as if they were flowering. The frost makes such pretty flowers! We saw one wreath so pretty that we wanted to make it a bouquet for the Blessed Sacrament, but it melted in our hands; all flowers last so short a time.—*Eugénie de Guérin's Journal.*

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“I wish I could have seen you with us—all flowers last so short a time.” Alas! to many a heart such words have a sad, painful significance. The absent and the dear—the perished flowers of joy, of hope, of love—how vividly they rise before the mind of the anxious and bereaved,

amid the holy joys of the festive season ! Even from its loving watch beside the Crib, the anguished heart will turn away to watch and weep over its sorrows. May that little Heart, which with its first life-throb began to love and to suffer, comfort them, and enable them to feel the sweet consolation with which the angelic Aloysius thus brightens

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SORROWFUL.

\* \* \* "May God Himself, through the universal joy of Holy Church, and the complacency with which He regards the temporal birth of His only begotten Son, console you, illustrious Signora, and fill you with all grace, and this through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, who, as you, Signora, will well imagine, experienced at this time so much suffering and joy united; from the temporal poverty which she endured in a stable, where she had no means of protecting her new-born Son, Christ Jesus, from the cold, or withal to provide for His most urgent needs; and this we may believe to have been in lieu of the pains of child-birth, from which she was by privilege exempt; while, on the other hand, she experienced a great joy from the visit and presence of God, her little Son, whom she beheld before her. Hence, as the wise man says, speaking of other women, that when they bring forth they are in sadness, but after the birth of their child are so full of joy that they forget all their past trouble, because a man is born into the world, so it seems to me that the most glorious Virgin, considering the temporal needs of her Son, had sorrow and trouble like one in labor because she could not provide for Him according to her desire, nevertheless, gazing at the same Son of hers, she was so filled with consolation as to forget every trouble, not merely because a man had been born to her, but because a God-Man had been born into the world. And so I venture, in consideration of my state, to give you this advice, illustrious Signora, to view yourself in the light of Mary's example, \* \* and let her example be your sol-

ace. She is our true Queen, from whose example we ought to derive far greater comfort than were we to behold any earthly sovereign thus situated. \* \* If, moreover, it is a consolation to the afflicted to have companions in their sorrow, what greater solace can you have, Signora, than the society of the Virgin Mother?"—*Letter from St. Aloysius Gonzaga to his Mother, 1590.*

Our "Tree" would be imperfect without a branch from the Eternal City. Here are some extracts from a letter of a young American student, describing

#### A CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

We breakfasted at seven, and set off for St. Peter's. Streets all bustle and activity, crowds of people in holiday attire, every face smiling; the merry pealing of bells, and the booming of the cannon from the castle of St. Angelo, gave notice of the arrival of the sublime and joyous festival. Crossing the St. Angelo bridge, even old Tiber seemed to have caught the spirit, and dashed her yellow-waves playfully. The piazza in front of the church presented a picturesque appearance. Large detachments of French and Italian soldiery in brilliant uniforms—the Swiss Guard in their armor and ancient looking collars—the Noble Guard in their princely uniforms, dashing past on prancing chargers—the Cardinals in their carriages, with servants behind in livery, the retinues of the princes, nobles, ambassadors, etc., all tended to heighten the effect,—besides an occasional member of the Irish Brigade in his green and yellow dress. All of the Brigade have returned home but twenty-five, so they cannot attend the ceremonies as a body. \* \* The interior of the church presented a picture indescribable, peculiar to itself. \* \* A wide passage was kept open in the nave for the procession, a space was kept near the altar for the ecclesiastics, and a stand directly opposite was occupied by Gen. Guyon and his suite, princes and ambassadors. \* \* After ten o'clock the military bands in the

piazza began to play, drums rolled, cannon boomed, the procession moved up the nave, through the opening made by the Palatine Guard and the Franco-Belgian Zouaves. First, a line of the Swiss Guards, followed by the Monsignors of the papal palace and other dignitaries of its household; next the Canons of the Church, then Bishops and Archbishops in copes and mitres; then princes and senators of Rome, accompanied by their retinues. After these the chaplains of the Pope, bearing his cross and tiara; then the Cardinals, attired in their scarlet robes, followed by their servants; then, last of all, the Pope, borne aloft on a magnificent throne, arrayed in his pontifical robes, and wearing a costly tiara, the ~~gift~~ it is said, of the Queen of Spain. He was surrounded by the Noble Guard, and gave his blessing to the kneeling multitude as he passed slowly up the aisle. He made a few minutes' visit at the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, then went to his throne to vest; while the choir sang the divine office, commenced Mass, and after the *Confiteor* retired to the other throne to receive the homage of the Cardinals, each in turn, according to his rank. During Mass he was assisted by a Cardinal-deacon, and a Bishop as subdeacon. \* \* \* The low and plaintive notes of the music from the dome died away gradually in the deep recesses of the church, while the Saving Host was elevated to the four quarters of the world. Save this and the rattling sound of the muskets as the soldiers lowered them to the floor, a death-like silence reigned throughout the vast and crowded temple. After Mass the Pope gave his benediction to all present.—*Rome, 1860.*

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SAINTS.

Full of marvellous, soul-thrilling beauty are the records of the raptures and ecstasies with which perfect souls have been so often specially favored at Christmas-tide. Thus we are told of St. Clare, that once when the great festival approached she was so dangerously ill that she could not

go to the choir with the other nuns; and on Christmas Eve they were obliged to leave her in her bed when they went to sing Matins. She was sorely troubled at finding herself unable to take her part in the holy office; but her divine Spouse, desiring to console her, caused her to be miraculously transported into the church of the Friars Minor, where the Saint heard the whole office of Matins, and also the midnight Mass, at which she received Holy Communion; after which she was taken back to her bed in the same manner. Her religious, having finished singing their office in the church of St. Damian, returned to her cell, and said to her, "O dear mother, we have had such a beautiful Feast to-night; would to God that you had been with us!" Then St. Clare replied, "My dear daughters, give thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ with me, for I have had even a more beautiful feast than you; for I have been present in the church of my dear Father Francis, and there I have seen and heard the whole midnight office and the glorious sound of the organ, and there I have received Holy Communion. Rejoice with me, therefore; for indeed our Lord has given me a great consolation."—*Life of St. Clare.*

From the wonderful Christmas visions of St. Gertrude, let us take one or two incidents, particularly appropriate to the AVE MARIA:

At Matin \* \* the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, seated honorably near her Divine Son, and while the *Descendit de cœlis*\* was chanted, our Lord appeared to

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\* The Responsory, IV Lesson, 1 Nocturn, Matins for Christmas: "Descendit de cœlis Deus verus, &c. The true God, born of the Father, descended from heaven; and entered into the Virgin's womb, that He might appear visibly to us, clothed with the flesh given to our first parents, and come forth through the closed gate God and Man, Light and Life, the Maker of the world." This *clausum portum* (closed gate) of Ezechiel is constantly referred by the Fathers to the Blessed Virgin. \* \* "The closed gate is the emblem of the integrity of her immaculate flesh," says St. Augustine in his sermon on the Nativity.—(*Life of St. Gertrude*).

recall the extreme goodness which had made Him descend from the bosom of His Father into that of the Virgin, and He looked so lovingly upon His Mother as to move her very heart; and by His embrace He renewed all the joys which she had when in the world in His holy Humanity.

At the midnight Mass \* \* from the *Gloria in excelsis* to the words *Primogenitus Mariæ virginis matris*, she began to think that the title of only Son was more suitable than that of first-born, because the Immaculate had only brought forth this Son, whom she merited to conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost; but the Blessed Virgin said to her sweetly: "Call my beloved Jesus my first-born, rather than my only begotten, for I brought Him forth first; but after Him, or rather by Him, I have made you His brethren and my children, when I adopted you as such by the maternal affection I have for you.

M. L. M.

### Saint Paula.\*

A twofold delusion prevails among persons outside the Church—a delusion which is fostered by many ill-instructed catholics within. 1. That the Church discourages the study of Holy Scripture in those duly qualified and disposed. 2. That *the religion of the Bible is the religion of protestants*. The life of St. Paula lately published by the Abbé Lagrange, which faithfully reproduces St. Jerome's original life of the saint, gives us the real historical truth with regard to both these points, so far at least as the fourth and fifth centuries are concerned. We find here what was the spiritual reading recommended by so enlightened a director of souls as St. Jerome, both to the solitaires of Bethlehem and the high-born ladies of Rome, and we find also to what result Scripture-reading led in those days,—even to the embracing of the Evangelical counsels in their very literal and sublime simplicity, in other

words, to that which protestants account one of the worst corruptions of popery,—the monastic life. We will try, by the help of M. Lagrange's very interesting narrative, to follow the steps of the most attractive of all the holy and heroic women whose names are grouped round that of St. Jerome, from the splendor of her Roman palace to her bare cell beside the crib at Bethlehem. St. Jerome traces that glorious pilgrimage in a few brief energetic words:—"Noble by her birth, far nobler by her sanctity; once powerful by her wealth, more glorious now by the poverty of Christ; of the race of the Gracchi and the Scipios; the heiress of Paulus Emilius, whose name she bore; the direct descendant of Martia Papyria (the wife of the conqueror of Perseus and the mother of Scipio Africanus); she preferred a hut at Bethlehem to the gilded palaces of Rome." Belonging thus on her mother's side to the two noblest families of Rome, Paula traced her descent through her father, who was a Greek; from the ancient kings of Mycenæ. With her Grecian blood she probably inherited a tenderness and sensibility which softened the stern strength of the Roman matron.

Paula was born at Rome, in the year 347, in the reign of Constans and Constantius, the sons of Constantine, and under the pontificate of Pope Julius. Her parents were christians, her mother's being one of the old senatorial houses which had received the faith of Christ, yet she numbered many pagans among her kindred, for the old idolatry still stood its ground side by side with the worship of the true God; and the inveterate obstinacy of a large portion of the patrician order in upholding it is said to have been one among the motives which induced the Emperor Constantine to remove the seat of empire to Byzantium. The sword of Alaric was soon to chastise the guilty city, and the storm of barbarian invasion to clear the air, now heavy with the unutterable pollutions of paganism, and to free her christian children from the peril

\* DUBLIN REVIEW, Oct. 1868.

and the contamination of its presence. When Paula first opened her eyes upon her native city, two Romes were before her—pagan Rome and christian Rome; and pagan Rome, yet untouched by the hand of the barbarian, still had an imposing presence. Her capitol was still crowned with the statues and temples of the gods. On the Palatine, right opposite, was the dwelling of the Cæsars, surrounded by its marble porticos; at the foot of the two hills was the old Forum, hedged in with pagan temples; beyond was the amphitheatre of Flavian—the immense Coliseum; at the other extremity the great circus and the aqueducts of Nero; on the banks of the Tiber the mausoleum of Augustus; on all sides temples, theatres, baths, and porticos. All these monuments of luxury and superstition bore witness that paganism was still rooted in the capital of the empire. Yet its hour was at hand. For three hundred years the streets of that proud city had been watered by the blood of the martyrs, and the catacombs beneath them peopled with their bones, and as day by day the sacrifice of Redemption was offered over their relics, a christian people was formed in those hidden recesses, which had now come forth into the light of day. Paganism still lingered like a gigantic spectre in the morning dawn; but it was a thing of the past. Its doom was sealed; the Church had laid her hand on the future, and was gaining ground daily on the old superstition. The idol temples were empty, their sacrifices despised, silence and solitude were in their courts, while the new worship was covering Rome with splendid basilicas. The imperial power (knowing not wherefore) had departed to the East, leaving the palace of the Cæsars to the Successors of the Fisherman.

Step by step with the development of the Church's exterior life, a still more glorious work was going on within. A vigorous growth of sanctity was springing up in the heart of Rome side by side with the deepening corruption which was

accelerating the fall of the doomed empire. The blood of the martyrs, which had been the seed of christianity, was now to be the seed of saints, like that blessed child who was born at this eventful time to be by her sanctity one of the wonders of her age.

We have but scanty details of the childhood of St. Paula. A few touches from the hand of St. Jerome gives us to understand that she was trained under the twofold influence of the old Roman spirit, as it still survived in a few of the ancient patrician families, and of the vigorous christian life then fresh in the faithful households of the primitive Church. With this high moral and religious training was combined a mental cultivation which was also traditional in the noble families of Rome. To the study of Holy Scripture she added that of the great classical writers of Greece and Rome. With the language of both countries she was, from the circumstances of her birth, equally familiar.

At about the age of fifteen Paula was married to a young Greek, named Toxotius, descended on the mother's side from the ancient Julian family, which traced its pedigree to Æneas. At the time of his marriage it would seem that Toxotius was not yet a christian; but from the harmony and happiness of their union we may believe that *the unbelieving husband was sanctified by the wife*, and brought by her example and her prayers into the fold of Christ. From the position of her husband's family and her own, Paula naturally took her place upon her marriage in the very first rank of Roman society, and must thus have been necessarily thrown into the company of many of those proud, luxurious heathen women whose degeneracy was rapidly hastening the fall of Rome. It would be difficult for the imagination even of the most worldly woman in a christian land to realize what was then the daily life of the lady of the pagan consular and senatorial families, with her five hundred miserable slaves, all devoted to her personal service and to the care of

her ape, her parrot, or her lapdog; her earrings worth some £100,000; her dwarfs, pressed out of human shape for the gratification of her morbid caprice; her pet philosopher, degraded in mind as the poor stunted dwarf in body; her fierce unwomanly delight in the circus and the gladiatorial shows.

Such was the deep degradation to which the heathen virtues of the mother of the Gracchi had sunk in the persons of her daughters, and such the atmosphere which surrounded the christian maidens and matrons who by mixed marriages or other causes were exposed to its baneful influence. The young wife of Toxotius passed through it unscathed. The name of Paula was proverbial in Rome as an example of the Roman virtues of a better age, and of the christian graces which raised them to the supernatural order. She was distinguished, not only by her spotless purity in the midst of the prevalent corruption, but by a tender charity and deep humility unknown and unimagined by the most virtuous matrons of old Rome. Yet from the circumstances of her position she was compelled in some measure to conform herself to the way of life common to women of her rank. We learn from St. Jerome that, like other patrician ladies, she was carried by her slaves in a gilded litter through the streets of Rome; that she would have feared to set her foot to the ground lest it should be defiled by dust; that her silken robes were a weight almost too heavy for her delicate form; and that she shrank from the sunbeams which struggled through the thick curtains of her litter. In after-days she often reproached herself with the use of rouge, so common among women of her rank, and with the hours wasted in the indulgence of the bath, so indispensable a luxury of Roman life.

The married life of Toxotius and Paula seems to have flowed on without a sorrow. Four fair children—Blesilla, Paulina, Eustochium, and Rufina—gladdened their home, and, last of all, the birth of a son, named after his father, Toxotius,

filled up the measure of their content. It was Paula's last earthly joy. Just as the cup of domestic happiness had been filled to the brim, it was dashed from her hand, and the joyful wife and mother was a widow and desolate. Paula's grief for her husband's loss was so overwhelming as to endanger her life. When she arose from what seemed to be her death-bed, it was to seek and to find the healing of her broken heart in a life devoted to God alone.

The brightness and glare of the world had become intolerable to her, and she sought shelter with one who had long ago withdrawn from its heat and its burden, and in her early youth and the first days of childless widowhood had converted her palace on the Aventine into a place of penance, where she lived alone with her pious mother in the practice of prayer, austerities, and good works of every kind, leaving it only to visit the churches and the poor. Marcella—such was the name of this noble lady—had sat at the feet of St. Athanasius when, in his exile from Alexandria, he sought refuge in Rome, and found a home under the roof of her mother Albina. The child listened to the marvels which the holy confessor related to his pious hostess and her friends, of the saints among whom he had sojourned for seven years in the Thebaid. She heard of St. Anthony, St. Hilarion, St. Pacomins, and of the holy women who rivalled them in their austerities and their gift of contemplation.

The seed thus casually scattered on the heart of a child was to bring forth an abundant harvest, for Marcella was the instrument chosen by God to introduce the monastic life into the West. From the earliest days of christianity virgins consecrated to God had devoted themselves to a life of prayer and almsdeeds under their parents' roof; but the palace on the Aventine, whither Paula turned for counsel and consolation under the heavy burden of her sorrow, was the first place of retreat in which a number of these holy women were associated together to labor

in community after the attainment of perfection. Marcella was the first to adopt the monastic habit as well as the monastic life, laying aside all the splendor of her worldly apparel for the coarse serge worn by the solitaries in the desert, and relinquishing the use even of the signet-ring, which was held to be the indispensable appendage of a noble Roman lady. A storm of indignation from pagan and half-hearted christians greeted the novelties and indiscretions of this noble-hearted woman. But she went on her way unheeding, steadily carrying the banner of the Cross in the front rank of the great revival of christian love and christian mortification which received direction and encouragement from the holy Pope Damasus. She had many illustrious companions both within and without her own community, none more distinguished than Melania, a daughter, like herself, of the old house of Marcellus. Melania, at the age of twenty-two, had seen her husband and her two children carried on the same day to the grave. She accepted the stroke as an invitation to give her lonely life wholly to God, and resolving to follow the example of Marcella, she left her only remaining boy in safe guardianship at Rome, and went on a pilgrimage to the East, where St. Athanasius was living still. At Alexandria she caught a last glimpse of that expiring light of the Church, and then went on her way to Jerusalem, where she built herself a convent on Mount Olivet, in which, at the time of Paula's widowhood, she was living a saintly and devoted life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Ordinations.

AT THE PROVINCIAL SEMINARY, TROY, N. Y.—On Saturday, the 19th ult., the usual semi-annual ordinations were held at the Provincial Seminary of Troy. The officiating prelate was the Rt. Rev. J. J.

Williams, Bishop of Boston. The following gentlemen received orders:—

The dignity of the most Holy Priesthood was conferred on Revs. Thomas J. Ducey, Edward A. Dunphy, Bartholomew Galligan, Francis Martin, for the Archdiocese of New York; Michael T. Glen, Florence McCarthy, John McParland, Patrick O'Sullivan, for the Diocese of Albany; John M. Kremmen, John Ryan, for the Diocese of Boston; John J. Furlong, for the Diocese of Hartford. Were ordained Deacons: Revs. Henry P. Baxter, Martin J. Brophy, Michael Callaghan, John C. Henry, John P. McClaney, John McNamee, Thomas F. Walsh, for the Archdiocese of New York; David J. Brown, John Kennedy, Patrick J. Mukdoon, Michael C. Mullany, John Scully, Martin C. Stanton, for the Diocese of Albany; Joseph H. Gallagher, Daniel S. Healy, Michael F. Higgins, Lawrence J. Morris, James E. O'Brien, Michael Walsh, for the Diocese of Boston; John C. McLaughlin, for the Diocese of Burlington; Patrick F. Goodwin, Joseph B. Reid, Stephen P. Sheffrey, for the Diocese of Hartford; Owen M. Conlan, John J. Duddy, Eugene M. O'Callaghan, Diocese of Portland. Were ordained Subdeacons: Revs. William F. Brady, Laurence H. Kennedy, James Mullen, Archdiocese of N. York; Damase Archambeault, John Craven, Moise Fournier, James J. Kelly, James Ludden, Charles C. McCarthy, William B. Nyhan, James Seanlon, John Walsh, Diocese of Albany. Recapitulation: Priests, 11; Deacons, 26; Subdeacons, 12. Total, 49.

AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S OF THE WEST.—Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred the holy order of priesthood on Revs, Henry Keffmeyer and Thomas Byrne.

IN ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, BUFFALO.—On the 18th ult., Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, D. D., ordained deacons Revs. John O'Donohue, Diocese of Buffalo; James C. Murphy, Diocese of Boston; Michael E. Barry, do.; Peter L. Connolly, Diocese of Newark; Patrick F. Cantwell, do.; Peter I. Sheridan, Diocese of Erie.

On Saturday the 19th ult., in the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Revs. I. Bloomer, Philip R. Kinsella and John O'Donohue, all of Buffalo Diocese, were promoted to the priesthood.

Saturday 18th, at New York, Most Rev. Archbishop McClosky conferred the order of Deacon upon Messrs. Spencer and Lake, of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle.

PITTSBURGH.—On the 19th ult., Right Rev. Bishop Domenee conferred the holy order of Priesthood on Revs. Albert Waters, S. Bowen, Pius Preiser, O. S. B., Aloysius Germaine, O. S. B., and Denis Stolz, O. S. B.

SCRANTON.—The Right Rev. Bishop conferred the order of Subdeaconship on Messrs. N. J. McManus, M. J. O'Brien, T. C. O'Hara and G. B. McMurray, in Ember-week.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION.—At St. Joseph's convent, St. Paul, Min., on the 8th ult., the following young ladies received the religious habit, Very Rev. Father Ravoux officiating:

Miss Rebecca Egan (Sister M. of the Sacred Heart); Miss Anna Dorsay, (Sister M. of the Immaculate); Miss Mary Cuddy, (Sister Mary Thomas of Jesus); Miss Eliza Ireland, (Sister Saint John).

The following novices made their vows: Sister Mary Angela (Alice Hipples), Sister Mary Celestia (Mary Prendergast), Sister Mary Helena (Honora Higgins), Sister Saint. Teresa (Mary Meagher).

DEATHS.—Died, on Thursday, 5th ult., at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Washington, D. C., Sister M. Francis de Sales (Hoover), of heart disease and consumption, in the 26th year of her age and the sixth of her religious profession.

DIED, December last, at his residence in Montreal, Mr. Patrick Lynch. The prayers and Masses said for deceased Life Subscribers have been said for the repose of his soul. *Requiescant in pace.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### ANGELA.

#### A Legend of the Blessed Virgin.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Your life, Angela!" he cried in horror; "your life! Ah, dear Angela, you dare not fling away your life, even for such an end."

"I should not fling it away, dear Albrecht," she said, half smiling; "I should merely offer it at the altar foot in exchange for that which is infinitely more precious; it is a poor sacrifice for so great a boon."

"But, Angela," he answered, and his voice trembled and grew husky with emotion; "my love, my darling, your life is my life; how could I live if you were gone?"

The girl looked up wondering in his face. He paused a moment, and then unable to restrain himself he poured out with passionate earnestness the story of his love.

She seemed puzzled and almost frightened by his vehemence; the words he had spoken met with no responsive echo in her heart; childlike as she was she knew nothing of a deep and burning love like this.

"Dear Albrecht," she said at last, "you are very good to love me so much and feel so grieved that I should die; but we shall meet I hope in heaven; you and I, and my father. Albrecht, dear brother, do not look so sad—I am not going to die this moment." They had reached the church by this time; the bells were already ringing, and Angela as she entered offered him the holy water with a bright smile. He never forgot that smile; long years after, when he was an old man and his hair was gray, its memory lingered like a sunbeam in his heart.

He turned away; he was too strongly agitated to go and kneel down among the

quiet crowd within the church. Walking quickly through the streets till he found himself outside the town, he hurried to the sea shore, where he sought out a lonely nook among the rocks. It was an old favorite haunt; he had often come here to listen to the waves of the Mediterranean as they broke at his feet, and build up pleasant day-dreams of love and future fame; now, a mysterious voice was calling at his heart that all these visions were gone forever; that a darkness had fallen on his life even as the clouds of night were creeping over the Sicilian hills, swallowing up the golden sunset in their blackness.

The Benediction was soon over, but Angela remained praying in the silent church; the daylight faded away, and long after the twilight had deepened into night, the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp shone down upon her white dress as she remained prostrate before the altar offering up the sacrifice of her young life.

Meanwhile, how fares it with Leonardo? Has he painted the face which is to immortalize him?—a face worthy to represent Her whose seed shall crush the serpent's head. Let us look into his studio and see.

Nay! surely this looks not like it; his brows are knit, his hands clenched, his cheek burns with a dark red flush, and he paces the room with strides. Once more he seizes the pencil and begins to draw—his hand shakes—he tries to steady it—his eye blazes and again he tries—it is of no use—away! he dashes the crayon against the tiled floor and flings himself upon the cushion of his sofa. "My God!" he groans; "I am ruined, baffled, lost. Oh! cursed be the weak fingers that will not second the busy, bursting brain! I am ruined, ruined. I cannot paint the face that haunts me!"

The Italian summer night went quickly over. Angela when she rose from her knees could see the first streaks of dawn stealing along the sky. By the time she reached her father's house it was almost daylight. As she crept softly up stairs,

so as not to awaken any one, a sound which seemed to come from the studio made her start and pause. Another! She pushed open the door which stood ajar, and there, stretched upon the sofa, lay her father, his hands clasped above his head, and his cheeks burning with a feverish glow, moaning and musing to himself, "Lost,—ruined; I cannot do it!"

Angela raised his head, and laid it gently down upon a cool, soft pillow; she bathed his temples with fresh iced water, and gradually the moaning ceased, and he seemed to fall into a gentle and refreshing sleep. She guessed what was the matter; the blotted face of the picture and the broken pencil told their own tale. Angela was tired, with her long watching in the church; she brought a low seat and placed it beside her father's couch, so that she could rest her head against his pillows and hold his hand in hers. Sweet fancies floated through her brain as she sat and watched the early sunshine flooding its glory through the eastern sky. Down through the morning clouds there seemed to beam upon her the vision of a face so perfectly lovely, so beaming with heavenly sweetness, that she drooped her dazzled eyes beneath the radiance of its beauty. "*Stella Matutina*," she whispered, "*ora pro nobis*."

"Angela, Angela!" said a sweet voice at her side; she trembled. "Fear not" said the voice, "but look upon me." She looked and saw a tall figure with drooping wings and a flowing robe, white and dazzling, like the snowy clouds which sometimes hover along the edge of the blue midday sky.

"I am thy guardian spirit, Angela," he said, in soft clear tones; "from the hour when God first gave thee to my care, a little, feeble, motherless infant, each day I have guided thy footsteps, every night thou hast slept beneath the shadow of my folded wings; therefore, fear not, but answer me. Couldst thou, my child, picture to thyself the face of Her who was conceived without sin; whose beauty clothed with the sun thy proud father in

the conceit of his heart thought to give to the world upon yonder canvas?"

"Oh yes!" whispered Angela, "I have seen in my dreams a face so gloriously lovely, that it could only belong to the Mother of my God; would I had the skill to paint it!"

"Take up the pencil," said the angel, pointing to her father's broken brush, "and try; I myself will guide thy hand. It is only the pure of heart, such as thou, my child, who are worthy to paint the beauty of the Queen of Heaven. He," pointing to her father, "cannot picture it even to his own soul; for Lucifer, the spirit of pride himself, is ever by his side, and his dusky shadow hides from thy father's sight the vision that thy pure eyes saw painted in the morning sky."

Angela did as the angel told her; she lifted the crayon, and, taking her place before the picture, she began to trace with timid hand the outline of that wondrous face which was engraven upon her heart.

Then the angel approached her father, and laid his hand gently upon his eyelids.

Leonardo gradually awoke from a calm refreshing sleep; the pain was gone from his temples, and his hot head was cool as ever again. It seemed to him that the room was full of bright light, and the air was like the breath of flowers.

His first glance was towards his picture; Angela stood before it, painting,—the angel by her side, his hand guiding hers, and the shining light of his countenance illumining her figure and playing like a halo round her golden head.

Leonardo gazed in wonderment; a veil seemed torn from his eyes; he looked into his own heart and saw its blackness, and he knew why it was his pure Angela was chosen in his place. He bent his head, and wept long and bitterly; but he owned the justice of the sentence, and prayed to be forgiven. Again the angel approached and touched his eyelids, and Leonardo fell back upon his pillows once more asleep.

When he again awoke, it was evening. Angela was on her low seat beside the

couch, her face laid close to his, and his hand pressed between her own. She lay so still, and looked so pale, that Leonardo was frightened. "Angela, my daughter, awake," he said.

"Oh! I have dreamed," she answered, "so sweet a dream, dear father. I thought I was painting the face of your great picture, and that my guardian angel guided my hand. The face I painted was so lovely, that its beauty sunk deep into my heart; and when I had finished, it seemed to smile upon me, and beckon me away. Oh! let me sleep again, that I may see it once more." She fell back fainting, and Leonardo bent over her in an agony of fear.

Gently he lifted up his darling, and bore her to her own little room, where he laid her on the white curtained bed, calling her by every endearing name, and tenderly chafing her hands and feet, which were fast becoming cold. But in vain—never again were the blue eyes to open upon the light of this lower world. Angela's sacrifice had been accepted—the angel had surrendered his charge at the foot of the throne. She was dead.

Leonardo called wildly upon Albrecht, who came silently to the bedside, his heart too truly warning him what he was to see there. All through the night, in his lonely watch among the rocks, that lifeless form with its closed eyelids and drooping limbs had been before him.

The picture was placed in the church upon the day of her funeral, and while they chaunted the requiem for her soul, Leonardo made a solemn vow that he would forever give up all thoughts of that earthly fame for the love of which he had well nigh lost his immortal soul.

Albrecht lived to earn a world-wide renown as a painter, but no woman ever called him husband. Angela had been to him the type of all that was good and beautiful, and he never sought another. She lived again in the pictures he has left behind him. He excelled in painting lovely faces, young, saintly heads, encircled by golden light—all of which bear more or less likeness to his lost Angela.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 16, 1869.

No. 3.

## The Feast of the Holy Name.

Beautiful name! "and he shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins:" it was an angel spoke the blessed words. Beautiful name! Hearts trembling with guilt utter it and imbibe hope! Beautiful name! Mothers sorrowing for their wayward offspring utter it, and confide their sorrows to the keeping of the Saviour. Beautiful name! Hearts overladen with grief at the sins of the world of which they are unwilling witnesses, utter it, and lay down their griefs, consoled, at the feet of Jesus! Beautiful name—yet terrible! for it puts the devil to flight: anguished and pierced with pain unutterable, the name of Jesus makes him writhe with thrice intensity! O name that pierces hearts and penetrates all things,—bringing bliss to the good, and evil intensified to those who are not thine! O name, of Jesus, every knee must bow before that utterance! O sacred name, what tongue is pure enough to dare to utter it? and yet what heart shall dare refrain from utterance! O happy year, that thus begins with Thee!

And yet, shall we not remember that when the name was given to the Infant Saviour, He began to shed His blood?

Shall we forget that to mark Thee as a Son of Abraham Thou didst submit to a painful operation, didst shed Thy blood to indicate that the child of God must obtain victory over the evil passions of his fallen nature, and submit to pain to reduce the empire of animalism? O Thou that camest to *fulfil all justice*, "to be

for us an example," "to restore to us the freedom of the sons of God," what offering shall we bring Thee on this day? Incarnate God! Thou camest to suffer where all men are seeking to enjoy! Thou camest to fulfil all justice, where justice can scarce be found! Thou camest to glad Thy Mother's eyes, to make the saints sing for joy, and Thy first work is submission, submission in full consciousness; not like infants, involuntary, but full, free, conscious submission to a law ordained for sinners, to bring them near to God! Thou hadst adopted humanity! and all humanity didst Thou then present before the Eternal Father! All, all in Thee! Not the Jew only, but the Gentile race, numerous in color, form and fashioning! Thy blood offered itself for all! to blot out sin!

Coming upon this subject, I was reminded of a pretty legend by Nectan, chronicled in the *Lamp*, for the Epiphany, 1859. It so completely illustrates the idea of all nations coming to adore the new-born God that I transcribe it verbatim, hoping it will impart to others the pleasure it afforded myself.

## A CAROL OF THE THREE KINGS.

It is chronicled in an old Armenian myth, that the wise men of the East were none other than the three sons of Noe, and that they were raised from the dead to represent, and to do homage for all mankind, in the cave at Bethlehem! Other legends are also told: one, that these patriarch princes of the Flood did not even die, but were rapt away in Enoch's paradise, and were thence recalled to begin the solemn gesture of the world:

wide worship to the King-born Child! Another saying holds, that when their days were full, these arkite fathers fell asleep, and were laid at rest in a cavern of Ararat, until Messiah was born, and that then an angel aroused them from the slumber of ages, to bow down and to hail as the heralds of many nations, the awful Child. Be this as it may,—whether the mystic magi were Sem, Cham, and Japhet, in their first or second existence, under their own names, or those of other men; or, whether they were three long-descended and royal sages from the loins or the land of Balaam,—one thing has been delivered to me for very record.

The supernatural shape of clustering orbs, which was embodied suddenly from surrounding light, and framed to be the beacon of that westward way, was and is the Southern Cross! It was not a solitary signal fire, but a miraculous constellation; a pentacle of stars whereof two shone for the transome and three for the stock, and which went above and before the travellers, day and night, radiantly, until it came and stood over where the young Child lay! And then? What then? Must those faithful orbs dissolve and die? Shall the gleaming trophy fall? Nay, not so. When it had fulfilled the piety of its first-born office, it arose, and amid the vassalage of every stellar and material law, it moved, onward and on, obedient to the impulse of God the Trinity, journeying evermore towards the the south, until that starry image arrived in the predestined sphere of future and perpetual abode, to bend, as to this day it bends, above the peaceful sea, in everlasting memorial of the Child Jesus:—the Southern cross!

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It is not presumed for a moment that the legend here presented is of historic value; but as portraying the idea prevalent in ancient times of all nations bowing before the incarnate God-babe, and

the reverence of those days for everything, even for the luminous vapors that formed the guiding star, we deem it will be acceptable to our readers. It is an axiom of material philosophy that no atom is ever lost, but only changes its combination. In the days of faith there was a strong feeling also that whatever had touched God and the saints spiritually, or served them to spread the "luminous doctrine," imbibed a holiness, and became invested with a certain power of recalling the idea of God; and thence arose the veneration of relics and the beautiful legends which adorn those ages with poetry.

### The Madonna and Child.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —

Within an ancient chapel,  
Where the green ivy clung  
Upon the gray and crumbling walls,  
A painting once was hung.

'Twas but an old, old picture,  
From which looked kindly down  
A Mother fair and youthful,  
Wreathed with a starry crown,

Who in her arms so tender,  
A smiling Child did bear—  
And 'neath them, on the pavement,  
Knelt many wrapped in prayer.

Beyond this dark old chapel  
Lay street and garden grand,  
In which were famous statues  
From many a far-off land,

Some high on noble column  
Caught the first glimpse of day,  
And some in shady grottoes  
Saw but the bright noon's ray.

And oft the world-admiring  
Those wondrous works had praised;  
But ne'er one heart to heaven  
Had all their beauties raised—

For only earthly heroes,  
Carved from the rarest stone,  
Slept in the evening shadows,  
Or in the moonlight shone;

Whilst to the ones who gathered  
Around that humble shrine,  
Of Jesus and His Mother  
Spoke every tinted line.

GRACIE L.

## Saint Paula.\*

At Marcella's earnest desire, Paula left with her for a time her youngest daughter, Eustochium, who, even at that early age, gave promise of the extraordinary sanctity with which she now shines in the narrative of St. Jerome as a twin star with her holy mother, and returned with her other children to her home, to begin that life of austere abnegation which led her step by step nearer and nearer to God. Never was change more complete. It seemed as if the death of the husband whom she had so intensely loved had been the breaking of a bond which had kept her at a distance from God. She spent many hours daily, and sometimes whole nights, in prayer, and meditated continually on Holy Scripture. She never again admitted a man, even were he priest or bishop, to her table. She slept upon a hair cloth stretched on the bare ground, and watered that hard couch with tears shed over the self-indulgence of her past days of worldly happiness. All her vast revenues melted away in alms to relieve the exceeding misery which lay hid under the luxurious prodigality and wanton waste of the imperial city.

Two years had passed away since the great crisis of her life when the dwellers in the little cenacle of the Aventine, and the other holy women whose hearts were one with theirs, heard with joy that Pope Damasus had summoned a council to be held in Rome, for the year 382, to extinguish the schism of Antioch, and to remedy other evils consequent on the heresy of Arius. Amongst the illustrious Eastern prelates who obeyed the summons were Paulinus, whose election to the see of Antioch was the main subject in question, and St. Epiphanius, the Bishop of Salamis, the disciple of St. Hilarion, perhaps the greatest name in the East since the death of Athanasius. St. Paula asked and obtained of Pope Damasus the privi-

lege of receiving St. Epiphanius as her guest. It may be imagined with what intense emotion these pious women of Rome welcomed those holy bishops, who had been engaged in all the recent conflicts of the Church, who came from that mysterious East where the Sun of Justice had risen, who had seen Jerusalem and the holy places, who had known those Fathers of the Desert whose renown then filled the world, and had lived under their discipline. The immediate occasion of the visit of these illustrious strangers was not in the designs of Divine Providence the greatest work which they were to accomplish. We know little of the acts of that council, but the Church on earth and in heaven bears unfading tokens of the impression which they left upon souls already prepared by the Holy Ghost to respond to the fresh impulse heavenwards imparted by these great servants of Christ. What St. Athanasius had done for Marcella St. Epiphanius did for Paula. Hardly could she be restrained from leaving home, children, and friends, and setting forth, like Melania, on a pilgrimage to the holy places and the holy recluses whose life had been so vividly set before her. But she had duties to her children which still detained her in Rome. The holy purpose lay deep in her heart, to be hereafter brought to maturity under the influence of another illustrious saint, who had accompanied the holy bishops to Rome and remained there behind them.

"St. Jerome," says the Abbé Lagrange, "is assuredly, by his genius, his eloquence, his heart, his character, the vicissitudes of his stormy life, his tenderness of soul, his moving accents full of all the tears and sorrows of his time, if not the greatest, at least the most original and attractive figure of the fourth century. I had almost said the most modern man of ancient times. He appears amidst St. Hilary of Poitiers, the profound theologian; St. Ambrose, the sweet orator; St. Augustine, the great philosopher and writer; St. Paulinus of Nola, the charming letter-writer and elegant christian poet,

with a physiognomy all his own, bearing the tints of the desert and the Eastern sky upon the stern, masculine, austere, and ardent countenance of a child of the West; loaded with sacred and profound erudition; the unwearied champion of the Church in all her struggles; the old lion of christian polemics; the man whose mighty voice shook the old world, and whose pathetic lamentations over the fall of Rome touch our hearts even to this day." He was all this; "he was, moreover," continues M. Lagrange, "a director of souls, the first of that line of great spiritual directors which passes on from him to St. Bernard, from St. Bernard to St. Francis of Sales, from St. Francis of Sales to Bossuet and Fenelon—and so on to our own day."

It is in this latter character that we have to do with him here. Jerome had first visited Rome about the time of the death of the apostate Julian; his young and ardent imagination, full of enthusiasm for pagan learning. There he came under the power of a mightier teaching; and, while still in the flower of his youth, he received holy baptism and devoted his genius and his profane erudition to the service of the faith. Then followed years of wandering in search of fresh stores of learning, and long solitary days and nights of watching and prayer in the desert, spent in the study of Holy Scripture. It was now two years since he had left the desert. He had received priest's orders from Paulinus at Antioch, and was studying theology at Alexandria, under St. Gregory Nazianzen, when St. Epiphanius summoned him to accompany him to Rome, which he had never forgotten, and where his memory was still fresh in men's minds, though he had left it in his twenty-first, and was now in his fortieth year. On the departure of the two bishops in whose company he came, Saint Damasus prevailed with Jerome to remain at Rome in order to aid him in his struggle with the relaxation of christian morals in the heart of the decaying pagan civilization, and especially to be his assistant in the study of

the sacred volume. A strong and tender friendship sprang up over the pages of Holy Scripture, between the former solitary of the desert and the venerable Pontiff, who, though numbering well nigh eighty years, sat at his feet in the humble posture of a learner. St. Jerome was soon to have other pupils. At the earnest desire of Marcella, backed by the entreaties of the holy Pope, he so far overcame his repugnance to converse with women as to consent to give expositions of Holy Scripture at her house on the Aventine. These instructions were eagerly attended by all the devout society of Rome—the little band of holy women who were the glory of the Church and of the patrician order, the most learned and devout among the priests, and not a few pious laymen, who, like Jerome's fast friend and old fellow-student, the Senator Pammachius, desired to study their religion at the fountain head. Jerome read the sacred text and then commented upon it, bringing out first the literal sense and mingling therewith its allegorical and spiritual interpretation. He showed the relation between the Old and New Testaments, and unveiled the Person of Jesus Christ hidden under the letter of the old. His audience listened with rapt attention. His deep learning, his vivid and impetuous eloquence, his very exterior aspect, his monkish habit, his austere countenance, emaciated by penance and embrowned by eastern suns, his glance of fire, his rapid gesticulation, and even the somewhat rough accents of his voice, arising partly, as he said himself, from his habit of *hissing the Hebrew syllables*, partly to his Dalmatian birth—all combined to give him a strange fascination and an extraordinary influence over the minds of his learned and cultivated audience. Nor was he less deeply impressed by his new disciples, and especially by the rare intelligence and spiritual perfection of these Roman ladies. He saw at once what a field was opened to his labors, and it is a beautiful and touching sight to see the austere monk, the lonely dweller in the desert,

devote all the power of his genius, and the marvellous stores of his learning, to the cultivation of those chosen flowers of grace. Of all that holy company, the one in whom he distinguished the most eminent intellectual and spiritual gifts, was Paula. She found in the Divine fountain of Holy Scripture the fulness of the consolation, strength, and light of which her soul had need, and, under the teaching of Jerome, she found therein depths of which she had not even suspected the existence. Nor was she satisfied until she could read the Sacred Books in their own original language.

"I am about to say," writes Saint Jerome, "a thing that will seem incredible, but which is, nevertheless, most true; the Hebrew language, which to learn the little I know of it, cost me so much labor in my youth, and at which I labor diligently still every day, lest, were I to forsake it, it should forsake me—that Hebrew tongue Paula undertook to learn, and learnt it so perfectly that she always recited the Psalms in Hebrew, and spoke that language fluently, as did Eustochium also."

It was this Psalter, the unchanging prayer-book of the Church, which Jerome first placed in the hands of Paula, Marcella, and his other holy disciples, making them study it deeply, and explaining to them, not only its literal, but its spiritual prophetic sense. He introduced the chanting of the Psalms into the monastery of the Aventine, probably according to the antiphonal method observed in the East, and which St. Ambrose was soon to bring into the Church of Milan. Seven times a day did the virgins and widows of the Aventine pay to God their tribute of praise—a practice which afterwards became the rule of religious houses. St. Jerome also introduced into the infant communities of Rome the repeated use of the Alleluia, which the Roman Church had hitherto reserved for Easter-tide. The households of Paula and Marcella arose to that joyous cry to begin the day by the chanting of Psalms.

St. Jerome did not leave his pupils to

wander at will through the vast field of Holy Scripture. In a letter written some years later, to Læta, the daughter-in-law of St. Paula, on the education of her child, he thus traces the course she was to follow:—"Let her first," he says, "learn the Psalter, and be instructed by the Proverbs of Solomon to lead a holy life. From Ecclesiastes let her learn to trample upon worldly things. Let the book of Job set before her the example of patience and virtue. From thence, let her pass on to the Holy Gospels, which should never be out of her hands. Let her heart and will be imbued with the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. When her mind has been enriched with these sacred treasures, she may read the Prophets and the historical books of the Old Testament." And it was not until she should be able to understand it spiritually that she was to read the Canticle of Canticles.

The study of Holy Scripture was in the mind of St. Jerome but a means to an end. That end was to build up the edifice of christian perfection amid the ruins of pagan superstition. He had all the qualifications of a wise master-builder. The passionate love of souls which ever marks the true priest, a clear sight of the end before him and of the capabilities of those whom he was to bring to its attainment, strong good sense, which went right onward to its aim, and a masterly strength of character which carried others on with him. "His was," says M. Lagrange, "one of those natures which God has made strong in order that other souls may be able to lean upon them." None needed such direction more than St. Paula, and none responded to it more nobly. The more nearly he observed her, the greater became his love, and even reverence, for one whose soul was even more beautiful than her mind. Of all the souls whom God had entrusted to his care, none was in such full sympathy and perfect harmony with his own great and heroic spirit as that gentle woman's nature, which was endowed with courage that feared nothing in the service of God.

The direction of which we find the record in the numerous letters of the Saint addressed to the band of holy women who were formed by it, was doubtless an exceptional direction; it was to lead christian virgins and christian widows to the perfection of their state, to the highest degree of the love of God in the utmost purity of soul, and to the austere life which is both its condition and its consequence. He did not overlook the sanctity of family life, as is manifest from many beautiful passages in his writings; but he writes especially for those to whom our Lord had shown *a more excellent way*. For these he would hear of no half-measures. For the luxurious table and soft couch of the tenderly-nurtured patrician ladies he substituted severe abstinence and frequent fasting. They lay upon sack-cloth on the bare ground, and spent the hours once squandered in self-pleasing, in spinning, and in other works of female industry, and in humble and assiduous attendance on the sick and suffering poor.

Paula had a still nearer and pressing duty to perform in the training of her children; and here also she was aided and guided by St. Jerome, who entered into all her maternal sorrows, cares and joys, with a vivid sympathy marvellous to see in one burdened with such a multiplicity of absorbing occupations. He was not only her spiritual director, but, in the deepest and fullest sense of the word, her friend. His loving notices of her children bring the family group before us with a freshness undimmed by the lapse of ages, which have passed away since he laid aside his unfinished commentaries on Ecclesiastes, begun at the prayer of Blessilla, which her death left him no heart to finish. His letter to the inconsolable mother is a moving example of the charity which weeps with those that weep—the only consolation which makes its way to a broken heart. "*Totus hic liber,*" he writes, "*ſetibus ſcribitur.*"

The short life of Blessilla, her eldest and perhaps best-loved child, is one of the most touching episodes in the history of

St. Paula. When St. Jerome first began his instructions on the Aventine, Blessilla was in the full pride of her beauty and her genius, richly endowed with every personal, intellectual, and worldly gift, and with a buoyancy of spirit which it seemed even sorrow could not long repress; for at the age of seventeen, after a union of only seven months, she had lost a husband in all respects worthy of her love. The religious principles which her saintly mother had labored to infuse into the heart of this richly-gifted but wilful and self-indulgent young woman, were stifled under the weight of worldly vanities by which they were overlaid. She prayed little, and passed hours before her mirror, after the approved fashion of the day, while her slaves were busied in arranging her hair and giving fresh color to her cheeks. In short, beautiful, gifted amiable and attractive, Blessilla was a thorough fine lady, and the only thing to be done for her was to convert her. Saint Jerome did his best; but a stronger than he was needed to drive the demon of worldliness from his stronghold. In the year 384 Blessilla was laid prostrate by a virulent attack of fever, in which she lay for a whole month between life and death. "Where, then," says St. Jerome, "was the help of her worldly friends? What could they do to save her from death, who had hindered her from living for Jesus Christ? But He came to her, and sighing in spirit, He said to her—*Blessilla, come forth!* And she arose, and knew to whom she owed her life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is not every day that an opportunity is offered to make great gains, but every day one can earn or save a penny or a farthing; and by managing the small profits, in the long run people often become very rich. We would lay up immense spiritual riches, and a large treasure in heaven, were we diligent in employing in the service of the holy love of God all the minute opportunities which offer themselves at every moment.

## First Sermon of Père Hyacinthe.

(Correspondence of the London WEEKLY REGISTER.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

On the first Sunday of Advent Père Hyacinthe commenced at Notre Dame his series of sermons on "The Church in the Widest Sense of the Word." The subject he has chosen this year springs naturally from those treated by him since the commencement of his *conferences* five years ago. In this year's first sermon he began by affirming the existence of the God of the Bible—a God who lives and sees. Then, leaving metaphysics out of the question, he showed that in these days the most important point to be proved is not the personal existence of God, but the personal sovereignty of God over individual and social man. The great question of our time is *Regnum Dei*—The Kingdom of God. Who shall reign, God or man? Is it to be man, emancipated from God by sceptical science, by an independent moral philosophy, by a society separated from every kind of religious or Church influence? Or is it to be God, finding in man, not a slave, but a subject, or, rather, a son—a partner of His empire and a sharer of His throne? This question, which has been discussed in every age since that of the patriarchs, is now more discussed than ever.

Above one's family and country, there is a higher and wider society into which man enters, not to be absorbed in it, but to become greater. This society is placed above all others to help them to realize the Kingdom of God. It is the direct and sovereign instrument of this kingdom. This society is the Church.

After this exordium the orator announces the usual three points he is about to treat: the first will discuss what the theologians call the body of the Church; the second the soul of the Church. From the consideration of these two points will result a complete notion of the Church in the widest sense of the word. We are

not, as is too often done, to confound the Church with the clergy, nor even with the Episcopacy and Papacy. It is always a grave error to absorb a society in its government. The family is not the father, and the State is not the prince. But this confusion would nowhere be so fatal as with regard to the Church, where the government is a ministry, not a domination. The Church is a fraternity in its divinely constituted hierarchy: "*Vos autem nolite vocari Rabbi, unus est enim magister vester, omnes autem vos fratres estis.*" The Church, says Scripture, in another place, is a body, the body of Christ. Life is not only in the head, but also in the members. Let laymen, then, not cease to take an interest in the Church, as in an institution which is foreign to them. They are themselves the Church with the hierarchy. In the present age this society of the faithful with the pastors has a determinate form and a name of its own—the Roman Catholic Church. But though of divine origin and definitive institution, this form is not the only one the Church has put on. Before being catholic in the sense in which she is now she was patriarchal and mosaic. It is most important therefore, since we are considering the Church under its most universal aspect, not to confound it with any of its forms, not even with its present form, the most perfect and henceforward the most immutable of all. The universal Church does not date from the apostles, but from the patriarchs. Her cradle was not in the *Cænaculum*, but in Eden. The Church, therefore, considered as a visible society, may be defined: The universal society in which the true God has always been known and adored, and the unique Mediator, Jesus Christ, promised or given, expected or possessed—"Unus Deus Mediator Dei et hominum homo Christus Jesus."

The preacher next considers the three elements, a universal society, a living God, and an only Mediator, in a reversed order. He opposes to the gross system of Polytheism one only God known and adored on earth; to the cold and unconscious ab-

straction of the philosophers, he opposes a personal God, *Deus vivus*, and shatters completely the system of the Positivists who make human religion begin with Fetishism, conduct it slowly through Polytheism to Monotheism, and land it in positive philosophy. The orator terminated this part of his sermon by a touching *souvenir* of his youth, which needs to be related by himself to preserve its beauty. In the second part he deals with the following objection:—"Your edifice is very long, since it reaches to the beginning of the world, but is out of all proportion by its narrowness." After admitting the extremely small number of catholics, and even christians in the world in comparison with the whole population of the globe, Père Hyacinthe does not content himself by hoping in the future; but feeling that the objection requires another and a better answer, he seeks this answer, and finds it in what theologians call the soul of the Church. This is the principal point of his teaching, and deserves the attention of all christians, particularly of protestants, by whom it is so little understood.

Just as a great number of those who share in the profession of its faith, the practice of its worship, the action of its government, belong only to the body of the Church—that is to say, are bound to it only by external bands; so it may happen that a great number of those who have not that form of life may, nevertheless, really belong to the Church, because they are really of God by the state of their souls. The soul of the Church is the invisible society of all the just who have faith, at least implicitly, in an only God, in the Redeemer, and who, purified from sin by the virtue of the blood of Jesus Christ, are in the grace of God. Thus, outside the frontiers of orthodoxy vast regions are held by heresy and schism. But in the very midst of heresy and schism, how many souls that are sincere and of good will who are neither schismatics nor heretics! The eloquent Carmelite here paraphrased the parable of the good

Samaritan to confirm his doctrine. The Samaritan represents the soul of the Church. Whoever has the grace of Jesus Christ, which involves, at least, implicit faith; whoever has the great spirit of the gospel, the great charity, the love of God and his neighbor, whatever his involuntary errors may be, belongs to the soul of the Church. "I affirm," he continues, "with all theologians, that if he knows the Catholic Church for what she is, for a divine and obligatory fact, he is bound to enter it. Yes; if he does not look upon it in spite of himself, by the fault of his birth or education, through the prejudices which render it fatally odious to him; if he sees it, I repeat, as a divine and obligatory fact, he is bound to enter it; but if it depends not on him to see it thus, provided he has Jesus Christ, provided he has charity, he is my brother. These are not theories, they are facts. Have we not at our door, on the other side of the Channel, a striking example? You want facts, you want positive science; let us, then, leave abstractions, let us deal with realities. There is in England an *elite* of protestant ministers, admirable for their knowledge and virtue, who, after long years of prayer and hesitation, have entered the Roman Catholic Church. Not one of them has avowed a want of good faith before his conversion; all, on the contrary, have proclaimed their perfect sincerity. I will cite only one by his glorious name. Forced to defend himself against accusations of hypocrisy, or at least, of guilty reticency, he wrote a book, entitled 'Apology for My Life,' a book whose integrity is equalled by nothing but its doctrine and eloquence—Henry John Newman, the first theologian, the first writer of Catholic England! And in that book he has been able to make this admirable declaration, 'I have never sinned against the light.' If this profound genius, if this generous heart, if this man who has waited, if not for the gray hairs of old age, at least for the maturity of age, to enter visible unity; if this man has not sinned against the light, by what

right, unjust, and violent men, would you inflict on all those who live in the protestant religion, the stigma of falsehood and evil? Ah! I will never let you say these things. I am just returned from the protestant country *par excellence*, from England. Well, I owe this testimony to the truth. I found there not only great citizens: I found there great christians too! When I shook their hand, when I poured forth my thoughts into their thoughts, when I touched their soul with my soul—this is most necessary in order to know mankind—there are barriers, they said. I know it well; there are, if you will, abysses; but does not faith move mountains? It is not violent discussion which will re-establish unity: it is the charity, the love, the noble virtues of truly christian hearts. Let me, then, shake them by the hand, let me press them to my breast, these christians, sincere in their error, but sincere in their love of God, of Jesus Christ, of men, and in this embrace let me say once more: 'How good it is, how delicious it is, to be brothers and to dwell together, if not in the same body, at least in the same soul, in the invisible unity of the Church of Jesus Christ.' "

This is the language of an intolerant monk, even of a barefooted Carmelite? Would that all Protestants professed the same intolerance!

P. Hyacinthe's second sermon, preached last Sunday, has given rise to a very angry newspaper discussion, the particulars of which I reserve for my next, concluding the present with a biographical sketch of the preacher.

Charles Loyson (in religion, Père Hyacinthe), was born in 1827 at Orleans. He finished his studies at Pau, his father being rector of the academy at that place. He even at that early period distinguished himself as a good versifier. He entered the seminary of St. Sulpice at the age of eighteen, and at twenty-two was ordained priest. He was professor of philosophy at the seminary of Avignon, and later professor of theology at that of Nantes. He

was afterwards attached as curate to the parish of St. Sulpice, in Paris. After a ten years' trial he became convinced that his real vocation lay in preaching. This induced him to enter the convent of the Carmelites in Lyons. After a two years' noviciate he was received into the Order, and began his pulpit career by preaching the Retreat at the Lycée. In 1863 he preached the Advent at Bordeaux, in 1864 Lent at Périgueux. He came to Paris the same year, and first made himself known by his sermons at the Madeleine. His sermons at Notre Dame during the Advent of 1864 placed him at once at the head of French preachers.

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### Where shall we look for the Great Men of the Future?

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[We take this excellent article from the *Scholastic Year*, a paper published every week at Notre Dame, for and by the students of the University, containing many articles that will be read with pleasure, not only by them and their parents but by the general reader.]

It is said of the popular literature of the present day, and the fact cannot be denied, that it has the effect to enervate and enfeeble the mental powers, to blunt and vitiate the moral perceptions, in short, to enslave the whole nature, by undermining every noble and pure principle implanted therein. Notwithstanding this fact, how eagerly and indiscriminately does the so called reading public devour this literature. The sound, literary *merit* is the last question thought of, the result of its perusal upon the character of the reader being a matter not deemed worthy of consideration.

Many a parent who would smile at the advice to be cautious in the choice of books to be placed in the hands of his child, would prefer to see him in his coffin rather than to expose him to habits of falsehood, dishonesty, etc., and yet there are unmistakable proofs that a passion for

light reading is scarcely less disgraceful or injurious than the vices cited above; indeed this passion once in the ascendancy is the fruitful source of almost every other vice.

A sound mind must be accustomed to sound, vigorous and healthful reflection, just as the strength of the muscular system must be maintained by regular and healthful exercise: but in light literature what is there to promote vigorous mental exertion? The best that can be said of the more respectable works of this class is that they afford relaxation to the mind when overtaxed.

If the portrayal of selfish and evil passions, mingled with insignificant gossip, and specious immorality, the insidious poison of unchristian and false principles, promotes a good result, then is our popular literature falsely accused and we may look for Newtons, Humboldts, Herschels and Audubons to arise from the swollen ranks of our modern novel-readers; but if, on the contrary, familiarity with evil imagery destroys the moral vigor, and weakens mental force, have we not everything to fear for those young men who experience no pleasure in reading books of a more elevated stamp?

Light reading does not exercise the mind. It only entertains the imagination, and through this channel stimulates the passions: or if not so bad as that, it diverts the attention from more worthy pursuits. The effect is similar to that of the gossiping disposition so deplorably universal, and so destructive to the peace of societies and families. Indeed a passion for light reading and a love for slander and detraction generally accompany each other.

Show me a lover of scientific works and those published for the purpose of ennobling the mind and the heart, one who has a care for some reading above the current news of the day and the last new story, and I will show you one whose conscience will not permit him to be entertained by the tongue of the slanderer and the detractor. Show me a confirmed novel-reader,

and I will show you one who avoids the society of the learned and the thoughtful, and who seeks that of the trifling and the vicious.

We have, it is true, much pretty writing which has ever won for the authors great celebrity, but which, if dissected, proves that if there *was* a purpose on the part of the writer, that it was not designed to strengthen the moral powers.

Take one stanza of "Driftings," by a popular poet. The most confirmed *Turk* could not pen a more sensual passage:

"Over the rail my hand I trail,  
Within the shadow of the sail;  
A joy intense, the cooling sense,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence."

Indeed, the *spirit* of the whole pretty poem is unworthy of a man born in a christian country.

To sum up the charge against popular literature, it inculcates the indulgence of sensuality, and deifies evil passions; hence selfishness, wilfulness, disobedience and irreverence, with all the countless vices that follow in their train, are more prevalent than ever before.

It is the happy prerogative of youth to decide his own future, by forming his own habits. Happy those who have escaped the passion for light reading, for it is from the ranks of this class of vigorous-minded, whole-souled, whole-hearted young men, that we must look for the great men of the future.

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### Rome.

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The revolutionary journals have been full, during the last few days, of denunciations of the Papal Government for the execution of Monti and Tognetti. The debates of Florence have proved the full responsibility of the Italian Government and Chamber in the atrocious crime for which they suffered, and the brother of Tognetti has been presented by the Prefect of Naples with 200 gr. and two gr. a day for life, besides a permanent place on the Ariano Railway. He was convicted

not only of the crime of Serristori, but of the murder of his landlord the same evening, an old and unarmed man, and contrived to evade justice and escape to Naples. If these be thy martyrs, O Italy, the supply can always be renewed from the galleys and the rescued from the gibbet; and if it should ever fail here, Portland and Dartmoor, Brest and Civita Vecchia can always be relied on as willing contributors to the National Valhalla. It is remarkable that the greatest indignation and resentment was expressed by both the condemned men against those very deputies and Ministers of Florence who are now talking of placing their heads on the national banner, and the pious priests who attended their last moments had the greatest difficulty in inducing them to forgive "the infamous wretches who have betrayed us," as they themselves styled their posthumous admirers. A friend, who has just returned from Florence, and who was present at the debate, states that the most frantic applause followed Bixio's speech, in which he spoke of driving the French into the Tiber, and that the whole temper of the Chamber was in favor of the two assassins. "Never," said he, "did I assist at such a degradation of public morality on the part of a public assembly, or one which gave me less hope for the future of Italy." Mazzini is still in a most precarious state, and his partisans are in the greatest anxiety about him.—*London Weekly Register.*

**BURIAL OF THE LATE DR. DUNNE.**—The funeral ceremonies of the Very Rev. D. Dunne, D. D., who died in Chicago on Wednesday, December 23d, took place on last Sunday, December 27th, in St. Patrick's Church, and was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed in that city. The deceased was one of the most popular and well known clergymen in the western country, having occupied the position of vicar-general of the Diocese of Chicago, and previous to that appointment, having served as one of the first catholic missionaries of Il-

linois. In his official capacity he became intimately connected with all Church matters in Illinois, and was universally beloved and respected by all who knew him. The announcement of his death, therefore, created a widespread feeling of gloom and sadness among those who knew and loved him.

The assemblage at the church was immense. Outside of the catholic societies, there were thousands of eager men and women, who congregated in the streets and sidewalks, thereby testifying to the love and respect with which they regarded the departed. The streets and the church were completely blockaded, and it was with great difficulty that the societies were enabled to force their way through the crowd, and form in procession.

The funeral procession proceeded to the Northwestern Railroad depot, where as many as could find room in three immense trains—sixty-three cars in all—which had been prepared for the mournful occasion, accompanied the cortège to Calvary Cemetery, where the earthly remains of Father Dunne were laid in their final resting place.

**DEATH OF VERY REV. WM. O'REILLY OF NEWPORT, R. I.**—Our people were somewhat startled on Dec. 20, at the report that Father O'Reilly of St. Mary's Church had suddenly deceased. Though not in good health for a long time he was apparently as well as usual up to within a few hours of his death. His disease was hemorrhage of the lungs, the first attack having occurred at 5 o'clock a. m., on Dec. 19. It was renewed at 10 and again at 6 p. m., and he passed away at three minutes past twelve Sunday morning.

**DIED,** Dec. 27th, at his father's residence, Philadelphia, Rev. John F. Mellon, a young priest of that city.

### Ordinations.

The following is a complete list of the gentlemen recently ordained at the Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Milwaukee.

**PRIESTS AND THEIR DIOCESES:**

Rev. Messrs. J. Beineke, Chicago; E.

Blume, St. Louis; J. Lagam, Milwaukee; C. Kœnig, Alton; A. Coke, La Crosse; H. O'Brien, Milwaukee; S. Trant, Milwaukee; S. Wælf, Milwaukee; E. Zeohenser, St. Louis; A. Zeining, Milwaukee; A. Zitterl, Milwaukee; M. Ruckengruber, Milwaukee; H. Wellmes, Milwaukee.

#### DEACONS AND THEIR DIOCESES:

Messrs. J. Murphy, St. Louis; M. Gæbels, Chicago; A. Saunter, Dubuque; F. J. Murtaugh, Chicago; A. Seubert, Green Bay.

#### SUBDEACONS:

Messrs. J. G. Meiner, Milwaukee; J. Huber, Milwaukee; John J. Hennessy, St. Louis; J. Schwebauch, La Crosse; G. Næwer, La Crosse; R. Ryan, La Crosse; J. Savage, Detroit; Messrs. Bromensohenkel, Dubuque; J. Friedl, Milwaukee; T. Harringer, Milwaukee; F. Heller, Kansas; E. Hoeynk, St. Louis; C. Hoffman, Alton; H. Fegers, Chicago; C. Huth, Chicago; J. Pichler, Kansas; C. Kalvelage, Chicago; P. Gormly, Chicago; J. Weiderhold, Chicago; T. Lydon, Chicago; T. Murphy, and M. Luby, Chicago. — *Northwestern Chronicle*.

On St. Thomas' Day, 21st ult., at Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Nicholas A. Gallagher received the Holy Order of Subdeaconship, in St. Patrick's Church, at the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop Rosecrans.

On the 22d the same was ordained deacon, and on Christmas day was raised to the Holy Priesthood, in the Church of the Holy Cross.

On Sunday, Dec. 20th, Rev. Martin X. Fallon was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker, at St. Mary's college, Wilmington, Del.

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ST. FRANCIS DE SALES often said "The pagans loved only those by whom they were loved; but christians must offer their friendship to those who love them not, and to those very persons towards whom they feel the greatest repugnance and aversion."

## ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART,

Canonically established in the church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Issoudun, France; approved by the Holy Father Pius IX, to obtain, by her powerful intercession, the success of difficult, extreme, and despaired of cases, in the spiritual as well as temporal order.

### ITS EXTENSION, GRACES ASKED AND FAVORS OBTAINED DURING THE THREE YEARS AND A HALF OF ITS EXISTENCE.

The Confraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, erected the 5th of April, 1864, in the church of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Issoudun, France, by Mgr. the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Archbishop of Bourges; graciously received, canonically approved and enriched with precious indulgences by His Holiness Pius IX, in a Brief dated June 7th, of the same year; recommended and approved in letters carefully preserved, or established in churches and chapels of their dioceses, by more than fifty prelates, cardinals, archbishops and bishops of France and other countries; joined by the faithful throughout the whole world; numbered, two months after its foundation, 50,000 inscribed associates. In January, 1866, or sixteen months later, the number increased to 200,000.

At the same epoch, that is after about 90 meetings, there were registered 80,000 special recommendations, and 1,500 acts of thanksgiving in acknowledgment of favors received.

Between the month of January and the 5th of June 100,000 associates were enrolled, 60,000 recommendations, and 300 more acts of thanksgiving with a corresponding number of *ex-voto* offerings placed in the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

At the end of December, 1866, there had been received, during the year only, 286,-

953 recommendations, which being joined to the preceding, amounted to the prodigious figure of 350,000; and during the same time we had received the details of 3,668 graces received, and of 5,000 in two years and a half.

This first account, rendered in the first part of 1867, shows the marvellous spread of the Confraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The same Association encouraged and enriched with new indulgences by the august and well beloved Pius IX, the 20th of June, 1867; aggregated to the congregation called prima Primaria, established in Rome, in the college of the Jesuit Fathers, the 29th of June, 1867; eulogized with enthusiasm the 6th of August of the same year, in the church of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, by Mgr. the Archbishop of Bourges; praised and introduced into their dioceses by many more prelates, cardinals, archbishops and bishops of Europe and distant countries; its profound reasonableness and sublimity explained: spread with zeal by the catholic press, and established over almost the whole world, had inscribed on its registers, the 31st of May, 1867, one million of Associates, that is 15,000 a week, 50,000 a month, and 600,000 a year.

At the same epoch there were inscribed 8,000 acts of thanksgiving for graces received, which gives an average of 500 a month. Cures obtained formed the greater part of the graces received; but there were also many conversions, often unexpected ones, different kinds of temporal graces, and a still greater number of spiritual blessings.

With this success, the recommendations to the prayers of the associates for particular graces have been multiplied to an almost incredible number. From the month of June, 1866, to the 31st of May 1867, they amounted to 786,780.

By the end of the same year, 1867, the director of the Association had inscribed 1,500,000 associates; he had received and announced to the Sunday reunions of the associates 1,263,500 recommendations, and

enregistered and published 8,000 thanksgivings for graces received!

Figures in this case are eloquent.

#### THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE CONFRA- TERNITY.

The number of associates, which was 1,000,000 the 31st of May 1867, and 1,500,000 in December of the same year, is now over 2,000,000.

The recommendations, which at the first date mentioned above, amounted to 786,780, and at the second date to 1,263,500, now amounts to 21,100,000! Thus, during the year 1868, there were more recommendations to the prayers of the Association than during the preceding two years and a half; which shows with what confidence hearts turn from all parts of the world to the Queen of the Sacred Heart, and through her to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

And facts justify this confidence. For in December of 1867, 8,000 acts of thanksgiving had been received since the foundation of the Confraternity in June, 1864, and now they amount to over 21,000. More than double. Consequently 12,000 acknowledgments of graces received in one year. That is 1,000 a month, 250 a week, 35 a day! without speaking of numberless favors which have not been made known to us.

The pilgrimages to the Sanctuary of Notre Dame of the Sacred Heart become more and more numerous. Ex-voto offerings cover the walls of the Sanctuary. From all sides are sent precious stones and objects of artistic merit to decorate her statue.

This year (1868) the Association has been introduced into Peru and other distant countries. In Spain it has a great number of members. In Chili it has made rapid progress. In Holland, where it has been established only eighteen months, there are already 20,000 members. The Swiss Cantons, even Geneva, have adopted it with great fervor. Other countries of Europe, the Grand Duchy of

Luxemburg, Italy, England, Southern Prussia, Austria have given it a hearty welcome. But in France, Belgium, Canada and the United States it has an immense development. A considerable number of churches and chapels have been dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and parishes have been erected under that title. These facts and figures show how agreeable this title is to the hearts of the faithful and to the Heart of Mary, and how much our Blessed Mother wishes to justify the confidence that is placed in her when praying to her as Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### Thsian-Kang's Tales.

Freddy read the book given him on New-year's day, and re-read it, but he could not make out from it why the Chinese were not catholics as a nation instead of being so merely individually, here and there one. He asked Thsian-Kang about it, and the answer puzzled him still more; the Chinese gentleman said, "Talking is of little use if people are not agreed on first principles; they speak a different language while using the same words." But when Freddy seemed vexed, he appeared to relent a little, for he drew the boy towards him and said: "But we will try to understand each other. The sons of the Celestial Empire are brothers, or at least cousins, to the children of young America, if descent is traced back far enough; let us each tell our histories and the history of our ideas, and then perhaps we may come to an understanding."

"Oh, I should like to hear the history of China," said Fred.

"The History of men, apart from the history of the ideas that govern them, and that have made them what they are, is of little import," said his friend. "But

I will do my best. To begin, however, I must begin with the creation, for China's governors claim for themselves the title of 'sons of God,' and as they rule by divine right I must tell you on what their title is founded. So have patience.

"Ere time was, say the Chinese legends, God was. That is, a Being existed, always had existed, supreme in intelligence, in power, in wisdom, in harmony and happiness. All idea centred in Him. He wished to manifest Idea, to communicate the element of happiness which resided in Himself to other existences that they might be happy in Him.

"His idea, or His Wisdom, which had ever existed, came forth as it were from the Eternal Essence; to which however it remained united interiorly, though manifested exteriorly. This Wisdom produced Matter by an Utterance, a Word. Immediately on that Utterance being pronounced, all the immensity of space was filled with atomic elements: that is, with all the different elements that form matter. These were in a state of diffusion, forming an immense mass of vapors or fluids, which penetrated in every direction."

"Why, that was chaos," said Freddy, proud of his learning.

"Yes, chaos was elementary matter diffused through space without form or order; now, since you know so much, tell me how it was reduced to order?"

"And the spirit of God moved over the waters," said Mary, reverently, seeing that Freddy was not prepared with the answer.

"Yes," said Thsian-Kang, "but the term which your Sacred Book translates waters, would be equally well represented by chaos, or the fluids. The spirit of God moved upon the diffusion of atoms, then in a fluid state, and produced order. The next word uttered was, 'Let there be Light!' And there was light. Now, Freddy; I know that you are studying natural philosophy; you know, then, that material light involves the motion of atoms; that if you set fire to anything, and burn it, the thing itself is soon gone, the

light it gives sets in motion the atoms which compose it, and changes them into smoke, ashes, and something else which escapes into the atmosphere."

"Yes," said Freddy, "my book says 'nothing is lost, only changed.'"

"Well," rejoined the Chinese philosopher, "the spirit of God brooding over the different atoms, first called them into action by means of light; then, motion being once originated by means of this light, order was gradually established by a continuance of the direct action of God. You must bear in mind that all matter being an expression of the Divine Idea, it is important to study the order and the effect of the Divine Action. The first effect was light, material light, but as this light is only a type of a higher, of a spiritual, or rather Divine light, the tradition adds, that simultaneously with material light, intelligences capable of enjoying and of comprehending that light were also called into being: these have been called spirits, genii, ethereal essences, spiritual existences, angels—by different people; they were beings endowed by God with wondrous power, and were now summoned to witness the reduction of the chaotic atoms to order, harmony and beauty.

"It must have been a glorious sight that first action of material light, twinkling and sparkling throughout all space, now flashing into glory as it met with combustible material, then compressing itself into a more solid state as it fused metallic atoms together. No fire-rockets in the world can compare with that display of luminous circles, now here, now there, bursting forth into lustrous beauty; 'twas a fitting spectacle for the glorious intelligences whom it heralded into being.

"And God saw the light that it was good," said Mrs. Longford's voice, chiming in from the bay window, where she sat; "and He divided the light from the darkness and He called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night; the evening and the morning were the first day."

Thsian-Kang smiled and continued: "Light having once emanated from the

Most High, order and harmony followed of course, and therefore God said, 'Let there be firmness made amid this fluid mass, and let it divide the fluids one from the other: and the action still progressing, the atomic particles were brought into closer contact by this last word: an attraction seemed established, large portions of the chaotic mass drew closer together, consolidated somewhat, and by force of mutual pressure under an attraction directed by the same Holy Spirit who had moved amid its fluids ere the first impartation of light had infused the first action, globes of various sizes, of various brilliancy formed themselves in the vast space more or less compact according to the office they are to fill. It was a lengthened process to resolve that brilliant star-dust into orbs of light: and the European star-gazers who say they can gaze through their long tubes into the recesses of space, tell us that there is still a vast quantity of star-dust left, to be gathered into closer quarters at some future time, and thus form future worlds. How that may be I know not; a thousand years with the great God of the universe is but as a single day, and there is no limit to His power or glory. But at this second action of divine power over matter, we only learn that God made the firmness He desired, that the liquid forces separated from each other, and that some were placed in a portion of space called heaven, and one orb formed the portion we now inhabit as the earth."

Again, Mrs. Longford's voice was heard: "And God said, 'Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters that were above the firmament and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.'"

"Why that is in the Bible, mamma," said Rosa.

"Yes," said Mrs. Longford, "that is the account left us by Moses, of the ancient traditions."

"But, one day, the Bible says, and from Mr. Thsian-Kang's account it rather seems years upon years?"

"The *day* in the Bible, my dear, does not mean a solar day, seeing that the sun was not, as far as we have yet told the world's history, formed into shape from the atomic star-dust. The word *day* is used to denote the period of action of one process. So far we have the action of light, and of attraction on matter."

"The third action," said Thsian-Kang, "was the production of vegetable life also, before the dense mists attendant on the aggregation of the masses of chaotic atoms were cleared away sufficiently to allow the worlds beyond to be visible. These mists subsiding somewhat, being absorbed perhaps in the immense quantity of foliage gradually accumulated, the sun, moon and stars became sufficiently dense to be visible, and to keep up the motion of the fluids in the plants and trees. Then followed the production of life in the coolest portion of the earth's surface, the water and the air, and lastly the animal race was created for the soil. How long elapsed between these periods cannot be estimated, but the whole formation as a preparation for the habitation of the 'sons of God,' of the being who was to enjoy, to understand all this, who was to have the attributes of his Maker imprinted on his soul so that he might in his degree exercise lordship over the creation, and live in an intelligent union with the designs of God, and form all his actions, his rule of government and his appreciations of the true, the beautiful, and the good, after that divine Model. The whole history of this is so stupendously grand, so fraught with sublimity, that it is equalled only by the Redemption."

"But," said Freddy, "this is not Chinese History; it is the world's history."

"It is of course the world's history" said Thsian-Kang, "but you forget we Chinese are conservative: we keep to the old traditions *practically*. They work upon us still. You, new-men,—excuse me, Freddy,—*invent* theories, and your theo-

ries destroy the morale of the old world. Children in young America assume they know as much as their parents, because they learn to read and write, and discover too soon the wickedness of the world. Now, with us, our traditions still make man the 'son of God'; we still believe all authority derived from Him alone, consequently we reverence our ancestors, perhaps even too much; but the result is, children obey their parents, and industry is encouraged among us beyond any nation of the earth. We have preserved our civilization in spite of some wars, for three thousand years, while the rest of the world has been continually changing masters and forms of government, and have been reduced from civilization to barbarism from which they are now trying to emerge again. Our first traditions are necessarily the same, for Moses could but gather from the same source that we did. Yet a Chinese history of the world would set things in a very different light from that of your historians. What you would call wisdom they might term folly, and all because they are accustomed to look on things so differently. Yet all have the same traditions originally, as you say."

"I should like to have a Chinese history of the world," said Freddy.

"If so," said his friend, "we will tomorrow night examine the traditions of the Eastern world respecting our first parents, and then we shall obtain an idea of how to trace their descendants to the present time."

A person greatly in the confidence of St. Francis told him once, that she found nothing so difficult in the practice of Christian perfection, as the command to love one's enemies. "And I," answered Francis, "I can't tell how my heart is made, or how it has pleased God to shape it, but in fact I feel no difficulty whatever in obeying that command; on the contrary, it is so pleasant for me to comply with it, and I feel a joy so extraordinary and peculiar, that had God forbid my loving them, I would find it extremely difficult to obey Him."

# AVE MARIA.

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## Mary is Entitled to the Special Gratitude of those who Enjoy the Benefits of Redemption.

The Rev. Father Melia has published, with the *imprimatur* of his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, a volume in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, entitled "The Woman Blessed by All Generations, or Mary the Object of Veneration, Confidence and Imitation to All Christians." He divides the work into two parts; in the first and theoretical part he develops, through twenty chapters, the proposition that Mary was made by the Holy Trinity an object of veneration and confidence to all generations; in the second and practical part he shows Mary was made by the Holy Trinity an object of imitation to all christians.

The divisions, chapters, arguments from Holy Scriptures, from the Holy Fathers, as witnesses of Biblical and Traditional Doctrine; from comparing different versions of the Bible, and from Protestant evidence, are put down with all the order and preciseness of a scholastic treatise; and at the same time the style is such as to induce even an indifferent reader not to lay down the book until he has finished the chapter, and to take it up again as soon as possible to peruse and study another chapter.\* We give a chapter en-

titled "Mary having freely and efficaciously co-operated in the spiritual welfare of mankind, is entitled to the special gratitude of those who enjoy the benefits of redemption."

"The disregard, and even contempt, of some for the Blessed Mother of God, goes so far as to represent her only as a mere physical instrument of the coming of the Eternal Word among men, and not as an active meritorious element towards the spiritual perfection of man. To overthrow such a slander against our Blessed Lady, we proceed to show that Mary has greatly contributed to the spiritual welfare of mankind, especially by the following acts of her free will; namely, First, by making a vow unprecedented and unheard of before—a vow of perpetual virginity—the effects and consequences of which, in relation to christian society, have proved of an immense and infinite value. Secondly, by spontaneously giving her consent to the embassy of the Holy Trinity to become the Mother of the Son of God, for the rescue of fallen man. Thirdly, by becoming by her virtue the joy and consolation of motherhood. Fourthly, by bringing through her humility God to man. Fifthly, by accepting willingly and magnanimously all the conditions, however rigorous and painful, inherent in her Divine maternity.

"I. Mary, although unaware of having been chosen by Providence to be the Mother of the future Redeemer, acted in anticipation of such a marvellous manifestation, in perfect conformity to all the designs of the Most Holy Trinity directed to this salutary end. Like the fathers and saints of the Old Testament, Mary was continually

\* The work is published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, and sold by Messrs Murphy & Co., Messrs Kelly, Plet & Co., and Messrs Sadlier, all of which firms have an excellent selection of English catholic works.

asking from God with the most ardent desire, the abbreviation of time for the rescue of the human race from the slavery of sin and Satan. 'Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above; and let the clouds rain the just one; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour' (Isaiah xlv, 8). According to venerable and authentic tradition, Mary, being a little child, dedicated herself to God in the Temple, and for the space of about eleven years remained there in the exercise of a saintly life. While living and growing up in the shadow of the house of God, Mary filled it with the perfume of the most odoriferous virtues. What obedience, what humility, what a spirit of prayer, what love of God and her neighbor! In particular, what faith, generosity, and courage did Mary show when overcoming all human respect, and the shame which sterility would have caused her in public opinion, she made the solemn vow to God of her perpetual virginity! Earth and Paradise are astonished at such an event by which she unintentionally fitted herself for the high office of Mother of the Son of God, who according to the divine decree should be conceived and born of a virgin-mother. Mary, for reasons elsewhere explained, was married to Joseph, who for his pure and virtuous life was above all qualified to be the guardian of her virginity. Hence St. Augustine (de Oper. Monachor. lib. vii, Oper. t. vi, p. 560, Migne), speaking of St. Joseph, says: 'That man who was just, and had been elected to be the witness of the perpetual conjugal virginity, and to whom was married the Virgin Mary, who brought forth Christ, was a carpenter.' And the same holy father (Serm. ccxxvi, Oper. t. v, p. 1096, Migne) adds: 'Mary being determined to keep virginity, her spouse was not a robber, but a guardian of her virginal chastity; nay, he was not a guardian because it was God that took care of her, but he was rather the witness of her virginal integrity.'

"Her vow of perpetual virginity, besides fitting her for that most high and unparalleled dignity, conferred a great

blessing on christianity. It must be remembered that Jesus Christ came into this world not only to be our Redeemer, but also to be our model and example of all virtues. Among the rest, He came to introduce the love of virginal chastity, and to exhibit to mankind a blessing of which they had no idea (Matt. xix, 12). 'There are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for gaining the kingdom of Heaven.' His example, indeed, should have been enough to induce christians to follow Him in this angelical and divine virtue. However, as He was by nature virgin and impeccable, the carnal man could find a pretext for not following it. Therefore, in order to remove objections towards embracing and cultivating this virtue, Mary in her capacity of a mere creature was chosen by Providence to give to all christian generations a free, spontaneous, and meritorious example of perpetual virginal continency. Hence, Saint Ephrem (Select Works, Morris, Oxford, 1846, p. 53), turning to Jesus Christ, exclaims: 'In her virginity Eve put on the leaves of shame. Thy Mother put on the garment of glory that sufficeth for all.' And the same holy father calls Mary 'the crown of the virgins.' Saint Jerome (Ep. xxii, ad Eustochium, Oper. t. i, p. 408, Migne) says: 'When the Virgin conceived in her womb and brought forth an Infant to us, then malediction ceased. Death through Eve, life through Mary. Hence the gift of virginity plentifully shone in women, because it began in a woman. As soon as the Son of God came into this world, He instituted a new family, so that He who is adored by the angels in heaven, might have angels also upon earth.' The same (Ep. xlviii, ad Pammac. Oper. t. i, p. 510, Migne) says: 'Christ a virgin, Mary a virgin, consecrated the principles of virginity.' And again (adv. Jovin. lib. i, Oper. t. ii, p. 254, Migne), speaking of Mary, says: 'This perpetual Virgin is the mother of a large family of virgins.' St. Epiphanius (Hær. lxx, 5, 24) says: 'The Blessed Virgin is the head of the holy children of virginity.' St. Ambrose (de

Instit. Virg. c. v, p. 314, edit. Migne) says: 'Mary brought to us the impulse to virginity. She raised the banner of holy virginity, and erected to Christ a pious standard of undefiled integrity. By the example of Holy Mary all are called to follow her virginity.' And St. Augustine (Serm. li, c. xvi, Oper. tom. v, par. i, p. 348, Migne) says: 'The dignity of virginity began from the Mother of God.' St. Cyril of Alexandria (Homil. contra Nest.), turning to the Blessed Virgin, says: 'Thou art the crown of virginity.' Mary therefore is the elected type, and perfect model of this most noble and beautiful virtue of the christian law. She is the first who professed it by vow, and it was through her that it is introduced into the Church of Christ. From her as from a vase of celestial flowers, the rich odor of this angelical virtue began to be diffused through the atmosphere of this most corrupt world; and like a heavenly breeze dispersing the impure exhalations of the earth, has restored by God's grace the cleanliness and purity of the human heart. It has been placed at the head of virtues, and a holocaust—the purest and most perfect that earth could offer to heaven, or man to God—has been accomplished in the sacrifice of unsullied virginal purity, which was offered to the Son of the Virgin.

"The mission of Mary soon became most fruitful. First of all St. Jerome remarks that St. Joseph was virgin on account of Mary, saying (adv. Elvid. Oper. tom. ii, p. 203, Migne): 'You say that Mary did not keep her virginity; but I not only maintain it, but moreover say that Joseph himself was virgin through Mary; so that from a virginal marriage should be born a virgin son. For, if no suspicion of fornication may be entertained of such a holy man, and no record be found of his having another wife, and it being known that he was the guardian rather than the husband of Mary, it follows that he remained ever virgin with Mary, and so he deserved to be called the father of the Lord.' After Joseph the Hierarchy of the Church was the first to take up and

follow the standard of perpetual celibacy created by Mary. Popes, bishops, priests soon belonged to this glorious train of virgins. Their example has been followed by the fervent laity of both sexes, and of all classes and states in society, from the plebeian order to the senatorial and imperial dignity. Thousands of thousands of virgins of both sexes, like white hyacinths in a garden, adorned and filled with their odor the Church of God. Nay, it was after the model of Mary that numberless christians, in order to preserve the precious lily of purity, valiantly gave up their lives to death amidst the most frightful and excruciating tortures. Out of this countless army of virgin-martyrs, we may mention in Rome, SS. Agnes, Cecilia, Domitilla, Prisca, Barbara, Pretonilla, etc.; in Sicily, Agatha; in Syracuse, Lucy; in Alexandria, Catherine; in Nicomedia, Euphemia; in Antioch, Margaret; in Liconia, Julia. These, and many others in all parts of the christian world, chose to lose their fortunes, their estates, their possessions, their friends—nay, life itself—rather than lose their virginity. In perusing the authentic acts of their martyrdom, one is struck at seeing their courage and constancy in the midst of excruciating sufferings. A philosophy perfectly divine is admired in their answers to tyrants. A beautiful mixture of cheerfulness and majesty is found in their behavior; a calm joy beams in their faces and hearts. Susannah, a Roman lady of the highest nobility, to preserve inviolate her virginity, refused marriage with Galerius Maximian, son of the Emperor Diocletian, and courageously met martyrdom. Flavia Domitilla, likewise a Roman virgin, and niece to the two Roman Emperors Titus and Domitian, refused also to marry the son of the Consul Aurelius, and chose rather to be consumed by fire. Pudenciana and Praxedes, daughters of Pudencius, a Roman senator, after the death of their father bestowed their patrimony upon the poor, and lived in perpetual virginity until their death. Such are the beautiful fruits of virginal purity brought by Mary.

"But this is not all. Let the reader look throughout the world, and see the numerous institutions which have arisen in the various ages of christianity for the benefit of mankind. Religious orders of both sexes, hospitals, orphanages, and many other charitable establishments for the relief of suffering humanity, are all the works of christian celibacy. What is the secret that gives to the catholic priesthood the courage to spend their lives in the care of souls? What is it that makes them brave all dangers, by land and sea, in order to impart the light of the true faith to pagan and idolatrous nations? What is it that causes them not to abandon their flocks, even in times of the greatest danger? What is it that gives them courage to face death? Is it not their engagement of imitating Mary by professing celibacy? To give a very recent instance of this, we might produce several newspapers, containing the reports of the cholera, which invaded the Pontifical States in August 1867, and the works of charity and self-abnegation and zeal displayed, not only by the lower priesthood but also by the high dignitaries of the Church on that dreadful occasion. For all which, we quote some extracts from the letter written by the Bishop of Orleans, reported in the Italian journal, '*Catholic Unity*,' of August 29, 1867, and in the '*Weekly Register*,' London journal, August 26, 1867. In this journal it is related that the Pope, after all the fatigues endured on the occasion of the centenary of St. Peter, was advised to leave Rome for a little, and enjoy the fresh air of the Castel Gondolfo. However, on the point of leaving Rome, His Holiness being informed that the cholera had made its appearance in town, he suspended his departure and remained in Rome, 'because,' he said, 'it is not right that I should abandon my children at a time when my presence may be needful.' While the Pope was taking all possible measures to prevent the spread of the malady, some tidings reached town that the cholera was raging furiously in Al-

bano, so that a great panic had seized the population. Cardinal Altieri, of a noble family of Rome, being the Bishop of Albano, but residing at Rome, did not lose a moment in repairing to Albano, after collecting together all the money he could find in his palace, and taking with him such physicians and apothecaries as consented to go with him. On his arrival at the gates of the town, he descended from his carriage, and without going to his palace, he went straight to visit the sick, passing from house to house, from one street to another, giving assistance to all. His presence gave courage to the sick, as well as to the whole city. For three days and nights did this great cardinal labor without rest, without intermission, and almost without food, visiting the sick, and administering the sacraments to the dying, and distributing alms to the poor. At the expiration of that time, the pestilence seized himself, and he died the victim of his own charity, comforted by his conscience in having done his duty. When he fell sick, it was found that the episcopal palace had been so stripped by him in the three awful days, for administering to the wants of the poor, that there was neither bedding nor other necessities for the cardinal himself. But the great Bishop of Albano had two more cardinals, who by chance were there, and who, instead of flying away with the others, wished to remain there to be companions to him in assisting the sick both spiritually and corporally. They were Cardinal di Pietro and Cardinal Sacconi; the last was assistant to Cardinal Altieri at his death, while the former continued to assist the sick. Besides the three cardinals, there came from Rome to Albano a number of religious of both sexes, and among them the Jesuits and Capuchins, with forty-five Zouave soldiers, who acted with great zeal in the assistance of the sick and in the burying of the dead. Such is the courage that christian celibacy, introduced by Mary, gives to all classes of society from the Pope to the soldier!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Saint Paula.\*

[CONCLUDED.]

She was now twenty, and when she rose from that deadly sickness the supernatural beauty came forth which had lain hidden under the levity of her life. "She courageously raised the standard of the Cross of Christ, grieving less that she was a widow than that she was no longer a virgin. She who had passed long hours in adorning herself before her mirror sought henceforth for her only mirror the face of God, beholding, like the Apostle, the unveiled glory of His countenance."

That ardent spirit having once entered the path of the generous love of God, reached the summit at a bound. Her intellect and her heart unfolded with marvellous rapidity, and in the few months which were left for her to spend on earth she attained a degree of perfection which placed her side by side with her holy mother and the saintly Eustochium, who, to Paula's joy and the intense disgust of her pagan kindred, had consecrated the early freshness of her virginal life to God. When a return of fever again brought Blesilla to the gates of death, there was but one regret in that young and ardent heart. "O, pray for me to the Lord Jesus to have compassion on my soul," she said to those who stood around her bed, "since I am dying without having been able to accomplish what it was in my heart to do for Him."

The death of Blesilla wrung Paula's heart with an anguish no less intense than that which had brought her to the gates of the grave on the loss of her husband. All the mingled tenderness and sternness of St. Jerome was needed to arouse her from her lethargy of grief.

Soon after this blow had fallen upon her, Paula prepared for her long-desired pilgrimage to the East. Blesilla, who was to have accompanied her, had attained her

rest in the heavenly Jerusalem, and her Roman home was now dark and dreary to the bereaved mother. Paulina, her second daughter, was married to St. Jerome's noble friend Pammachius, and Rufina was also betrothed. Toxotius, still a child, seems about this time to have received baptism, which, by the influence of his pagan relations, had been hitherto deferred. Paula, therefore, could leave her younger children without anxiety under the care of Pammachius and Marcella, to whose young cousin, Læta, Toxotius was betrothed. With Eustochium as her inseparable companion, she left Rome for Palestine, where, for the children whom she had left behind, God was to make her the joyful mother of an innumerable company of consecrated virgins.

Paula was accompanied by the devout women who had served God together with her in her Roman home, many of them noble ladies like herself, others liberated slaves, whom from her servants she had made her sisters.

St. Jerome, who had left a few months before her, carried with him many devoted friends who had resolved to share his life and his work. A storm of persecution had been raised against him by the pagan and worldly party in Rome, and the breath of calumny had not spared the fair fame of Paula herself. He shook the dust from his feet, and departed with his heart full of the great biblical labors which were to occupy the remainder of his days.

St. Paula and her companions having touched at Cyprus to visit her venerable friend St. Epiphanius, found St. Jerome and his company waiting to receive them at Antioch in the house of the Bishop Paulinus. We cannot trace the footsteps of her pilgrimage through Palestine, nor follow her in her visit to the solitaries of Egypt, from whom she received the rule of life on which her houses were to be formed. Her journeyings occupied nearly a year. She visited Melania, who had built her convent at Jerusalem, hard by the church of the Ascension. But un-

\* DUBLIN REVIEW, Oct. 1868.

speakingly sacred as was to Paula every spot in the Holy City, it was the cave of Bethlehem that took fullest possession of her heart. "This," said she to St. Jerome, as she knelt before the crib of the infant Saviour, "this shall be my resting-place, for it was the cradle of my God. Here will I dwell, because the Lord hath chosen it for Himself; here shall my soul live for Him." She stopped, and fixing her eyes on Eustochium, she finished the verse; "and here shall my seed serve Him." This was no vain fancy; no passing emotion. When she had finished her pilgrimage, Paula returned to Bethlehem never to leave it again; there she and Eustochium lived and died. There Jerome ended his full and glorious days. The pilgrim who visits Bethlehem sees at a few paces from the grotto of the Nativity another which bears the name of St. Jerome, and two sepulchres, in one of which rest the remains of Paula and Eustochium, in the other the relics of their holy friend.

A fresh sorrow greeted Paula's return to Bethlehem in the tidings of the death of her youngest daughter Rufina, whom she had left at Rome on the eve of a happy marriage, which was never to be accomplished. Where could the bereaved mother find sweeter consolation than beside the manger where the mother of sorrows had laid her Divine Child? She set herself now to the task which had brought her to Palestine, and laid the foundation of two monasteries, one for the widows and virgins who had followed her from Rome, the other for Jerome and his friends; and close by the church a hospice for pilgrims, a shelter most urgently needed for the multitudes that flocked to the holy places. "At least," said she to St. Jerome, "if Mary and Joseph were to come back to Bethlehem, they would find a place to receive them."\*

St. Jerome has left us a record of the life led by Paula and her companions un-

der the primitive rule of St. Pacomius. After the example of the houses she had visited on the banks of the Nile, she divided her daughters into three groups, each under its own abbess or mother. They labored and ate apart, but assembled for prayer in their common chapel at the joyful sound of the Alleluia, which summoned them in the early morning, at the third, sixth, and ninth hour, and again in the evening, to chant the Psalms; and in the silence of the night their voices again poured forth the glorious hymns of the prophet of Bethlehem. The whole Psalter was recited daily. Every sister was obliged to know it by heart, and, moreover, to learn daily some other portion of the Holy Scripture. On Sunday the whole community, each division with the abbess at its head, went to the church of Bethlehem, for the Holy Sacrifice was not offered in the chapels of the monasteries. Jerome in his profound humility never ventured to say Mass, and his only priestly companion shrank from doing what he feared to undertake. On their return from the church, the work for the following week was distributed.

In her government Paula combined Roman firmness with the tenderest christian love. The first in prayer, penance, and laborious work; in all beside she was the last and lowest in the community. In short, all the virtues and graces which have sanctified and glorified the religious life from its first infancy until now, sprang up in full perfection under the wisdom of her rule and the light of her example. The labor which alternated with prayer and psalmody in the monasteries of Bethlehem was not restricted to the labor of the hands. A vigorous intellectual activity was fostered by St. Paula under the guidance of St. Jerome. One of her chief cares was to provide herself and her daughters with books. At her request St. Jerome interrupted his learned labors to translate for them the homilies of Origen on St. Luke, and to write the lives of the great ascetic St. Hilarion, the master of St. Epiphanius, and of St. Paul, the first

\* The convent of the Franciscan Fathers now occupies the site of this hospice.

hermit. Paula and Eustochium, "learned women and studious women," after Mgr. Dupanloup's own heart, turned their Hebrew studies to account by copying for St. Jerome the version of the Psalms which he had revised for their use. To their intelligent and affectionate sympathy with his labors the Church perhaps owes in great measure her authorized version of the Holy Scripture, which was accomplished, book by book, at their earnest entreaty, and his commentaries on the Old and New Testament. The vexatious assaults of his adversaries compelled Jerome to work sword in hand. More than once he was tempted to lay aside his pen; but he trusted in the efficacy of those women's prayers, and was not ashamed to dedicate to them works in which they had borne so large a share. "There are some," he writes, "O Paula and Eustochium, who take offence at seeing your names at the beginning of my works. They know not, I suppose, that when Barac trembled Deborah saved Israel." And after a long list of glorious women from the Old and New Testament, and even from pagan history, he thus concludes: "Was it not to women that our Lord first appeared after His resurrection, and made men blush not to have sought Him whom women found?"

Meantime the hand of God still pressed heavily upon Paula in the deaths of the two children who remained to her at Rome. Paulina died childless, having scarcely attained middle age, and Toxotius in the flower of his youth, leaving behind him an infant daughter, named after her grandmother, Paula. His young widow, Læta, devoted herself to an ascetic life in Rome, and sent her child to be brought up (in St. Jerome's words) "in the desert and the temple," by her holy grandmother, and aunt. Paula did not long survive this last bereavement. "In sorrow, suffering, and temptation," says St. Jerome, "she had this song perpetually in her mouth:—*Quare tristis es, anima mea, et quare conturbas me? Spero in Deo.* She was soon to finish the canticle in the bosom of her God. The work of grace was perfected.

She seemed already to behold heaven opened before her. As Eustochium and the other pious sisters watched by her bed of pain, they heard the continual murmur of her favorite Psalms: 'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' 'I have chosen to be little in the house of my God rather than to dwell in the tents of sinners.'" The Bishop of Jerusalem and all the bishops of Palestine, with a great number of priests, monks, and virgins, had assembled to be present at that holy death; but Paula, absorbed in God, neither saw or heard anything that passed around her. Only by a slight movement of her lips they saw that she was conversing sweetly with God. They asked her some questions, but she made no reply. Then Jerome drew near and asked her why she spoke not, and whether anything troubled her. She answered in Greek, "O no, no trouble, but perfect peace." Then she closed her eyes, as if she would look no more upon any sight of earth. Suddenly she opened them again; a brilliant light shone on her face, as if reflected from some heavenly vision. She had seen her Divine Spouse, and heard His voice calling, "Arise, come, my beautiful one, for the winter is past;" for she made answer, "The flowers are seen in our land, the time to gather them is come," and 'I believe that I shall see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.' With these words on her lips she departed to Him.

Paula left to her beloved child, instead of the vast revenues of her princely house, the inheritance of her poverty and the blessed burden of her monasteries and works of charity, with the faith in God's Providence, which was their only endowment. For twenty years more Eustochium nobly sustained it, and then she was laid to rest beside her blessed mother, leaving her niece, the younger Paula, at the age of nineteen, to carry on their works, and to close the eyes of St. Jerome, who died only a year after her decease. He was laid beside Paula and Eustochium, in the

cave which still bears the name of the "Oratory of St. Jerome." Paula the younger died as she had lived, *in the temple and the desert*. The triumph of the Scipios, the Emili, and the Julii, had been crowned by the aureolæ of three generations of Saints.

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## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[The following narrative is founded strictly on fact; the events, which illustrate so strongly and wonderfully the goodness of Almighty God, really happened some forty years ago in New England.]

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE OLD "HOMESTEAD," AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

It was a wild and bitter night even for that region, where the Ossipec mountains dip their feet into the waters of that beautiful Lake, which the red man, with his higher appreciation of nature, called *Win-nipiseogee*, the smile of the Great Spirit; a night so stormy and cold that not a living thing was unhoused, far or near, either on the broad farmsteads which lay upon the sloping lands between the mountains, or around the rude log huts perched like eyries on their rugged sides. Only the wild creatures driven down from the pathless forests of the mountain ranges beyond, by cold and hunger, nearer towards the habitations of men, were abroad; and perhaps some luckless traveller who belated on his journey, had lost his way among the drifts. Since morning the snow had been steadily falling, until not even the bleached head of *Chocoma* could be seen as the day faded into the whiteness of the storm; and both were wrapped together in the blackness of the wild night. Gusts of wind swept down through the mountain gorges with a blending of fierce, shrill sounds, as if the spirits of ten thousand Indian warriors were abroad

on the storm, mingling their savage war-whoops and death songs together, while like mounds of the mighty slain, the snow-drifts rose higher and higher, until every by-way and road became impassable.

But there, inside Wolfert Flemming's great rambling farm house, there was ruddy light, warmth and good cheer. That quaint old room where he and his family sat grouped about in the warm glow of the fire-light would have charmed the eye of a Flemish painter; and I will describe it—not with an idle purpose—with its depths of shadow, its dancing lights and glowing warmth. It was a large, low-raftered room, at the north end of which was a fire-place of enormous breadth and depth, whose sides and high mantelpiece were set with pictured tiles representing goodly scenes from the Old Testament, while upon the brightly painted hearth a pair of massive iron andirons, crowned with great globes of burnished brass, were piled with blazing logs of hickory and resinous pine which flamed and crackled with a merry din, while the smoke, ruddy with fire, went curling with a soft roaring sound up the deep chimney as if the thousands of sparks that it carried into the dark recesses aloft were golden bees, humming and swarming home to their hives. On the broad shelves arranged on one side of the wall there was a great array of white china; and platters and tankards of pewter, scoured to the brightness of silver, over which the fire-light leaped and played in many a line of crinkled gold; upon the oaken floor, dark and polished by the feet of the generations who had trodden it, it danced and glimmered; upon the glass of the small deep-set windows, it flashed and glittered until they looked like the jewelled windows of Alladeen's palace; up among the dark rafters, it lit up the old continental muskets and swords; the deer's head with its broad antlers; the Indian bows and arrows; and the festoons of sweet smelling herbs, which were in various ways secured to them, until one might have thought, watching it flashing in and out,

that birds with wings of flame were flitting through the shadows under the roof; and still more brightly it dashed itself into the antique beaufet set in an angle of the wall, and broke into a thousand sparkles on the old-fashioned pieces of silver, and the odds and ends of rare burnished china—the precious heirlooms of the Flemmings—which sat in state behind the glass door, as if this spot above all others was most worthy of being glorified. And right bravely they gleamed in the red dancing fire-light, those antique pieces of silver and those scraps of marvellous china, brought from the ends of the earth by the ancestral Flemmings, some of whom had sailed their stout ships with the first explorers amongst the ice floes of the Arctic seas; while others had fought the Spaniard and burnt his forts among the spice islands of the Orient. Somewhere about the time that the imperishable “May Flower” landed that “goodlie companie,”—who afterwards proved how well they had learnt the science of intolerance from the persecutions and oppressions they had themselves endured—on Plymouth Rock, a Flemming, the last of the European line, found his way with his wife and household chattels to the American wilderness, and pitched his tent on the spot where we find his descendants. In the course of time he built his modest homestead, which consisted of this low-raftered, oaken-floored room and a smaller sleeping apartment. Those were the times when the Indians, taxation and intolerance—sometimes one, sometimes another, and sometimes all together—made the lines hard for the dwellers in the land; but he and his brave sons, and their descendants after them, defended their home against savage violence and destruction, and afterwards through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war spared no sacrifice to serve their country, shrunk from no toil to raise their children to a better condition than their own, and fill their home with every domestic comfort within their reach. In that corner the old beaufet had been built when the walls

of the “homestead” were raised, and upon its shelves the first American Flemmings had arranged their treasures of silver and china; sometimes hidden away in times of danger, again taken out and burnished and set in goodly array by fingers long since crumbled to dust. And here Wolfert Flemming decreed they should remain, although his wife and daughters with womanly vanity and many soft persuasions showed reasons why they should be displayed in the “best room” of the large and new addition he had made to his house; but their special pleading availed nothing, the old heirlooms of his house were to stay where his forefathers had placed them, and here, with the old oak settles and the clumsy old oak chairs, and the clumsier old oak tables, they were shining and glistening in the red cheery firelight. This room was very dear to the man’s true honest heart, for its old associations as well as its new—and to the hearts of his household; indeed they never used the “new house,” as they called it, except on extraordinary occasions, such as the installation of a new minister or a “Forefather’s Day,” or a grand quilting or apple paring, or something of that sort, when all the young folk, far and wide, were invited to work, feast and frolic. There was a subtle attraction in this quaint room for all the Flemmings, old and young, a something which made them feel nearer and dearer to each other, for here each one uttered his thoughts without restraint, and with that sweet confidence in one another which left but small occasion for any uncharitableness or heart-burning. Here also, in plain and genuine sincerity, they admonished and reproved each other with christianly spirit, holding up one another’s hands, warming one another’s hearts, until the bonds that bound them together were stronger than death. Here the weak sought the strong, the sad of heart clung to the hopeful, and the desponding came to bask in the cheerful and wholesome mirth of the happy; here, from their earliest recollection, they

had gathered together, morning and evening, around their father and mother, to worship God according to their teachings and with the genuine simplicity of honest hearts hear read the word of God, which, full of far-off mysteries to them, impressed their minds with a noble love of truth, spiritual aspirations and a solemn reverence for religious things. Simple in mind and heart, they accepted as true what they were taught, and lived justly according to the lights they had. But the Flemmings took no thought of analysing their lives, and if any one had said to them, what *I* have written of them, they would have set him down as a shiftless sort of dreamer, unfit for a useful work-a-day life; such an one as they feared their golden-haired Reuben would be. They were a matter-of-fact, clear-headed people; and if a thought once got into their heads, and this thought had fair play—which it generally got in their well balanced brains—and lifted like a lever some tangible principle into existence, there was not a Flemming of them all who would not have suffered martyrdom in its defence.

There they all sat, that stormy winter's night, their comely honest faces fairly glorified by the golden radiance of the fire, almost inclining one to believe the old Saxon superstition that angels were always basking in the light of a wood fire; a very truth.

Eva and Hope Flemming sat together, their young faces bent over wonderful blocks of patchwork, a brilliant geometrical problem known as "Job's trouble," which they were uniting with much taste, while they chattered together in an undertone of the quilting bee they would have when it was finished. Very fair and comely were these two daughters of the house, in the first flush of a healthy and pure womanhood: their forms well developed and symmetrically rounded; their features well cut and handsome; their teeth showing like pearls between their red lips, and their beauty crowned by thick suits of soft golden brown hair, which was

pushed back loose and curling from Eva's rounded forehead, but which fell in smooth heavy bands on each side of Hope's more intellectual brow, and was twisted together in a heavy coil at the back of her finely formed head. Their father, Wolfert Flemming, sat a little apart from them, at a table upon which was outspread the large family Bible, a relic of early English printing, for which the *savans* and literary people who sometimes came to spend their holidays amongst the romantic scenery of the neighborhood, had time and again offered him large sums; but no money could have purchased it, and no inducement persuade him to part with it. He liked the looks of it, the obsolete spelling, the quaint letters, the rude line engravings; and above all, the family record of his house for generations back. The book was open at the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and he was reading to himself, with a reverent but troubled look upon his countenance. He was a tall muscular man, broad-shouldered and well formed, his lower jaw square and firmly set, with a cleft in the chin just redeeming his countenance from grimness; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, and overhung a pair of large intelligent gray eyes; his forehead broad and moderately high, crowned with a full crop of soft black hair thickly sprinkled with white. Dressed in a suit of brown homespun, which hung loosely upon him without anything to relieve its homeliness of color or style, except the exquisite whiteness of his coarse linen collar, turned well back from his throat, and the spotless cuffs fastened around his sinewy wrists by a pair of old fashioned gold sleeve-buttons, there was yet in the appearance and attitude of the man a dignity and power as remarkable as it is difficult to describe. There was a vacant chair near—one of those prim, low-seated high-backed chairs, rich in beading and grotesque carving, all filled in with fine cane work which people who own them declare, with due solemnity, were brought over in the "May Flower;" but the Flemmings had no such tradition of

this one, and yet they never doubted but that it was brought in the old Puritan days from England by some of the early settlers; and wished sometimes that it might speak its own history, for it may have belonged to Miles Standish himself. Its origin however gave them small anxiety; it was so well filled that their eyes, hearts and minds were fully satisfied when its usual occupant, their little mother, was throned upon it; and had she by any inexorable event been forced to vacate it, it would never have been used again, but put aside as a precious relic of the best wife and mother who ever lived. They had all of them a very good idea of relics in a limited sense, and would only have regarded them as superstitious if religion had invested them with a sacred or spiritual meaning. Mrs. Flemming had just flitted from her chair, knitting in hand, to see after the welfare of a calf which was so unfortunate as to be born in the middle of a New England winter, and about which all her motherly instincts were aroused. There was yet another of the family group present, who sat leaning against an angle of the fire-place, poring over the pages of a well worn book, while the glow of the yellow flames fell round and upon him with a radiance that brought him out from the dark back-ground like one of those celestial figures one sees in the pictures of Domenichino and Velasquez. He was slight and delicately formed, his forehead broad and serene; his eyes large, blue and tender; while his pale golden hair, parted in the middle, fell in soft waving masses over his cheeks and neck. This was Reuben Flemming, the youngest of the children, a puzzle and sweet torment as well as mystery to the strong, practical, wholesome minds of his kindred, who were utterly at a loss to know what he was good for, because hard, energetic, ceaseless work did not agree with him, but set him to faint if he attempted to do what his sturdy brother Nicolas did, or turn white and trembling with a strange sickness which neither he nor they could understand. But Reuben Flemming had

a marvellous energy for books; indeed all of them were fond of books, and read intelligently, but with him it was a passion in whose sweet trances he would lose himself with utter forgetfulness of his surroundings: and Hope, who often watched him in those moods, declared that it was equal to seeing the rich glory of sunset reflected on the haze of the distant mountains, to mark the changeful emotions of his heart pictured on his lovely countenance.

Mrs. Flemming came in now and brought good news of the calf, and also a wholesome breath of chilliness as she fluttered around, and passing her hand lightly and tenderly over her husband's head, leaned over his shoulder and with a little sigh whispered: "Still troubled over the text;" and getting no answer, left him and took her seat upon her throne. A little body was Martha Flemming, neat, tidy and alert, with a quick, shrewd intelligence in her fine black eyes, and an expression of benevolence on her forehead which almost belied the rather suspicious and vindictive mouth whose thin lips and narrow chin made strangers think that she was a hard one to deal with, as she was, until to her clear thinking all that seemed doubtful in principle or fact was made clear to her.

"I am thankful," she said, as she settled herself and began turning the heel of her sock; "that the last chore is finished. The poor silly calf is as comfortable as can be; but I do wish Nick was at home. It is still snowing; indeed it falls thicker than ever."

"I told you so, Hope—I knew yesterday by the white mists over the mountains that we should have a good old fashioned snow before long. I am so glad," said Eva with a little laugh.

"So am I," said Hope; "the ground is well frozen, and the sleighing will be perfectly splendid. I do admire to see a great heavy fall of snow that covers up fences and walls, and blocks one up until one has to be dug out." Just then a gust of wind was hurled down from the mountains with such a roar and commotion

that the house trembled at the shock, while the sleet lashed the windows and walls with a shrill whistling sound that rose and fell with the wind like despairing shrieks. The women, although accustomed to the wintry storms of that region, had never heard the like of this before, and let fall their work and looked at each other, startled and pale. The boy Reuben did not hear the din; he stood beside Uriel in the sun, listening to the cherub who sought knowledge of Eden, his soul thrilling with horror, as at the angel's touch the beautiful heaven-clad thing faded into the swart, defiant, scowling image of Lucifer.

Wolfert Flemming lifted his head from the inspired page, and with an exalted look exclaimed: "O ye cold and heat, bless the Lord! O ye dews and hoar frost, bless the Lord! O ye frost and cold, bless the Lord. O ye ice and snow, bless the Lord; O ye nights and days, bless the Lord. O let the earth bless the Lord; let it praise and exalt Him above all, forever." With another man, this might have seemed like a dramatic display, but in him it was the spontaneous outflowing of a soul whose thoughts dwelt habitually on the infinite attributes of the Supreme Being, and who searched the Scriptures daily, hoping to find in them—nay, believing that he had—the words of eternal life.

"I guess father," said Mrs. Flemming after a little pause: "that we ought to be thankful that everything is housed. There's no such apples, potatoes, or pumpkins either, around as ours. I'm glad to know they are safe; but, deary me! I do wonder where Nick can be this wild night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**THE FIERY CROSS.**—The large cross on St. Paul's cathedral tower, Pittsburgh, was again lighted last night, and for the first time every one of the more than eight hundred jets burned brightly. The cross is supplied with rows of jets outside the edges and all the way around, placed two inches apart, and also with central jets running

by the middle of the upright and along the arm of the cross. The heat generated by so many lights is intense, but to guard against the cross becoming too hot, incurring the danger of splitting the rock in which it is set, the jets commence a considerable distance from the base. The effect when lighted is grand to an extreme. The emblazoned cross, penetrating the clouds, can be seen and distinguished from almost every point within four or five miles of the city.—*Gazette*, Dec. 29.

The *Post* says:—"On special occasions the cross will be lighted by electricity, after a design devised by Rev. Father Hickey. This plan uses a powerful battery; the wires from which extend parallel to the base of the cross, and approach each other without touching, where a gas jet intervenes. When the battery is set in motion, and the current of electricity is generated, it is known that in passing from the positive to the negative pole which, as we have said before, are in proximity, the electricity manifests its progress through the air by a flash, just as the phenomenon of lightning originates. At this moment, the gas escaping from the burner is ignited, and one jet after another catches and passes the flame, until the entire cross is a mass of fire. At a distance the effect is impressive, and recalls to mind the historic cross which presented itself in the heavens, as an omen of good fortune to the Emperor Constantine previous to an engagement with the pagans. This is the first instance of outside illumination, effected by electricity, which has ever been introduced into our country, and its success is entirely due to home talent and industry."

#### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 2....\$ 371 21  
Mrs. Potmire, Logansport, Ind. 1 00

Total amount on hand....\$ 372 21  
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868. 1,343 00

Total.....\$1,715 21

### A Rationalistic View of the Papacy.

The following well-translated article for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, from the Roman correspondence of the *Cincinnati Volksblatt*, is highly suggestive and valuable, because of the inimical source whence it comes:

The catholic hierarchy feels so secure of its power, its indispensableness, its indestructibility, that it looks with imperturbable complacency upon the schemes and agitations of Mazzini, Garibaldi, "and still worse characters, if such are possible," as the *Osservatore Romano* expresses it. "Peter signifies rock, and upon this rock the Lord hath built His Church," is one of the inscriptions in Saint Peter's church, and the Roman hierarchy plants itself on that article with a reliance firm as a rock. What? Have not the successors of St. Peter endured the sanguinary persecutions of the empire? Have they not withstood the devastating incursions of the Theodories, the Genseries, the Attilas, and the Roman expeditions of the German emperors? Have they not witnessed the end of the mighty imperator, Napoleon I, who laid hands on the anointed person of the Pope, and carried the Holy Father a captive to France? Have they not seen the fall of him who lorded it over Europe; seen him end on St. Helena like an evanescent *ignis fatuus*? And all the revolutions in Italy during the twenty years, the July revolution, and the eventful year 1848—that year distinguished by the weakness of kings and the stupidity of nations? Have they not all swept by the Holy Chair without leaving even a vestige of their course? And in our recent days, when Garibaldi's audacious hosts threatened sacred Rome, have not the holy Chassepots wrought miracles at Mentana and exterminated Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with their whole gang?

Why should we, after such experiences, grow despondent? No! Pope Pius IX,

his cardinals and archpriests, the Jesuits, and all the variety of monks, the entire hierarchy and priesthood, they all are so firmly convinced of their indispensableness and indestructibility, that, in Rome, everything would follow its wonted routine, though all the rest of Europe stood in flames. "Reforms, Holy Father, for God's sake, some reforms!" writes Napoleon III to Rome, and the Holy Chair answers with the old "*non possumus*." Reforms! Silly demand! If Rome could reform she would not be Rome. "*Sint uti sunt, aut non sint*," replied the General of the Jesuits to the progressive Pope, who had recommended changes and reforms in the statutes of the Order of St. Loyola; and so replies the Papal hierarchy, when reform in the Church is asked for. "Let her be as she is, or not at all!" What, have Savonarola, Giordano Bruno and others reformed? Nothing! And the mighty Eola Rienzi? Has he altered even a tittle in the Roman Government? They all sowed sand upon arid rocks and reaped torture and the stake. Or, has Martin Luther reformed the Catholic Church? No! The Reformation was a resolution against the existing order of things, of which princes, ambitious and lusting after aggrandizement, obtained control, and pocketed the profits in territory and the treasures of kirk and cloister. Rich and flourishing Germany was by the Thirty Years' War transformed into a howling wilderness; St. Peter's Chair in Rome stood as before, and the Jesuits governed princes and people. The Reformation created a religion which is no religion, because it lacks faith; because for faith it substituted human inquiry, which seeks for the cause of things, and as it advances from conquest to conquest in knowledge, its appetite becomes whetted and its searches extend more deeply, until it dissolves in nothing and perishes. Then come the Feuerbachs, the Strauss, the Renans and others, and sap and dig at the foundations of the edifice until cracks and fissures appear on every side, and one portion of the faithful ends in Deism and Atheism, while

the other, by the road of Orthodoxy, Puseyism, and the like, imperceptibly returns to the Papal hierarchy.

Such was the first impression which Rome made on me, and which I find confirmed in the whole confident bearing and physiognomy of the throng of prelates, abbots, secular priests, and shod and barefooted monks slinking along the streets. Is it a fanatical assurance? Is it the strong reliance on aid from without or from above, that engenders this self-conscious, imperturbable feeling of security? I do not know. But that it exists, I see and hear every day. Those who picture to themselves a Rome without the Pope and without the seat of the christian Church, and consider such a metamorphosis an easy matter, argue more by their wishes and prejudices than according to logical conclusions; and if Rome were to-morrow given to King Victor Emmanuel as the capital of Italy, it would be the most pernicious Greek present that could be thrust upon the young Italian nation.

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### Ordinations.

On Saturday, Jan. 2d, in the cathedral, Philadelphia, Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan conferred the sacred order of Priesthood on Rev. John W. Shanahan, Rev. Francis X. Schmidt, Rev. Thomas Reilly and Rev. Edward T. Field. The first named gentleman was ordained for the diocese of Philadelphia: the others for the diocese of Harrisburg.

In St. Mary's cathedral, Natchez, Dec. 25th, Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder ordained to the Sacred Order of Priesthood, Rev. P. Chevalier, Rev. Henry Alexander de Morangies and Rev. Louis Vally. All these reverend gentlemen will labor in the diocese of Natchez, comprising the entire State of Mississippi.—*Natchez Democrat*.

### Receptions and Professions.

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, CHESTNUT HILL, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—On the Feast of the Holy Innocents, the Rt. Rev. Bishop presiding,

the following Sisters of St. Joseph made their profession: Sister Hilary (Miss C. Lynch), Sister Thecla (Miss Mary O'Connell), Sister Magdalene (Miss Teresa Colman), Sister Othelia (Miss Agnes Colman), Sister Saint Roche, (Miss Anne Morgan), Sister Barbara (Miss Mary Sullivan).

On the same festival four young ladies took the veil in the same convent. The *Standard* says that during the past year about twenty ladies have abandoned the world and assumed the humble garb of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AT SHAKOPEE.—On the Festival of the Epiphany the Rt. Rev. Bishop received the perpetual vows of three Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict. The ceremony took place in the parochial church, in which all the people of Shakopee and the surrounding country seemed to have gathered, so great was the number present.—*N. W. Chronicle*.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Jan. 1, 1869.—On the 29th of December, an interesting ceremony took place in the chapel of the Visitation Order. The habit of religion was given to Miss Mary Kelly, of Parkersburg. On the same day, Miss Mary Merge, of Wheeling, was admitted to the religious profession. The name of the latter in religion is Sister Mary Catherine; of the former, Sister Mary Michaela. The Very Rev. Father Parke, V. G., presided.—*Mirror*.

### Deaths.

Died, at the House of the Good Shepherd, on the 1st of Jan., Sister Mary of St. Ann, whose departure to eternal rest was hastened by years of devotedness to duty in the Female prison, front Street.—*Cath. Tel.*

Convent of Sisters of Charity, East Broadway, New York, on the 29th of Dec., Sister Geraldine,—she died as she had lived, calm, and sweet, and patient, edifying even her sisters in religion by the ineffable peace and beauty of her last moments.—*N. Y. Tablet*.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

## Thsian-Kang's Tales.

[CONTINUED.]

It was so long ere our friend Thsian-Kang came again that I had to leave for my employment, and consequently I am indebted to second-hand sources for the tales he told Freddy and the rest of the family,—who were more, or at least as much, interested in them as Freddy himself.

"All mankind"—said Thsian-Kang,—  
"having the same origin, the sacred books of every race give a similar account to that of Moses—a time of innocence and happiness for the early inhabitants of the earth,—a time when man's passions did not master him. This is the tradition of every poet; and poetry was, as you know, the manner of transmitting history in the earliest times. The institutes of Menu in India, which are perhaps the oldest records, if we except that of Moses, presents us even with a delicious garden, in the midst of which stood a tree of knowledge, where the first pair lived whose names were Adim and Iva. A river surrounded this garden, and separated into four streams—eastward, westward, northward and southward. Those of the Egyptian priests taught a similar legend, as did also the 'mysteries' of Eleusis, and other initiators into truth, among the nations. When then Moses wrote his history of the creation, we must remember that he was writing undisputed facts which had been handed down from Noe, and which all nations had received, though they soon corrupted them. Now, we will understand thoroughly this history of our first parents before we proceed to the world's history, because it refers to a different state of existence to that in which man now moves, and is the state to which man aspires.

"God had created the heavens and the

earth, and saw that everything was good; that is, that it answered the intention of its creation. Vegetable life served to maintain animal life, and animal life sustained itself by instincts implanted by God: the bee knew where to find the flower which was to furnish it with honey, the sheep knew the pastures which were fitted to nourish its nature, the elephant needed no teaching to distinguish the forest fruit which was to serve him for food; the knowledge was within them when God made them, it was a part of their *MIND*, a part of their being; they need not go to school to learn the lesson of their existence."

"No," said Freddy, "I have often thought of that. It must be nice to be a bird, to go where one likes and take what one wants, without being told not to eat this nice thing, 'it will make you sick,' nor to jump that ditch, 'it will spoil your clothes.' It is far nicer to know all one wants, too, without sitting on a school bench six hours a day, and having a cut on the hand if one nudges the boy who sits next, and just says 'Look how it's snowing; won't we have a game by-and-by.' Why could not we learn as birds do?"

"Adam had the offer of so learning," said Thsian-Kang, "but he thought it better to find out things for himself."

"The fool," said Freddy; "but I do not quite see how it was."

"Adam," said Thsian-Kang, "was created with richer powers than the bird: he was meant to be the son of God, to have the same kind of enjoyment as God. He was of course to be lower than God, who is a spiritual essence; while Adam's spirit being linked to a body, he was to have some animal wants, but his soul was made so that it could take delight in order, in beauty; so that it could understand the order and beauty of holiness as they reside in God. Don't you like to see a beautiful procession, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy.

"And pretty flowers, and fine paintings?"

"Indeed yes!"

"Well, your pet lamb does not care for these; nor your canary birds, either; and there are many other pleasures, intellectual and spiritual, which Adam was created to enjoy, of which mere animals have no idea."

"Then why have we got not them?" asked Sophy.

"You have many of which you are scarcely aware, because you are accustomed to them. You have the love of the beautiful in this house; you have the love of order; you also have your father and mother, brothers, sisters, and friends; you have a measure even of the love of God;—you are blessed, I had almost said, singularly; for thousands upon thousands of men exist who have none of these blessings. Thousands of children in every large capital city in the world are brought up as mere animals, and live by vice and crime, in vice and crime. These again are not troubled by school; would you like to join them?"

"No indeed," said Freddy.

"And you cannot join the others, I mean the blessed ones, because you are not born into that state. Now, let us examine the matter.

"Adam was created with high powers of intellect, a high sense of the moral fitness of things, warm affections,—all these seated in a body which was to serve in the bringing into action these faculties: and that these faculties might preserve their health and vigor, and work in their fitting order, they were rendered specially dependent on the action of God on them. God's grace feeds the soul, and increases its power; so that whenever men want to feed themselves with sublime images, or perform a magnificent work, they are obliged to have recourse to the idea of God. The most beautiful paintings, the most splendid sculpture, are those used in the service of religion.

"Well, Adam did not know how much the action of grace on his soul was necessary to his happiness, to keep reason uppermost and the passions subdued, so he

forfeited grace; and now, instead of the inspirations of God to teach him, he has to work out knowledge; and to keep his passions in subjection he has to labor and to fast. That is the tradition of all nations.

"Man was created if not quite a God, yet so nearly one that he was capable of receiving lessons from God and of having perfect control over his passions, and over all animal nature; he lost this by disobedience, and has to win it back by labor in obedience.

Those who do this preserve their faculties; those who do not, become animals, and very frightful animals, too. Hard work is not agreeable, but it is necessary; not so much to obtain bread and knowledge—although hard work is needed for both these—as to obtain the use of one's own higher faculties for the acquisition of moral power, power over the animal part of one's nature."

"But rich men do not work," said Freddy.

"Those rich men who do not work either with their minds or hands," said Thsian-Kang, "sink into animals very easily, lose the use of their higher faculties, and become the nuisances of society."

"I thought all men wanted to be rich, that they might do as they like," said Fred.

"To do as they like! It is just because men have been intent on doing as they like that there is so much misery in the world. Because in most men the passions are not subdued, neither is the spiritual nature so called out as to be the dominant force, the ruling power; consequently, intent on selfish gratification, the strongest compels the weak, and misrule is the consequence. The little boys won't go to school unless compelled by papa and mamma, nor will the great ones of the earth put themselves to school, unless compelled by the great Father. It is the old story over and over again, as we read it in the Bible."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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## L E N T .

The days of fasting are at hand—those days of solemn recognition of sin; days set apart by the Church to avert God's wrath, to satisfy for sin, to mortify human passion, that the spiritual affinities of human beings may make themselves felt, may have time to express themselves, may exercise a salutary influence over our being. It is a restorative process, that of the solemn fast of the spring; a preventive process, a developing process. Is this understood?

How many recognize the fact that the lower faculties, those of the animal man, override the spiritual existence, and prevent it from expanding into life?—and that consequently these periods of mortification appointed by the Church have a definite and reasonable object: that of deadening the predominance of animalism, of reawaking spiritual life, and of raising the whole of man's being to that spiritual communication with his Maker which is the object of his existence, which affords the highest and the noblest enjoyment when once it has been entered upon, comprehended, fastened on as the true life; which contains within itself the germ of every happiness?

How few ever give this even a second thought! Men are full of projects to organize exterior establishments, which are to banish sorrow and misery and want from the human race; and with their steam, and their associations, and their organizations, they certainly make way in material progress: wealth increases and luxury increases, and a certain sort of

intelligence increases; but does morality increase? does mental force increase? The means of enjoyment seem on the increase; does enjoyment itself increase? Are people more happy, more contented, more cheerful than were their simpler forefathers? It doth not seem so.

And why is this? The answer is as old as the world. "The kingdom of God," which alone can produce happiness, "is within you," not outside, in your exterior embellishments, in your elaborate associations for physical convenience. You may ignore your filial relationships to God, you may overlay the spiritual faculty the exercise of which forms the truest, the highest good for man either in this world or the next, but you cannot satisfy the interior yearning with any food short of the bread of life; no lesser, no material food can appease the spiritual hunger: the divine instincts point to something better than the husks for swine which fill the animal but do not content the spirit.

On entering then the solemn fast of the spring, we may reasonably spend a short time in meditating on its efficacy, in preparing the spirit to receive God into the soul. The whole passage of the Gospel is so fraught with instruction that we transcribe it verse for verse, because taken together it contains a key to christian sanctification which is very striking.

"And in those days cometh John the Baptist preaching in the desert of Judea; and saying: Do penance; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Do violence to the flesh, subdue the rebellious passions, that you may be rendered capable of listening to the eternal truths which the eternal Restorer is about to proclaim to you:

"For this is He that was spoken of by Isaias the prophet, saying: A voice of one crying in the desert, prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight His paths." If reason has been subdued by the passions, if pride of human intellect has inflated the heart of man, the soul is not in a fit state to receive the word of the Lord; passion is blind, pride is overbearing, both must be cut down to prepare the way of the Lord, to make straight His paths.

"And the same John had his garment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." This was an example of real penance; and inasmuch as example is always far more efficacious than precept, it was highly calculated to attract attention. "Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the country about Jordan, and were baptised by him in the Jordan confessing their sins. And seeing many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said to them: Ye brood of vipers, who hath showed you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruit worthy of penance: And think not to say within yourselves: We have Abraham for our father: for I tell you, God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham."

Baptism to penance! inaugurated by confession, as a preparation of the heart, to enable it to comprehend God! What a lesson!

"And then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan, unto John, to be baptized by him. But John stayed him, saying: I ought to be baptized by Thee, and comest Thou to me? And Jesus answering, said to him: Suffer it to be so now: for so it becometh us to fulfil all justice. Then he suffered him."

This baptism of our Lord to suffering, that He might fulfil all justice, is a counterpart of our Lady's offering at the Purification, that she might fulfil the requirements of the law. In her humility she would not stand on her prerogative of sinlessness, even as our Lord when coming to "fulfil all justice" laid aside His

sovereignty of heaven and earth, that He might be an example to man as well as an atoner for his sin.

"From the days of John the Baptist, until now," saith our Lord, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence; and the violent bear it away."\* That is to say: those who have courage to do violence to themselves, to subdue themselves, to cast out evil to make way for the spirit of God. These are the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. If in preparation for entering on His ministry, our Lord thought fit to prepare humanity by setting an example of penance; if the voice from heaven acknowledged acceptance of this His offering, when the Spirit of God descended upon Him and proclaimed Him the well-beloved Son of God, and then led Him forth into the desert to fast forty days and forty nights previous to His being exposed to spiritual temptations, shall not we, who are exposed not only to spiritual temptations but a worldliness and "fleshly lusts that war against the soul," gratefully accept the helps that our Holy Mother Church affords us at this season of the year, and enter on the approaching fast of Lent "baptized by penance;" "to fulfil all justice"—that we too may feel the descent of the Holy Spirit, and hear the words "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." What hinders, save our sin? for we are *coheirs* "with Christ" to a place in our FATHER'S kingdom, which He hath won for us. A place, too, in our Mother's heart which we will implore her as "Mother of sorrows" to keep open for us.

Mary, under thy protection  
Do we place this fast of Lent;  
Children of thy predilection  
We invoke thee reverent!

Thou for us hast sighed and sorrowed,—  
Thou the sinless one,—the pure!  
Punishment for us hast borrowed,  
Our salvation to ensure.

All thy life was one long fasting,  
Ever governed each desire;

\* Matt. xi, 12.

Winning thus bliss everlasting,  
Cleansing earth with Heaven's own fire.

Thoughts of glory did enshroud thee  
While earth's clay still held thee bound;  
Nor could murky mists encloud thee  
While such visions shone around.

Far above all noxious vapors  
Towered thy spirit high and free,  
Filling up the angels' censers  
With a prayer as sweet as thee!

Mother, then, arouse within us  
Thoughts so fraught with pure delight  
As shall kill the sin within us,—  
As shall quell all appetite.

Crowd the evil out that's in us  
With high thoughts of heaven and thee!  
Beauty such as thine must win us—  
Win us for eternity!

Let our fast be sin's repression  
Setting free the soul's bright power;  
Panting for that glad expression  
Which awaits earth's final hour.

M. A. GELL.

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### Mary is Entitled to the Special Gratitude of those who Enjoy the Benefits of Redemption.

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[CONCLUDED.]

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III. In consequence of her assent being given, Mary having become Mother of God, let us pass to consider her in the *capacity of Mother*; and having already considered her influence in christian society on account of her virginity, let us see now how influential was her maternity in relation to the welfare of Adam's children. We mean to speak of her maternity not so much as Mother of God (because this is the object of a separate chapter), but as mother of a family, as the *honor and model of christian Motherhood*. Mary is to be considered as the moral ideal of the beauty of women, the type of womanly perfection; so that in her person the degraded condition of woman is restored. She is the new Eve repairing the damage caused by the first, and gloriously raising

and ennobling her own sex. St. Ephrem\* says that Mary ransomed Eve's travail: "Travail Adam on the woman brought, that from it had come forth. She to-day her travail ransomed, who to her a Saviour bare." St. Cyril of Jerusalem† says: "A benefit was owing to men from woman-kind; for Eve sprung from Adam, not conceived by a mother, but, as it were, brought forth by man alone. Mary, then, repaid the benefit, not by man, but immaculately by herself, conceiving by the Holy Ghost, through the power of God." St. Gregory Nyssen‡ says: "The woman is defended and purged through a woman. The former gave room and admittance to sin; the latter gave hand and caused the introduction of justice." St. Augustine§ says: "Because man fell through the female sex, by the female sex man was repaired: because a Virgin had been Mother to Christ, woman announced that He had risen again. By woman death came, and by woman life." And the same holy father|| adds: "By being born of a woman, Jesus Christ must needs have shown us some great mystery. . . . But what He showed us is this, that human creatures were not to despair of themselves in any sex, seeing that both males and females belong to a human sex. If, then, being a man, as He must needs have been, He were not to be born of a woman, women would despair of themselves, recollecting that the first sin was theirs, because the first man was deceived by a woman, and would fancy that they themselves had no hope in Christ whatever. He came then a man to choose first the male sex, and by being born of a woman to console the female sex; as He speaks to them and says: That you may know that no creature of God is bad, but that an evil pleasure perverts it. . . .

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\* Morris, Select Works of Saint Ephrem, Oxford, 1847, p. 2.

† The Catechetical Lectures, by Newman, Oxford, 1888, p. 188.

‡ Homil. de Nat. Chr.

§ Sermon. cccxxii, Oper. t. v, dar. i, p. 1108, Migne.

|| Sermon. li. Oper. t. v, p. 335, Migne.

See, I am born a man! See I am born from a woman! It is not then the creature which I made which I condemn, but the sins which I did not make. Let either sex see its own honor, and either confess its own iniquity, and either hope for salvation." Under the new dispensation, indeed, woman is no longer the slave of man, but she is considered to be equal to him, having the same unity of origin and end, a participation in the same celestial gifts, the same relationship with Jesus Christ, and the same high destination to heavenly glory. Moreover, the monogamia, the indissolubility of marriage, the elevation of it to the dignity of a sacrament, the protection given to it by religion, are safeguards of motherhood. When we consider that a woman has been elevated to be the Mother of her own Creator, we cannot have a better idea of woman's greatness; and likewise, when we see the very Son of God obey and honoring a woman, we have no words to express the sublimity of her dignity. In Mary's divine maternity all maternities have been ennobled, extolled, and made sublime. Mary, by associating womankind to the cradle, to the cross, and other mysteries of her Divine Son, brought the woman into contact with the Divinity. In conclusion, Mary, as has been affirmed by St. Irenæus,\* became "the advocate of Eve," and, we add, the joy and consolation of motherhood. The name of Mary considered from this point of view as beneficial to womankind, may perhaps, we think, have such power over the gentle and grateful hearts of the fair sex as to draw a tear of tenderness and love even from the eyes of some Protestant lady.

IV. It is the teaching of the holy fathers, that though Mary pleased God by her virginity, yet it was through her *humility* she became the Mother of God, and through her humility the mystery of the Incarnation was effected in her womb. Indeed the Blessed Mary herself tells us† that she became the blessed of all gen-

erations, because God regarded the humble disposition of her mind, and the state of humiliation in which she was: "Because He has regarded the humility of His handmaid, for behold all generations shall call me 'blessed.'" And the same is affirmed by the holy fathers. Origen, commenting upon the said text,\* says: "*Respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ*, God regarded me being humble, following the virtue of meekness, and wishing to be condemned." St. James of Nisibis† says: "When Christ was announced, it was by salutation He came to us, and it was owing to *humility* that Mary received Him, when Gabriel saluted Blessed Mary, and said, Hail, blessed art thou amongst women." St. Peter Chrysologus‡ says: "She who is called mistress by the angel, acknowledges herself and confesses to be His handmaid, because a pious soul on receiving favors, far from becoming haughty, and growing proud, increases in submission, and improves in grace." Indeed the humility of Mary was the humility of heart, which pleases God, and on account of it we receive divine favors; as has been observed by St. Ambrose,§ saying: "Mary was humble of heart." Hence St. Augustine§ exclaims: "O truly blessed humility, which brought God to man, gave life to mortals, renewed paradise, purified the world, opened heaven, and delivered the souls of men from hell." *Mary's humility* is therefore a new element towards the spiritual restoration of mankind, as without it the Son of God would not have taken from her human flesh. Hence it was from the tree of the humility of Mary that we had the first and divine type of humility, Jesus Christ, who for our sake humbled Himself unto the death of the cross. Humility introduced by Jesus and Mary produced in christian society a new order of ideas. The spirit of pride of

\* Homil. viii, translated by St. Jerome, Oper. t. vii, p. 236, Migne. † Serm. p. 273.

‡ Serm. cxlii, Oper. t. un. p. 582, Migne.

§ De Virg. lib. ii, Oper. t. iii, p. 209, Migne.

§ Serm. xxxv, de Sanct.

\* Adv. Hær. iii, v, 19.

† Luke i, 48.

Eve was vanquished by the spirit of Mary's humility. Hence in all ages of christianity a great number of believers, even belonging to the highest classes of society, despised honors, riches, and pleasures, to follow only the cross of Jesus Christ. Sabina, a noble Roman lady, while following the humility of Jesus and Mary, being asked by the pagan judge Elphidius if she were that Sabina so noble and esteemed on account of her blood and marriage, answered that all she cared for was the grace she had received of being liberated from the power of Satan, and of embracing the christian faith. Agatha, likewise a noble virgin of Sicily, on being tempted by Quintilianus, the prætor of Sicily, to give up the name of christian, on the ground that it was disgraceful for a lady of her high standing and nobility to follow the humble and servile life of a christian, answered: "Christian humility and slavery are much more noble and valuable than all the riches and pride of kings." In Speed's History of Great Britain, mention is made of eight kings and two queens, who, for humility's sake, renounced the world, and took the religious habit. In the preface to the "Monasticon," it is stated that within two hundred years thirty Anglo-Saxon kings and queens, in the midst of peace and prosperity, resigned their crowns to embrace the humble monastic life. Therefore it appears that in christian society Jesus and Mary's humility was a new element in the restoration of humanity.

V. But a new argument of Mary's co-operation in the great work of human restoration is this, viz. that when she gave the affirmative to the angel, saying "Be it done to me according to thy word," she, being enlightened by the spirit of prophecy, and by the Holy Ghost, was perfectly aware of the *onerous and responsible position* imposed upon her in consequence of her becoming the Mother of the Redeemer. Indeed she was aware by the prophets how many sufferings, pains, and torments the Son of God was to endure for the redemption of mankind, and how she her-

self in her capacity of mother would have to share in His passion. Indeed, it is attested also by Protestants, that Mary, for her time, was well educated, not only in female domestic habits but also in intellectual endowments. Charles Taylor\* says: "The acquisition of writing by a young Jewish woman adds proofs that Mary was in respectable circumstances, and had received a liberal education; for we are not to attribute to those times, and to that country, the same diffusion of knowledge as obtains among ourselves: writing and reading were rare among men, much more rare among women." Mary, therefore, in consideration also of her human knowledge, was a respectable, well-educated person. Origen† says: "Mary had the science of the law, and was holy, and knew by a daily meditation all predictions of the prophets, so that the salutation of the angel could not frighten her by surprise: She, therefore, continually reading the Holy Scriptures, being illuminated by the Holy Ghost, and instructed also by the doctors of the law, was aware of, and understood the sense of the prophecies relating to the future Messiah, so as to be able at the time of the angelic salutation to perceive how much He had to suffer for human redemption, and what share she was to have in it. Indeed, from Micheas she knew that her Son had to be born in Bethlehem, a miserable town. From Isaiah she was aware of the state of humiliation and pain which the Redeemer had to undergo: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? And He shall grow up as a tender plant before Him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground. There was no beauty in Him, nor comeliness, and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him; being despised as the most abject of men, a Man of sorrow and acquainted with infirmity, and His looks were, as it were,

\* Calmet's Dictionary, London 1832, p. 631.

† Homil. VI. in Luc., translated by St. Jerome, Oper. tom. vii. p. 231, Migne.

hidden and despised; whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows, and we have thought of Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed. He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before His shearers. . . . And the Lord was pleased to bruise Him in infirmity; and He shall lay down His life for sin. . . . He shall divide the spoils of the strong, because He hath delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked, and He hath borne the sins of many, and prayed for the transgressors." This was the scene of the passion of the Son of God presented to the mind of Mary by the prophet Isaiah, and she, by accepting the proposed divine maternity, had to witness it, nay, she had to participate in it, and feel as much as the most loving and tender mother would have done. Such a dreadful prevision was certainly no inducement to Mary to accept the office, nay, it was calculated to frighten and terrify her. However, in order to contribute as far as it was in her power to the rescue of fallen man, she readily accepted at that moment, and afterwards occasionally, all the troubles and afflictions annexed to such a painful office, and said to the angel, "Be it done to me according to thy word." St. Augustine\* says: "When Mary believed the angel, when she said she did not fear his embassy, and said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord, then she interposed for the world, and began to patronize the cause of mankind." St. Peter Chrysologus† adds that the angel himself was astonished, on consideration that mankind should have a new life through a woman. Here are his words: "*Invenisti enim gratiam apud Deum*; this being said, the

very angel wondered both that a woman should have such a grace, and that all men should have deserved to be entitled to a new life through a woman." And that Mary at the time of the annunciation was aware of her responsible position of having to give birth to Him who should be an object of great pain to her maternal heart, appears from what the same holy father\* adds: "Mary was admonished by the angel: thou must not think to have to bring forth a son for thyself; but as soon as He is born, call Him Redeemer; because thy virginity does not produce a son to thee, but it produces the pledge of the author, and thy integrity carries a master, not a subject; the angel saying, 'And thou shalt call His name Jesus, that is, Redeemer.'" Thus our Blessed Lady, by uniting her spontaneous sacrifice for our sake to the equally spontaneous sacrifice of the Son of God, co-operated and contributed with our Blessed Saviour to the spiritual restoration of mankind; and for it she is surely entitled to the particular gratitude and love of all christianity.

\* Ibid. p. 581.

THE late Sir Robert Peel, who was a man of statesmanlike energies, and extended experience as a statesman, was once suddenly summoned back from Rome to take charge of the government of his native country. His friends came about him and asked what he had seen? Amongst others one said to him, "I suppose, Peel, you have seen some miracles in Rome?" "Yes," answered Sir Robert Peel, with truly noble generosity of soul, "I have seen a miracle in Rome. Here it is. I have observed in Rome an utter absence of that which constitutes the strength and power of any other temporal government. She has no commercial resources, no military organization, or any of those other matters without which the permanency of States cannot exist, and yet, in spite of all this she has strength and influence, and state and government."

\* Sermo de Aqua in Vinum conversa, edito a Cardinali Majò, Spicil. Rom. tom. viii.

† Serm. cxlii, t. un. p. 580, Migne.

**Memorare.**

Remember, O remember sweet Mother, none can  
say  
That thou the suppliant from thy feet didst coldly  
turn away;  
Tho' sinful, sad, and weary, this thought doth trust  
restore,  
And bending low before thy throne, compassion I  
implore.  
Under thy kind protection take my soul, and be  
to me  
A Mother while I journey here, on life's tempestu-  
ous sea;  
And in that hour that seals my fate, be thou my  
refuge nigh  
Bearing to the throne of God the penitent's last  
sigh,  
Shield in thy tender arms the loved whose names  
I breathe to thee,  
Bring me and mine, sweet Mother, safe thy Son's  
dear face to see.

**THE FLEMMINGS.**

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

**CHAPTER IV.****HOW THE DAY PASSED, AND HOW IT  
ENDED.**

Elder Flemming came in with snow-shovels and gave one to Patrick McCue, and they went out to search among the drifts for the missing pack. Nearly up to their shoulders in snow, they worked with a will, clearing a space around the door and a few rods beyond, without success, until the Irishman, much of whose life had been spent in warm, sunny latitudes, felt disheartened and benumbed, and would have given up the search and gone back to the fire; but the sight of Flemming, whose face was ruddy with exercise, who worked on, plying his shovel vigorously while he tossed the great drifts aside as lightly as a ship tosses the white foam from her track on the seas, made him ashamed, and he bent his will to his shiv-

ering hands, pitching off the snow here and there as well as he could, seeing that he was cold and nearly out of breath—when suddenly, just when Flemming himself began to think the search useless, there it lay under a drift he had finished shovelling off, just where the broad flagged footway bordered with myrtle turned in from the road—its leather casing still frozen, but otherwise uninjured. Patrick McCue was overjoyed, and would have poured out his thanks on the spot in voluble eloquence and pious invocations, but the Elder hurried in to avoid hearing them. "He had done his duty," he thought, in helping the man to recover his pack, but that involved no obligation on him to listen to his idle and superstitious prayers." He told Reuben to show Patrick McCue his sleeping place to stow his pack in, and Reuben turned to his mother to know where it ought to be, who briefly said: "Over father's work-room;" and thither they went. It was a good enough nook, furnished with a cot, one or two chairs, a table on which lay a Bible, and an old spider-legged washstand, with cracked basin and pitcher—but comfortless looking and bare. However, this did not disturb Patrick, who was thankful to have a place to himself, since with the quick perception of his nature he had come to feel himself unwelcome, and his religion abhorred. Here, at least, he could bless himself in the name of the Holy Trinity, knowing it to be the sign of his belief in a crucified God, whose passion and death it kept him reminded of, and nourished in his soul the divine virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity; Faith, by the belief it signified in the death of the Son of God for his salvation; Hope, nourished and increased by this belief; Charity, or the love of God, excited by the sacred sign which represented to him the love which God showed mankind by dying on the cross for him. No wonder Patrick McCue made much of the sign of the cross, and was ready to brave peril and death itself for its sake; no wonder he was glad to be where he could bless himself to his heart's content,

and ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and say his beads, and pray after his own fashion for the benighted souls who had taken him in from perishing in the snow, without let or hindrance; and pray for their conversion he would to the day of his death, "for," he reasoned, "they've done more than give me a cup of could water for the love of God, though mebbe they don't know it; and it is unknownst that He ever let sich like actions fall to the ground unnoticed. Any way, I'll say my rosary for them, morn and night, tho' faith! it does seem like thrying to move a mountain to pray for their conversion; but there's nothing like thrying, and if my faith's no bigger than a millet-seed, I'll trust to the Blessed Virgin and the saints to make up what I lack." All these thoughts passed through Patrick McCue's mind while he was unstrapping his pack, never uttering a word but tugging at the straps and buckles, and unlocking the padlocks at each end, until finally he opened it, Reuben looking on with all the natural curiosity of a boy, to see what would come of it. The pedler thrust his hand into the depths of the pack and drew out a small crimson-covered book, blazoned with gilt, and altogether dazzling, which he gave with a beaming smile to Reuben, saying: "Faith! it's the very one I was looking afther; and do you take it, my lad, for a bit of keep-sake. It's the poems of my countryman, Tommy Moore, and you'll find the beautifullest things in it that'll do to pray by, to swear by, or love by; for you must know he's got some sacred songs there that 'ud melt the sowl of you; and some of the stirringst ditties about ould Ireland, that rouses the blood agin the Sassenach till it's like to boil over; and the love songs, honey, bate Bannagher—rale genuine poetry;—take it, my lad, with a hearty welcome." And Patrick McCue thrust it into Reuben's willing hand, who could have fallen upon his neck and kissed him out of gratitude for a new book; but after the first glow there fell a sudden shame upon him, and he said: "I have

never been used to taking gifts: my father will give me money to buy it of you if I ask him; but I thank you, sir, indeed I do."

"There's no money could buy that book, my lad, afther I've offered it as a free gift; and if you don't take it, I'll make short work of it by putting it into the hottest place I can find under the logs down there," said Patrick McCue, buckling up his pack with an irate sparkle in his dull eyes. "Where I came from it's not the way, bedad, to slap a man in the face with a gift offered out of gratitude, as if he was a beggar, too mean and too poor to be noticed." Then Reuben, so delicate in all his perceptions, felt another sort of shame, for he saw that he had wounded the heart of one who, under heavy obligations to them all, had sought in this spontaneous sort of a way to show his gratitude; and he said: "I am glad to have the book, Mr. McCue, only I was afraid I might be robbing you; but I'll take it with many thanks, and keep it for your sake." Then Reuben opened the book at "Paradise and the Peri;" his-greedy eyes devoured the verses, while his imagination and heart, dazzled and glowing, felt as if under a spell of enchantment; his golden hair fell over his flushed cheeks, his dreamy eyes flashed and his heart swelled with great pulses of delight while he read; indeed he clean forgot Patrick McCue and everything else, until suddenly his vision of delight was dispelled by his mother's voice calling them with rather a sharp accent to come to dinner; then he thanked the peddler again in his warm boyish fashion and put the book into his pocket, feeling richer in its possession than if some one had given him a string of diamonds. "I knew you'd like it," said Patrick with a kindly smile; then they went down to dinner.

Mrs. Flemming felt it to be a fiery ordeal to sit at the table with the Irish peddler; and when he blessed himself, after the Elder's lengthy and sonorous grace, she winced and snapped her eyes as if hot iron had touched her flesh, but said nothing. Then the Elder began to ask him

some questions about Boston, which neither he nor any of his family had ever visited, it being a hundred miles distant, and in those days the facilities for travelling were few, and at the best difficult as well as dangerous, so that prudent and timid men were deterred from attempting the journey; but as Patrick could give him but little information about this famous New England city, except that he was arrested, fined and put in prison, and not treated too kindly there, "for just taking a suck at his pipe Sunday evening, coming from Vespers, and was troubling nobody at all with the smoke of it, being in the open street; 'bating that, it seemed to be a flourishing sort of a town, but it looked small to him just landed from Dublin, where the English sogers, bad as they be, lets a fellow smoke his *dudheen* day in and day out without molesting him."

This was not very satisfactory about Boston to any one except Mrs. Flemming, who, although she did not say so, was delighted that the peddler had been made to suffer for breaking the Sabbath, and thought Boston must be a most godly place. Then some one asked him about his voyage across the seas, and the Elder wanted to know something about vine-growing in France; and Patrick McCue, who had travelled here and there with his eyes wide open, gave such pleasant accounts of it all, mixed up with strange and perilous adventures, and now and then such racy descriptions of his own blunders, that two or three times a peal of hearty laughter ran around the board; and Mrs. Flemming, even while she knitted her brows to pretend she was neither interested or amused, wished to herself that "Nicholas were there to enjoy it all." Eva and Hope were enchanted; it was all new to them, this free and easy way of telling things they had been dreaming of all their lives, and thought of as they thought of the possibilities of the moon, as mythical and as unattainable; and they were sorry when there was no more pumpkin pie to be eaten, for no excuse was sufficient in this systematic puritan family

to linger around the table when a meal was finished; so with the glamour of Patrick McCue's adventures like a new atmosphere around them, they rose from their chairs, standing while their father "returned thanks" and the Irishman made devoutly the blessed sign of the cross upon himself, which gave them all a sensation like the sudden discharge of a pail of cold water in their faces. But he was nothing daunted; it was as natural to the spiritual life of him to make this blessed sign as it was to his natural life to breathe, and he could not for the soul of him understand how any rational being, who was not a heathen, could object to a symbol which meant so much. But he sat down with Mr. Flemming, and smoked with him, and fell back into the conversation which was interrupted by their rising from the table; and later, when the Elder went away to his "workroom," and Mrs. Flemming started to go and look after the calf, and its mother, whose udder over-full made her low complainingly, he began to tell the girls about the dances of the Spanish peasants, and a bull-fight he saw in Seville.

"I say, mother," called the Elder, who saw the little woman flit past his door, "let *me* go; it is very cold. Go back to the fire."

"Tut," she replied, coming in for a moment, "I'm not so old or thin-blooded, father, that I can't attend to my own business, and all under shelter too. I'm warm enough." So she was, for the ferment of her blood over the papistical ways of Patrick McCue had not yet cooled off.

"I spoke to the man about his doings," began Flemming.

"I wonder now!" exclaimed she.

"I did indeed, mother; not offensively, mind you; but I did. I told him that his cross, and praying to the saints, was an offense to the simplicity of our religion, and asked him to refrain from such usage while with us."

"I thought you couldn't stand it, father, any more than I," she said approvingly. "And what did he say?"

"He got up, when he understood what I meant, buttoned up his coat and put on his hat, and was about going out into the storm, 'for,' he said, 'rather than stay under a roof where he dare not make the sign of the cross upon him, he'd try his chances in the snow; and if he perished God would be merciful to him:' and he was going, mother—going, remember, to his death; but I held him back, seeing his sincerity in being ready to perish for what he thought right—and told him to stay and welcome, that his conscience should not be interfered with again."

"That was manful of him, father, to say the least of it," said Mrs. Flemming after a thoughtful pause. "It beats me, though, that a man should be ready to die for so small a thing as that."

"It seems so at first thought; but as he sees it—mind, mother, as *he* sees it—he would have felt guilty of denying his whole Faith, of which the cross is a symbol, by putting it under foot at any man's bidding. I am ashamed to have asked him."

"Land sake's, father, what may that be? Listen now! The man must be singing; singing some of his ungodly songs there, where the Word has been read, and the hymns of Zion have been sung for more than a thousand years; and now—I wonder! there's a jingle like sleigh-bells keeping time. Hope and Eva shall come away," exclaimed Mrs. Flemming, making a move towards the door to call them; but Flemming laid his hand upon her shoulder and detained her, saying: "Let them be, mother; let them be. The young and unregenerate are always fond of novelties, and we must be wary how we go about pulling up the tares, lest we pull up good wheat with them. They are good children, according to the natural law, and a little harmless amusement won't harm them."

"Ah, father! no wonder people say that you are wanting in orthodox discipline in your over indulgence of your children. It wasn't so in *my* young days. But I can't stay here another minute; that cow is

needing me," said Mrs. Flemming, in tones of reproof.

Yes, it was Patrick McCue, singing. Feeling more genial after the bull-fight, he began to tell Hope and Eva about the Spanish muleteers, and ended by singing a muleteer song while he accompanied himself by softly jingling the tongs against the brass globe of one of the andirons, in such good time and with such light touches that the girls almost imagined themselves on some romantic slope of the Sierra Nevada, listening to the bells of the mules and the songs of their leader as they wound away among the mountain passes, far above the blue waters of the Guadalquivir. It was a treat to these isolated young things, a novelty so enjoyable, to hear the music and language of other lands sung in a clear flexible tenor which was melody itself, that they forgot everything—even Bunyan's picture of the Pope sitting at the door of a cave, with bones and skulls strewn around, watching like an ogre for unwary pilgrims, to devour them body and soul—and asked for more, and yet more, until the old black rafters rang again with the songs of old; they forgot their wholesome dread of displeasing their little mother; they forgot Patrick McCue's homely face and red head, his superstitions and idolatries, while his voice, like one of those exquisitely toned old Straduarinus violins in its clumsy weatherworn case, uncultivated but rarely sweet, melted into some of the ballads of his own Emerald Isle, which he sang with such pathos that the sewing dropped from their fingers moistened with tears that they took no note of. In the midst of it all, a sudden illumination glorified the room: a sharp bright gleam of sunlight burst through the western window—the prison-gates were open, and the golden gleams swept through broken bars of cloud, fringing the black overhanging edges above with brilliance, and crowning the snow-clad mountain peaks with diadems of iridescent light, and their slopes with a tissue of spangled silver: while the scattered snow-flakes, large and fleecy, that fell slowly

here and there gemmed and reddened by the setting sun, floated in the air like the plumage of some tropical bird swept captive by the storm-winds from her nest in the nutmeg trees of the Orient. With a joyous cry Eva and Hope sprang to the window, while Patrick McCue hailed the sunset splendors as a sign of promise and home.

The night was cloudless, and the distant ridges and crests, the far-off peaks and boulders, the nearer slopes of the mountains, all glistening in robes of crystal as the full moon anointed them with silvery chrims, rose silent and beautiful beneath the spangled heavens, while Orion, glittering in full armor, seemed to rest his jewelled sandals upon their proud heads. There was no human sound to disturb this grand repose, only a low quivering chime rang out softly now and then, whenever the wind sighed through the glittering ice-covered trees of the forest belts, smiting them like cymbals with a soft clash together. But presently a confused sound of voices, full of lusty cheer, intermingled with chorus and huzza, was heard in the distance, drawing nearer and nearer towards the "Old Homestead," and before long the cause appeared. The young men of the country-side, led by Nicholas Flemming and John Wilde, were out with their ox teams, their heavy sleighs and snow-shovels, breaking the road by moonlight, and when they got sight of the lights gleaming through door and window of the "Old Homestead," their cheers rang out loud and clear on the night, while the panting oxen and tired horses, scenting the well filled racks, put forth all their sinewy strength to get to them. Mrs. Flemming was soon clasped in the arms of her great broad-shouldered son, who, "bearded like a pard," lifted his little mother up and kissed her fondly, while she whispered: "Thank God that you are safe, Nicholas; I have had an uneasy time about you."

"And I up there at the Deacon's, having the best time I ever had in my life," he said laughing, as he put her down to kiss

his sisters, shake hands with his father, and pull Reuben's golden hair: then all of a sudden he saw Patrick McCue and he exclaimed: "Hilloa, *you* here! I thought the wolves had eaten you, my friend;" while he shook him heartily by the hand.

"And I'm sure, sir, after we crossed each other up yonder last night, I never expected to see you alive again; but you see how things come together. While Almighty God was holding you in safe keeping, your people here saved my life; may the Blessed Mother of God reward them," answered the irrepressible Patrick, with beaming countenance.

"Hilloa! The what——? but never mind, it's a free country. Mother, get us some supper. John Wilde don't want any; but I'm hungry enough, I can tell you." John Wilde and Hope were standing apart, he still holding the hand she had held out to welcome him, whispering words to each other that brought a softer light into their eyes and kindled a warmer glow upon their cheeks, for they were betrothed lovers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### Foundation of a Daily Mass.

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FOR THE ERECTION OF A NEW CHURCH AT  
NOTRE DAME.

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Gratitude to our Blessed Mother for the many blessings obtained through her powerful intercession ever since the foundation of this house, has urged us to begin at once the execution of a project we have entertained for some years past, viz: to build a church at Notre Dame—not merely an edifice suitable in size to the want of both students and community, but a church worthy in some manner of the glorious Patroness of the place, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Though we feel convinced that all the friends of Notre Dame, and all the fervent children of Mary, would freely and generously aid in the undertaking without other hope of recompense than the satisfaction of having as-

sisted in building up a magnificent church in honor of Our Lady, and erecting a monument worthy of her in the United States, of which she is the glorious Patron, yet we offer inducements to aid in the work which we hope will be motives not only for the pious and zealous children of Mary, but for all catholics, even those who do not yet, but who soon will, fully realize that the surest and quickest way to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is to obtain the protection and help of His Blessed Mother.

There will be established a daily Mass, to commence on the 31st of May 1869, to be said for fifty years, for all those who shall contribute \$50 to the erection of the church.

Any offering less than \$50 will entitle the giver to the fruits of the daily Mass from the 31st of May, 1869, up to the dedication of the church.

Our Right Rev. Bishop has already given a cordial approbation to the Foundation; persons who could not easily give at once \$50, can pay in installments.

W. CORBY, S. S. C.

We commend the undertaking to the protection of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, by whose intercession we hope to see again our friends, as heretofore, generously contributing to the cause of religion, to the glory of God, and the honor of our Immaculate Mother, Patroness of our country.

A. GRANGER, S. S. C.,  
*Provincial.*

### Obituary.

VERY REV. JOHN STIEBEL, Vicar General of this Diocese, and Pastor of St. Mary's church, Allegheny, died at a quarter to two o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst.

The sorrow, deep and crushing, with which the announcement was received by the thousands who knew and admired, and

loved and revered this holy priest, is the strongest proof of the charity, zeal, prudence, and success which marked his life. Not alone amongst the members of his own flock, nor even amongst the Germans of the diocese, to whose spiritual welfare he more particularly devoted himself, but among all who had the interests of our holy religion at heart, all who could appreciate the character, and value the merits of Father Stiebel, will his death be a cause of mourning. All those that knew him, whether within or without the Church, could not but be edified at the holiness of his life, the heartiness with which he threw himself into any work that charity pointed out to him, the unswerving fidelity with which he pursued the career opened out to him in his vocation.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

VERY REV. TERENCE J. DONOGHOE, Vicar General, Dubuque, Iowa, and founder of the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., or Sisters of the Ten Commandments, died at his residence, a few miles from Dubuque, on January 5th, in his 76th year. Deceased was ordained in the Diocese of Philadelphia, where he labored with untiring zeal as the associate of the late Archbishop Hughes for many years. He was a man of most exemplary and edifying life, of great kindness of disposition, and an honor and ornament to the ministry.

### Feast of the Crown of Thorns.

FEBRUARY 12.

Every Friday of Lent is set apart by the Church to commemorate some portion of our Divine Redeemer's dolorous Passion. On the first Friday we commemorate the "Feast of the Crown of Thorns;" the second Friday "The Lance and the Nails" that pierced His sacred feet; the third Friday "His bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives;" the fourth is the "Festival of the

Five Wounds;" the fifth Friday commemorates "Our Divine Saviour's Most Precious Blood;" the sixth "The Compassion of His most afflicted Mother;" and the seventh the infinite price paid for our Redemption by the crucifixion on Mount Calvary.

In striking contrast with the materialistic spirit of the nineteenth century is the catholic spirit, which in all ages has animated the Church, drawing the souls of all her children to the closest communion with our Lord in His sacred humanity; hence we have these festivals, commemorating not only the events of His life upon earth, but also recalling the place of His labors or the instruments of His Passion. It is the spirit that animates all her festivals, and, in proportion as a nation preserves the faith, it permeates all her social feasts and gala days—so that often some ordinary circumstance becomes the incentive to acts of heroic virtue and deeds of generosity and sanctity whose good influences rest upon the ages to come. The following narrative is but one of a thousand which illustrates this faith of the catholic heart, as it tells us how the "Feast of the Crown of Thorns," some four hundred years ago, brought sanctity to one, and blessings to many—even down to our own days—in the good old city of Lille.

Perchance the narration of such deeds may increase the spirit of generosity in our own midst for the endowment of hospitals, asylums and churches. With this hope let us turn to our history, and show how all Lille was keeping holiday, and the pale beams of a February sun which for hours had been waging a doubtful strife with the dull grey clouds, shone upon a brilliant cavalcade that was passing through the crowded streets, on its way to the market-place in the centre of the town. All the wealth and luxury which a prosperous commerce and an ever restless industry enabled the Flemings of that day to display, seemed to be paraded in the gorgeous procession, half religious, half chivalrous in character, which, as it followed the devious course of the Gothic-

built streets, looked like some winding stream chequered with divers bright and lively colors. Nothing was to be seen but one long fluttering array of velvet and silk, coats-of-arms richly emblazoned, precious jewels sparkling on the breasts or in the caps of the numerous horsemen, while the steeds themselves, tall and strong, and caparisoned with no less elegance than splendor, arched their proud necks and tossed their noble heads as if conscious of the stately plumes with which they were adorned. In the centre of the cavalcade, mounted on a bay horse, advanced a young man of engaging appearance, clad in magnificent armor, and carrying in his hand a thorn-branch as though it had been a sceptre. Four young girls on horseback, splendidly apparelled, held the gilded reins of the steed on which rode the hero of the fête; and before him went a squire, bearing his escutcheon of gules with a chevron of gold. The martial clang of the trumpets sounded merrily through the market-place, and the people thronged together from all sides, crying "Hurrah! hurrah! long live Sir Joy! Long live the King of the Thorn!"

The procession, after traversing the street of St. Peter, had passed in front of the venerable collegiate church dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles, and the palace of La Salle, the ancient residence of the counts of Flanders, part of which has been converted into a hospital; thence, leaving on the left the castle of Courtray, with its cluster of sharp-pointed turrets, it swept along the street now called the *Grande Chaussée*, and reached the large square which lies to the north of the majestic church of St. Stephen.

There might be seen that fountain so famous for its beauty, and the graceful chapel to which popular admiration had given the name of "The Gem,"—both long since left to fall to ruin, or destroyed by revolutionary fury. The inclosure prepared for the tournament was strewn with fine sand, and surrounded by barriers decorated with the colors of the town—gules and gold. The leading magistrates, and strangers of

distinction, were ranged on a platform gaily arrayed with tapestry and awning. The marshals of the tourney kept the entrance to the lists, which they now threw open as the cavalcade approached. Proclamation was then made, in the name of the King of the Thorn, that he and his company were ready then and there to do battle with all comers from the various towns of Flanders, and especially from Valenciennes, Ghent, Ypres and Bruges. A golden hawk was the prize of the tournament, to be presented to the victor by the hand of a fair lady. And who would not deem that, in time so remote, nobles and nobles only were the actors in a scene of so much grandeur and beauty? But it was not so: the fête was conducted by burghers, and burghers only, arranged and furnished all; their activity, independence and energy of spirit raised these Flemish citizens—merchants and traders as they were—to a level with the proudest knights that ever graced the chivalry of England or France. We shall not here recount the gallant deeds of arms performed by the good burghers of Lille in these their courtly lists, wherein, sooth to say, coolness and dexterity were needed more than strength or warlike bravery; for they who originated this noble pageant meant to furnish a generous and a manly pastime, not a sanguinary fray.

The Festival of the Thorn, which drew such multitudes to Lille, was instituted in the year 1220, in the reign of Philip Augustus. Every year the magistrates chose a "king" to preside at the jousts, banquets, and fêtes by which his reign was signalized. This king was to be a burgher of honest family, and at the same time a man of fair name and goodly substance. His duties were onerous: he must possess such a liberal spirit as would conciliate all parties, and a purse adequate to provide entertainment for his fellow-citizens with becoming dignity and splendor. With these public festivities religious practices were always united. Immediately after his election, the king proceeded with his subjects to the Dominican convent to

venerate a precious relic, a thorn out of our Saviour's crown; which done, they repaired to the church of the Templars, to pay their devotions to St. George the Martyr, whom the Flemings have held in special honor, and at whose altar, as the patron of christian chivalry, the victor in the jousts hung up his armor.

The king chosen in the year 1441, in the reign of the great duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, possessed all the qualifications of character and fortune required for the exercise of the functions of his mimic royalty. His name was John de la Cambe, after his native place. He was of cheerful, cordial disposition, frank and courteous to all, and one who discharged the duties of his office with vivacity and order. After the tournament, in which he had generously yielded the prize of victory to an opponent from the town of Valenciennes, he repaired with his brilliant train to the monastery of the Friars-Precachers. The Thorn, which had been presented to the religious by the Countess Jane, was placed high above the altar in a magnificent reliquary amidst a thousand burning tapers; the king threw himself on his knees before it, and immediately an extraordinary change was observed to pass over his countenance; the brightness and animation which had flushed and lighted up his features were succeeded by an expression of the most profound devotion; all remembrance, all consciousness of the stirring scene from which he had just come, and of all the pomp and circumstances with which he was still surrounded, seemed in an instant to have gone from him; so intense, so marvellous was his deafness to all outward things, that it looked less like abstraction than rapture. And so indeed it was: he saw not the jewels nor the lights; his soul was wholly filled with the contemplation of Him whose brow that thorn had lacerated; it was as if he beheld the Precious Blood oozing from each puncture and covering that Sacred Countenance with its coagulated stream, while an inward voice seemed to say: "His visage

shall be inglorious among men, and His form among the sons of men." His companions were astonished at the length of his devotions, and his esquire Pi rron grew impatient, and could scarcely restrain the chafing steed that stood prancing and pawing the ground at the door of the church. It was long before John de la Cambe reappeared. The trumpets sounded and the gray cavalcade went glittering through the streets, amidst the acclamations of the people. But a far different sight was before his eyes, and far different cries in his ears: he saw One sitting crowned with thorns amidst jibes and cruel mockings, and He hid not His face from shame and spitting.

Twenty years have rolled away since the splendid pageant we have just described. As then, John de la Cambe is a citizen of Lille; as then, he is rich and highly esteemed; no change is visible in his worldly condition, but a complete transformation has taken place in his individual life. Detached from the world and its illusions, and emptied of the love of creatures, his heart is filled with a boundless love of God and his brethren; and every day that burning charity is exercised in most admirable acts of faith, mercy, and devotion. Not content with magnificently adorning the churches of the town, and promoting the general good by numerous pious foundations, he is the father of the poor, the nurse of the suffering; the tenderness which saints have lavished on these dearest children of Christ's family had its counterpart in him. Widows, orphans, the sick and friendless, found their way to that mansion at whose threshold they were sure to meet with a ready welcome. It was, above all, during a grievous famine, which desolated Flanders in the year 1461, that John de la Cambe exhibited that profuseness of charity which made his house the refuge of the destitute. God, who is love, oftentimes kindles in the breasts of His elect a spark of His own ineffable compassion, as if to comfort the poor and needy with a visible token of His most merciful providence. Blessed is he who

opens his heart to this grace; blessed is he who watches over the wants of the afflicted! "The Lord shall deliver him in the day of sorrow; the Lord shall make all his bed in his sickness." The famine had long prevailed, and the distress of the people increased from day to day; so numerous were the unhappy creatures who continually besieged the doors of this good citizen of Lille, that his resources, large as they were, were at length exhausted. His granaries were empty; all the corn they contained had been cast with unsparing hand into the lap of the poor; and still fresh supplicants came, still gaunt forms, with famished faces, looked to him, and clamored, too, for aid, and lean and wasted hands knocked at the gate which ever opened at the touch or cry of the distressed. John gave the wretched people the last victuals in his larder, the last coin in his purse; and none who asked in the name of Jesus Christ went away empty.

The domestics loudly murmured; Pierron, his old esquire, above all: "Our master," said he, "will leave us nothing but empty bag and platter." But his grumbling did not disturb the unalterable sweetness and untiring charity of the once King of the Thorn. One day a poor woman came to the door, all in tears, pale and feeble, begging, for the love of God, but one handful of corn. It was Pierron himself who went to the gate, and history says that he did not receive her very kindly. However he informed his master what she wanted. John was touched with compassion, and he said to Pierron with much emotion, "Go to the granary, my son; sweep the floor, if need be, and let this poor creature have all you can collect." At these words Pierron could no longer contain himself: "Did his master not know that the granary was empty? that the floor had been swept perfectly clean long, long ago." John was not the least shaken; he gently insisted and Pierron was obliged to obey. He went grumbling up the granary steps. To his surprise, when he pushed at the door, he found some extraordinary resistance, but by an

effort he forced it open; the next moment he had fallen on his knees at the threshold. The granary he had left empty was as full of wheat as it could hold; the precious golden grain lay heaped up as high as the rafters of the roof, and streamed out through the open door. It was manna from heaven, which the Lord had sent down for His poor at the prayer of His servant; for God doeth the will of them that fear Him; the God of Israel is good unto all that call upon Him! Pierron rushed down the steps, and with a sample of the miraculous corn in his hand threw himself weeping and repentant at the feet of his master. The prodigy was soon noised through the town, and John had the consolation on this day of filling the multitudes who came to beg a share in the bounty of heaven, and nevertheless retaining wherewith to satisfy the largeness of his charity on future occasions. But charity so heroic was desirous of extending its mercies to generations still to come. John de la Cambe founded at Lille a hospital for the reception of thirteen old people, men and women, the poorest and most infirm that could be found, and committed them to the care of eight religious of the Augustinian rule. He placed this foundation under the patronage of St. John Baptist, and amply endowed it by the gift of the house he inhabited in the street *des Malades*, as well as of a considerable tract of land, situated for the most part in Belgium, on the confines of Holland. This pious and charitable foundation has survived the ravages of war and the storms of revolution. The house of John de la Cambe still exists; the walls that beheld his numerous works of mercy, and witnessed that most touching miracle which God granted to His servant's prayers are still standing. They have not ceased to serve as an asylum for the destitute and infirm; the nuns of St. Augustine have never ceased for four centuries to nurse and tend the poor of Christ beneath those hospitable roofs. The old town of Lille, once the favorite abode of the counts of Flanders and the

dukes of Burgundy, has changed its aspect a thousand times under the divers rulers who have held it. That one little plot of ground alone, consecrated to God and to His poor, has retained its original destination and its traditionary renown;—token of the immortality which God has bestowed, even in this world, on works of charity.

The subject of the above legend was thrice married. He was a master tradesman, and dealt in marble and alabaster. The miraculous supply of corn is attested by the historian Buzelin, in his "*Annals of French Flanders*,"\* and by an unbroken tradition. The granary which was the scene of so astonishing an interposition of Providence is still extant, and bears the name of the "*Granary of Miracles*." It now forms part of the dormitory of the pensioners and in a silver reliquary are still preserved some grains of the wheat so miraculously multiplied.

The hospital has for some time been used as an asylum for persons of broken fortune, and for this purpose several new foundations have been added. At present only women are received, and of these the number is considerable. There, to this day, may be seen the fair and spacious dormitories, the ancient hall, adorned with carvings of rich and quaint design, serving now for work-chamber and common sitting-room and the refectory of the nuns, and hung with paintings of rare value. His portrait, which has no artist's name upon it, is painted on a diptych, or folding tablet, and is after the style of the old Flemish school, which was remarkable for its minute elaboration of details and accuracy of execution. The St. John Baptist represented on the left wing appears to be of a more recent date, and may perhaps have taken the place of the founder's wife. The arms of John de la Cambe are emblazoned on the back.

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\* Book I.

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A rash judgment is the offspring of an idle soul.

# AVE MARIA.

*A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.*

Vol. V.

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## Mary the Key to Mystery.

The scientific world is occupied in dissolving Truth, placing it in a crucible over earthly fire, testing its component particles by worldly principles, destroying its life, and then analyzing its dead members in order to discover what these members are calculated to do, how they ought to act, what results they are formed to bring about.

Can a lifeless body—even when every muscle is laid open, when every nerve is bared—give an idea of the strong vigor of life? Can it disclose the mystery of a thought? tell how ideas are formed? or unravel the enigma of instincts seizing on the action that is best calculated to preserve them in existence?

In a word, can a disjointed corpse portray to us the grand existence, the stirring motive powers, the glowing aims, the vigorous action of an intelligent well-regulated man?

If not, we have at least a reason why man cannot by his materialistic researches discover Truth; something always escapes him,—something intangible, invisible,—something which imparts action, affords motives, produces beauty, gives individuality, but which cannot be caught, analyzed or described.

The world in its varied forms is but an expression of something above the world, beyond the world, more real in its essence than the world itself; and we can no more find out what that something is by handling the fragments of the dead limbs of the world, than we can discover life or ex-

plain the conditions of vitality in the dislocated limbs of a soulless body.

Life is a mystery beyond human penetration, and to which there is no key but in the revelation God hath vouchsafed—vouchsafed in order to content the yearnings of the creature He has made.

The instincts of man, unlike those of animals, are not contented with existence and the enjoyments that existence produces; man must know, understand, approve and appreciate creation and its Author, or he is not satisfied.

He was made for this; he should not be satisfied with less. When he quells this inward yearning—when he ceases to care about higher subjects than how to bring comfort to the body—he degrades himself, stifles the action of his best faculties, becomes less than man; for man was created to know, love and serve God, even as a child should seek to know, love and serve his father.

The instinct, then, which prompts the desire of knowledge, is, if rightly directed, a noble one,—one resulting from the primeval connection of man's soul with God Himself.

He who seeks knowledge by studying the action of God, raises himself in the scale of existence; but the most sublime action of God is His manifestation in the flesh; and this knowledge, well understood, affords a key to all the rest.

Reason itself tells us that even before creation began, the Creator must have specially borne in mind the key-stone of His work, the God-Man for whom all things were created, on whose account man (the image of the God-Man) became so dear to God; for if in the order of time

the God-Man, Christ, is the last work of God, He is in the order of the eternal councils the first. For not in those councils themselves, but in their development, does the least perfect precede that which is more perfect.

Thus it is that man came after inanimate and unreasoning beings, because these are for us even as we are for Christ and Christ for God.\*

Now, no one among mankind stands nearer to the God-Man than Mary; no one is more inseparable from Christ,—from which it results that Mary was also borne in mind in the eternal councils of God; that she was eternally predestined to be the Mother of God.

If we need proof of this proposition we need but turn to the first pages of Holy Writ. We there find the Mother of God preordained: the woman whose offspring is to crush the serpent's head.

She is the human origin of the God-Man, to whom she imparted of her flesh; the necessary link of communicating divinity to us. Framed even as Eve was, beneath the action of grace; placed even from the first moment of her being in her true place as daughter of the Eternal Father, she differed from Eve mainly in this: that she valued and cherished her birthright as the highest boon God could bestow on her; that the spiritual communication which flooded her soul with delight and imparted to her the most precious of all knowledge,—knowledge as it exists in God, its author and manifestor,—was by her appreciated as those only can appreciate whose spiritual faculties have been not only awakened, but trained, developed, fostered by the hand of God Himself.

Mary saw material creation through the light God shed upon it. Her intellect descended from a higher study to look upon it; and yet she looked on it with reverence, for it was the work of the Most High,—a manifestation of Him.

But had the spiritual eyes of Mary been for a moment closed, had her spiritual

understanding been dulled so that she could no longer see in God the solution of the mystery of existence, then she would have become like one of us when we dissect with our penknives the vast arcana of the material world; and when having unearthed its soulless mummies, we display the weird-like figures where life has been, and form in our theories fitting inhabitants for those ghastly, withered, muffled forms, of which only the revolting aspects could be preserved.

To deal with matter is to deal with death, as man views matter's ever-changing form. To study knowledge through these changing forms, and hope to penetrate its secrets; to trace life, thought, sensation, through insensate atoms, is but to chase an *ignis fatuus*,—is but to court despair.

The world is but a vast charnel-house when viewed in its mere material point of view. "Remorseless nature!" sings the material bard, who loses sight of old tradition's lore, and deems it a more ennobling exercise of faculty to contemplate the material dust, than to hold communication with the living Spirit-life which animates it.

Dust cannot speak intelligibly apart from the Divine Spirit which created it, and which continues to give it form.

It was Eve's mistake to think it could. Knowledge would have come to her had she waited for the manifestation of the Spirit. God manifest in the flesh would have explained all things; and this, according to the fathers, was to be. Christ ever intended thus to unite matter to spirit, to bring it into accordance with the harmonies of eternity; to infuse into it, as it were, the perpetuity, the types, the forms of the Eternal Idea; to render it a fit dwelling for the "sons of God"; a manifestation of beauty, intelligence, and harmonious development, such as fairy-land never pictured, nor the most lovely plains of Persia, so glowingly described by the poets, ever displayed. Material beauty would have typified the eternal attributes of the great God, in whom resides eternal bliss, eternal order;

\* Cor. iii, 22-53.

ever generating, through eternal love, that eternal bliss and eternal order throughout the whole of His creation. Matter would have corresponded to the Divine Idea. The divine principle permeating all dust, would have fertilized and subdued at will the atomic particles, magnetizing them, if the expression is allowed, to certain desired results.

But the earth had been given over to human keeping. The human Son of God, made in His image and likeness, had been placed upon it. Through Him the influence was to pass which was to dress the earth and to keep it. That influence was the breath of God! life-giving, form-giving, inspiring harmony, inbreathing love. It was the influence of the same spirit that breathed over chaos, reducing the atoms to form by the action of light. This spirit was now to pass through Adam and through his wife, to enable them to act upon the earth. It was the divine afflatus that was at once to sustain them in the majesty of their supremacy on earth, and to act through them to fertilize matter. But—

They withdrew themselves from that influence;—fell from their high estate. The divine spirit no longer animated them as a necessary part of their existence. Could it be otherwise than a changed existence? Could it be otherwise than a changed earth?

Theologians teach that evil does not exist as a principle; that what we term evil exists only by the withdrawal of some divine gift necessary for the production of good. Evil is practically "privation." The spirit of God is needed to give everything its due attribute or attributes. It is on this account that all unconscious matter not subject to man displays so magnificently—order, lustre, magnificence. What can equal the abode of the heavens? Who can paint the gorgeous tints of the evening sky, or the sparkle of the dew-drop as it flashes in the glance of the morning sun? What can equal the regularity of the procession of the stars, or surpass the obedience of the sun and moon as they revolve

around their centres in due and measured periods of time?

Every law not subject to man manifests sublimity. But where man's empire begins, disorder begins; for the primal order being disturbed, it needs restoration to its primitive condition ere it can be again replaced in harmony with the rest of the existences around it.

This disorder is simply the withdrawal of God's action from beings created purposely to become His temples,—**LIVING TEMPLES**,—as such to rule over all subordinate natures on earth.

This withdrawal involves necessarily a withdrawal of intelligence, a withdrawal of power, a non-exercise of spiritual faculty, and consequently involves imperfect, defective—nay, contrary—action on the part of man, who is the ruler of this lower world; from this result the disorder and unhappiness in which the earth is plunged.

But God loved man in spite of his rebellion—in spite of the frightful results which that rebellion produced.

He wished to restore him to grace; He wished to reinstate him in his dignity of sonship, heirship, coheirship with Christ. But a medium was wanted for this. In bestowing free will upon man, God had made the action of grace dependent on man's acceptance of it,—on man's free co-operation in its results. Man had separated himself from the divine inspiration—from the divine influence—voluntarily. Grace had not utterly retired, was not withdrawn beyond his grasp, his search; it was still hovering within his reach, still placed within his power to grasp if he so willed it; but now man's will had become necessary not only to retain it given, but to procure its incipient action on the soul. The dependence of man on God for spiritual gifts was to receive acknowledgment.

If man still persisted in ignoring his Benefactor for temporal blessings; if like the cow or the pig he consumed his daily provender, and partook of his daily blessings without casting a glance of recognition upwards; if he remained, like the modern philosophers, content to trace his de-

scent from the ourang-outang, without giving a thought on a higher, a perfect, a creative essence—so it might remain. He might make the best of his animalized existence, but he could not restore it to happiness or elevate its tendencies. Tartarian barbarism, savage as that of the aborigines of the Sandwich Islands or of Van Diemen's Land, must in the long run be the penalty, as a mere animal man has no more history than has an elephant or a horse. The fierce Tartars of Asia, the swarthy races of interior Africa, selling each other into slavery, and the fierce Huron displaying in triumph the scalps of his vanquished enemies, present the same features of inglorious non-progress now as when, a hundred years after the deluge or thereabouts, they withdrew themselves from the places of industry, where order produced legislation, to roam at large for the gratification of brutal instincts which would not bow to any law but force.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Fœderis Arca.

Ark of the Covenant! Holy Ark!  
 High floating o'er a world of sin;  
 Safe through the waters speeds thy bark,  
 Gathering a holy group within.  
 From every clime, of every tongue,  
 All races do thy care bespeak,  
 The chosen ones to be among,  
 Shelter within thy ark to seek.  
 O Mary! Mother of mankind  
 Struggling for life, in sin oft drowned,  
 Who trust in thee a refuge find  
 Which only in thine Ark is found.  
 Around are waters dread and dark,  
 O grant us safety in thine Ark.

It is calculated that during the nine days prayer at the tomb of Saint Genevieve, in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mant, not fewer than 100,000 persons attended. The proceedings were closed on Monday by a grand procession, headed by the Papal Nuncio.

### A Noble Old Man.

There lives an old man whom more than two hundred millions of catholics recognize as their chief. Chosen by God, as was St. Peter, he governs souls. Individuals and peoples respectfully incline in his presence. Like to our Heavenly Father who causes His sun to shine upon the just and unjust, he pours out his benedictions upon humanity, all the members of which compose his family; his heart is devoured by the fire of the most ardent devotion, his sacred lips articulate only holy words. Pacific conqueror, he propogates and establishes the Kingdom of God in the uttermost extremities of the earth. Charity alone influences him. Jesus Christ, his Model, he unceasingly imitates. He seeks no earthly recompense; his hopes are in heaven, where, one day, after the labors of this life, he will repose in the bosom of Abraham. Each persecution is a halt on his triumphal way. War and peace, commerce and science, ambition and the avidity even of material interests, become the artificers of his Eternity. The past, strewn with palms of faith—the present, supported upon monuments of charity; and the future, gilding the horizon of hope, sustain his triple crown above the progress which it fructifies and the creations it blesses.

This old man notwithstanding his advanced age has a soul full of vigor and youth; he possesses the maturity and experience of the sages. Fisher of men, pilot of the bark of St. Peter, he is acquainted with all the shoals upon his route; he foresees the storms, but fears not their powerless fury. The tempest may dash the waves around his vessel—he knows it can never be submerged. Truth reposes upon his lips, and his voice has power to move the world. The faithful listen to him with respectful docility, for it is he who distributes the bread of the Divine word; it is he who feeds the lambs and the sheep. This august old man is Pius IX; the seat

of his royalty is Rome, which in Greek signifies strength; in German, glory; in Hebrew, elevation; in Oriental language, courage. This spot of earth, reserved for a destiny so lofty, was of old, as the Holy Land, overthrown by a Providence whose designs we perceive not until after their accomplishment. To forget earth, one must go to Rome. There the multitude of souvenirs, the throng of memories become oppressive; the soul is moved at the aspect of this ancient queen who has twice received the succession of the universe, as inheritor of Saturn and of Jacob.

Pius IX is eminently charitable. His generous hand is ever open to relieve the necessitous; he sends succor to the unfortunate without distinction of nationality, and he may be called the providence of public calamities. The press of our country has many times divulged the gifts of his inexhaustible charity: God alone can count the number of his secret alms. Imitating his Divine Master, he lives but to do good. Pius IX belongs to that generation of chaste men whose superhuman beauty is affirmed by the prophet in his hymns. The halo of purity, like the lustre of a brilliant diamond, adorns his brow. This virtue, which ornaments youth with so many graces, surrounds man in the decline of life with a prestige of honor and veneration. Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.

Pius IX is our father; it is he who communicates spiritual life to us. He is the priest by excellence; in him is united the plenitude of the priesthood of Jesus Christ, whose Vicar he is. He is King; this dignity confers on him power over our souls.

Pius IX consecrates every moment of his life with unwearied zeal to the accomplishment of his functions. No sovereign leads a life so laborious; he never sleeps more than seven hours; he rises at six o'clock, celebrates Mass, after which he recites his breviary and assists at another Mass; he then takes a slight collation and installs himself in his cabinet, where he receives persons admitted to audience. The

number of those from all parts of Europe and America who come to ask his blessing is often so great, that his Holiness to satisfy all is obliged to give audience to five or six hundred at one time. On such occasions they are ranged in groups along one of the grand halls of the Vatican: the Holy Father passes slowly before them, addressing to each a kind word, gathering them in a circle and giving them a short exhortation; in fine, dismissing them all in admiration at the simplicity and amenity with which he receives those who approach him.

At ten o'clock, Cardinal Antonelli, or in his absence, Monsignor Beradi, Under-Secretary of State, renders an account of the affairs of government to the Sovereign Pontiff. The other ministers arrive after the First President of the council. At half-past eleven audiences are renewed until one, when the Holy Father partakes of a frugal dinner; he again recites his breviary, and either rides out in his carriage or walks in the Vatican gardens. At five receptions again commence, and often continue until nine, at which hour the Holy Father sups. At ten o'clock he retires to rest.

Such, notwithstanding his age (seventy-six), is the life led by the Pope. He bears his years wonderfully well. We may without exaggeration call Pius IX an illustrious Pontiff and a noble old man. Catholics of all ranks should aid him in present necessities, either by contributing to the Peter-pence, or by offering soldiers,—above all by praying for him.

I admire, O Holy Father, the grandeur of your position, the humility of your sentiments, the heroism of your virtues. You are the most venerable of monarchs, because you are the living personification of the Redeemer; hence your name is engraven in indelible characters on the hearts of all true catholics. Would that all people belonged to your fold, that with us they might unite in proclaiming your supreme authority. Deign to accept this wish of the least of your children, who bows to receive a benediction from your paternal hand.—*Rosier de Marie.*

### Church Bells and Bell-Ringing.

From the earliest times bells were used as signals or summoners. They are mentioned in the Book of Exodus as appended to the blue vestment of the high-priest, with which he was robed during the performance of the ceremonies of the law; and hence it is natural that they should have been employed by the early christian Church to give notice of the proper periods for public prayer. The first application of them to this purpose is ascribed by Polydore, Virgil and others to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the four hundredth year of the christian era. Church bells were introduced into Britain very soon afterwards; and by the end of the ninth century scarcely a church or monastery was built without several of these "lively harbingers of religious duties." They gave rise to that memorable feature in church architecture, the bell-tower, an addition which is more susceptible of the grander beauties of architecture than any other part of the edifice. Like everything in the catholic Church devoted to sacred uses, they were regularly consecrated; the ritual for baptizing them may be found in the Roman Pontificate. Sir Henry Spelman has preserved in his Glossary two old lines on the subject of the ancient use of church bells,\* the purport of which may run thus: "To praise the true God, to call the people, to congregate the clergy, to bewail the dead, to drive away pestilence, to rejoice at festivities." From the time that church-towers were provided with sets of bells of different sizes, so as to produce a variety of sounds, England became a bell-ringing nation. "Ringing," remarks Sir James Hawkins, "is a practice which is said to be peculiar to England; which, for that reason, and the dexterity of its inhabitants in composing

and ringing musical peals, wherein the sounds interchange in regular order, is called the ringing island."

With the introduction of clocks came a new contrivance in bells, somewhat on the principle of the barrel of a mechanical organ. A set of church bells struck by means of clockwork is made to play certain tunes at certain hours. Many of the London church clocks were provided with such apparatus. The old Royal Exchange bells occasionally broke in upon the deliberations of the merchants with the solemn tones of Old Hundredth and other ancient psalm tunes. In Edinburgh, the belfry of St. Giles', or High Church, imitating the more lively tastes of our continental neighbors, indulged the surrounding denizens with waltzes, quadrilles, and other fashionable tunes, at stated hours of the day. A similar exception to the usual poverty of Scotch bell-ringing occurs in Glasgow, where there is a peal of twenty-eight bells in the cross steeple. In the church and other public buildings of almost every continental city musical machinery exists; especially at Ghent, in Belgium, which is not quiet a single half hour in the twenty-four. Whoever has been no farther than Calais will not fail to remember the musical clock of the Hotel de Ville, which plays a tune to a couple of knights, who come out to fight every half hour with the utmost punctuality. One of them has been regularly killed forty-eight times a day since the old revolution, when the figures were attached to the clock. St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London, was formerly famous for its figures, which struck the hour, and the well-known clockmaker, Bennett, has placed in Cheapside a set of similar figures.—*London Lamp.*

DIED.—On the 13th day of January, in the Convent of St. Agnes, of the Dominican Order, Sister Veronica Ray,—for the eternal repose of whose soul we earnestly request your prayers and suffrages through charity, and promise the same assistance when requested.

May she rest in peace. Amen.

\* *Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,  
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.*

**Children's Vesper Hymn.**

Softly vesper bells are ringing  
 Through the hushed and tranquil air,  
 Unto Thee our praises bringing  
 Let us breathe our heavenly prayer;  
 Blessed Virgin! pure and fair,  
 Hear thy children's vesper prayer!

Hail! O thou enshrined in glory!  
 Mother of our risen Lord,  
 Hail! renowned in sacred story,  
 In whose bosom dwelt the Word;  
 Mother! ever blest and dear,  
 Hear thy children's vesper prayer!

Full of grace! O wondrous maiden!  
 Angels hailed thee from above,  
 Thou with grace and glory laden,  
 Lured from Heaven th' Eternal Dove;  
 Unto God how pure and fair  
 Seemed His creature kneeling there.

Bless'd art thou! blest forever;  
 Every age and every race  
 Sing thy praise in sweetest measure,  
 Till in Heaven we see thy face;  
 Glorious Queen and Mother dear!  
 Hear thy children's vesper prayer!

M. J. C.

**THE FLEMMINGS.**

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

**CHAPTER V.****PATRICK McCUE'S KEEPSAKES.**

The table was soon spread with a generous and plentiful meal; for except the salaratus which the New England housewives will poison their bread and pastries with, there are no people in the world who understand better what the art of cooking and the spreading of a hospitable table means. On this occasion there were two cold roast fowls, a dish of savory fitches of bacon just fried to a turn; there were apple and pumpkin pies, home-made cheese, preserves, pickles, white biscuits, doughnuts, and two or three large loaves of bread, flanked by tankards of cider and plates piled up with great rosy apples and

nuts—while the roaring fire cast its ruddy light like a broad smile of welcome over it all; and the young stalwart farmers, with laugh and jest, drew round the board, and after "Thanks" were offered by the Elder, fell to like hungry kites, doing ample justice to the inviting fare, while Mrs. Flemming flitted around, attending with complacent happiness to the needs of all—for the little woman dearly loved an occasion like this, when she could demonstrate her domestic superiority by showing that however sudden the emergency her well supplied and well filled larder could bear the strain. Hope and John Wilde sat beside each other, quietly happy; and Eva, who was thought to be something of a flirt in the country-side, entertained two or three of her shy admirers on the opposite side of the table. But Patrick McCue by little and little became the life of the company. Some of the youngsters, seeing that he was a dull-looking fellow, began to chaff him, but the New Hampshire flints struck such fire out of his Irish wit that he completely turned the laugh on the other side, and kept up the fun to the great delight of them all. It was late when they left the table, long past the usual bedtime, but they sat in merry groups around, talking over their bear-hunts and other adventures, until Mrs. Flemming, assisted by her daughters, cleared away the fragments of the feast and placed everything in perfect order, leaving only the Elder's table, upon which lay open the old family Bible, in the centre of the room. Patrick McCue was in the corner of the room next to the fire, in a high chat with Nicholas and Eva; Mrs. Flemming was seated, at last, in her quaint old chair; and Hope, with John Wilde and Reuben, were sitting near her, while a cheerful hum of voices filled the room. Suddenly the Elder cleared his throat, and going to his table, sat down, and a deep silence fell upon them all, which was at last broken by his grave level tones, as he read the fourth chapter of the fourth book of Kings, and Patrick McCue found himself in the midst of family prayers. He

would have stepped off to bed if he had known what was coming, and said the dear old comforting prayers of his Faith; but he was fairly cornered, and listened to the narrative of the miraculous things done by the prophet of God, not as to a far-off tale of dreamland, or cloudland, never to be realized on earth; for he knew that Almighty God had never ceased working miracles as great as these, by the hands of His saints, down to the present time; his Faith was a living, deathless faith,—neither torpid or sleeping, full of anxious, fitful dreams; and it seemed as natural to him to hear the wonderful story of Elisius, and the Sunamitess, as if he had been there and seen it all. He sat and listened, gravely twirling his thumbs over each other, benignly thankful that his entertainers were not the pagans he took them to be; when the first lines of a familiar hymn being given out, they all sang together, old and young, and Patrick thought it sounded pleasantly, all those full round voices swelling out in a devotional harmony to one of the old quaint puritan airs; and if he had only been out of it he would have enjoyed it yet more—for the man had a fine natural ear for music;—but he was caught, and couldn't tell fairly what to do with himself, until they all knelt down, then he drew out his rosary, composed of large black beads strung upon brass wire, to which was suspended a brass crucifix some four inches long; the jingle as he took the beads from his breast pocket made Eva start round, and she saw him bless himself reverently with the crucifix, then kiss it, after which his lips moved in an earnest fashion while he slipped bead after bead through his fingers, all to her utter distraction and the confusion of Nicholas, who also saw him and thought him crazy. The next morning, about ten o'clock, the young men were to start with the teams and sleds on their road-breaking mission, to unite with other parties for the same purpose, and thought they might possibly get as far as Centre Harbor. Patrick McCue was going with them, and Mrs. Flemming thankful to him for going;

and with a womanly sort of pity for the lone stranger who sat on her hearthstone, but without the faintest relenting towards the superstitious and papistical side of him, packed a basket with provisions, not forgetting a bottle of their best cider, which would have put to shame the brightest Cliquot by its sparkle, and gave it into the care of Nicholas with strict charges to give it to him on the way, for she did not want to be thanked for it. She shook hands with him; and "wished him well"; the Elder shook hands, so did Reuben and the girls, to whom he whispered: "God bless the winsome face of yez; may the saints hould yez in their keeping, for your kindness to a homeless stranger. You'll find a picture, and a little image of the Blessed Lady, up where I slept; and may she bring yez both into the fold of her Son." No one heard what he said except the sisters, and it was like Greek to them, so far as his meaning went; then the waif of the storm, the simple-minded, uneducated, unpolished Irish peddler, with his pack over his round shoulders, went his way, leaving what? Little brown sparrows sometimes, in flying, drop from their bills a rare seed, which, falling into the earth, germinates and grows into strength and beauty, covering with vines, blossoms, leaves and fruits some ruined wall or blasted tree, affording shade and refreshment to the noonday traveller and shelter for the song-birds at night; the wind goes on its mission wafting eastward the germs of mighty trees, which in time cast broad shadows on the mountain sides, or stretch their wide boughs over the peaceful brown homes in the valley; man's mission is more mighty and mysterious still, for Almighty God in His own wise designs sometimes makes use of the ignorant and humble as messengers of His will, as prophets of His coming, to plant the seed of His word in desert places, to make them blossom as the rose.

When the Elder went into his work-room, after the departure of the young men, to see about mending the double sleigh harness, he saw a neatly wrapped

package lying on his desk. He took it up and saw that it was addressed to "Mister Flemming, from his grateful friend, Patrick McCue;" then he snapped the string, opened the wrapper, and found a book neatly bound in leather; and turning to the title-page, he read: "The End of Religious Controversy; by a Catholic Divine."\* A flush mounted to his face and he closed the book with a snap, and lifting the lid of his desk, threw it in, thinking: "To waste time over the pages of such a book as that would be not only idle, but culpable. He would some day wrap it up, direct it to Patrick McCue, and send it to Boston by the first person he heard of going there." Then he went about his harness-mending and forgot all about it.

Mrs. Flemming, who was busy over her churn, sent Hope and Eva "to take the bedclothes off the cot the Irishman had slept in the night before, to fold the comforts and blankets and put them in the press, and throw the sheets and pillow-case among the soiled house linen; then lock the door, as she had no use for the room."

Full of curiosity to see what Patrick McCue meant when he bade them good-by, Hope and Eva lost no time but ran up stairs, and on entering the room the first object that greeted their sight, standing upon the Bible where he had placed it, was a plaster cast, about a foot high, of the Blessed Virgin holding in her arms her divine Son, and lying near her feet was a picture of the Crucifixion, in which she was represented standing by His cross, bearing with Him the bitter passion and pain she could neither soothe or avert. It was a high-colored, badly executed print, but it told the story with a graphic power which could not be misunderstood. This then was the "image" for Hope, and that the "pieter" for Eva. They did not then comprehend whom the "image" represented; they thought it might be some poet-sculptor's idea of "Charity," or "Peace," or "Maternal Love"; but whatever it might mean, it was beautiful in its holy expres-

sion of serene peace. But the picture thrilled them through; it was the first one of the kind they had ever seen, and although they had read and heard of the Crucifixion ever since they could remember, it had never seemed to them such a reality as now—while they stood, Eva's head leaning on Hope's shoulder, gazing upon it.

"Only think, Hope," said Eva in a low voice, which had something of her father's tone in it; "only think of her being there, close beside Him, seeing all that was done and not able to give Him a drop of water, or even wipe the sweat and blood from His face."

"Whom do you mean, Eva? Who is it do you think?" asked Hope slowly.

"Don't you see, that must be Mary, the Mother of Jesus, standing there, for we read in the Bible that 'she stood by the Cross;' but oh, Hope! *how* could she bear it; for was she not human like ourselves?" Ah yes! they could understand this much because it appealed strongly to their womanly sympathies, but the rest was a sealed book to these fair Puritan maidens, and the time not yet at hand when "out of many hearts thoughts should be revealed" to them.

"I think," said Hope at last: "that we had better finish up and get back to our sewing. It seems to me that you might keep the picture. I see no harm in it, altho' I fear that mother, if she knew of them, would think both these were "graven images," and destroy them; but she never comes here, and there's no use in fretting her by letting her know. I will leave the image here; it can hurt no one, and it is certainly very pretty. I should like to put it in the 'best room,' but imagine the excitement that would come of it," said Hope with a little laugh.

"Yes! I can see old Father Ray peering at it over his big horn spectacles, and our little mother on tiptoe with righteous anger, for of course she would take it for granted that it was some idolatrous Romish image, just because Patrick McCue left it here," said Eva laughing, while she

\* Milner's End of Controversy.

and her sister folded the comforts and quilts. "I shall put the picture between the leaves of my Bible; as you say, Hope, it can't hurt me; indeed I think it will do me good whenever I see it, for it brings that sorrowful scene on Calvary so plainly before me, and makes it seem so real, that I can almost imagine I saw it all. I tell you, Hope, that all Father Ray's preaching from now until doomsday could not give me such thoughts as that picture does."

"How strange that a papist should care enough about our Saviour to have a picture like that," said Hope; "for you know, Eva, that in John Bunyan's book he says that the Pope of Rome is antichrist; but I suppose the man bought it with other things to sell again."

"It is very likely. No, I don't think he knows much about the plan of salvation, for instead of listening to father's solemn prayer last night, he hauled out a great string of black beads and made that sign on himself again, then began whispering to himself while he counted them one by one; indeed he did, Hope, and Nicholas laughed as if it were great fun. Any way, I'm glad he's gone, and more than glad to have the picture. But, Hope, why does mother never come here? I never heard that before."

"I'll tell you, Eva, because you might some day or other ask mother, and that would never do. I never heard her say anything about it; but old Sarah Gill, who used almost to live here when we were little things, to help mother, told me all about it one day when I went to read to her. One night an old Indian squaw, who had been in the habit of coming here to beg, was taken in out of a storm, pretty much as the peddler was, only she was ill, and died that night in this room. Mother was leaning over her, doing all she could to soothe her and make her more comfortable, when all at once she screamed, and fastening her long bony fingers around mother's throat, sprang out of bed, and they both fell together on the floor. When Sarah Gill, who had gone down for mustard and hot water, was coming up with them, she

heard the terrible cry; and hurrying in, found mother nearly suffocated and the squaw stark dead, lying across her, with fingers still clutching her throat. It was some time before she revived, and has never entered this room since. You must take care and never speak of it before mother, for Sarah Gill says that it always gave her a dreadful nervous turn whenever father or she referred to it; and she finally told them both never to speak of it in her presence again, or before the children, as she wished it to be entirely forgotten."

"Poor little mother! It was frightful; no wonder she can't bear the sight of an Indian, and avoids this room. Did you ever hear that it was haunted, Hope?" asked Eva.

"What nonsense, Eva! I thought you had more sense than that. Such a question is worthy of Sarah Gill, who hears death-watches, and believes in signs and witches. No! There is nothing to dread here except the thought of the horrible thing that happened here long years ago, when God was so merciful as to save our mother, alive, out of the deadly clutch of a poor delirious wretch who was not conscious of what she was doing and had always loved her with the fidelity and humbleness of a dog."

"It was dreadful. But I guess we'd better go now. I shall be careful never to give a hint to mother about this; but indeed, Hope, it makes me shiver to think of it," said Eva as they went out, locking the door after them; and having put away the comforts and quilts, they ran lightly down stairs and were soon chatting merrily over their sewing, about the grand sleighride they expected to have as soon as Nicholas and John Wilde came back. They were not conscious of the little seed dropped into the virgin soil of their hearts by the soft wind that had breathed over them; but it was nestling there invisibly—cumbering nothing, so light was it, and giving them no sense of uneasiness by its presence; but by-and-by it would begin to send out its fibres, and spring into beautiful life.

Cold weather now set steadily in ; such cold as people who live in southern lands can scarcely imagine. The roads, hard packed with frozen snow, were as smooth as polished marble ; and over them from morning until night, from night sometimes until morning, gay cutters and large double sleighs filled with young people rosy with health and life, and old people whose cheeks wore the bloom of a winter apple, and children shouting and laughing with glee, skimmed here and there, up and down the country, to the jingle of numberless bells, which tinkled far and near in scales of sweet-sounding notes. It was the gay season of the sedate puritan neighborhood, and much visiting was done, much tea was drunk, and warm hospitalities exchanged. Of course there was gossip, and scandal, and match-making, and even merry-making, and heart-burnings, and envyings, and petty jealousies ; besides a great deal of solemn talk amongst the old "members" about religious matters ; then the stranger who had been weather-bound at the Flemmings' was turned over, and much indignation expressed that a papist should have abode among the godly ; after which followed a discussion on the dangers of popery ; then more than one or two disparaging hints were thrown out against Elder Flemming for giving the man hospitality ; "if he must needs take him," said they, "the barn was a good enough place for such a character, and not the sacred hearthstone where the righteous had sat for more than a century ;" then some of them thought the Elder cherished "peculiar views," and wondered at the loose rein he held over his children, at whose vanities he winked, even allowing them to dance to the "sound of the viol" in the assemblies of the wicked ; concluding with : "there is something unsound at the core,"—meaning him. And there was no want of kindness among them ; they thought they were serving God, and vigilant in His service, when they sat in judgment on their brethren's shortcomings or actual transgressions ; they imagined they knew what

self-righteousness meant, without dreaming that they were clothed in it as with a garment ; and they firmly believed that their first duty to God and man was to cherish and defend everything in their religion in the sternest antithetical way against popery, their views of which were as antithetical to the real thing as darkness is to light. This was the rallying-point where all agreed ; the forlorn hope which kept them from wildly scattering, and straying into open infidelity ; the enemy which kept them vigilant, and alert, and concentrated ; at times, when stranded among the bewildering rocks of the right of "private interpretation," each one felt authorized to set up new doctrinal lights, until there was danger of their being lost in utter darkness. So when these offshoot sects of the old Puritan tree disagreed in all things else, they shook hands over the "downfall of the Pope" and buried the tomahawk.

Up and down through the wild, glorious scenery of this region, with the sun sprinkling millions of lesser suns on ice-crowned peak and snow-draped mountain, skimmed the fleet sleighs ; and many a poor half-famished family received gifts as they stopped a moment in front of their brown huts—such gifts as a fat turkey, or a joint, or a basket of pies, and other substantial things which fed the hungry and sent the little ones to bed happy and warm. They generally looked close at the main chance, but on the whole were as humane and kindly of heart as most people, fulfilling all the duties of the natural laws with scrupulous fidelity, but as ignorant of the truth as revealed to His Church by Jesus Christ, as are the dwellers in Hindostanee or Central Africa.

But nothing of this disturbed the sedate carnival-time of our puritan friends, along the lake shore and up the mountain slopes stretching back from its frozen waters. Eva, Hope, Nicholas, Reuben and John Wilde, in the double sleigh, drawn by four horses decorated with fringes and bells ; snugly tucked in with Canadian blankets and covered with buffalo robes, whirled up

with gay clangor to Deacon Sneathen's, lifted Huldah, who was expecting them, into the midst of them, smothering her laughter under the soft furry mantle that Nicholas threw around her; then sped, swiftly as any swallow could fly, along the up-country road, singing, chatting and laughing by turns, enjoying the extatic aerial motion, and the prospect of a good supper at John Wilde's mother's and a quiet home-dance after it, with such wholesome and delightful anticipations of pleasure as it is the privilege and happiness of the young and innocent to enjoy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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PARIS, Jan. 11, 1869.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

In looking over No. 52 of last year, I perceive that I forgot to mention respecting "The Christian Marriage," that I had obtained from its illustrious author due and gracious leave to publish it in English.

I was invited to preside yesterday at two meetings of devoted souls, both doing an immense service to our blessed Mother's holy cause. I could accept but one; the other I had to postpone to another month. What I witnessed yesterday at "Notre Dame des Arts" edified and delighted me. Our Fathers here have the spiritual direction of the establishment, scarcely ten minutes' walk from our college. It was an extra meeting, to award premiums to the most meritorious pupils in the important branch of Religion. Father Superior made quite a speech at the opening, to show the superior merit of his division, the Seniors, which was indeed gloriously sustained by the reading of several analyses of the last instructions, admirably written and as well delivered. Rev. Father Sauvayre would not admit by any means that his departments, Juniors and Minims, were less entitled to encouragement and praise; and in proof, six of them, designated by lot drawn

in our presence, came forward and challenged each other for half an hour in a manner equally serious to themselves and interesting to us all. They certainly proved that they knew their catechism well. The whole of the entertainment was enlivened by singing and playing, as is seldom seen even in Paris.

Notre Dame des Arts is a thoroughly catholic and pious institution, founded chiefly for the benefit of young ladies who have a taste and special dispositions for one or the other of the fine arts. The most celebrated artists in the capital are professors, and they frequently keep their daughters in it. The number of pupils at this moment is 140. The house, I am told, is one of the wings of King Louis Philippe's palace, in Neuilly. We saw there yesterday specimens of drawing, painting, engravings on wood, steel, copper, etc., etc., of rare beauty. It seems to me we should have some such an institution in the United States. The Mother Superior made me promise to return some day next week. I may write again on the same subject. I was particularly struck with the modest and ladylike deportment of the young pupils; next came in my appreciation the astonishing perfection of their execution in reading, playing and singing; every syllable was articulated, and the tone natural and charming. Their decoration is simply a monument of elegance and taste; although they say that our own, recently executed by the same artist, for Notre Dame, is at least equal in beauty. I have another in view for St. Mary's, which of course should yield to neither. Unfortunately everything fine here costs a great deal, and greenbacks are not taken in payment. You will see a specimen of my taste when I return in May.

E. S.

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FLIGHT OF A POLISH BISHOP.—Accounts state that Mgr. Majereczak, catholic bishop of Kielce, in Poland, being in fear of transportation to Siberia, has escaped into Austria in disguise.

### Corea.

A letter addressed to the *Missions Catholiques* by the directors of the Seminary of "Foreign Missions" leaves no doubt of the fact that upwards of 2,000 christians in Corea have been put to death on account of their faith. The persecution which broke out in the month of March, 1866, by the martyrdom of nine missionaries, is going on with redoubled fury. It is no longer the seizure of individuals, but wholesale proscription with the object of rooting out every vestige of christianity. Only so much as was thought advisable of the letter received from the Seminary of Foreign Missions has been published. The news is to the 18th of September, 1868. The number of martyrs has been estimated at 2,000, and it is affirmed that more than 500 have been put to death at Seoul, the capital town. In the provinces the christians are interrogated, but at the capital all such as are known to have been christians are at once, and without any trial, strangled in prison. All the christians are scattered, and a great number of the faithful have perished from want. The pagans make use of the persecution to take away from the christians what little property they may be possessed of. A new law prescribes that every immigrant should present himself to the mandarin of the territory in order that it may be known whether he is a christian or not. "In ten years at least," said the Governor, "I will destroy this religion root and branch." Many unhappy christians of the capital have apostatized; one of them is the son of a catechist quite recently martyred. Corrupted by money, and by the promises of the Nero of Corea, these wretched men betrayed into his cruel hands many of their former associates in the faith. The Governor, noted for his sanguinary disposition and for his rapacity, has alienated the hearts of the people. Money failing in the country, he has had a coin struck of no intrinsic value, which he has compelled people to take at its nominal value. Several persons who refused to accept this coin have

been put to death, as well as many rich, whose goods he coveted. His elder brother having ventured to remonstrate with him has had to flee from the capital and to conceal himself. The people of Corea are weary of these horrors. In spite of their grievous sufferings there are amongst the christians many admirable examples of fidelity. Of two families occupying the same house, one was christian and the other pagan. On the breaking out of the persecution the christian family abandoned the external practice of religion, and one of its members contracted a marriage with a pagan. Such an event was not a likely means of ameliorating indifferent and lax dispositions, nevertheless it had a contrary effect to what would have been supposed. The son-in-law did not fail to notice the timid manner in which the christian religion was practised: he sought for explanation. His christian relations had the courage to conceal nothing from him. He made himself acquainted with christian doctrines and dissuaded the lax members of his family from abandoning their religion. He himself soon became a christian, and now this family offers an asylum to the first missionaries who shall return to Corea. This however is not the only family that has done so; there are many others that solicit this perilous honor.—*Westminster Gazette*.

The admirers of Victor Emmanuel must be pleased to see the progress of the pagans in Corea, who imitate the example of the Italian and Spanish revolutionists in "making use of persecution to take away from christians what little property they may be possessed of."

TURIN, Jan. 11.

The prisons, especially of the north of Italy, are filled with the peasants who have been taken in arms against the meal tax. The ebullition has been the greatest in all loyal Piedmont but has been pretty general everywhere; in fact, all the papers of every color set apart a large portion of their columns every day for what they call

"the chronicle of the meal tax." In Milan indeed, there is something more important to occupy attention; there the early carnival is in full force, and that is more amusing even than fighting the Government.

The most distressing narratives are given of the sufferings of the people; to quote one account: "the whole valley of the Po, from Susa to Ferrara, may be said to be strewn with gunpowder, which is every here and there being fired and spreading devastation around." At Reggello, in the valley of the Arno, not more than twenty miles from the capital, the people of some half-a-score neighboring villages collected and quite overpowered any force that could be called together to oppose them. A company of *carabinieri* gathered round the Syndic, but were speedily dispersed, one receiving a bad wound from a scythe, another getting his finger cut off with a pruning knife, while the peasants forced the Syndic to sign an order empowering the millers of the neighborhood to set their mills to work exempt from the tax. But though the people may have had their way here they have been pretty severely dealt with in most places, and the Government which would interfere with the execution of criminals in Rome has no pity for the bloodshed of its own people fighting for bread for their families. There is no need to suggest, for any one can tell, what language would now fill the columns of the contemporary press if such scenes were being enacted in the Papal State. The complacency with which they are now watched in Italy, after the storm that was raised in favor of Monti and Tognetti, is a fine example of the perverse judgment of the enemies of the Papacy, and a striking proof of their little real sympathy for the people.—  
*Westminster Gazette.*

THE son of Prince Rospigliori, who is in the Zouaves as a sergeant, is, it is said, about to be raised to the rank of an officer in the regiment. This appointment will, if it takes place, have an excellent effect among the Roman noblesse.

### Female Luxury and Extravagance.

The following letter of the Holy Father to Madame de Gentelles will be no less instructive and edifying to our lady readers than it was complimentary to her:

*To our dear daughter in Jesus Christ, Marie de Gentelles, greeting and Apostolic Benediction.*

In these perilous times it is our custom to apply ourselves, above all, to the extirpation of the roots of evil, among which doubtless the luxury of women holds a very prominent place. Thus in the month of October last, speaking of the respect due to the sanctity of our churches, and of the means to overcome certain disorders which had crept in amongst our Roman people, we endeavored to say something of this terrible scourge, this luxury which is everywhere spreading its ravages, and of the remedies proper to meet it.

We see, therefore with the greatest satisfaction, dear daughter in Jesus Christ, that, not content with merely following our advice, you have so well understood the importance of it, as to write a book upon the unhappy consequences of luxury, in order to incite the women of our age, and above all those who have enrolled themselves as Christian Mothers and Children of Mary, to organize themselves against an evil which is the destruction of morals and of family life.

For this continual and undivided attention to the cares of dress absorbs time which ought to be devoted to works of piety and charity, and to family duties. It is this which is the occasion of brilliant assemblies, public promenades, and theatres; which incites women to perpetual running from house to house, under pretence of having some duty to fulfill, and thus to pass their time in idleness, curiosity and indiscreet conversation; which serves as food for evil desires, which consumes the resources which ought to be reserved for children, and withholds from poverty the aid which it ought to receive. It is this which so often separates husband

and wife, and still more frequently prevents marriage; for hardly are there men to be found willing to undertake such enormous expenses. As Tertullian says, "An immense patrimony is spent upon a trifle. Upon a necklace, 10,000,000 sesterces. A frail and delicate head bears upon it the price of forests and islands. Small ears absorb the revenues of a month, and each finger of the left hand plays with as many bags of gold. Vanity gives strength to a single body, and that the body of a woman, to carry an enormous capital of wealth."

Now we know from experience that this impediment to marriage furnishes new material for disorder. To luxury are sacrificed the education of children, the care of domestic interests—all this is entirely overthrown. Thence is incurred the reprobation of the Apostle, "If any one has not care for his own, and, above all, of his household, he has denied the faith, he is worse than an infidel." But seeing that a town is composed of families, a province of towns, a kingdom of provinces, then, the family being corrupted, it poisons at its source the whole of society, and insensibly prepares for it those calamities which at the present are overwhelming us on all sides.

May God grant that a great number of women may unite with you to remove from themselves, their neighbors, and their country the cause of so many evils, and teach others to reject all which exceeds the legitimate care of the body. Let each and all be persuaded that, in order to conciliate the esteem and affection of their husbands, they have no need of such costly head-dresses, of such splendid garments, but rather let them cultivate their mind, their heart, their virtue; for "all their glory comes from within." The holy and modest woman is but grace added to grace! "Alone indeed will she be praised, the woman who feareth the Lord."

Therefore do we augur for your enterprise a most happy success, and, as pledge of this success, and of our paternal good will, we grant you most tenderly our Apostolic Benediction. Prus, P. P. IX.

JAPAN.—The Rev. Père Perny, missionary in China, sends us the following anecdote: A new church having been lately opened in Japan, several of the inhabitants asked to speak with the missionaries, and put to them the following questions: 1st. "Are you subject to the great head of the Church in Rome?" "Yes," replied the missionaries, "we are the children of the Sovereign Pontiff, our Holy Father the Pope, Head of the Church, and Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth." 2. "Are you married?" "No, for we are priests, and catholic priests make a vow of celibacy; the souls intrusted to their care constitute their family." 3. "Do you believe in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God?" "Yes, that is our faith, and we say with the Church, 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us.'" After hearing this last answer, the Japanese threw themselves at the feet of the missionaries, embraced them, and bathed them with their tears. Then rising, they said, "Yes, you are indeed true catholic priests, and we are your children, for we are christians; and besides, there are in the vast empire of Japan thousands of catholics who practice in secret the ancient faith of the martyrs." The missionaries, struck with astonishment, praised and blessed God; and Pius IX, when he heard of it, shed tears of joy. Thus, at the end of two centuries, having escaped the sword of the persecutor, silent and forgotten, the Church in Japan can hold up her head and say, I am the daughter of St. Francis Xavier, of the martyrs canonized by Pius IX."—*London Tablet*.

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PRINCE MASSIMO.—The young Prince Massimo, representative of one of the oldest Roman families, has just entered the Jesuit Novitiate. His parents had required of him to live for three years in the world, in order to try his vocation; and before parting with their son, they presented him to the Sovereign Pontiff, whose paternal benediction he received.

A N N A L S  
OF  
OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

**The Statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.**

Two thoughts predominate on this subject.

1. The august Mother of God, dispenser of celestial treasures; Mary, Queen of heaven and earth, furthermore the Sovereign of the Heart of Jesus! Mary, in a word, continues to give Jesus Christ to the world, and with Him the treasures of grace inclosed in the Sacred Heart.

2. Jesus Christ Himself offering to all men, with His Heart, the inexhaustible riches of mercy and love which it contains, and inviting every weak, languishing and criminal soul to come and draw thence, from His Sacred Heart, mercy and grace in due time.

In this statue we find, first, Mary Immaculate—erect, arms extended, her eyes modestly cast down, her hands open to dispense to mankind the graces of which she is the treasurer: Mary,—such as she appeared in 1834 to a humble daughter of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mary Immaculate! Is it not to her incomparable purity she owes the unlimited power she possesses over the Heart of Jesus!

She stands, her head gently inclined, her arms held out towards those who pray to her. She thus signifies her unceasing attention to the prayers of her children,—modesty and grace adorning her countenance. Her eyes are lovingly bent on the Divine Child—standing also, but before His Mother. She seems to present Him to the faithful who come to pray to her. She says to them in this attitude that she draws from Him all her power, and that His adorable Heart is the source of every grace she obtains; and in this attitude is Mary represented.

But Jesus?

The Child Jesus stands—showing with one hand His Heart, surrounded with a brilliant light, encircled with a crown of thorns, surmounted by a cross, rays of light beaming from it in abundance; His eyes turned towards the faithful, on whom He looks with benevolence, seeming to say to them as to Blessed Margaret Mary: “Behold this Heart which has so much loved man! It contains grace enough to save the world from the abyss into which it is precipitated. Come, receive with joy from the source of My love the salutary waters of grace.” With the other hand raised to the shoulder and bent backward, pointing to His Mother, saying, as it were: “But to draw with confidence from My Heart, address yourselves to Mary. She is its treasurer; she alone possesses the key; I have given her all power over My Heart.”

And why is Jesus represented as a Child? To explain in the most sensible manner His dependence on Mary and the sovereign power she enjoyed with Him. How else show in so sensible and tangible a manner, as it were, the humble deference of Jesus for His august Mother, and the supreme power she exercises over His Heart, if not in placing Him standing at Mary’s feet under the lovely characteristics of childhood?

This touching subject has been executed with a rare perfection by M. Tobin, of Tours, and placed in the chapel of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Issoudun; but since then a plastic group was modelled from this statue in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. What pious emotions, what consoling thoughts are not awakened at the sight of this blessed statue!

[A large number of these beautiful statues have lately been received from France, and can be had by applying to the Secretary of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, St. Mary’s, Notre Dame, Indiana.]

Those who have loved Jesus most, have ever been most devout to Mary.

# AVE MARIA.

*A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.*

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

No. 9.

## THE MONTH OF MARCH:

### Dedicated to St. Joseph.

There is something peculiarly touching in the devotion to St. Joseph—something that thrills in our inmost souls, and kindles in our hearts a warmth and tenderness of its own. We cannot but love him—so paternal, so tender, so gentle towards his unworthy children; and then, if we have ever invoked his intercession in some special trouble, some deep necessity, how speedily and graciously have we been succored!

Sweet spouse of our Lady, we love thee; and we desire that all men should love thee, and know the kindness of thy paternal heart and the greatness of thy glory. If we must love Mary because she is the Mother of Jesus, we cannot but love and honor St. Joseph as the protector and guardian of our Mother; as the one chosen by the Eternal Father to shield and defend the helpless Infancy of the Incarnate God.

Where did devotion to Saint Joseph begin?

Surely we may say reverently that Jesus was the first who was devout to Joseph, whilst Joseph was the first who protected Jesus. What a noble, what a grand simplicity there is in all the conduct of this great Saint! How silent under his difficulties and perplexities! How respectful and tender in his love of Mary and his care of Jesus! If we would indeed learn to be saints, and desire the aid of one who would be at once our example and powerful helper, let us study the life of Joseph.

Do we need an example of the most perfect self-forgetfulness, let us consider the conduct of this great patriarch in the perplexities of his first dolor. He is espoused to Mary; but behold a mystery which he understands not, a miracle which he cannot fathom. Does he rashly judge, or rudely intrude uncharitable surmises? No; he is indeed perplexed, distressed, troubled; but he is silent: he adores what he cannot comprehend; he forbears to judge the mystery, as yet unfolded; he will suffer himself, for he will withdraw from Mary and forego the privilege he has so long desired of being her protector and her guardian; he will forget himself, and be silent about his own deep griefs, but he will not add to those of others. With the calm trust of deep sanctity, which ever hopes through all darkness and perplexities, the great Saint has laid him down to rest; can we guess what acts of conformity to the Divine will he made, and how his heart watched even while his body slept? But Jesus was Incarnate in Mary's womb: He heard all, He saw all, He knew all, though He was silent and still, and seemed—as now in the tabernacle—as though He neither knew nor heard. Joseph slept the sleep of blessed, childlike, tender love, and Jesus watched as He ever watches the sleep of His beloved ones. An angel came, and Joseph heard himself called by name and honored with the title of prince. "Joseph, son of David," royal scion of a royal house, the angels wait on thee with joy, and utter thy name with jubilation. The sorrow is past, and the joy is come, and thou art glad. O Joseph, with a gladness so pure and unselfish as was thy grief; thou shalt no longer fear to

be separated from Mary. But there is more joy for thee even yet; thou shalt be the father, the protector, the guardian of thy God. Angels shall think themselves honored to wait upon thee; the patriarchs shall long to behold thee; the apostles shall claim thee as their protector; the saints shall honor thee as their father. All nations shall call thee blessed among men, and all who seek thy intercession and protection shall proclaim in time and in eternity the greatness of thy power.

But the joy of our great Saint cannot last long; he is too dear to the heart of the little Infant Jesus to be without the privilege of suffering. His God is born in a stable, and the tender soul of Joseph is well-nigh crushed as he contemplates the trials of the Mother and the Child. In vain he deprives himself of every necessary—for comforts he has none; in vain he weeps and prays: Jesus will suffer, and Mary and Joseph must suffer also. But again the angels comfort him: there is joy in heaven if there is sorrow on earth, and the poor shepherds and adoring kings compensate in some manner for the coldness of Bethlehem. More painful still is the third dolor: not only must the little Jesus bear neglect and cold and poverty, but pain and blood must testify the malice of our sin and the excess of Divine love. Joseph beholds that blessed Infant—so touchingly meek, so patiently silent; and oh, what anguish fills his heart when the dreadful day of circumcision requires him as the fosterfather, as the reputed parent of Jesus, to cause Him yet greater sufferings. Truly, if we meditate well or if we thought deeply on the sufferings of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, we would never utter even the faintest complaint, however hard our trials might seem. But the sweet name of Jesus is uttered; not Mary,—oh, wonder of wonders!—but Joseph it is who pronounces that blessed word, Jesus. The angels have heard it, and they sing it out in gushing melody of entrancing love upon their golden harps. Jesus!—they breathe the accents to each other—now low like summer-scented breezes, now in a tri-

umphant jubilee. Jesus!—The patient souls who have waited so long in silent, awful hope for the coming of One who should deliver and redeem—they too have heard the sound, for it has evoked a strain of harmony which shall never cease; and they—oh, with what love, with what desire do they not utter again and again that word, Jesus! The demons have heard it, and have fled affrighted at that name, to them so full of terrific fear; their power is henceforth shaken; their empire of tyranny is well-nigh overthrown; their oracles shall henceforth be dumb; for at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven, on earth and in hell.

Again Joseph must suffer: but still it is for and with others; the Babe of Bethlehem is presented in the temple, and the dolors of Mary are told in mystic words.

What!—must she also suffer? That fair, that beautiful, that gentle lady? Is there no escape? How gladly, were it possible, would he shield her with his very life, would he bear a thousand tortures to save Mary one? But it may not be, and our keenest woes are often caused by witnessing the sufferings of those we love. Mary must suffer, for she has a work to do which can be done by none other; she is a mother, and must suffer for her children, to prove the fulness of her love. She is the Mother of God, and must suffer with her Son, a suffering proportioned to the glory which she shall also share with Him.

The depth of Mary's dolors can be known only to herself, suffered only by herself. Let us not intrude in this awful privilege of the Divine Maternity; she will be alone in suffering, that she may share with all in love. And even now must the prophetic words begin to have their fulfilment: even now must Joseph behold the sorrows of his virgin-spouse. Jesus must fly from the land of His birth and exile Himself with the stranger, and Joseph must be the first to make the painful announcement to Mary. Again the angel speaks, and again in meek silence the patriarch obeys. Again it is, in his calm and holy slumbers, that he hears the Divine command; and again

he rises without a thought of self, and fulfils with angelic speed.

O great Saint, obtain for us a grace like unto thine, by the tender love of thy paternal heart, by the merciful compassion of thy most gentle soul. Dearest of saints, hear the cry of thy children; we are thine, for Jesus bids us "Go to Joseph;" we are thine, for thy heart tells thee, whilst it pleads for us even before we ask thy help. Aid us, then; oh aid us with thy powerful patronage, by thy mighty intercession. Jesus obeyed thee whilst on earth, and He will still own thy power in heaven. Ask that we may, like thee, ever wait with calm patience to know the Divine will in all our trials and perplexities, and ever obey with prompt unasking love, however it may be manifested to us. Ask that we may be as willing to go down into the Egypt of suffering, as to return into the Nazareth of peace, and that our only earthly wish and prayer may be to live and die in the love of the sacred hearts of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

But again we must speak of sorrow. The sojourn in Egypt is over; the mission of the Child Jesus has been accomplished; the land of idolatry has been sanctified by the presence of God, and thousands of saints shall one day dwell there, and atone for the defilements by which hitherto it was disgraced. Again the toilsome journey is undertaken, but with new sources of pain and suffering. Jesus is no longer an Infant cradled on Mary's breast; He can walk alone. But how can He bear this long, this weary journey? The majesty of God is shrouded beneath the helplessness of childhood, and He will not allow His Divinity to help Him unless it be to increase His power of suffering. Still the journey must be made, and Joseph must arrange all. Oh, sorrow of sorrows, how will he carry the Child Jesus! Oh, wonder of wonders, behold that blessed little One condescending to be soothed and comforted by His fosterfather amid His weary pains! Well might the blessed patriarch grow old with his burden of care and grief, and almost sink beneath this accumulation

of sorrows, which none but God could fully understand. But sufferings were the joy and treasure of the Saint, dearer to him, as he has revealed to one of his devout clients, dearer to him even than the privilege of his guardianship of Jesus and Mary; and though he drank the chalice of woe to the last, he would not for worlds have lost one drop of its bitterness. Let us fly to his intercession; let us plead his merits: he will obtain grace for us to bear our sufferings as we ought, and to love them as we would desire; he will obtain for us strength in our temptations, light in our perplexities. His paternal heart is full of tenderness; let us try it and trust it, and we shall never be disappointed.

And now the silent years pass on unchecked by any event recorded in Holy Writ or pious tradition: we can only know that Jesus was the most perfect, the most obedient of children; Mary, the tenderest and best of mothers; Joseph, the kindest and most saintly of fathers.

The mysteries of the Holy Childhood are excluded in a great measure from our view, as is the life of Jesus previous to His three years of active life. But one event is related for our instruction, and it is full of the dolours of Mary and the sorrows of Joseph. They lose for a time the presence of their blessed Child, nor can they rest until He is again restored to them. Behold the humility of Joseph; it is not he who utters the tender touching reproof, if we may so call it, when the wandering One is again found; no, the lowliness of the great patriarch leads him ever to seek a hidden life, unless the Divine will requires him to act; to be silent unless the ministry of angels tells him that he must speak. Oh, when shall we become like him? when shall our speech and our silence be only for God?

That devotion to St. Joseph is peculiarly pleasing to our Blessed Lady we cannot for a moment doubt; in fact those who have been most devout to her have been insensibly drawn on to a great devotion to St. Joseph, and this in a way for which they

could scarcely account; it has, indeed, seemed to some as if our Lady almost refused their requests, that they might apply to St. Joseph's intercession. In temporal matters, in cases of special temptations or perplexities, when the acquiring of an interior spirit has been the object, or when persons have need of peculiar direction, St. Joseph has been found again and again to afford special and most speedy help.

We read in the life of St. Teresa that in one of her visions she was presented by our Immaculate Mother with a gem of inestimable value, as a reward for the fervor with which she endeavored to extend devotion to her spouse; and to St. Gertrude she showed the glory of his throne in heaven. Many instances will recur to the memory in which Mary has herself condescended to desire her clients to take the name of Joseph, or to avail themselves of his intercession. But there is no proof so conclusive as personal experience; let us make the Novena of his Seven Joys and Sorrows in our next necessity, and the result will be more convincing than all the proofs or arguments which could be produced in any other way.

The religious of the Franciscan Order have been always singularly devoted to St. Joseph; and it was through their means that the practice of honoring his Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows was made known to the faithful. Two fathers of the Order were wrecked off the coast of Flanders; the ship in which they had sailed sank, and with it 300 of the passengers. The friars seized a plank, and clung to it as their only hope for life; but each moment the peril of their situation increased, and the stormy billows threatened to engulf them forever. They had always been singularly devoted to St. Joseph; they invoked him, and he did not fail to succor them in their hour of need. Scarcely was their prayer ended when they beheld the holy Patriarch, who acted as their pilot, and conducted them safely to the shore. When they were landed, they prostrated themselves to thank their deliverer. The glorious Saint addressed them; spoke to

them of the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of his mortal life; informed them how acceptable this devotion would be to him, and assured them that he would take under his protection those who practised it.

What stronger motives can we need to encourage us to spend with fervor the month of March? For ecclesiastics, for superiors of religious orders or monasteries, it should be a month of hope and joy.

Volumes might be filled with examples of the power of this great Saint and the efficacy of his intercession. In every difficulty, we might find an instance of his goodness in assisting those who have recourse to him. The poor and the artisan must ever have a special claim on his patronage, and should be encouraged to confide with peculiar trust in his assistance. His life was like theirs—one of constant labor and toil, and of deep poverty, so deep that we are told he often had scarcely the necessaries of life for Jesus and Mary.

What an encouragement and support should his example of patient, silent toil be to those whose lot is cast amidst temporal care and suffering! Surely he will with peculiar love and tenderness help and pity such as these. He will protect the weak and feeble, he will assist mourner and sorrowful, he will aid all in their necessities, temporal or spiritual; and as his toil and labor was all for Jesus, so will he especially assist those whose lives are, like his, devoted to Jesus, either in caring for the souls He has redeemed, or in striving to promote His glory by their own sanctification, or by erecting temples in His honor, by building schools for His little ones, or by guiding and instructing those who are called to leave all and follow their crucified God in the austere silence of the cloister. Religious superiors should especially be devout to St. Joseph, and encourage this devotion in their subjects. The example of St. Teresa, had we no other, should be sufficient to animate and inspire them to this. Who will assist them in their many and most trying needs, temporal or spiritual, so effectually as the great St. Joseph. We may say that Naz-

areth was the first religious house, and Joseph the first religious superior; how, then, should he not be the model and the support of all who succeed him? At Nazareth was practised the most perfect poverty, the most exact obedience, the purest chastity.

Religious superiors, think of Nazareth: invoke Joseph; and, let your cares and trials be what they may, you will never be utterly cast down. Place yourselves and your subjects under his special charge.

Practise during this month some additional devotion to him before his altar, at least on the Wednesdays and Sundays, and be assured you will soon experience the beneficial effects of your piety. He will obtain for you, and those under your charge that truly interior spirit, that love of prayer and recollection, which is at once the happiness and the duty of all who are specially consecrated to God. He will assist and console you in all your difficulties, and obtain for you help in your temporal necessities, so often a pressing addition to the heavy care of a superior.

But we must all die; religious or secular, rich or poor, saintly or sinful—the end is the same for all. Who will most effectually and most surely help us at the hour of death? Happy, thrice happy shall we be, if, with the name of Jesus on our lips, the love of Mary in our hearts, and the protection of Joseph by our pillow, we breathe our last sigh. Let us seek by great and fervent devotion to the holy Patriarch to procure through his intercession the grace of a happy death. That it is his particular privilege to obtain this favor for those who ask it of him we cannot doubt. Many instances might be related to prove this fact; but it is not our object to recite them here. Extraordinary supernatural favors are not granted to all, but ordinary graces are never refused to those who sincerely ask them. We may not, like the blessed Sister Pudentia Zagnoni (a Franciscan nun) see St. Joseph at that hour of dread, and receive from him the Infant Jesus in our arms, but we shall assuredly

experience his power and protection not the less effectually because it may be granted only in a spiritual manner.

### The Crown of Thorns.

Day after day—

With sun and dew alternate on the spray  
Unconscious earth  
The trailing bramble nurtured from its birth,  
That it might be  
A royal diadem, dear Lord, for Thee.

Spring's tender herb  
Brown autumn armed with many a cruel barb,  
And crueller hate  
Sought out the spiky branch its lust to sate,  
Crowning Thee King  
With gibe and mock that yet more deeply sting.

O Royal Crown!  
Oh Face, which the slow drops are trickling down!  
How dare we raise  
Our eyes on Thy pale majesty to gaze?  
We whose fell pride  
More than Thy torturers' taunts Thy pains deride.

O King divine!  
Never was jewelled crown like unto Thine;  
Each piercing thorn  
Thy precious blood's red glistening drops adorn;  
Thy lowly throne  
Shall see all royalties of earth cast down.

The reedy wand  
Thou bearest so meekly in Thy fettered hand  
Thou shalt stretch forth,  
The sceptre of Thy power o'er all the earth,  
And every nation  
Earth knoweth own Thy thorny coronation.

R. V. R.

It is not every day that an opportunity is offered to make great gains, but every day one can earn or save a penny or a farthing; and by managing the small profits, in the long run people become very rich. We would lay up immense spiritual riches, and a large treasure in heaven, were we diligent in employing in the service of the holy love of God all the minute opportunities which offer themselves at every moment.—*St. F. de Sales.*

## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE INNER LIFE OF WOLFERT FLEMMING.

Never shone the sun on a scene more grand or beautiful! Covered to a depth of four or five feet with snow, which in some places where it had drifted lapped in great folds and ridges, in graceful curves and furrows of unsullied white, the mountains from Ossipee to Belknap, from "White-face" to "Red Hill;" and rising beyond these, the chain stretching northward, whose peaks could be seen like jewelled crests flashing in the sunlight, looked as if fashioned by giants out of alabaster, so transparent and aerial did they appear through the crisp dazzling atmosphere, so gracefully did the long blue shadows sweep down their sides like the folds of royal robes bordered with ermine, so softly waved the green plumes of the pines clustered with ice-gems; while the beautiful Lake with its romantic indentations, and isles set like jewels on its bosom, lay gleaming in the sunshine, a level sea of crystal, its murmuring waters holding gay revel beneath their roofing of ice.

This region was not thickly settled; the noisy clangor of modern progress had not yet disturbed its grand solitudes; the fiery dragon of iron and steam, with his jar, and power, and discordant roar, had not yet sent the echoes thrilling back with affrighted shrieks to their romantic caves, or made the earth tremble and quiver as with the shock of the last trumpet; no steamboat had then fretted the fair waters of Winnipiseogee; no, forty years ago if any of the old sachems had come from the "setting sun" to revisit the scenes where they had roamed at will, the "monarchs of all they surveyed," they would have seen but few changes. Farm houses with cultivated fields about them, a small ham-

let or two near the borders of the lake, brown cottages nestling between the slopes, a wind-mill here and there, and the meeting-house as near the centre of the scattered neighborhood as it could be located, were the only changes the swarthy ghosts would have seen had they come. So insular was the neighborhood, that a man of it who could say he had been to Boston, distant a little over a hundred miles, was considered a great traveller, whose conversation was listened to with respect. The meeting-house was open every Sabbath day—by a sort of compromise these sects call it the Sabbath day, but in reality keep holy the day established by the catholic Church to celebrate the resurrection of Christ, little dreaming that they are indebted to her authority and tradition for it—and crowded with a grave and decorous assemblage of old, middle-aged and young, who met to hear the words of their well-meaning teacher, an old man who had been nursed in the early cradle of puritanism and who laid down the spiritual law as he understood it, disintegrating the Scriptures blindly and at will with much unction, and had devoted the labors of his life to building upon a sandy foundation, happy in the conceit that it was rock of a safe but soft kind. With the Bible in one hand and the "Articles of the Westminster Assembly" in the other, Father Ray—as he was called—preached total depravity, and regeneration without baptism, and justification by faith without works, until the converted ones felt all the stern dignity of the elect, and the unconverted believed as they were taught—some of them with an amazed sort of wonder that a merciful God should allow His creatures, for whose salvation His own Son had died, to be born and live under such a wrathful ban—that they were children of perdition and bond slaves of the devil; and thus believing, much of their youth was spent in the shadow of severe restraints; the innocent pleasures of life were condemned by the harsh creed of their fathers as sins not to be forgiven, and as they could not all of

them get up the state of mind which they called conversion, many of them became indifferent—so indifferent that religion became an unattainable myth to their aspirations; and when those who thought much of such matters got to measuring the morality and purity of their own lives with the christian character of the “brethren,” they found so little difference that the balance sometimes seemed in their own favor, which of course scandalized them and made them suspect that religion was not, after all, the holy and divine power they had thought it to be. But on the “Sabbath” there they all assembled, the elect and the unregenerate together, looking as if they had all taken a dose of the waters of Marah and didn’t care to have them sweetened; and old Father Ray would wind up the saints with his “pure doctrine” until they felt like marching into the lightnings of Mount Sinai, while the sinners—those who cared—looked as if they were going to be hanged. Then it was all over until the next meeting;—and they went their ways—the members carrying nothing with them to sanctify and sweeten the routine and toils of daily life; their souls bristled with the thorns of the Law, upon which they hung their interpretations of the Holy Scriptures in good faith; there was nothing done for the sake of Him who preached the sermon on the Mount, because they believed He had done all, and anything that they might do would be idle works of supererogation; so they went on reading the Bible, and thinking of “Free Grace” and “Predestination,” and symbolizing the teachings of Christ, and driving sharp bargains with each other between whiles, never losing sight of their worldly affairs, until another Sabbath rolled round.

Mrs. Flemming was one of the stern disciples of Father Ray; while her husband, although a just man and living a godly life before the world and his brethren, who held him in high esteem, sometimes differed from him,—and in their private conversations startled the old minister by broaching opinions which he de-

nounced as dangerous and devilish errors. The sons and daughters of the house were on the “seat of the sinner;” they had not professed that change known among their people as “conversion,” and were consequently the objects of many stern reproofs and warnings from the old minister.

On this bright and lovely day, when amidst the pearly lights resting on the glistening peaks and sharp edges of the snow-covered ridges, one might almost have imagined himself up among the opal-like cirri of a summer sky, the old brown mare of the minister was seen bearing down towards the Flemming homestead. Sitting erect and clothed in a severe suit of black, his black hat pulled down over his ears, his coat collar pulled up to them, he and his old mare would have looked like a sprawling blot on the fair face of nature but that by some chance he had tied a great red comforter around his neck, the ends of which streamed over his shoulders, giving to the cold white foreground of the landscape just the little dash of scarlet that it needed. Riding with him was a young man wrapped in furs, whose handsome, intelligent face looked brightly out from under his cap of Russian sable, from which escaped a curling fringe of yellow hair. This was Father Ray’s grandson and ward, who having graduated at Yale was studying law in Boston. He had come up to the White Mountain country to spend a few days with his grandfather—uncomfortable days, full of sermon and lecture, admonition and prayer, which the young scapegrace, who had adopted while absent the exceedingly comfortable doctrines of “universal salvation,” listened to with suppressed yawns—and was now riding over with him to visit his old friends, the Flemmings, and assure himself that Eva Flemming was unchanged; not that they were lovers, but that he hoped some day to win her if the world went well with him. The young folks were all at home, and he received a warm greeting; their delight on seeing their old playmate taking much of the edge off the reproving salutations of the minister, whom

Mrs. Flemming took immediate charge of, helping him off with his wraps and giving him a comfortable seat near the fire, after which she went to the "work-room" to tell her husband he was there; then hurried on to send their man-of-all-work in to kindle a great fire in the "best room," for she knew that the two always liked to have a private talk together; after which she plunged into her store-room to consider the possibilities of a feast; while she kept thinking and could not get it out of her head "what a nice match George Merrill would be for Eva." The old minister was glad to go away with Elder Flemming to the quiet well-warmed parlor in the new part of the house; for the young people, although they felt the restraint of his presence, and with long faces tried their best to be serious, George Merrill, full of delight at seeing them all again in the beautiful quaint old room, broke out in such gushes of talk and fun that for the life of them they could not keep it up, and laughed and talked with the most unprecedented irreverence; while father Ray sat bolt upright, twirling his thumbs over each other and gazing with a displeased countenance into the fire as if he were settling their final doom. So he was as much relieved to go out from among them as they were at his going. When they were comfortably seated, each in a well-cushioned arm-chair, Father Ray said:

"George Merrill came down with me. He's going away in a day or two, and wanted to see the young people."

"George is a very fine fellow. I am very glad he came!" said the Elder heartily.

"George is a thorn in my flesh, a reproach to me and my ministry; he has got his head full of strange notions, and disputes with me on the affairs of his salvation. My head is bowed down with shame that he is gone so far astray, for he is the child of many prayers," said Father Ray sternly.

"What are his notions?" asked the Elder.

"Universal salvation. He argues that our Saviour died for all, and that all men

will be saved: and to fill the climax of his folly he has the audacity to say he has Scripture authority for it. He has read the Bible since he could read at all; in season, and out of season, I have made him read it; he is familiar with it, and now wrests it to his own perdition!" cried the old man with indignation.

"I have come to think," said Flemming in his slow level tones, "that there are many things in the sacred writings to confuse the mind of the inexperienced, and it has become a subject of grave import to me why so few of our children walk in the way of our fathers. There seems to be something wanting to hold them from running here and there after strange doctrines. George is only one of many, and it was so even in my young days." Father Ray placed his hands upon his knees, straightened himself up, and looked with surprised and severe aspect at the Elder, who met it calmly and continued: "You know that all who differ from us show Scripture to authorize their opinions, even when their doctrines are as much opposed to each other, and as far asunder as the east is from the west."

"I deny their right to do so," replied the minister in a sternly authoritative tone. "It is because of the ungodly and carnal imaginations of such as wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction, that these differences arise; that the young and unregenerate follow after the idols of this world, and trample in the dust all orthodox meaning and discipline. But when a man like yourself expresses a doubt, a man raised on the very 'milk of the word,' whose head is already whitening in the service of the Lord—then, Wolfert Flemming, I am filled with fearful misgivings as to his state."

"That is exactly the way I feel about myself, until sometimes the light becomes so obscure that I almost despair; in fact, I have been wishing for some time past to lay before you, as they are laid bare before God, some of the perplexities which have arisen in my mind from reading the Scriptures," said Flemming.

"I am ready to listen. I can tell you nothing on doctrinal points that you do not already know as well as I; but we will take counsel together, Wolfert, and if the spiritual experience of a man much older than yourself will be any help to you, it is at your service."

Flemming got up and walked to and fro the room two or three times, his head bowed in deep thought, then resumed his seat and began: "I sometimes think that these thoughts are temptations, and put them away from me, until I remember that they are the sayings and express commands of Him whom I believe to be the very Son of God, equal in all things unto Him: in whom and through whom alone we trust for salvation: then I go over the same ground again, and apply text after text to the articles of belief in which I was raised, and which, on my conversion, I publicly professed and accepted, and lo you! some of them seem to crumble away at the test. I should like to forget all—to bury these doubts in oblivion, and be as I was at first; but how can I, seeing that I believe Jesus Christ to be the Eternal Truth, disbelieve His word?"

"No christian doubts His word," said the minister. "If you receive it in a limited sense, or go beyond its meaning, there is your condemnation. But I do not easily see the drift of your words."

"Well," continued the Elder in his grave quiet way, "I can explain what I mean—God help me—on at least one point. We deny that regeneration takes place in baptism."

"Certainly."

"But when Nicodemus asked Christ 'How can a man be born again?' He—the Eternal Truth—replied: 'Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven;' and yet we refuse baptism to an adult, until he is first born of the spirit, or converted. It is true that we baptize infants, but how? We give it to them as a symbol, a pledge or testimony that *we* will do our best as sponsors to raise them christians; for the child, we deny that it has a saving, a

cleansing significance or power, even when we know that He said *born of water*."

"Christ spoke figuratively," said Father Ray in positive tones; "for how can a man be born of water? He meant simply a dedication of themselves by baptism to His service, as an outward sign that they believed and hoped in Him: but the new birth of the spirit is the essential thing! How can water wash the total depravity of man's nature away? Absurd!"

"I do not know *how*," said Flemming, with a troubled expression in his eyes. "I can only set what we are taught against what He said, and see the discrepancy! Not only what His own words declare, but what His apostles and disciples preached and insisted on. St. Paul calls baptism the 'laver of regeneration, and renovation of the Holy Ghost.' He baptized 'whole families,' we are told, among whom were doubtless little children and infants; children must therefore be capable of this regeneration by water, since Christ said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven;' but *how*, since He declares it, shall even these enter without being 'born of water'; and what becomes of total depravity, which *we* believe can only be eradicated by justification by faith? Throughout the New Testament baptism is insisted on as an *essential* and not a figurative thing. St. Paul says: 'Arise and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and *you shall receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost*.' 'Arise,' said Ananias to Paul, 'and wash away thy sin.' Paul tells us again that 'Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of Life.' This, and much else, disturbs me; but while we are thanking God that we are not as other men, we stand blind and naked before Him."

"Wolfert, Wolfert Flemming! that old Bible of yours, in which you take such pride, was printed too near the ancient popish days not to have some corruptions in the text. I have always misdoubted it,

and now see with good reason," said the minister earnestly. "Put it away,—into the fire, or anywhere,—so that you read it no more; and get one of those translated in more enlightened days."

"No!" said the Elder, while a flush deepened on his face; "I stick to my old Bible. It is an early Lutheran edition; and what is so near its source it is reasonable to think ought to be the purest. As the title-page tells me: 'it was revised and approved by the great 'Reformer' himself.'"

"Beware then, Wolfert Flemming, how you turn the word of God to your own destruction. The exercises of your mind are not uncommon. Doubts and temptations are the ordeal by which the soul—if faithful and steadfast—reaches sanctification. You know what orthodox doctrine in its purity means, and understand experimentally what justification by faith is. I cannot admonish you on these points, but I do adjure you in the most solemn manner to have recourse to prayer; *that* is the only weapon by which you can victoriously combat these doubts. Pray without ceasing, and may He in whom we both hope deliver you from your perplexities," said Father Ray with an almost imperceptible quaver in his harsh voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Power of the Blessed Virgin.

ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,  
January 15, 1869.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN:

Devotion and gratitude of the writer prompt her to raise her voice in praise and love of the ever Blessed and Immaculate Mary. An incident is recorded, which took place in this house on the morning of the memorable day, 8th of December, 1854.

A little child called Marie, aged three years, had been lying dangerously ill of brain fever for several days. On the morning of the seventh, indications of approach-

ing death were visible. The physician pronounced the case hopeless. All resigned her to her fate; her measure was taken, the shroud and coffin got in readiness. Evening came on, she still lingered; retiring, all took a tender farewell of the loved little sufferer. Four o'clock in the morning found little Marie still with us, with dimmed eyes, shrunken features, and and scarcely perceptible breath. Gazing upon her, something seemed to whisper: "Our Blessed Mother wishes to try your faith in her Immaculate Conception: ask her cure." Accordingly, after Mass, all the orphans proceeded in procession from the chapel, bearing the statue of the Blessed Virgin, singing her Litany, and entered the apartment of the little dying one. After the singing, the good priest present blessed a little miraculous medal, put it on her, repeating the invocation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee," all present responding. The children ranged around her couch intoned a hymn in honor of the Immaculate Mother, during which little Marie opened her eyes, and turned her head as if to listen. A few minutes more, smiling, she looked around at her companions. Now, bursts of joy from all parts. Several persons, who had seen her in an expiring state the day before, came to witness what they would not credit. Praise forever the Immaculate Conception of the Most Holy Virgin. Children shall rise up and call her Blessed.

Another incident, of one dwelling a few miles from this place, a young person about sixteen, a member of the Association of the Children of Mary. An extract from a letter to one of her teachers says: "I had gone with my father, mother, brother, sister-in-law and little nephew for the benefit of our health, to pass the summer months at that delightful place "Last Island," situate in the Gulf of Mexico. We had been there a few weeks, when on Sunday morning, ninth of August, the wind commenced blowing fearfully, increasing as night approached, when the storm became terrific. The chimney fell in; the

shutters were blown off. Imagine the scene. We lighted a blessed candle; my pious mother prayed fervently, all uniting with her. In a short time the waves of the sea broke over the house in which we were, breaking it to pieces, leaving us on the floor, which in a few more minutes was swept out to sea: a terrible crash—the floor broke in two parts, and we parted. Oh! oh! I saw them no more.

"The planks soon went from under me; I was left struggling in the sea. Black spots were around me; I caught at them; they were logs, but so slippery I could not hold on. At length, two coming near I put an arm over each, which supported me until I got a good hold of one. After this, I lost consciousness. The recollection makes me shudder: alone, senseless, lying on a log in the sea, in midnight darkness. But danger and darkness are nought to Her who has promised special protection to her children. The child of Mary alone was saved!

"I revived and found myself on the beach, but so bruised I could not stir a limb. Benevolent persons came in search of lost bodies; one approached me and bore me to a place of safety. After a few days, I, the lone one, was conducted by strangers to my desolate home. But the love and mercies of Mary shall ever dwell with me. When I forget her I will have to forget my being. *Magnificat anima mea.*"

I will add another well authenticated fact portraying the special protection of our Blessed Mother over those who honor her, related to us by a pious young man of this place. He with twelve others of this vicinity were in a regiment on Red River during a part of the war; being stationed there for some time, they proposed a union of prayer, and to that effect they repeated together every evening a part of the Rosary. One of the band of thirteen, after a time became wearied and slid off. Some time after, all the men were ordered on board a steamer for other parts. Before reaching their destination, the boat struck a snag and was fast filling up with water before another could come to their rescue. Num-

bers threw themselves overboard, consequently many were drowned.

The young man who relates the fact, remained on the deck until the steamer came to their relief; not seeing his brother, nor any of the band that formed their Sodality, he called with a loud voice each one by name. No one answered. He sorrowfully concluded all had thrown themselves overboard and were lost. Going ashore, he resolved to remain and watch for the bodies as they would rise to the surface, to bury them.

Walking along, mind occupied with the tragical event, he met one of his band, who likewise had a brother; they rushed into each others arms, both bewailing a lost brother. Continuing their sad way, after a few steps they met one by one, to their unspeakable delight, the missing ones. The band of twelve were there. The thirteenth, the renegade, alone had perished. All proclaimed and gratefully acknowledged the special protection of *her* who is never invoked in vain, renewing their promises of fidelity.

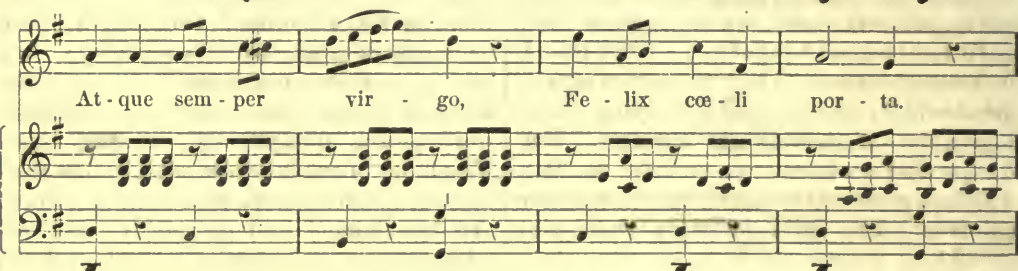
The brother of the narrator of the fact related that after casting himself into the water he had swum, until nearly reaching the shore he became entangled among a number of bodies struggling in the water; disengaging himself, he turned to retrace his course to the opposite shore. Apparently about half way, he became exhausted and felt himself sinking; he turned on his back to float, when the scapular on his bosom, borne by the water, floated before his eyes; at this sight he immediately cried out: "Blessed Mother of God, save me." He no sooner uttered these words than his head touched the bank; turning, he grasped hold of the branches and roots and was a saved man. All through her who ever protects her faithful servants.

MARY.

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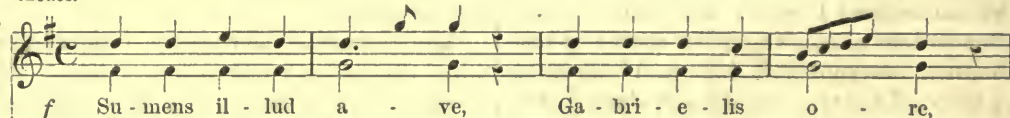
A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked: "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is."

## Ave Maris Stella.

*Andante.*Sopro.  
Solo.

CHORUS.

Alto. Sop.



Bass. Tenor.



## Hymn for a Lenten Vigil.

REV. XAVIER D. M'LEOD.

Watch to-night with penance, vigil, fast and weeping;

Pray for all the sleeping; for the sinner pray.

Let not sloth o'ercome us lest He sees us slumber  
When He comes to number His elect array.

Foolish virgins perished, slothful and belated,  
For while yet they waited, lo, the Bridegroom came.

Oh, may none be with us who the vigil feareth,  
Lest when Christ appeareth he be struck with shame.

Should your tepid spirit tire of supplication,  
Let your meditation be how Jesus prayed;  
Should you grow impatient of the midnight dreary,  
Chant the *Miserere*—that will give you aid.

Think of all His anguish through the crucifixion,  
When His benediction on the good thief fell.

Think how great the fondness that such pangs  
could smother,  
Till unto His Mother He had said farewell.

Pardon us, Jesus!

Oh, if in that awful Passion in the Garden,  
Jesus, for our pardon, felt all sorrow's power,  
If He felt on Calvary even His God forsaking,  
Cannot we, awaking, watch with Him one hour?

Rouse thee from thy visions, O thou idle dreamer,  
Turn to our Redeemer with an earnest faith,  
And come Thou to help us, Priest and King and  
Pastor,  
Save us, Holy Master, from the sleep of death.

IMPOSING CEREMONY—THE CONSECRATION OF A CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Right Rev. Ignatius Mrak was consecrated Bishop of Marquette, at the cathedral on Plum street, yesterday morning, with all the pomp and ceremony pertaining to the catholic Church.

The newly elected bishop is a native of Carmialia. He is now nearly sixty years of age, and has for twenty-four years labored in the cause of christianity, as a missionary in the Diocese of Detroit and Marquette. He is a man of profound learning and linguistic attainments, highly respected by

his brethren in the Church, and fully competent to resume the work in his diocese where his lamented predecessor left off. His ordination, yesterday, was an event of more than ordinary interest to Roman Catholics in this city, and at the hour designated for the commencement of the exercises, the cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity by an immense throng of people, orderly and quiet, but intensely anxious for the ceremonies to begin.—*Exchange*.

ORDINATION.—The ordination of Messrs. Thomas Losana and Santiago Silva, to be priests in the catholic Church, took place in the catholic church of this city at the 7½ o'clock Mass, on Sunday last. The ceremony was august, impressive, and not to be forgotten by its participants; the manner of the Most Rev. Bishop Ramirez, particularly at that part of the ceremony where he administered the charge to the candidates, was of one who spake as if he had authority. There were in the sanctuary with the Bishop, several of the Oblate Fathers and the Rev. S. Ballesteros curate of Matamoras.—*Brownsville Sentinel*, Jan. 22.

DURING his visitation, from January the 24th to February the 7th, a period of fourteen days, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hara, Bishop of Scranton, confirmed 1162 candidates. The good Bishop, at all the points visited found crowds awaiting to welcome him and to receive his blessing.

DIED, on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., at half-past four o'clock, at the episcopal residence in Covington, Ky., after a protracted illness, in the 66th year of his age, Very Rev. T. R. Butler, V. G. The funeral took place on Thursday, 11th inst., from St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington. May he rest in peace.

DIED.—On the 2d of February, at Notre Dame, Ind., Bro. Stephen, a professed member of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

On the 26th of December, in Cincinnati, Brother Amandus, a novice of the same Order.

Many of the old students of Notre Dame,

and all the friends of the institution who have visited Notre Dame within the last quarter of a century, will hear with sorrow the announcement of Bro. Stephen's death, and utter a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul.

*Requiescant in pace.*

RECEPTION OF NOVICES AT ST. MARY'S CONVENT, WEBSTER AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—On Monday evening, the Rt. Rev. Bishop gave the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy to Miss Lizzie Boore (Sister M. Philomena), to Miss Mary Garahan (Sister M. Clotilda), and to Miss Sarah Keenan (Sister M. Purification).

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE BAPTISMAL ROBE.

#### A Legend.

St. Joseph was once invited to become the baptismal patron of a new-born babe. The Saint gladly consented, and the eventful day having arrived, he brought the child, on the part of God, a beautiful white robe, with which he clothed him as soon as the blessed waters of the font had trickled down his baby brow.

This robe was composed of a light and flexible fabric, similar to the fleecy web sometimes seen floating on the air in our beautiful summer evenings, and which is called gossamer; but it possessed, at the same time, the solidity and brilliancy of the diamond.

The infant in this wondrous robe looked like a little angel, to the admiration and astonishment of its parents, sponsors, nurse and all the spectators.

"This is indeed one of our good God's angels," they exclaimed one after another.

"It is truly," repeated St. Joseph; "an angel of God he will remain so long as

he will preserve this robe spotless and brilliant as it is at present."

"Alas!" said the sorrowing mother, "it will not long remain so. A little baby soils everything, and a white dress will very soon be dirty."

"Not at all," returned St. Joseph. "While he is an infant he will not stain the garment. Remember, it comes from heaven. Now the angels of God are ordered to preserve it from all stain until he becomes large enough to take care of himself."

"But," again objected the mother, "how can he wear the gown after he grows larger?"

"Fear not, woman," replied the Saint; "everything that comes from Heaven is large enough for man, whether he be a dwarf or a giant. Your son will not only continue to wear it after he is grown, but he must never part with it, since he is to bear it with him to judgment. It is his passport to the other life; by this robe God will recognize him as His child when he will present himself at the gate of Paradise. But let him guard it well; and you, who are his respondents, father, mother, God-father and God-mother, do not forget to explain this to him when he will be old enough to understand it—not the stains from without, but blemishes from evil within that tarnish the whiteness of this garment. While his will remains docile, his heart pure, the robe will retain its freshness and brilliancy, and all the blemishes which the wicked may strive to imprint thereon, will be repulsed by interior virtue. When it is otherwise, it will be owing to his own free will. But every stain of conscience will be visible on this vestment."

"Alas! holy St. Joseph," continued the mother, "you know how weak poor human nature is. How can we avoid the stains when it is so difficult to avoid sin?"

"That is but too true," returned the loving fosterfather. "For this reason has our Divine Redeemer placed the remedy beside the evil. When the robe becomes soiled, the waters of heaven can restore to it the freshness and beauty of this lily."

And the virginal spouse exhibited the

flower, the symbol of purity, which he bore in his hand as a scepter.

"One more recommendation," said he. "Although this child's robe should one day become as black as ink, so that he would wish to hide it beneath other garments, the inhabitants of heaven still cherish sentiments of love and pity for their brethren here below; and more than once have the tears of a saint, falling at the last moment on the robe of a sinner, effaced the stains which the latter had not the courage to wash out himself."

"And now," continued the holy man, "adieu! I can remain among you no longer. The evil spirit has broken several steps of the ladder which the poor struggling souls must ascend in order to reach Paradise; and, besides, the Holy Virgin says that for some of the little ones who are striving to reach the top, many of the steps are too far apart. So, you see, as master carpenter of heaven, it is my place to attend to this matter."

With these words St. Joseph departed, to the great regret of the mother, who would have been delighted had he remained to partake of the elegant repast she had prepared.

## II.

Meanwhile, the baptized child increased in strength and beauty. He had almost attained the age of reason, and, as his glorious patron had predicted, his baptismal robe still retained its spotless purity.

But, in proportion as his mind developed, his little lies, his childish rebellions, and his petty thefts, partook of the nature of malice. Gradually, also, the primitive whiteness of his garment might be observed becoming obscured in several places. These were not yet, however, properly speaking, real stains, but a diminution of brilliancy. The diamond robe had become tarnished, and reflected less vividly the light of heaven.

But his evil genius progressed rapidly, and soon the precious boon lost all its brilliancy. Then came the age of the passions: his wickedness increased still more, and one day the terrified mother perceived her

son striving to hide between the folds of his mantle a large black spot.

The mother besought him weeping: "Oh, my son!" said she to him, "have recourse immediately to the remedy which your holy patron pointed out to you. Expose your robe to the waters of heaven, and, when it is washed, the sun's rays will dry it and restore its original brightness."

But the young man, closing his heart to the tender exhortations of his mother, would not admit that his robe was stained: and the better to conceal the large spot which betrayed his fault to every eye, he endeavored to press the fold of his garment closer to his person.

This fatal spot, like a drop of oil, continued to spread until it covered a large portion of the robe.

The young man at length wallowed, like an unclean animal, in the mire of impurity; and as his heart loved the mire, his garment partook of its foul color.

He at length grew weary of displaying this tainted robe, which, even to his own eyes, was a continual reproach, and which disclosed to every one that he no longer served the Master whose livery he wore. As he could not lay it aside, and as he no longer wished, owing to the wicked propensities of his heart, to have recourse to the only means by which it could be restored to its primitive purity, he resolved to conceal it beneath the garb of the world's votaries, whose life he had been following for some time. Besides, his baptismal robe was no longer agreeable to him; his evil comrades ridiculed it, and had it been still beautiful and white he would have blushed to wear it.

He hid it therefore beneath his other clothes, and from that moment dated the absolute reign of Satan in his soul. For hitherto, this heaven-sent garb, even against his will, was occasionally moistened by the dew of heaven, and lost somewhat of its fetid odor by being exposed to God's own pure air. But being now in contact only with a body delivered to impure emotions, it became blacker, and at length, from its very blackness, assumed a species

of livid whiteness, resembling cloth consumed by fire.

It exhibited this appearance one day when the unfortunate young man glanced at it. He laughed maliciously, and said to himself that fortune had served him well, and that he could go the next day to reclaim his throne in heaven, which belonged to him in right of his white robe.

The occasion presented itself sooner than he expected. The young man reached his prime, then became an old man, the old man soon became a whitened sepulchre to open before long to admit death, and the grim monster, though long feared, came when least expected. Without allowing the poor wretch time to recollect himself, he he tore him away brutally, and launched him into eternity, clothed only in the robe which he had received at Baptism.

### III.

Thus was he carried off like a feather by a blast of wind, to traverse the infinity of space, towards that intermediate region, where the souls of men appear before their Sovereign Judge.

While still some distance from the divine tribunal, he perceived approaching two souls, also invested with the snowy garb of Baptism. They were as brilliant as the stars. The robe of the first resembled a pure mirror, reflecting the dazzling splendor of God. Our blessed Lord extended His arms towards it, and it was lost in the light of heaven. The other advanced in its turn, but on its shining garment might be discerned in some places slight shadows like spots on the sun. Uttering a two-fold cry of sorrow and of love, and in deepest desperation flying from the sight of that just Judge, it took its flight towards that ocean of fire into which souls plunge themselves, not without suffering, but without regret, to purify by those glowing flames their least stains.

One soul now remains before that awful tribunal. Why does it shudder and quake with terror? Does it not also bear the livery by which the Heavenly Father recognizes His elect? Is it not clothed in

the holy robe of Baptism? Blessed patron of this trembling soul, can you recognize in this dishonored robe that garb of innocence which you brought it from heaven in the first days of its infancy? Scorched by the fire of its earthly passions, the diamond garb, more fragile at this moment than a spider's web, contracts and is rent asunder by the powerful rays which emanate from the avenging throne. Through the burning robe the soul feels itself touched by that devouring heat. O rains of heaven! where are you? Tears of the saints, is it too late for you to flow upon this sin-stained robe, to restore the secret virtue belonging to it, with which, as a buckler, it clothes the soul on that terrible day of its appearance before its God? It is too late! The soul is in the presence of its Judge. Under the searching glance of His all-seeing eye, the desecrated mantle was reduced into dust, and the crimes of this unhappy soul, laid bare to every eye, have received the seal of eternity. Eternal tears, can you wash them out?—*Catholic Mirror*.

### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 5....	\$ 375 56
Saint Malachy's Sunday School, Philadelphia.....	50
Miss F. Duffy and sister, Phila..	1 00
Mrs. McKeowne, New Melleray, Iowa.....	2 00
A friend.....	1 00
M. Duffy, Elleard, Mo.....	2 00

Total amount on hand....\$ 382 06  
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868. 1,343 00

Total.....\$1,725 06

A DESCRIPTION.—A writer, in speaking of a musical professor, described him as "throwing his chest forward, and drawing back his head while singing, as if trying to dodge a well aimed brickbat."

# AVE MARIA.

*A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.*

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 6, 1869.

No. 10.

## Mary the Key to Mystery.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 116.]

We have but to trace the histories of nations to feel assured of this. All nations in their infancy point to traditions in which not only the fall is clearly traced, but the redemption by a Son of God born of a virgin mother is prophetically preserved amid the allegories which soon enshrouded truth from the eyes of men, as with a mist.

Human virtue—the type of divine virtue—still preserved a hold on human intelligence, from “the fitness of things,” long after the light of the old traditions had faded from men’s sight; but corruption made way in spite of it. The luxury and dissoluteness of nation after nation prepared the way not only for depravation of manners, but for losing sight of the very foundations on which that virtue was based. Industry became compulsory on the poor, who were mostly reduced to slavery, and the rich held themselves above all useful work. Woman was degraded, and the family,—the domestic hearth, which should be the centre whence proceeds every holy feeling, was sullied and forsaken.

Old civilization was departing visibly with the principles that upheld it, when the angels’ song was heard on the plains near David’s city; when the restoration was proclaimed as about to begin, good tidings announced to men of good will, the shepherds directed to the Virgin Mother, on whose lap they found the God-

Child promised from the beginning, of whose reign there was to be no end.

Old civilization was departing, and a new era was to be inaugurated. The great of the earth had become too proud to toil! The greatest in the universe descended to labor and suffer. All flesh had corrupted its way, and God prepared a woman to walk before Him in holiness, purity, singleness of purpose, devoted to His service, perfected by Him, that she might be the Mother of His human nature, the nurse of His infancy, the tender guardian of His childhood, the instructor of His growing years, the provider for His domestic necessities in riper age.

Mary was to dwell with God under all these phases,—God, who was come to restore and to save that which was lost. She was the perfect woman; she fulfilled the perfect woman’s office, that of calling out the best human affections, in order to unite them to the divine principle which stamps them with the seal of eternity, while perfecting and purifying them during their growth.

Being Mother of God, she was also the type of those mothers who realize that it is their especial province to produce, tend, cultivate and foster the divine principle in the souls of their children. Mary, Mother of God, pray for the women who have been reclaimed through thine instrumentality from degradation of every kind, that they may testify their appreciation of the fact by devoting themselves to soul-culture,—to the culture of the best affections, of the highest aspirations; and that not only in themselves, but in all whom they influence: sons, brothers, husbands, or those of their own sex.

If Eve sinned so deeply by stepping out of her province to seek forbidden lore, let the daughters of Mary make their Mother's life a study for their own imitation, secure that in so doing they have the true model throughout all time for their imitation.

Knowledge is good, but there are conditions under which it is inappropriate.

The knowledge of the world's wickedness in a child going to school, is destructive of innocence;—it disturbs the equilibrium of the faculties, and presents a distorted image which cannot fail to injure proportional development.

But to a young woman just entering into her office of bringing God home to the domestic hearth, there to dwell in purity in the presence of Mary, such knowledge is even more destructive:—it disturbs the imagination, injures faith in goodness, and thereby lessens the influence for good which might otherwise be so potent.

As we advance in life, knowledge of evil must come,—we cannot avoid it;—it is our heritage from Eve. But O ye mothers who have sat at the feet of Mary!—ye who seek like her to foster God in the human soul,—keep this foul knowledge of wickedness from your sons and above all from your daughters, while yet their characters are unformed,—while they are yet impressible to every mould,—while the brightness of heaven may still be reflected in their souls. Let them taste of the delights of goodness,—let them expand beneath the joys of piety and religion,—let them know the highest character that humanity can produce, by the practical exemplification of Mary's domestic diffusion of happiness which they find under your supervision.

Let them dwell with you and Mary in the house of Nazareth, the abode of peaceful contemplation, industry and prayer. Let them be raised in spirit to see the things of earth as they are seen in God; and when the sight of evil is in after-life forced upon them, they will shrink, draw back, and value more highly the life your fostering care once made so loveable, so full of tranquil bliss.

When we look abroad 'mid the turmoil of a world standing ever on volcanic combustibles which may in a moment upheave and overturn every edifice we have built, and bear us down into irretrievable ruin; when we see ourselves surrounded by smartness, which builds exultingly its own prosperity on another's ruin; when we feel that selfishness rules every community; that ambition, love of power, riches or sensuality are the real motive powers of this lower earth,—we need a hold—a strong hold—on some reliable principle to keep our tottering faith, our shaking virtue, from being overborne by the powers and influences which surround us; we need a human example to which we can point, to feel sure that humanity can soar above temptation, can bear sorrow sinlessly, can become supernatural in spirit, divine in its affinities. We are so weak, we fall so often, who shall give us courage to proceed? As an example, the God-Man is too high; His power too far transcends ours; we want to know what He can do, what He has done to strengthen, support, and render divine mere human nature, and we turn to—Mary.

Eve sinned, and human nature became what it now is: subject to sin and misery, to guilt and shame, to remorse and suffering of every shade, of every description.

The page of history is but a varied record of human crime. Mary corresponded with grace, and merited to become the Mother of the Redeemer; and the lives of the saints are the living record of what that redemption is.

Eve was not happy in Eden because she could not wait for the manifestation of God's will ere she plucked the fruit from the tree of knowledge.

Mary calmly suffered toil, poverty, inconvenience, sorrow—even to the foot of the Cross,—sublimely co-operating in the world's redemption by suffering, because such was the will of God.

And now the knowledge of Mary brings wisdom, unravels the clue to this world's mysteries, because she is the pattern woman; from her we learn how high hu-

manity may ascend, how divine nature may become, to what exalted heights mere womanhood may aspire.

True, all cannot rise to the dignity of our Queen; but Queen as she is, her nature is our nature, and if not in degree so high, yet similar in substance must our virtue be. If she rose by humility, we cannot rise by pride. If God loved her for her purity, He will not love us for our sensuality. If her patience and love of suffering found favor in His sight, our love of ease and impatience are not likely to meet with approval.

Mary, the model woman! are we even endeavoring to imitate her? She lived in retirement that she might hold closer communion with her God. And how much mischief daily ensues from the gadding and gossiping of idle women who are taken up with everything excepting God!

Mary kept the sayings which she heard abroad in her heart, waiting for God to make manifest the meaning by the event.

Thus is our over-eagerness reproved, which cannot wait a day, an hour! but in its over-anxiety consumes much precious time in idleness, and wastes itself in lamentable forebodings!

Mary, the greatest, the noblest human being the earth e'er saw, had no such weakness. Reason presided over feeling, and both reason and feeling were intimately united to God. Sublime union! Words cannot express its dignity. God took a woman to His councils, made her participator of His sufferings when He redeemed the world; and she stood—she fainted not, she stood beneath the Cross, sustained by the divine power of that union, firm in the sublime consciousness that she had done her part in the world's salvation; that on the heights of Calvary she, a woman, one of the weaker sex, had stood with a woman's heart, with a woman's tenderness, sacrificing all that was dear to human nature, all that was most deeply rooted of tender love in her great mother heart, because that heart had so ingrafted itself on the Heart of Jesus they formed but one; what He loved, she loved

out of the very intensity of her love for Him; she saw with His eyes, she heard with His ears, she understood with His understanding. He willed to suffer: she willed that He should suffer, and for the same cause—"to draw all men to Him by the chords of love!"

O mystery of love! which those only can comprehend who penetrate within the circle and enter into the recesses of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary—who can follow the footsteps of the *Deipara* and not imbibe some portion of thy richness?

Mary was a woman,—rich beyond compare in grace, but still a woman only. What therefore it was given her to feel and know, a woman may feel and know. But how? By treading in her steps; by withdrawing desires from the world; by cherishing God become man that He might be so cherished; by elevating the soul to the highest possible conceptions of goodness, beauty, and truth, and then waiting in humility for God to descend and confirm this divine state of our being.

But Mary was pure as we can never be; yet because she is so pure she will aid us to become purified; she will be the Mother of God in our souls if we so will it. Divine grace coming through her is tempered of that severe justice which would destroy us. Mary only is pure enough to receive the rays direct from the All-Holy, Living God, and not die.

She is the Mother of God; she is also our Mother. Let us be true and faithful children of such a Mother. The homestead of Nazareth, the industry, love, purity, holy poverty, spirit of prayer which dwelt therein be our example.

Mary lived with God; let us live with Him also! His spirit dwelt with her, expounding all mysteries, infusing all science, enduing her soul with light beyond parallel. Angels sang to her of the past; visions of the present disclosed to her the hidden brilliancy of life pervading all creation with a covert charm, ever proceeding from Essential Being, permeating every atom with a resistless power, and bending it to a purpose good, beneficent and kind.

The sacrifice accomplished through her Son, creation made for man lay at the feet of Mary, now its Queen. Its Queen, because she is the most perfect of human kind! Its Queen, because she bore its Author, its Creator, within her chaste and tender bosom! Its Queen, because the mysteries of knowledge so rashly sought for by Eve to be expounded for her by human means, now lie unrolled before Mary, seen in God.

Mary sees knowledge as no created being sees so perfectly save her; yet if we sit at her feet and contemplate her beauty, somewhat of that sublime, overpowering science unveils itself, communicates itself to us; thoughts that were inextricable labyrinths become clear to us, difficulties heretofore appalling vanish; the human hand of Mary extends itself to us and points to the meaning, and when we have read and pondered the explanation, the human hand seems to become divine; we are gently lifted out of our wonted sphere, and under Mary's guidance made to feel that men were created expressly to become THE CHILDREN OF THE MOST HIGH GOD.

M. A. GELL.

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### A SERMON.

BY REV. M. MULLIN.

"Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck!" Nay, rather, "Blessed are those who hear the word of God and keep it."

I.

These words I have chosen for my text contain the whole teaching of the catholic Church regarding the Mother of God.

You are aware how from the dawn of christianity the Blessed Virgin has been made the centre of hot controversy between the champions of the catholic Church and their heretical and infidel opponents. Age after age, especially since that of the impious Nestorius in the fourth century, have false knights armed themselves to do

battle against the privileges, the glories and the honor of Mary, now assailing one, and again another of her great prerogatives as Mother of God. And age after age, with more than the devotedness of knights of chivalry, have the Doctors and Fathers of the Church, the champions of truth, gone forth armed with the impenetrable shield and the resistless lance of knowledge and faith, to fight with ever-triumphant success for the honor and the glory of their divine Mistress. For eighteen hundred years has the struggle gone on, always with victory on the side of truth and defeat on the side of error until in our day they have endeavored not only to lay sacrilegious hands on her like their predecessors and to drag her down from the high pedestal on which, as Mother of God, she has been so justly placed, but even to strip her of that first precious privilege bestowed on her,—that is, of her Immaculate Conception! But I may here incidentally remark that in this she has only shared the fate of her divine Son and of the other persons of the Trinity. The Arians in their day, like the Unitarians at present, denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, just as others denied the reality of His human nature, declaring it to be a phantasm; and others denied the incarnation. The Holy Ghost, the source of light, the Comforter and Paraclete, has been similarly assailed through all time: the very attributes of the Father have not been spared. Need we wonder then if the Mother has shared the fate of the Son, especially when the eternal God Himself has not escaped?

Now, who is right and who is wrong in this long-continued controversy regarding the Blessed Virgin? Modern protestantism through its more respectable representatives admits that she was a woman highly honored and better than most of her sex; but at the same time it asserts that she was conceived and born in original sin, and that after having come to the years of discretion she was liable to fall into actual sin more or less grievous. But the catholic Church teaches—1st, that *two* great privileges were granted her.

Two great privileges :

A privilege means an exemption from a general law. The first general law from which Mary was exempted, was that of original sin, in which all the children of Adam since his fall are conceived. The second privilege is her exemption from all actual sin, deliberate and indeliberate. You are aware that according to an article of catholic faith, no adult can live for any time here without falling at least into what is called indeliberate venial sin. Mary is, as far as we know with certainty, after her divine Son the only exception. These two privileges are, as you perceive, only negative graces. The Church teaches that in addition to these, other extraordinary and positive graces were outpoured upon her soul,—graces, which human reason cannot calculate and arithmetic cannot represent in ciphers. These privileges and graces were given gratuitously,—that is, without any previous merit on her part, but through the foreseen merits of her own Son applied to her by anticipation as they had been to the saints of the Old Law; and they spring from the divine maternity as their root. In this sense the woman mentioned in the Gospel truly exclaimed “Blessed is the womb that bore Thee; and the paps that gave Thee suck.”

2d. The second point of catholic teaching regarding the Blessed Virgin explains the Redeemer’s answer: “Nay rather blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it.” Some protestants try to make capital out of these words. But observe how groundless is this assertion. The Redeemer does not deny or contradict the exclamation of the Jewish woman, that “blessed was the womb that bore Him.” As Mother of God, Mary was blessed with the privileges and graces I have described. But these were not of her own earning, of her own merit. They were the gracious gifts God had decreed from all eternity to confer on her. Her great glory in a certain sense consisted in her own free action, in her faithful co-operation with the graces she had received, and in the ever accumulating merits she

won by her full correspondence with the lights of the Holy Spirit. She was through her whole career faithful to the word of God; not only to the outward word of the law, as we see, for instance, in her obedience to the law of purification, which, of course, did not bind her,—but to the inward word of grace, to which she was never deaf, never wanting for a single moment. This is her own merit, her self-purchased glory. Therefore, the Redeemer well said “Nay, rather blessed are those who hear the word of God and keep it,” as much to say—“My Mother is blessed, no doubt, on account of the extraordinary favors conceded to her as such. In this respect you cannot hope to be like her. But more especially blessed is she on account of her constant and faithful co-operation with the graces she received. In this respect you may imitate her.” And therefore He especially lays stress on this source of her blessedness.

Here then, my friends, you have the catholic and the protestant teachings on this head opposed hand to hand and foot to foot. Protestantism denies, firstly, her privileges, viz: exemption from original and from all actual sin, and her other extraordinary favors, and secondly, the incalculable amount of merit heaped up by the exercise of her own liberty in corresponding with grace. Catholicity asserts them all. Once again I ask, who is right and who is wrong?

Abstracting from the authority of the infallible Church, which of course can be the only prop and pillar of certain faith, and taking protestantism on its own grounds, there are two lights by which we are to be guided to a decision; these are the light of reason and the light of revelation, twin sisters which go hand and hand, though outsiders may not observe it, within the domain of the catholic Church.

1stly.—What does Reason say?

Reason says that the blood and flesh, out of which was formed the body and blood of the Man-God, ought never at any moment, first or last, be stained with sin.

The sanctity of God, dwelling in light inaccessible, makes it blasphemy to imagine such an union. Yet if at any time in the life of Mary, whether at the time of her conception, or afterwards, we admit her to have been trampled either by original or by actual sin under the hoof of the demon, we are admitting that the Son of God the splendor of His substance and the brightness of His glory, took flesh and blood from a body that had been defiled with the slime of the serpent! Does not enlightened reason rebel at the idea?

Again, to appeal to a comparison often made: Suppose a poet, or a painter, or a sculptor were permitted by God to choose as their partners women the most beautiful they could fancy, paint, or chisel. Would not the creative power of the poet exhaust all its resources to picture in words a woman most perfect and glorious in attributes of mind and body? Would not the painter mix his costliest colors and the sculptor use all the persevering energy of his genius to produce a perfect model? Reason says "Yes." Now the Son of God freely chose from all eternity His own Mother. Do you think He did not in His choice use His omniscience to preconceive, as He did afterwards His omnipotence to create, a woman perfect and most pleasing in the eyes of God as creature can possibly be? Once again Reason says "Yes," and rises in rebellion against the impious supposition that He could have allowed her to have been, for the shortest instant, stained with sin.

But I am here met with the assertion that all the descendants of Adam according to the decree are conceived and born in original sin. In answer to this I say that there have been exceptions to this general law, partial and total. The partial exceptions are John the Baptist and Jeremias the prophet. They were not born in original sin; because they were, contrary to the general rule, freed from its chains in their mothers' wombs. But these cases only prove a partial deviation from the general law. Is there among the descendants of Adam any case of total exemption

from the law of original sin and the consequent liability to fall into actual sin? Yes; our divine Lord as man is a descendant of Adam, and He is an exception. And with Him, as enlightened reason loudly proclaims, we associate His blessed Mother, in whose womb He was conceived, on whose bosom He was cradled in infancy, and in whose society He dwelt hidden from the world for the first thirty years of His life. Oh! cold and cruel must be the heart conceiving the thought that such a Son could have allowed such a Mother to have been, when it was in His power to prevent it, subject even for a moment to His worst and basest enemies—sin and Satan.

But I am again met by the observation that Reason can throw no light on this subject; that the voice of God in revelation can alone make it known to us, inasmuch as the privileges and graces of that Virgin cannot be witnessed by our senses. Now, they loudly exclaim, Revelation is silent with regard to it; and yet, you catholics elevate the Virgin to the dignity of a Goddess and bow before her in Mary-worship!

Revelation is silent? In answer, I assert that the voice of the eternal God Himself, in the infancy of the world, from the garden of the terrestrial paradise as from some gigantic watchtower overlooking the ages, promulgated our doctrine regarding the Virgin: and I assert also that if Mary-worship be a crime, the Archangel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth inspired by the Holy Ghost were the first persons guilty of it! Let us see.

In condemning the serpent after the fall of Adam, God said: "I will place enmities between thee and the woman, between her seed and thy seed; and she shall crush thy head." The quibblings over the different readings of this text are profitless; because in all the substantial meaning is the same. "I will place enmities between thee and the woman;—I, the great 'I am who am;' I, the all-powerful Creator, whom you have insulted, whom you glory to have seemingly overcome through

a woman; I shall raise up a woman in future time, and I shall make her in her weakness thy opponent; and I shall establish 'enmities,' that is, warfare,—perpetual, unrelenting, ceaseless,—between her and thee. Thou thinkest thou hast conquered Me through the weakness of Eve, but I shall conquer thee through the strength of Mary. That warfare shall go on through all time; and she shall not only invariably conquer thee, but shall finally trample and crush thy very head in the dust."

My friends, can we paint to ourselves the vision which rose before the mind of God, the vision of this mighty woman destined to wage war unceasing against the serpent and to finally crush his pride and power? If we could suppose this woman to have been for one moment subject to his power through sin, original or actual, the serpent might turn and mock the Almighty thus: "But this woman shall at least for one moment, and that the first and therefore the most precious, be subject to me." Oh no! From the first moment as through all other moments of her existence on earth, as now, the warfare inaugurated by the power of God is going on: and Mary, terrible as an army in battle-array, is always triumphant.

And when four thousand years went by, the time for the fulfilment of this promise hung out like a banner of hope from the walls of Eden had arrived, God was not forgetful. He had already raised up this mighty conqueress in the person of a lowly maiden: and He gives instructions to the Archangel Gabriel and despatches him to earth to hold converse with her. Gabriel, who in former ages had announced his high dignity to the Prophet Daniel, and, a few months before the event I describe, to Zachary, a high-priest of the temple, seems awed in presence of the Virgin. "Hail! Full of Grace!" were the first words he uttered. He did not call her Mary, but he named her "Full of Grace!" a fulness like that of the mountain lake, or of the swollen river, which another wave would cause to overflow their banks. The fulness of the ocean,

the plenitude of the atmosphere but feebly symbolize the fulness here predicated; "Hail! Full of Grace"—"a fulness" only limited by her finite capacity as a creature. "Hail! Full of Grace!" "The Lord is with thee;"—little wonder therefore she was "full of grace." And when a few days afterwards, the Virgin visited Elizabeth, the latter, as the Scripture says, "full of the Holy Spirit," exclaimed "Whence is this to me that the Mother of the Lord should visit me." Ah! there is the secret spring, the key of the arch on which her privileges and glories rest. "She is Mother of the Lord." Whence is this to me that the Mother of the Lord should visit me! Taking up as it were the echo of Gabriel's words, Elizabeth continued: "Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." From the excellence of the fruit is known the parent-tree. Jesus Christ was blessed with a holiness which the shadow of sin could not sully. Even so was His divine Mother blessed.

I conclude therefore that the Archangel and St. Elizabeth were the first worshippers of Mary in the catholic sense. The one had her inspiration from the Holy Spirit; the other had received his instructions in the court of heaven from the lips of God. Who shall dare to accuse such a source of corruption, or falsehood?

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On the 10th of next April the Holy Father will celebrate the fiftieth year of his priesthood, having taken Orders on the 10th of April, 1819. At the general meeting of the Catholic Union of Germany, held at Bamberg, it was decided to send an address to the Pope on the occasion. The *Volksbote* of Munich proposes to send the Holy Father at the same time a gift worthy of the circumstance in money or otherwise.

A letter from Rome states, on good authority, that the Archbishop of Westminster will be made a Cardinal before his return to England. The Archbishop of Paris is also to be raised to the same dignity.—*London Register*.

### To St. Joseph.

[Written for a community of Poor Clares, who had received some very special favors through the intercession of St. Joseph; but it is hoped that all the verses, except the third and fifth, may be used by others, and even these with a little alteration.]

Holy Joseph, dearest father,  
To thy children's prayer incline,  
Whilst we sing thy joys and sorrows  
And the glories which are thine.

How to praise thee, how to thank thee,  
Blessed Saint, we cannot tell;  
Favors countless thou hast given—  
Can we choose but love thee well?

Spouse of Mary, thou didst guard her:  
Shield us, too, from every harm;  
Guard our Mother, guard our Sisters,  
With thine own paternal arm.

Near to Jesus, near to Mary,  
And, kind father, near to thee  
Keep us, while on earth we wander,  
And in death our helper be.

Sing we Joseph, Spouse of Mary,  
And our convent's blessed friend;  
Favors countless, mercies constant,  
Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed, and thou hast answered;  
We have asked, and thou hast given.  
Need we marvel? Jesus tells us  
Joseph has the stores of heaven.

One more favor we will ask thee,—  
Thou of all canst grant it best:  
When we die, be thou still near us,  
Bring us safe to endless rest.

### BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

### Bouquets for every Season.

"Be liberal towards God, and God will in return deal liberally towards you."

This maxim of St. Rodriguez seems a sufficient reply to those who object to the profusion of minor devotions practised by catholics, as being superfluous. It has even been said, that while thoughtful and intelligent observers are attracted to the Church by the surpassing grandeur of her ritual and sublimity of her doctrines, on

the other hand they are repelled by the numberless devotions, public and private, which seem to them if not actually superstitious, at least frivolous, childish, and, in many cases, irreverent. Ah! let such observers pass beyond the portals of the wondrous temple that attracts them; soon will they find all these objections of cold materialism and philosophy melting away like frostwork, in the genial air of the sanctuary. Let them once yield generously to the holy impulse that draws them to the fair and gracious "Bride of the Lamb,"—they will rejoice in her winning beauty arrayed in "garments of gold, clothed round about with varieties." Resting tranquilly in her all-embracing arms, drawing from her maternal bosom the divine nourishment which alone can satisfy their hungry souls, they will cease to wonder at the diversity of her gifts; they will see in the very ease with which she adapts herself to the innumerable desires of her children—like a tender mother divining them before they can be expressed—a striking proof that she is, in truth, guided by Him who knows how to deal with the infinite variety of minds and dispositions produced by His creative power.

Catholic devotion is indeed limitless, exhaustless; and that is its distinguishing glory. It is a boundless garden of delights, wherein unnumbered millions rove at will, finding there indissolubly blended the "unity" and "liberty" of which St. Augustine speaks, as well as the "charity," the ever glowing, ever aspiring love of God that brightens and fructifies "all things." But of this the outside world, alas! can know nothing. Looking from afar they may behold, with surprise and awe, the majestic tree of faith that gathers whole nations beneath its shade; they may wonder at its stateliness and symmetry, respect its vigorous life, and admire the beautiful play of sunbeams and shadows among its countless boughs; but it is only for those who dwell in peace beneath its pleasant, luminous shade, to know the exquisite beauty and fragrance of the wild flowers that wreath its gigantic trunk;

they alone may wander delightedly amid the endless variety of blossoms that faith and love have planted and nurtured over and around its far-spreading roots, tempting all to gather the sweet perennial clusters that bloom more luxuriantly the oftener they are plucked.

But, not to dwell longer on a theme so far beyond her powers, it is the wish of the present writer to group some of these sweet flowers—clumsily, it may be, but yet with fond, reverent care—in bouquets, adapted, as far as practicable, to the different festivals and holy seasons as they occur; though some will be found renewing their bloom at various times, and others offering a fresh bud for every day in the year. Most of these soul-flowers will, of course, be gathered from the writings of the saints and other approved sources; a few have sprung up spontaneously from the impulses of private devotion; for there are few Catholics probably who do not make or adapt for their own use certain little exercises, which may be deemed allowable, as St. Teresa says, “as long as we do not depart from what the Church holds and the saints believe.” With regard to these latter devotions and the thoughts which may occasionally arise from the subject, the collector, while naturally diffident in venturing on such ground, gains confidence in remembering the authority which will correct and pass judgment on all ere it is spread before the indulgent readers of our Blessed Lady’s Messenger.

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#### FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

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#### DEVOTION TO THE SACRED FACE.

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This is, indeed, “a consoling devotion,” says the pious translator of the Revelations of St. Gertrude; “for we shall be judged standing before the Face of Christ, but no longer the suffering Face. If, then, we have been devout to it during life, surely we may hope that it will look mercifully and lovingly upon us when we stand before

the judgment-seat.” Our Lord has been pleased to teach us one form of this devotion Himself, through His favored spouse, St. Gertrude. Desiring to participate in the devotion as practised yearly at Rome on the second Sunday after Epiphany, she represented this Face to herself as all disfigured by her sins, and humbly asked pardon, which He granted, with His blessing, and then said: “That you may truly amend your life, I enjoin you this satisfaction—that each day during this year you will perform some action in union with, and in memory of, the mercy by which I grant you this indulgence.” The Saint, accepting the satisfaction, but fearing her frailty, said: “But what shall I do, O Lord, if I should fail in this through my negligence?” “Why should you fail in so easy a matter?” He replied; “for I will accept the least thing you do with this intention, if it be only to lift a pebble or a straw from the ground, to utter a single word, to show kindness to any one, to say the *Requiem æternam* for the faithful departed, or to pray for sinners or the just.” St. Gertrude having asked that her particular friends might share in this, the Lord replied: “All who wish to share with you in the satisfaction which I have imposed on you, will also receive a similar indulgence and remission of their sins.” \* \* \* After this, He said: “Oh, what abundant benedictions I will pour forth on him who returns to Me at the end of this year with works of charity exceeding the number of his sins!” But the Saint exclaimed distrustfully: “How can this be, since the heart of man is so prone to evil, that scarcely an hour passes in which he does not sin in many ways?” Our Lord replied: “Why should you think this so difficult, when there are many things that please Me, and there is nothing, however difficult, which My grace cannot accomplish.” “Lord,” replied Gertrude, “what wilt Thou give to him who accomplishes this in Thy strength?” “I can give you no better answer than this,” He replied,—“that I will give ‘What eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath

it entered into the heart of man to conceive."\* How happy will he be who has practised this devotion for a year, or even for a single month, since he may expect the same reward from the liberality of his God!†

St. Gertrude's hesitancy cannot be supposed to have arisen from any fear that she or her nuns ("a community of saints," as her biographer styles them) would find this devotion too "difficult." What would not their burning love have undertaken with alacrity! Rather let us understand it as a warning counsel for such lukewarm christians as ourselves; and after our Lord's sweet explanation and encouragement, can the most miserably tepid among us find it *too much* to undertake? The munificent promises we may indeed hesitate to apply to ourselves. We may say, they are only for souls like Gertrude; it would be ridiculous presumption in us sinners to expect such rewards for acts sullied with a thousand imperfections. Well then, we will renounce the splendid recompense in favor of the saints; but shall we likewise make over to them the devotion that Jesus has urged so tenderly? To plead our unworthiness as an excuse for refusing to perform *one* of these little acts of kindness every day in honor of the sacred Face which we hope (unworthy though we be) to behold with joy in eternity—is this humility or sloth?

Our Lord was farther pleased to promise: "All those who meditate frequently on My Divine Face, attracted by the desires of love, shall receive within them, by the virtue of My Humanity, a bright ray of My Divinity, which shall enlighten their inmost souls, so that they shall reflect the light of My countenance in a special manner in eternity."

How touchingly the prophet describes

\* 1. Cor. ii, 9.

† "Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude, by a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares." London, 1865. In this and succeeding quotations from this work—a volume of wonders—the text will be followed as closely as space will permit, the words of our Saviour and the Saint being in every case exactly copied.

the condition to which that countenance, "the most beautiful among the children of men," was reduced by our sins: "There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness: and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him: despised, and the most abject of men, a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity: and His look was as it were hidden and despised; whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows; and we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God, and afflicted."\* Cold indeed must be the heart which cannot find subject for loving, grateful reflections, in this picture.

M. L. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* Is. liii.

THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM AS IT IS TO-DAY.—The spot where our dear Saviour was born is situated about 200 yards southward of Bethlehem. It is a grotto hewed in soft rock, thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide and nine high. Three pillars of porphyry support the vault. In the middle is a kind of niche, which is divided into two parts by an altar sufficiently large for the celebration of Mass. On this altar thirty-two lamps burn continually night and day. Costly marble, bestowed by St. Helena, covers the rocks and pavement of the cave. At its farther end, towards the east, is the spot where the ever Blessed Virgin brought forth the Saviour of the world. This spot, lighted by sixteen lamps, is marked by a slab of white marble fixed in the pavement and lined with jasper, in the centre of which is a silver sun, surrounded with the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Over this is placed a marble slab serving for an altar. The divine Infant, after His birth, was placed in a manger now preserved at Rome, but the place where it stood is marked, a little lower down, by another manger of white marble.

### The Five Wounds.

FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY OF LENT.

Our heavy-lidded eyes, with weeping dim,—  
Scarce will they let us look upon our work,  
On Him our sins have slain—  
The dead Christ 'neath the Cross.

Helpless He rests upon His Mother's breast;  
The slant rays of the slowly sinking sun  
Glance on His pallid limbs  
Dark seamed with crimson stains.

The passive hands—ne'er lifted but to bless,  
To heal with gentlest touch all human woes,  
Or with grave tenderness  
Laid on some childish head:—

The wearied feet—that followed far and long,  
Through the wide wilderness His straying sheep,  
Whose wilful steps yet sought  
To wander farther still:—

Pierced, wounded, crucified! Hour after hour,  
His slow life-blood was drained from each dear  
wound;  
Yet love unsatisfied,  
Love victor over death,

Would give the last drops from the lifeless Heart,  
That loved as never heart had loved before,  
And wooed the cruel spear  
To open wide the way.

Oh, last and best, and dearest proof of love,  
All pathos, and all tenderness divine  
Is hidden in the depths  
Of Jesus' wounded side.

And ever and for evermore wide ope,  
The earth's one sanctuary from all ill,  
Where all may enter in,  
To Jesus' Sacred Heart.

R. V. R.

NONE feels friendship more tenderly and affectionately than I do, none feels a separation more keenly: yet, I hold this our present life in so little account, that I never turn to my Lord with a more intense feeling of love, than when He has smitten me, or has permitted a blow to fall upon me.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

### THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MRS. FLEMMING IS THANKFUL FOR THE  
PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS OF  
HER FAMILY.

"Yes, I will pray on, hoping for light," said Flemming in his grave level tones. "So far my prayers are unanswered; I have knocked, but the door remains closed; and the end of it all is that my spiritual life is full of discord. In the pages of the 'word,' where I found only peace, I discover contradictions which so confound me that I sometimes wonder if I have risked my soul on a lie."

Wolfert Flemming's mental condition is one not at all uncommon to thinking religious minds outside the One True Fold, though there be only a few who are honest enough to admit the fact in regard to their own individual experience; they go stumbling on over their doubts and misgivings, and search the Scriptures diligently only to find outside of the texts on which their own peculiar doctrines are founded, things hard to be understood, and an apparent authority for contradictory belief, with a strange want of harmony which perplexes and dismays them. How should they—who have always been taught that it is a false, idolatrous creed—know that it is only in the Holy Catholic Church, which acknowledges the eternal and indissoluble unity of one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, that the integrity of the Scriptures is preserved intact, that their unbroken harmony like golden links stretch from the promise, given by almighty God to our first parents, of a Redeemer, down to the birth of Jesus Christ in the stable at Bethlehem; from the manger to the cross, from the cross unto the end of time, from time into a boundless and infinitely glorious eternity? To the true believer there

is no discord in the Holy Scriptures, for his is no ephemeral belief in an amateur religion founded for the glorification and selfish ends of man, but a science of eternal principles coming from God Himself, sealed by the precious blood of His Son, and vivified by the Holy Ghost who abideth with it; a faith whose commission of authority is divine, whose interpretations are infallible, founded upon a rock against which the gates of hell can never prevail; which—immutable, unchangeable, and unshaken after the tempests and buffeting of nearly nineteen centuries—stands as firm as the everlasting hills, more glorious and beautiful than the sun, her battlements glittering with the souls she has won, her watch-towers enlightening the ends of the earth; awaiting the consummation of time to ascend in triumph with her spoils and conquests into the eternal heavens.

Our good Puritan knew nothing of this True Faith; he had heard and read of a monstrous and devilish system called popery, worse than the creed of Buddha, more infamous than the priestcraft of Egypt; a thing so full of the abomination of desolation, so corrupt and antichristian in its tendencies that it sickened his upright soul and made him wonder at the great patience of almighty God in bearing with it; but beyond this mistaken view he knew nothing; he was as ignorant as any pagan in the jungles of India of the one true Catholic Church, its Faith, Creed, Dogmas, Precepts and usages. He was only one of many God-fearing, truth-seeking men, who like Saul of Tarsus think they are best serving God when in their blindness they rage against His Church. He had the Bible for his guide, but we see how sorely he was confused in a labyrinth of which he held not the clue.

"These are temptations, Wolfert," said the old minister, laying his hand upon the bowed head of the strong man; "but keep them from the knowledge of your family, lest you scandalize the weak and unregenerate of your own household; and pray, pray without ceasing."

Jacob, overwearyed with fatigue in his

journey to Mesopotamia, took a stone and laying it under his head slept there and had a glorious vision of angels, and when he awaked out of his sleep he said: "Indeed the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."\* So was it with this man who with earnest purpose rested on the Scriptures, which, now more comfortless than a stone, would by-and-by become the very gate of heaven to him.

Mrs. Flemming came in to invite them out to dinner, and her beaming smile was somewhat checked when she noted the stern and troubled expression on the countenances of her husband and the minister; but she at once imagined in her quick conclusive way that they had been deep in grave religious discussions, which accounted for it very satisfactorily to her mind, for it was utterly impossible for her ever to disassociate religion with a stern gravity; and except that she straightened herself up a little to meet the emergency, she gave herself no trouble about it, and thought they were both saints. The young people were having a cheerful time around the bright hearth of the old room, judging from the hum and laughter that came sounding through the open doors; but it smote upon Father Ray's ears so gratingly that when he came in his countenance wore a severe and displeased look, which passed over the blithesome and innocent young hearts like a cold wave, chilling them into sudden silence.

"It is all levity," he thought; "they are children of the devil, and what right have they to be laughing on the brink of woe." Then he looked around at the handsome comely young faces, all drawn down into a serious silence which was a revolt against nature and innocence, while in their hearts they were thinking "how unlovely religion is;" then, as if satisfied with this outward seeming, he folded his hands, and closing his eyes began to "offer thanks." It was a long grace, more full of reproof than of thankfulness for blessings received, which gave the tur-

\* Genesis, xxviii.

key and other viands time to cool, while the mouths of the wholesome hungry young folks watered; and George Merrill wondered if a harpy or something would not fly down and seize the good things before his grandfather got through. But no; he finished, and in solemn silence on their part the dinner was eaten. They ate, and that was all they could do; for the Elder, the minister and Mrs. Flemming got into a talk about religious affairs in which "justification by faith" and "free agency" were gravely discussed, which quite extinguished their spirits. Nicholas whispered: "I wish that peddler fellow was here. Wouldn't it be fun?" at which a contraband giggle was heard for an instant but as instantly hushed. The "peddler fellow" had been the subject of their conversation before dinner, and their hearty laughter had been over the recollection of his pleasantries, blunders and songs; but the audacity of Nicholas suggested a situation too ludicrous for their gravity even under the awful restraints of Father Ray's presence. But everything comes to an end, and so did the dinner; after which the Elder and his wife, with their reverend guest, sat round the broad cheerful hearth of the quaint old room, while the young people went away into the new part of the house and took possession of "the best one," and enjoyed themselves.

George Merrill thought Eva more lovely than he had imagined; every movement was full of unrestrained grace; her intelligent mind gave animation and interest to all she said, and there was over it all an expression of innate purity which made her strangely beautiful, and he resolved that he would offer himself to her before he went back to Boston. Father Ray, when he took leave, "admonished each one to give up the vanities of the world, and declared that it was their own perversity and hard-heartedness that kept them from being converted." Said he: "You harden your hearts and stiffen your necks, and by-and-by you will be abandoned by the still small voice, unless you repent." Mrs.

Flemming sighed a genuine sigh from the depths of her motherly heart over her children; the Elder looked on the sweet comely faces of his daughters and the brave handsome ones of his boys, and thought that there was indeed "but one thing needful" to make them perfect—but wished that the stern old preacher would try and make religion a more winning and lovely thing to them; for his heart yearned tenderly over them, and it was his first and only prayer for them that they might become true and faithful servants of God.

That evening the Elder and his wife sat talking over the fire—the young people having gone off in a sleigh to the old meeting-house, a mile distant, to attend the singing class. They were quite alone. Said Mrs. Flemming:

"I think, father, we ought to feel very thankful. God has prospered us abundantly, and our home here is happier than most. Indeed, I often wonder if many have been as happily matched and mated as we two."

"I'm afraid there are not many, little wife; more's the pity. Yes, as you say, we have reason to be thankful, and I hope that we are so," said the Elder smoothing her hair.

"And I'll tell you what, father," she went on, "I think our children will be happy too; they are handsome and thrifty, altho' I say it who oughtn't; and they are going to marry so suitably, and will have none of that rough close struggle that most young couples have. Deacon Sneathen's a well-to-do man, and Huldah is a good, managing, natty girl, and will make Nick a good wife; then, John Wilde—I don't know a better young man—you know that he is rich; leastways he's got the biggest and best stocked farm in these parts, and will be a good husband to Hope, depend upon that. And I am sure that George Merrill will ask Eva; I saw it in his eyes to-day if I ever saw anything."

"What a clever little mother it is," said the Elder smiling; "and what a proud one you'll be to sit down among your children and grandchildren some of these

Thanksgiving-days. But you are mistaken, it is likely, about George Merrill; he will want a city wife, and don't you see that he's a bit of a dandy?"

"He may be that; but if he's not head over ears in love with Eva I never was so deceived in all my life," said Mrs. Flemming, poking up the fire with the tongs.

"It would be a good match, a very suitable match," replied her husband complacently. "Only I should not like Eva to go so far off."

"Neither should I; but such things are to be expected, and it would be selfish to stand in the way of her happiness and interest if she likes him," answered Mrs. Flemming.

"That is very true. Why, mother, the old home will be very empty and lonely for us when they all go. I think we shall have to fetch Huldah and Nicholas to live with us."

"It is time enough to think of that, father. It *would* be very lonesome; but, to my thinking, young people are best off to themselves, in their own house. Mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law oftener than not get to hate each other, and I shouldn't like Nick's wife to hate me. I'm afraid that your plan won't answer; I've been mistress here too long."

"And shall be to the end, my good faithful little wife and helpmate. As long as you live this house is your kingdom," he said fondly, while a warm glow of happiness passed over her face, softening away every hard line until the beauty of her youth seemed given back to her for a few moments;—then:

"It will be pleasant, I guess, to have them all coming to see us, father; and you know we shall have Reuben all the time."

"Our poor Reuben! I fear that his life will be spent uselessly. I can't imagine what he will do," sighed the Elder, while his heavy eyebrows lowered.

"Ah well! there is no use fretting our hearts to fiddle-strings over Reuben. I dare say something will turn up to suit him," replied she, also sighing. "But I

feel pretty well tuckered out, and shall go to bed."

That night, after Hope and Eva got home, they sat together on the hearth rug, reluctant to leave the warmth and glow of the fire, so grateful to their half-benumbed feet after their cold ride—talking over the evening after the manner of young girls:

"I think," said Hope, "that George Merrill is very handsome."

"Yes, George is good-looking. I don't think the city has changed him much," replied Eva in a tone of unconcern.

"You seem very indifferent," said Hope teasingly.

"No, I am not indifferent. I like George—"

"Aha! so I thought!"

"As a friend. We were playmates at school you know, Hope, and I liked him then just as I did Nick and Reuben; and I like him so now," answered Eva seriously."

"Well, I guess that's something; but good night, I have to be up betimes in the morning. I should like to sit here all night if it were not for that," said Hope, getting up to begin her preparations for rest—"good night; tell me all about the pictures you find in the coals. Poor Ruby's pictures!" And Hope blessed her sister's fair upturned face; then with a sudden impulse she placed her hands on each side of her head, and pressed her cheek lightly on her golden hair. Soon Hope's low, soft breathing told she was asleep; but Eva still sat motionless on the rug, lost in thought. Presently she reached out her hand and took her Bible from a small work-table standing near, opened it and drew out the picture of "the crucifixion," the keepsake of Patrick McCue,—and gazed, her eyes full of deep thought, her heart stirring to strange pulsations, upon it. The picture and she who stood beside the Cross ever haunted her. Like the aerial echoes of Killarney, which continue to float and repeat in clear sweet musical cadences the notes of the instrument which evoked them, long after it has ceased, so through the pure and quiet

realms of this young girl's mind floated ever and ever, no matter where she was or what she was doing, the thought of the Virgin Mother; and all of her thoughts converged to the question: Who was she? She had never thought of her before, beyond the natural fact of her being the Mother of Jesus. She had read of august mothers: the mother of Moses, the mother of the Gracchi, the mother of Washington, and many other noble and true mothers whose virtues she admired and revered. She had also read of mothers whose sorrow could not be thought of without tears: she had wept over the grief of Hecuba; her soul had glowed with a sort of burning ire and pity at the sevenfold martyrdom of the mother of the Machabees; she had lamented with the mothers of Bethlehem over their slaughtered innocents; but the Mother of Jesus! it actually seemed something new to her, now she came to think of it that this holy Mother was not a myth, but an actual mother, who had lived and suffered. She had never thought of her before, and had felt no more veneration for her than for other women; the mother of Washington had stood far above this lowly Virgin Mother, who was altogether subordinate and lost sight of in the life of her Divine Son; but now she began to have deep thoughts, which would not let her alone, and being possessed of a clear analytical brain and keen womanly perceptions, it is not strange that she should want to study out the problem that haunted her. And even after she laid her head upon her pillow, instead of dropping off to sleep she got to wondering how this Mother could only stand weeping and suffering by the Cross upon which her sinless Son was expiring in cruel torments, when it seemed only human that she should have died in a sublime endeavor to defend and shield Him; then she thought over all the mothers she knew, and there was not one of them, she was morally sure, who if they could not have rescued their child from his inhuman enemies, but would at least have died in the effort. But this Mother! unlike any other, accepted the wrongs and

ignominies of her Son with passive endurance without lifting hand or voice to protest against the injustice of His persecutors and the wanton cruelty of His torments. "There must be," she thought, "a reason for this, a mystery which she could not understand," but she determined to begin, the very next morning, at the first chapter of Genesis, and search carefully through every line and verse of Holy Writ, down to the last word in Revelations, to see if she could make it out. Then it seemed strange to her that she had never felt the least reverence for her who was the Mother of Jesus, because she was His Mother. The mother of Washington was revered next to himself in the American mind; but here was the Mother of the Saviour of the world, scarcely known, never venerated, never spoken of, and held in the lowest esteem of all the holy women named in the Bible. Eva could not make it out, but fell asleep murmuring "unlike other mothers."

Unlike other mothers! Yes! promised from the beginning, this Virgin Mother was unlike all others; this second Eve, through whom the fault of the first Eve was to be repaired; this gate through which the King of glory was to enter; this Virgin expected, and sung, by patriarchs and prophets, to whom an archangel was sent with wondrous message from the Most High; this Mother to whom Simeon prophesied that a "sword of grief should pierce her soul." Yes, truly was she unlike any mother the world ever saw; elect from all eternity; sinless in her conception and birth; a virgin mother; spouse, daughter, and Mother of her Divine Son; a martyr above all martyrs, while He was the victim for all sin; and for what? That the world might be redeemed. Her Son had "to be about His Father's business;" the time had come when all was to be accomplished; therefore did she stand dumb and passive in her woe, bearing in her soul the cruel wounds and bitter torments of His body; therefore had she strength to see Him die; every nerve and fibre of her being pulsing with the dread sword-thrust of grief

throughout His dolorous Passion; sharing every pang, immolating her nature, and offering with Him the sacrifice of soul and body, that the great work of Redemption might be accomplished.

Eva's thoughts of the Blessed Virgin Mother were like the fibres of a root in a dark place, stretching themselves towards a slender thread of light coming through a narrow crevice, unknowing of the boundless wealth of sunshine and dew outside its prison bounds; or like a mountain pool, into whose depths a rare jewel is dropped and hidden by the ripple made by its fall, until presently its ruffled pulsations subside, and the sun gleaming down into the clear transparent depths, flashes into the heart of the gem like a tongue of fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION.—On Sunday, the 14th inst., in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Brown county, Ohio, Miss Catherine Murphy, in religion Sister M. Louise, a native of Ireland; and Miss Marie Portail, in religion Sister Veronica, a native of France, made their vows at Mass and received the black veil.

In the afternoon of the same day, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville gave the white veil to Miss Libby McMahon, of Illinois, in religion Sister Raphael, and to Miss Lucie Borgess, of Cincinnati, in religion, Sister Mary de Nice. The Very Rev. Edward Purcell preached.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

THE Pope drives daily, and is looking remarkably well. He went out to the Pincian and walked there some last week, and was admirably received by the numerous visitors of every nation who happened to be there. The Carnival season has fairly begun, and the great Roman houses are opening their salons with their usual hospitality. The Zouave officers are regularly invited to almost all the reunions.

Rome itself is perfectly quiet, and never was there less discontent or more prosper-

ity. Work is plentiful, wages excellent, and food not extravagantly dear, considering the small circle of territory remaining to the Pope. Oil, bread, and meat are on the whole cheaper than last year, and the population have only one fear—viz., that of annexation, and of being reduced to the same condition as their surrounding neighbors. As for Garibaldian agitation, it has completely died out in Rome, and it is presumable that the National Committee has received honorable interment as it has not lately given tokens of life.

Madame de Sartiges, the wife of the late French Ambassador, has been received into the Church since her departure from Rome.—*Cor. London Register*.

REGENERATED ITALY.—*To the Editor of the London Tablet*: Sir—I send you the subjoined extract, lest perchance you may otherwise overlook it. *L'Univers* has lately copied from the *Liberta Cattolica* the following statistics, which were published on the 14th August, 1861:—

Executions by order of the Piedmontese Government in the Neapolitan provinces between September, 1860, and May 1861:

1,841 shot instantly.

7,127 do. after a few hours.

54 do., priests.

22 do., monks.

60 infants, } killed.

48 women, }

9,152

10,604 wounded.

6,112 prisoners.

918 houses burnt down.

5 villages burnt down.

2,903 families turned adrift.

12 churches pillaged.

13,620 arrests!!!

34,174 in this second class of peccadillos!

Pretty well this in six months for the much-praised—by English press—regenerated Italian Government.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 13, 1869.

No. 11.

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

### Bouquets for every Season.

“Be liberal towards God, and God will in return deal liberally towards you.”

#### FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

#### II.—THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY SPIRITUALLY PERFORMED.

On the Monday after the first Sunday in Lent, as these words were read in the Gospel, “Come, ye blessed of My Father; \* \* for I was hungry, &c.,” St. Gertrude said to our Lord: “O, my Lord, since we cannot feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty, because our rule forbids us to possess anything of our own, teach me how we may participate in the sweet blessings with which Thou hast promised in this Gospel to reward works of mercy.” Our Lord replied:

“As I am the salvation and life of the soul, and as I continually hunger and thirst for the salvation of men, if you endeavor to study some words of Scripture every day for the benefit of others, you will bestow on Me a most sweet reflection. If you read with the intention of obtaining the grace of compunction or devotion, you appease My thirst by giving Me an agreeable beverage to drink. If you employ yourself in recollection for an hour each day, you give Me hospitality; and if you apply yourself daily to acquire some new virtue, you clothe Me. You visit Me when sick, by striving to overcome temptation and to conquer your evil inclinations; and you visit me in prison and

solace My afflictions with the sweetest consolations, when you pray for sinners and for the souls in purgatory.” He added: “Those who perform these devotions daily for My love, especially during the holy season of Lent, will most certainly receive the tenderest and most bountiful recompense which My incomprehensible omnipotence, My inscrutable wisdom, and My most loving benevolence can bestow.”

This divine lesson was surely not intended only for holy, cloistered servants of God, since it seems equally applicable to all, and especially consoling for those who, ardently wishing to perform all the works of charity, have seldom the means or opportunity of doing so. It will be remembered that St. Gertrude was particularly given to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Ordinary christians will probably rather seek in such works as the *Following of Christ*, &c., useful lessons for their own guidance and “for the benefit of others,” particularly those under their care. In choosing the book most adapted to our spiritual wants, our confessor should be consulted. This we all know, but in practice how often do we remember it? It is a strange thing how prone we are, even when most sincerely desiring to serve God and save our souls, to grope blindly along the path and stumble over innumerable obstacles, finding all our *thinking* and *resolving* of so little use that presently we begin to despair of ever doing *anything*; and all for the want of asking now and then proper advice as to the plans or resolutions we have adopted, or wish to adopt. “I have said oh ever so many prayers,” say some, “for

grace to correct this defect, or acquire that virtue, and 'tis all labor in vain." As if they did not know that one little prayer which their confessor would tell them to say would give them the grace they seek, besides the merit of *obedience*—that virtue in which American catholics so seldom show themselves proficient, yet which is more pleasing to God than all other good works, St. Catherine of Bologna has said, and "the short way to perfection," in the words of St. Teresa. With regard to the hour of recollection every day, this instruction has been on several occasions most earnestly given by our divine Master, as applicable to "all persons, whatever be their state or condition." Taught by Him, all the saints have urgently recommended meditation to all persons; maintaining with St. Alphonsus Liguori, that "meditation and sin cannot exist together." "Whoever has begun mental prayer," says St. Teresa, "I wish him not to give it up, whatever sins he may commit in the mean time, since this is the means by which he may recover himself again; but without it, he will find the work much more difficult. And let not the devil tempt him to leave it off through a motive of humility. \* \* \* Whoever has not commenced this exercise, I beseech him, for the love of our Lord, not to deprive himself of so great a benefit. Here we have nothing to fear, but much to desire; for though one should not advance much, nor strive to be so perfect as to deserve those favors and caresses which God gives to perfect souls, yet, the least which he will obtain will be to advance along the path that leads to heaven, and to know that it is the right way. \* \* \* I cannot understand why men should fear, as they do, to begin the practice of mental prayer, nor do I know what they are afraid of. \* \* \* Most certainly, unless one wishes to pass through the troubles of this life with still more numerous troubles, and to close the gate against God Himself, lest He should by this means give him comfort, I cannot understand this manner of proceeding. I have, in-

deed, much compassion for those souls who serve God at their own cost; but as for those who use mental prayer, our Lord bears their expenses, and repays the little trouble they endure with many pleasures, that so they may bear those troubles for His sake."\*

### III.—PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH.

On the second Sunday in Lent, St. Gertrude, by inspiration, "said the *Pater noster* five times, in honor of the Five Wounds of our Lord, in satisfaction for all the sins which men had committed by the five senses; and three times for the sins committed by the three powers of the soul, namely, by reason, temper, and concupiscence; and for all omissions and commissions: offering this prayer with the same intention, and for the same end as our Lord had formed it in His sweetest Heart; that is to say, in satisfaction for all the sins of frailty, ignorance or malice, which man had opposed to His omnipotent power, His inscrutable wisdom, and His overflowing and gratuitous goodness. This prayer may be offered to God during this week, to obtain the pardon of our sins and omissions, and in satisfaction for the sins of the Church."

The saint's devotion for the third week was, by direction of her Divine Spouse, "to recite the *Pater noster* thirty-three times, and thus purchase the merit of My most holy Life, which lasted for three-and-thirty years, during which I labored for the salvation of men; and communicate the fruit of what you thus acquire to the whole Church, for the salvation of men and My eternal glory."

During the third week, being divinely inspired, she performed certain devotions which may be imitated "by any one who says five *Pater noster*s in honor of our Lord's Five Wounds, kissing them in spirit, and praying for sinners who are in the bosom of the Church, to obtain the

\* Life of St. Teresa, chap. viii.

remission of their sins and negligences, if they hope firmly to receive this grace from the Divine goodness."

On Good Friday, "when the prayers were said after the Passion for the different Orders in the Church, according to the usual custom, as the priest knelt, saying, *Oremus, dilectissimi*, she saw all the prayers which had been made throughout the Church ascending together like fragrant incense from the thurible of the Divine Heart, so that each prayer by this union became marvellously sweet and beautiful. Therefore, we should pray for the Church on this day with great devotion, in union with the Passion of our Lord, which renders our prayers more efficacious before God."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Birth of Cain.

A C H A N T .

SCENE.—A forest. Eve on a couch of leaves beneath a banyan tree. A Storm over head. Adam asleep some few paces off.

[EVE'S SOLILOQUY.]

Ah me! what dread mysterious pain  
Doth lengthen out the night!  
While blusterous wind and pattering rain  
Shut out the moon's sweet light.  
Is't not enough, sweet Paradise,  
To part, to part from thee?  
Is this dread pain a sacrifice,  
Claimed so remorselessly  
By God from me? Ah me!

Eden is still in sight,  
And through this dismal night,  
While pain fills every nerve,  
Ne'er doth the angel swerve  
Who guards those portals bright:  
All night! All night!  
His fiery sabre flashes,  
And through the darkness dashes  
That gleam of hopeless light,  
Hopeless to me! Ah me!

I dare not tell my Adam what I feel,  
I dare not half my fevered thoughts reveal;  
His brow so solemn and his gait so sad  
Proclaim no charm is left his life to glad;

And I am lone, so lone!  
Is joy forever gone?  
O Angels, have ye then no word for me,  
To lessen all this weight of misery!

That sin was it so great,  
That burning thirst to know  
Which in lost Eden set

My thoughts, my heart aglow,  
And of the tree so wondrous prompted taste?  
Alas, it brought but loss, that o'er-impatient haste.  
Where is the knowledge it should bring to me?  
The good and evil? The deceitful tree  
Promised the lore of both: I feel but one:  
The evil present—and the good undone.

Oh, what is good? I dreamed it trance of mind  
To lift majestic thought above all kind  
Of lower creature, to angelic height;  
Affinity to claim with seraph bright;  
To traverse space on fleet ecstatic wing  
And list the melodies that spirits sing;  
To witness rapture that the angels cheers,  
And perhaps to pause amid the forming spheres;  
To view amazed, the grand, the mighty plan  
Begun in space and ending here, in Man.  
I thought to trace the source of life and light,  
To know what makes the day, and what the night;  
To feel the links that MIND with MATTER bind  
Into one will—one action. Life to find  
(If found it may be) in its secret spring:  
The life that moves, and feels, and seems to give

Organic form

To all it touches with mysterious wing;  
The wind and storm  
And all the powers that move, that seem to live  
In formless entities; I sought to know  
Who taught the storm to rage, the wind to blow;  
By what resistless force, each element  
Changes in attribute with others blent;  
I thought to see the glorious star-dust rise  
Until in gems that deck our evening skies,  
Consolidated, it doth bless our sight  
And gild with beauty each returning night.  
"To be as Gods" such was the promise given:  
To me, it seemed an echoing voice from Heaven.  
How can the soul inbreathed of God e'er die?  
It bears the impress of Eternity!

And still I feel, however drear my fate,  
Whate'er the sorrows that may still await,

I cannot die!

Not all of me can die!  
Annihilation! that can never be!  
There may be woe!

Nay, to forego  
All joy, and feel as now I feel, is woe!  
But die! but die!

What means that awful word? It gives the lie

To the assurance stamped upon my heart,  
That I from conscious being ne'er can part.  
Would I could know?—what sin to know? To  
know!

Is't not the greatest gift God did bestow?  
KNOWLEDGE WAS PROMISED: high intelligence:  
Am I then mocked alike in mind and sense?  
Ah me! Ah misery! This weary pain!  
The heaven I dream of sinks to earth again.

Thus mourned our beauteous mother, lovely Eve,

As the deep veil of night  
Hid her from Adam's sight;  
From Adam, before whom she dared not grieve;  
Still unrepentant of that deep, dark sin  
That quenched the light within;  
Nor knowing yet, that every breath  
Did but prolong a living death,  
Severed from God,  
Whose chastening rod

Concealed His mercy when He drove Man forth  
To find the thorns and thistles of the earth;  
To learn that Good resides in God's high will,  
And there alone!

That all the evil which wide earth doth fill  
Is but withdrawal of that sovereign light,  
Which should unite

Man's soul with God's high will,  
And make man's will,  
With God's, but one!

Alas for Eve, no ray  
Illumes her dreary day;  
No sign of grace  
Doth yet efface  
That deep dark sin of pride  
That overwhelmed her state,  
That bade roll back the tide  
Of grace; and change love into hate.

Woe! sighed the angels; woe!

That broken pact,  
That sinful act,  
But speaks of pain!  
Eve anguish-tost  
All pleasure lost,  
Renews again  
But sorrow's dark and deepest woe!

Ah woe! deep woe!  
Who shall for her dare plead,  
Who doth not God adore;  
Oh! who shall intercede,  
Or grace implore  
For Eve; still unrepentant in her woe?  
Deep woe!

O God of compassion, O Jesu benign,  
Whose mercy, whose love most transcendently  
shine;

Thou hast not forgotten the work of Thy hand!  
Though sin hath enshrouded with shadows of  
death,

And foul guilt be-tainted Eve's body and breath,  
'Thy mercy prophetic foreshadows the cross,  
Grace won for the sinner redeemeth her loss;  
'Thy tenderness pleadeth; from seraphs' bright  
band

An angel of mercy descends from the skies;  
He hastes to the couch where the anguished one  
lies:

The Mother of Men!

And the seraph's bright wing  
Closes over the form of the suffering.

Eve lay entranced, and ceased that dull drear pain,  
The spirit once again  
Resumed its right (though but for one brief hour)  
Over external influence to tower.

The angel spake in accents soft and low:

"Fair Eve, the choice to know  
What evil is, what evil can bestow,  
Could not be gratified without this pang  
Of dreary death.

Evil is death! 'Tis severance from God,  
From whom life, light and love and glory sprang.  
His breath

Is life; the sacred life of grace  
He formed man to embrace.

Good is of God alone:  
Bound to His holy, His eternal throne.

"Forth from the Living Word creation sprang,  
Material form and bright intelligence,  
Seraph alike and Man,  
Framed by the grandeur of Omnipotence  
In order's plan,

While through the endless space angelic voices  
rang,

And joy met joy through all the brilliant spheres,  
While all-pervading love each joy endears.  
Each in his brilliant panoply of bliss,  
High o'er the rosy tinted hues that kiss  
The shadows, as they play in endless space,  
And with the sun's bright glories interlace,  
The Angel host, in faultless beauty stood:  
The work of God: intelligent and good.

"But evil came: came to the angel bands  
Severed the *spirit* will from will of God;  
E'en he, the brightest once, a rebel stands,  
And feels the scourge of God's avenging rod:—  
For him is no redemption! but for thee—  
Although thou pay'st a fearful penalty—  
Although thy fatal choice entails deep woe,  
Yet may'st thou not the hope of good forego.

Grace freely purchased for thee on the cross  
 Shall yet redeem *who will*, from utter loss;  
 Knowledge of evil, what it is to be  
 Parted from God,—to grope all gloomily  
 Seeking for good which earth can never give,  
 Living in death, yet dreaming that they live,  
 Hast thou entailed upon the human race!  
 Yet *those who will* may yet recover grace  
 And live in Christ through grace the cross has won;  
 Thus is turned back the evil thou hast done.

"The Holy One, one day of woman born,  
 Shall crush for aye the serpent's evil head;  
 Angels shall hail, with men, the glorious morn  
 When God as man this weary earth shall tread,  
 And win redemption for the chosen race  
 Destined to fill the fallen angels' place."

The Seraph paused: the trance has passed away;  
 Back sped the angel to the realms of day.  
 Adam awakened by Eve's cry of pain  
 Hastes to her side: a cry,—and then a glow  
 Of rapturous gladness. Past is all anguish now;  
 Thrilling with joy, Eve hails

The birth of Cain.

What fancy fills Eve's heart with fair deceit,  
 As she surveys the child from head to feet?  
 "Is this the promised good? the Holy One,  
 Who shall restore the happiness undone?  
 A man from God! from God! O Adam, see  
 A thy man, a likeness full of thee!  
 A man from God! O joy! my beating heart!  
 Oh, doth he come redemption to impart?"  
 Dream on, fair Eve; one moment happy be.

Too soon, too soon, thou'lt know thy misery,—  
 Too soon wilt know what disobedience brings;  
 Too soon wilt feel the serpent's varied stings;  
 Too soon wilt shudder when the haughty Cain  
 Renews thy sin, o'erwhelms thy heart with  
 pain.

Too soon wilt know, good never springs from sin,  
 Nor can impenitence redemption win.  
 A virgin pure as first thou can'st from God  
 Alone may hope t' avert th' avenging rod,  
 To bear the high Redeemer of man's race  
 Who shall at length thy sin, thy shame efface;  
 Another Eve must rise in God all pure,  
 Whose grace divine all ages shall endure.  
 Mary, our Mother! Mother of our God!  
 In sorrowing silence treads the steps he trod;  
 Renews the chain of grace severed by Eve!  
 Mary, our Mother, deign our vows receive:  
 Teach us thy gift, fidelity to grace,  
 Which shall all stain of sin for aye efface.

M. A. S.

## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### GROPINGS AND THE SHADOW.

It was true. There was nothing, humanly speaking, for the Flemmings to wish for. They were prosperous, contented and happy in each other; and, as Mrs. Flemming said: "What better could they hope for their children, than the safe, sensible marriages they expected to make?" It is true that the good little mother got into quite a gloomy, anxious mood every Sabbath, over the unconverted state of her sons and daughters, for which she found no balm in Father Ray's sermons; but she scarcely gave herself time during the busy week days to feel troubled about it, finding her solace in her household and family cares; and for any spiritual anxieties that might arise, a diversion in Reuben's idle, shiftless ways, which acted as a chronic counter irritant; perplexing her without measure; and now that he had taken to writing verses, and drawing pictures and faces upon the barn door and the kitchen wall, with charcoal and chrome red, which was left from painting a new out-building, she had a perfect fever of the heart, which now and then vented itself in wondering "what on earth would become of him!" They would be able to leave him enough to keep him above want; but an idle man! This was a *lusus nature* which she could not endure to think of, and he a Flemming!

George Merrill staid on from day to day, from week to week, and spent much of his time at the old homestead; then something happened which gave them all great happiness. John Wilde experienced the "saving evidence," and professed conversion, and was afterwards baptized by old Father Ray, not only with water, but with the old minister's tears that flowed over the furrows of his harsh face without

an effort to check them, on the head of the stalwart, handsome young fellow, whom he had held in his arms and blessed, when he was only a few hours old, beside the bed of his dying father. His heart was softened when he thought of this; and he felt in administering this christian rite that he was redeeming a pledge made long ago to a dying man, and he rejoiced that he was spared for the work, no doubt ever crossing his mind as to the method, or his right in performing it. John Wilde was always a good, moral young man; but all of his friends, those who were "members" and those who were not, rejoiced over his conversion, because they thought it a safe thing for a young man just starting in life to be religious. Nicholas Flemming grumbled over it a little, and told Hope that he "expected John would get as ugly and sour as Father Ray himself, and he supposed that he would think himself too good to shake his foot in a reel again." Mr. John Wilde would never dance again, but Hope was thankful to see that he was only a shade more serious than usual, and that he did not grow disagreeable or sour. He only exhorted her now and then in such a way that she got afraid that she was not good enough for him; but on the whole he was the same, and they were all very happy together, except Wolfert Flemming, whose doubts and perplexities increased instead of diminishing; and the more he pored over his old theological books—some full of Lutheranism, some full of Moravian doctrine, to seek a standing-place for his feet—the deeper he got into the mire, for none of them agreed; each one gave different interpretations to the texts that disquieted him, and in his thirst he could find no drop of water in the broken cisterns they had hewn out, until at last it became clearer to the man's mind, every day, that in the administration and government of God's kingdom upon earth, there must be a unity, a oneness and a divine authority worthy of Him, its head and founder. But here he was obliged to stop short. He had not found the clue yet, and he went stum-

bling on in the shadow of darkness, blindly groping for the keystone of the arch, which seemed far beyond his reach. These were not the days of railroads, telegraph wires, steamships, literary privateering, and cheap dissemination of philosophy. Kant and Spinoza had not then enlightened the American mind with their transcendental and pantheistic effusions. Renan had not written, and one heard nothing of "Symbolic Christs," of "Spiritual Christs," of "Representative Christs," and but little of no Christ at all, or it is just possible that our good Puritan might have been drawn into an insidious, cheating and destructive maelstrom of infidel ideas, and tried to measure an infinite God by the poor gauge of human reason. Happily safe from such temptations, his whole mind was bent on trying to reconcile the glaring discrepancy between the literal words and commands and teachings of Christ, and the doctrines and teachings of the sects which he believed to be orthodox; but he could not make them harmonize either symbolically, practically or theoretically; so finding that this perpetual study of what became daily a deeper mystery to him, was beginning to make him morose and gloomy, he got into his cutter one morning, and went a day's journey up the country, among the pines, where his men were felling timber. Here, with axe in hand, he hewed away at the great trees from morning until night, with such force in his sinewy arms, that his six-foot lumbermen felt ashamed of their more puny blows, and braced themselves up with a will, for these half wild men of the mountains did not like to be outdone by one who followed the plough and pottered about the lowland valleys; and there was more timber felled in those few days than was ever brought down before in so short a time. Wolfert Flemming's blood circulated more healthily, and he brought a good appetite with him to the repast of bear-steaks, potatoes and brown bread that was daily set before him, while he found mental occupation in settling two or three quarrels among the rough fellows

around him; but none of these expedients quieted the vexed needs of his soul, and at the end of a week he went back with a vague yearning and longing after an indefinable something which could settle the difficulties and exercises of his mind. Father Ray could not do it, neither could his books, for they contradicted each other; and he had prayed—he thought in vain—for light. His Bible most of all disturbed him, for therein were the words of Divine Truth itself, which meant everything or nothing. If they meant everything, why was he in darkness and doubt? If they meant nothing, then all religion was a lie. If Christ was the Eternal Truth, then were His words the truth; if He was not, then His teaching was an imposture. And upon this proposition Wolfert Flemming's mental struggles hinged themselves. He believed truly, honestly and with all the strength of his will and understanding, that Christ was the Son of God, the very Redeemer who came upon earth not only to ransom man, but to found a law of Faith in which he could walk without stumbling, and this law of Faith should be something divine and perfect, without contradiction and pitfalls. It became more and more clear to him that this divine code did not belong to any of the contradictory creeds with which he was familiar, because some of them made a dead letter of the literal words of Christ, while others gave them meanings to suit themselves. How could a thorn tree bring forth figs? He opened his Bible one day, and read of the wonderful power given to Peter and the Apostles: "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; whatsoever ye loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." "As My Father hath sent Me, I also send you!" and to Flemming's mind, even in the ordinary affairs of life, it would have seemed more than absurd to have bestowed such powers and withheld the means of executing them. He inferred, then, that this august power had been given, with the authority and means to execute it, otherwise the words were as meaningless as anything in Joe Smith's

Bible. Had this power become a dead letter? He could not be certain. The German Lutherans, he had read, claimed some such power, but the other reformed sects trampled it under foot as one of the abuses of popery. Then, too, Christ had said, "If he will not hear the Church, let him be anathema." He did not say Churches; therefore, if He was to be believed, there was a Church in which was vested a power not only to remit sins, but to anathematize those who stubbornly refuse to hear it, if he was to credit the Bible. These were some of the doubts arising from his study of the Scriptures; but the crowning and most weighty one of all, was in the sixth chapter of St. John, which seemed to be the key-note of his difficulties, the mystery which, if he could understand it, would unfold the rest; the pillar of cloud that led him he knew not whither, only drifting farther and farther away from the dogmas he had been taught from his youth up; while the Bible, which he had always held as the true rule of Faith, was now his stumbling block. Was he a hypocrite? This thought reddened his honest face with shame; but he feared that it was something like it to be outwardly holding with the shallow belief of his sect and doubting all the time. What right had he to set up to be wiser and of deeper penetration than his brethren? Was it not the presumption of a fool to measure his distractions against the sacred wisdom of three centuries? "There must surely," he sometimes thought, "be a maggot in my brain, or something corrupt in my soul. I *will* shake off these importunate temptations." But he might as well have said that he would not breathe, and expect to live on; for, do all that he would, he could not silence these demands of his soul; and he went on plodding the routine of his everyday practical life, wrestling with the strong Angel in the darkness until sometimes he felt almost spent, and wondered if the day would ever dawn. In the outward man there was no change. A close observer would have thought him

a shade more reticent, a fact resulting from his mental exercises, which he now confided to no one, not even to Father Ray, with whom he declined any further discussion by telling him one day "that he should try to let things fall back into the old way; he saw no help for himself otherwise, and he should endeavor to silence his doubts, and serve God according to the lights he had;" which the old minister thought a very judicious, christian-like course, and rejoiced over him as over a sheep that had been lost in the wilderness and found again. But it did not seem to strike him that on the two last "sacramental Sabbaths" Elder Flemming was not in his usual place in "meeting." He heard that he had gone up among his lumbermen in the pine region; but when the third one rolled round, and he was not present at the "Table of the Lord's Supper," he called upon him to admonish and rebuke him, with a heavy heart; for the shortcoming of a brother so looked up to by other professors as a "burning and shining light" and example on which they sought to model their own lives, was no ordinary grief to the old man; but Flemming heard all that he had to say patiently, and only replied, "I was compelled to go away;" which, although not entirely satisfactory, was worth, coming from him, a hundred excuses of any other man.

We have seen how happy and prosperous the Flemmings were, and heard them congratulating each other, with thankful hearts, for the blessings which crowned their lives. Of course we leave out Wolfert Flemming's mental disquiet, because his family had not the remotest idea that he was thus exercised. Except that, there was not in all the broad land a more truly happy and united home circle, or one bound together by bands of stronger kindred love. But have you ever in a calm summer day, when there was not a cloud to be seen to obscure the brightness, noticed a shadow suddenly sail over your head and flit like a thing of omen over the waving heads of the golden grain, shadowing the poppies

among the corn and the asters in the meadow, and, on looking up, shading your eyes with your hand, seen that it was a hawk sailing through the amber hued air? You had no superstitious dread of the hawk or its fleeting shadow, but it was not pleasant to have an eerie shadow drop out of a cloudless sky on your head, and go creeping and gliding over the beautiful things of earth around you, like an evil thought, and a little chill quivered over your flesh, as you watched the broad winged bird until it went out of sight into the far off depths of the distance. Well, I will tell you that one day such a shadow fell upon the old homestead, a shadow which they thought no more of after it passed away, but which was the avant-courier of others yet darker for that happy household. It happened in this wise.

One afternoon, George Merrill rode down to say good-bye to them all. Hope and Nicholas were away at Deacon Sneathen's, but expected back before night. The Elder was busy somewhere among his outbuildings, and Reuben was with him, full of the amiable endeavor to be useful, but, as usual, getting himself in the way and throwing well planned things into disorder, much to his own surprise, for he looked chiefly at his motives and aspirations, without paying much attention to his ability to execute; and Mrs. Flemming and Eva were employed in some household sewing in the family room, gossiping cheerily over the little affairs of the neighborhood, but abstaining from all malice or slander—that was one of the moral laws of this family to which they scrupulously adhered—when George Merrill came in, his well-knit, handsome form set off by a plain rich city suit of broadcloth, and his fine face aglow with hopeful, healthy vitality; and both the women thought they had never seen him so noble-looking and attractive. They shook hands; and Mrs. Flemming inquired after his grandfather's health. "He was well," George said; "but my grandfather's religion seems to hurt him all

the time like a tight boot. I don't mean any disrespect, Mrs. Flemming; but, except one or two, here and there, people's natures appear to be affected by religion just as a green persimmon does a fellow's mouth; it puckers them up morally, and makes them crabbed. I can't make it out, and shouldn't bother myself over it, only my grandfather and some of his friends are forever preaching to me, and saying such disagreeable things, that I get heartily sick of it."

"Your grandfather is a faithful minister of God's word, George, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to try and show off your city smartness at his expense," said Mrs. Flemming.

"Yes, my grandfather is a good man, Mrs. Flemming; but he is troubled with spiritual hypochondria, which gives him awful notions of things; in fact, I don't call a thing that makes a man miserable, religion; at least, if it is, it don't suit me. But I don't pretend to make it out; some of these days I'll try to, perhaps. I am going away, to-morrow, and I came down to shake hands with everybody," he said, looking at Eva.

"I guess we shall all miss you, George," she said frankly.

"I am glad to think that I shall be missed," he replied gravely.

"You have taken a good long holiday; but I expect you'll go back and forget your country friends, amid the great city folk," said Mrs. Flemming.

"No," he answered simply; "I shall never forget them. There is nothing in Boston that I like half so well as being here. Where is everybody to-day?"

"Father and Reuben are among the stock, looking after some pigs that need currying. Nick and Hope went up to see Huldah; but I expect them back presently," said Mrs. Flemming. Then it seemed to occur to her that George, here at the last moment, might wish to say something to Eva, and she rose up saying, "she would go and see where father and Ruby were, and bring them in; she knew they would be sorry to hear that he was going

away;" and she gathered up her work, dropped it into the work-basket, and fluttered out.

George Merrill drew his chair closer to Eva's, and said, "It depends upon you, Eva, whether or not I ever come back."

"I hope not, George," she replied, while the roses faded out of her cheek.

"*You hope not!*" he repeated. "It does, I tell you, depend upon the answer that you give me now. I love you, Eva. Ever since we were children, you know you were always my little sweet-heart when we went to school together. I have loved you, and the hope of one day winning you for my wife has been the incentive to all my best exertions, and the safeguard of my manhood and honor. What have you to say to me?"

"I am sorry, George;" and the girl's voice was tremulous with pity; "I am sorry to pain you; but—"

"Don't, Eva; don't!" he cried, putting forth his hand with a deprecatory gesture; "don't tell me that all my patient waiting and love goes for nothing. I couldn't stand that; indeed I couldn't."

"You must have courage, George," she said at last, as she lifted her pure, honest eyes, so like her father's, and looked frankly into his. "I cannot return the preference you have honored me with. It is kind of you to think so well of me, and I thank you for it; but I can give you no hope beyond my friendship."

"But why—why, Eva? What is there in me so repulsive and disagreeable that you refuse to allow me at least to hope to win you?" he exclaimed.

"No, there is nothing of that sort, George; on the contrary, I do not know any one who has greater personal or intellectual advantages, and I have a thorough liking and respect for you, such as I have for my father and brothers —"

"But, perhaps," he interrupted almost rudely, "there is some other person towards whom your liking goes a little farther than this dutiful kindred sentiment!"

"That is none of your business, George Merrill!" she answered, while an angry

light flashed for a moment in her eyes. Then pitying him for the breaking up of the hopes that had brightened his dreams so long, she added more gently, "There is no other person."

"Then I *will* hope, Eva. Remember, I will not give you up; I will write to you; I will come; I will importune you, and bear with your caprices and wait patiently; but I will not give you up, remember that," he said.

"It will be all useless, George; and you will waste the best years of your life in an idle pursuit. I will not receive your letters. As a friend of the family, I will give you welcome when you come, but nothing more," she said in a grave determined tone.

Just then the Elder and Reuben came in, and there was a great hand-shaking, in the midst of which Hope and Nicholas arrived. They had heard at Deacon Sneathen's that George was going, and went up to Father Ray's to see him; but he was not at home, and the housekeeper told them he had gone up to John Wilde's; but here he was, to their great joy, at their own fireside; and the pleasant, friendly things that were said to him, and the sorrow they all expressed at his going away, should have consoled him, but it did not, and he felt so hurt and disappointed that he could not stand it, but got up to take leave and go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Danish *Evangelical Chronicle* laments loudly over the numerous conversions to catholicism which are taking place in Denmark. From various sources complaints are being made to Government of the disregard of the law which forbids that Lutheran children should attend catholic schools.

A JESUIT—Father Roh—has been appointed to preach the Lenten Sermons in the church of the University at Vienna.

THE Paris papers announce that Marshal Randon has been received into the Church. — *Westminster Gazette*.

## To Saint Patrick.

(Air—"Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.")

O glorious Saint Patrick, green Erin's bright star!  
Who to our lov'd Ireland didst come from afar,  
To illumine our souls with religion's pure ray,  
And bring the glad tidings of new coming day.

First led as a captive to our fertile shore;  
God humbled and tried thee, t'exalt thee the more,  
But in Him was thy hope, thou didst pray night  
and day,  
Till at last by His own voice He bid thee away.

Then back thou didst go to thy lov'd parent's home,  
And next came our glorious apostle from Rome  
To prostrate the idols our fathers adored  
And teach them to worship that God they ignor'd.

'Twas "the voice of the Irish" first call'd thee to  
toil,  
To plant the Cross through their dear native soil,  
And their little ones thou in a vision didst see  
With fervor imploring God's succor thro' thee.

Thy children now exiles on many a shore  
Will love and revere thee till time be no more,  
And the fire thou hast kindled shall never be  
quenched  
Though long with the tide of adversity drenched.

Ever bless and protect the sweet land of our birth,  
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou  
livedst on earth;  
And our hearts shall yet burn wheresoever we roam  
For God and Saint Patrick and our own native  
home.

M. DE S. B.

## Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F---.

[After a long and unavoidable interruption we resume the truly edifying and interesting "Life of Mother Mary Seraphine," from No. 40, Vol. IV.]

Mother Seraphine had the grief of seeing many souls, unfaithful to their vocation, fall into the misfortunes she had predicted. The divine mercy recalled some of them to the ark, as the good mother had foretold; for others, she said they would endure

trouble after trouble, without losing confidence and recur at last to her counsels. Then, far from extinguishing the still smouldering spark, she exhorted them efficaciously to profit by their just chastisements, and at least to revive in themselves the desire for a pious life, if their too lengthened infidelity had closed to them the path of perfection.

The occupation of her life was to lead souls to God. She was always either superior or mistress of novices; when she was not fulfilling either of these charges in her own convent, the Lord lent her to other communities, for their greater advancement. The conduct of souls manifested itself in her in a unique way, following grace step by step. She studied the interior attraction, she took into account the natural obstacles that interposed, weighed the strength of the soul, profiting from all peculiarities of character and education to develop and establish in hearts the reign of God's grace. God had bestowed on her a gift of a special kind to enable her to succeed in this difficult art. It would be impossible to assign any specified character to her direction. She received from God for each soul the food that soul needed, and presented it with great simplicity of thought and word. Her direction strengthened the soul and gave it singleness of purpose; it destroyed self love by putting God alone before it. She could have applied to herself the words of St. Paul: "I make myself all to all that I may win all to Jesus Christ."

Knowing as she did every secret of the interior life, and able to converse on its deepest mysteries, she would yet talk with her "little ones" on the first principles of virtue as though like them she was just learning to lisp the language of the spiritual life. Her words were truly both milk for babes and bread for the strong. Her devotion to souls was most entire, and to them she sacrificed her time, her strength and her repose; without growing weary she endured the inconstant, the weak, and the ignorant—watching, with more than a mother's tenderness, the operations of

grace in them, that she might follow its guidance. This watchfulness was not always visible; with souls that knew how to distinguish and obey the voice of our Lord she spoke little, except to exhort them to diligence and ever increasing fidelity to His interior directions. If God confided to her care some heart rebellious to the designs of His love, she reclaimed it almost always, learning how to do this from that Heart which is overflowing with compassionate charity. Her reprehensions were always given with sweetness and moderation, yet so forcibly as to inspire at once regret for the past and stronger resolutions of amendment for the future. One while, as directress, she would form the religious spirit in her novices; another while, as superior she would labor to maintain and develope it. She always had but one idea before her: "All perfection is comprised for religious in their rules, constitutions, and customs." This was the one maxim she inculcated on her daughters, the groundwork of all her instructions, both in chapter and in the novitiate. Fidelity to the least observances, to the daily recommendations of holy obedience, devotion to the common good, with the sole view of pleasing God, the spirit of recollection and of charity, were the usual subjects of her conferences. She wished her daughters to gather with great care those little flowers that grow at the foot of the cross, which St. Francis de Sales tells us of. It was of him she learned such suavity, such simplicity of language, that those who heard her never tired of listening to her words. They were like manna, suited to every taste, enlightening every mind, inflaming every will, strengthening in every soul the true spirit of the Order. Some of his maxims were so habitually used by her that they seemed to be a part of her very nature: "It costs far more trouble to be lax than to be fervent;" "Do with all your heart that which with all your heart you do not wish to do;" "Take pleasure in enduring all that displeases you, and then all that happens will give you pleasure," etc.

To destroy in the very beginning the spirit of the world, she used with admirable tact those little practices of religion that are regarded by worldlings with contempt. Her consolation was extreme when she saw a great value set by any of her novices on the least observances; in her eyes this was a sure sign of their vocation. Her confidence in this grace (a vocation to religion) always made her hopeful of the most happy results. "No one knows the extent of this grace," she would say; "in it is contained the promise of every other grace the soul needs to conduct it to the height of perfection. But it is necessary that the soul should be entirely faithful to it." She augured well of those souls who she saw were faithful to the least inspirations of grace, however great were their faults or violent their temptations. On the contrary, if she perceived a disposition to overlook or scorn the small occasions that occurred for the practice of little virtues, she would be grieved and disturbed. Singularity, under whatever form it presented itself, she always distrusted.

Two faults—indolence and pride—were unendurable to her. She could not comprehend how any one could be idle in the service of God. For her to know there was a good deed to be done and to do it were the same thing; thus she never ceased to incite all to diligence by her own example. As to pride, it inspired in her extreme fear; she regarded every manifestation of it with a sort of horror. She would often speak of the terrible chastisements that God inflicted on this vice. She pursued selflove into its last entrenchments and penetrated also its most hidden disguises. With strong souls she would take vigorous measures for its destruction, and unveiled all its deformity to inspire them with contempt for self; with others she triumphed over this enemy by means not less sure if apparently more gentle. She would laugh at their studied airs and graces, their subterfuges and manœuvres, and make them laugh themselves, watching for occasions when

she could adroitly touch the evil, and with playful wit give them a lesson in an amusing form. But it is useless to try to do justice to her wise direction by any details that could be given. We can only say that her whole life was to her community the most powerful as well as most precious encouragement to the pursuit of perfection. It was above all in the novitiate that she instructed by the eloquent silence of example. She practiced exactly, before her young charges, the rule which she taught, and never required anything of them she had not first done herself.

"It was thus," said a young sister, who was in the novitiate when Mother Seraphine was called to take charge of it for the last time, "that in her old age our dear mistress showed herself always the first and most zealous in the labors shared by all, fatiguing as they often were. It was painful then for her to stoop, yet she would carry wood, pick up fallen fruit under the trees, spread out linen to dry on the grass, and gather stones from the garden beds. Often all the sisterhood followed the novices, they loved so much this good mother; or rather, it should be said, she knew so well how to inspire such love for our Lord, that heavy labors, for His sake, became delightful and were eagerly sought for."

It was to the instruction of the novices that she was to consecrate the last years of her life, and these years became to the young sisters full of the pleasantest recollections. Said one of them: "Some one remarked to our dear mistress that she had become too indulgent, and that she had brought up her first daughters much more severely. 'It is true,' she playfully replied, 'but I am now a grandmother, and these are my little grandchildren.'" They speak with enthusiasm of their days of recreation, during this time, when she would detail for them all her recollections of the early days of the establishment of their community; relate to them traits of the virtues she had seen practiced by the ancient sisters, now so long departed; and even, yielding to the de-

sires of their filial love, tell them all the particulars of her own early life and call to religion, captivating their attention by a narration full of simplicity and naïveté, while she excited their admiration by her care to humiliate and abase herself. Never referring in any way to circumstances that would redound to her credit, she omitted nothing that was calculated to lessen it in the estimation of her hearers.

But, to return to the last period of the superiority of this excellent mother, we have only to add that during these six years she had not to mourn the loss of one of her daughters, and our Lord, during that time, augmented her family with a great number of subjects, and prospered them in all points. The last chapter that was held before her deposition she seemed intensely anxious to imprint indelibly in the hearts of her daughters the deepest sense of their holy obligations. She dwelt above all on the holy office; "my dear Sisters," she said in the most earnest voice, "I entreat you to attend to what I say to-day as if these words were the last I am ever to speak to you. I express the desire I have most at heart, and nothing can give me more delight than to have this desire gratified." Then, in touching terms, she supplicated them to employ all their strength and every talent they possessed in the due recitation of the divine office, beseeching them to regard it practically as the first and most sacred of their obligations. "God pours forth His benediction on religious houses in proportion to the fervor and care with which they acquit themselves of this duty. It is the *calling*, the *office* of the choir sisters, and even those of the community who are accidentally dispensed from the chaunt, can do nothing better than to assist at the different hours. They thus offer the highest worship to God, and merit a share in the graces which the Church attaches to the recitation of the divine office." The sisters listened to her with the deepest respect, eagerly receiving her last words of advice and her last blessing as superior.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Thirty Days' Prayer to Saint Joseph,

Chaste Spouse of the ever Immaculate and Blessed Virgin Mary, and reputed father of Jesus Christ.

TO OBTAIN A HAPPY DEATH, AND OTHER GOOD INTENTIONS.

Ever blessed and glorious Joseph, kind and indulgent Father, and compassionate friend of all in sorrow, through that bitter grief with which thy heart was saturated when thou didst behold the sufferings of the Infant Saviour, and in prophetic view didst contemplate His most ignominious passion and death, take pity, I beseech thee, on my poverty and necessities; counsel me in my doubts, and console me in all my anxieties. Thou art the good father and protector of orphans, the advocate of the defenceless, the patron of those who are in need and desolation. Do not then disregard the petition of thy poor child; my sins have drawn down upon me the just displeasure of my God, and hence I am surrounded with sorrows. To thee, O amiable guardian of the poor neglected family of Nazareth, do I fly for shelter and protection. Listen then, I entreat of thee, with a father's solicitude, to the earnest prayer of thy poor suppliant, and obtain for me the objects of my petition. I ask it by the infinite mercy of the eternal Son of God, which induced Him to assume our nature, and be born into this world of sorrow. I ask it by the grief which filled thy heart, when, ignorant of the mystery wrought in thy Immaculate Spouse, thou didst fear thou shouldst be separated from her.

I ask it by that weariness, solicitude, and suffering, which thou didst endure when thou soughtest in vain at the inns of Bethlehem a shelter for the Sacred Virgin, and a birth-place for the Infant God, and, when being every where refused, thou wert obliged to consent that the Queen of Heaven should give birth to the world's Redeemer in a wretched stable. I ask it by that most sad and painful duty imposed on thee, when, the Divine Child being eight

days old, thou wert obliged to inflict a deep wound on His tender body, and thus be the first to make flow that sacred blood which was to wash away the sins of the world. I ask it by the sweetness and power of that sacred name, Jesus, which thou didst confer on the adorable Infant. I ask it by that mortal anguish inflicted on thee by the prophecy of holy Simeon, which declared the child Jesus and his holy Mother, the future victims of their love and our sins. I ask it through that sorrow and anguish which filled thy soul, when the angel declared to thee that the life of the Child Jesus was sought by His enemies, from whose impious designs thou wert obliged to fly with Him and His blessed Mother into Egypt. I ask it by all the pains, fatigues and toils of that long and perilous pilgrimage. I ask it by all the sorrows thou didst endure, when in Egypt thou wert not able, even by the sweat of thy brow, to procure poor food and clothing for thy most poor family. I ask it by all the grief thou didst feel each time the Divine Child asked for a morsel of bread, and thou hadst it not to give Him. I ask it by all thy solicitude to preserve the Sacred Child and the Immaculate Mary, during thy second journey, when thou wert ordered to return to thy native country. I ask it by thy peaceful dwelling in Nazareth, in which so many joys and sorrows were mingled. I ask it by thy extreme affliction, in being three days deprived of the company of the adorable Child. I ask it by thy joy at finding Him in the Temple, and by the ineffable consolation imparted to thee in the cottage of Nazareth, with the company and society of the little Jesus. I ask it by that wonderful condescension by which He subjected Himself to thy will. I ask it through that dolorous view, continually in thy mind, of all thy Jesus was to suffer. I ask it by that painful contemplation, which made thee foresee the divine little hands and feet, now so active in serving thee, one day to be pierced with cruel nails; that head, which rested gently on thy bosom, crowned with sharp thorns; that delicate body, which thou didst ten-

derly fold in thy mantle and press to thy heart, stripped and extended on a cross. I ask it by that heroic sacrifice of thy will and best affections, by which thou didst offer up to the Eternal Father the last awful moment, when the Man-God was to expire for our salvation. I ask it by that perfect love and conformity, with which thou didst receive the Divine order to depart from this life, and from the company of Jesus and Mary. I ask it by that exceeding great joy which filled thy soul, when the Redeemer of the world, triumphant over death and hell, entered into the possession of His kingdom, and conducted thee also into it with especial honors. I ask it through Mary's glorious assumption, and through that interminable bliss, which with her thou wilt eternally derive from the presence of God. O good Father! I beseech thee, by all thy sufferings, sorrows, and joys, to hear me, and to obtain the grant of my earnest petitions.—(*Here name them or reflect on them.*)—Obtain for all those, who have asked thy prayers, all that is useful to them in the designs of God. And finally, my dear protector, be thou with me and all who are dear to me, in our last moments, that we may eternally chant the praises of

JESUS, MARY, and JOSEPH. Amen.

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### Grand Reception of the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan at Jamestown, N. Y.

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SUSPENSION BRIDGE, Jan. 25, 1869.

MR. J. A. McMASTER:—

An hour or too previous to the arrival of the train upon which his Lordship came, an immense crowd might be seen at the depot. Protestants, as if they too recognized him as their Bishop, seemed to be as eager as the Catholics to get a glimpse at the worthy successor of the saintly Bishop Timon. As the train neared the town, the Catholics, at the order of their pastor, Rev. T. Cahil, fell into ranks and marched in a regular line before the Bishop's carriage. When the

procession reached the church, it opened to let his Lordship pass between the ranks.

As he entered the church, an appropriate anthem was chanted by the choir to hail their future Bishop, after which he gave his benediction, and dismissed them by thanking them kindly for the respect and honor, as well as for the warm welcome which they tendered to him. Next day (Sunday) the church was thronged at 10½ o'clock. One-third of the congregation were non-catholics, who came to witness the solemn rite of confirmation and hear the simple and touching exhortation which the Bishop gave to about two hundred candidates for that sacrament. On the same day, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, according to previous announcement, delivered in the town hall a lecture upon the "Infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church." The audience was of various "persuasions." The adroitness and skill of the Rt. Rev. lecturer was shown to advantage by meeting and refuting the heterodox opinions of many, while offence was given to none. His introduction was artless and prepossessing, the entire discourse logical and finely knit together.

In a word, for propriety and beauty of diction, versatility of thought, solidity of reasoning, and a peculiar vivacity of his own, I have never, on a similar occasion, heard nor felt anything which pleased me more.

SPECTATOR.

—*Freeman's Journal*.

**DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.**—A telegram from Dubuque, Iowa, brought us last Wednesday morning, the sad news of the death of Rev. Daniel O'Regan, D. D., ordained in Rome, for this Diocese and employed for only a few years, first as Professor at Mt. St. Mary's and afterwards pastor of St. Mary's, Lancaster. Deceased passed eleven years in the Seminaries of St. Sulpice, at Nantes and Paris; and in the American College in Rome, where he obtained his degrees. He spent one or two years in the Papal Zouaves, the one desire of his life then being to shed his blood

for the Vicar of Christ and the cause he represents.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

**RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.**—On Monday, Feb. 8th, at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Poppleton street, Miss Bridget Harford of Georgetown, D. C. (Sister M. Ignatius), and Miss Teresa Sinclair (Sister M. Cecilia) were admitted to the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy by the Rev. E. McColgan. The sermon (a most impressive and instructive one) was delivered by the Venerable Father McElroy, S. J. There were also present Rev. J. Early, S. J., Rev. C. King, S. J., Rev. F. Di Maria, S. J., and the Rev. Henry Hoffman of Wheeling, Va.—*Catholic Mirror*.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### Our Lady of Afflighem.

Our Lady of Afflighem is one of the most renowned medieval sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin. It was the crusaders' favorite abbey, the beloved church of the Dukes of Lorraine, of Boulogne, and of Brabant, in the heroic days of Flemish chivalry. From the hands of the Abbot of Afflighem, the Dukes of Brabant were wont to receive the national banner, woven and embroidered by the royal hands of Adelaide, whose mortal remains repose within the abbey. Founded in 1083 by Count Henry of Lorraine, enriched by Godfrey of Flanders and his sainted mother Ida, its *chartularium* contains, together with the names of the Dukes of Lorraine and the Counts of Flanders, that of Henry II of England. Even from the christian camp in Syria, Geoffrey IV of Lorraine, remembers, with pious affection, our Lady of Afflighem, and recommends the abbey to the piety of his children; and on his return from war,

makes his votive offerings at the altar of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in the abbey church. The brave Theodoric, of Alsace, the friend of St. Bernard, the most popular of all the Flemish Crusaders, after Godfrey of Bouillon, rivalled the aforesaid princes in their generous donations.

But the crowning glory of Afflighem is the visit made to it by the great St. Bernard. As the holy abbot passed before the venerable statue of our Lady, and humbly saluted it with the words *Ave Maria*, he heard his salutation answered *Salve Bernarde!* He bequeathed to Afflighem his pastoral staff, and this, with the chalice the saint used for celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, is still preserved by the Benedictines of Termonde.

The popular devotion towards the miraculous statue at Afflighem increased tenfold after the visit of the illustrious Abbot of Clairvaux. Thirty thousand pilgrims are said to have visited it in one day; and the Abbot Robert was compelled to build a vast hospice for the reception of the knights of the Crusaders.

But the invasion of the Gueux, and the Calvinistic wars of the Low Countries, caused the venerable abbey to be burned and pillaged. In 1580 the statue was thrown from its base, and broken to pieces; and, out of these, two statues were made at Mechlin in 1606; all the fragments and even the dust of the original being carefully preserved.

The last Prior of Afflighem, before its suppression at the commencement of the present century, D. Bede Regaus, who collected all the historical traditions of the monastery, in fourteen volumes, died in 1807. The Rev. F. Veremund d'Haens, one of the last survivors of the abbey, had, in 1838, the happiness of reviving his order in Belgium, by the establishment of a monastic community at Termonde, about nine miles from Afflighem. He died in 1846, and left to his brethren one of the above-mentioned statues, which had been consigned to his care by D. Bede Regaus.

The monks of Termonde, who have lately regained possession of the ruined

abbey of Afflighem, the church of which they intend to restore, were, in 1857, at their own request, united with the monks of the strict observance of Subiaco; and when last year the latter were, by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, erected into the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance, the monastery of Termonde was incorporated with the Anglo-Belgian Province of the same congregation.

We may now conclude with the words of his Eminence Cardinal Pitra, to whose learned researches we are indebted for the above particulars, that not only the illustrious Order of St. Benedict, to which Belgium owes her catholicity and her nationality, but the destinies of the country itself, seem to converge around a little statue of an humble church of Termonde. — *Westminster Gazette*.

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THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted graceful woman, and she unconsciously to herself grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, through bright scenes, soft utterances and pretty pictures, so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets; allow them to have their favorite trees; lead them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunsets; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunrise;" buy them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms each in his or her childish way.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 20, 1869.

No. 12.

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

### Bouquets for every Season.

—  
“Be liberal towards God, and God will in return deal liberally towards you.”  
—

#### FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

#### IV.—REPARATION OF HONOR TO OUR LORD.

During Passion Week “St. Gertrude resolved to say the following prayer, saluting the sacred Limbs of the Son of God with these words: ‘I salute you, O precious Limbs!’ And she perceived that this pleased our Lord; and if we desire the same grace, let us use the same prayer.”

When the Gospel was read on Passion Sunday (from St. John viii., 46–59), at the words *Thou hast a devil* “she was grieved in her inmost soul for the contempt offered to our Lord; and as she could not endure to hear these words, she exclaimed in the depth of her heart, in the sweetest and most loving manner: ‘Hail, vivifying gem of Divine nobility! Hail, most loving Jesus! unfading Flower of human dignity! Thou art my sovereign, and only good.’ And this benign Lord, to reward these testimonies of affection, inclined tenderly towards her, and whispered to her: ‘I am thy Creator, Redeemer and Lover. I left My beatitude to redeem thee by a bitter death!’ Then all the saints, being rapt in admiration of the marvellous friendship which He manifested to her, praised God for it with the greatest

joy. Our Lord then said to her: ‘Whoever salutes Me, as you have done, in reparation for the blasphemies and outrages which are poured forth on Me throughout the world, when he is tempted at the hour of his death and accused by the demon, will be consoled by Me with the same words with which I have consoled you, and I will testify the same affection towards him; and if the saints were thus amazed at the words I whispered into your ear, how astonished and amazed will be the enemies of his soul when they shall see him so marvelously consoled by My goodness!’ ”

Oh, boundless generosity of our beneficent Master, who seems unable to testify sufficient *gratitude*, so to speak; for the poor tributes offered Him! Oh, Lover, “of all lovers the most loving,” as His faithful Gertrude could exclaim in the fullness of her heart—who studies how to reward in a manner worthy the Deity, the little offerings we should be but too happy to bring to His sacred feet, especially during this holy season, without a thought of recompense.

During Holy Week, St. Gertrude saluted the precious Body of our Lord by repeating these words three hundred and sixty-five times: “Not my will, but Thine be done, O most loving Jesus.” At the Introit of the Mass on Wednesday, “In the name of Jesus let every knee bow,” &c., she bent her knees in honor of this holy name, to repair all the negligence she had committed in this matter; perceiving that her Lord was pleased with this, she knelt again at the words “in heaven,” to supply for the negligence of the saints when in this life; at “on earth,” she made another

genusflection, in satisfaction for the negligence of the faithful; and at the words "in hell," she again knelt to atone for the negligence of the damned. The delight which this chosen soul thus gave the whole court of heaven, and the reward promised by Him whose honor she was always so anxious to promote, it were needless here to quote: they were *her own*, in which no soul less pure and fervent could hope to share. For us, striving to imitate her in our imperfect way, the words of the *Spiritual Combat* are sufficient encouragement, namely, "that a single aspiration, an ejaculatory prayer, a genusflection, the least mark of respect for the divine Majesty, is of greater value than all the treasures of the earth;" and as St. Teresa beautifully says, "It will be a great comfort at the hour of our death, to see we are going to be judged by Him whom we have loved above all things." Such love we know cannot exist without seeking to gratify the Beloved by many of these little tokens.

#### V.—DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED WOUNDS.

"Jesus, Saviour of the world, have mercy on me!—Thou to whom nothing is impossible save to refuse mercy to the wretched."

"O Christ, who by Thy Cross hast redeemed the world, hear us!"

"Hail, Jesus, my loving Spouse! I salute Thee in the ineffable joys of Thy Divinity; I embrace Thee with the affection of all creatures, and I kiss the sacred Wound of Thy love."

"The Lord is my strength and my salvation."

These four aspirations were taught by our Saviour Himself to St. Gertrude; and she knew by inspiration that when any one repeats one of these little ejaculations five times, "in honor of the Five Wounds of the Lord, kissing them devoutly, adding some prayers or good works, and offering them through the sweetest Heart of Jesus Christ, which is the organ of the Most Holy Trinity, they will be most acceptable to God."

#### VI.—DEVOTIONS TO THE MOTHER MOST SORROWFUL.

"O afflicted Mother, I will not leave thee to weep alone; I will mingle my tears with thine. I this day ask of thee to obtain for me a continual and tender remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ and of thine, so that all the days I have yet to live may be employed in weeping over thy sorrows."

This was one of St. Alphonsus Liguori's tender ejaculations to the sweet, sorrowful Mother whose sufferings can never be forgotten by souls that truly feel the mournful history of the Passion. What more simple and expressive petition could we adopt for a daily address to the "Queen of martyrs!" Equally fervent and touching is the aspiration of St. Philip Neri:

"O most sweet Heart of Mary, pierced with the sword of grief! I am the cause of at least one part of thy dolors; wherefore I will spend this day in asking pardon for it, and in promising thee to love thee henceforward."

There is a favorite devotion in France, which from its simplicity is well adapted for general use. "It is to perform, for love of the most holy Virgin, *and with her*, the Way of the Cross, pausing at each station in the usual way to pray." No particular form of prayer is required for the practice of this devotion. A "Hail Mary" is recommended at every station, with the prayer: "Holy Mother, impress deeply on my heart the wounds of my crucified Jesus;" or a verse from the *Stabat Mater*. When time presses, the verse or the ejaculatory prayer is sufficient at each station. In France an Indulgence is attached to this practice, and great blessings and graces are said to be gained by it.

#### No. 2.—MONTH OF SAINT JOSEPH.

"I took for my advocate and master the glorious St. Joseph," writes the seraphic Teresa. "Would that I could per-

suade all men to be devout to this glorious saint, by reason of the great experience I have had of the blessings he obtains from God. I have never known any one who was truly devoted to him, who performed particular devotions in his honor, that did not advance more in virtue; for he assists in a special manner those souls who recommend themselves to him."

Of the particular devotions thus warmly recommended, there can be none more glorious to St. Joseph, more consoling and beneficial to ourselves than that which has consecrated to him the entire month of March. Sanctioned by the universal Church, zealously promoted by her holy priesthood, its popularity (if the term is admissible) with all nations, classes and ages is indicated by the several publications under the general name of *Month of St. Joseph*, which have already appeared. In these little volumes, sacerdotal zeal, profound erudition, lofty eloquence and glowing love have combined, to bring worthy offerings to the feet of the glorious patriarch.

Our simple bouquet for the season will, therefore, be principally made up of what may be called wild-flowers of devotion, gathered from private sources, and offered in the two-fold hope of filling some little corner of the shrine, and introducing them to the notice of others who may perchance find something to suit their taste in opening bud or fragile spray. For it has often been remarked by fervent clients of St. Joseph, that even amid the general increase of devotions in his honor there is not still a sufficient variety of short, plain and simple prayers to meet the general wants. The *Ave Joseph*, indeed, is such a prayer, one which should be as familiar to the heart and tongue as the *Ave Maria*, and which, like it, would never become wearisome. It is a pity that this prayer is not to be found in every prayer-book. Confined as it is mostly to the books intended for the month, how many thousands of Catholics are there who have never heard of that salutation:

"Hail, St. Joseph, favored with grace,

Jesus and Mary are with thee: blessed art thou among men, and blessed is Jesus, the Son of thy spouse. Holy Joseph, nursing-father of Jesus, and spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

So closely resembling the "Hail, Mary," it is just the prayer to be easily committed to memory, to be repeated from lisping childhood to decrepid old age, in sickness and health, in joy and in sorrow, in the busy hours of day and in the wakeful hours of night. The children of Mary who love to salute their sweet Queen as often as possible in her own prayer, cannot find a difficulty in paying a similar homage to her beloved spouse. The *Ave Joseph* has this property, also, in common with the *Ave Maria*, that it readily adapts itself to all kinds of spiritual exercises, and, we may say, makes particular ones of its own. We know of persons who, visiting a picture or image of St. Joseph, without a prayer-book, have felt the want of something; till, on becoming familiar with the "*Ave Joseph*" it became a custom to repeat it a certain number of times for any set purpose: for example, three times in honor of the favors conferred by the Holy Trinity on the Saint; twelve times in honor of our Saviour's Childhood and His subjection to him; or thirty times in honor of the number of years that he was the head of the Holy Family. Sometimes, too, the prayer seems to suggest the use of the beads in repeating a decade or the first part of the Rosary, altering the words of the mysteries to suit the part which St. Joseph bore in each. What a simple devotion is this, yet how applicable for those who cannot occupy themselves in mental prayer at such visits. And Mary's beads adapt themselves so readily to honoring or invoking Joseph! It sometimes would seem to her children that our dear Lady takes a peculiar pleasure in seeing them put to this use. The thought may be a foolish one. What is certain, however, is that favors for which many prayers had been earnestly recited, were obtained im-

mediately after "the beads were said" in this way. This we know to have occurred, especially in a case of great trouble of mind which rendered sleep impossible,—during the first or second decade to St. Joseph, slumber would steal on—calm, quiet and refreshing. The person thus relieved wishes it made known in this manner, that the devotion may be widely spread through the columns of the AVE MARIA, to the glory of God and the honor of the "sweet spouse of our Lady."

MARY.

### Good Friday.

BY REV. XAVIER D. MCLEOD.

O mighty waters! wherefore do ye sleep?  
What fetters your proud waves' exulting spring?  
There swept a voice athwart the shuddering deep,  
"They crucify my King!"

What is the agony that rocks thee so  
O, solemn earth? What do these horrors bring?—  
The answer bursts with a convulsive throe,  
"They crucify my King!"

Why art Thou wrapt in gloom, O land of stars?  
Why o'er the noon doth midnight spread her wing?—  
Moaned the response from Heaven's o'erclouded bars,  
"They crucify my King!"

Woman beneath the Cross where He is nailed,  
Why weepst thou? Who is this suffering one?  
She wrung her weak hands piteously, and wailed,  
"He is mine only Son!"

How sinned He, that they doomed Him to the Cross?  
"He healed their sick; restored their blind," she said,  
"And when they sought a grave to weep their loss,  
He gave them back their dead."

I looked, and fell.—Upon His thorn-wreathed brow  
The death-sweat mingled with great drops of blood:  
And from His feet the life-tide trickling slow,  
Streamed down the accursed wood.

A red stain marred the lips so deadly pale  
Whose gasping marked the ebbing of life's sand;  
And the white fingers clenched upon the nail  
That pierce the tortured hand,

Shuddering, the howling multitude was awed,  
As His great throes of anguish shook the tree;  
And a strong cry rung forth, "My God! My God!  
Thou hast forsaken Me!"

O King! O God! lay not on me this blame,  
By those torn hands; that rent and bleeding side;  
That crown of thorns; that death of pangs and shame,  
Mercy, O Crucified!

By Thy dear Mother's tears, Thine own last look,  
By all that entrance to Thy kingdom wins,  
O blot forever from Thy dreadful book,  
The record of my sins!

Help me to pray; to keep an humble fast;  
To have a fixed immutable faith to shine  
In all good works of love, that so at last,  
Thy glory may be mine!

### THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE FLOATING SHADOW.

"Don't forget old friends, George," said the Elder.

"No fear of that, sir," he replied, while they shook hands; then, with a frank audacity, full, however, of an honest purpose to fight his battle out single-handed, he added: "Since I am sure of your friendship, sir, may I hope for something more?"

"You could not be too near to us, George," said the Elder, something at a loss how to answer him; but the sincerity of his soul asserted itself, and he merely uttered the simple truth.

"And you, Mrs. Flemming—you know I want Eva for my wife," he blurted out.

"You have my best wishes, George," she replied, while a soft womanly blush stole over her face from the shock of his strange, outspoken wooing, and the sudden fulfilment of her hopes for her child. "But what does Eva say? Of course——"

"Eva," he interrupted, "gives me no encouragement."

"And," interrupted Eva, as she stood

with her arm carelessly thrown over Hope's shoulder, while an angry sparkle flashed in her eyes, "you ask the influence of my parents when I have already answered you, and complain of me. Fie upon you, George Merrill!"

"Not so, Eva!" he answered bravely. "I only do what any other honorable man would. I ask their sanction of my endeavor to win you; for although you have answered me, and pretty decidedly too, remember I do not accept your answer. I told you that; and knowing that you all have no secrets from one another, I speak openly, and tell you again, before them all, that I will not give you up. I intend to persevere in my suit until my faithfulness and constancy shall win you," he added manfully.

"It will be so much time wasted, George. Since you are so very frank in your wooing, I will be equally so; and I positively decline, before all these witnesses, your offer," said Eva with spirit.

"Do not be too hasty, Eva!" said Mrs. Flemming, whose breath was almost taken away by the scene.

"It is not the result of hastiness or caprice, mother. I like George Merrill, and wish him well," she replied; "but he might as well know, up and down, for good and all, that I will not marry him. It is no use for him to set his mind upon it, and lose chances in Boston which will suit him better. Besides, what is the use of a man throwing his life backwards in such waste? For myself, I don't intend to marry. I am going to be the old maid of the family."

"Well, good-by, Eva. All that you say makes no difference to me. I shall come again, and perhaps you will change your mind. I don't know what ever I have done to make you hate me so;" and George held out his hand towards her to shake hands, but she withheld hers.

"I do not hate you; you know that I don't; I only treat you as one honorable person should treat another, by telling you the truth. I have no idea of marrying. It does not seem to me that

marrying should be the sole end and aim of a woman's life; and I am very happy here," she said bravely.

"You are heartless, Eva."

"No, I am not heartless, George, and you have no right to say that. I am sorry to have pained you, for you are like a brother; and Nick and Reuben were never angry with me in their lives. Surely you would not like a wife who could not love you," she said, pitying the grief and disappointment that she saw surging up into his eyes.

"Yes, Eva, because I know that in time I could win your love," he said quickly, hoping that she would relent.

"There has been enough of this, George. I wish you well with all my heart," said Eva, to whom the scene was becoming more painful and embarrassing. Then she turned abruptly away and left the room, without throwing another word or look towards him. About five minutes later she heard his horse galloping off as if his rider had dug the spurs pretty deeply into his sides.

No one said a word to Eva about George Merrill: indeed, no one saw her until supper time, for she had gone straight up to her room, and shut herself in, then had a good womanly cry, for she was both sorry and exasperated: sorry to have brought such a disappointment into her old school-fellow's life, and angry at his presumption in assuming the position he did after she had positively rejected him; but most of all was she mortified at the scene which had just taken place in the presence of the family. Eva Flemming could not brook being treated like a capricious child, when she knew how perfectly in earnest she was, and her firm purpose, as George Merrill should find out to his cost. After supper, when they were all gathered around the old hearth, as usual, a casual observer could have detected no change. The fire burned brightly; between the andirons simmered a row of great juicy red apples; a little farther off stood a large stone pitcher of cider, slowly warming; on the other side the cat was curled up

asleep at Reuben's feet, as he sat reading. They talked to each other, trying to be cheerful; but there was a restraint; and one after another they dropped into silence which nothing interrupted except the crackling of the fire, the rustle of paper, as the Elder and Reuben—both reading—turned the pages of their books, and the sharp, rapid click of Mrs. Flemming's knitting needles. At last the Elder closed his book, and looking around at the serious faces, he said, "It seems to me that you are all uncommonly quiet to-night! I scarcely feel at home, mother—what is it all?"

"Don't bother about us, father. I guess we shall overget the trouble, whatever it is," said Mrs. Flemming, in her quick, sharp way. Nicholas thrust his hands down into his pockets, and tilting back his chair, looked up at the black rafters festooned with sweet-smelling herbs overhead, and whistled to himself. Reuben laid his book down over his knee, and turned his soft, mild eyes inquiringly from one to another. Hope felt her face redden as if she were the guilty one, and stole her hand down and folded her sister's lovingly in it; but she—Eva—a little paler than usual, lifted her handsome eyes, and looked steadily at the unquiet countenances around her, and *felt* intuitively that if they were not displeased with her, she had at least disappointed them all. Her affectionate nature was pained to think that she should be the first to create a discord in the family harmony, always so perfect; but it was a way the Flemmings had, to have no secrets from each other, and speak out openly of whatever troubled them; so she took heart and said:

"I guess, father, that I am the cause of the quiet that you complain of. I'm afraid that you are all displeased by what I said to George Merrill."

"I am sorry for George, that's a fact," said the Elder; "he's a great favorite of mine, and of all of us; and I should have liked him well for my son-in-law; but when that is said, all is said that is in my

heart about it; for, as much as I like him, I value you and your happiness still more. You have not offended me, daughter."

"Thank you, dear father," said Eva, while her voice trembled with emotion. It was much for her to be assured that her father, whom she idolized, was not angry with her; but the rest —

"Well!" said Nicholas, "my opinion is that George is a man that *any* girl might be proud of; and it looks to me like a foolish caprice to throw him over like that."

"It would be a silly caprice, and a wicked one, too, Nick, for Huldah to throw *you* over; but the cases, you know, are entirely different," said Eva with spirit. Nicholas subsided and held his peace, for this came directly home to him.

"George will be a very rich man. The minister told me that he had outlying lots in Boston; that when the city stretched out to them—which it is fast doing—George would be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Just think of that, now," said Mrs. Flemming, with a quick snap of her fine black eyes.

"I am glad to hear that, mother, for his own sake," said Eva quietly; "for he will more easily forget his disappointment up here when he takes hold on the cares and glitter of riches. I do not care for money myself—at least as the price of what I should consider dishonor—for I do not love George Merrill, and if I married him for his money, I should be ashamed to look him in the face."

"To be sure you would," said Hope, speaking for the first time, "and I should be ashamed for you."

"George promised to take me over the seas to see the fine pictures of the old masters," said Reuben with a sigh; "but I guess that's all up now." Even Reuben reproached her; but she laughed and said:

"Perhaps not. I think there is something between you and the old pictures that will sooner or later bring you together, Ruby."

"Don't put such stuff into his head, Eva," said her mother, curtly.

"Is it stuff, mother? I only meant to

comfort him!" she answered with a sad smile, while her eyes flashed with unshed tears; the strain was getting a little too much for her.

"Yes, I call it downright stuff. Reuben must learn to be useful, and not expect to go about the world mooning, and daubing, and doing nothing but read." Reuben sighed, picked up his book and sought refuge on the heights of the ideal, and soon forgot the family discussion going on around him. His mother always let such a *douche* down on him that he was glad to escape, shivering with the shock and chill of it. "And I think, Eva, since we have come to talk of it," continued Mrs. Flemming, after quenching Reuben, "that you have done a *very* foolish thing to reject George Merrill."

"I am sorry, mother," she said gravely; "but I do not wish to marry—least of all will I marry George Merrill."

"Many a one just as positive as you are have changed their mind," said Mrs. Flemming. "There's Prudence Rogers; why, she and Sam hated each other after they got acquainted, for more than a year; then after all, got married; and there was not a happier couple about, was there, father?"

"And I read once of an audacious man that beat and cuffed and kicked a high-born lady who had refused his suit; and she, either to wipe out the insult, or because she was afraid that the next time he would kill her, married him. But if George has the spirit of William of Normandy, he'll find no Matilda of Flanders in me, mother," exclaimed Eva, whose spirit was up so high that she could not wait to hear the history of Sam Rogers' happy marriage.

"Well, perhaps you'll *repent*, Eva; repentance and changing one's mind are perhaps different things," said Mrs. Flemming with a provoking smile.

"I shall never repent of this, mother, rest assured of it. I ask nothing better than to stay here with you and my father in the dear old place where I was born, as long as I live," said Eva more quietly.

"And here you are welcome, my child,

as long as you live," said the Elder. "Your mother and I ought to rejoice if we can keep you; for the old place will seem too empty and silent, when you all go away to new homes."

"Well, well, don't fret over what I said, Eva. I am outspoken. I *am* disappointed; there's no use denying it. I should be glad to think I'd have you with me all my life; but I don't want you to be an old maid, like that forlorn dried up old aunt of Huldah Sneathen's," said Mrs. Flemming, whose mother-heart, always true and good in its instincts, was at last touched. Pride and ambition for her beautiful child had held sway long enough,—it was pulsing to the right music now; and Eva went over, and drawing up a low cushion, sat at her feet, and leaning upon her knees, lifted her eyes appealingly to her face and said, "Then you are not angry with me, darling?"

"Well—no—I'm not angry," she replied while she laid down her knitting and smoothed the soft, golden brown hair away from Eva's pure forehead. "I can't say that I'm angry, but *disappointed*. I had counted so on seeing you a great lady down to Boston——"

"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the Elder.

"Why! mother!" said Hope.

"It's no use," said Mrs. Flemming. "I mean just what I say. I counted on seeing her a fine lady in Boston, riding in her own carriage and dressed in rich silks, laces and jewels, and showing that the New Hampshire hills are no way behind the flats of Massachusetts in the way of handsome women. Now if that's a sin, it is out, and I'm done with it; so let the subject be dropped."

Eva buried her burning face in her hands. She felt humiliated to think that her own mother had been having such sordid thoughts about her. The Elder did not speak for several minutes, but kept walking up and down, while the knitting needles clicked with vim. At last the Elder said slowly, in his kindly, even tones, "My daughter, you did right. You have my approval."

"Thank you, father," she replied very quietly.

"Now let us be as we were before," said Hope, snuffing the candle. "I declare I feel as if we had been in a Scotch mist."

And they tried "being as they were before;" but the shadow had flitted over them, and each one had an indescribable and indefinite prevision that the harmony of their life was broken. But Mrs. Fleming began to talk of farm matters and the coming spring work, a subject always full of interest to her, and asked, "What are you going to do with that corner lot, father? It's a perfect quagmire."

"Drain it, and put down Swedish turnips, I think."

"It's a great waste of soil, I think. They're nasty things."

"I like the sharp taste of them, rather," he replied; "they are splendid winter feeding for stock, and will make your butter look like gold, mother."

"Yes, I guess they will. I hope you'll put down a good lot of mercer potatoes on that slope; they'll come early there, and fetch a high price. I shouldn't wonder if you get four or five dollars a barrel."

"Yes, they'll bring about that, if I can get them into the market early enough. But if we have a late, soggy spring, how then?"

"It'll be a poor chance for early potatoes, and hard on people who have nothing but their crops to depend on. Have you seen the Deacon lately, father?"

"No. I shall have to see him in a day or two, about that lumber business. Our partnership expires in a month or so; and if he should take it into his head to make a change, it will be a great disappointment as well as loss to me."

"Land-sakes! such a thought never entered my head," exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "Why! what are you thinking about? The idea of Deacon Sneathen throwing you over for anybody else, and just now, too, when you are clearing something on your outlay!"

"It does seem like sheer nonsense, even to think of such a thing," put in Nicholas,

who had been amusing himself tickling the cat's ear with a straw. "The Deacon was only talking about it last night, and seemed very anxious to know if you'd like to keep on for another term, father."

"Was he?" remarked the Elder, folding his hands behind him, while he still walked up and down. "I hope he will continue in the same mind. The business is a profitable one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


IN answer to one of the irreligious papers of Paris, which had the effrontery to assert that the "clerical party" were duly convicted of having instigated the assassination of Burgos, the *Univers* demands the production of proofs for so absurd and monstrous an assertion. In the mean time, it says, we ask of this writer, who, in the first instance, are responsible for this crime? They are those who, in an entirely catholic nation, were the first to outrage the public feeling by persecuting in all sorts of ways, plundering and expelling priests and nuns. Who closed the churches, or levelled them to the ground? Who desecrated the sanctuaries, calumniated the bishops, excited against the clergy the worst instincts of the dregs of the population? Who the other day, after having openly and publicly proclaimed his unbelief, went to the convent of Huelges, the most celebrated in Spain, in order to take an inventory of what it possessed, and entering the church walked with his hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth to the choir, where, seating himself in the abbatial stall, he caused the affrighted nuns to appear before him, and addressed them in terms the most insulting? This man was the Civil Governor of Burgos, and he acted in the name of Prim, Serrano and Topete. Those men, by the provocation which they have given, are in reality guilty of the crime of Burgos.—*Westminster Gazette*.


ANY sort of humility which clashes with charity is undoubtedly a false humility.


# Tantum Ergo.


HARMONIZED BY PROF. M. E. GIRAC,  
FOR HOLY THURSDAY.


*Adagio.*


Sopra.   
 Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i;  
 Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o,


Alto. 


Tenor   
 Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i;  
 Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o,


Bass. 

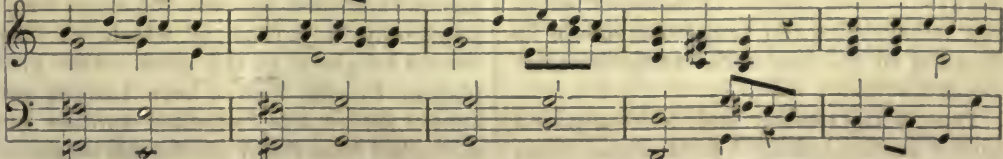
Orga. 

  
 Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i; Præs - tet - fi - des  
 Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o, Pro - ce - den - ti



  
 Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i; Præs - tet - fi - des  
 Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o, Pro - ce - den - ti





sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i. Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.  
 ab u - tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i. Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.  
 ab u - tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

### Extravagance and Excesses of the Times.

SERMON OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP  
SPALDING.

In his sermon on last Sunday, the first of Lent, the Most Rev. Archbishop took occasion, from the solemn occasion of the Lenten season of fast and penance, to warn the faithful against the growing extravagance and excesses of the times. Amusements and fashion are indulged in and followed, either with moderation or to excess; and while the catholic Church has never been opposed to whatever is moderate and reasonable, she has always set the seal of her condemnation on all that is inordinate, excessive and dangerous to morals. During the holy penitential seasons of Lent and Advent, even what might be lawful at other times should be cheerfully sacrificed and avoided in a spirit of self-denial and of penance for past sins: but at all times and in all seasons, whatever is excessive and dangerous should be shunned by the true christian as the hissing of a serpent.

Thus, while modest and delicately conducted dances, indulged in at proper times

and with suitable moderation, have not been censured by the Church of God, those which are indelicate and improper either in their character or in their moral tendency have been reprovèd; and the assembled Bishops of the United States in the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, in their official Pastoral Letter, solemnly warned all the faithful against all such fashionable dances, the more dangerous because the more fashionable.

Thus also, while propriety and good taste, with neatness in dress and a decent regard to accredited usage, are not only not censurable, but even commendable, the Most Rev. preacher united with the Sovereign Pontiff, in inveighing against the glaring and utterly censurable extravagance in dress, alas! so common in our day. He depicted it as ruinous in its expense, as drying up the fountains of christian charity, by absorbing for the decoration of the body—which is but a heap of animated dust—all the surplus means furnished by even the most ample patrimony, a portion of which, at least, should be given to the poor. The great Roman Pontiff, with a keen insight into human nature, has indicated another evil springing from this frightful extravagance;

it checks christian marriage by deterring men from espousing women whose prodigal expenses they cannot reasonably hope to meet without ruin to their fortunes and those of their families.

Again, whilst modest and proper dramatic representations are not in themselves wrong, and may be occasionally attended, outside the time of the penitential season, the Most Rev. Archbishop warned the faithful against the sensational and dangerous drama so general, if not so fashionable, at the present day, and in this country. He denounced this species of theatricals as openly improper and licentious in its character and tendency; and he felt quite assured that, while no person of refined taste and delicate sense of propriety could ever permit themselves to assist at any such gross performances, the young and the unwary of both sexes were often allured to them by the flaming advertisements, and prurient placards which everywhere meet the eye in the papers and on the streets; and that the morals of all who attended could not but be grievously wounded by such exhibitions, over which scarcely a veil of modesty is thrown to conceal their inherent turpitude. Such exhibitions are intrinsically wrong and unlawful at all times, in all seasons, and to men fully as much as to women, and even more so. He begged christian parents to remember the solemn responsibility which weighed on them to preserve the morals of their children, for whose souls they would have a most strict account to give at the dread bar of God!

Finally, the Most Rev. orator said, that he could scarcely trust himself to refer to what was still behind and was far worse than all this; an abomination leading to the depopulation and desolation of the land; to excesses worse than the murder of the innocents by Herod, because committed not so much through sudden passion or the motive of cruel ambition, but with deliberately wicked purpose: a practice worse, probably, than any ever generally adopted even among heathens, but which nevertheless was becoming fright-

fully common in this enlightened age and country, and which was even occasionally defended as an evidence of growing enlightenment.

He would not refer more particularly to a turpitude too shocking to think of, one which should not even be named among christians; but he deemed it a sacred and solemn duty to give this warning, in general and sufficiently intelligible language; as, though these horrible and unnatural excesses referred to were almost unknown among catholics, and were not as yet, thank God, believed to have reached this latitude, at least to any great extent, they were fast approaching us, and threatening the ruin of our people, body and soul. He wished to put it on record, that the catholic Church utterly abhors such abominations in every form and shape and under whatsoever pretext they are practised, as an atrocious violation of the divine commandment—THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

Such was the general import of the grave warning uttered by our Most Rev. Archbishop on last Sunday in the cathedral.—*Catholic Mirror.*

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As we go to press we learn the sad news of the death of Rt. Rev. Peter P. Lefevre, Bishop of Zela, Administrator of Detroit, on Wednesday, March 3d. Next week we will give a full account of the long and useful life and lamented death of this eminent prelate.

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CHARLESTOWN, MASS., Feb. 24, 1869.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of one of your life subscribers, Mr. PATRICK KIVILL, No. 108, Bunker Hill Street, who departed this life this morning at about 10 o'clock. He was a sincere and devoted client of our Immaculate Mother, and most zealous in the discharge of every christian duty, with a large heart and a willing hand to contribute to everything that would promote the honor and glory of God and the propagation of our holy religion. May his soul rest in peace.

Yours most sincerely, E. C.

### A Prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For my dear brother, Rev. JOSEPH D. BOWLES, on his departure for his mission of love, September 30, 1853.

Sweet Mary! to thy care I resign a dear brother,  
Be to him, thou, as a sister and mother;  
As Queen of the ocean protect from the wave,  
And the souls for whom Jesus died help him to save.

How calm shall his bark o'er the blue ocean glide,  
If thou at the helm, sweet Mary! preside,  
Nor need he to fear, though loud tempests provoke.  
While he leans upon thee, the sure anchor of Hope,

He steers not his course to the Western shore  
To gather its pearls, or rich golden store;  
Ah no! but he ploughs through the perilous deep,  
To wake the wild savage from error's dark sleep.

Then, Star of the Ocean! shed on him thy ray;  
Be light in his darkness, a guide on his way;  
Shine over him ever, by land and by sea,  
Until he shall rest in the harbor with thee.

SISTER M. DE SALES BOWLES.

The loving, gentle soul who breathed  
this prayer on earth has passed from  
among us, and is now we trust praying for  
her zealous brother.

QUERY.—In the *Spectator*, 575, the following query was proposed by Dr. Swift. We give it for the benefit of our readers, and ask them to ponder well upon the thoughts which it necessarily must bring to their minds:

“Supposing the body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?”

### Diocese of Fort Wayne.

(OFFICIAL.)

#### COLLECTIONS FOR THE POPE.

Fort Wayne Cathedral .....	\$190 00
do St. Mary's .....	183 50
do St. Paul's .....	68 75
Lafayette, St. Mary's .....	62 00
do St. Boniface .....	96 70
Lagro .....	55 00
Leo, Allen Co. ....	25 00
Decatur .....	75 00
Anderson .....	41 00
Avilla .....	46 00
Kendallville .....	20 00
Laporte, St. Peter's .....	70 00
do St. Joseph's .....	37 00
Mishawaka .....	104 00
Delphi .....	44 00
New Haven .....	100 00
Union City .....	23 25
Hesse Cassel .....	40 00
Blufton Road .....	45 00
Oxford .....	20 50
Winamac .....	20 00
Plymouth .....	53 00
Goshen .....	17 00
Huntington .....	126 00
St. Mary's Home .....	12 00
Dyer .....	24 00
Calumet .....	34 00
South Bend .....	63 00
Notre Dame .....	31 93
Lowell .....	5 25
Peru .....	54 00

#### CHRISTMAS COLLECTIONS FOR THE ORPHANS. 1868.

Fort Wayne Cathedral .....	\$371 00
do St. Mary's .....	132 00
do St. Paul's .....	63 62
Lafayette, St. Mary's .....	130 33
Valparaiso .....	155 00
Union City .....	34 00
Millersburg .....	7 50
Clark's Hill .....	20 00
Ligonier .....	3 50
St. Vincent's, Allen Co. ....	29 50
Crawfordsville .....	162 00
Crown Point .....	24 00
New Haven .....	70 00
Laporte, St. Peter's .....	72 00
do St. Joseph's .....	30 00
Logansport .....	103 00
Peru .....	57 77
Kokomo .....	25 00

Columbia City.....	40 00
Delphi.....	40 00
St. Mary's Home.....	10 25
Lagro.....	57 50
Calumet.....	70 00
Westville.....	6 00
Besançon.....	24 50
Dyer.....	25 00
Mishawaka.....	53 00
Plymouth.....	58 00
Goshen.....	30 58
Muncie.....	9 00
Michigan City.....	75 00
Winamac.....	35 00
St. John's.....	60 00
Huntington.....	130 00
Hesse Cassel.....	34 00
Blufton Road.....	16 31
Avilla.....	75 40
Kendallville.....	10 50
Girardot.....	16 10
Leo, Allen Co.....	13 00
Oxford.....	22 50
Attica and Missions.....	53 00
Anderson.....	53 00
Lowell, Lake Co.....	5 00
West Creek, Lake Co.....	60 00
Turkey Creek.....	10 00
South Bend, St. Patrick's.....	60 35
Notre Dame.....	54 27
Lowell.....	6 36

EASTER COLLECTION FOR THE SEMINARY.

1868.

Fort Wayne Cathedral.....	224 70
do St. Mary's.....	111 70
do St. Paul's.....	67 66
Lafayette, St. Mary's.....	111 47
Anderson.....	50 00
Delphi.....	43 00
Crawfordsville.....	144 00
New Haven.....	62 20
Decatur.....	45 90
Columbia.....	21 20
Laporte, St. Peter's.....	60 00
do St. Joseph's.....	24 10
Hesse Cassel.....	24 83
Kokomo.....	11 00
Logansport.....	94 00
St. John's.....	49 65
Plymouth.....	45 75
Lagro.....	49 00
Oxford.....	20 00
Blufton Road.....	20 00
Peru.....	50 00
St. Mary's Home.....	15 00
Huntington.....	90 00
Calumet.....	23 00

Mishawaka.....	56 95
Notre Dame.....	142 03
South Bend, St. Patrick's.....	31 15

From the above statement of receipts, it is evident that the amount is by no means large enough to cover the expenses of the young men preparing themselves for the priesthood. In case the collection on Easter should fail to realize a reasonable amount, on account of bad weather or other circumstances preventing a full attendance of the congregation, the collection should be again made on some following Sunday.

The amount of the collection should be forwarded to us by draft, or in notes, and not in fractional currency.

We call the attention of the Rev. Clergy to what we have said in our Circular of the 8th December last, in relation to the collection and other matters.

✠ JOHN HENRY,

*Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

FORT WAYNE, March 4th, 1869.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.—An effort has been made in the Legislature to obtain an appropriation to this Institution, the same as has been given to other like Institutions of different denominations. It met with no success, however, notwithstanding the fact of its usefulness and general merits being universally admitted by members. —*Catholic Standard.*

Applications to Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1869.

For Membership.....	20,296
For Conversions.....	445
For Deceased Members.....	19
For Recovery of Health.....	121
For Religious Vocations.....	78
For Particular Requests.....	575
For Happy Death.....	112
For Temporal Favors.....	365

## The Nails and Spear.

FRIDAY AFTER SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Rifled from earth's dark bosom —  
From the dusky mines recesses,—  
By the fierce fire annealed,—

Fashioned by stalwart blows;  
His creature, that God gifted  
With manifold gracious uses,  
Giveth only to its Creator

Bitterest pangs and throes.

Through trembling nerve and tendon,—  
Through shrinking vein and muscle,—  
By lusty strokes of the hammer

The pitiless nails are borne;  
While the quivering heart of Mary  
Keeps time to the awful rhythm,  
(By some faint echo repeated)

Agonized, rent, and torn.

Oh Christ! The faint far echo  
Was the cry of after ages,  
Was the sound of piteous wailing

For the sins that nailed Thee there;  
Was the voice of our confession,  
The voice of our lamentation,  
The voice of our supplication,  
Half hope and half despair.

And Thou,—lest Thy stricken creatures  
Shuddering in hopeless terror,  
In the pangs of awakened conscience,

At the guilt of their deicide,—  
Should flee to the outer darkness  
In hopeless fear and anguish,  
In Thy lance-pierced Heart wouldst make  
them

A refuge where to hide.

R. V. R.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE TWO PATHS.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA]

BY L. E. M'L.

"Grandmamma, I am certain you have mistaken the road," said Alphonse d'Ervilly to his grandmother, who was taking him and his sister Delphine to a farm a short distance from the château where they were passing the summer.

"My dear child," said Madame d'Ervilly calmly, and without appearing to notice the impatient tone of her grandson, "I know far better than you what path it is necessary to take to arrive at the farm, and it is by that I am about to take you."

"How annoying," cried Delphine, "to see the time spent in useless discussions that might be employed in amusements. Why did you not order the carriage, grandmamma?"

"Because God has given me feet to walk," replied Madame d'Ervilly smiling, "and exercise is necessary for the preservation of my health."

"A servant at least might have accompanied us, and shown us the right way," said Delphine.

"My child, would you rather trust his experience than mine?"

"But, grandmamma, you see how provoking it is; if you have led us astray, what shall we do? The hours are flying by, and we shall have no time to amuse ourselves. I give up all hopes of the boat-ride and fishing. Oh, how sorry I am for coming!"

"As for me," said Alphonse, "I am fully convinced that the path to the left is the one that leads to Nicholas' house. I recognize it; my memory is not so poor that I cannot recollect the surroundings I saw two years ago."

"You deceive yourself, Alphonse," said Mde. d'Ervilly coldly; "you cannot recognize that road, for we have never gone to the farm through this valley."

"Perhaps not with you, grandmamma; but cousin Paul and I visited Nicholas' once, and we took this path; and I believe by following it I shall reach the farm before you."

"You deserve, my child, to be allowed to run that risk, as a just punishment for your obstinacy."

"Oh," said Alphonse, laughing heartily, "the perils do not terrify me, and I willingly submit to what appears to me a most agreeable chastisement. Good-by, grandmamma, you will find your breakfast ready when you reach the farm."

And blushing through spite, Alphonse took his own route and heeded not the command of Madame d'Ervilly to follow her. Delphine implored her grandmother to take the path Alphonse had entered on; but her entreaties were in vain. Mde. d'Ervilly rose from the place where she was seated, took her granddaughter's arm; and followed the path that, according to her, led to the farm of Nicholas.

Delphine was in a wretched humor during the walk. Spite and anger filled her heart. From the example of her brother she was persuaded that Mde. d'Ervilly had mistaken the road; and although her murmurs were inaudible, they were not the less violent.

Without appearing to notice the agitation of Delphine, her grandmother commented on the beautiful country that surrounded them. They had emerged from the woods, and stretched out before them was a beautiful plain, surrounded by verdant hills, where the snowy flocks sported in play; farther off, the river reflected the rays of the rising sun, and the opposite bank was dotted by charming country seats, constructed with all the taste and elegance of which architecture is capable.

Delphine saw the farm house in the distance: she blushed, and encountering the gaze of Mde. d'Ervilly, her eyes fell, and she acknowledged her fault. Soon they arrived at the farm. A cry of joy is heard, and the words "Madame! Madame!" announce the arrival of the dearly cherished mistress.

Among those who gathered around to welcome Mde. d'Ervilly, Delphine sought in vain for her brother. If he was there, if he had arrived in advance of them, he would not fail to show himself. Delphine sighed, but remained silent; and her grandmother did not speak of Alphonse. Two hours passed by; the obstinate boy did not appear, and Delphine's restlessness became insupportable. Her imploring glances were turned every moment to Mde. d'Ervilly, whose calm face betrayed not the slightest emotion.

The occupants of the farm invited their

young mistress to take a sail on the river, in a pretty little boat that was used for that purpose. Delphine would have refused; but her grandmother accepted the invitation for her, and she was constrained to go, which she did in silence, keeping back her tears. What a sad sail, and how different from what she had pictured to herself in setting out from the château!

Madame d'Ervilly saw the sufferings of Delphine; and, taking pity on her, requested Nicholas to conduct them back to the farm. Scarcely had they arrived there when a carriage drew up at the door, and a servant from the château came to receive the orders of Mde. d'Ervilly.

Taking leave then of Nicholas, and promising to make a longer visit the following week, grandmamma took Delphine's hand and led her to the carriage, in which they both seated themselves; and taking the road along the river, they were soon beyond the precincts of the farm.

"Where are we going, grandmamma?" said Delphine, in a timid voice.

"Do not fear, my child," answered Mde. d'Ervilly; "James knows the right road."

"Ah! you know it also," said the young girl, concealing her flowing tears in the bosom of her grandmamma, who tenderly embraced her—and Delphine felt that she was pardoned.

The carriage drew up before the gate of a park. Mde. d'Ervilly rang, and a young girl answered to the summons. Delphine hastened to greet her, for in her she recognized Theresa de Veleourt, her dearest friend. The latter, on seeing Mde. d'Ervilly and Delphine, exclaimed: "That naughty Alphonse! He did not tell us we were to have such an agreeable surprise to-day. Indeed, he seemed desirous of leaving us immediately."

The path Alphonse had taken led him, after a walk of two hours, to a small farm belonging to the château of Veleourt. Mde. d'Ervilly knew this, and it was for the purpose of going there in hopes of finding the obstinate fugitive that she had sent to the château for her carriage.

M. and Mde. de Veleourt not seeing

Theresa return, followed her out in company with the rest of their children, and Alphonse also formed part of the group that came forward to meet Mde. d'Ervilly. On recognizing his grandmother, Alphonse turned pale and concealed his face in his hands; the gaze of Mde. de Velecourt was turned upon him with astonishment, and seemed to demand an explanation of the mystery. Delphine ran to her brother and pressed him in her arms.

"Pardon me all," cried Alphonse, whose good sense had overcome his pride. He then made a full confession of his faults of the morning, and acknowledged the untruthfulness of the well-arranged story by which he had deceived the Velecourt family, by saying it was at the desire of his grandmother he paid them this day's visit. Then, throwing himself on his knees before Mde. d'Ervilly, he begged her to be his guide for the future since she knew the true path.

Mde. d'Ervilly gave her hand to the repentant boy, and M. de Velecourt spoke to the children around him:

"It is thus we do in the way of life," said M. de Velecourt to the children. "Proud of a judgment he believes to be infallible, the child disdains the counsels of experience. He desires to walk alone; the way of his fathers is not the way he chooses. He departs from it, and they call him in vain to return. Fixed in his purpose, he hurries breathlessly on; but when reflection arrests the swift current of his thoughts, he gazes around him and discovers that he has mistaken his way,—and often, alas! he only perceives it at the moment that a frightful fall reveals to him the profound depth of the precipice to which his chosen path has conducted him. To avoid this terrible misfortune, my children, trust in the friends to whom nature and religion have confided you; *their* love and *their* experience will watch over your footsteps and prevent you from wandering astray."

Amid tears and sobs, Alphonse promised never more to trust to his own experience, but always to follow the sage counsels of

his friends. Mde. d'Ervilly readily pardoned the erring boy who was so dear to her, and the journey homeward was sweet and pleasant. When in the evening they arrived at the spot that had witnessed the obstinacy of Alphonse in the morning, he tenderly embraced his grandmother, saying:

"Dear grandmother, life also offers two paths; but, that I may never go astray, I will follow the one you have already traced for me; that is, the path of virtue. It will also be that of happiness."

Mde. d'Ervilly pressed her children to her heart, and blessed heaven that the wanderings of a few hours had become a lesson, the precious remembrance of which would guard these orphans from the suffering and troubles that are the natural consequence of disobedience.

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GOOD MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly; but how to be so is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, and rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners—that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned, so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon you as you use them. You must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which you cannot leave off if you try, when you go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those who are most agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.—*Catholic.*

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SALVATION is pointed to by faith and prepared by hope, but gained by love.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

There are two cities that, more than all others, exercise an indescribable charm over christian hearts, and serve as a guiding lamp to the inquiring mind while it wanders through the vast domains of theology and history. These two cities are *Jerusalem* and *Rome*. Like two bright jewels, they glitter on the face of the earth and hide within them a picture of heaven. They are the chosen sanctuaries of humanity, the poles of history, the mysterious points at which Divine mercy has applied its levers in order to force this world of ours out of its downward-tending course, and elevate it once more into a new and heavenward sphere. They are the cities of the Covenant, the scenes of God's greatest wonders. The former tells us of the *history of the redemption*, the latter acquaints us with the *history of the Church*, or those who have benefitted by that redemption. They are bound together by an inseparable bond, as becomes the mother and daughter. Even the physiognomy and history of the one and the other remind us at once of the close relationship that exists between them. The ever memorable hills of Jerusalem witnessed the self-immolation of the God-man, and were consecrated by His blood as the altar of redemption; the hills

of Rome saw thousands of noble members of Christ dying a martyr's death, and the rivers of christian blood which they drank dedicated them once for all time to come as the high altars of the church. The adorable body of our Blessed Lord, after the crucifixion, was laid in a monument of rock at the foot of Golgotha; the bodies of the holy martyrs were deposited in the rocky caverns of the catacombs, at the foot of the seven-hilled city. For three days did the body of our Lord remain in the silent grave before He arose from the dead; in like manner did the Church of Rome, the mystical body of Christ, hide itself for three centuries within the silent halls of that subterranean city of the dead, after which time it arose and began to plant its victorious banner of the cross in every land on the face of the earth. Nay, even after the resurrection, both these glorious tombs have remained singularly blessed. The open monument at Jerusalem, the empty grave with its linens and spices, has become for all future times a covenant and a testimony that vouches for the accomplishment of the great mystery of the redemption; the re-opened catacombs of Rome, on the other hand, with the treasures of their holy relics and other historic documents, furnish us with an irrefragable proof that the faith and customs of the early church were identical with those of the church of to-day; and thus they have come to be a most precious inheritance transmitted to the present, and to the yet unborn future. In fact, these catacombs are to a great extent, as it were the archives, the *incunabula* from which we learn the history of the primitive christian church. In their sepulchral halls and

chambers, on their walls and ceilings, these sacred places unfold to our wondering gaze, in the freshest of colors, a most glowing and touching picture of the faith and charity of the apostolic church. After having made the subject our especial study for some years past, a portion of which time we spent with the learned Cavalier De Rossi, that most eminent student of the catacombs, we shall now endeavor to introduce the reader into this subterranean Rome, and show him that, as the church for centuries past has obtained from this sacred quarry the gold of precious relics wherewith to decorate her shrines and altars, so, too, does christian research obtain from these hallowed shafts numbers of most precious jewels that serve to adorn and finish the massive walls of the grand old cathedral of christian science and christian faith.

## I.

What are the catacombs? And what purpose did they serve? These preliminary questions are deserving of a short answer. My dear reader, transfer yourself in spirit to Rome, back into the days of her former glory,—I will say into the second or third century of the christian era. There you see the proud queen of the world with her 1,500,000 inhabitants most of whom are heathens. The sun is sending down its noon-day rays from an azure sky upon an almost interminable forest of gorgeous temples, palaces, basilicas, mausoleums, baths, theatres, and public gardens. All the treasures of the earth, all the products of art and science have been gathered here as in one vast receptacle. And yet all this abundance of gold and marble, this gorgeous and almost bewildering splendor, is nothing more than the glittering parget that covers an immense grave. Although queen of the world, Rome is the deeply-fallen and shamefully degraded slave of idolatry and vice. The enemy of mankind has in a measure become incarnate, and thrones here as in an impregnable fortress, surrounded by as many vassals as there are idols that stare

down from the pinnacles of countless temples and palaces throughout the city. Rome, the heart and soul of that almost boundless empire, has also become the cancer from which the virus of moral corruption is spread through every land. From every country under the sun that great city draws its life and strength; and back through every clime, even to the farthestmost parts of the earth, it pulsates forth the poison of its moral corruption. If humankind were to be ruined forever, the prince of darkness could not select for himself a more fitting spot to begin operations than this very city. Again, if humanity is to be saved, the divine mercy must here make the beginning. And so it was done in reality. In the suburbs of Rome, down underneath the green meadows of the Campagna, hundreds of busy hands were at work in darksome caverns digging an inextricable network of shafts and subterranean passages. They were none other than the soldiers of Christ, who thus rapidly surrounded the heathen metropolis with the famous *catacombs* as with a girdle of inaccessible intrenchments. In these fortresses they prepared themselves for the great conflict that impended; from here they went forth animated with a holy zeal and supernatural courage to win the crown of martyrdom. And hither, too, when the victory had been won, the bodies of the slain heroes of the faith were borne as sacred trophies, to be interred in those silent halls with the insignia and the instruments of their passion, as of old the fallen warriors were buried with their arms. But the blood of these martyrs became the seed of ever increasing numbers of fresh christian hosts, until at last the banner of the cross—planted there by the strong hand of the Emperor Constantine—was flung high in air, and fluttered victoriously over the walls of the Eternal City. From this day forward Rome became as the living heart of a new world, out of which there gushed in rich and rapid pulsations through the world's arteries a perfect torrent of life-giving faith and charity.

### Mother out of Sight.

This beautiful poem was written by the late Mr. Keble with the design of placing it in his *Lyra Innocentium*, but was withheld from publication by the author in deference to the opinion of some of his friends who thought it "unsafe." It now appears in the life of the author, just published in England, and also in *The Month*, from which excellent periodical we take it.

No catholic, says the editor of *The Month*, can read these lines without an intense feeling of sadness for their author, but that sadness may not be unmingled with a hope that so beautiful and touching a strain of music, coming as it were from the grave of its author, may find in the hearts of many of those who most revere his memory echoes which will be as voices to guide them to the only true home of the children of that Mother who is at present "out of sight." At the present supreme crisis of the advanced Anglican party, it may be permitted us to hope that some of its members may be helped by Mr. Keble's "sweet singing" into the rest which he did not live to reach.

Without further preface, we subjoin the poem of which we speak:—

#### MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT.

Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child,  
With sunny locks so soft and wild,  
How in a moment round the room  
His keen eye glanced, then into gloom  
Retired, as those who suffer wrong  
Where most assured they look and long?  
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,  
In anger half, "My mother is not here?"

Perehance some burthened breast was nigh,  
To echo back that yearning cry,  
In deeper chords than may be known  
To the dull outward ear alone;  
What if our English air be stirred  
With sighs, from saintly bosoms heard,  
Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,  
"Our own, our only Mother is not here!"

The murmurings of that boyish heart  
They hush with many a fostering art—

"Soon o'er the islands of the west  
The weary sun will sink to rest,  
The rose tints fade, that gradual now  
Are climbing Ben-y-Vear's green brow.  
Soon o'er the lock the twilight stars will peer,  
Then shall thou feel thy soul's desire is here."

Lightly they soothe the fair-haired boy—  
Nor is there not a hope and joy  
For spirits, that half-orphaned roam  
Forlorn in their far island home:  
Oft as in penance lowly bowed  
Prayer, like a gentle evening cloud,  
Enfolds them, through the mist they seem to trace,  
By shadowy gleams, a royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side—  
Not in her robes, a glorious bride—  
As sister named of mercy mild,  
At midnight, by a fevered child  
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem  
A white-stoled angel in a dream.  
Such may the presence of the Spouse appear  
To tender trembling hearts so faint, so dear.

The babe, for that sweet vision's sake,  
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake;  
And we for love would fain lie still  
Though in dim faith, if so He will,  
And wills He not? Are not His signs  
Around us oft as day declines?  
Fails He to bless or home or choral throng,  
When true hearts breathe His mother's evensong?

Mother of God! oh, not in vain  
We learned of old thy lowly strain;  
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,  
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest,  
With thee would magnify the Lord;  
And, if thou art not here adored,  
Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear,  
Which brings thee, with all saints, near and more  
near!

What glory thou above hast won,  
By special grace of thy dear Son,  
We see not yet, nor dare espy  
Thy crowned form with open eye:  
Rather beside the manger meek  
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,  
Or where the Angel in the thrice great name  
Hail'd thee, and JESUS to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry  
Man hath assailed the throne on high,  
And sin and hate more fiercely striven  
To mar the league twixt earth and heaven;  
But the dread tie, that pardoning hour,  
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,  
Hath mightier proved to bind, than we to break—  
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Henceforth, Whom thousand worlds adore  
 He calls thee mother evermore;  
 Angel nor saint His face may see  
 Apart from what He took of thee;  
 How may we choose but name thy name,  
 Echoing below their high acclaim,  
 In holy creeds? since earthly song and prayer  
 Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there—

How but in love, on thine own days,  
 Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?  
 Nay, every day, each suppliant hour,  
 Whene'er we kneel, in aisle or bower,  
 Thy glories we may greet unblamed,  
 Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,  
 "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O welcome sweet,  
 Which daily, in all lands, all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows,  
 Paid duly to the enthroned Spouse,  
 His Church and Bride, here and on high,  
 Figured in her deep purity,  
 Who born of Eve, high mercy won,  
 To bear and nurse th' Eternal Son;  
 Oh, awful station, to no seraph given,  
 On this side touching sin, on th' other heaven!

Therefore, as kneeling, day by day,  
 We to our Father duteous pray,  
 So, unforbidden, we may speak  
 An *Ave* to Christ's Mother meek,  
 As children with good-morrow come  
 To elders in some happy home—  
 Inviting so the saintly host above  
 With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear  
 Our falterings in the pure bright air;  
 But strive we pure and bright to be  
 In spirit; else, how vain of thee  
 Our earnest dreamings, awful bride!  
 Feel we the sword that pierced thy side:  
 Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,  
 Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

ALL wish to possess those grave virtues which attract attention, are stuck high up on the cross, and are therefore seen from afar, and will be admired. But few are diligent in gathering those, which, like humble thyme, grow at the foot, and under the shadow of that Tree of Life. And yet they spread the sweetest scent, and are more than others bedewed with the blood of our Saviour, whose first lesson to the Christian was, *Learn ye of Me who am meek and humble of heart.*—*St. F. de Sales.*

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

### Bouquets for every Season.

"Be liberal towards God, and God will in return deal liberally towards you."

#### No. 2.—MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH.

##### CHAPLET OF ST. JOSEPH.

##### FIRST DECADE.

1. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, destined from all eternity to be the spouse of the Mother of God and the fosterfather of the Eternal Son. Hail, St. Joseph, favored with grace, etc.

2. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, son of David, "husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus who is called Christ." Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

3. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, chosen associate of the Most Holy Trinity in the work of redemption. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

4. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, whom the Holy Ghost has taught us to revere as "a just man." Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

5. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, whose heroic virtues shone forth more conspicuously for thy trial and perplexity. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

6. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, enlightened by the archangel. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

7. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, yielding instant faith and obedience to the heavenly voice. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

8. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, awaiting with reverent awe and expectation the birth of the incarnate God. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

9. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, receiving from Mary the fruit of her virginal womb. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

10. I salute thee, O great St. Joseph, with Mary adoring the Word made flesh, and compensating Him for the world's neglect. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

##### SECOND DECADE.

1. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph,

found by the shepherds with Mary and the Babe in the manger. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

2. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, rejoicing with a father's joy in the song of the angels and the adoration of the Magi. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

3. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, bestowing on the heavenly Child, at His circumcision, that name which is above all names. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

4. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, with Mary presenting Him to the Eternal Father in the temple. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

5. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, forsaking home and friends and journeying to a foreign land to save the Child's life. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

6. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, returning after years of exile, yet still anxious for thy charge. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

7. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, whom heaven and earth revere as the head of the Holy Family of Nazareth. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

8. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, providing for the wants of Jesus and Mary by thy daily toil. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

9. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, with Mary seeking thy divine Child, sorrowing, for three days. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

10. I venerate thee, O blessed St. Joseph, finding Him in the temple, the wonder and admiration of all. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

#### THIRD DECADE.

1. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, holding on earth the place of the Eternal Father to His only-begotten Son. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

2. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, guardian and tutor of the Incarnate Wisdom of the Father. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

3. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, representing towards the Immaculate Mother the Holy Spirit, her Divine Spouse. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

4. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, to whom the King of kings and the Lord of lords was subject in filial obedience and love. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

5. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, whom the glorious Queen of heaven honored and trusted as "the zealous defender of her virginity." Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

6. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, in life and death blest with the loving care of Jesus and Mary. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

7. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, whom Jesus sent as His ambassador to the holy souls in Limbo to promise their deliverance. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

8. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, whose throne is high above angels and saints, beside that of our Blessed Lady. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

9. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, whose petitions are received by thy all-gracious Son as the commands of an honored father. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

10. I praise thee, O glorious St. Joseph, generous advocate and faithful protector of all who implore thy aid. Hail, St. Joseph, etc.

#### II.—DEVOTIONS ADAPTED FROM THOSE TO OUR LADY.

Among the numerous authorized prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which are in general use, there are several which seem very appropriate to St. Joseph also, by slight alterations. The following are examples:

I. It is a pious custom to say the *Glory be to the Father*, etc., three times at morning, again at noon and at night, in thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity for the graces and favors bestowed on the Blessed Virgin. Surely the same little thank-offering will be gladly rendered by those who rejoice in the favors and graces bestowed on St. Joseph.

II. St. Alphonso Liguori mentions a devotion which our Lady herself taught to one of her servants, as being very acceptable to her; viz: To recite three times, "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father for the power He gave to

His daughter; to the Eternal Son for the wisdom He gave to Mary, His mother; to the Holy Ghost, for the love that He gave to Mary, His spouse. The same prayers might be said (or the "Hail St. Joseph" substituted for the "Hail Mary") in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father for the power He gave to Joseph over His divine Son; to the Eternal Son for being subject to Joseph as His reputed father; to the Holy Ghost for choosing Joseph as His representative to His immaculate spouse.

III. The favorite salutation, "Hail, daughter of the Eternal Father! Hail, mother of the Eternal Son! Hail, spouse of the Divine Spirit!" has suggested this: Hail, head of the Eternal Father's household! Hail, guardian and provider for the Eternal Son! Hail, representative to Mary of her Divine Spouse!

#### MEMORARE TO ST. JOSEPH.

From an English collection of devotions we take the following adaptation of St. Bernard's prayer:

"Remember, O most amiable, most benevolent, most kind and merciful father, St. Joseph, that the great St. Teresa assures us that she never had recourse to your protection without obtaining relief. Animated with the same confidence, O dear St. Joseph, I come to you, and groaning under the heavy burden of my many sins, I prostrate myself at your feet. O most compassionate father, do not, I beseech you, reject my poor and miserable prayers, but graciously hear and answer my petition. Amen."

#### Extract from the Origin of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"In the reign of James the Second, about the year 1686, the ground on which the present convent in York stands was purchased by the first superioress in England, Mrs. Bedingfield, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield. This good superioress and community had much to suffer from the persecuting times, the house be-

ing frequently searched. These early sisters could not wear a religious habit in this country, nor did they venture to re-assume it until the French Revolution brought many religious of various Orders into England, but no threats could induce them to suspend the education of young ladies, to which they afterwards added that of the poor. The courage and confidence in God, shown by this superioress, were very conspicuous, particularly when a persecution arose, which, in the city of York, threatened the house of St. Mary particularly. Priests were obliged to conceal themselves, and the chaplain of the convent had retired. She had obtained leave, in case of necessity, to take the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle and repose it in her breast.

The community having intelligence that the magistrates and leading people of the city had concocted a scheme to have the house destroyed, the pensioners were removed to whatever situations prudence could suggest for their safety. Scarcely was this effected, when a mob of several hundred persons assembled before the house, armed with weapons. Their number was great, and none to oppose them. In this distress the superioress ordered the picture of St. Michael to be hung over the door, and placed the house under his protection. Then taking the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament and placing it in her bosom, she knelt down in the passage, and thus addressed her hidden treasure: "Great God, save Thyself, for we cannot save Thee." Suddenly the mob dispersed, disappearing in a body, as if ordered by some one in authority, without a stroke or without committing the least injury to the house.

In acknowledgment of this singular interposition of Divine Providence, reverend Mother Bedingfield ordered the devotion to St. Michael, which has ever since been performed annually for eight successive days by the community and pensioners, in thanksgiving for so memorable an event; and, that it might be done with solemnity, the youngest pensioner, on the

eve of the 29th of September, carries the picture of St. Michael from the gate where it always hangs, to the chapel, followed by the next two youngest with lighted wax tapers; then the others follow in order, two and two, till they arrive at the rail of the sanctuary, when it is deposited in the place assigned for it, leaving the tapers lighted, whilst *Tibi omnes angeli* is sung. The next day it is repeated, and the Litanies of St. Michael and of the Holy Angels are said during the octave."

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### Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F--.

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[CONTINUED.]

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Her term ended in the spring of 1851. For several days after her withdrawal she employed herself in waiting on the sick; assuming the white apron with a sweet smile, she gave to all who needed her care the kindest attention, making herself so little and lowly that the sisters hardly knew which feeling was strongest in their hearts for her, filial tenderness or profound veneration. To assist in the refectory and give her aid in every little necessity seemed to afford her the greatest gratification, and it was her happiness now to receive at every opportunity the benediction, which, as superior, she had for so long a time bestowed. At times she would try by some playful trick to surprise the new superior into giving it to her. One day she put herself on her knees, hiding behind a band of merry pupils standing around. Mother Marie Pauline, blessed them without perceiving her, till she arose with a mischievous smile on her face.

But, not long after, Mother Marie Pauline took her revenge. A number of the novices were crowding around their venerable mistress, and vying with each other in their efforts to obtain caresses from her. The new superior cautiously stole in among the young professed sisters, and presently contrived to kneel before Sister Seraphine, who embraced her daughter

before she perceived it was her superior. About this time, her novices wishing to make a grand celebration on her feast-day, Sister Seraphine said to the assembled community, "I invite to our recreation all among you who were my novices," and some days after nearly the whole of the large sisterhood were thus assembled in the novitiate.

In this world days of rejoicing are soon followed by days of sadness. Business requiring her to visit a house of the order at Dôle, she fell sick there and was detained many weeks. She was confined to her bed, and in a high fever, when, in December, 1851, she was recalled to her own convent. Those about her represented to her that the condition she was in was a reasonable cause for delaying her departure; it was thought also she would find Paris in a state of revolution, and very doubtful if she would be able to re-enter the city; nevertheless, obedience carried the day over all reasoning, and she at once responded to the desire of her superior.

This illness, which had appeared a mere passing one, was the beginning of a malady which secretly undermined her health already much enfeebled. All the rest of the winter she suffered with violent pain in the head, and at the end of spring was compelled to give up all employments, and it was discovered that an inflamed tumor of a most dangerous character was rising on the nape of the neck. It was almost impossible for her to take food, every movement of the jaws causing excruciating pain, and she had besides lost all desire to eat; but with heroic obedience she forced herself to take the frequent nourishment that seemed the only means of combating this disease, which was caused by decomposition of the blood. In the excess of her agony, almost every breath was a groan. Greatly humbled at what she considered her want of courage and fortitude, and troubled at finding herself so little able to bear her sufferings in silence, in her simplicity she represented to our Lord that she was too mean and cowardly to endure such violent and continual pain:

"My God," said she, "Thou seest I can do nothing but murmur; this trial is too severe for a poor weak creature like me!" At last an operation for her relief was decided on.

For a long time the mere idea of this operation had made her tremble; but sacrificing to God the fears of nature, and fortifying herself by prayer, she received the surgeon with calmness and even gayety. "You come with the most innocent look imaginable," she said, "but I cannot be deceived, I assure you. I know you are going to cut my throat. Very well, what must be, must be; I consent to be your victim; come, draw your weapon." Then, while the surgeon himself trembled at the cruel necessity, the faithful spouse of Jesus suffering received, with gentle courage, the deep cross-cut in the tumor, saying: "I am now marked with the seal of my Lord. It consoles me to think my divine Master can now never deny I am His very own, seeing me marked with the sign of the cross—no more than a shepherd can mistake the sheep on which his mark is stamped!" This sacred sign remained perfectly engraved on her neck to the end of her life.

This operation, intended for her relief, only served to aggravate her sufferings. The wound, instead of healing, enlarged; gangrene set in, and all hope of human aid having ended, they resorted to divine. A novena in honor of "The Holy Face" was commenced, and a lamp burned before an image of it in the infirmary, and the wound anointed with the oil. Relief was immediate, and her convalescence though slow was sure. Speaking afterwards of her sufferings at this time, she said to one of the sisters, who had a foreboding and excessive fear of having great pain to endure at some future day: "My child, when God sends pain He sends the strength to bear it. Like you, I used to tremble at the idea of bodily suffering. Before I had that tumor I had never known what acute pain was; but I do not believe it is possible to feel greater agony than I then bore. Of myself I could not have endured *such*

anguish, but God sustained me and taught me to comprehend how advantageous it is to suffer for His sake." Though Sister Seraphine recovered from this illness, the end of her earthly days was drawing very near, and she seemed to hasten on her course making sensible progress in the way of perfection.

The spring following this illness, the Archbishop of Paris called on Sister Seraphine to aid, by her pious counsels, enlightened views, and experience, in the establishment of the Congregation of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul, which was then just commencing. The venerable nun passed a fortnight in the little house of Vaugirard, where the new-born community were assembling. She made them practice, under her superintendence, the observances of religion, explaining its spirit, and encouraging the pious foundress to persevere in an enterprise so touching, so precious to the eye of faith. She found it entirely conformable to the spirit of the founder of her own order. "What would not St. Francis de Sales have done," she exclaimed, "to help these dear sightless ones to consecrate themselves to God?—he who wished that in his own order the infirm of every kind should be tenderly welcomed!" God chose her for an instrument in this holy work, and for over three years she gave herself with indefatigable devotion to its establishment.

Cardinal de Bonald had for a long time been asking for her aid in another mission of charity; and she only left the Blind Sisters to proceed to the "Refuge of St. Elizabeth," at Fourvière. Of her labors there we will let the Franciscan nuns speak, in the following letter:

"... God visited us in His mercy when He sent amongst us this saintly religious. She was like a messenger from heaven sent to instruct us in the true meaning of that beautiful phrase 'The religious life,' and to make us comprehend all the graces included in our holy calling.

"We could never perceive in her the least imperfection; to the most angelic piety she united the gayety of a child, and

simple as a dove was yet wise as a serpent." Then, after expatiating at considerable length on her various virtues, they proceeded to give some details of the special work she was called on to undertake among them. Before speaking farther of the fruits of salvation that her visit produced, we ought to give some account of the peculiar causes that induced the foundation of this house. It owed its existence to some nurses who were serving in an ancient hospital. These excellent women, touched with compassion for the poor sinners whose dissipated lives had made them the victims of disease, and forced them into this shelter, wished earnestly to open an asylum where, their bodily evils being cured, they might find the helps they needed to cure their spiritual ones, and have an opportunity to return to God. They soon found themselves in charge of a great number of penitents, and in order to proceed more surely in the work, these persons constituted themselves a regular community of the third order of St. Francis of Assisium. The ardent zeal which possessed this great saint for souls, and the charity that was the distinguishing virtue of his sainted disciple, "the dear Saint Elizabeth," were their motives for choosing this rule, and the special title of their house. But they had not foreseen the difficulties which this step would plunge them into. They endured for twelve years unceasing and bitter trials. Toiling at the hardest labors, and without any competent person to direct them in the ways of a regular life, these poor sisters had nothing to sustain them but their own courageous perseverance. At last God put an end to their sufferings by sending them a heavenly consoler in the person of the venerable Mother Seraphine.

"We could find no words to tell," continue these sisters, "what we owe to the devoted zeal of this chosen soul. Almost instantly she comprehended all the difficulties of our position, and in an astonishingly brief time she established among us the various practices of the religious life. By the clearest and most forcible instruc-

tions she made us understand the duties of our holy vocation, and enlightened our minds as to the true meaning of our rules and constitutions. She so wisely arranged the distribution of our time that we could fulfil all the exercises proper to the cloister, prayer, the holy office, spiritual lectures, etc., without detriment to our numerous occupations. At once were established all the holy customs, which apparently insurmountable difficulties had hitherto seemed to oppose, and which have since been our dearest consolations. Not only did she devote herself thus to the good of our sisterhood, but her charity was extended to all the inmates of the house, and she did much for the welfare of the penitents under our care, above all by establishing among them the spirit of prayer and regularity."

After adding this to her many other valuable labors in the cause of religion, and having spent a little while in visits to several houses of her own order, she was called on, by Monseigneur de Bailleul, to give her help, that was required by a community in his diocese; but the nature of the special work done by her here is not mentioned by her French biographer, but merely the fact that she remained two months. After this a considerable time was again spent by her in a series of visits to their different monasteries, the object of them being connected with the work of the *pensionnats*.

Our Lord seems to have taught her how to take little children into her motherly arms that she might place them in His. She encouraged such of the community as were obliged by their temporal necessities to resort to teaching, for support, to undertake it in the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. The work of educating the young appeared to her, in the present state of society, the most suitable means to provide for the wants of a religious community. Her remarks on this subject are very precious; the state of voluntary poverty no longer inspires the pious respect with which it was regarded in former ages, and mere manual labor would hardly afford

a support. Besides this, the spirit of religion itself may be strengthened by the spirit of sacrifice the work of teaching, faithfully undertaken, produces; and not only thus, but in devoting themselves to the work, religious respond to the wishes of the highest spiritual authority and the actual needs of the Church. One day she developed this idea: "Our prelates believe that the education of the young is the most certain means for the reformation of society, so disturbed by repeated revolutions. Now, the holy founder of our order ordained that we should be entirely ruled by the wishes of our bishops, and always submissive to their advice, in all things not contrary to our spirit; and we believe that we do not contravene this spirit in instructing children, for he also said that we should seek to participate in the *apostolic* spirit; and in the Directory he gave us, tells us that our whole life and all our exercises should have for their end to unite ourselves to God, to give Holy Church the aid of our prayers and good example, and to seek the salvation of our neighbor? It is evident to all that the sisters who take into the school the spirit of their vocation, come out from it even more full of religious virtues than those who have not been thus employed. My experience fully proves this. I have hardly ever failed to find in the sisters employed in the school a deep-rooted habit of devotion and self-sacrifice, which makes them capable of aspiring to the highest perfection, and as plastic as wax under the forming hand of their superior; yet we do not wish that the desire to devote themselves to the work of education should be dominant in the subjects that offer themselves to us, because the attraction of our order is to the interior life. To sum up all: we see that the blessings of God rest on the little ones who are confided to us, which is a proof our labors are pleasing to Him. I give thanks to our good God when I see how our pupils spread abroad in the world the good odor of Jesus Christ. The simplicity and gentleness that is the spirit of our order is peculiarly fitted to attract

children to the love of virtue; and we seek, in our method of education, to cultivate these characteristics, and to form them to piety with even greater care than we give to instructing them in mere human science."

But, while she thus saw the work of God in the toils of education, she was exceedingly watchful that the sisters employed in the school should not be deprived of the precious advantages of the community exercises. Her mother's heart too could not endure that her daughters should be overburdened with exterior occupations, always so trying to souls whose vocation is that of continual prayer.

In February, 1854, after a visit to the birth-place of her order, where she enjoyed the greatest spiritual delight in beholding the tombs and relics of their holy founders, Mother Seraphine once more returned to her own monastery, where this venerable nun, who had been the admiration of so many different communities, to whose experience and talents the princes of the Church had confided the most difficult works, showed herself in the community she had formed, the most humble, the most submissive, the last and least of all. By her perfect fidelity and the heartfelt cheerfulness with which she conformed to all observances, it was easy to see with what delight this true daughter of holy Mary once more found herself in her natural element.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It does not fall to the lot of every one to practice those grand virtues of energy, magnanimity, magnificence, martyrdom, patience, perseverance, and valor. Occasions for such acts occur but rarely; and yet everybody aspires to them, because they are dazzling and have a great name. It often happens that people imagine themselves equal to the performance; their bravery becomes inflated with this vain opinion of self, and when the occasion is offered, down they come with an inglorious fall.—*St. F. de Sales.*

### The Late Bishop Lefevre.

The Right Rev. Peter Paul Lefevre, Roman Catholic Bishop and administrator of the Diocese of Detroit, at present comprising the lower peninsula of the State of Michigan, having been called by Almighty God from the scene of his labors, in this, the twenty-eighth year of his administration, died as had lived, humble and apostolic.

The funeral services were held in the cathedral in presence of a larger number of persons than ever before assembled in that building. By 10 o'clock every seat was occupied and all the aisles and galleries, except a small portion of the center aisle where the crypt was situated, were packed so closely as to render any attempt to pass through entirely impossible.

At length those who were to assist in the ceremonies, including Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Luers of Fort Wayne, Indiana; Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland, and seventy-seven priests, entered the church. The celebration of Pontifical Mass was immediately afterward begun by Bishop Rappe, celebrant, who was assisted by Rev. Father Hennessy, of Detroit, master of ceremonies; Father Boff, of Toledo, assistant priest; Father Dycker, of Detroit, deacon; Father McManus, of Gratton, subdeacon, and Father Buysse, of Swan Creek, assistant master of ceremonies. The Most Rev. Archbishop preached the funeral service.

Bishop Lefevre was a native of Roulers, Belgium, a town in the Province of West Flanders, near Ghent, where he was born in May, 1804. Destined from early years for the priesthood, he pursued the usual course of theological studies, and after graduating offered himself for the North American mission, came to the United States and was ordained a subdeacon by Bishop Rosati, at St. Louis, in 1831. The field of his first missionary labors was a wild and sparsely settled portion of Missouri, certainly not one calculated to give the young stranger,

fresh from college halls in civilized Europe, a very flattering impression of the people of this country. The territory was an extensive region, involving much laborious travel and untold hardships to reach the scattered communities and families needing spiritual care. But the field was one inviting the zealous missionary to great exertions. Families untaught, unbaptized—adults and children alike, who had been strangers to the sacraments and teachings of the Church, had to be sought out and brought within the fold. Ten years—the sweetest years of human life—with all the fire and zeal of a Xavier, did the young priest devote himself to this work. Oblivious of danger, regardless of privations and the humiliating trials to which he was frequently exposed, he persevered in his apostolic labors, and achieved a success in the rich harvest of immortal souls, as glorious as his work had been permanent. Broken in health, but crowned with his missionary laurels, he sought a brief season of repose in his native land, and while abroad was selected as administrator for this diocese, then needing a spiritual head, was appointed Bishop of Zela *in part.*, coadjutor administrator of the Diocese of Detroit, and consecrated November 21, 1841.

A brief glance at the status of the diocese upon his accession will best illustrate the prospects before him. When Bishop Lefevre assumed charge of his see, which then embraced the whole State, there were five priests in the Upper Peninsula from Mackinac to the head of Lake Superior, among whom were the late saintly Bishop Baraga and the recently consecrated Bishop Mrak, of Marquette.

In the Lower Peninsula the parishes outside of Detroit comprised Ann Arbor, Flint, Grand Rapids, Livingston, Monroe and Mount Clemens. In the city proper were the parishes of St. Anne, Holy Trinity, and St. Mary's just organized. There were six priests in the city and about as many more attending the missions above named. Thus, outside of Detroit and its immediate vicinity, with the exception of

Grand Rapids, which had a small Canadian population, the whole State of Michigan was unprovided with priests. That portion of the State bordering upon Indiana and Illinois, in the vicinity of Niles, received an occasional visit from the priests of the College of Notre Dame.

To provide a sufficient number of worthy priests for this State was the great and paramount object and necessity first considered. This is a peculiar event. Nearly all other wants in this world can be taken care of almost instantaneously with the aid of money, but money fails to provide a supply of priests in the United States at any given time. The fact is, the whole country needed what we did, and could not obtain what was wanted here from indigenous sources. Young men with vocations for the priesthood were exceedingly rare in the United States, and recourse must be had to the old catholic countries of Europe, where the catholic priesthood is best recruited from the abundance of pious youth, dedicated by good parents for the work of God, who find a vocation and devote themselves to missionary labor in every portion of the globe. From Europe, therefore, our new priests had to be obtained. Bishop Lefevre, as soon as possible, sent to his native country, where he was best known and commanded most influence, to obtain the required missionaries. When priests are to be obtained in Europe for any particular mission in America, theological students are selected who volunteer for such service, prepare themselves by the studies of language, etc., requisite for the purpose, in due time receive ordination in full, or minor orders, cross the ocean and proceed to their destination; or after their course of theology they are sent to the diocese for which they are intended, where they finish their studies, are ordained and enter upon their duties. From these details it will be seen how fast a bishop can progress in such a work; or, rather, how much time was required at that day to provide for the spiritual wants of a whole State, men in all respects suitable for the duties and proper for the responsi-

bilities of the catholic priesthood. This was the paramount interest and principal object first presented for the consideration of the bishop as the highest in the scale of spiritual wants. How delicate the nature and difficult to overcome has already been explained.

In a few years seminarians and priests began to arrive, and have been provided and distributed as the wants of the State required. The few parishes named in the foregoing remarks was the status of the established order of churches at that time. Let us see what is the present status of the diocese. The whole Upper Peninsula has been separated and erected into the See of Marquette. The Diocese of Detroit, in the Lower Peninsula, outside this city, has now 160 regularly organized parishes, numbering many fine churches and served regularly by priests, and these parishes are rapidly increasing and churches are being built in all directions. In the city proper there are eight churches built, and the land for several more has been purchased and paid for. Works of charity in the mean time have not been forgotten. St. Mary's Hospital and the Michigan State Retreat have been established and are unincumbered. Several orphan asylums have been founded, as have also convents, academies and schools in the city proper. The American College of Louvain has been in part established for the especial benefit of this State in the education of ecclesiastics, and is now in charge of a vicar-general of this diocese. Thus far in all that relates to spiritual matters Bishop Lefevre leaves a large and flourishing diocese, well organized, destined rapidly to increase, and a comparative easy task for his successor to manage and control.

The above account we condense from a Detroit daily paper, leaving out some parts which are not of general interest.

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EVERY one is not capable of practising the austerity of the saints, yet every one may imitate them in many things.

### Hon. Charles Langdale.

Charles Langdale, lately deceased in England, merited by his many and continued acts of charity through a long life of over eighty years, the title of "Father of the Poor,"—a title glorious in the sight of angels and men! This alone would secure a record of his name in our Blessed Mother's journal. Born in England two years before the outbreak of the great revolution in France, towards the end of the last century, he lived to see many changes in the condition of the Catholic Church in England—of that portion of the Church of which he was "so bright an ornament, and which now so sincerely deplores his loss."\* The penal laws were in full force when he was born, and he lived to see the catholic hierarchy restored to England, and the schismatical and heretical Church of England tottering on the verge of ruin from the well directed blows of friends and foes, from within and from without.

Through the vicissitudes of political events that are culminating now in the overthrow of that crying injustice in Ireland, to be followed in God's good time by the complete return of England to her ancient faith, to which she owes all she has that is truly great, Charles Langdale lived his active energetic life, ever demeaning himself as a staunch, fervent catholic. One incident which shows his courage and his love for our Blessed Mother, we quote from *The Month*, as it goes to show that the thorough catholic, the true believer in the Son, and faithful fulfiller of His commandments, is always a devoted child of His Mother, and ever ready to defend her honor. *The Month* says:

Often in his life, notwithstanding his high social position and the respect which everywhere haunted his footsteps, Mr. Langdale had to bear before a hostile and sneering world witness to the faith that was in him. One celebrated occasion has already been twice spoken of in public—by

the Archbishop of Westminster in his sermon at the Funeral Mass for Mr. Langdale in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, and again by the writer of the sermon before us in the chapel of Houghton. It was, in a sense, the proudest day of Mr. Langdale's life—as the day on which he refused to do the bidding of the excited mob of his countrymen in putting to the vote the hasty decree against the commanders at Arginusæ was the greatest day in the life of Socrates. The nearest approach which our times have seen to actual persecution of catholics in England was at the time of the so-called "Papal Aggression," and it was in the midst of that excitement, at a great county meeting at York, that in answer to Lord Fitzwilliam's invidious challenge, Mr. Langdale stood forward to profess his belief in the catholic faith, and especially in the power of the intercession of the Mother of God.

"When the noble lord, after announcing to the assembled crowd that Pope Pius had restored the Hierarchy 'under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God and the Saints of England,' went on to say that he ventured to hope the catholics of England were too enlightened to sanction such words; and put the challenge, 'I doubt whether any gentleman on these hustings would stand forward and say in words not capable of another interpretation that he believes in the patronage of the Virgin and the Saints,' he whose lips are now closed in this coffin lost not an instant in giving the reply.

"After reproaching therefore very discreetly the introduction of such topics in presence of a divided population, he said: 'But as the noble lord has chosen to do so, I am here in the face of the population of York, almost all of you differing from me in religion, to reply to the question he has proposed to me. He asks me would any man stand up and proclaim his belief in the assistance and patronage of the Saints? Well, I am here to proclaim my belief in the patronage and protection of the Blessed Mother of God and of His Saints.'

\* *The Month*, for February.

And then, after the cries of disapprobation had died away, he turned to this noble benefactor, who had given him this golden opportunity, and said: 'Have I answered the question with sufficient distinctness for the noble Earl? I ask him once more, since the noble Earl seems to think we would resort to special pleading, have I spoken plainly?' 'Certainly, quite plainly,' was the Earl's answer. Yes, brethren, quite plainly."

### The Earthquake at Quito.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore has received a letter from the Prioress of the Carmelite nuns of Quito, South America, graphically portraying the desolation caused by the terrible earthquake of last August, and eloquently pleading for succor. She says:—The number of killed among the inhabitants of Quito was not considerable; only eleven persons were the victims of this terrible visitation of Heaven. But, alas! such was not the case in the vicinity of the capital, for at Ibarra, a city of 14,000 souls, and distant from Quito about twenty-five leagues, 6,000 people perished during that awful night. That unfortunate city may be said to present a spectacle similar to that presented by ancient Jerusalem after its sack by the armies of Titus. The sight presented by the ancient town of Ocatralo, distant some twelve or fifteen leagues, is not less heartrending; its population was of 6,000 souls, and only one fourth have survived. Finally, the number of victims that perished through this fearful catastrophe is estimated at 30,000. At Ibarra the fearful event I have described, destroyed entirely the convent, and buried under its ruins three religious and their Mother Prioress. The latter seeing that the holy Ciborium was in danger of being crushed by the falling timbers, hastened to save it. She succeeded in detaching the holy Tabernacle; and, as she turned to go, triumphantly bearing this precious treasure in her virginal hands, the roof of the church fell in, burying under

its fragments the venerable Mother Prioress, *Carmende Santa Ana*. Thus perished one who gave her life for her adorable Saviour. Later, this heroine of the faith of her fathers was found dead, crushed and bleeding, at the foot of the altar, and still holding the holy Tabernacle in her pure and innocent hands. The Prioress appeals to the generosity of the catholics of the United States for aid to erect the convent. They are now living in a straw hut. Donations may be sent to Brother Merule, Procurator of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, No. 48 Second street, Second Avenue, New York.

### Rome.

His Holiness's carnival consists, as your readers are aware, in visits to churches and convents; on Saturday he visited the Caravita, and on Monday the Gesù, and the affection and loyalty with which his passage was hailed by all classes of the population was most touching. His health is excellent, and although he looked tired on the 2d, at St. Peter's, he is perfectly restored. A report of his death has, it appears, been circulated on 'Change at Paris and Vienna, and probably took its origin from a slight appearance of fatigue on Candlemas Day. He received the Archbishop of Anazarba last night in a farewell audience, and was then perfectly well. His Grace leaves to-morrow for London and Glasgow. His Holiness will confer the Sacrament of Confirmation on Lord Bute in his private chapel to-morrow morning, previous to his departure for the Holy Land, whence he returns here for Easter.

If Victor Emmanuel was ill received on previous occasions in Naples, his cup of unpopularity has brimmed over during last visit. No one save the *demi monde*, and a few of the families who were among the most notorious traitors to Francis II, attended the balls. The noblesse sent back the keys of their boxes at the San Carlo when the King announced his intention of being present, and the police

gave away the places, and filled the dress circle with the wives of employés, etc. The flowers thrown into the Princess's carriage had "Viva Francesco II" on the paper encircling them, and not only the clerical but the liberal press testify to the utter *fiasco* the royal visit has been. The Cardinal Archbishop removed at once to the villa he possesses at Sorrento, and only returned for the Ash Wednesday ceremony.

### Notice of Books.

**PRACTICAL PIETY**, set forth by St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva; Collected from his letters and discourses. First American Edition. Published by John Murphy & Co., Printers to the Pope, and to the Archbishop of Baltimore, 182 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

We hope every reader of the *AVE MARIA* will at once send on to Mr. Murphy and get this excellent book.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore in his recommendation of this 1st American Edition says: "The Spiritual Works of the illustrious *St. Francis de Sales*, from which these practical lessons are extracted, need no eulogy; a general use of them for more than two hundred years has embalmed them in the minds of the faithful. Their practical wisdom, their great moderation, their marvellous sweetness and unction, have made them the favorite reading of the pious in all portions of God's Church."

**A SPIRITUAL RETREAT of Eight Days.** By the Rt. Rev. John M. David, D. D., First Coadjutor of Bishop Flagnet. Edited, with additions, and an Introduction, by M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Published by Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

**THE ROMAN VESPERAL:** containing the complete Vespers for the whole year. With the Gregorian Chants in Modern Notation. Fifth Revised Edition.

**KYRIALE;** or Ordinary of Mass: a complete Liturgical Manual, with Gregorian Chants in Modern Notation. For the use

of catholic choirs and congregations. Containing the *Kyrie*, etc., with an Appendix including hymns, psalms, anthems, litanies, and prayers for the exposition, during the exposition, and at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Round Notes. 3d Edition.

The Same: Square Notes—2d Edition.

**THE HOLY WEEK:** containing the offices of Holy Week, from the Roman Breviary and Missal, with the chants in Modern Notation. With the approbation of the Most Rev., the Archbishop of Baltimore.

The various editions of the *Kyriale* show that it has been appreciated as it deserves.

The *Holy Week* will be found very convenient to all who assist at the beautiful office of the last week of Lent.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### The Thunder Storm.

Frank, a boy from the city, had gone to the woods to pick raspberries. As he was starting again for home, a gust of wind suddenly arose; the rain began to pour, attended with fearful thunder and lightning. Frank was horror-stricken, and crept into a hollow tree a little off the road; for he did not know that high trees attracted the lightning, and that it was most dangerous to stand under them in a storm.

All at once he heard a voice screaming "Frank, Frank! Oh, come out quickly!" Frank crept out of his hollow tree; when, almost at the same moment, the lightning struck it, with a deafening crash of thunder. Leaves and bark fell from the tree, the ground trembled under the feet of the terrified lad, and he seemed to stand in the midst of fire. Yet no harm had happened to him, and raising his hands with a feeling of awe and gratitude at his deliverance, he said: "That voice came from heaven!—Thou, blessed God, hast delivered me!—Thanks be to Thee!"

The voice, however, called again: "Frank,

Frank, don't you hear me?" And now for the first time he perceived a peasant woman who so called. Frank hastened to her and said "Here I am. What do you want of me?"

The peasant woman replied: "I did not mean you, but my little Frank who has been out keeping the geese yonder by the brook, and must have sought shelter from the storm somewhere about here. See, there he comes at last, out of the bushes!"

Frank, the city boy, now told how he had taken her call for a voice from heaven. The woman, however, devoutly folded her hands and said: "O my child! thank God none the less for it. The voice came, it is true, from the mouth of a poor peasant woman; but God has so ordered that I should call loudly and speak your name without knowing anything of you. He has saved you from the great danger to which you were exposed."

### Legends of Flowers.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

Oh, gorgeous tales, in days of old,  
Were linked with opening flowers,  
As if in their fairy urns of gold  
Beat human hearts like ours;  
The nuns in their cloisters, sad and pale,  
As they watched soft buds expand,  
On their glowing petals traced a tale  
Or legend of Holy Land.  
Brightly to them did thy snowy leaves  
For the sainted Mary shine,  
As they twined for her forehead vestal wreaths  
Of thy white buds, *cardamine*!

And thou of faithful memory,  
ST. JOHN, thou "shining light,"  
Beams not a burning torch for thee,  
The scarlet *lychnis*, bright?  
While HOLY MARY, at thy shrine,  
Another pure flower blooms,  
Welcome to thee with news divine,  
The lily's faint perfumes;  
Proudly its stately head it rears,  
Arrayed in virgin white—  
So truth amid a world of tears,  
Doth shine with vestal light.

And thou, whose opening buds were shown  
A Saviour's cross beside,  
We hail thee, passion-flower, alone  
Sacred to Christ, who died,

No image of a mortal love,  
May thy bright blossoms be  
Linked with a passion far above—  
A Saviour's agony.  
All other flowers are pale and dim,  
All other flowers are loss;  
We twine thy matchless buds for Him  
Who died on that holy cross.

A correspondent of the *Syracuse Journal* writes: "A line of a hymn given out at a prayer meeting so excited the curiosity of my little girl, that on returning home she repeated it, with a request for an explanation. The line, as she heard it, was:

'Mike Rime's a bird and long has been.'

"At the cost of much time devoted to researches in an old hymn-book, and the exercise of a patient ingenuity, the satisfactory discovery was made of the original of the above translation, to wit:

'My crimes a burden long have been.'

"In entering upon this search I had, to be sure, the advantage accruing from a recent solution of another enigma of hers, involving 'who is Peteri?'

"Peteri was found located in the lines—

'False to Thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep.'

A TRILLION.—This is a simple word, but it includes a good many units. A person who had commenced counting at the creation and had been miraculously enabled to continue his task would not have reached the number yet by a very considerable margin, because a trillion of seconds is about thirty-two thousand years. A little calculation of this sort sometimes renders a man better able to appreciate what a short space of time he is allowed to live in this sublunary sphere, and what an exceedingly long period eternity is compared with it. He will also understand that a few thousand dollars one way or the other make very little difference to him, providing he is able to get enough sleep and three meals regularly, and can run up a small credit account against mankind for a number of kind services rendered here and there along his brief journey.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

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No. 14.

## The Annunciation.

"Angelus nuntiavit Mariæ, et concepit de Spiritu Sancto."

We hail with renewed pleasure, every year, the return, in the ecclesiastical cycle, of this most admirable and most important Feast of the Annunciation. In our humble opinion it holds the first rank in our religious solemnities, all of which may be considered as consequences of the mystery of the Incarnation. What a number of miracles in one miracle! The Creator of all things receives life from one of His own creatures! A creature brings forth her Creator, a woman begets God, encloses in her womb the Incomprehensible; the Eternal begins; the All Powerful becomes a weak babe; the Infinitely Great annihilates Himself and loses nothing of His grandeur; a timid virgin holds in her dependence the sovereign Lord of the whole world!

Hence the declaration of the Holy Ghost by the mouth of the humble Virgin, that this mystery manifests above all others, the power of the Almighty: *fecit potentiam in brachio suo*. The heavens are the work of His fingers: *opera digitorum tuorum sunt cæli*.—Ps. viii. When God intends something great, He calls it the work of His fingers; if it is of greater import, it is the work of His hand; but when the undertaking is of a sovereign magnitude, then He needs, as it were, employ in it all the strength of His arm. Hence in the mystery of the Annunciation, to express the mighty work it reveals the characteristic expression from the inspired lips: *fecit potentiam in brachio suo*.

The Annunciation equally unfolds the eternal wisdom of God: by the use He makes of man and woman, He shows that He has redeemed the entire human family; and He places beyond doubt the reality of the Incarnation, by the exhibition, in one person, of the grandeur of the Divinity together with the weakness of our humanity. The Son of Mary will suffer and weep and ail: here is the man. He is born of a virgin, as no man ever was; He will speak as man never spoke and do wonders which no man ever did; here is God.

That He is a man, no one will deny, for He was born of a woman, as every other man; of His Divinity none can doubt, for His Mother is a virgin.

Thus is manifested in the flesh, within the sacred womb of Mary, the great mystery foretold, prefigured from the beginning of the world, a mediator between God and man, an Emmanuel, a God with us, a Man-God is given us by Mary, and in her heart heaven and earth are reconciled for ever. Oh! the wisdom of the eternal God! Oh! the mercy!

If Jesus had come down from heaven in the splendor of His majesty, or even with a humanity already glorified, could we have approached Him with any confidence? or rather should we not have fled from Him, as Adam and Eve in Eden, conscious, too, of our own guilt?

But we behold our God and Saviour in the form of a little babe, carried in the arm of a sweet maiden, smiling and extending towards us from that throne of His love, the hand of reconciliation and of boundless charity; then we come and forget our fears, while we recognize our own flesh, our own little Brother on the

breast of His beloved mother, of whom He will soon tell us all: Behold your mother.

In this same flesh of ours, Jesus will make Himself successively an example to all ages and conditions. In this flesh He will practice virtues which otherwise He could never have practiced; in this flesh He will render His eternal Father infinite honor, perfectly worthy of Him, and which He had never received.

The Annunciation appears to us as the espousals of the eternal Word and our human nature. In the espousals among the children of men, as St. Thomas observes, the consent of the betrothed maiden is required, as well as the consent of the spouse. Who can, who will, give this consent in behalf of our humanity? The woman, the virgin in whose chaste womb the mystery is accomplished. The ambassador comes down from the high heavens to the humble cottage of Nazareth; in the name of his divine Master, he makes the proposition to the lowly virgin; he awaits her reply. Heaven and earth are held in suspense; the momentous message remains unaccomplished until Mary shall have expressed her consent and pronounced the *fiat* by which the great scheme is secured, and the salvation of the world made safe.

Of this mysterious union of the human nature with the divine, a countless multitude of spiritual children will be born. As in the natural order, the children of a supernatural order must have a Father and a Mother. Who will be the parents of the sons of grace? Where is our Father? where is our mother? This same Jesus whose Incarnation is heralded in the feast of the Annunciation, will tell us with an unerring authority: When you pray, you will pray thus: "Our Father who art in heaven." Here is our Father, Jesus' own eternal Father. A little later He will likewise point out, present to us, a mother, namely, the same of whom He Himself was born, that He might be the first one among many brothers. After giving His Father in heaven for our Father, He now gives us His own mother on earth for

our mother also: Woman, behold thy son; and turning to St. John, or in St. John's person to each of us, He said: Behold thy mother. Oh! Blessed Lord, how truly the word has been fulfilled, that He would not leave us orphans—*non relinquam vos orphanos*.

In the Annunciation, considered with the eyes of faith, we behold the great and luminous outlines of our glorious destinies. We know now what noble blood runs through our veins. May we never degenerate, but honor our Father and our mother, that we may obtain the rich inheritance to which they invite us. Let us enter upon our subject.

St. Thomas, commenting on the Gospel of St. Luke and examining the order followed up by the archangel in the annunciation, points out three things distinct from each other.

First: the angel draws the holy Virgin's attention to the great mystery he had charge to reveal. In this he succeeded by saluting her in a manner hitherto unheard of; no man had ever heard such words from any angel before.

Secondly: the archangel intended to inform Mary of the mystery about to be accomplished in her womb—"Behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son," etc.; a magnificent prophecy which contains all the history of Christ Jesus and of christianity. To this, he immediately adds the manner in which it will be done: "And behold the Holy Ghost," etc.

Thirdly: the heavenly ambassador was sent to obtain Mary's consent. This seems to have been the main object of his mission. He obtains it by assuring the Blessed Virgin that her virginity is in no danger; that the same God who has worked a miracle in behalf of her cousin, St. Elizabeth, who though in advanced years has conceived a son, will operate a greater wonder in her own favor, and that the Holy Ghost will come upon her, and that the virtue of the Most High shall overshadow her, etc., and that the Son who will be born of her, shall be called the Holy One, *et Sanctum vocabitur*.

This great event took place about four thousand years from the creation of the world, or in the words of the sacred writers, "In the fulness of time."

It is the centre of history, the expiration of the promises, the beginning of a new chronology, the first day of the great months.

*Incipient magni procedere menses*—the final age, and the dawn of the ages of grace spoken of by the Roman poet:

Ultima cumæ venit jam carminis ætas  
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.

Tradition, says Suarez after the Fathers, tells us that the messenger of God came to Mary on the 25th of March, the same day Adam had been created.

The hour of his arrival is uncertain, and on account of this uncertainty the Angelic Salutation is repeated at morn, at noon, and at the fall of the day, not to fail to honor that moment, solemn among all moments. However, it seems probable that the heavenly message was delivered a little after midnight, at the same hour our Blessed Lord was born in the stable, nine months after His holy conception.

It is likely that the holy Virgin was wont to spend most of her nights in heavenly contemplation; the night with its silence and rest of nature best suited the fulfilment of the mystery. Behold Gabriel, unfolding his golden wings, darts from the foot of the throne of the Most High God. Contrarily to the order of hierarchical transmission from higher to lower degrees, Gabriel receives his mission directly from God, and with it two marvellous secrets: the first His love for mankind, to whom He sends His only Son; the second His greater love for Mary, through whom this only Son is to be given to mankind. The messenger is gone. In what direction has he taken his rapid flight? Towards Rome, the great city, now the mistress of the world? or will he alight upon Athens, the queen of science, of arts, and eloquence? or rather will he not choose in preference to all others, Jerusalem, the sacred city, so justly

proud of her august Sion, of her wonderful temple, of her sacred ark? Why do we wander thus? The Archangel has already swiftly descended into Nazareth, a little town of Galilee, where he has made out a small, unpretending cottage, the residence of a modest Virgin espoused to a carpenter.

There the messenger of God has met with Mary, rapt in fervent prayer, and hastening by her ardent desires the coming of the Messiah. Hail, blessed house, in which an angel and a virgin meet to treat of the salvation of mankind! Blessed walls, to which it was given to listen to the wondrous colloquy, hail! It has been given us once to kneel on the sacred spot where the august Virgin stood and heard the marvellous salutation: to move in the hallowed precincts within which the Blessed Mother and the Divine Saviour Himself moved for so many years; and even now, whenever we remember the delight that filled our soul in that most venerable sanctuary, we fancy we see the portal of Heaven upon earth. Should our years be protracted beyond our expectations, never shall we forget to thank God for this priceless favor of entering the *Santa Casa*, and there offering the Holy Sacrifice, after the apostles and so many saints.

We learn from tradition that this holy House was surrounded with profound respect by the apostles and the first christians; it was the first sanctuary in the new dispensation, and in this its destination was not changed, for it had been already sanctified by various mysteries. It had been the silent witness of the tears and virtues of the blessed Joachim and Anna, of the Immaculate Conception and Nativity of the Holy Virgin; then a little later came upon it a new consecration, that of the divine conception of the eternal Word, which more than anything else made it an object of exceptional veneration for all ages to come.

To this day the *Santa Casa* remains as venerable and venerated as ever. Where it has stood for more than six centuries

thousands and thousands of the most fervent pilgrims have visited it to repeat under its blessed roof the *Ave Maria* with which the Holy Virgin was greeted by the Archangel.

Preaching here in Paris, a short time ago, a celebrated orator gave utterance, in the following words, to his sentiments of veneration towards the Holy House of Loretto: "This house, carried over by the angels to the Adriatic shores; this poor cottage, richer, however, in the eyes of faith than the temple of Solomon, than all the palaces of the kings, has been visited for six thousand years by the greatest saints the catholic Church has produced. St. Philip of Neri, St. Ignatius, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis of Sales, St. Vincent of Paul, St. Liguori, etc., etc., went thither to meditate within the walls which sheltered for thirty years Jesus Christ and His divine Mother, the great mystery of the eternal charity. Where shall we find inspirations like those hidden by each stone of the Holy House? Ah! those blessed stones; how was it possible they did not melt in astonishment under the touch of the hand of the divine Child, and when they had the glory of protecting the existence of His divine Mother?"

In one end of the sacred edifice stands an altar, over which is written the following words, which no one pronounces but on his knees: "*Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis*,"—And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

Above the four doors, outside, we read these four couplets, equally expressive of the same idea, the holiness of the sanctuary:

*Ilætus timeat quicumque intrare sacellum;  
In terris nullum sanctius orbis habet.*

*Sanctior hæc ædes quid ni sacra Principe Petro,  
Verbum ubi conceptum, nataque Virgo Parens.*

*Nullus in orbe locus præluet sanctior isto,  
Quaque cadit Titan, quaque resurgit aquis.*

*Templa alibi posuere patres, sed sanctius istud  
Angelicæ hic turmæ, Virgo Deusque locant.*

We have scarcely said anything of what we had intended on the mystery of the

Annunciation, and yet we have been already too long. We shall soon continue the same subject in a subsequent number.

### The Bridal-day of the Angels' Queen.

FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.

Some eighteen hundred and some seventy years  
Have passed since then. There was a stir in Heaven:  
A great commotion 'mid the angelic choirs,  
A thrill, sensation, of unwonted power:  
Sounds musical rang through the listening spheres,  
And when they struck each other as they met  
The harmonies were of a fuller swell,  
Deeper of meaning than the usual tones.  
"Wisdom of God" re-echoed throughout space,  
And "Power of God" resounded 'mid the stars,  
"Manifestation of the Eternal Word"  
Hung on the sunbeams, traced in living light,  
Its characters so clearly, firmly writ  
That every spirit bowed expectant there,  
As watching for a sign of God's high will.

Then spirit turned to spirit, questioning:  
Angel met angel, and with lower bow  
Saluted than of wont; for a deep awe  
Pervaded all the hosts of heaven's vast space.  
"The hour is come," rang in sweet music out:  
None saw the minstrel, yet those thrilling tones  
Filled every son of light with rapturous bliss,  
Albeit minor spirits felt the thrill  
Nor fully understood its import high.

"The hour is come!"—what hour?" they eager ask,  
Those minor angels of the seraphs high;  
"O tell the scenes that once, that long ago  
Ere these bright worlds were formed, took place in  
heaven,

When first this prophecy was heard in space."  
Zephon it was enquired of Abdiel,  
The steadfast one, so much revered on high,  
While groups of minor angels stand around.  
"Gabriel is coming," answered Abdiel,  
"That prince of guardians to the human race;—  
He is to-day a herald high, from God,  
He bears to earth a message unto one  
He tends with reverence so deep, so true,  
He names her as the future Queen of Heaven."

"Is she not mortal then? of Adam's race?"  
Asked Zephon, eager for the news he sought.  
"Ay, mortal and of Adam's fallen race!  
But yet not fallen. She, the second Eve,  
Create in grace has still preserved that grace,  
Is sinless as was Eve before the fall,

And pure with radiance purified, by God  
Made stronger, higher, far more virtuous  
Than e'er was Eve. Yet is her beauty mild!  
Retiring from the view of men, she dwells  
And prays expectant of the Promised One  
Who is to save her race."

"But, Queen of Heaven!  
How is she Queen who is of mortal race?  
How can she rule the high intelligence  
Of spirit form? Can matter rise above  
And mind control?—it is impossible!"

Then Abdiel smiled: "Again that question asked!  
Which once o'erthrew the highest sons of light?  
Dost not remember then how, long ago,  
When first we met existence young and bright,  
And stood enraptured gazing on the mass  
Of atoms newly springing into space,  
Material reflex of intelligence!  
How we stood by, as brilliant sparks of light  
Emitted flashes, kindling action there  
In that chaotic, huge, and shapeless mass?  
How some mysterious, some attractive spell  
Then worked among the atoms till they clung  
Together, forming orbs of glittering light  
Throughout the viewless void, until the arch  
Was canopied with bright and glorious stars,  
The index of the majesty of God?  
O how the hallelujahs rang through space,  
As matter put that form of glory on!  
And every orb, by secret known to Him  
And Him alone who called that matter forth,  
Went on its way, as though intelligent:  
Myriads of spheres, from that chaotic mass  
Shaped into form, now whirled themselves in space,  
Nor jarred nor jostled in th' appointed bounds.  
'Twas wondrous. Matter heedful of His will,  
Although insensate! wonder seized us all,  
And we applauded in high hymns of praise."

"I do remember: yet I see not how  
That tale affects this hour;" so Zephon said.

"Just this," said Abdiel; "it was rumored then  
That God's high Son should in some age to come  
Invest Himself in some material form,  
Bring it to conscious and to righteous rule,  
Then lay the offering at His Father's feet."

"Ay, ay, and Lucifer, the Seraph high  
Among the highest, heard the mystic sound;  
I do remember: it was rumored then  
That every power, and all intelligence—  
Matter and spirit—Seraph high, and dust  
With life invested, in that final day  
Should bow to Him who thus had conquered all."

"My Zephon, yes," said Abdiel cheeringly.  
"It was to prove the angels this was sung:

Our highest Seraph then was Lucifer,  
'Light-bringer,' as we termed him; for so keen,  
So piercing his intelligence, it seemed  
To cast a light on all who neared his sphere.  
His pride was roused when first the high decree  
Was read beneath the glowing throne of light  
Where we were wont to worship; first he thought  
Himself that Son of God there then foretold;  
He nursed the fancy in ambitious dreams,  
And though still gracious to us lesser lights  
He seemed to seek for homage as his due.  
But soon, I know not how, he felt the truth  
That not for him reserved so high a boon;  
He penetrated the all-high decree  
That 'twas reserved for the great power of God,  
Thus to exalt Himself o'er all create.  
His daring dreams of pride were then dissolved;  
His ire awakened, and his swelling sense  
Of dignity forbade him to submit.  
He sullenly withdrew at hour of prayer,  
And flattering those who followed him with words  
Of pride, and promises of power,  
He swore that never to material form  
Would he, a high intelligence, bow down.  
Superior he to all in spirit-life  
He claimed to be; so would he reign in Heaven."

"Ay," faltered Zephon, "and he fell.  
I never shall forget the dreary hour  
When he and legions of our brightest lights  
Assembled to resist God's ordinance.  
Their fall was terrible! But how, to-day,  
Does it affect this joyous festival?"

"To-day," said Abdiel, "is the appointed time  
For the fulfilment of that prophecy;—  
To-day the eternal Word, wisdom of God,  
Descends to lowly earth; the power of God  
Takes flesh within a virgin's chastest womb."

"A virgin's womb? Is she of Adam's race,  
Who fell so soon a prey to Lucifer?  
Who grace rejected, and who was condemned  
To eat the fruits which that rejection brought?"

"Of that same race. She is the promised one  
Create anew in grace to heal that fault.  
Mary is beautiful beyond her race;  
Fairer than Eve, and faithful still to grace."

"But yet she is of dust. How can she claim  
To reign above, Queen of the angel choirs?  
Methinks such claim unsuited to her state:  
A child of earth, condemned to die for sin!"

"Mary's humility makes no claim,"  
Responded Abdiel to the angel's words;  
"Mary awaiteth but the will of God,  
Retired from men in fervency of prayer."

But God prepared unconscious to herself  
Her soul in purity; He will descend  
And clothe Himself in flesh from her pure womb;  
Angels will bow before th' Incarnate King,  
And hail her blest who Mother is of God.  
But hark! the dulcet sounds of Gabriel's band!  
He is approaching. Angels far and near  
Are gathering to reverence the maid  
Whom God selects as Mother of His Son."

E'en as they spake—the thousand, thousand lamps  
Of sapphire, ruby, amethyst, and pearl,  
Of emerald, topaz and of diamond,  
Were lit with lustres of a million hues,  
And glowed with beauty kindling holy love,  
Awaking sympathies, intoning sounds,  
Impenetrating all intelligence,  
Explaining will of God to angel sense;—  
All bowed ecstatic, worshipping in bliss.

Then Gabriel having worshipped, reverent rose,  
A lily pure in radiant whiteness took,  
And followed by the countless myriads there  
Winged his bright way to earth. 'Twas twilight's  
hour;

And as he sped through regions all unseen,  
Men asked why twilight was so beautiful.  
They passed the air, and sparkles rose and fell  
From the bright pinions of that Seraph throng  
Till stars seem dancing to the eye of earth.  
Then Gabriel paused in Nazareth's small town;  
He entered in a humble tenement,  
While,—forming glorious circle 'neath the skies,—  
The listening angels stood absorbed in bliss,  
Enraptured in harmony, as Mary rose  
For courtesy to list to Gabriel's "Hail!"

Soft were the accents of the messenger,  
Yet was the Virgin troubled in her soul.  
"Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Hail!  
Blest among women thou!"

No vanity

Flushed for a moment's space that virgin cheek,  
No pride was roused, but fear, lest now to her  
As first to Eve, deceiving words these prove;  
She paused, unconscious that th' admiring host  
Of heav'n's high thrones now all enraptured stood  
Viewing her modesty and loveliness.

Then Gabriel spake: "O Mary, fear thou not:  
Grace hast thou found with God. The Holy One  
Shalt thou conceive within thy virgin womb;  
Thou shalt bring forth the Saviour, Jesus named;  
Great shall He be! The Son of the Most High,  
And unto Him the Lord His God shall give  
The throne of David. And in Jacob's house  
He shall forever reign,—reign without end,"

Then Mary, radiant in her loveliness,  
Yet ever mindful of that solemn vow  
Which bound her heart to be but God's alone,  
Simply replied: "But how shall these things be,  
Seeing I know not man?"

St. Gabriel then in reverence answers her:

"The Holy Spirit shall descend on thee;  
The power of God shall overshadow thee:  
Therefore the Holy that of thee is born  
Will be, and shall be called, the Son of God.  
Thy cousin, too, Elizabeth, thy friend,  
She, too, in her old age a son conceives;  
And this is now the sixth month gone with her  
Whom men term barren: for no word with God  
Shall be impossible." Then Mary said.  
"Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord;  
Be it done to me as thy word asserts."

St. Gabriel bowed and left; and straight intoned  
That heavenly host a hymn of sweetness there;—  
A hymn so glorious earth ne'er heard before,  
Nor highest Heaven. 'Twas a nuptial song  
Which seraphs sang, as to that purest form  
A lambent flame electric shot from heaven  
While angels closed their pinions as it passed,  
Veiling their faces in deep reverence.  
Then sounds so sweet, so thrilling, filled all space  
Above the sun, encircling the bright stars  
Around the moon, and though unheard by men  
They floated o'er the atmosphere of earth.  
They sang the bridal of the Angels' Queen;  
Rejoicing thus to hail th' Incarnate God,  
Deeming the Virgin Mother blest indeed.  
"Mother of God!" The words rang through the  
spheres;

And angels hovered reverent round her form,  
Wishing the hour were come to bear her hence.  
And place her on the throne prepared in heaven.  
The seraphs tuned their lyres to sing her praise;  
The rapturous echoes caught the words of love:  
But Mary sat entranced: "The hour is come!"  
Mother of God! 'twas true! unspeakable!  
The ecstasy that now absorbed her soul  
Shut out all sound; the angels were unheard:  
God was with Mary! Mary was with God!

M. A. S.

### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 9....\$	382 06
O'Donnell & Barrett, St. Louis, Mo	5 00
A friend, Millbury, Mass.....	5 00

Total amount on hand....\$	392 06
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868.	1,343 00

Total.....\$	1,735 06
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## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

### II.

We have already given an outline of the historic significance of the catacombs; let us now proceed to describe them, at least in a measure. These subterranean cemeteries of Rome—known by the name of *catacombs* only since the sixteenth century—are exclusively of christian origin. They extend like a girdle around the walls of Rome, and are situated between the first and third milestones, forming an immense, awe-inspiring, and hallowed city of the dead. Having been located on the lands of noble christian families, they enjoyed, especially during the first two centuries, the protection of the Roman law according to which "religious places" were declared inviolable. In order to distinguish them, one from the other, these places were either called after the christian owners, or else after some distinguished martyr that lay buried within their walls. Corresponding with the numbers of titles or parishes within the city, there are twenty-six of these catacombs; or rather, if we count the minor ones and those of a post-Constantinian date, there are forty in all, each forming a separate network of subterranean passages regularly and perpendicularly cut through the volcanic mass—a species of granulated tufa—crossing and recrossing each other in a thousand different ways, and generally constructed so as to form two sets or stories one above the other, while in several instances there are even five of these stories surmounting each other. The passages or streets—more commonly known as *galleries*—have their walls on both sides filled from floor to ceiling with horizontal in-

cisions or niches. These are the so-called *loculi* or graves in which, very much like the passengers on board a ship, the christian dead are sleeping their last sleep, oftentimes as many as fourteen one above the other without distinction of rank, age or sex. Every inch of the niches, every foot of the wall, seems husbanded in the most careful manner, while each of the sainted sleepers, no matter whether it was but a child or a person of advanced years, has been laid to rest in "*his own grave that was excavated in the rock, and in which no one had previously been deposited.*" The galleries, although attaining a height of from seven to fifteen feet, are so narrow that in many places only one person can pass through them at a time, while they are at the same time so long, that, if all the galleries were strung together, they would exceed in length a street of *a thousand miles*, and to traverse them would require the passing of from four to six millions of graves. The work of excavating all of these mortuary halls, with their graves and chapels, was attended to by a guild or confraternity of men who were called *fossores*, or "excavators," and who received a species of ecclesiastical consecration or blessing to enable them to comply with the self-sacrificing duties of their station.

### III.

Having thus in a few words described these strange places, let us now examine what was the *object* for which the catacombs were laid out. The original purpose for which they were destined appears, at once, from the name of "*cœmeterium*" (cemetery or burial-ground) by which they were designated during the early christian centuries. They served as repositories for those christians who had departed this life, and whose bodies, as members of Christ and temples of God, the survivors were neither willing to burn according to the custom of the day, nor to expose to the desecration of the outside heathen world. On the contrary, the bodies of all such were carefully laid away in blessed ground, as a most precious seed that was predestined to arise most gloriously on

some future day, or rather, these precious relics were looked upon by the ancient christians as being "*deposited*" in these sacred places, just as a prudent man is wont to deposit some valuable pledge in a place of unusual safety. In the eyes of those early christians their dead were not dead but only sleeping, and hence they looked upon their burial places not as houses of death but rather as "*dormitories*" where the sleepers were at rest after their long and weary day's toil, and whence they would arise again as soon as the morning would dawn and the trumpet sound the signal for the resurrection. Let us go for a moment into one of these sacred places. A team of two horses or mules, laden with a barrel, has just entered the dark opening of an exhausted sand-pit or arenaria. It is the hearse which the christians of that day were obliged to use in consequence of the fearful persecutions then raging against them. The fossors, clad in a peculiar attire of their own, already stand in wait for the conveyance, from which they lift the corpse with trembling hands. In this particular case, the corpse has not—as was sometimes necessary—been hidden away for a long time, wrapped up in lime;—it has been taken fresh from the bloody place of execution, and is now brought like a precious prize to be deposited for safekeeping within those sacred halls. With his lamp in hand, an aged fossor leads the way for the pall-bearers that follow. Slowly they march thus towards a corner of the sand-pit, whence they descend by a secret flight of steps to the christian city of the dead below. Having arrived there, the body of the holy martyr is solemnly received by the bishop and faithful present, whereupon the funeral procession is formed and set in motion without delay. Through the erst silent halls there resounds now, gently, like harmonies of the blessed, the psalmody of the mourners, until it loses itself mysteriously in some far-distant gallery. The lights borne in the hands of the pious attendants seem for the moment to ignite thousands of glittering stars along

the walls of red tufa which they are passing along their way, while the graves of earlier martyrs extend along their course in endless numbers and seem to form with their peaceful inhabitants something like a guard of honor for the remains of the new citizen of heaven who is being added to their number. The yellow bricks and white slabs of marble that close the graves of the departed brighten up while the torch-light procession is passing, and seem almost as if they were "plates of gold and silver encompassed by a frame of red damask." Nay, they even seem to become endowed with a species of life for the occasion. They seem aglow like so many thousands of transparencies, and hundreds of touching inscriptions, or of deeply suggestive symbols, rudely engraven there by the artless hands of the fossors, proclaim aloud the glad tidings of heavenly peace, of childlike hope and calm expectation, thus forming, as it were, a most fitting set of responses to the psalms of praise that are sung by the passing funeral procession. And round about these tablets firmly secured in the grayish mortar there are seen marks and mementos of loving remembrance, encircling them like a wreath of unfading flowers. Here we behold some glittering coin, a shell or a cameo; there a sparkling gem or a piece of glass, set off, around the edges, with tinfoil or goldleaf. In other places, again, we behold the slab that encloses the tomb decorated round about with seals bearing christian devices, and shaped like the sole of the human foot; and if the grave be that of a martyr, our attention is attracted by the most precious of all jewels, a phial of glass, earth, or onyx, containing the blood of the happy sleeper who shed it for the cause of Christ. Not unfrequently, there stands side by side with these phials a burning light, that is maintained, constantly, by some pious suppliant at that particular shrine. Our funeral procession has now already passed through many a gallery on its way. As often as they diverge from their route, and lead into a new passage, they are saluted by the soft shimmer of a small lamp, which,

stationed at the entrance, in a small niche, seems to act as a silent guard at its post. These lamps are all either provided with suitable emblems, or else their very shape is emblematic, since they resemble now a dove, then again a fish or lark whose tiny flicker of light joyfully mingles with the brighter sheen of the candles and torches that are borne in the hands of the pious pilgrims. At last the procession has reached the grave. This time it is not a simple niche in the wall of those immense streets of the dead. In honor of the martyr whose remains are to be intombed, the fossore have prepared in one of the many chambers an *arcosolium* or grave of honor. Such graves had the shape of a sarcophagus, were chiseled from the floor upwards from the living rock, and were covered overhead by the square-finished ceiling of a niche. The pall-bearers have already deposited their precious burden. After the example of Christ's most sacred body, the remains of the martyr have been "*anointed with precious spices, and wrapped in fine linens.*" Some loving hand still adds to these the gift of a wreath of laurel, which is placed on the head of the departed, forming a crown such as victors are wont to wear, and the officiating bishop performs the funeral rites. Once more do the pious bystanders kiss the hallowed remains, and then the body is placed in the grave, while at its side is deposited a phial filled with the blood that gave testimony for Christ, and to these is yet added an urn of which the sweet spices that are within serve as a fitting emblem of all the martyr's virtues, and shed their sweet fragrance around the new-made grave and through the spacious hall in which the grave is situated. No sooner is this done than the grave at once becomes an eucharistic table, and the marble slab that covers it is made to serve as an altar-stone on which the bishop then and there proceeds to offer up the tremendous Sacrifice of the New Law, as a fitting homage to the Most High and a deserved honor to His glorious saints.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER X.

#### MRS. FLEMMING HAS A GREAT SHOCK.

The snow was beginning to melt on the southern slopes of the hills, and in sheltered nooks the star-wort shot its dark waxen leaves up among the soft green mosses, while now and then, on sunny mild days, the low musical warble of the bluebird—like stray notes from heaven—floated out and melted on the air. It was cold enough yet, with too much frost in the ground for ploughing, and too much frost in the air for the regular out-door farm work to begin; but there was no lack of work for all that. The men were busy getting their farming implements in order, burning brush, hauling manure, and mending fences. The Elder was busy fencing in a piece of poor land, which persisted in growing nothing but wire grass, to turn his sheep into as soon as spring opened, and on rainy days in manufacturing the framework of a hay-tedder, having bought the metal teeth from a travelling agent of the inventor the preceding autumn. Hay-tedders were novelties then, and all novelties were looked upon then, as now, by old practical farmers, as ruinous innovations; but the Elder had lost a whole field of hay last season for want of hands to get it in in time, and having seen a hay-tedder at work somewhere down the country, was so convinced of its utility that he determined to defy prejudice, and use one upon his farm. He had great mechanical genius, and being very much interested in his experiment, had succeeded in making, from the diagram furnished by the agent, a tedder which would have borne favorable comparison with those made in Boston. Nicholas had gone back to the pine forest, and Reuben was happy at last in the prospect of making himself useful: he was to

paint the window frames and doors of the old homestead, a plan about which Mrs. Flemming had serious misgivings, for she was "morally sure," she declared, "that before they knew where they were, Reuben would have faces staring out at them from the panels, and the house would look like a circus; he couldn't help it, poor boy; he was possessed, she was afraid; poor, dear Ruby! and she couldn't think, for the life of her, what ever would become of him." But the Elder laughed and told her not to fret, that he would see that there were no faces painted upon the panels. The girls were also busy preparing Hope's wedding outfit, for she was to be married in May to John Wilde, which, together with their regular domestic duties, left them no idle time; while Mrs. Flemming helped everybody, governed her household and administered its affairs with reference to the comfort and wellbeing of all, and had, every day, two hours left for her carpet-weaving. One letter had come to Eva from George Merrill, which she gave unopened to her father, declining altogether to read it, who put it away into a private drawer of his desk, with a natural regret that Eva had set her face so resolutely against her own interests; but he made no remark one way or the other on the subject, nor did any of the rest of them.

One day Huldah Sneathen and her aunt, Miss Deborah Wyatt, came to spend the day with the Flemmings. The girls huddled together over the fine and beautifully made *lingerie* of Hope's *trousseau*, and talked, and chattered, and cut patterns, and sewed on ruffles, and embroidered, until we would have thought they must exhaust themselves, but the subject and the work were too interesting by far for that, and their nimble tongues and fingers, instead of showing signs of weariness, grew more voluble and busy every moment. Mrs. Flemming and Miss Deborah were entertaining each other in their peculiar way, Mrs. Flemming inwardly fretting over the two hours she was obliged to lose at the loom; but nothing loth, and with a pardonable motherly pride, to talk

over Hope's good prospects, to all of which Miss Deborah listened with an expression on her countenance which said plainly: "I hope you won't be disappointed;" which meant,—when literally translated,—"I shouldn't be sorry if you were." She was an angular, uncomfortable-looking person, and had a way of cocking up her nose and chin to take square aim with her eyes whenever she addressed any one, which was embarrassing to some, and almost terrifying to such as had weak nerves. She had never been handsome, and the wine of her life had long ago turned to vinegar. She wore her thin dry hair drawn up to a knot on the top of her head, and rolled into two little flat rings on each side of her narrow forehead, where they were held in place by side-combs. Her eyes were sunken but sharp, and her voice thin and wiry, but, as old Sarah Gill said; "went through and through your head, like a gimlet." Her neck was long, wrinkled, and decorated with two rows of large gold beads, Miss Debby's fortune, invested in that shape for safe-keeping and not for ornament, she having a dread of banks, and as little love for the vanities of the world, as her attire of plain dark woolen stuff, without braid, cord, or button to trim it, testified. She had kept house for her brother, Deacon Sneathen, ever since his wife died, and if Huldah hadn't got a good start in life under the tender, cheerful care of her mother, she would have been blighted and quenched by Miss Debby, who was a firm believer in total depravity and that world-renowned precept of Solomon's: "Spare the rod and spoil the child," which proves that Solomon with all his wisdom sometimes gave utterance to impracticable theories. So, according to Miss Debby, there was no cure for total depravity in a child except the rod, until they reached the age of reason and obtained the "saving evidence" of conversion; and she and Huldah had a spirited time of it, which resulted in Huldah's setting everything that her aunt advocated at utter defiance, and heartily hating everything that she liked. So Hul-

dah loved to dance, to sing songs, to read "Sir Charles Grandison," and "Evelina," the only two novels she had ever seen, which she found one day in a barrel of old papers in the garret where she had been sent for punishment, and with which she was so charmed, that she repeated her offence next day and the day after, that she might be sent up there, where she could revel to her heart's content in the new, wonderful world she had discovered. She loved to wear ribbons, laces and jewelry; and she had some rare old treasures of both among the things her mother had left; she liked ruffles and bright colors, and artificial flowers, and "purple and fine linen," and now that she was grown, would never read the Bible at her aunt's bidding; or at all, unless she felt like it; indeed, I'm afraid that Miss Debby had got Huldah to think of God pretty much as she used to think, when she was a child, of the ogre that lived in the clouds upon the top of Jack's bean stalk. She shuddered when, sometimes alone in her mountain-side rambles and sometimes at midnight when the wintry storms were howling outside her windows, the thought of God, the stern and terrible Judge, the merciless executioner of justice and wrath, who might at any moment reach out His iron hand from the heavens and thrust her into the living and eternal flames of woe; the God her aunt had taught her to believe in, came like a dark, fearful shadow into her heart, making her tremble and shrink even in the bright sunshine, and hide her head in her pillows in the darkness. So it is not strange that Huldah grew up, under such influences, into a sort of amiable, light-hearted pagan, flying from all voluntary thoughts of this religion of horrors, and, like an epicurean priestess trying to cover the skeleton with flowers. Only in one thing had she profited by her aunt's guardianship; she knew all the mysteries of domestic economy in all its branches, and was noted through the neighborhood as the "nattiest, smartest" young girl in it. She liked house-keeping; and having good taste and ambition, she beautified the old

brown house under the elms, and excelled in all that she undertook.

Miss Debby had already snubbed Mrs. Flemming—it was her way—and taken the girls to task for frivolity, when the Elder came in from his fence-building, his face all aglow with ruddy health, and gave cordial greeting to his guests, whom he was glad to see as neighbors, and because their coming seemed like a friendly indication of what he might expect about a renewal of the partnership, concerning which he had, somehow, without any tangible reason however, had strange misgivings. After he got fairly seated, and they were all waiting for dinner, Miss Debby stuck up her chin, and taking sure aim at him with her eyes, said sharply:

"Wal now, Elder, I hear you're making one of them tedder things."

"Yes; I have it nearly finished. It is a good thing for harvesting hay."

"It's a great shame, to my thinking. It's taking the bread from the poor. I don't hold with any such machinery!" she snorted out, elevating her chin still higher.

"Labor's hard to get sometimes; meanwhile the hay gets spoiled. The tedder works so fast that you can go over your field three or four times if it is necessary, and if there's a good hot sun, get heavy grass cured enough to go in the same day."

"I don't believe a word of it. I don't like new-fangled things. They're unlucky. I saw one of them things at work in Captain Jones' field last summer, and it looked like a grasshopper kicking out its legs. It seems fooling with Providence, and will make our lads as lazy as Virginny nigger drivers."

"The world moves on, Miss Debby, in spite of prejudice, and I'm afraid you'll see more tedders than mine at work this harvest," he said with a quiet smile.

"And I hear you're hauling pond muck to put on your fields! Land sakes, Elder Flemming! I think you must be getting a screw looser in the head in your old days! Who ever heard the like!" she said.

"It's one of the best fertilizers in the world," he replied, good-humoredly.

"You got that out of books, I suppose! Book-farming's ruined more men than a few."

"I'm a pretty old farmer," said the Elder, poking up the fire, with just a shadow of annoyance in his countenance, "but I don't think pond mud will ruin me, if I do get the notion from the 'FARMER.' You'd better try some on that slip of ground west of your orchard, where nothing will grow but rag-weed."

Miss Debby sniffed and was silent. That sterile lot was the eye-sore of her life; and the Elder could not have found a more certain means to end their dispute than the mention of it, if he had taxed his ingenuity for an hour. Then she turned sharply around toward the girls and said, "Eva, how could you flirt so with George Merrill? I'd like to see Huldah treat anybody so."

Eva's face crimsoned, but she made no answer. "I say, it was shameful of you, Eva, and he so rich and handsome. Land sakes! have you lost your tongue?"

"I have never flirted with any one, Miss Debby. Hope, give me that sleeve, and tell me how it shall be trimmed," said Eva quietly.

"Wal! and so techy about it, too. There must be something in it. I wish Huldah had such a chance."

"I wish she hadn't, then," answered Huldah saucily. "I wonder you didn't set your cap for him, Aunt Deb." The old lady bridled, and got red in the end of her nose; but the subject was quenched. Then, defeated on one point, she flew to another, and said, turning toward the Elder:

"Next Sabbath's Sayerament day, ain't it, Elder?"

"Yes."

"That jest 'minds me, now I come to think about it: What become of you the last three months at the table of the Lord's Supper! I looked 'round and didn't see you nor hear your voice, either singing, nor yet praying. The Deacon says you was up to the Pines."

"Yes," he replied, "I was at the Pines."

"Wal, I s'pose you'll be along Sabbath. It seems sort of strange not to have you there in your place." Fortunately, at this moment Reuben and his mother came into the room together, and the cat running to meet Reuben, whose especial pet she was, he trod upon her tail without seeing her, and was so startled at her outcry and the tangle she got into under his feet that he lost his balance and pitched forward with full force, falling across Miss Debby's lap, just as he, with a beaming smile, had stretched out his arm to shake hands with her, almost upsetting her and the chair together; she instinctively grasping at something to save herself from falling, seized Reuben's long golden hair, and the next instant would have boxed his ears soundly, when Huldah grasped hold of her wrists, and with much laughter told Reuben to escape, which he did forthwith, glad of the opportunity to get somewhere to laugh his fill. It was an absurd scene; even the Elder's grave eyes had a merry twinkle in them, and Mrs. Flemming was so choked with laughter that she could scarcely find breath enough to say: "I declare! I do wonder what will ever become of Ruby?" while Eva and Huldah and Hope bent over their sewing almost in convulsions. Miss Debby regained her equilibrium, but not her temper, and went away directly after dinner, to the great relief of the Flemmings, to whose amiable and happy tempers she was under all circumstances and at all times a moral nettle.

That evening Mrs. Flemming, after a long and thoughtful silence, said: "Father, it does seem strange to me that you have not been to meeting the last three Sabbaths of the Lord's Supper. I hope nothing will take you off next Sabbath." She had been secretly troubled for weeks about this, but had forborne speaking, under the impression that her husband's absence from his usual conspicuous place on these solemn occasions was of absolute necessity; but Miss Debby's remarks, so full of ill-concealed malice, determined her

to relieve her mind by speaking out. The Elder did not answer her at once; he only moved uneasily in his chair, lowered his heavy eye brows, and tapped slowly with his fingers on the page of the old Bible which he had been poring over. At last he said in a slow, deliberate voice: "There's no business to take me off. *But I shall not be there.*" Mrs. Flemming dropped her work and looked at him in speechless surprise, and in her face there was a flickering look of terror, an appealing, silent demand for the meaning of his words. It had been laying heavy at her heart for three months, but she had kept silent, hoping that when the next "Sacrament Sabbath" rolled round, her husband, of whom she was justly proud as the impersonation of all that was true and good in man, would be there at his post the burning and shining light, the golden candlestick of the sanctuary; and now to hear this! He would not be there!

"Did I understand you, father! Did you say that you would not be present at the Table of the Lord?" asked Mrs. Flemming in a low, excited voice.

"You did not misunderstand me, mother," he replied, speaking slowly: "I shall not go."

"And why! Oh husband! husband! what does it mean?" she exclaimed. "It can't be that you are a backslider after all these years of christian, godly life? You of all men!"

"I may be that in a sense," he answered, "but I will not be a hypocrite."

"Hypocrite! Why, father, *what* do you mean? Eva, Hope, Reuben! go away; I want to talk to father," she exclaimed, almost beside herself.

"Stay where you all are, children. I have no secrets from you, least of all in such matters as this," said the Elder, lifting his head and looking out of the great truthful eyes from one to the other of them, as they, full of wonder at the strange scene, looked with almost frightened faces towards him. "I have something to say to you, wife and children,—a something which has troubled me for years, and made

a miserable man of me whenever I have partaken of the bread and wine of the Sacrament. I would have kept my secret still buried in my own breast,—for I know of no help for me,—but, as you see yourselves, circumstances compel me, as it were, to reveal it, at least to you, my wife and children, for fear you may judge me as having been guilty of hidden sin, and be scandalized in me."

"O Wolfert! Wolfert Flemming! what awful temptation has got possession of you?" exclaimed Mrs. Flemming, from whose face every vestige of color had fled, and whose eyes were dilated and fairly gleaming with excitement.

"I don't know," he said, sadly; "I don't fully know, myself. I feel blind, like Sampson, and maybe am pulling the temple roof down to my own destruction. But I can bear it no longer! I was not born to be a hypocrite;—I'd rather die than be a hypocrite."

"Father," said Eva, going round to him and standing by his side, while she laid her arm tenderly about him and drew his grand, handsome head to her breast: "Tell us what difficulty you are struggling with? We may not know how to help you, but we do know that whatever the cause is, it is an honest one, and we can respect and sympathize, and try to soothe—. Oh, father! you who are so truthful and good, *why* should you be so troubled? It must be something of great weight to move you from your foundations like this."

"Sandy foundations, child!" he said, folding her hand for a moment in his own. "But I will unbosom myself, then; think as you may of me, you will never despise me for hypocrisy."

"Dear father!" whispered Eva, leaning her cheek against his gray head. Mrs. Flemming could not speak. She put her hand to her throat once or twice, and a quick, deep-drawn breath, like a sob, escaped her lips; and folding her hands together in her lap, she turned to listen to what her husband might have to say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Praises of Mary.

MUSIC FROM REV. F. SCHUBIGER'S "MAIEN ROSEN."

ACCOMPANIMENT BY PROF. M. E. GIRAC.

*Andante.*

*Sopra.*  
*Alto.*

Ho - ly Queen! we bend be - fore thee, Queen of pu - ri - ty dl - vine! Make us love thee,  
Thon to whom a Child was giv - en Great - er than the sons of men, Com - ing down from  
By the hope thy name in - spl - res! By our doom re - versed through thee: Help us, Queen of

*Bass.*

*Organ.*

we im - plore thee, Make us tru - ly to be thine. Teach, O teach us, Ho - ly Moth - er! How to con - quer  
high - est heav - en To cre - ate the world a - gain. O, by that Al - migh - ty Mak - er, Whom thy - self, a  
An - gel choirs! To a blest e - ter - ni - ty! Teach, O teach us, Ho - ly Moth - er! How to con - quer

ev - ry sin; How to love and help each o - ther; How the prize of life to win.  
Vir - gin bore! O, by thy su - preme Cre - a - tor, Llak'd with thee for ev - er more.  
ev - ry sin; How to love and help each oth - er How the prize of life to win.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN;

OR,

## The Reward of Hospitality.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

BY L. E. M'L.

On the summit of a high mountain, from which two narrow and difficult paths led, was placed a statue of the Virgin, known from time immemorial as Our Lady of Help, and whom all the sailors and fishers of the country invoked under the touching title of the Star of the Sea.

Before trusting themselves to the treacherous element where they braved death, they went two by two with wax tapers in their hands, and confiding themselves to their protectress they recommended their voyage to her, and begged through her intercession to be delivered from shipwreck and have their labors rewarded by success. On returning from their voyage, they again sought the shrine of the Virgin, and sang hymns and litanies in honor of her whose hand protected them, and then hung on the walls of her chapel the votive offerings they had promised in the hour of danger.

The sun was about to sink in the bosom of the vast ocean. His radiant disk had already disappeared beneath the thick clouds, whose edges were still gilded by the brilliant light. The wind roared afar off, while the agitated waves heaved and moaned. The birds plunged their wings into the liquid plain; and their piercing cries, echoed from afar, seemed to call upon the tempest to advance in its fury.

The holy mountain was solitary. Two children only were kneeling in prayer before the image of Our Lady of Help, imploring her powerful protection with fervor. The wind that played with the floating curls of the little girl seemed like a messenger from on high, sent to receive the prayers that escaped from their lips and bear them up to heaven.

The darkness increased, and the children rising up directed their footsteps to the most difficult of the two roads. As they walked along, the young girl gave her arm to her brother, but both stopped frequently to cast a glance at the heavens, now almost completely overshadowed by heavy black clouds.

Soon they left the mountain road, and, taking the highway for a short distance, they entered on a narrow path that the eye could scarcely distinguish amid the thickness of the woods. They hurried their steps, but it was only at the end of a quarter of an hour that they reached the door of the humble dwelling they hastened to enter.

"The storm will soon begin, my poor Stephen," said the young girl to her brother; "may God and our Lady aid our dear father, and give Louis strength to assist him." A sigh was Stephen's only answer. "Lie down before you hear the thunder," said his sister, "otherwise you cannot sleep."

"No, Marie, I shall not let you watch alone," replied Stephen, overcoming his fear. "During the last storm Louis was here, and that is why I slept; but this evening I shall not leave you."

"Poor child, you cannot aid me." Marie had scarcely finished these words when a frightful peal of thunder resounded throughout the valley. Stephen, trembling like a leaf, concealed his face in his hands. The wind, whose violence had been appeased for a few moments now recommenced its roarings, and rushing among the trees, seemed now like horrible moaning, again like funeral wails, and carried terror and fright to the souls of the poor children.

The brilliant flashes of lightning dimmed the pale rays of the single lamp that burned in the cottage; the hail and rain beat furiously against the window. The night was frightful, and the children endeavored to calm their fears by prayers.

Suddenly there was a violent rap at the door. The children started up. A second stroke stronger than the first increased

their terror, and the dog that slept near the hearth ran barking to the door.

"Whoever you are," cried a voice from without, "do not refuse hospitality to a traveller who asks it in the name of God."

Marie rose up to open the door, but Stephen held her back; "Sister, sister," said he in a low voice, "do not open it I beg of you."

"And if our father and Louis, overtaken by the storm," replied the girl, in the same tone, "should ask a shelter in the name of God, what would you think of him who would cruelly refuse it?" Stephen made no reply, but unloosed his grasp of his sister's dress.

The door was opened, and a man still in the flower of his age entered; he was covered by a large cloak, and held a fine horse by the bridle.

"We can easily offer you a bed and some refreshments," said Marie, "but sir, your poor horse will fare badly."

"Many thanks, for me and for him," said the traveller smiling; "anything would be preferable to the terrible necessity of spending the night in the forest."

Occupied with the cares of hospitality, the two children no longer feared the storm. The tempest, however, had not yet ceased, the thunder still roared, and the lightning illuminated the clouds; but they thought only of the stranger and his needs.

The horse, which was at first received in the first room, was now conducted by Stephen to a half-inclosed shed. There he spread out some bundles of straw, for the animal's bed, and after putting some barley and dried peas in a basket and giving them to the horse he rejoined his sister. The latter had kindled a large fire of dry brushwood to warm the chilled traveller. She placed on the table a mug of cider, some bread, cheese and hard eggs, her only provisions.

After becoming slightly warmed, the stranger requested Stephen to show him where his horse was placed. A smile of satisfaction lit up his fine features when he saw how carefully the young child had

supplied the wants of his cherished courser. He removed its trappings and rubbed off the water and sweat with a few handfuls of straw. That done, he returned with his young host to the hearth where Marie awaited them.

She had heated the cider, and presented it to the stranger with some toasted crusts of bread, excusing herself for having nothing better to offer him. The stranger proved by his appetite how palatable he found the meal. Marie and her brother gazed with pleasure on the good and noble features of their guest; while an expression of the happiness the soul experiences after the performance of a good action shone on their own features and lent them an additional charm.

"My dear children," said the traveller, when his slightly appeased hunger permitted him to speak, "are you alone here?"

These words opened anew the wounds of their innocent hearts. Tears trembled in the eyes of Marie as she answered, "No, sir; my father and my cousin live here with us."

"And where are they during this frightful tempest?"

"Alas, God only knows; dead, perhaps." And sobs stifled the voice of the young girl.

"My father is a fisherman," replied Stephen, "and has gone out with my cousin: the tempest has surprised them on the sea."

"Poor children! And your mother, is she dead?"

"Yes, sir; it is two years since we laid her in the tomb."

"Your cousin Louis has no parents then?"

"No, sir; his mother died when he was born, and his father, who was a brave sailor, was killed in fighting for the king. My father, who is far from being rich, has taken our cousin with him, and we love him as if he were our brother."

"And are you not afraid in this solitude?"

"No, sir; the good God is here with us, and our Lady watches over us like a mother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 10, 1869.

No. 15.

## Mary the True Woman.

Amid the theories that now perplex the world, the question of "Woman's Rights" is at the present moment occupying a pre-eminent place. No question involving woman's position, woman's prerogatives, woman's happiness, can be ignored in a journal devoted to the honor of the highest of all women: we need, then, no excuse for discussing the question.

A true child of Mary, at the feet of the Queen of the angels, can hardly look with disdain on half of the human race and vote them unworthy of any honor which earth can afford. If Mary is the Mother of God by a singular and exalted privilege, every christian mother is or should be mother of the divinity by God implanted in the soul of her child. And every facility should be afforded her to enable her to accomplish the end which the very fact of such a mothership involves.

There cannot remain a doubt that this cherishing the divinity of man, this evolving the highest faculties with which man is endowed, this bringing out of the affections, by watchful interest and loving care, is the highest employment of humanity; one which, to be successfully performed, demands the highest qualities, not only of the mind, but of the soul, that mysterious essence which enables man to know, love, and serve his Creator, God,—His Father, in whose image he was created.

Looked at, then, in this light alone, it is not only *a right*, but, the welfare of the human race makes it, *a necessity*,

that woman should be trained to her high office, in the highest manner it is possible for her to be so trained. The welfare of nations depends upon her, for never yet existed a lofty-minded man, a man of real genius, of mental superiority, but had a superior mother to foster the germs of greatness. Not only do modern times proclaim this truth, but all the old traditions,—whether the mythology of Grecian artistic times, or the more ancient legends of the Persian, Indian and Chinese theogonies.

Every great man of the olden time is born of a woman to whom a luminous ray imparted fecundity, and thereby united the divine and human natures. A sacred fire descends on earth, to bless mankind, through woman's agency. This is the more remarkable, from the fact that the very nations where these traditions still abide in the sacred books, now treat their women as inferior beings, often reviling them as intrinsically bad. This latter fact is a proof among others that in the first ages woman was respected, honored, and that in proportion as man fell from his high estate did woman become degraded as his slave, even when she retained the title of wife.

It is perhaps to the primeval ages that we ought to look when we seek to ascertain the proper position of woman. Man, in punishment of his transgression, no less than by the action of an immutable law, had in falling from the law of grace lost his spontaneous power over matter; matter being no longer obedient to his will, he was to toil to subdue it. He had been created "lord of the earth;" now he had to solicit it by toil, to compel it by

drudgery, to yield to him its fruits. Absolute lord he was no longer. He had fallen under the material law.

Woman was of a different calibre altogether. She was formed because it was not good for man to be alone. As master of the creation, he could command, patronize, and amuse himself with the inferior beings who crouched at his feet; but he had no one to call out his affections, to respect, consult, love with a high-minded, equal, sympathetic love which should be to him the earthly type of that still more ethereal, more entrancing spiritual love with which he was to do homage to his Maker. And thus woman was formed to be the angel of his higher nature, the guardian of his affections, lest the material empire he exercised over all lower nature should cause him to neglect the exercise of the higher faculties of his being. "Adam was not seduced," says Saint Paul; "but, the woman being seduced, was in the transgression."\* Adam was not seduced from his lordship over the material world, nor from his fidelity to his wife, to whom his best earthly affections belonged by right; but he yielded, from complaisance, to the being whose office it was to call him from an existence which tended to become too much materialized, to one which exercised the higher affections of his soul. Eve was created to be the link between him and God by keeping his affections in play, her own soul being more forcibly attracted to spirituality than his, for he was specially created to rule matter, while she was formed to rule by her influence over the affections: those affections which united her to man on the one side, to God on the other. Had the link not been broken, the heart of her husband would have been drawn to a more perfect obedience to God through her, as, alas! it was drawn to disobedience.

She misused the power she possessed over the affections: through her influence man fell under the natural law. An overweening estimate of physical power, an

overwhelming desire of physical enjoyment, took possession of him: reason was dethroned from her supremacy in his being, and the disorder ensued which resulted at one time, prior to the christian era, in the degradation of woman among all nations of the earth save only the Jewish, and even among them she played by no means so important a part as she has since done.

We see, then, in this brief history, the principle upon which it was primarily intended to establish the relationship between man and woman. The empire over the outside arrangements, the power over the physical world which man possessed, was to be tempered by the influence of love, softened by the attractive affinities of a spiritual nature, of which woman represented the idea better than any other form in the creation. Naturally and necessarily, when she broke the spiritual tie with her heavenly Father which was her tower of strength, her surest protection, her only real safeguard for the weaker condition in which she was framed,—necessarily, when that spiritual influence of love no longer stood between her and the fierce despot who, separated from God, soon learned to rule the world by an iron will, necessarily then she fell under the sentence pronounced against her: it was an inevitable result of the rule of man untempered by the divine essence, which had been inbreathed at his creation to crown his many perfections. And the Lord God said to the woman: I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception: in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children: thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee. As if He had said: You have disordered the primal arrangements; you have dethroned love, you have uprooted spiritual instincts; the power of force will now prevail; passion will govern instead of reason; your frame is the weaker, you will have to submit. Children will be born for the mere gratification of a brutal instinct, instead of being the illustrious progeny of a holy and consecrated union of a divine pair. The world cannot fail of being disordered

\* 1 Tim. ii, 14.

when the children of God fall from their high estate and become animals unable to control their appetites. But the love in thy heart, though losing somewhat of its spiritual affinities, shall not be utterly quelled: thou shalt still cling to thy husband, even though become thy master and rule over thee.

Has not the prophecy been fulfilled? Nay, even to this day—in this our loved, our free, America—does not passion ride rampant, does not woman bring forth in sorrow? Are there not weighty questions—involving misery, involving crime—connected with the population of the earth? And how are these to be remedied? How is Eve's punishment to be lessened in the persons of her daughters? Hardly by intruding on man's special prerogative. Hardly by assuming duties which would interfere with the performance of her own.

The world is already too materialistic in its tendencies; would it become less so if the competition for wealth, for honor, for fame and for power, were suddenly doubled?—if the influence of love, which, though imperfect in our present fallen state, still operates for good, still represents disinterestedness on earth, were suddenly withdrawn?—if mothers, entering on a political arena, forgot in the excitement of contention to worship truth and justice at the altar of God?

Ambition spurs man every day to unjust deeds which his inward voice condemns, and which he dares not name at home to her who, morn and night, still bends the knee in worship of the "good" that fills all space, save where rebellious man works his foul will.

The home where dwells an educated woman, whose leisure moments are consecrated to contemplating good; good in the abstract, good as it fails in man but dwells in God,—the woman who can hush the world's shrill call to vanity, and dwell within an atmosphere drawn down from heaven; who can evoke the purity of saints, and dwell in Mary's presence in her house,—that woman has an influence divine in its significance, which, well sustained,

will purify all persons that surround her. Folly hides its head though unrebuked by word, and passion sinks; for reverence presides and grace shines through her, illuminating all she touches with its hues, so sweetly tempered they reflect themselves on all surroundings—husband, children, friends. The home of purity, the home of love, of enlightened piety, where dwells a daughter of Mary, sweetly endeavoring to emulate the house of Nazareth in her government of this earthly sanctuary, is in itself an antidote to the poison of worldly vice; a reserve of holiness where the erring may still find a pathway back to good; a place of refreshment where disappointed ambition learns to aim at a higher life; a magazine of stored-up spiritual treasures, on which a man jaded with the cares and soured by the vexations of the world learns practically to believe that heaven may be. Such a home is a haven of salvation to the young; they realize the efficacy of prayer, in the soft demeanor of a loving mother; they feel that it is possible to lead a higher life than ambition can offer, when they feel what serenity dwells with one whose life is one long, disinterested course of loving sacrifice. Already they begin to taste the happiness of heaven; to realize that Mary more than compensates for Eve.

It is difficult to say what would be the effect were this holy influence abolished. Already, alas! have women outside of the Church consented to forego maternity by a most revolting quelling of holy instincts. The desire to lead a life of pleasure, of ease, of luxury, has penetrated deep, deep into the foundations of society. Woman forgets her dignity, forgets her salvation, even the preservation of her earthly status, for the merest chimera that ever had power to darken human intellect and sap the foundations of the social order. Home is no longer a domestic temple where Mary presides to watch the growth of the human form in which the divine essence is enshrined. It is a desecrated ruin—sheltering no holiness, developing no spirituality, cultivating no high aspirative love;

and so woman rushes forth from its dreariness, and mingling in the affray of political and materialistic strife, adds to the confusion which neglect of the culture of men's higher qualities of soul has occasioned on this dreary earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Pastoral Letter of Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon City.**

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
February 24th, 1869. }

EDITOR AVE MARIA: Besides the regulations for Lent, there was read, on Quinquagesima Sunday, 7th of February, in the cathedral of Portland, Oregon, a Pastoral Letter from his Grace, Archbishop Blanchet, which may interest your readers.

It begins by publishing the decrees of Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, declaring them to be in force, and binding both clergy and laity. It refers afterwards to certain portions of this legislation, which regard more especially the laity, viz.: certain dances, mixed marriages, spiritism, education of children, schools, funerals and burials, divorcees, collections for ecclesiastical students, and other collections. I have but time to give you a copy of the following paragraphs:

*Schools.* Having impressed upon the parents the obligation which both the natural and divine law impose on them, to provide for the bodies and especially for the souls of the children whom God has given them, this paragraph terminates thus: "The public schools are very dangerous to morals, because they are, in general, the nurseries of vice the and prolific source of the infidelity which now deluges the United States and Europe. These public schools are not only dangerous to morals, but they are also very dangerous to religion and faith, because they are godless schools, or schools in which the children and attendants are never taught their religious duties. For that reason, public and godless schools are even more

dangerous than the sectarian ones. The Church has, therefore, good reason to condemn them. Let parents avoid, therefore, as much as possible, sending their children to such public and godless schools, where their morals, religion and faith are exposed to suffer a sad shipwreck, and in which is given a godless education that leads to indifferentism, infidelity, and atheism. Let every catholic church have its own parochial school, where the children may learn the catechism and receive a religious education. This can be done without difficulty only where the whole community being catholic, has in its hands the power of electing, for their district, catholic trustees, whose imperious duty is to choose catholic teachers.

*Funerals and Burials.* It is a doctrine of our faith that there is a purgatory or middle place, in which souls departed suffer the temporal punishment of their sins for which in life they did not sufficiently atone; and in which they are so purified as to be worthy to appear in the presence of God. It is also a doctrine of our faith that the souls of the faithful departed are assisted and released by prayers and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Hence the constant practice of the catholic Church. In all times and in all places to offer prayers, and especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for the dead, either to abridge or lessen their pains. Hence also her prescriptions that Masses for the dead be celebrated on the day of their death or burial, on the third, the seventh, the thirtieth, and the anniversary day of their death. On the day of their death or burial, with the body present, to represent to God their great need in a more striking manner; on the third, because on the third day it was that Christ rose from the dead; on the seventh, because the seventh is the day of the Lord's rest; on the thirtieth, because it is the last day of the month since their death; on the anniversary, because it is the last day of the year after their death.

Such are the prescriptions which the catholic Church, as a most tender mother,

has made for the welfare of her departed children, whose souls her tender love and ardent charity follow and accompany to the next world, without forgetting their bodies on earth. For, because their bodies have been the members of Christ, the temples of God and of the Holy Ghost, and the tabernacles of those immortal souls which God created after His own image and likeness, the Church pays them and gives them special marks of respect and honor, by receiving them in the churches, giving them christian burial in consecrated ground. But the most tender solicitude of the Church is more particularly directed to the souls of her departed children by offering and recommending to be offered, at least on the day of their burial, the great propitiatory Victim of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in order to obtain for them a place of refreshment, light, and everlasting peace.

These prescriptions of the Church the Fathers of the Second Plenary Council recommend to be carried into practice. Let us, therefore, imitate the zeal and piety of the Church in behalf of the dead, in order to abridge or lessen the pains of their souls. Let prayers be said, and Masses celebrated, at least on the day of their burials, to assist and relieve the soul of a most dear and regretted mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or friend; and to obtain for them a place of refreshment, light, and everlasting peace.

In reference to this subject, we need a great reform all over the United States; for funerals and burials are not what they ought to be. They are more in the protestant fashion than in the catholic manner; always made in the afternoon, and never, or very seldom, in the morning with a funeral Mass. All is done for the body, and nothing, or very little, for the soul. All want a grand show, a large attendance, a pompous and costly funeral. Their magnificent parade is pleasing; it gratifies to a high degree, self-love, vainglory and pride. But all this pomp is of no avail at all to abridge or lessen the pains of a poor suffering soul. Now we ask it,

beloved brethren, can there be found in all this a grain of faith in a purgatory; a sign of gratitude, piety and tender love for the soul of a most dear and regretted relative? Does it not seem that the belief in a purgatory is lost? that the souls of our departed relations and friends need no prayers, no Mass, to obtain for them a place of refreshment, light and peace? The Fathers of the Second Plenary Council ardently desire a reform with regard to funerals and burials,—less pomp, and more true piety towards the souls of the faithful departed.

*Divorce.* It is a doctrine of our faith, in the catholic Church, that marriage is indissoluble; for, "*What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,*" says our Lord (St. Matt., xix, 6). There may be, indeed, cases in which one of the two parties may have good reason to be separated from bed and habitation only, but never for the dissolution of the marriage bond. In catholic countries the civil law provides for such cases, and the Church permits it, provided the bond of marriage remain in full force. In the United States and some other countries, the civil law does not provide for such a separation from bed and habitation only; but in certain cases determined by the civil law, it grants a full divorce, permitting the parties so divorced to contract a new marriage. The holy catholic Church disapproves and condemns such divorces, declaring them null, and the parties so divorced, whether protestants or catholics, unable to marry again, because of the indissolubility of their first marriage. Therefore, if a catholic, having good reason for obtaining a separation from bed and habitation only, is obliged, to obtain it, to have recourse to a civil court, which grants a full divorce, let that catholic understand that he cannot do it, unless with the most true, the most sincere, and the most firm intention and resolution of never using the privilege of marrying again granted by the civil court. For if any catholic, divorced by a civil court, shall dare to marry again a free or any divorced person; or if any

free person shall dare to marry an individual so divorced, let them understand that, obeying the prescriptions of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and in order to show the horror of the Church for such unlawful and wicked marriages, which are but public concubinages, we declare them excommunicated *ipso facto*, forbidding at the same time, and under the same pain, any person to assist at, or witness, or any other way aid such marriages, because their assistance would encourage a great iniquity, and render them accomplices. The means to avoid many unhappy marriages would be for the couple to be married to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony with pure and holy intentions and dispositions, and to receive it in the morning, assisting at that Mass which the Church celebrates to bestow, in a special manner, abundance of blessings on the newly-married couple. This holy practice the Fathers of the Second Plenary Council most earnestly recommend to be observed and carried on.

*Collection for Ecclesiastical Students.* You know, beloved brethren, that religion was established, is maintained and increased by the priesthood; and that without the priesthood religion would not exist among you; and that where there is no priest religion soon dies away and the faithful soon lose, or expect to lose, their faith. As our archdiocese possesses no diocesan seminary, it is to foreign missionary colleges of Europe that we must look for the training of our clergy. When young men are willing to devote their lives to the service of our poor missions, then we must provide for their wants, pay their board during three or four years, and defray their expenses of education, of travelling from Europe to Oregon. All this has been done from the first establishment of our holy religion in these countries, thirty years ago, at the expense of the missionary fund. If, therefore, beloved brethren, you have new priests in our archdiocese to attend your spiritual wants, you owe it entirely to the liberal allocations we have received from time to

time from the Propagation of the Faith in Europe. But now that these allocations are decreasing, that our archdiocese is much embarrassed by debts, and that the condition of the country is a great deal better than formerly, it is but just that we should begin to call on you to enable us to support a larger number of ecclesiastical students for our diocese, and to bear the expenses of their education and passage from Europe to this country. We trust, therefore, that you will contribute liberally to that good work, for the maintenance and propagation of our holy faith and religion in our archdiocese, when you are called on for the purpose.

A FRIEND.

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## THE FLEMMINGS.

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BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

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### CHAPTER XI.

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#### LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

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She sat listening to hear what he might say, with a dull dazed feeling in her head, as if she had received a heavy blow upon it, wondering all the while if that strong energetic will and intelligent mind, to which she had been wont to look as to something higher and better than other men's, were drifting into the eccentricities of coming madness, so strange and terrible a thing was it to her to hear from her husband's lips words which meant something little short of apostasy. Then, all the consequences of such a fall swept like a torrent through her brain; she saw his place empty in the sanctuary, his "candlestick taken away;" she saw him shunned by old neighbors and friends, and instead of being looked up to by all as a model of every manly and christianly excellence, she saw him treated with contempt, pitied with cold sneers by some, avoided as a leper by others; and as the possibilities of worldly misfortunes, dearth of prosperity,

and the ruin of her children's prospects mingled gloomily together in her thoughts, she felt a tightness grasping her throat, like the clutch of old Massasquoi's bony fingers, almost suffocating her. But she did not utter a word; and with her slim little hands clasped tightly together, resting upon her knees, and her handsome black eyes flickering with the fever of her heart, she waited, wondering if it was in the scope of human ingenuity to show good reasons for such backsliding. She had not to wait long; for the Elder, after glancing with grave but tender looks on the dear faces, all bent with anxious interest upon him, said:

"It is a bad cause which can show no good reason to support it; and while I do not seek to defend myself, which would argue that I doubt the justice of my conclusions, I am willing to explain to you, my wife and children, the cause of my refusal to partake any more of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper as administered among ourselves. I am not a learned man, and have but little knowledge of other religions outside the sect in which I was bred; but from a constant study of the scriptures, doubts and troubles have arisen in my mind, forcing me to the inevitable conclusion that my religious opinions are full of error and deceit——" Mrs. Flemming gasped for breath, and a spot of crimson flamed out on either cheek, while an evident tremor ran like an electric chord through the hearts of the rest; but no one spoke, and the Elder went on: "I will not now go into the history of my doubts; some other time will do; but I will explain, as I said before, why it is utterly impossible—unless I could stoop to a base hypocrisy—for me to unite in a rite which strikes me as an audacious human invention entirely opposed to the plain and literal meaning of its divine Founder. To make myself better understood, I wish you to listen attentively, not losing a word, while I read to you the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel.\* Then

the Elder, in his clear even tones, read slowly and impressively, the chapter from beginning to end—Eva still standing with her arm resting upon his shoulder, and her eyes fixed upon the page of the old Bible, with its quaint illustrations, from which her father read. When the last word dropped from his lips he again looked around him, and scanned with deep pity in his heart the countenances of those near and dear ones, to whose hearts he well knew he was bringing grief and disquiet. But, as we said before, the Flemmings were people who let nothing obstruct the working out of a principle which to their mind was clearly right; and although the Elder felt the first throes of the sacrifice at hand, he went bravely on. "The first thing," he said, "to be noticed in this chapter, is the account of the great miracle, the most wonderful perhaps that the Saviour had yet wrought; a miracle which was a manifestation not only of a divine power, but of a divine priesthood—and at the same time a figure and a fact: the figure and preliminary preparation for a great mystery which he was about to announce to them, and a fact by which the physical hunger of five thousand men, besides women and children, was satisfied with material bread, which, blessed by the Lord, was multiplied by His power in the hands of His apostles, who distributed it to the multitude. But the carnal-minded Jews recognized only the fact: their hunger had been appeased in a wonderful manner, and in the first flush of their gratitude they declared Him to be a great prophet, and would have taken Him by force and made Him a king, had He not fled from them, concealing Himself from their sight; but they discerned neither the divinity of His power or the symbolic meaning of the miraculous feast, and cared for no other manifestations from Him than such material ones as would benefit themselves. 'He is a wonder-worker,' they thought, 'and can found a rich and power-

intelligent protestant mind, who—at the time—had never heard of the doctrine of the Real Presence, and we render it in all its simplicity.

\* What follows was the genuine experience of an

ful kingdom, of which we shall be the princes.' Full of such thoughts, they determined to follow Him the next day, hoping to witness greater miracles.

"In the next point there is a hidden and holy meaning to me, which seems separate from the great mystery of the mystic feast announced by the Lord, and yet linked indissolubly with it in the order of faith. I mean the appearance of the Saviour walking on the stormy waves of the midnight sea. His disciples had sought for Him; and not finding Him, probably thought He had passed over to Capharnaum, and 'took ship' to go thither; when a storm arose, and coming out of the darkness of the night, walking upon the rough waves of the sea, they beheld a form advancing towards their ship, and they were terrified, thinking that it was a spirit, until He spoke: 'Be not afraid. It is I.' In this miracle He revealed Himself in a real and spiritual presence, disguised by the miraculous character of the occasion, which was utterly at variance with every natural law; and they did not know Him, until He said: 'It is I,'—when, consoled and full of joy, they took Him into the ship; a lesson, it seems to one, of faith to His own disciples, some of whom, we shall presently see, after all, turned back and walked with Him no more.

"The third point to be considered is His discourse on the bread of life, in which He declares Himself to be the Son of God, and enforces the necessity of 'believing in Him,' as a condition to inherit eternal life—meaning clearly, from what follows, a belief in His doctrines, especially in the great and mysterious one of the partaking of His body and blood.\*

"The next day, the multitude who had been fed—full of human curiosity and ambitious designs—sought for Jesus; but not finding Him, 'they took shipping' and came across the sea of Tiberias to Caphar-

naum, where they found Him teaching in the synagogue. They said to Him: Rabbi, when camest Thou hither?

"Then Jesus rebuked them saying: Amen, amen I say unto you, you seek Me, not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves, and were filled. *Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto eternal life, which the Son of man will give you.* For Him hath God the Father sealed.

"What shall we do, that we may work the works of God? they said to Him.

"This is the work of God, that you believe in Him whom He hath sent: Jesus answered them.

"What sign dost Thou show us that we may see, and may believe Thee? they said therefore to Him. What dost Thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

"Amen, amen I say to you: Moses gave you not bread from heaven; BUT MY FATHER GIVETH YOU THE TRUE BREAD FROM HEAVEN: Jesus said unto them.

"Lord! give us always this bread! they besought Him.

"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE: he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me, shall never thirst: Jesus said to them. But I said to you, that you also have seen Me, and do not believe. All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will not cast out: *Because I came down from heaven*, not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. Now this is the will of the Father who sent Me, that of all he hath given Me, I shall lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of my Father that sent Me; that every one that seeth the Son and believeth in Him,\* may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day."

"Then the Jews"—still discerning nothing beyond their carnal ideas—murmured at Him, not because He had said He was the Son of the Father, but because He said: I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. "And they said: Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose Father and Mother we know? How then saith he, I came down from heaven.

"Murmur not among yourselves," Jesus answered and said unto them: "No man can come to Me, except the Father, who hath sent Me, draw him: † and I will raise him up at the last day. It is

\* The reader must keep in mind that these impressions are the unaided results of an uninstructed protestant experience, and the writer is only transferring them from a regularly-kept journal to her pages.

\* Receiving Him in the Blessed Sacrament.

† Not by compulsion, nor by laying the free-will under any necessity, but by the strong sweet motions of heavenly grace.

written in the prophets: And they shall all be taught of God. Every one that hath heard of the Father, and hath learned cometh to Me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, but he who is of God, he hath seen the Father. Amen, amen I say unto you: *he that believeth in Me, hath eternal life.*"

"Now," said the Elder, looking out of his grave gentle eyes with unspeakable love upon them all, as they sat reverently listening, "we hear how solemnly and emphatically He declares, over and again, His divinity, in calling Himself 'the Son of the Father,' who 'had seen the face of the Father,' 'who had been sent to do the will of the Father,' and so on; and how He insists on their believing in Him as a primary and absolute condition to their inheriting eternal life. Do *we* believe Him to be the Son of the Father, or do we not?"

"We believe that! How can any one, who believes the Bible at all, doubt that?" said Mrs. Flemming quickly. "And believing that He is the Son of God, and our Redeemer who died for our salvation, is enough. It is all that is required of us. God is not pleased with subtleties."

"No; God is not pleased with subtleties," said the Elder in his calm, quiet way. "And it seems to me, from what follows, that something more than a personal and historical belief in Him is necessary. This belief must embrace the acceptance of His doctrines. The devils themselves—as we are told in holy writ—believe and tremble, but their belief is without profit; therefore He must have had a deeper meaning in exhorting them *to believe in Him* than is now apparent. There are no half-way doings with God. We must believe entirely not only in His existence, but in His law revealed to us by Jesus Christ His Son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE longest life is not always the best, but that is the best which has been spent in the service of God; remember what the prophet says: "Wo is me, that my sojourning is prolonged! I have dwelt with the inhabitants of *darkness*; my soul hath been long a sojourner."—*St. F. de Sales.*

### Right Rev. Bishop Henni.

On the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni, the following short sketch of his life and labors appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, which a kind friend has sent us. May the Rt. Rev. Prelate, who has now completed St. Peter's years in Rome, leave his successors to the see of Milwaukee full double the number of years that St. Peter left to his.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop John Martin Henni's consecration as Bishop of the Diocese of Wisconsin was celebrated in an imposing manner on the 19th of March. For weeks the subject of the ovation in honor of the beloved head of the Church had interested not only churchmen, but citizens without regard to religious inclinations. The important services of the distinguished prelate—who was the first German bishop consecrated in America—his untiring zeal in behalf of the Church, his courteous and gentlemanly bearing toward those with whom he came in contact—all conspired to create a lively interest in the ceremonies of the occasion. His administration of the temporal and spiritual welfare of his important trust has been successful in a remarkable degree, if the number of adherents and the magnificent buildings erected by the Church are indications of prosperity; and we think they are. The following sketch of the life and services of the worthy bishop will not be out of place in this connection:

#### BISHOP HENNI'S LIFE AND TIMES.

Bishop Henni was born in Upper Saxony, Canton Graubunden, Switzerland, on the 16th of June, 1805, and is consequently sixty-four years of age. He commenced his studies in St. Gallen and Luzern, and upon his graduation proceeded to Rome. Here he very fortunately met the first Bishop of Cincinnati, Edward Fenwick, who was on a visit to the Holy See. He needed young workers in his flourishing vineyard in the new world, and was not

long in securing young Henni to aid him in the work of carrying the cross and civilization into the wilds of America. With his friend, Martin Kundig, who was also studying in Rome, he crossed the sea and arrived in Baltimore in 1829. After a short stay in that city he, in company with several other candidates for holy orders, proceeded to a seminary in Bardstown to prepare for ordination. In the following year they were ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Fenwick. After officiating for a time in St. Peter's church, in Cincinnati, he was transferred to Canton, Ohio, where he, in company with another priest, performed arduous missionary duties between that town and Lake Erie.

While Bishop Fenwick was returning from a visit to the missionary stations in this State, he was stricken with sickness in the neighboring town of Wooster. Rev. Mr. Henni hastened to minister to the wants of his sick patron, but too late; the soul of his friend had left its tenement of clay for brighter worlds above.

In 1834 the first German catholic church was consecrated in Cincinnati. Bishop Purcell, Bishop Fenwick's successor, finding his sphere of usefulness enlarged, soon recalled Rev. Mr. Henni from Canton, and elevated him to the important position of vicar general of the See. In 1835 he took a tour to Europe, and upon his return to Cincinnati established an orphan asylum and a German catholic journal—the *Wahrheits Freund*—now one of the leading Church journals in the country. The orphan asylum—the St. Aloysius—is still in existence, and is one of the oldest German institutions in the United States.

On the fourth Sunday after Easter, in 1843, a provincial council of the bishops was held in Cincinnati, at which Very Rev. Mr. Henni attended, and received the appointment of Bishop of the newly-erected Diocese of Milwaukee. In the month of December, of the same year, the nomination was confirmed by a Papal Bull, and on the 19th of March, 1844, he was consecrated bishop in the old Xaverius cathedral, in Cincinnati, by Bishop Purcell,

assisted by Bishops Miles, of Nashville, and O'Connor, of Pittsburgh. On the 12th of April, he started out for his new field of usefulness, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Heiss, now Bishop of La Crosse, and arrived in this city at a late hour on the night of the 3d of May.

Next morning he was up betimes to make inquiries in relation to the whereabouts of the catholic church. He was conducted to the small wooden structure known as St. Peter's church. This was his cathedral. Upon entering, he found Rev. Mr. Kundig—with whom he had crossed the sea years before—celebrating Mass at the altar. At the conclusion of the service, he entered the chancel and greeted the friend of his youthful days. Bishop Henni was warmly welcomed by the inhabitants of the village.

He was not long in discovering that the diocese was as poor in purse as his cathedral was in appearance. The bishop was conducted to a small cottage, and had hardly made a comfortable lodgment ere he received a call from the former landlord, who importuned him for the balance due on the property. The bishop settled the claim, although it left him penniless.

The next day was Sunday. The faithful adherents of the Church had heard of the arrival of their bishop, and before the hour for service had arrived, the little cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity. At that time, the entire number of catholics in the village and its surroundings did not number two thousand. The entire diocese numbered, probably, not over eight thousand inhabitants. There were but five or six priests in the territory, who officiated in block houses, except Prairie du Chien, where the work of erecting a substantial stone edifice was commenced—in the hope that the bishop would locate at that point.

In the following month of August he paid his first visit to Green Bay, and thence called on the Menomonee Indians, on Wolf River, and, after a weary journey, reached the Chippewa Indians, at LaPointe, Lake Superior, where Father Frederick Baraga had established a flourishing mission.

Under the able management of the bishop the diocese began to improve both in numbers and prosperity. Immigration was setting in, and the church increased in communicants until it was found necessary to erect a larger place of worship. St. Mary's church was built and consecrated during the summer of 1847. The number of priests had also increased to thirty, and in the fall of the same year the corner-stone of the cathedral was laid, with imposing ceremonies. At the instance of the worthy bishop a hospital had also been founded, and the Sisters of Charity invited to take charge of it.

Seeing his labors blessed with success, he concluded to visit Rome and inform the Pope personally in relation to the prosperity of the diocese, and collect aid to carry out the missionary work so ably begun. He accordingly left in January, 1848, and reached France just as the revolution took place in that country and carried its baleful influence through Germany and Italy. The serious aspect of affairs throughout Europe caused him to postpone his original intentions, which, if carried out, would have resulted in his being kept from his diocese for a long time. This change in his plans, however, gave him time to visit his birth-place. He found his parents were dead. The reception of the bishop by the villagers was a most agreeable one. He called upon his former teacher, Bishop Mirer, of St. Gallen, and met Bishops Vikar, of Sweden, and Stubach, also a Switzer.

When Bishop Henni returned he was received with great enthusiasm by the people of his diocese. The work on the cathedral was suspended, in order that the funds might go to the erection of an orphan asylum. A building was also purchased for the School Sisters, and an association of three Franciscan orders settled below what is now Bay View, and founded the seminary at that point. St. Gall's church was also erected for the accommodation of the Irish catholics, and Trinity church for the Germans, who were settling in large numbers on the south side.

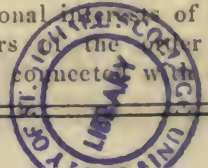
To secure means to complete the cathedral, Bishop Henni undertook a voyage to Mexico and Cuba. In the fall of 1852 it was under roof, and on the 31st of July it was consecrated, on which occasion the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, and other dignitaries of the Church, presided.

In July, 1855, the bishop laid the corner-stone of the new seminary building near Bay View, and early in 1856 the building was so far completed that thirty-three students were admitted. The year of 1860 saw it free from indebtedness, and one hundred and twenty-five students and candidates for holy orders domiciled within its walls. Adjoining the building are two orphan asylums and a monastery of Franciscan monks. Although one of the largest religious institutions in the country, its capacity is inadequate, and arrangements are being made for its enlargement.

In the city, the School Sisters, under the superioress, Maria Caroline Fries, added extensive wings to their already capacious building. It is the "mother house" of the order, from which school-mistresses are sent out throughout the length and breadth of the land. This convent is at the head of fifty-four branch mission houses in the several dioceses in the United States. There are four hundred Sisters in the order, who educate twenty thousand children, and have over one thousand orphans in charge.

The growth of the Church was so rapid that Bishop Henni was called upon to consecrate twenty-five in one year. The other important institutions founded in the diocese are mentioned as follows:

St. Aloysius Academy for boys, Fourth Ward. Dominican monastery at Sinsinawa Mound, where an institution for education in the higher branches is established. Capuchin monastery at Calvary Hill, Fond du Lac county. A second institution of the kind will soon be established in this city. The Fathers of the Holy Cross have charge of the educational part of the institution. Brothers of the Holy Cross of the Franciscans are also connected with the



monastery. Dominican convent, headquarters and novitiate, in Racine. Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, have charge of two academies in Lafayette county. Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis manage a day school and an orphan asylum at Jefferson.

In addition to the above, the Sisters of Love have charge of a hospital and two orphan asylums, and the Sisters of St. Agnes conduct two schools. Bishop Henni has lived to see his diocese of several thousand communicants grow until it numbers twenty-five thousand catholics—two hundred and ninety churches—ninety stations—eleven private chapels—and one hundred and fifty priests.

This hurried account of the life and services of the exemplary bishop will give our readers a fair idea of his labors in behalf of the Church. The numerous charitable and educational institutions founded during his bishopric will remain enduring monuments of his energy and zeal in the cause of religion and civilization long after we shall have passed away.

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### The Convent Case.

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Our readers have most likely heard a great deal of the Convent Case, in which a Miss Saurin, who for some time had been a Sister of Mercy, sued Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Star, for assault, imprisonment, libel and conspiracy. The case lasted many days, and the Chief Judge was seven hours in summing up the evidence.

After reading the misrepresentations and silly comments of the protestant press, it is worth our while to give an extract from a sensible article that has appeared in a protestant paper in England, the *Leeds Mercury*.

"The great convent case has at length been disposed of. We cannot pretend that its greatness has consisted in anything but its bulk. It was in quality a poor, attenuated thing—a mere empty bag swelled out into balloon-like proportions by the

religious gas blown into it. Had it not been supposed that some savory scandal would be brought on to the table connected with the convent system, no sort of interest could have attached to the inquiry, and since it has not dished up any such sweet morsel to roll under the protestant tongue, a more insipid affair it is difficult to conceive. A protestant jury has been obliged to admit that the greater part of the charges are simply frivolous, and has found for the defendant on these points. We confess our own sense of justice would have been better satisfied if a verdict had been returned nominally or substantially in their favor on the charge of conspiracy also, and had the twelve gentlemen in the box been able to throw off all protestant feeling in considering their verdict, we suspect that such would have been their decision. As it is they have decided that Mrs. Star, Mrs. Kennedy, the bishop, and some other persons have conspired to do some injury to Miss Saurin. But what have they done? They have refused to let her remain in a convent. This is really all. It is true they were charged with certain acts of violence and cruelty to turn her out. But these we need not discuss, because they proved to be so trivial in their character that the jury found a verdict for the defendants on these points. The whole accusation, therefore, dwindles down to this, that they wished to get, and at length did get, Miss Saurin out of the convent against her own will. Now, although, looking at the thing in a protestant light, this might seem no great injury, we must, of course, regard it in the light in which it would strike a Roman catholic, either Miss Saurin herself or Mrs. Star, or anybody else holding their views about conventual life. And in this light we may admit that a wrong was actually done if the attempt to turn out Miss Saurin was not justified by something in her own conduct. Here, then, is the real question at issue. Did Miss Saurin so conduct herself as to render herself justly liable to be turned out of the convent? Now any sensible person will see that a convent must have rules, and

that obedience to these rules is essential to the good government and peace and order of the community. If these rules are new, if they take the inmates by surprise, if Sisters enter in the expectation of finding one set of regulations and are then required to submit to another, then it is clear that fraud is practised, and that disobedience to the unanticipated rules ought not to subject the transgressor to any penalty. But in the present case it is not pretended that the rules in force were other than those explained to Miss Saurin when she entered the convent.

The question is then, did Miss Saurin conform to these rules? The evidence makes it abundantly clear that she was at war with the Sisterhood; that she levelled accusations against them which, so far as they have been investigated, have proved perfectly untrue; that she contrived to excite a general feeling against herself for some reason or other; that she did not adhere to rules; that she constantly grumbled in violation of her vows—in fact, that she was utterly unfit for her position as a Sister in a convent subject to the strict laws of self-abnegation insisted upon at Hull. She had the wish to be a nun, but not the devotion and self-sacrifice necessary for such a position. It was as desirable for herself as for the nunnery that she should cease to occupy a position for which she was manifestly so little suited, and in which she neither enjoyed happiness herself nor permitted others to do so either. We have no doubt there was a conspiracy to turn her out, but it was a perfectly lawful conspiracy to do an act as serviceable to her as necessary to the order of the convent. We confess we regret a verdict which seems to us to be dictated rather by protestant prejudice than by impartial justice.”

Father Porter, S. J., whose name appeared prominently on the trial, spoke to his congregation, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, Salisbury Street, Liverpool, concerning the case. Coming to the ridiculous twaddle of protestant papers in England,—twaddle that has been repeated

in this country,—he said a few words, which we cannot refrain from giving:

“It is said that all the poetry is taken away from convent life—that, after all, it turns out to be a very commonplace sort of affair, in which a number of persons choose to leave their own families, and do the work of serving maids; that there is no poetry in it at all; that it is tame and prosaic; and that the ladies chose to give up their position in life, and adopt the occupations and perhaps the thoughts of menial servants. It is true that the poetry of convent life—that is to say, the protestant poetry of convent life—is gone, which imagined a nun to be walking about idle, with her hands in her sleeves, her eyes demurely cast down, her silence broken sometimes by the convent bell, or by a visit from an admiring friend or some unfortunate wretch saved from starvation, and perhaps from the degradation of sin. All poetry is gone when you come to view a tame, prosaic life—a life of toil and of drudgery, and of hard labor, and of strict regularity—a life in which ladies of good birth, by their own free choice, subject themselves to the will of a superior—going to rest at a signal, rising at a signal, assembling at prayer on a signal, spending the hours in toil and labor. From 9 o’clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, the occupation of the great majority of the community is the instruction of the poor, and a crowded poor school is a very prosaic matter. The nuns are women, and they must use women’s tools and women’s instruments. Their convent must be clean, and should be tidy and spotless, and for cleanliness there must be scrubbing, for sewing there must be needles and thimbles, and needles and thimbles and scrubbing all seem very prosaic. It is very prosy to rise at 5 in the morning, and to give an hour to meditation before hearing Mass. It is very prosy to spend some six or seven hours in a schoolroom in the most wearisome task of teaching thoughtless children. It is very prosy to go home to assemble—not, as one of the papers says, at a social meal, at which the Sisters exchange

their experiences, and congratulate each other on their successes, and animate each other for the labors of the coming day, and then retire to rest—it is very prosy, instead of that, to assemble to a plain dinner, and eat it in silence broken only by the reading of a pious book. It is very prosy to take a short hour for recreation and conversation, spending the hour, perhaps, in making clothes for the poor, or in working an altar cloth. It is very prosy to close such a day with some devotional exercise—very prosy to put out the light at an appointed hour; but when the veil is thus torn away, you see the poetry that gilds such a life and gives it glory, and you honor, more than ever you honored before, the Sisters of Mercy. You thought of them before as ministering angels, but it never entered into your minds to inquire how the day was broken up—what portion of the day was passed in recreation, and how they unbended themselves from this stern hard toil. You never thought of that. You honored them for their ministry of love, but now you know them hour by hour and day by day. You watch them through their shortened lives to their early graves, and you think more of the poetry of religious life. It is the privilege and duty of our sex to confront dangers and to bear toil, and to make sacrifices, but for gentle women to enter upon this work—for them to leave the sphere of dignified leisure for slavish toil, for the love of Jesus Christ, is most heroic, most glorious, and you honor it the more now that you know and understand what that life implies and what it involves. For you the poetry is not gone—for you that prosy round of labor becomes more glorious. I will venture to say that if, in your walks through the town, you have sometimes met those angels of God, and blessed them as they passed, your eyes will now follow them, and your soul will reverence them more and love them more, and you will wish to serve those noble ladies who dare do so much for God and the salvation of souls. The poetry of convent life gone? No; not the true poetry that renders dear to our hearts true and

real heroism—the most noble sacrifice of self and the most generous devotion to the service of others.”—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

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[Communicated.]

### Religious Reception.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—In the beautiful chapel of Our Lady of Mercy the interesting ceremony of reception took place, on Friday evening the 12th inst. The Right Rev. Bishop gave the habit of the Order of Mercy and white veil to Miss Annie Winters, in religion Sister Mary Baptista; Miss Margaret Isabel O'Mally, Sister M. Stanislaus; Miss Bertha McDonald, Sister Mary Genevieve; Miss Margaret Hynes, Sister Mary Borgia; Miss Margaret Donohoe, Sister Mary Raymond; Miss Bridget Mullen, Sister Mary Margaret.

The Right Rev. Bishop preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon on the occasion.

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[Communicated.]

### Obituary.

DIED, March 16th, with the Sisters of Mercy, Ottawa, Ill., in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. ANN MCGINN, relict of the late Dr. P. MCGINN, formerly of Youngstown, Pa. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Sweet spirit, rest thee now;  
They who have seen thy face in death  
No more need fear to die.

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It would be well if all Americans followed the example of Scotchmen in the following case:

“It is a curious fact that although Scotchmen, as a rule, differ from us in matters of faith much more than Englishmen, they write about us in their journals with more respect, and abstain from the petty spite of calling us names. Thus the *Scotchman*, the *Elgin Courier*, and other north country papers that have lately been writing about the death of Bishop Kyle, the con-

secession of Bishop Macdonald, and the advent of Archbishop Eyre, speak of us as we are spoken of throughout the civilized world, save only by some Englishmen in England, and call us by our right name, which is that of "catholic." Not so those who ape us most—those who play at popery without the Pope. In the columns of their journals we are always designated as "Romanists," "Ultramontanes," the "Roman Obedience," and such like terms, all showing—as we have before now pointed out in these columns—much the same dislike to the Church that the monkey has to the man.—*London Register.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN;

OR,

### The Reward of Hospitality.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

BY L. E. M'L.

[CONTINUED.]

"How old are you, my child?"

"Eleven years, sir, going on twelve."

"And your sister?"

"Thirteen years."

Marie now dried her tears, placed more fuel on the fire, and was able to answer the questions of the stranger.

"You were brave, my dear children, to open the door to a stranger."

"We seldom have occasion to render a service," said the young girl in a tremulous voice, "and our father has told us many a time that we should seize every opportunity of making others happy and rendering ourselves useful."

"I thank heaven for having led me astray in these woods," said the stranger with lively emotion; "for without this accident I should never have had the happiness of knowing you. I shall be obliged to leave here at daybreak, but I shall return again and endeavor to prove to you the depth of my gratitude."

Marie left the room for an instant, and soon returned to announce to their guest that his bed was ready. Stephen took a lamp and conducted him to an adjoining chamber, where two poor but neat beds were prepared. It was there that the father and cousin of the little children reposed when at home, Stephen informed the stranger, to whom he assigned Germain's bed. His sister had spread white sheets upon it, and rendered it quite comfortable. After performing the little services appropriate to the occasion, Stephen wished the traveller good night and returned to his sister.

"Marie," said he, "I am well pleased that you had the courage to open the door to this good gentleman. Indeed *he* is no robber, for he prays to God like an angel."

Marie smiled at this reflection, and both occupied themselves for the remainder of the night in drying the traveller's cloak and praying for their father.

Day had scarcely begun to dawn before the guest of the cottage was up. He took breakfast with his new friends, and inquired of them the shortest route to the place whither pressing affairs called him. He then took leave of the two children; and promising to return and see them, he put spur to his horse and followed the road that bordered the sea.

The rain continued unabated during the day. At sunset the clouds were still gathering, and everything betokened a night similar to the preceding one, and bore fresh agonies to the hearts of the fisherman's sad children. They did not wish to lie down. Marie had prayed a long time, and Stephen with her; now she read, while her brother slept with his head on her lap.

Fidele, the guardian of the cottage, had left his ordinary place, taken up his station near the door, and from time to time sadly moaned. Marie called him in a low voice; she wished to soothe him by her caresses, for the plaintive sounds that he uttered echoed in the heart of the young girl, who reproached herself with superstition, and trembled anew when the dog, freed from the hand of his mistress, con-

tinued to utter his moans, which seemed a presage of misfortune.

The sighs of Fidele were suddenly changed to prolonged howls; he scratched the door, returned to his mistress and seemed to beg her to allow him to bound forth into the woods.

A little reassured by the first rays of the rising sun, Marie softly raised her brother's head, and placing it on her chair, opened the door for the dog, who took his way into the forest. Then Marie's fears were redoubled; she wished to pray; she trembled, and could only raise her tearful eyes to heaven, crying, "O my God! Oh, my father!"

Presently she heard footsteps. Can it be the trusty Fidele that Marie hears? Yes, she cannot be mistaken, it is he; and his bark is joyous! Marie awakened Stephen, and both listened, scarcely breathing. Without communicating their thoughts to each other, both went to the door and looked as far as a winding in the road. They saw two men carrying a litter, on which a man was extended. Fidele sprang, leaping and barking around him. This man was Germain. Stephen and his sister fell on their knees.

The procession approached with slow steps. Was the fisherman wounded? No; but in the cruel tempest his boat was destroyed. He had been thrown on the rocks, and cast about at the mercy of the waves. He owed his rescue to a man who at his own peril snatched him from certain death, and who generously paid the wood-cutters to carry him home to his children, whose names he never ceased to repeat.

Stephen interrupted the recital to inquire after Louis. They told him that his cousin was obliged to remain in the hospital on account of several wounds he had received on his head. Germain's rescuer had caused him to be removed there, saying he would not be able to support the fatigues of a homeward journey, and besides he would not receive at home the aid his condition called for.

Germain had recovered his senses; he smiled on his children, but was unable

to speak to them; yet his looks spoke all the feelings of his heart. His limbs nevertheless remained cold. In vain Marie placed warm wrappings around him;—he still remained benumbed. Stephen concealed himself to weep; but Marie redoubled her courage, and sinking on her knees she implored the Virgin Mother: "O Mother of the helpless, comfort and consolation of the afflicted, to thee I address my prayers in this hour of sorrow. Gracious protectress, through whose intercession my father was saved from an ocean grave, implore God, I beseech thee, to crown His benefits by sparing the life of my dear father." Who ever sought aid from the Mother of our Lord in vain?

Towards noon a stranger entered the cottage. He was a physician, and seemed already to be aware of the state of the sick man, for he had brought the proper remedies. He prescribed to the attentive Marie the times and manner of administering the medicines; and left, promising to call again in the course of a couple of days. On his second visit he found Germain much better; he continued the same treatment, with a moderate degree of success.

Germain recovered his speech, and related to his children all that he had suffered; he especially exalted the devotedness of the unknown man that had rescued him. He described his dress and features, the latter of which beamed with nobleness and kindness. Marie uttered an exclamation of surprise as she heard this description, for in it she recognized the stranger whom they had hospitably entertained in their humble cottage. She in her turn related this incident to her father, and Germain blessed heaven for bestowing such kind hearts on his children.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY ONE likes to reprimand and correct himself, but not to be corrected and reprimanded by others. Yet an ounce of humiliation received from another is worth a hundred pounds from ourselves.

# AVE MARIA.

*A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.*

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 17, 1869.

No. 16.

## SAINT JOSEPH.

### The Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

FOR THE FEAST OF THE PATRONAGE OF SAINT JOSEPH.—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Before entering upon the merits and privileges of the glorious spouse of the Holy Mother of God, it will not be amiss to clear a difficulty somewhat perplexing to some minds at first sight, viz.: how could the Blessed Virgin espouse a man after making to God the vow of virginity, or not to marry? Theologians reply that by a special revelation, the Holy Virgin most probably knew that her virginity would be exposed to no danger with Joseph, and that she would remain faithful to her vow, even in the state of marriage. She furthermore must have known that her saintly spouse would be the guardian of her virtue, and that he himself had vowed to God the same vow forever. Otherwise, she would never have consented to any marriage; indeed, if she replied to Gabriel, the Archangel: "How can this be done, for I know not man?" she would assuredly have answered him who asked her hand: How can I accept a man for my husband, when I am betrothed to the Lord?

More perfect than any other saints, the holy spouses Mary and Joseph most likely made, previous to their marriage, the mutual promise of chastity, which others since, have made after their marriage; they bound themselves to each other to be spouses and remain virgins, to have but one soul and

one heart, and be thus united by a common love more angelic than human. This is the explanation generally given, and we confess that it fully satisfies us—nay, it greatly edifies us.

The holy marriage of Mary and Joseph has had in various ages several striking imitations: kings, emperors, princes and christian heroes, have not unfrequently made, simultaneously with their pious wives, the vow of chastity, and kept it to their last moments. Among the best known we may name St. Valerian and St. Cecilia, whose beautiful legend we read in the Roman breviary; the Emperor Henry II and the Empress Cunegunda; Edward, King of England, with Edith; Boleslas, King of Poland, with another Cunegunda; Alphonsus the Chaste with Bertha; the Emperor Marcian with St. Pulcheria.

The Gospel is silent as to the respective ages of both Mary and Joseph when they were united in marriage; tradition, however, seems more constant in fixing that of the Holy Virgin at fourteen, than that of her saintly spouse, on which there has been quite a variety of opinions. The most probable sentiment represents him at that time as approaching the meridian of life; and it seems also the most consonant to reason and to the nature of the office to which he was called. He was given to the young virgin to be her protector, to shield her precious honor, to accompany her in her journeys, to aid her in domestic cares, and to provide by his labor for the wants of a house depending on him alone; such duties were not well suited to a man much farther advanced in years.

Neither do we know for certain the epoch of his death; the last mention made of him by the Evangelist concerns the time when the Divine Child returned from Jerusalem to Nazareth, at the age of twelve years, and remained there in submission to His holy parents: "*et erat subditus illis.*" It is commonly believed that this remark of St. Luke covers most of the period comprised between His return and the beginning of His public life. In this supposition it would appear St. Joseph died a short time before our Blessed Lord began His public mission. That he was dead before scarcely admits of any doubt, as he is nowhere mentioned any more, either at the wedding feast or at any place where the Blessed Mother is named as being with her Divine Son.

The general persuasion that our blessed Patriarch died in the arms of Jesus and Mary has singled him out as the patron of a holy death.

Suarez and many other learned divines maintain that the body of our blessed Saint is already glorified in heaven with those of Jesus and Mary. St. Francis of Sales positively declares that it should not be doubted. St. Bernardine of Sienna, once preaching at Padua, stated to the people: "I assure you, brethren, that St. Joseph is in body and soul in heaven, all resplendent in glory; and in confirmation of the same declaration," says the historian of his life, "a golden cross shone over the head of Bernardine and was seen by all the audience."

Who can consider and not admire the peerless privileges of St. Joseph? He was the spouse of the Blessed Mary. St. Bernardine of Sienna, commenting on this elementary principle, "*Omnia quæ sunt uxoris sunt etiam viri,*"—Whatever belongs to the wife belongs also to her husband," builds upon it an irresistible argument in favor of the holy spouse.

"St. Joseph," says the great Doctor, "has a share in all the honorific titles conferred on Mary: because she is a mother, he is called father; because she is the Queen of Patriarchs, of Prophets, of the

Apostles, of Martyrs, Confessors and Virgins—St. Joseph may be considered the king of all these glorious orders."

The community of riches is still more visibly real than that of honors; Mary's incalculable riches are also St. Joseph's property. But Mary is exceedingly rich, not of the dust of this earth, but of real and substantial goods. She is called "*Mater divinæ gratiæ*, Mother of divine grace," because she holds within her heart the plenitude of grace as a mother holds her child yet unborn within her womb. If she has received divine grace for all, she must have chiefly shared it with St. Joseph. Now all the riches of our Blessed Mother, whether of nature, or of grace, or of glory, are all combined into one treasure which she receives of God Himself, viz.: Jesus, the Son of the eternal God.

Our blessed Patriarch, while receiving Mary for his spouse, receives as her dowry all the treasures she brings with her. What a fortune! To these she adds the gift of herself. Next to Jesus, St. Joseph could receive no present more precious than the heart of the holy Virgin, and yet she gives it most liberally to her beloved spouse. When dying on Mount Calvary, our Blessed Lord will give His holy Mother to St. John, the beloved, whom He will prefer even to St. Peter, His vicegerent on earth; but the Blessed Mother never belonged to St. John as she did to St. Joseph. St. Joseph, the true spouse of Mary, is therefore looked upon as the father of Jesus, and goes by that name. "Jesus, Son of Joseph, as was believed;"—"Is He not the Son of the carpenter?"—"Is He not the Son of Joseph?" This was said, we know, by those who knew not His Divine conception: but the Gospel and Mary herself give him the same name: "His father and mother wondered, hearing these things. . . . Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." It is not without a design St. Luke and the Blessed Virgin, speaking under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, give St. Joseph this glorious title: most assuredly there is a reason for it: it is to give us to understand that the eter-

nal Father, while communicating to this wonderfully privileged man, as far as it can be done, a paternity which He does not communicate to the other two Divine Persons, has raised him to a most elevated and sublime dignity.

Nor was the name of father a vain title in St. Joseph; it meant a function, an office, an authority, all the rights of at least a fosterfather. Joseph, who was not a father by nature, was a father, as Bossuet so beautifully remarks, by the heart, by his love and care and solicitude. He had adopted Jesus, the Son of his most holy spouse, as a beloved Son whom he received from God Himself; and Jesus likewise had in return adopted St. Joseph for His father, and transmitted him all the rights of a father.

Hence, to a great extent, our glorious St. Joseph was, and acted the part of, the chief and superior of the Holy Virgin and Christ Himself. The first part of this proposition presents no difficulty; it is the teaching of St. Paul (1 Corinth. xi): "that man is the head of the woman, *caput mulieris vir*." Although the Blessed Mary, by her vow and the extraordinary privileges bestowed on her, did not depend on St. Joseph for the mysteries of the soul, still she was absolutely subject to him as the head of the family in the government of the house. It was to him God directed His orders, to show that the law He Himself established regulated everything at Nazareth: thus it was that the departure for Egypt and the return therefrom were made known to Joseph, and not to Mary. As to the imposition of the name of Jesus, it was revealed to both.

That St. Joseph's authority extended over Jesus, is of faith; "*et erat subditus illis* : and He was submitted to them:" it is a fact, not a right. By right, Jesus, Son of the Most High God, was subject to no creature; and it will forever be enough for St. Joseph's grandeur to show that even Jesus submitted Himself to his command, obeyed him as His superior, and honored him as His father.

What an unspeakably sweet intimacy!

Oh! the heavenly feelings that reigned in the holy family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph! We call it the terrestrial Trinity, and nothing can better qualify it; for, after the union of the three adorable Persons, where shall we look for a union as holy, as perfect? If it is the duty of a wife to love her husband, and if she cannot sanctify herself without it, what a love for Joseph must have filled Mary's own heart! for she was the most virtuous and most perfect among the holiest spouses. What a deep sense of gratitude for all his fatigues, his cares, his tender solicitude! What is true of Mary towards Joseph, is truer still of Jesus, who, being more perfect, more powerful, more grateful, paid more liberally than Mary every service He received of His fosterfather at Nazareth.

It has often been asked if the dignity of our great saint is above all other dignity, without any exception but that of the Mother of God? If we compare it to that of the forerunner, John the Baptist, or that of the apostles and evangelists, which of them is to be preferred?

St. Joseph's office unquestionably refers more immediately to the person of Jesus Christ than does any other; his ministry comes nearer to that of the divine maternity. After Mary, no one ever was blessed with equal opportunities to reach the summit of perfection in either the active or the contemplative life. As to the active life—it is self-evident: where is the creature to whom Jesus may say with more evident truth: I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink? The immediate cause of Joseph's over-fatigue and exertion was the person of Jesus. Why was it that the crime of the Jews who condemned and put to death the Son of God is greater than all other crimes? Because of the infinite dignity of the Person it outraged. Thus, also, the works of piety daily and hourly accomplished by our glorious saint towards Jesus, with the most comprehensive knowledge of, and ardent love for, His Sacred Person, derive thence an unsurpassable, unequalled superiority of merit and excellence.

Did he not find in his own daily sphere of action the best part of the contemplative life? He joined to the state of marriage the vow and the merit of virginity; he was united to a spouse whose familiar society was a school of virtue, of piety and religion, to which no other school could be compared in the world. Do we sometimes realize the destiny of a man to whom the Holy Mother looked as her lord, her own spouse, whom she obeyed and loved! who conversed with her daily, sat and knelt by her side, ate at her table served by her own hands! Oh, the ravishing sight of the miracle of human intercourse! and yet there was something more elevated in the destiny of St. Joseph at Nazareth. He enjoyed even the company of Jesus Himself; and this, habitually; for a number of years he heard divine truths from His sacred lips. In the Babe he carried and pressed in his arms he knew, he felt, he realized, that he held a God Child, the Creator of the universe. In the tiny hand he beheld so often extended towards him for bread, he recognized the hand that drew the world from nothing, that feeds every living creature in this world. With that mysterious, wonderful Child he worked and prayed, and came nearer and nearer every day to the heavenly Father whose perfection man must strive to reach as long as he remains on earth.

Perhaps we have dwelt too long on this subject for some of our readers. However, we must say we have only pointed it out as a mine of inexhaustible wealth and enjoyment. But, in the little we have drawn out of it, we have a proof that, if perfection consists in uniting most completely the advantages of both the active and the contemplative life, St. Joseph's ministry must have been far above all others, the highest and most sublime.

What shall we say of St. Joseph's virtues? of his holiness? . . . When God calls a man to an extraordinary mission, He fits him with proper gifts and graces to enable him to fulfil it worthily. The same Gospel in which our saint is designated

as the *just*, or possessed of all virtues, presents him sometimes in delicate and difficult circumstances, and each time he challenges our admiration. We recognize his prudence and moderation, when he notices the unexplained condition of his spouse; and his faith and obedience, when the secret and the will of heaven are made known. Who could refuse admiration to his prompt departure for Egypt? The angel bids him fly in the dead of the night to an unknown land, and take with him the mother and her Child, as if heaven itself could do nothing for that woman who, but yesterday, was pointed out to him as the Mother of God; as if that Child, whom he knew was the only true God, were in danger, and helpless against His enemies. Joseph brings forward no objections; he believes and adores in silence, and starts before the dawning of the light.

After all we have said of St. Joseph, it will not surprise any of the readers of the AVE MARIA to see us on the side of the grave theologians who piously believe and teach that the same order marked out in St. Matthew i: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," is also maintained in heaven; thus placing our glorious Patriarch above St. John the Baptist, above the Apostles and all the angelic choirs, and not separating in the eternal glory these three venerated names once so closely united upon earth. In this we follow the learned Suarez, and repeat after him, that it is neither rash nor improbable but rather pious and likely, to believe that St. Joseph received more graces than all the other saints, not excepting the Precursor or the Apostles; and that in the glory of heaven he is next to his holy spouse.

Of his power there, to protect and enrich those who call on him from this land of want and suffering, we have no room to speak. We may return to it in a separate article.

In the mean time, we humbly and most thankfully acknowledge, with every member of our little community, an immense debt of gratitude for endless blessings received by each and all of us through his

paternal meditation during a quarter of a century, in the rich valley, on the beautiful banks of the river, and in the lovely county, of St. Joseph.

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

### Bouquets for every Season.

#### IV.—THE PASCHAL SEASON.

##### I.—THE ALLELUIA.

On Easter Sunday, St. Gertrude, animating all the powers of her body and soul to recite the Matins of the Resurrection with devotion, begged of her divine Master to teach her how she could best praise Him by the ALLELUIA, which is so often repeated during this joyful time. Our Lord replied: "You can praise Me by the *Alleluia*, by uniting it to the praises which the saints and angels constantly offer Me in heaven." Then continuing His instruction He desired her (1.) to praise Him with the saints for the glorious immortality by which the sufferings of His Humanity and the bitterness of His Passion were rewarded; (2.) to praise Him for the sweet and ineffable joys which gladden His eyes in gazing upon the Holy Trinity; (3.) to unite herself with the delight which He finds in hearing the concerts of praises in honor of the Blessed Trinity which are sung by the saints and angels; (4.) to enjoy the sweet perfumes and odors which He finds in the presence of the Holy Trinity; (5.) to rejoice that His Humanity, which was formerly capable of suffering and mortal, is now filled with the Divine immortality. To follow this beautiful instruction exactly as it was given, one should be as fervent and practiced in divine contemplation as the saint herself, who probably found no difficulty in applying each of these intentions to the vowels occurring in the word *Alleluia*. Alas for our roving imaginations, to which such absorption in heavenly things seems utterly impracticable. How-

ever, our case is not altogether hopeless. Love is ingenious, and easily finds methods of gratifying its fervent impulses, according to individual taste and devotion. We may mention one. As our Blessed Lord on several occasions suggested to His beloved Gertrude the recitation of the Psalm *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*, "to supply for the praises that men fail to offer Him," it would seem proper to blend the two devotions during Easter time by repeating the psalm five times for the above intentions, adding the *Alleluia* to each verse.

##### III.—PURITY OF INTENTION.

On Thursday in Easter week St. Gertrude understood from our Lord that "all her actions were perfectly agreeable to Him." Surprised at this she considered how it could be, since she thought her actions could not be pleasing to any one, and saw in them herself such great imperfections; but He said to her: "The good and praiseworthy custom which you have of recommending your actions to Me so frequently, and of placing them in My hands, makes me correct those which are defective, that they may please Me perfectly and all My celestial court."

##### III.—OF THE LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

Once, on the feast of St. Mark, the favored Gertrude had a vision well calculated to encourage all to be devoutly present at the public recitation of the Litany of the Saints on that feast and on the Rogation Days. It is thus described in the Life and Revelations of the saint: "Our Lord appeared to her, seated on a throne of majesty, adorned with precious stones, which formed as many brilliant mirrors as there were saints in heaven." Each saint rose joyfully as he was named in the Litany, to offer his prayers to God for those who had invoked him; and the names of those who prayed to them appeared written on their hands: the names of those who had invoked them with fervor and purity were written in letters of gold; the names of those who prayed

only through custom were in black; while the names of those who were careless and indifferent could scarcely be discerned at all. St. Gertrude understood from this, that when the saints whom we have invoked pray for us, their prayers shine before God as a monument of the mercy which He has promised us, which obliges Him to have pity on us; and when we invoke the saints with a pure and fervent devotion, they receive the brilliancy of the precious stones enchased in our Lord's robe, which are inscribed with the names of those who revere them and invoke their aid."

#### IV.—SALUTATIONS TO OUR LORD.

Few things appear more marvellous in the lives of the saints than the fidelity with which they observed the precept to pray always. We read of Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, that for "eight days before each feast of the Blessed Virgin, she bent the knee a thousand times a day, saying the '*Hail Mary*' every time;" and of the illustrious penitent, St. Margaret of Cortona, that before she attained to contemplation the vocal prayers she recited daily were so numerous, that her confessor was amazed how she could find time or breath to repeat them. And we are told of St. Gertrude repeating the following exquisite salutation five thousand four hundred and sixty-six times, when preparing to celebrate the great festival of the Ascension:

"Glory be to Thee, most sweet, most gentle, most benign, most noble, most excellent, effulgent, and ever-peaceful Trinity, for the roseate Wounds of my only love!

"As she repeated this salutation, our Lord Jesus appeared to her, more beautiful than the angels, bearing golden flowers on each Wound, and saluted her thus, with a serene countenance and the tenderest charity: 'Behold in what glory I now appear to you. I will appear in the same manner to you at your death, and will cover all the stains of your sins, and of those also who salute my Wounds with

the same devotion!" Another of the Saint's favorite salutations at this time was:

"Hail, Jesus, beautiful Spouse! I salute and praise Thee in 'Thy Ascension joys.'"

On the vigil of the festival she repeated these words two hundred and twenty-five times, to salute our Lord's sacred Limbs.

It was objected by a person who was advised to adopt some devotions of this kind, that for people living in the world to pray so often was impossible, and as for having the fervor of St. Gertrude or other chosen souls, that was not to be thought of. Then, my dear, (was the reply), say these little prayers as often as you conveniently can; take a few minutes from sleep, recreation or meal-times, and say them with a good-will: so you will gain several trifling merits which together may equal—who knows?—even what you would acquire had you the fervid devotion of the saint herself. O how could that possibly be? was the hasty question. The patient instructress replied: You will tell our Lord that you wish with all your heart that you could say these prayers with as much love and fervor as St. Gertrude, or whatever saint it may be; that you rejoice with the saint and praise Him for the holy dispositions He gave her; and that you desire by reciting the prayers, though unworthily, to renew the delight His loving Heart took in her sweet and acceptable homage. Humility, self-denial—that holy envy which regrets it has not the perfection of others, yet generously admires and rejoices in it with them—the unselfish desire for our Lord's glory and pleasure,—see, dear, how easily an act of each of these beautiful virtues can be made, and think you not that *He* will be pleased with these trifles? "He that is faithful in the least is faithful in the greatest."

#### V.—ASCENSION THURSDAY.

On the morning of the festival for which St. Gertrude had thus assiduously prepared, she asked her gracious Lord to teach her how to honor fittingly the admirable procession which He made

when conducting His disciples to Bethania. Our Lord replied: "As Bethania signifies the 'house of obedience,' you cannot make a better procession, or one more pleasing to Me, than to offer Me the entirety of your will, when you conduct Me within you, grieving sincerely for having followed your own will on so many occasions in preference to Mine, and firmly determining for the future to perform My will perfectly in all things." He was also pleased to reveal to her how acceptable were the various devotions she had performed. After having communicated, "the saint offered her prayers, and those of some other persons, to serve as an ornament to His sacred Wounds, for the day of His glorious Ascension. Then the Lord Jesus appeared before His Father, adorned with these prayers, as with so many precious stones; and His Father appeared to draw all these offerings of the elect to Himself, by His almighty power, and then to cause them to fall in rays of glory on the throne prepared for all eternity for those who had offered these prayers." At Vespers, she saw our Lord "giving His benediction to the whole community, saying to them: 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' By which she understood, that our Lord had poured forth His grace so effectually into the hearts of those who had celebrated this festival with singular devotion, that whatever trouble might happen to them, He would still leave some of His peace in their souls, even as sparks of fire are hidden under ashes."

MARY.

### Receipts for Defence of the Pope.

Amount on hand—from No. 14..	\$ 392 06
A friend, Washington, D. C....	5 00
Michael Cleary, Melleray, Iowa..	5 00

Total amount on hand.....	\$ 402 06
Am't remitted up to Oct. 5, 1868.	1,343 00

Total.....	\$ 1,745 06
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### THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER XI.

### LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

[CONTINUED.]

"Up to this point of our Saviour's discourse all seems easy, because it sounds symbolic or figurative, and can be adapted in a mystical sense to our spiritual comprehension; but I believe with all the power of my soul that He was teaching a *substantial* truth, hence I am no longer satisfied with either type or shadow, and will seek for the substance, which is Himself under the form of bread. He *speaks of three sorts of bread*. The first is that with which He fed the five thousand on the mountain—a miraculous bread, miraculously multiplied, and figurative of a greater mystery; but He calls it 'meat which perisheth'; the second is *manna*, which the Jews called 'bread from heaven,' but which Jesus declares with the solemnity of an oath was not: 'Amen, amen I say unto you: Moses gave them not bread from Heaven. . . . I am the bread of life.' Here now we have the third kind of bread, and He tells us what it is: 'Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven: that if any man eat of it, he may not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread which I will give, is My flesh for the life of the world.'

"When the Jews heard these sayings, they strove amongst themselves, thinking He meant His flesh in a carnal sense, and said to one another: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' Here was the time and opportunity for Jesus to have explained His meaning if He spoke a parable, or meant His words to be understood in a figurative sense; for He knew that He was speaking through them to all time,

and it would have been the work of a devil and not of God to leave them in error on so vital a question. He saw how eagerly they awaited His answer, and how the minds of His own disciples were troubled by His words; but, so far from doing this, He declared in plainer terms if possible, ratified by the solemnity of an oath, the same mystery: 'Amen, amen I say unto you: except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you.' Who was the Son of man? Himself. Who was He? Jesus Christ. Who was Jesus Christ? The Son of God. We believe this. Then must we also believe Him when He tells us *how* we are to believe in Him, when He declares squarely and without a shadow of prevarication or hidden meaning, in simple, straightforward, but awful words: 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed; and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. This is the bread which came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth this bread shall live forever.' Not only the Jews who thronged the synagogue that day to hear His words scoffed and cavilled at His doctrines, but some of His own disciples, who had witnessed the multiplication of the loaves, and afterwards on the midnight sea had seen Him walking upon the stormy waters—who, terrified because they thought it was a spirit, were consoled by His voice whispering: 'It is I: be not afraid,' and took Him into their ship with joy,—doubted Him now, and turning back walked with Him no more. But He did not recall them. They 'had seen Him and did not believe;' they had been taught of God, but profited nothing. We believe in Him as the Eternal Truth, the true Son of God, the Redeemer who assumed flesh that He might die in the flesh for us, then

we must believe Him when He tells us that to inherit eternal life we must eat of this bread which is His flesh. To abide in Him and Him in us we eat His flesh and drink His blood; and," continued the Elder, "I believe His words, and because I believe them I can no longer make a mockery of them by partaking of symbols. There must be somewhere among God's people a solution of my difficulty. The truth cannot perish. I know nothing beyond Congregational opinions; and they do not hold it. I do not know where, or how, to seek this life-giving bread. My ship is tossed on waters of stormy doubts and fears, and in the darkness and uncertainty of my soul I see Him afar off; He is yet but a spirit to me and I tremble, for I know not who holds the divine and life-giving legacy He has bequeathed me, the great and awful trust, the miraculous feast of the body and blood of Jesus Christ which to inherit eternal life I must eat. This, my wife and children, is what has troubled my spiritual life for some years past. I have sought to stifle it as a temptation and false doctrine, but it has pursued me until my thoughts are so full of it that I could as easily doubt my very existence as the belief that it is necessary to my salvation to eat of this heavenly bread."

"Oh, husband! your delusion passes all belief. It *is* a temptation; never doubt that. There, there—read that!" exclaimed Mrs. Flemming standing beside him, and pointing to a verse which she read in a triumphant voice: "'It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing. The words I have spoken to you are the spirit and the life.'"

"Yes, mother; dead flesh separated from the spirit, in the gross manner they supposed they were to eat His flesh, would indeed 'profit nothing.' That is what He meant. In proposing the feast of His body and blood, don't you see that it bestows spirit, grace, and life, inasmuch as in partaking of it He abides in us and we in Him, marking us for His own, worthy by it of inheriting eternal life? Paul says that whosoever shall eat of this bread and

drink of this cup unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and 'he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord.'\*"

"Wolfert Flemming! you are wresting the word of God to your own ruin! I fear that you are possessed of a devil, if you are not crazy," exclaimed Mrs. Flemming, laying her hand upon his broad forehead and looking into his calm gray eyes, which regarded her troubled countenance with a look of ineffable love and pity. "Oh, what delusions to come to such a soul! Husband, send for Father Ray."

"Father Ray cannot help me, mother. He has tried, and gave me no comfort or light. Only God Himself can aid me. I look for Him to stretch His hand out of the darkness to lead me, for He knows how earnestly I seek Him; and though He slay me, yet will I trust Him. I can be a hypocrite no longer. The scriptures themselves have led me into deep waters; perhaps I may sink, but I hope not. I hope not. Like Tobias, I know not the way, nor whence to find a faithful guide; but I 'believe' for all that, and I know that God will not suffer me to perish through ignorance. But I must break off from the old lines, they are too narrow for the needs of my soul."

"But, father, consider!" cried Mrs. Flemming, her voice tremulous with excitement and distress. "Consider how you are looked up to by old and young as one strong in the faith, and what a hurt it will be to souls to see you falling away from pure and simple Gospel doctrines, to run after visionary ideas. Consider, too, the discredit it will be to you, you who come of such old true-blooded Puritan stock; think of the hurt it will be to your business, and the disgrace it will bring upon your family— Oh, dear me! I never heard of such a dreadful thing in my life. And the girls— I'm sure their prospects will be ruined if you go off and backslide in this way."

\* 1 Corinthians, xi.

"Little wife," said the Elder, kindly and gravely, "I must not labor for the meat that perisheth, but for the bread of eternal life. I will abide in the promise of Him who commands me to believe in Him. I am groping for the truth, which must be somewhere on God's earth; and if I find it by His grace, I shall be ready not only to suffer, but rejoice, if need be to die for it."

"Oh, dear me!" bewailed Mrs. Flemming, "what will that righteous man, Father Ray, say? What will the Deacon do? What will John Wilde think? I never had such a shock in my life. Why, Elder Flemming!" she cried, growing irate: "You must surely be bewitched."

"No, mother, I am not bewitched. Don't distress yourself so—it pains me," he said quietly.

"I'm glad it does; it's a good sign, Elder Flemming, to have something pain your conscience; it shows that you are not quite 'given over.' I've felt *something* coming for weeks and weeks. I didn't know what, but it made a cold spot on my heart all the time, that wouldn't let me forget even for a minute that it was there. Ever since that idolatrous Irish papist was here, I have felt so. I wish it had been in the good old times for him, with his crosses and superstitions." Which meant that Patrick McCue would not have got off with flying colors, but would probably have got a "rise in the world," as they say out in Nebraska when a man is hung. "Only see, now, how God has punished us for sheltering an idolater."

"Mother, do you remember the words: 'I was a stranger and ye took Me in. I was hungry and ye fed me:'" said the Elder.

"No I don't forget them; but there were no wandering Irish papists going about in those days, destroying the peace of christian families." Then Mrs. Flemming, out of breath, and half beside herself with grief and anger, went back to her chair and tried to resume her work.

Hope and Eva had not spoken; the whole scene surprised and distressed them; they were not prepared for any such thing, and the sudden breaking down of accus-

tomed lines, or the uprooting of lifetime traditions, is always painful; but on the whole they sympathized and almost believed with their—father, it all seemed so straightforward and indisputable; but Reuben for once forgot his book, and regarded with something akin to a speechless terror what appeared to him very like a great moral earthquake of apostasy. Elder Flemming got up, and walked up and down the room; his soft, firm footfall, and the creaking of a plank here and there of the old floor as he stepped upon it, and the sparkling of the fire caused by the falling apart of a great blazing log, were the only sounds, except the low shrill whistle of the wind around the northwest angle of the house, that were heard. They were all full of busy thought, and it seemed to them that a curtain had been suddenly rent away before them, revealing a chaos into which they were being driven. At last the Elder paused in his monotonous march, and taking his accustomed seat, said: "We will have family worship;" then he turned over the leaves of the old Bible, and his calm even voice, full of the spirit of the Psalm\* he read, fell soothingly upon the mortal unrest around him; after which, from the fullness of his own soul, upon his bended knees, he poured out his cry for help. Afterwards Hope and Eva bade him and their mother a tender good night and went away. Mrs. Flemming lit Reuben's candle, and sent him off to bed with a charge "not to read in bed," then she took up her own candlestick, and went round inspecting the fastenings of doors and windows, and looked to see if the old *beaufet*, with its sparkling treasures, was safely locked; and finding that the Elder did not move, she fidgeted around, jingling her key-basket a little while longer, then said: "Rake up the fire carefully if you are not coming, but don't stay up too late, father; you need sleep."

But he did not feel like sleeping, and after she went away he took the light and went to his "work-room" and sat down

to think, but his mind was so tempest-tost that he could not bring his thoughts to anything like order, and he determined to go to work on the accounts of "Sneathen and Flemming" and prepare the new terms of partnership, the old one expiring ten days hence; he would go over it all, and see what he could do to find out what virtue there was in algebra for a troubled mind. So thinking, he went to his desk, and in turning over and assorting his accounts he picked up Patrick McCue's keepsake, which he had entirely forgotten, and in a vague, absent-minded way he opened it, and his eye lit upon these words: "First, supposing it possible that Jesus Christ had deceived the Jews at Capharnaum, and even His disciples, and His very apostles, in the solemn asseverations which He, six times over, repeated of His real and corporal presence in the sacrament when He promised to institute it; can any one believe that He would continue the deception on His dear apostles in the very act of instituting it? and when He was on the point of leaving them? in short, when he was bequeathing to them the legacy of His love?\* . . . ." The strong man's soul trembled as he read! What was this, and whence, so aptly fitting his needs? Could it be that help was at hand, and from such a source? Was it this book, which weeks ago he had thrown aside with contempt as defiled with false doctrine, which was to enlighten him? He did not stop to parley with the past, but read on, and on, and on, until he came to the end of the subject, then he turned hungrily to the first page of the book and began anew; he must see it all, and find if other questions of his soul could be answered by it; and forgetting time and rest, he stood at his desk leaning upon his elbows, devouring its contents so full and satisfying to his mind, until with a sudden upflirting of light, the candle burnt down to the socket gave one flash of light, and expired, leaving him in darkness. Exterior darkness only, for the

\* Psalm lxvi. "Deus misereatur."

\* "Milner's End of Controversy," page 220.

lamp of his soul was alight, its shadows were fleeing before the divine illumination; he had found a guide at last who led him with a strong strange power into the ways of truth, and his very blood pulsed with a new and perfect joy. But he could not stop. He must learn more; so he kindled his fire and lit the swinging lamp over his work-bench, and drawing his great leather-backed chair to it, he sat down and resumed the book.

Mrs. Flemming had passed a restless, feverish night. Now and then she dozed from utter weariness, wondering what was the matter with her, remembered, and put out her hand to her husband's pillow, to see if he had come to bed; but finding it empty, turned away with a sigh half of anger half of alarm at his absence and tried to sleep, but when hour after hour passed on, and the sky showed streaks of light through the clear window pane, she sprang up terrified, and hurrying on her clothes, trembling in every limb, ran down to the old sitting-room where she had left him,—her heart stirred with the first anger she had ever felt towards him,—but he was not there. Full of wild apprehensions and scarcely able to walk, she was so agitated with she knew not what, she dragged herself along until she came to the "work-room," and with a sick fear at her heart of not finding him there, she softly opened the door—and there, his head leaning back on his chair, he was sound asleep, with a look of such peace and joy and a smile of such perfect restfulness on his countenance that Mrs. Flemming stopped half way, wondering if it could be the red and golden light from the morning sun that brightened up her husband's grand massive face with such strange soft brightness. He stirred at the moment; and the book falling from his hand to the floor, awoke him.\*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* This narrative was commenced two years ago. Elder Flemming's conversion, from reading "Miller's End of Controversy," occurred more than forty years ago; and another individual, of whom we knew, had her doubts entirely silenced by a

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

(CONTINUED.)

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

The catacombs, although principally constructed to serve as burial-places for the early christians of both sexes, and of all ranks and ages, served yet another purpose, which was given them in consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the times. During the days of the early persecutions, namely, they became places of *temporary retreat* for the pope, the clergy and such of the people as were most bitterly persecuted by the rulers of the state; at the same time they served for all the faithful as places in which they could occasionally assemble for the purpose of taking part in the *public worship* of the Church.

For this latter purpose the chambers, *i. e.*, the various rooms or grottoes excavated with the view of affording burial to all the members of any given family or some particularly distinguished martyr, soon proved altogether too small. Hence it became customary to excavate regular *chapels*, more elaborately finished, along the various passages. These chapels invariably contained an *arcosolium*, or else had an altar that was built over the confined remains of some saint. Alongside or behind this altar stood the *bishop's chair*, while along the wall there ran a stone bench for the clergy. The *credence-tables* were either niches cut in the wall, or else projecting plates of rock. On one side of the altar was generally the so-called choir

copy of the same work which she got from an ignorant Irish woman, who kept a little catholic library in Baltimore, twenty-five years ago. The writer makes this explanation, lest some might think we are making use of "Gropings after the Truth," by Dr. Huntington.

or chapel for the men, while the women had another, facing the first, on the opposite side. A double ventilator, or *luminare*, opening on the ceilings of both these chapels and uniting into one directly above the passage, served to furnish the worshippers with a constant supply of fresh air. Sometimes there is yet a plain third hall, connected with the presbytery in such a manner that those assembled there may hear, but cannot see, what is being done in the church proper. In these halls the penitents and catechumens are wont to assemble.

It was in these strange crypts that from St. Peter down to Marcellus and Eusebius a long succession of popes were forced to make their homes. Such was the case, for instance, with the holy pope Cajus,—a nephew of the cruel Diocletian,—who dwelt for eight full years in the catacombs. It was here that those holy popes for the most part instructed and baptized the faithful; here that they ordained their priests, and here also that they laid the foundations of Church discipline. From within these hallowed retreats they governed the entire flock of Christ, issued their decrees, and administered their high office of bishops and apostles. Again, it was from these places that they sent forth the faithful, made strong by the bread of life, to contend in the arena for the martyr's crown; and from here that they eventually came forth themselves in order to give up their lives for Christ.

The sacred inviolability which even in the eyes of a heathen attached to all cemeteries, and the secret fear of meeting with unknown dangers in the mazes of these strange labyrinths, served to render these spots a comparatively safe retreat from their bitter and relentless enemies. Still there are cases on record where even all these considerations ceased to render the catacombs a safe retreat from the persecutions of those who had sworn to exterminate the name and religion of Christ. Thus, St. Emerentiana was stoned to death in one of these crypts, St. Candida was hurled down one of the *luminaria* and crushed,

while on another occasion an entire congregation of christians were buried alive near the graves of the holy martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria. In like manner, during the year 261, the holy Pope Sixtus II, while celebrating the adorable mysteries in the Catacombs, was set upon and put to death in company with four assistant deacons, while but a short time before another holy pope had shared the same fate. We have reference here to St. Stephen I. At the command of the emperor he was dragged to the temple of Mars, whence he escaped by a miracle from the hands of his executioners and hastened, together with his clergy, to hide in the catacombs of Calistus. Here for a long time, he remained in peace, and ministered as chief pastor to his ever growing flock that gathered around him.

One evening, after the burning heat of an August day, the faithful were again assembling, as was their custom, to hear the word of God and assist at the sacred functions. A casual stroller along the Appian Way, on the outskirts of the city, might have easily noticed from time to time how deeply muffled forms, now one by one and then again in small groups, were silently and hastily gliding through the dim twilight and disappearing behind the wall of an isolated country villa. They are christians, hurrying to the cemetery of Lucina, which is only a branch of the catacombs of Calistus, where they expect to be present at the early morning service. The password given, a little gate opens to admit them, and they are silently treading the dimly lighted subterranean passages. At last they have arrived at the end of their journey. The women, all deeply veiled, turn to the left, where they meet the presiding matron, whom they salute, and then pass on to their places. The men turn into a chapel to the right, the entrance to which is guarded by an ecclesiastic. The ceilings and walls of the chapels are decorated with symbolical paintings, around which the soft light of the lamps below seems to throw a peculiar halo that is both impressive and charming.

All the surroundings are calculated to impress one with a feeling of awe and devotion. In the background of the sanctuary there rises above the tomb of some martyr a plain altar, on which a deacon is already engaged in preparing the sacred vessels. The faithful, as they enter, deposit their offerings—consisting of bread and wine—in a niche, and then remain standing in their allotted places while the clergy enter the presbytery and make the necessary preparations for the Holy Sacrifice. The leading figure of the scene, however, is the venerable person of Saint Stephen, sitting on his massive chair of marble. With the anxious and loving look of a father he casts a glance over the chosen little band around him, and then he arises from his throne. He now opens his prophetic lips, and the words of peace and comfort that issue therefrom are like a mighty stream that takes the assembly by storm and sways them to and fro under the impulse of its electrical current. This done, the high-priest ascends the altar, and with his face turned towards the people he begins the celebration of the *sacred mysteries*. What a heavenly fire seems to glow within him, and shine forth from his countenance, as he lifts up his hands in prayer! How his eyes flash with more than earthly joy when the Lamb of God lies incarnate before him! Is it, perhaps, a presentiment of approaching martyrdom and subsequent bliss that has moved the venerable old bishop to tears? List!—The clatter of arms is heard, and the red glare of approaching torches is seen in the gallery. A mob is approaching. They are dreaded hirelings of the emperor. The *luminare* has borne to their ears the sacred songs of the little congregation, and has revealed the place of their retreat. Like wild beasts the soldiers come rushing on. But all of a sudden they halt at the entrance of the chapel, as if rooted there by a supernatural power. The holy pope finishes the sacrifice, prays for his persecutors, and takes his seat again in perfect composure. Not until now do the soldiers advance with drawn swords,

and before many minutes the gray-headed old man who had just offered up to God so great and adorable a sacrifice, lies himself on the sandstone floor a bleeding and lifeless victim for the cause of Christ and His holy Church.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Ordination.

A PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS was celebrated on Sunday, March 7th, by Right Rev. Bishop Luers, at Notre Dame, Ind., who conferred on Rev. P. Lauth, S. S. C., the order of the Priesthood. The ceremony was very imposing, and was followed by an eloquent sermon from the Right Rev. Bishop.

On the 19th (St. Joseph's day), Most Rev. Archbishop Odin conferred the sacred order of priesthood, in the archiepiscopal church, on the Rev. P. Byrne, of the Lazarist Congregation.—*N. O. Star*.

On Saturday, March 13th, Rev. Edward Hamon, S. J., was ordained deacon, and the Rev. Francis Aloysius Spencer, of the Community of St. Paul the Apostle, was promoted to the priesthood.—*Tablet*.

DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessey, D. D., of Dubuque, conferred priesthood on Revs. A. F. Monahan and S. F. Wieland.

CLEVELAND.—On Sunday, March 7th, the Right Rev. A. Rappe, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, held an ordination in the cathedral of that town, at which the following gentlemen were raised to the dignity of the priesthood: Of the Diocese of Cleveland, Rev. Thomas Conlan, Rev. Joseph Eiler, Rev. Nicholas Flammang, Rev. Michael Pitts, and Rev. Patrick Quigley; of the Diocese of Erie, Rev. P. McGrath.

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Tuesday morning, March 16th, was made memorable in the history of the Church in Philadelphia by the transferring of the remains of Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., and Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, D. D., the first

two bishops of our diocese, from their former resting places, and depositing them in the vault prepared for them, under the grand altar of the cathedral. The occasion was marked by the most solemn and imposing ceremonies prescribed by the Pontifical for such an event. Our Right Rev. Bishop, wishing to leave nothing undone that would add to the solemnity of the occasion, and to the honor due to his worthy predecessors, issued invitations not only to the Rev. clergy under his episcopal jurisdiction, but also to the Rt. Rev. Prelates of the Province of Baltimore. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.—*Cath. Standard*.

### Obituary.

THE Right Rev. Guido Ignatius Chabrat, D. D., who after sharing the missionary labors and merits of Bishop Flaget in Kentucky for many years, was consecrated his coadjutor on July the 20th, 1834, and resigned in 1847 in consequence of ill health and ophthalmia which finally resulted in blindness, died in his native place, France, on the 21st of last November, in his 82d year.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

DIED.—Rev. Philip A. O'Farrell, pastor of St. Mary's church, Phoenixville, Pa., at the pastoral residence, on the 9th of March.—*Cath. Standard*.

DIED.—In St. Paul, Minnesota, on Monday, 29th ult., the Rev. Demetrius Marogna, formerly prior of St. Vincent's Abbey, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania.

REV. JAMES A. D'ARCY died on the 24th of March, in Madison, N. J., at the presbytery of St. Vincent's church.

May they rest in peace.

### Religious Receptions.

On the 19th ult., at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondelet, Mo., eight novices, who had completed the term of their novitiate, pronounced their usual religious vows, according to the form of

the institute; also three young ladies received the veil.

The following are the names of those admitted to their holy profession:—

Sr. M. Camilla Densberger, from Peoria, Ill.; Sr. M. Paneratia Leddy, from St. Paul, Minn.; Sr. M. De Britto O'Neil, Sr. M. Maurice Nolan, Sr. M. Candida McGrath, Sr. M. Sebastiana Nevill, from Salem, Mass.; Sr. M. Paul of the Cross O'Neil, Sr. M. Alphonsina Kennedy, from St. Paul, Minn.

The young ladies who received the veil are as follows:—Miss Ellen Fogarty, in religion, Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus; Miss Frances Renson, in religion Sister Edward of Mary; Miss Catherine McGinnis, in religion, Sister M. Magdalene of the Passion. The Rev. Abbé St. Cyr, chaplain of the community, officiated on the occasion and delivered a very pathetic discourse.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### The Legend of Easter Eggs.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,  
As he merrily climbed on his father's knee,  
"Why are those eggs that you see me hold  
Colored so finely with blue and gold?  
And what is the beautiful bird that lays  
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,  
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;  
And how Joseph, the wealthy—whom God reward—  
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,  
And piously tombed it within the rock,  
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,  
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue.  
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast  
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,  
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,  
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now, when the bird from her dim recess  
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,  
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,  
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,  
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,  
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the morn was-up  
 She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,  
 A song of sorrow as wild and shrill  
 As the homeless wind when it roams the hill ;  
 So full of tears, so loud and long,  
 That the grief of the world seemed turned to a song.

But soon there came through the weeping night  
 A glimmering angel clothed in white ;  
 And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,  
 Where the Lord of the heavens and the earth lay,  
 And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,  
 And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree  
 Beheld the celestial mystery,  
 And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,  
 And it poured a song on the throbbing night,  
 Notes, climbing notes, still higher, higher,  
 They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard  
 The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,  
 And heard the following chant of mirth  
 That hailed Christ risen from the earth.  
 He said : " Sweet bird, be forever blest ;  
 Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest."

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,  
 Where death bowed down to the Lord of light,  
 The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,  
 And burn with red, and gold, and blue ;  
 Reminding mankind, in their simple way,  
 Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

—*National Intelligencer.*

## THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN ;

OR,

### The Reward of Hospitality.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

BY L. E. M'L.

[CONCLUDED.]

The days glided by; the recovery of the fisherman was slow. His limbs remained numb, and at length the physician told them that Germain would never again be able to work, and it will be with difficulty that he could walk around his cottage.

Ah! with what grief Marie heard this sad decree; what would become of them? No more fishing! Louis was scarcely convalescent, and would not be able to assist them for a long time.

The poor child formed a resolution.

As soon as her father was a little better she would confide him to the care of Stephen, and go to the city, where she could obtain some employment whereby to support her disabled father. Providence would do the rest.

Strength returned to the good fisherman: he felt able to sit up, and Marie took advantage of this to make the bed on which her father had lain for such a long time. But, O surprise! O benefit of heaven! In shaking the straw bolster and removing the case that surrounded it, a paper fell with a slight noise on the floor. Marie opened it, and found it contained ten gold pieces, and the following words written with a pencil: "*Gratitude to hospitality.*" The fisherman's daughter guessed the mystery. The bed on which the stranger had slept was the one occupied by the unfortunate Germain since his accident, and had not been made since the day of the tempest. The generous traveller, as generous as he was beneficent, had there concealed the testimony of his gratitude. Marie ran joyfully to show the treasure to her father. Her heart was rendered happy; she would work for her father, but would not be under the necessity of leaving her native place. At this thought she blessed in her heart the kind stranger, and only formed one wish; that was, to offer him the homage of her gratitude.

Marie went to the city to make various purchases; not for herself, but for her father, and returned home after procuring him a softer bed, and warmer clothing to preserve him from the cold of winter.

The trees had already lost their covering, and the forest paths were strewed with the yellow leaves of autumn. A bright fire burned on the fisherman's hearth; Marie was seated near her father, working; Stephen was reading, and Fidele sleeping at their feet.

The quietness was interrupted by a knock at the door, and before Marie could answer it the latch was raised, the door opened and the benefactor of the cottage and preserver of Germain stood in the

midst of the unfortunate ones he had so nobly aided.

What a happy meeting! What sweet tears flowed at that moment, and what beautiful expressions of gratitude were offered the stranger! He hastened to put an end to them by saying: "Let us set out; the winter days are short; another abode is prepared, and kind friends await you there." At a signal from the gentleman two robust men entered the cottage, and taking the fisherman in their arms placed him on a litter that waited at the door. His children followed silently, astonished at all that passed but not venturing to ask an explanation, while old Fidele ran barking before them. A carriage awaited them on the highway, in which Germain and the children were placed, the stranger seating himself with them. The dog had not been forgotten, and when all were in order the vehicle moved off.

It passed the foot of the mountain, and the fisherman and his children saluted with a sigh and a prayer the image of the holy protectress they venerated, and to whom each day they paid a tribute of love and gratitude.

An hour had scarcely passed before the carriage drew up before the door of a beautiful country residence; a lady elegantly dressed and a young man in country attire came out to welcome them.

Scarcely was the carriage door opened than the young man threw himself on his knees before Germain, exclaiming: "Oh, my father! have you not believed me ungrateful?"

"I prayed for you, my child," answered the good fisherman.

Carried in the arms of Louis, Germain was placed in an arm-chair on rollers that was cosily placed for him in a snug room on the ground floor. That, with another room, formed the fisherman's apartments. His children could without any effort lead him out on the lawn that stretched out in front and around the residence; and with the aid of an eye-glass he could view the sea, the holy mountain and the statue of Our Lady of Help.

It was too much. The hearts of the fisherman and his children were overpowered beneath the weight of so many generous gifts, so many delicate attentions; they could not express what they felt, but their eloquent looks conveyed more than the tongue could utter.

Then the Count of St. Elme, for we now know his name, related how he had the happiness of saving Germain and Louis, and how he formed the intention of rendering them happy during their lives when he learned that the fisherman was no longer able to earn a livelihood.

"Thanks to you, my dear children, for I was saved from certain death by your touching hospitality; and," continued the Count addressing Marie and her brother, "I gained an important lawsuit raised up by powerful enemies, and baffled their plots by my unexpected presence. I shall recover the fortune of which they had already deprived me of a portion, and which they intended to deprive me of entirely. I confided my projects to Louis. We arranged all together; you will live here without any fear for the future. Disgusted with the world and its false joys, I wish to live only for happiness and usefulness; and I have resolved, for this, to live in retirement. My wife has similar tastes; like me, she desires only one pleasure, that of contributing to the happiness of others. Heaven," he added taking his wife's hand, "has deprived us of the consolation of having children: you will be ours."

"Ah!" exclaimed the countess extending her arms to the fisherman's children: "You saved the life of my husband; let me be your mother."

Stephen and Marie were folded in her arms, Louis and the poor fisherman contemplating this scene with delight. Then the Count of St. Elme, approaching the old man, took his hand and said in a voice husky with emotion: "Oh, Germain, the precept is indeed noble that you have impressed upon the hearts of your children: *Render whatever services you can that will add to the happiness of others!*"

# AVE MARIA.

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## THE MONTH OF MARY.

### 1. The Purity of Mary.

In the blue arch of heaven all sweet sounds are ringing,

The hum and the buzz and the birdies' sweet singing,

To the newly formed leaflet the dew-drop is clinging—  
All nature is roused from her sleep; [ing:

In the sunbeam so bright all colors are glancing,  
The brooklet's clear waters in gladness are dancing,  
Extatic emotion each heart is entrancing—

Is thrilling with rapture too deep.

All the earth with the promise of loveliness teeming!

The poet in holy extatics is dreaming;

The brightness of Truth, in its essence seems beaming!—

Man feels he converses with God.

The sunbeams of heaven seem to chase away sadness,

The footsteps of morning are mirrors of gladness,  
Gone! (would 'twere for ever!) is earth's dreary madness;—

All hidden, of justice the rod.

The air breathes but fragrance; the senses saluting

The tones of sweet music unseen, executing

The melodies caught when, the spheres instituting,

The seraphs intoned their sweet lore;

When sound, sense and beauty, as yet undivided,  
'Mid harmonies thrilling, from sphere to sphere glided,

And, order once given, by angel hands guided

Taught all things their God to adore.

And Mary, the daughter of earth, is arisen

To claim for this earth the sweet union with Heaven,

The promise, of old, to fallen man given,

The Spring that should all things restore:  
The sun of salvation through her glides to earth,  
Its action renewing the soul's joyous birth,  
Man goes forth anew, thus remodelled in worth,  
The good and the true to adore.

Once more the divine is with man's action blended,  
Once more is the human by mother-heart tended,  
A Mother who now to her Son is ascended,

To plead for her children on earth:

To plead that the flowerets of promise now given  
May be shielded from frost, from unworthy aims riven,

That purified thus, they may bear fruit for heaven,—  
Her children of loveliest birth!

Yes, rightly, rightly is this sweet month of May dedicated to thee, sweet Mother! for all joy and promise are mirrored in its sunny skies and in the untarnished verdure of the new springing clothing of the fields and forest. The earth once cursed for the fault of Eve seems to be blest anew in May for the obedience of Mary. That fresh miracle that renews itself every Spring, the return to life of the frozen earth, purified by ice from the exuberancies and contagious evils it had contracted from the heats of the past summer, assuming faultlessness and promising all things to vigilance and industry: is not this an image of thee, when pure, faultless, the angel found thee vigilant in prayer?—unconscious of sin, yet in thy humility guarding against it by constant communication with Him in whom resides essential purity: He in whose eyes the angels are not free from folly.

O purity of Mary! Let us begin this month of May by a meditation on that virtue so dear to God, and take thee for our model. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" The

passions of mankind raise up, as it were, a blind between them and the Sun of righteousness; they crowd out spirituality, they exterminate even the desire of possessing it. "The carnal man cannot discern spiritual things:" the poor blind gropes after good, ignorant even of his blindness, falls into the ditch; and if in its muddy waters the stars of heaven are in any way reflected, there he cries out exultingly that he has made a discovery.

To be human, and unconscious of the right to a divine nature: this is the miserable state of the majority of mankind. Could we once bring them to a consciousness of what they have lost, to an aspiration after better things—something might be done; but passion, selfishness, obscure the view; only the pure in heart can see God;—and the pure in heart see God in exact proportion to their purity. God dwells in the human soul, and is seen by the spiritual eyes exactly as there is room for Him; exactly as the soul is not occupied, is not engrossed with, is not attached to other things. Purify your soul, if you would know God.

And what is it to know God? To know God is to know the life and spring of being; to trace order, harmony, sublimity and beauty to their source; to comprehend Truth, and dwell in the love of Truth: comprehending its developments as it manifests itself in revelation or in nature. To know God is to penetrate the idea underlying creation, to enter into its spirit, and so co-operate with its requirements; it is the highest exercise of the highest faculties of man. This is as Mary knew God; this is as man was created to know God. We cannot begin from Mary's standpoint; she was created pure and in harmony with God: we have to undergo the purifying process ere we begin; we must do violence to our lower natures; we must unlearn selfishness, we must learn to aspire after a higher life, we must desire God. I fear me this is where we fail. We desire riches, we desire power; we desire fame, worldly ap-

preciation—and thus we shut out God. "Except a man forsake all, he cannot be My disciple," says the Lord. This does not mean (for every one at least) a convent life; but it means, if you seek God in earnest, you must shut out worldly aims, sensual desires; God will not dwell in a divided heart. God alone can confer happiness; He alone is the essential Beauty, the essential Good; happiness is out of the question until He confers it, but He confers it only according to the law He has established: a law of order, in which passion and even allowable human gratification is rendered subordinate to the great aim of existence—that of restoring man to his heirship as a living, co-operating child of the living, acting God—his Father. It was this that rendered Mary so pure; this that occasioned her beauty, even her corporal beauty, to be so exquisite; she was a harmonized human being—in active, living communication with the creative Spirit, in whose image she was created, to comprehend, love and co-operate with Him. His action in her regard was life-giving inspiration; her action, was keeping herself in a state to receive that inspiration and guide her life by its teachings; this is Mary's purity! by which she was enabled so to co-operate with God as to become the Mother of the Holy One! Does it teach us no lesson? Ah, yes! we will strive to emulate that purity which brings such lofty gifts in its train; we will subdue pride, selfishness, and sensuality, and seek after the higher gifts of the spirit.

Mary, Mother—aid us, pray for us. Thou knowest how much there is to do; but one word of thine, dear Mother, will bring us grace. Oh, leave not that word unspoken.

M. A. GELL.

To dally with temptation, not to arise manfully and fight it away, will betray in you a liking for it. But if we are annoyed by it, and are earnest in our hatred of its object, that very temptation to commit sin turns into the means of gaining a glorious triumph of virtue.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

(CONTINUED.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

We have now paved our way to the consideration of the catacombs as it is proposed in these pages. These sacred burial-places, after having been robbed and wrecked by the barbarian hordes that swept through Italy during the devastating storms of their European invasion, were subsequently almost completely filled up with drift-sand and rubbish, so that they were gradually almost, if not entirely, forgotten. Thus at the time of the Maltese savant, Antonio Bosio, in 1593, the catacombs were still as if they had never been opened—an unknown and therefore unappreciated region of science. But with this learned man, who may be properly styled the Columbus of subterranean Rome, a new era dawned for those hallowed places. A series of important investigations were set on foot which served to reawaken the interest formerly taken in the catacombs, and laid the foundation for a thorough knowledge of the same. But it was reserved to our own century, and more particularly to the glorious reign of his Holiness Pope Pius IX, to carry these investigations to such an extent that their results far exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of their friends throughout the world. For nearly twenty years Pope Pius IX, like "a second *Damasus*," has carried on his excavations of these sacred places, and thereby enabled the justly famous *De Rossi* to give to the world, in a series of truly classical works, a vast fund of information concerning the most important discoveries made in that department, and to build up from the given material a most complete and overwhelming scientific system regarding these hallowed

spots and the place which they justly occupy in the history of the Church. It is only when these works shall have been entirely completed that their incalculable value for all branches of science can be properly estimated. Still, even with the aid of that portion which is now at our command, we hope to be able to furnish a by no means insignificant contribution to Catholic apologetics.

### IV.

#### THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

As we have already seen, the holy places from the monuments of which we desire to portray the primitive Church, are first and foremost burial places for the dead. This circumstance of itself will determine the course of our investigations. These investigations will therefore necessarily proceed from that particular group of dogmas which stands in most intimate connexion with the catacombs in their capacity as cemeteries, namely the dogma concerning the *communion of saints*. In other words we shall see what light those places throw on the present teaching of the Church as regards the *Church triumphant*, the *Church militant*, and the *Church suffering*. The souls of the departed just—so the Catholic faith teaches us—are with God, where they dwell in heavenly peace and are filled with everlasting bliss and glory. Let us see now whether the tombs that have been unearthed in the catacombs teach us the same truths. In making our inquiries, however, we shall make it a rule to avail ourselves of inscriptions and artistic representations only that belong to the first, second, or third century, and even then, to be as brief as possible, we shall give the inscriptions in full only in such cases where their dogmatic importance seems to justify such a step. What, then, do those inscriptions over the tombs of the catacombs say? "*Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of Christ our Lord.*" VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE. "*Severianus, full of charity and innocence, here sleepeth the sleep of peace; his soul was received into the light*

*of the Lord.*" IN LUCE DOMINI SUSCEPTUS. "To Saxonia, the well-deserving; *she rests in peace in the eternal house of God.*" "Laurentius *was born unto eternity* at the age of twenty years; he rests in peace." NATUS EST IN ÆTERNUM. "Ursina," "Agape," "Alogia," "Felicissima," "Fortunata," etc., *in God thou shalt live in peace always,*" "forever." "Hermaseus, my joy, thou livest in Christ Jesus our Lord." "Marcian, neophyte, *to thee the heavens are open;* thou shalt live in peace." CÆLI TIBI PATENT, VIVES IN PACE. And finally: "Alexander is not dead, but *liveth above the stars . . .* after an exceedingly short earth-life he now *shines like the sun in heaven.*" IN CÆLO CORUSCAT.

The departed just, therefore, live forever; they are assumed into the splendor of God, the house of the Lord, the glory of Christ; they are born unto eternity, and have entered the open heavens where they now shine like stars in the firmament. It is this truth which, like a powerful and most sweet harmony, rises up from the graves of the catacombs and infuses comfort and consolation into the hearts of those who are still compelled to linger in exile. What a solemn protest, then, does not this triumphant joy and this gladsome confidence of the apostolic Church enter against the cold and so-called primitive teaching of the Reformation, which knows nothing of a *Church triumphant*, but speaks of Christ alone as entering into heaven; which declares as "sinful" even "the bare inquiry as to whether the souls of the just are in bliss;" which condemns the departed to a dark, indefinite sleep-life, and consigns them for thousands of years to the "vestibule of heaven" as to an exile where they shall have to wait until the last day for the promised beatitude!

## v.

The Catholic faith does not confine itself to the glad doctrine that the souls of the just enter into heaven; it also teaches a living intercommunion between the here and the hereafter, or *between the Church militant and the Church triumphant*. All

the redeemed are *members* of one body in Christ, and thus they form a *society*—an immense *family*—that is bound together by the bonds of charity. Now the medium of this spiritual union is *prayer*. The blessed in heaven give us the benefit of their intercession and their assistance, while we on our part love them, venerate them, and call upon them for their help. Such is the doctrine concerning the communion of saints. Let us now look about us through the catacombs. There we meet, especially above the arcosolia or altar-tombs, with numerous representations of martyrs or others of the faithful departed. These representations are generally surrounded by one or more symbols suggestive of paradise, such as flowers, birds, and branches of palm. The figures themselves are *invariably seen in an attitude of prayer*. The uplifted arms, in fact the whole person, of the portrayed saint is so indicative of prayer, that we are convinced at once of the fact that those saints in heaven are not mere lookers-on but active confederates, so to speak, of their still warring brethren on earth. And this same faith—with what emphasis is it not expressed in the inscriptions: "Sutius, *pray* for us, that we may be saved." PETE PRO NOS VT SALVI SIMVS. "Augenda live in the Lord, and *intercede* for us." EROTA. "Anatolius, *pray* for us." EYXOY. "Son, may thy spirit rest happy in God; *pray* for thy sister." PETAS. "Matronata matrona, *pray* for thy parents; she was aged 1 year and 52 days." PETE. "Atticus, thy spirit (liveth) in God; *intercede* for thy parents." "Jovian, dwell in God and *be our intercessor*." "Sabatius, our love, *ask and pray* for thy brethren and associates." PETE ET ROGA. "Here resteth Ancilladei; *pray* for this thy only living descendant, for thou sojournest now in everlasting rest and bliss." "To Felicitas, the very worthy step-daughter;" (and then by another hand) "*do pray* for thy husband Celsinian." "Gentianus, the faithful man, (resteth) in peace; he lived for 21 years . . . *in thy prayers remember us,*

for we know that thou art in Christ." But one example more and we shall close our list: "To the dearest and most industrious of mothers, Catianilla, *may she pray for us.*" EYXOITO. Thus with eye and heart do those who are left behind penetrate the dark shadows of death and wing their spirit's flight to heaven, where they search and find their departed friends and relations, and where they forthwith approach them with fervent prayers, child-like petitions and pious recommendations. Is not that indicative of a truly Catholic spirit? Do not these things show a real Catholic faith, replete with charity and confidence?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Bishop Chabrat.

Another of our old pioneers has been cut down by the hand of death, but not in the flower of his age or in the pride of his manhood, as the sudden storm-cloud o'ercasts the sun at midday; he sank to rest surrounded by a halo of glory emanating from his many good works, as sinks the glorious orb of day to his couch on the western billows, cradled in clouds of purple and of gold.

But "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for they rest from their labors, and their works follow them. The subject of this notice breathed his last, calmly as an infant falling to sleep on its mother's bosom, on the 21st of November, A. D. 1868, among his own friends and surrounded by the good people of his native village, to whom he had ministered in every possible manner for the last twenty years.

RT. REV. GUY IGNATIUS CHABRAT was a native of France, and came to this country while yet very young, though in Minor Orders, and when the Church of Kentucky was in its infancy. He landed in New York after a most perilous voyage, the latter part of October, for we find him officiating as subdeacon to the bishop in the ceremonies on the Feast of All Saints. Thence he

proceeded to Baltimore to offer his services to the Metropolitan of the Union, and by him was sent to Bishop Flaget, then the only bishop in all the extent of country west of the Alleghany Mountains. To speak of the toils, the labors, the privations of these first missionaries of the Cross, seems to the present generation, inflated with pride arising from the present luxurious style of living, as a romance of fairy land to frighten naughty children. Father Chabrat was the first priest ordained this side of the mountains, and was sent forth on a mission bounded north by the Great Lakes, south by the Gulf, east by the Alleghany, and west by the Rocky Mountains. His repose at night was often taken beneath the starry canopy of heaven, with his saddle for a pillow (for then there were neither steamboats nor rail-cars), not unfrequently lulled to sleep by the distant howl of the wolf, the startled tread of the deer, the fearful hiss or rattle of the serpent twining itself around the branches of the trees,—small inducement for peaceful slumber. But fatigue and hunger were safe antidotes against fear, and he would lie down to rest in the sure consciousness that no evil could befall him, for he reposed on the strong arm of Jesus, and reclined upon that loving Heart, to publish whose mercies he had, like the apostles of old, left father, mother, kindred and country, crossed the briny deep and stationed himself as sentinel of Zion amid the wilds of Kentucky. As years rolled by on golden pinions, each found these labors crowned with success.

On the 15th of August, 1819, Father Chabrat was requested by Bishop David to preach his consecration sermon. This was a masterpiece of eloquence, and the writer heard its depth and pathos extolled more than twenty years after.

A short time after this he was appointed chaplain to a religious community, which position he retained until the year 1824, when, upon the death of Rev. Charles Nerincks, founder of the order of the Loretines, Father Chabrat was nominated to succeed him as ecclesiastical superior.

This Society, established to supply the educational wants of the country, had already six houses located in Kentucky and one in Missouri. At this remote period, and amid the privations of a recently settled State, such an office was no sinecure, but necessarily induced immense labor to train a lately organized order; and besides he attended several congregations. His missionary excursions sometimes extended as far as Vincennes, always on horseback, which would occupy two or three months. Bishops are now located, and cathedrals are rising in every part of the country that was formerly fertilized by the sweat and labor of the early missionary pioneers. If these saintly men could now revisit the scenes of their labors, what a wonderful, nay, almost marvellous, change would they find inaugurated: not alone in the improvements introduced, for populous cities are now occupying those spots where then the forest waved in primeval loveliness, churches are reared to the honor of the eternal God where then the red man hunted the deer and the buffalo; and convent chimes are ringing out, morning, noon and eve, the solemn peal for the *Angelus*, or the more mournful toll for the death agony of our Lord at the hour of three, where then was heard the yell of the savage Indian or the frightful cry of some wild animal returning to its lair. Thus had Father Chabrat much to engage his attention and occupy his mind; yet was he the kind friend, the generous benefactor, the wise counsellor, the untiring confessor, the affectionate father to all who had recourse to him in their various difficulties and distresses. The rising Order of Loretines, or Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, grew rapidly under his spiritual direction, and its branches now extend to Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, where are many flourishing institutions; besides many others in Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri, all rendering immense service to the cause of education and the improvement of the rising generations.

Bishop Flaget was now growing old,

and his coadjutor, Bishop David, was more infirm than himself, and was moreover president and director of the seminary; hence application was made to Rome for another coadjutor, and for this high responsibility Father Chabrat was named by the Holy See. He was consecrated on the 20th of July, 1864, in Saint Joseph's cathedral, Bardstown, by Bishop Flaget. Notwithstanding the accumulation of episcopal labors, he retained for six years the direction of the Loretines, and appointed chaplains for the several houses. In a brief time after the installment of his coadjutor, Bishop Flaget took his departure for France, leaving the whole weight of the diocese upon his successor. The financial affairs of the bishop were then greatly deranged, but under the wise superintendence of Bishop Chabrat, order soon took the place of this chaotic confusion. It was he who petitioned Rome and had the cathedral and episcopal residence removed to Louisville; and though he had neither time nor health to erect this magnificent structure to the honor and glory of God, yet, like David of old, he supplied many of the materials, and left an independence to the bishops his successors. This move exhibited his wise foresight, for at that time Louisville had but one Catholic church, whereas now it can show you at least a dozen, besides conventual chapels.

It was near this epoch that he made application to the mother-house at Lyons, in France, to obtain a colony of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd for the city of Louisville. The bishop prepared their establishment and defrayed their expenses. This laudable work alone should be sufficient to immortalize his name; for wherever these ladies are located, their prayers and works of mercy draw down innumerable blessings upon the country. He also founded in the city an academy of the Loretto Sisters, which now bears the name Mount St. Benedict, whence not only a knowledge of the polite sciences is diffused, but the good odor of their many virtues is a sweet perfume attracting all by

its aromatic fragrance to the path of religion, causing them to eradicate from their hearts the thorns of vice and plant in their stead the lovely flowers of humility, purity, and charity. Bishop Chabrat continued to administer the diocese even after the return of Bishop Flaget, who during his long absence had visited the Eternal City and had been commissioned by his Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, to preach through several provinces of France; and God confirmed the truth of his doctrine by imparting to him the gift of miracles. But these miraculous cures, and other supernatural interventions of Divine Providence, the good bishop in his humility ever attributed to the pure and simple faith of the people.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MRS. FLEMMING AT BAY.

Mrs. Flemming was really sincere in her belief in the doctrines she professed. There was just enough spirituality in them to lift them above the common, and they were just narrow enough to come within the scope of human reason; all above that being a dead letter, about which she gave herself no concern whatever. "Why should it?" she thought; "for that which had served the ends of salvation for her pilgrim forefathers was not only good enough, but the best for her." Besides, it was a comfortable religion, which gave one great liberty of action in the sharp commerce of life, provided all things were done in a decorous and sanctimonious way; and was not too exacting in its demands for God: for while they claimed certain portions of the Bible for their rule of faith, and certain congregational doctrines for their dogmas, a close observance of the Sabbath and its ordinances was their actual Shibboleth. This was a most conve-

nient arrangement for all human purposes, as it left them six days to toil and prosper in, unfettered by any higher law than the law of the land; and all that troubled their conscience growing out of their daily life was healed by the unction of this day of expiation.

Such as it was,—and it was the best and only one she knew of,—Mrs. Flemming clung to the meagre outlines of what she called her faith; it was good enough for her, it had been good enough for the ancestral Flemmings and the ancestral Babsons, all of whom had been righteous men and women, faithful to their calling, stern in their opposition to everything that even savored of Popery, and forehanded with the world. She and her husband had been happy together all these years; they had prospered, and held a high place not only among their own brethren, but were looked up to by all with respect and something nearly akin to affection; indeed, as the distressed little woman had said only a short time back, "There was truly nothing left for them to wish for; their 'basket and stove' was full and overflowing with blessings in every shape." But now this dreadful thing had happened; her husband was an apostate; he had done worse than apostatize—he had turned Papist; and she felt that they were all ruined and to be brought to disgrace and poverty. Then, leaving loom and everything else to take care of themselves, she shut herself up in her room, and prayed and wept as she had never prayed and wept before, that her husband might be saved alive out of the fiery temptation which threatened him, body and soul, with utter ruin.

That night they were all in their usual places in the quaint fire-lighted old sitting-room; there was an attempt at conversation; and the girls, trying to be cheerful, talked now to their father, now to their mother, but seeing that it was no use, began rallying Reuben about a picture of Miss Debby Wyatt, which he had painted on an old biscuit board, much caricatured, but faithfully like her; but Reuben was in one of the dreamiest of his

dreamy moods; he just shook back the golden mane that hung about his beautiful face, answered "Yes," and "No," then turned his eyes back to the visions he was beholding amidst the glowing coals, the Sinai where, veiled by smoke and flame, his fancy had many high revellings. At last Mrs. Flemming said:

"I should think you'd be sleepy, father, after sitting up all night."

"I expect I shall be pretty soon, mother. You know I am a great sleepy-head," he answered pleasantly.

"What book was it that interested you so much as to keep your eyes open all night?"

"It is called 'Milner's End of Controversy.'"

"I never heard of it before."

"Nor I, until very lately. I should like, mother, to read portions of it to you if you will listen."

"Yes, you can read what you like. There's no book belonging to this house, thank God, that can't be read to a Christian family. Is there anything about Luther and Romanism in it?"

"Much, mother. But there is something I want to read, which is a sequel to what we were talking over last night." Mrs. Flemming, still thinking it was one of the old volumes from their own bookshelves, full of pure doctrine, settled herself to listen while the Elder sprang his mine,—hoping almost against hope that she would hear something that would upset completely the destructive spiritual novelties he had adopted.

"In the sixth chapter of John, which I read last night, we saw how Jesus Christ instructed His apostles by His express and repeated declarations concerning the nature of the sacrament which He promised them, thereby preparing their minds for the sublime simplicity of His words in instituting it,—words which sealed His meaning in the most solemn manner. 'For whilst they were at supper, Jesus took *bread* and blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to the disciples and said: Take ye and eat; *this is My Body*. And taking the cup, He said: Drink ye all of

this; *FOR THIS IS MY BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, WHICH SHALL BE SHED FOR MANY UNTO THE REMISSION OF SINS.*'"<sup>\*</sup>

"Yes," said Mrs. Flemming, "we always hear those words, and solemn words they are, when we go to the table of the Lord; but they mean nothing except that we are to partake of the bread and wine in *memory* of His sufferings and death."

"He does not say that, or mean it," replied the Elder in his calm, deep voice. "The apostle declares that when He took it into His hands it was *bread*, but when He gave it to them He said: *This is My Body*. He did not say it was bread, or tell them to eat it in commemoration of Him, or intimate that it was a symbol of His passion and death. He said, as He gave them that which *had been bread*: *This is My Body*. Then, taking the cup, He gave thanks and gave it to them, saying: 'Drink ye all of this, *FOR THIS IS MY BLOOD* of the new testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins.' How can we disbelieve this clear and explicit declaration of the Son of God, without accusing Him not only of prevarication but of imposture? thereby bringing Him to naught. It was a solemn moment;—it was a time fraught with the consummation of the ransom He was to pay for the salvation of the world, and He was giving into their hands for all time the legacy of His body and blood, which was to be unto all who partook worthily an assurance of everlasting life. Can we—believing in Him as the Eternal Truth—imagine for one instant that on this solemn occasion, and under the stupendous circumstances, He would have given them mere bread, and declared that it was His Body; and mere wine, declaring it to be His Blood?"

"I couldn't believe such a doctrine to save my life," said Mrs. Flemming excitedly, "nor do I see how any enlightened person can."

"I can't help believing it. It is all there in the Bible," said Hope.

\* Matthew, xxvi, 26, 27, 28.

"To disbelieve it, it seems to me, would be to lose all faith in our Saviour," said Eva. "It seems unreasonable to doubt His own actual words, however hard they may be to our understanding. And yet, father," she said, suddenly turning to him, "is it harder to believe this than to believe that the Son of God assumed the flesh and nature of man for our salvation, as He did?"

"No. Of the great mystery of His Incarnation there was no human witness; all that we know we receive from the lips of the Virgin Mary, His Mother; but here in this great sacramental institution we have His own words, repeated without variation, adding to, or taking from, by each of the evangelists, who wrote—as a note here tells me—their gospels in different places and at different times. No Christian doubts the account given by Mary of the Incarnation, yet how many doubt the words of her Son, whom they profess to believe is the Eternal Truth! Strange inconsistency of man!"

"Did you say there was something about Luther in that book?" asked Mrs. Flemming fidgeting. "This discussion is disagreeable, and I should like—if you don't object—to hear something that I can understand."

"Here is something, mother, about Luther, but I don't know how you'll relish it. 'Martin Luther,\* in one of his epistles on the subject in question, says: 'I cannot tell you how desirous I was, and how much I have labored in my own mind to overthrow this doctrine of the Real Presence, because,' says he (and let us note his motive), 'I clearly saw how much I should thereby injure Popery; but I found myself caught, without any way of escaping: for the text of the gospel is too plain for this purpose.' Hence he continued, till his death, to condemn those Protestants who denied the corporal presence, employing for this purpose sometimes the shafts of his coarse ridicule, and sometimes the

thunder of his vehement declamation and anathemas.'"

"We are not Lutherans," said Mrs. Flemming sharply.

"No, not exactly; but you know that Luther is the rallying cry of the Protestant world. They regard him as the apostle of the Reformation, the root of their tree, the founder of their sects. Listen to this," said the Elder, turning back the pages of the book: "'No sooner had Luther set up the tribunal of his private judgment on the sense of the Scriptures, in opposition to the authority of the Church, ancient and modern, than his disciples, proceeding on his principle, undertook to prove from plain texts of the Bible that his own doctrine was erroneous, and that the Reformation itself wanted reforming. Carlostad,† Zuinglius,‡ Æcolompadius, Muncer,§ and a hundred more of his followers wrote and preached against him and against each other, with the utmost virulence, still each of them professing to ground his doctrine and conduct on the written word of God alone. In vain did Luther claim a superiority over them; in vain did he denounce hell-fire against them, saying: 'I can defend you against the Pope—but when the devil shall urge against you (the heads of these changes) at your death, these passages of Scripture, and when Christ, your Judge, shall say, *they ran and I did not send them*, how shall you withstand Him?

\* Milner's End of Controversy, p. 232.

† Luther's first disciple of distinction. He was Archdeacon of Wittenburg. Declared against Luther, 1521.

‡ Zuinglius began the Reformation in Switzerland some time after Luther began it in Germany, but taught such doctrine that the latter called him a pagan, and said he despaired of his salvation.

§ A disciple of Luther, and founder of the Anabaptists, who, in quality of the *just*, maintained that the property of the wicked belonged to them, quoting the second beatitude: "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land." Muncer wrote to several of the German princes to give up their lands to him, and at the head of forty thousand of his followers marched to enforce the demand.

\*. Epist. ad Argentin., tom. 4, fol. 502, ed. Wittenburg.

He will plunge you headlong into hell.’\* In vain did he threaten to return back to the Catholic religion: ‘If you continue,’ he says ‘in these measures of your common deliberations, I will recant whatever I have written or said, and leave you. Mind what I say.’† All in vain: for ‘he had put the Bible into each man’s hand to explain it for himself. This his followers continued to do in open defiance of him, as we see in his curious challenge to Carlostad to write a book against the Real Presence, when one wishes the other to *break his neck*, and the other retorts: ‘*May I see thee broken on the wheel*;’‡ till their mutual contradictions and discords become so numerous and scandalous as to overwhelm the thinking part of them with grief and confusion.”§

“That seems to be a curious sort of book. Elder Flemming, tell me where you got it?” said Mrs. Flemming, with indignation too big for words.

“This book,” he answered, speaking slowly “which has been ‘as a lamp to my feet,’ as a guide showing one the way, as one making the crooked paths straight, was left upon my desk by the Irish peddler, McCue, the morning he went away. I threw it into the desk, determined to send it back to him, little dreaming what a treasure it was, or that in it I should find comfort and enlightenment, until last night in turning over my papers I came across it and opened it. The very first words I read arrested my attention, and I sat up all night reading it; and the result of this reading is that from that hour I am a Catholic,—a Roman Catholic.”

Again Mrs. Flemming felt that tightening around her throat; she could only gasp: “I knew it. I knew that Irish Papist was at the bottom of it. Wolfert Flemming, I know that you are a hard-headed man, and that once you have made up your mind to a thing there’s no power

on earth can change you; I’ve no hope to do so, but I tell you you’ve broken my heart and ruined your family; mark my words—you have.”

“Neither, I hope, little wife. All I ask of you is to give this matter a cool, intelligent investigation, earnestly praying the while to be enlightened.”

“Enlightened!” repeated Mrs. Flemming with sarcastic emphasis.

“As it regards all else concerning earthly prosperity and the like, I have counted the cost and made up my mind—made it up fully. It would be small profit to me to gain the whole world if I lose my own soul,” said Wolfert Flemming emphatically.

“But why need you lose your soul?” she asked; you have always been a good man, serving God.”

“According to the light I had, mother, I tried to serve God; but I have felt for years past that there was something wanting. I was not satisfied; and now that I have discovered a true, soul-satisfying faith, one which every faculty of my mind responds to as divine and necessary for my salvation, I shall—nay, I do embrace it, counting all things nought for it. It is the way for me, and if I should try to climb up by any other I should be like a thief and a robber, and be cast down.”

“I, dear father,” said Eva, “should be glad to know something of a religion which seems so vital and sublime that all things are counted but nothing for the sake of it. May I read that book?”

“And I too, father,” said Hope. “All that I have heard sounds like truth.”

“To save time,” replied the Elder, while his eyes brightened with a tender light as he looked at the two fair earnest faces of his daughters turned with confiding love towards him, “I will read it aloud every night to you. Then we can talk it over as we read.”

“That will be much better,” said Hope. Although I don’t expect to become a Catholic, I should like to hear what Catholics do really believe.”

\* Oper., tom. vii, fol. 274.

† Oper., tom. vii, fol. 276, ed. Wittemb.

‡ Variat., b. ii, n. 12.

§ Milner’s End of Controversy, p. 36.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Flemming, "you won't forget that you are to see Deacon Sneathen on Monday about that business."

"No indeed. I shall have everything ready, mother, and it will all be fixed by Monday night; then, sometime during the week, I shall have to go up to the Pines. Reuben, did the Deacon say he'd come here, or am I to go there?"

"He didn't say, father," answered Reuben. "He only said he'd see you."

"I haven't seen John Wilde either, for a week; where is he, Hope?" asked Mrs. Flemming.

"He went to Boston, mother, to buy furniture and carpets, and won't be back for a week or two," answered Hope blushing.

"I should like to know what *he'll* think of all this!" said Mrs. Flemming to herself. "Popery, of all things in the world, to come into this household! I do believe it will kill me."

Hope and Reuben went to meeting with their mother on the following Sabbath. Eva remained at home to read and converse with her father on the all-important subject which engrossed his thoughts, and which now also claimed her deepest attention. Mrs. Flemming carried a heavy heart with her into the old Congregational meeting-house that day. She already felt some of the grief arising from a "divided house." How could she face the congregation, knowing all that she did? knowing too that the most of them—her neighbors and friends—would miss her husband from his accustomed place and begin to wonder at his absence, and ask her all sorts of questions before she got home,—questions which she could not fully evade or set aside. She almost wished that the Indian woman had choked her to death, to have been spared this unspeakable trial.

Father Ray missed the Elder as soon as he arose in the pulpit and cast his eyes over the congregation. Deacon Sneathen glanced round, then up and down, hoping to see his old friend somewhere; Miss Debby deliberately mounted her

large tortoise-shell spectacles upon her nose, and took a long stare through them at his empty seat, then cocked up her chin a degree higher than usual and fixed her eyes with a supercilious expression on Mrs. Flemming. I am sorry to say that Reuben, who noticed her impertinence, was very much tempted to make a face at her; but he resolutely turned away so that he could not see her; while Hope, who had also observed her offensive manner, fixed her calm gray eyes for a moment steadfastly on her, then lifted them to the old minister who in tremulous tones was giving out the hymn.

Father Ray had a sermon prepared for the day and occasion; but when he discovered that Wolfert Flemming—whom he loved as David loved Jonathan—was again absent, his heart misgave him; he felt sure that the man had at length yielded to the doubts which had so long beset him, and delivered in the place of it a startling discourse on the perils of backsliding and apostasy, which he wound up by describing with quaint eloquence the wretched plight of those disciples who after having been the friends and companions of Jesus,—who had listened to His words, and perhaps daily touched His hand and held sweet converse with Him,—turned away at last and left Him, because all that He said did not exactly suit their ideas and comprehension, and walked with Him no more. "They thought," said the old man, "that He meant that He was going to give them His own body and blood to eat; when, if they had been patient and staid where they were, if they had been more humble and faithful, they would have found out their mistake, and understood that their Lord spoke in a figurative sense; but no! in the pride and conceit of their hearts they turned their backs upon Him, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they were given over to perdition; for, brethren, we all know that the condition of a backslider, is ten thousand times worse than his first state of sin." The old man's utterances were full of blended ire and pathos, and Mrs.

Flemming felt every word like a blow as she sat there listening to her husband's condemnation; with all a woman's keen sensitive perceptions she understood the whole drift of his meaning. But, when the time came, she went up with the rest to receive the bread and wine of what her sect call the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and when she took the bread, and heard the words *THIS IS MY BODY*, a thrill, an awe, such as she had never felt before, passed swiftly like an electric shock through her heart; and when the minister presented the cup, saying, "Drink ye all of this, for this is *My Blood* of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins," her impulse was to thrust it from her and run from the place,—for suppose, after all, her husband was right? But then she remembered that it was really nothing but common bread and wine, simply set apart for this occasion; all that was left over, after the rite, was being given to the sexton's wife to make toast out of and season her puddings. Then, trying to think that it symbolized and commemorated the death of the Saviour, she drank a few drops, and the cup was passed on.

After the congregation was dismissed, and they were all standing outside waiting for their chaises and wagonettes to be brought round, everybody came up with inquiries about the Elder. "Was he ill?"—"Did he have to go to the Pines again?"—"Where was he?"—"Why was he not at meeting?"—"It was the fourth Sacrament day that he was absent; what could it mean?"

Mrs. Flemming stood her ground bravely, saying as little as she could, consistent with the truth, yet enough to give them to understand something of the facts of the case. "No; Elder Flemming was not ill," she said to one; "he is in excellent health." "He is not at the Pines," she answered another; "he is at home." "He did not come to meeting," she said to a third, "because he preferred staying at home;" but to the last query, made by Deacon Sneathen, she replied stiffly: "He is not

here because he has changed his opinion on some doctrinal points which he thinks erroneous, and I guess he'll break off altogether from the old lines." Her voice quavered and she had nearly broke down, but the brave loving little soul was determined that—no matter what *she* might feel at liberty to say to her husband—they should all find themselves mistaken if they expected her to stand still while they pulled him to pieces in her presence. So she acted on the defensive. Deacon Sneathen grew purple in the face, and was seized with vertigo, which sent him staggering against the horse-block; Miss Debby cocked up her chin in the most aggressive manner, and cleared her throat in such a tumultuous way that several persons ran towards her, thinking she was strangling; meanwhile Mrs. Flemming and Hope stepped into the chaise, and Reuben drove briskly off. Before they were out of sight, every man, woman, and child there knew that Elder Flemming was a backslider. If Mrs. Flemming had told them that he had turned Papist, I am at a loss to imagine to what heights their excitement would have risen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F—.

[CONTINUED.]

As to the most Blessed Virgin, Sister Seraphine looked on her as her dearest mother and mistress; from her infancy, when she had devoted herself to Mary with filial tenderness, she had the happy habit of invoking her in all circumstances, and never failed to say a daily chaplet. Every morning, before the sisters assembled for meditation, Sister Seraphine, kneeling before a little statue of Our Lady of All Succor in the ante-choir, the object of her tender veneration, would recommend the community to the care of the Mother of God and then offer her the coming day with the plan she had laid out for its disposal, yet acquiescing in all that might happen to

derange it. Our good Mother without doubt helped her to endure with patience the continual hindrances that prevented her following her intended plan, especially when she was superior. "There is surely a conspiracy against my time," she would sometimes say merrily. Before this same statue she consecrated her family solemnly to the Blessed Virgin each time she was re-elected to the government of the house. She hailed with the most heartfelt joy the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. She had said previous to its occurrence: "Oh, if I could but hear Mary proclaimed immaculate by the voice of the Church, I would have nothing more left to desire on earth; I would then die in peace." These words appeared prophetic. The 8th of December, 1854, Sister Seraphine had a presentiment of her last day being very near; she was laid on what was soon to be her death-bed when Paris made a magnificent *fête* to honor Mary's grandest privilege being made an article of faith. Yet she continued to occupy herself with preparations for their house doing its part in the general rejoicing, saying: "they ought to do all in their power to celebrate this beautiful day with all possible solemnity, for, do what they would, they could never make it beautiful enough."

Next to the Mother of her Lord, Sister Seraphine placed in her affections first St. Joseph, then the Archangel Michael and her Guardian Angel. To the head of the Holy Family she confided the care of all the temporal concerns of the house; she inspired this devotion to him in all persons who had recourse to her counsels. She invoked her holy patron in behalf of her community, of France, and of herself, beseeching his valiant defence particularly against the temptations of the evil one. But while with tender piety and veritable confidence she honored and invoked these and all the blessed whom the Church holds up to us for veneration, her heart like that of a faithful lover was so invariably fixed on our Lord that whatever prayer she might commence to the saints

she found herself almost always unconsciously addressing herself to Jesus.

An ardent love for her holy vocation was another distinctive feature in the character of Sister Seraphine. The high dignity of being called to bear the sublime title of spouse of Jesus Christ excited on all occasions the outburst of her liveliest gratitude. It was a sensible attraction that had led her to consecrate herself to God by the ties of religious profession; time diminished nothing of her first fervor, and in her old age she was heard to speak of the happiness of being called to religion with the vivacity of a newly-professed novice. "To be the spouse of Jesus Christ!" she would exclaim; "to be the spouse of Jesus Christ! Is there any glory or happiness that can be compared to it!"

To souls that God willed to try by dryness or temptations, Sister Seraphine suggested thoughts of the loftiest faith, and tried to instil into their hearts a spirit of endurance and self-forgetting love, which would supply for the want of spiritual sweetness. "Assuredly this grace of vocation is so grand, so incomparable, that it is worthy of ceaseless thanksgiving," she said. This love of vocation made even what was painful in a cloister life appear to her light, sweet and desirable. In the early years of her profession, at the time the community were forced to leave the house in the *rue des Amandiers*, our Lord stamped this impression deeply on her soul. She walked for the last time in the magnificent garden, to which she was never to return,—the future of the sisterhood was uncertain, if not wholly wrecked; the young nun in the bitterness of her sorrow asked herself, if ever, in embracing a religious life, she could have anticipated finding in it such pains and misfortunes? A living ray—a touch of grace, of which she never lost the impress—answered, all of a sudden, to her sad thoughts: "It is because thou art a religious thou sufferest affliction; it is inherent to thy vocation; but if thou wast in the world thou wouldst suffer even more; well

is it thou hast such supports." Faith flamed up in her ardent soul, and responded: "Lord, it is then because I am Thine that I thus suffer; it is for Thee;" and, fortified and consoled, she was filled with superabundant joy in the midst of tribulations. Ever after she used this idea with others suffering as she had done; she loved to see her daughters rise above the trials and troubles which are everywhere found in this life of exile more or less thickly strewn, by the recollection of the signal grace it was to have been called to religion. In her view, it was a healing balm for all sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW FOUNDLAND.—We regret to hear of the death of the Right Rev. John T. Mullock, O. S. F., Bishop of St. John's, New Foundland. Bishop Mullock for nearly twenty years has governed the Diocese of St. John's, with signal zeal and ability. Previous to his consecration as bishop he was an earnest and successful missionary priest in Ireland and in Scotland. As bishop, his influence over the people of New Foundland was almost unbounded. At his desire the Diocese of Harbor Grace was erected out of what was before part of his own diocese.—*Requiescat in pace.*—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AT ST. MARY'S CONVENT, WEBSTER AVENUE.—On Wednesday, April 7th, at 7½ o'clock, A. M., the Right Rev. Bishop Domenee presided at the profession of Sisters Mary Jerome Snee and Mary Callistus Walker. During the solemn ceremony he addressed them in the most impressive manner, pointing out the great favors of which they were then the recipients, the sacred obligations they were binding themselves to for life, and the spiritual joys with which God would not fail to sweeten their lives here, and crown their lives hereafter, if they proved faithful to the engagements which they were then making.

The Right Rev. Bishop was assisted on

the occasion by Rev. J. Kearney and Rev. M. Devlin. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Phelan, of St. Peter's, D. Kearney, of Sharpsburgh, and Wm. Bigelow, of Steubenville, Ohio. May God shower His choicest favors on these newly professed Sisters of Mercy.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

### MARY OUR MODEL.

#### Fraternal Charity.

After the service of God, the respect for parents, and obedience to superiors, there are still other duties no less important that charity imposes upon us towards our equals, our brethren, in our family and our social relations. In these, also, the amiable Virgin gives us most touching examples.

According to the universally received opinion of the Church, Mary had neither brothers nor sisters, but mention is made in the Gospel of her cousins. Besides these, she had other companions, with whom her parents permitted her to associate; and later, she had the companionship of the young virgins in the temple. All young girls, therefore, may behold her in a state of life that corresponds to theirs.

Those words of the Gospel may be applied to her, that was said of the Infant Jesus: She increased in wisdom, in age and in grace before God and men.\* The Lord was pleased to bestow upon her His choicest blessings. She was truly the angel of the household, not only in the eyes of her parents, whom she filled with joy, but of all those with whom she had intercourse. More than one father and mother were jealous of her happy parents; all wished their daughters might call her their friend, that they might learn from her how lovely and gracious virtue may be made. Never did this seraphic child

\* St. Luke ii, 52.

dispute with any one; she sacrificed all for peace; she forgot herself to think of others. The Holy Ghost had already placed in her heart that ineffable sweetness which was to shine with such splendor and attain its full perfection in Jesus.

How much she differed from those young girls who are always quarrelling with their brothers and sisters; who are never sparing in injurious expressions; who are jealous, disagreeable, vindictive, never asking pardon when they have given offence to others, and vexing all by their misbehavior?

Mary, with the young virgins of the temple, gave the same example she had given in her home. She was the most humble, the sweetest, the most affable, the most lovely and most loved of all that happy group. How could it be otherwise? Who could be angry with a friend so full of cordiality, and always disposed to render service or simply to give pleasure? She suffered without complaint the imperfections of others; always thought they had too much regard for her; and she would not have forgiven herself had she been the voluntary cause of the least pain to others.

She never meddled with what did not concern her, but charity would not allow her to be indifferent to what would either maintain or disturb peace. Often she would come like an angel of peace between two aggrieved and irritated companions, to calm and reconcile them. When she allowed herself to give advice to indiscreet persons, it was with such tact and sweetness that she never gave the least offence. Her greatest pleasure was to console the afflicted. As soon as she found any of her companions in trouble of mind, she sweetly insinuated herself in their confidence, in order to teach them how to support trials and not to be worried by frivolous contradictions. In a word, she became the confidant of her young companions, and from that time commenced that character of consoler which she still retains in heaven for the happiness of us all.

Let it be observed that those acts of

charity did not spring from secret pride, which aspires to rule and attract the attention and praises of others; but from a sincere and generous love, drawn from the heart of God. Her living faith had perfected the natural goodness of her heart, and had fructified all the germs of virtue implanted in it by God.

We sometimes see in certain families, these young and loving souls who soon show this self-sacrificing spirit, who seem to be placed in this world to be ministers of consolation. It is from among these that God calls those religious destined to bring consolation to the sick and needy. If they are called to the married life, they will be the best of wives and the best of mothers. "The Lord will give her to him whom He would reward."\*

#### THE EGOTIST.

Who will reveal the secrets of the heart of Matilda? Her exterior seems friendly, but her conduct belies her appearance. Is it not selfishness, perchance, that makes her a hypocrite?

When but a child she was proud, irritable, despotic and vindictive. Not one of her little companions loved her, because of her wilful, rude and overbearing cruelty to those whom she thought were not submissive enough to her. She wished to be thought much of; she was so proud and touchy, that a mere nothing would offend her and make her angry. The least preference shown to others excited her jealousy, and if the preference were repeated she took an aversion to the innocent object and persecuted her with as much hatred as if she were a personal enemy. Matilda never acknowledged her faults; she would rather die than do so, and had recourse to calumny and other tricks that seemed beyond her age, to overcome her rival.

It would be impossible to tell the distress that those bad dispositions caused her parents. This evil disposition became more intolerable, as Matilda's brothers

\* Eccl. xxxi, 5.

and sisters grew old enough to be a cause of unreasonable jealousy. She tyrannized over them, and yet complained of imaginary offences she pretended they had given her; and when she was reprimanded for such conduct, she accused her father and mother of loving her less than them. To put an end to those endless quarrels, and to her continual pouting that became more and more disagreeable, this disagreeable girl was sent to a convent school.

There, no change took place, except for the worse. At seventeen, when her mind was more developed, she became deceitful, and soon she became practised in dissimulation. With a polite exterior, she feigned an obliging manner, and always politely saluted strangers; and from her outward appearance one would suppose that she was an accomplished lady. In reality she was thoroughly selfish, and cared for no one but herself.

She endeavored to deceive by a polite exterior; but to no purpose. Those who knew her even slightly, soon perceived that she had neither goodness of heart nor charity, and that she was incapable of real devotedness.

She was even less successful with her teachers and companions. It was more difficult to hide her true dispositions from them. They easily perceived that Matilda loved no one but herself, and was incapable of feeling sincere affection for others. The judgment is severe, but she merited it.

Every day we see persons with such bad dispositions as Matilda had. Faith alone will give strength to overcome them. Let them pray to the holy Mother of God, the sweet Virgin Mary, and take her for their model proposed as our model.

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### The Madonna and the Hermit.

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The bigoted Italian correspondent of a secular paper, who writes many false and foolish things, sometimes gives us a touch of truth, as in the following, written from *Venice* :

"We were rowing, as one of the number

tells us, one beautiful spring morning towards the ruins of Torcello, when, on passing a small island with trees in full blossom, we saw a modest cottage.

"Near the spot where our gondola touched, we perceived a Madonna sculptured in the wall, with a lamp burning before her, flowers freshly gathered, and a purse suspended to a long pole to collect alms of the gondoliers and fishermen. On landing we found an old man seated at the cottage door; the gentleness of his voice, and the serenity of his noble countenance inspired an interest in his history. He told us that the island was formerly occupied by Franciscan monks, who were driven away by the French invasion, and that the soldiers vainly attempted to drag down the holy image, firmly seated in its tabernacle of stone. For more than twenty years he had lived on this insulated spot, and on our inquiring if his solitary existence did not sometimes induce melancholy, he pointed, with an expressive smile, to the Madonna, and replied, that having always the Mother of God so near him he had never felt his solitude; that the proximity of such a protectress was sufficient to make him happy, and that his sweetest occupation consisted in supplying the lamp and renewing the flowers before her image."

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ABOVE all, St. Francis of Sales counselled reading the Lives of the Saints, which he was wont to call "the Gospel in practice." Such readings, performed with humility and a desire to imitate, invariably impart sentiments of devotion. Like industrious bees, we shall draw from so many good examples the honeycomb of a virtuous life. The working of the spirit is varied indeed; and for this very reason we will always find in the Lives of the Saints something needed to our individual spiritual wants. And should we only be impressed with feelings of admiration for the heroic deeds of the Saints, would not even that be a very excellent way of giving praise to God?

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 19.

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

OR,

## Bouquets for every Season.

### VI.—THE MONTH OF MARY.

Lo! the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—*Song of Solomon.*

Yes, the time of birds and flowers is come again, and the voice of the Church is heard in every land, calling her children to Mary's shrine. Welcome the beautiful May! Month of singing birds and opening flowers, month of hope and gladness, month devoted, even in the darkest, bloodiest era of Paganism, to innocence and joy, to the one pure and gentle goddess of mythology. O ye who see in "Mariolatry only a continuation of the worship of Maia," tell us, is there no significance in this? Does not the strange coincidence whisper to your soul worthier thoughts of her "whose name"—in the language of your own poet—"all but adoring love may claim!" "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you," exclaimed St. Paul, in a transport of noble pride, to the worshippers at the altar of "THE UNKNOWN GOD." Can any *Christian* heart fail to glow with kindred emotion, on finding the sweet Virgin Mother prefigured in the Maia ignorantly worshipped by those who in their deepest degradation still retained some glimmering ray of light from heaven, some vague anticipation of a brighter day which would bring earth nearer to heaven, through "a virgin's son."

From the revelations of St. Gertrude—exhaustless treasury of devotions to Jesus and Mary—let us gather some sweet blossoms, choice May flowers.

### I.—VARIOUS DEVOTIONS OF ST. GERTRUDE TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Gertrude having one day asked her Lord, according to her custom, how He wished her to occupy herself during the time of prayer, received this reply: "Honor My Mother, who is seated at My side, and employ yourself in praising her." She then began to salute the Queen of heaven, as "Paradise of delights," etc.; extolling her because she was the abode full of delights chosen by God—who knows all His creatures—for His dwelling; and she besought her to adorn her heart with so many virtues that God might take pleasure in dwelling therein. The Blessed Virgin then planted in Gertrude's heart the different flowers of virtue, as the rose of charity, the lily of chastity, and many others; thus showing how promptly she assists those who invoke her aid.

Then the Saint addressed her thus: "Rejoice, model of discipline;" praising her for having ordered her desires, judgment and affection with more care than any one else could do; and for having served the Lord with such respect and reverence, that she had never given Him the least occasion of pain in her thoughts, words or actions. Having besought her to obtain for her also the same grace, it appeared to St. Gertrude that the Mother of God sent her all her affections under the form of young virgins, recommending each in particular to unite her dispositions to those of her client, and to supply

for any defects into which she might fall. By this also she understood the promptitude with which the Blessed Virgin assists those who invoke her. She then besought our Lord to supply for her omissions in devotion to His Blessed Mother, which He was pleased to do.

On the next day, as Gertrude was engaged in prayer, the Holy Virgin appeared to her, in the presence of the ever adorable Trinity, under the form of a white lily, with three leaves; one standing erect, and the other two bent down. By this she understood that it was not without reason that the Blessed Virgin was called the white lily of the Trinity, since she contained in herself, with more plenitude and perfection than any other creature, the virtues of the Most Holy Trinity, which she had never sullied by the slightest stain of sin. The upright leaf of the lily represented the omnipotence of God the Father, and the two leaves which bent down, the wisdom and love of the Son and the Holy Spirit. Then our Lady made known to the Saint, that if any one salutes her devoutly as the white lily of the Trinity and the vermilion rose of heaven, she will show how she prevails by the omnipotence of the Father, how skillful she is in procuring the salvation of men by the wisdom of the Son, and with what exceeding love her heart is filled by the charity of the Holy Ghost. The Blessed Virgin added these words: "I will appear at the hour of death to those who salute me thus, in such glory, that they will anticipate the very joys of heaven." From this time Gertrude frequently saluted the Holy Virgin or her images with these words:

"Hail, white lily of the ever-peaceful and glorious Trinity! hail, effulgent rose, the delight of heaven, of whom the King of heaven was born, and by whose milk He was nourished! feed thou our souls by the effusion of thy divine influences."

Another of the Saint's favorite salutations was the following:

"I salute thee, most Blessed Mother, august sanctuary of the Holy Spirit, through

the sweetest Heart of Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son and the Son of the Eternal Father, beseeching thee to assist us in all our necessities, both now and in the hour of our death. Amen."

## II.—THE BEST OFFERINGS TO MARY.

It is related in the life of St. Margaret of Cortona, that our Lord often associated Himself with her in honoring His beloved Mother by reciting the Angelical Salutation. This brings to mind the beautiful paraphrase of that sweet prayer, which an elegant writer represents the divine Child of Nazareth addressing to His Mother:

"Sacred lips of the Son of God, that gave us that sublime summary of prayer which should precede our salutation to Mary, you loved to pronounce that mysterious *Ave*. It was conceived in your own divine Heart, O Jesus, you entrusted it to your angel for Mary and for us; but surely it must have been pleasing to you to repeat it so often, and this it is that renders it so ravishing, so delectable to a pious heart.

"Hail, Mary, thou whom I have chosen from all eternity to be my Mother!

"Hail, Aurora of my existence, cloud which gave me to the earth, branch from which I have budded forth, blessed above all women!

"Hail, my tabernacle, my sanctuary, my diadem of honor, my crown of glory!

"Hail, spotless dove, oh! most beautiful of the daughters of Juda, my delight, my beloved, my joy!

"Emerald of the earth! thou wilt one day be the ornament of the heavenly court, and thou wilt reign among my angels; thou wilt enhance the splendor of my Church, thou wilt be the support and bulwark of Jerusalem, the honor and salvation of my people. O Mary, thou wilt one day be seated at my right hand; I will confide to thee all the treasures of My love!"\*

\* Lebon's Treatise on the *Ave Maria*.

We cannot hope to enjoy St. Margaret's privilege, but we can, *if we will*, often associate ourselves with Jesus in offering such salutations to this favored Mother, reminding her of the filial fervor with which the divine Heart tendered its homage, and the maternal delight with which her fond grateful heart treasured every accent of those sacred lips.

The following litany, with the accompanying prayer, is culled from the writings of various saints:

### III.—LITANY OF OUR LADY.

Lord, have mercy on us, etc.  
 Our Lady, spotless dove of the Lord,  
 Our Lady, true temple of the Most High,  
 Our Lady, blessed by all generations,  
 Our Lady, honored by angels,  
 Our Lady, awaited by patriarchs,  
 Our Lady, foretold by prophets,  
 Our Lady, paradise of delights,  
 Our Lady, mediatrix between God and man,  
 Our Lady, glory of the universe,  
 Our Lady, fairest ornament of the heavenly Jerusalem,  
 Our Lady, depository of celestial treasures,  
 Our Lady, bulwark of Christendom,  
 Our Lady, seal and mark of true Catholics,  
 Our Lady, ladder of heaven,  
 Our Lady, busy one of Paradise,  
 Our Lady, the Eastern horizon from which rose the Sun of Justice,  
 Our Lady, matchless flower,  
 Our Lady, vine always flourishing,  
 Our Lady, model of discipline,  
 Our Lady, miracle of virtue,  
 Our Lady, crown of the Church,  
 Our Lady, effulgent rose of heaven,  
 Our Lady, white lily of the Holy Trinity,  
 Lamb of God, etc.

Pray for us.

V. Mighty art thou, O Lady, and very praiseworthy.

R. In the celestial Jerusalem, in the congregation of the saints.

O Mary, all eyes are and ever shall be fixed on thee. All our confidence is in thee, gracious Lady, Mother of God.

From our earliest infancy we have consecrated ourselves to thee as our Sovereign. Protect us under the wings of thy charity and power. Receive the little that we have to offer to God; present it to Him thyself, that it be not rejected. Deliver us from all dangers, and one day obtain for us the eternal reward merited for us by thy Son, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns, one God, blessed above all, forever. Amen.

### THE ROMAN CATACOMBS,

#### And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

(CONTINUED.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV  
 J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

#### VI.

But these pious invocations, these prayers to the saints, are perhaps only private and individual aspirations, the occurrence of which neither supposes nor makes it necessary that a *public and liturgical veneration of the saints* should exist to support them? Not by any means. For, notwithstanding the fact that we are endeavoring principally to establish the Catholic *principle* concerning the veneration of the saints, since, this being once established, a proper liturgical regulation of the practice will follow of itself as a necessary consequence, yet there are not wanting monumental inscriptions which prove also the latter in a most conclusive manner. The inscriptions found in the catacombs tell us of a twofold order of religious veneration, each of which, as at the present day, is liturgically characterized by the words: "In the name"—IN NOMINE. Thus we find (1): prayers "*in the name of God*," "*of Christ*," or "*of Christ the Lord*." For instance: "*Zosimus, live thou in the name of Christ*;" "*To Selia Victorina who resteth in peace in the name of Christ*." In all such cases the invocation is directed

immediately to God, the only adorable and omnipotent giver of all graces. But in addition to this, the inscriptions referred to contain also (2): invocations "*in the name of a saint*," and in such cases the petition is but indirectly made to God, while it is made directly to the interceding power of the saint mentioned. Thus we read on one of the tombstones: "Rufa shall live in the peace of Christ *in the name of Peter*," *i. e.*, through the mediation of St. Peter's intercession. Again, on a glass tumbler discovered in the catacombs are found written in golden letters the following words: "Vito, live thou *in the name of Laurentius*;" while on another we read in the same sense: "Aelianus, live thou *in Christ and in Laurentius*," *i. e.*, in the grace of Christ *through the mediation and intercession* of Laurence. A strong proof for the public veneration of the saints in the primitive Church is furnished by the universally acknowledged fact that the most prominent, and as it were canonized, martyrs of the Church were on all sides awarded *ecclesiastical titles of honor*. They are called "Lord," *i. e.*, "Master," "strong intercessor at the throne of God," DOMINVS, DOMNVS, or have merely a D, indicative of these titles, prefixed to their names. So early however as the third century we meet with the title of "*saint*," (dominus) SANCTVS. Thus we find repeatedly: "Lord Peter, Paul, Stephen, Sixtus," "*Lady Basilla*," etc. We find moreover: "To the *holy* martyr Maximus;" "To the omnipotent Father and His Christ, and to the *holy* martyrs Taurinus and Herculanius are daily offered up prayers of thanksgiving by Nevius, Diaristus, and Constantine." We shall not encumber these pages with any additional proofs of this description, but will endeavor now to throw light upon our subject from another point of view; namely, that of art as exhibited in the paintings, etc., of the catacombs.

## VII.

We begin this paragraph with a question which has most probably before now occurred to our readers. If among the early

Christians the veneration of the saints was not only practiced, but had received also even at that early day a regular liturgical organization, how was it with the veneration of *Mary*, the queen of all the saints? Do we find her even then occupying her exalted position among the celestial hierarchy, and receiving the honors that are due her, from the early Church? Or is there any truth in the assertion that the particular veneration and artistic representation of *Mary* as the *Mother of God* dates back only to the *Council of Ephesus*? So far as the monumental inscriptions are concerned, they intimate a veneration for *Mary* only by showing us that it was customary to give her name in many cases to those who were received into the Church by baptism. In all other respects they observed the strictest silence regarding any point that could throw light upon the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. The reason of this appears to us without much difficulty. The mystery of the incarnation, with which the Mother of God was so intimately connected, drew her at once and most decisively within the circle of the so-called *arcana*, or those doctrines of the Church a perfect knowledge of which was withheld not only from the outside heathen world, but also even from the catechumens, who as yet had not been baptized. We must accordingly not look for *Mary* and her worship among the inscriptions proper, but rather among the paintings, which were nothing more than so many clear and perfectly intelligible hieroglyphics to all those who had been fully initiated into the teachings of the Church at their baptism. These paintings, as we shall see, will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Church at present is a faithful copy, or, to speak more correctly, is identical in this as in all other points, with the Church of the apostolic ages. Since the catacombs have been reopened, the representations of the *Madonna* that were found there, and all of which date back to the very first ages of the Church, have grown in numbers, so as to form quite a gallery at the present day, and nothing can be

plainer than the testimony which each of these furnishes to prove the extraordinary veneration of Mary, accorded to her by the early Church in consequence of her wonderful greatness and dignity, by which she excelled all the other saints of God. Generally, these representations may be classed as belonging either to one or the other of the following types. *Mary* is represented either as *sitting upon a throne* or seat of state, with the infant Saviour in her arms, or else in a *standing position*, with her *hands uplifted as if in prayer*. In the former case it is evident that she is placed before us pre-eminently in her glorious capacity as the *Mother of God*, while in the latter we are strikingly reminded that she is also the most gracious *mother of men*. Let us go for a moment into the catacombs of *Priscilla*. These catacombs might not inappropriately be designated as those of *Mary*, since they contain so many paintings, etc., that have reference to the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. The oldest crypts of this sacred place were excavated and arranged by St. Priscilla, the mother of the senator Pudens, and grandmother of the holy virgins Pudentiana and Praxedes, and that, too, ere yet the *apostolic age* had drawn to a close. Let us proceed on our tour of exploration from the central crypt, or, as it is more commonly known, the "*Greek Chapel*." Here, directly opposite the entrance, in the most conspicuous and at the same time the most honorable part of the chapel, we meet with a picture of the *Blessed Virgin and Child* attended by three kings who are offering their gifts to her. In a neighboring chamber, and, like the first, occupying the centre of the ceiling, we are introduced to another scene in the life of Mary. It is the oldest extant painting of the "*Annunciation*." This picture is in many respects one of unusual importance. The artist has represented the angel without the usual accessories of wings, thus making him appear as a stately youth, who addresses the Virgin, sitting before him on a kind of throne as a mark of her superior greatness. Again, in a third cubiculum there is seen,

in the midst of other symbolic scenes, a representation of *Mary with the Child Jesus alone*. Not far from this chamber is a sepulchral niche that involuntarily attracts our attention by the number of paintings with which it is decorated. The ceiling to the right is ornamented with a picture of *Mary with the Child Jesus*. The Blessed Virgin, draped in a full dress and flowing mantle, has thrown over her head a thin veil, after the fashion of the espoused, the newly-married, or those virgins who had dedicated themselves to the service of God. Over the head of the virgin is seen the *star* of Bethlehem, which, by the way, is generally found in pictures of this kind. Before her there stands the imposing figure of a young man. It is Isaias, the prophet of Mary. Following the custom of the ancients, he wears a mantle that is thrown back across his shoulder; in his left hand is seen a roll of parchment, while he points with his right to the Virgin and the star, as if he were in the act of foretelling the *divine maternity of the chosen Virgin* and the "*great light*" that had arisen over the tribe of Israel.\* The beauty of the composition, the majesty and grace that is thrown around each of the figures, the perfect ease and yet decided character shown by the artist in the management of his brush, stamp the painting at once as a classical production, and would leave us no doubt that it had been delineated somewhere between A. D. 50 and 150, thus rendering it not improbable that it may have been painted even under the very eyes and supervision of the apostles themselves. Indeed such a supposition gains all the more likelihood when we take into consideration the topography of the cemetery and the apostolic simplicity and form of the inscriptions.

Still, we have thus far only described a portion of the frescoes that decorate the remarkable chamber in question. At one side of the group described above, there is seen the "*Good Shepherd*," carrying the estrayed lamb back to His fold, while behind Him there follow a

\* Vid. Is. ix, 2; lx, 2-19. Luke i, 78, *et seq.*

sheep and a ram. These pictures, however, occupy only one half of the ceiling. The paintings originally decorating the other half have been destroyed, but we are justified in assuming from analogous representations that the obliterated portion of the artist's work must have represented *Mary in an attitude of prayer*, whom the Good Shepherd, as it were, is approaching with the rescued lamb on His shoulders. In this deeply-significant juxtaposition, duplicates of which we find in various portions of the catacombs, Mary appears simultaneously as *the Mother of God*, the second Eve or *spiritual mother of mankind*, the *protectress of the Church*, and the *model of the Christian soul*. Finally, in a third group which extends along both sides of the sepulchral niche, we behold on the right, once again, the prophet *Isaias*, with his hand upraised and pointing significantly to three figures that are seen on the left. These figures evidently represent the *Holy Family* in the temple of Jerusalem, a conclusion the latter part of which we arrive at principally on account of the apparent age of the *Child Jesus*. Both *Mary and Joseph*, their hearts being full of wonder and astonishment at the mysterious event unfolding itself before their eyes, have raised their hands as if in extacy; while another painting in the catacombs of Calistus, which also represents the finding in the temple, attributes this mystical expression of extatic wonder only to the Divine Child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### Bishop Chabrat.

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[CONCLUDED.]

The strongest constitution and the most robust health must finally succumb under the accumulated labors of Bishop Chabrat, and accordingly we find him suddenly attacked by amaurosis, to relieve which the skill of the best oculists of the State was unavailable. He was then advised to consult the faculty of Paris. These also

failed in their labor of love, and in their decision the good bishop read the designs of the Most High that the will was accepted for the deed and that his labors were terminated upon their present theatre; and therefore he laid his petition before the Sovereign Pontiff, Pio Nono, who accepted his resignation in the year 1847, and shortly after appointed in his place the present renowned Archbishop of Baltimore, to which latter see he was transferred July the 31st, 1864. During the administration of Bishop Chabrat, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., were erected by the Holy See into separate dioceses, each under its own consecrated bishop.

At this distant day and remote place we can neither give the exact date of his birth nor ordination. We know that he had the honor of coming into this world on Christmas day, the anniversary of our dear Lord's own nativity, and presume he was over eighty years at the time of his decease, having entered on the onerous duties of the priesthood about the year 1814; and, if so, he must have celebrated his golden jubilee several years before being called to celebrate his everlasting jubilee in the kingdom of heaven. His first rudiments of learning were acquired through the loving care of an affectionate mother, and from her he learned to practice every virtue. Later, and when yet quite a child, he studied Latin and served in the house of God under the immediate superintendence of a pious ecclesiastic, his uncle, whose wisdom and prudence inspired the youthful Levite with a love of virtue, so that he ran after her in the odor of her perfume and quaffed largely from that fountain of living waters opened by the Saviour, and of which Christ said, "if ye drink of this water of life, ye shall not thirst forever."

Of the life and habits of our amiable bishop during the last twenty years we know little, save that he lived in a state of constant suffering, from an accumulation of infirmities, depending exclusively upon others to supply his wants and minister to his pleasures. Though almost blind,

he often corresponded with his numerous friends in Kentucky, and nothing seemed to afford him more real satisfaction than to know the tree of good works which he had planted, and so long watered with more than maternal care, was attaining a magnificent growth, and was diffusing on all around the luscious fruits it was calculated to bestow. All these good works shall impart to him, their founder, an accidental glory, which will go on augmenting till time shall be no more. During his retreat among his friends, in his native place, his charitable heart could not be satisfied without performing acts of kindness; and in a time of scarcity he even sold his plate, furniture and watch, that with the proceeds he might assist the destitute; and the people were always proud to flock around, invoking the choicest blessings of heaven upon their "dear father, their kind holy bishop."

An elder brother of Bishop Chabrat embraced the high responsibilities of the priesthood, and lived to a good old age as pastor and beloved father of his flock, conducting it through the flowery meads of virtue and religion with a holy zeal and paternal tenderness, always giving the example of every good and every perfect work. Another brother studied for the bar, and a third became a doctor of medicine, and each attained considerable eminence in his profession. The fifth bishop in the see of Louisville, Rt. Rev. P. J. Lavielle, was a cousin of Bishop Chabrat, but he lived only twenty months to administer the diocese, when the angel of death folded his wings about him, and his soul was wafted to the bosom of its God. His parents, relations—with himself—have all passed away as the mists of the morning, but their good deeds, and exemplary lives remain as beacons of light, pointing to the goal of our desires, thus encouraging the present as well as the future generations to walk bravely on in the path that leads to life, just as the tears of night are collected upon the face of the flowers, and glitter like brilliant gems in the rays of the rising morn. It was in communion

with the world, it was in listening cheerfully to the tale of woe poured out at his feet, it was in bearing with the frailties of others, and making himself all to all, that Bishop Chabrat acquired the rare knowledge of living as a true disciple of Christ; while it was in the solitude of his retirement, in a constant intercourse with his Maker, in the communion and breaking of bread, that he learned to die.

Being a devoted client of our dear Mother Mary, in his younger days he had learned by heart the Mass of her Immaculate Conception, and whilst he was able to go to the altar he always said that Mass. To officiate thus was a great consolation to him in this painful bereavement of sight, and from his early boyhood he allowed no day to pass without saluting our Lady by reciting at least a part of her rosary. Our Lord never fails to reward the smallest action performed for His honor and glory, and hence he bore this painful visitation, as coming from a loving Father, with extraordinary fortitude, and submitted to all the privations to which such an affliction necessarily subjected him with exemplary patience, knowing that he would thereby gain a crown of everlasting glory to wreath his brow during the long bright day of eternity.

He is gone! His spirit has fled; and with angelic eyes he is looking upon the face of his God or chanting the praises of his Immaculate Queen, or offering up his prayers for those dear ones whose barques are yet tossed amid the tempests and the billows of life. He is gone! gone to rest! and the flowers all glittering with the tears of night in the bright sunshine shall hang in festoons of glory over his mausoleum, and the sweet choristers of heaven shall sing *requiem* all day long about him, and mothers shall bring their infants to lisp a *De profundis* for the repose of the soul of their deeply lamented, much respected, and highly honored Father Chabrat, Bishop of Bolina and Coadjutor Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky. *Requiescat in pace.*

The above is laid as a bouquet of sweet-scented flowers upon the tomb of his lord-

ship, by his grateful daughters, and may the odor of their prayers arise as a cloud of fragrant incense to surround the loving Heart of Jesus, and impetrate mercy upon the soul of their departed benefactor, friend, father, and bishop.

VIOLA BLOU.

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**SAINT LYDIA,**  
**Patroness of the Sick Room.**

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There is one condition of poor humanity in which all have an especial interest; other states of life are restricted to one class of persons or another, but this condition, sooner or later, embraces all classes; we mean the sick room or infirmary. Few persons, indeed, pass through this valley of tears without some experience of the trials and consolations of the sick room; to many it has become familiar, either in their own persons or in the persons of those who were dear to them. To many the very name of the sick room will call up remembrances of hours passed in pain, in restless burning fever, of wakeful nights, or of weary, slow-creeping days and weeks of languor and inactivity. If their experience has been gained in attendance on others, the sick room will recall sad memories of vainly protracted hope and of growing fear for the life of a beloved friend; of the wandering of delirium, the incoherent speech, the look of vacancy instead of affectionate recognition; of the running down of life's sands, the unavailing skill and tenderness of men of science, the closing agony, and the final sigh of the passing spirit. Life and death meet together in the sick room, and struggle for the mastery; the bystanders can only watch and pray, and alleviate, but are powerless to aid in that eventful crisis.

What triumphs of grace have been reserved for the sick room in the records of the Church of Christ! How many passages of holy scripture have supplied expression to the overflowing sentiments of love and hope with which the dying saint

took leave of the things of time! *Cupio dissolvi*—I long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ—was a favorite sentence with many of them; the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph lingered on their lips, till the vision of heaven was made plain. Holy Viaticum for the weary pilgrim, last unction for the dying, absolution, and the benediction of peace for the passing soul—it is in the sick room that these rich gifts, purchased on Calvary, are unfolded and applied in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

No cold didactic prayers for the children of the kingdom in their hours of weariness and pain; no mere recollection of the absent Redeemer; but Himself, in His sacramental presence, in intimate, inseparable nearness, with the rod and the staff of His mighty power and of His unfailing love, to accompany the redeemed soul through the dark valley which conducts her to the endless vision of His beauty. His left hand is under her head, and His right doth sustain her.

It is, however, in the sick chamber of the poor that the triumph of Christian faith shines with more signal lustre. There, the hardships and privations of poverty press with a keener pain on the weak and sinking victim of disease. Little comforts and alleviations, which money can procure, are excluded from the sick room of the poor; even the necessary repose and stillness, which his aching head requires, cannot be procured in a chamber common to the whole family. Yet the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, takes possession of many a chamber in circumstances of disadvantage like these.

Heaven's glory is daily opening on many a purified soul as it passes from a bed of straw, surrounded by famished little ones, in dens of squalid wretchedness into which the pitying eye of man seldom looks.

One can hardly open the Lives of the Saints without finding much in the history of each that bears on the subject of the sick room. The proverbial patience of holy Job is no singular or rare virtue in

the disciples of our crucified Redeemer; and it is remarkable that many of the saints who had most to suffer in the close of their lives, from bodily infirmities, were those whose early career had been spent in heroic works of Christian mercy. It is necessary only to refer to the history of saints like Camillus of Lellis and Vincent of Paul, for a confirmation of this view. But it is to the sick bed of the Blessed Lydia, or Lidwina, whose festival is commemorated on the 14th of January, that one naturally turns for a rare and perfect example of courageous patience under complication of every circumstance that can render such a scene a school of difficult practice in Christian virtue.

Keen sufferings of the most excruciating kind, and their continuance for nearly eight-and-thirty years, have won for Lydia the high distinction of being regarded as justly the patroness and the model of the sick room and the infirmary.

Lydia, or, as she was called in Dutch, Lydwyt, and very commonly Lidwige, or Lidwina, was born at Scheidam, a town of Holland, at the mouth of the river Meuse. Peter, her father, though of noble descent, and his ancestors of military rank, was obliged to earn his living as a night-watchman in Scheidam.

The earliest incident recorded of her childhood is another example of the strange power with which the hearts of saints are invariably attracted to the Virgin Mother of Jesus. The rector of the church of Scheidam had purchased from a sculptor a very fine wooden figure of the holy Virgin, which he had erected in his church with great ceremony amidst a vast concourse of people. Little Lydia, who was then about seven or eight years old, became very fond of the image; and when she was sent of a morning to carry their breakfast to her two brothers at school, she generally called at the church on her way home to say a "Hail Mary" before it. Her mother, thinking she had been loitering on the way, once found fault with her for staying so long; then her little girl told her where she had been, and that

while she was praying the holy Virgin had smiled upon her. After that, her mother made no more complaints.

Lydia grew up a very beautiful, clever, and engaging child. She was hardly more than a child before she had several offers of marriage. Her father insisted a good deal on her accepting one of them; but her mother, with a woman's delicate prudence, begged for delay on account of her extreme youth.

The child herself declined them all, and prayed every day that all human love might be excluded from her heart and that her affections might be fixed on God alone, with a pure heart and virgin body. Her espousals to her Lord were ratified and sealed, as is His frequent method, with the cross.

Early in February, 1395, when she had almost completed her fifteenth year, she was skating on the ice with some of her young companions. One of them who was moving rapidly along, and attempting some feat which she could not perform, caught hold of Lydia to keep herself from falling; and Lydia was thrown with violence upon some rough lumps of ice, and broke one of the short ribs on her right side. An abscess was soon formed, which defied every resource of art to cure it.

The poor child was worn out with pain; she was moved from bed to bed, from one place to another, in hopes of some little relief to her torture. But this was only the beginning of her weary trial, of a long series of agonies and complicated diseases, from which death set her free thirty-eight years afterwards. It is distressing even to read of what she suffered. The young merry girl was not at first used to so much pain; it weighed down her spirits, and made her very unhappy. When any one went to see her, she used to beg for something to ease her intolerable sufferings. By-and-by she was able to crawl about the house, and about the door, with the help of a staff. After that her feet began to refuse their office, and she had to make use of crutches. The first two years after the accident on the ice, she was carried to church at Easter, for her Communion.

Pain and illness require a novitiate or apprenticeship, like other difficult things; this little spouse of Jesus was going through hers, and it cost her a sad deal of trouble to get accustomed to the yoke of His bitter Passion and Cross. Things grew worse instead of better; she was unable to leave her bed; and for thirty-three years of her life her foot never touched the ground. For some time she was much like other sick people, complaining a good deal of her hardships, wishing, oh! so anxiously, to get well again.

Her young companions, full of life and health, sometimes looked in to see her. At those times poor Lydia would cry bitterly—it was quite impossible to comfort her.

Her kind confessor, John Pott, used to bring her Holy Communion twice a year at this early stage of her illness. Whenever he found it difficult to console her, or make her dry her tears, he used to persuade her to think of Jesus in His Passion, and so to endeavor to conform herself, in some degree, to the sweet will of God. Though he promised her great relief and comfort if she would try this, and gave her an easy method of doing so, she was soon weary of it; she could not fix her heart on it at all—the pain of her body was so sharp and so constant. The good man encouraged her to persevere—even to do violence to her natural inclination.

She obeyed him, and at last learned the secret of patience. By his advice she divided the history of the Passion into seven parts, corresponding to the seven canonical hours of prayer, and at certain fixed times through the day and night she went over those events in her mind.

This pious habit grew upon her, so that she was at last able to measure time almost as accurately as by the clock. While she meditated, her heart was filled with a flood of sweetness and joy; it seemed to her that the sufferings which she had a little before felt so intolerable, had been laid on Him whose Passion she was thinking of. When she became thoroughly used to this devotion, it was such an un-failing source of comfort to her poor heart,

that she declared if she could be cured with no more trouble than saying a "Hail Mary" she would not make the attempt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F——.

[CONTINUED.]

In her fervor and zeal to correspond to the designs of God, it was not only her vocation to a religious life that filled her soul with gratitude, but that she was led to her own particular order. Each one of the various different families of religious whom she was called on to aid, met full and enlightened response; not even her humility could make her afraid of doing anything that could satisfy her zeal for her neighbors' good. The Holy Spirit seemed Himself to direct her, giving to her spirit a share in His own universality, for she entered into the spirit of the various orders, explained each with unction and clearness, loved the customs and venerated the characteristics of each; but her filial affection was wholly for *her own*. She loved and admired the union and exact conformity that reigned in all the numerous houses of the order; the means, full of wisdom, which were devised to maintain this union and conformity, while each house was wholly independent of others, and subject only to its own bishop; the mutual zeal which all were enjoined to have for the preservation of regularity; the care they took of the infirm among them; the respect and consideration they were required to practice in their intercourse with each other; the simplicity of the means that had been assigned, and fully sufficed, to lead them to the height of spiritual perfection; the least rules even of her order filled her with admiration and joy, and she found in them a treasure of light, of grace and benediction. Thence came her zeal for the perfection of her dear institute, for the perfect observance of its rules and preservation of its primitive spirit, and her desire to see the daughters of the order walk with steadfast steps in

the way traced out for them. "We are called to the highest height of perfection it is possible for us to attain to," she would often say, adding with deep feeling: "I cannot think without trembling of what our Lord said to the first mother of our order: 'I have called this band and they are My elect ones, but I will that they shall be holy.'"

The contempt she had for the world, for its honors, its pleasures, and its customs, was in accordance with her esteem for her vocation. Her ideas on this point, and the force with which she expressed them, would appear exaggerated to souls less replenished with the spirit of faith. She showed the vanity of all those things that merely gratify nature; she depicted clearly the bitterness, the sharp thorns that were hidden under the appearance of pleasure, combatting thus the illusions by which the evil one blinds souls, and sometimes even retains under his empire those whom the goodness of God called to a religious life. She had acquired in the school of the Holy Spirit a wonderful knowledge of worldly affairs, that justified her assurance to a person who was astonished at the ease with which she comprehended and formed her judgment of circumstances, that, from her way of life, she might be supposed to be wholly ignorant of. "None know the world so well as those who stand apart from the world." She was consulted on all subjects, and her decisions, if acted on, invariably produced the best results; there was no trouble she could not enter into, no difficulty she could not appreciate, no affair that she could not see in all its aspects at the first view. Thus, people of the world, struck with her rare prudence, and a clear-sightedness as remarkable, readily opened their hearts to her, and found in her the most heartfelt compassion and all the resources of supernatural charity. "There was something absolutely marvellous in good Mother Seraphine," said a lady who had been intimate with her for many years; "I never met anybody else who gave one the impression she did. It was not that she could speak

so well of the *things of God* that one admired in her, for that was to be expected of a religious; but that in *all* her conversations, simple as her words were, there was so much enlightenment and peace, one felt God in it; she was so kind too, with all her plain dealing, one never left her without consolation."

Some traits should be given to show how faithfully Sister Seraphine observed her religious vows of obedience, poverty and chastity. Her obedience had all the characters pointed out in the constitutions of the order as essential for its perfection. The spirit of dependence, of littleness, of childlike submission, that was always conspicuous in her, in her old age became still more evident, when, after years of government, she returned under the yoke of obedience. As she had been ready at the call of her superiors to quit her monastery and labor in works of the first importance, so was she equally ready to engage in the humblest offices of the house,—in all showing the same promptitude, forgetfulness of self, remission into the hands of superiors, and joyous acquiescence in the will of God. Towards her superior she showed the utmost docility. "If you were reasonable you would go to bed now," the superior would sometimes say, noticing the fatigued look of the venerable nun. "Truly, mother, I have not felt the need of it," would be the answer; "but if you in your kindness think it best, I am quite ready," and instantly the work was laid aside; meanwhile to retire so early only added to her suffering, for she was for many years subject to great restlessness in the earlier part of the night, and her only quiet sleep was towards morning. In the same way, she was always eager to rise with the first stroke of the bell, notwithstanding her deficient rest, unless commanded to prolong her repose. In this case her obedience cost her the greatest of sacrifices, in depriving her of Holy Communion when not permitted to rise for the community Mass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From the London Register.]

**Roman News.**

The number of visitors in Rome during Holy Week, this year, was 50,000, of whom some 10,000 were Germans. Concerning the Holy Father, and the ceremonies of Holy Week, the reliable correspondent of the *London Register* says:

"The ceremonies of Holy Week began by the Tenebræ yesterday afternoon in the Sistine. The Pope assisted at part of the office, and I need scarcely say the crowd was immense. At St. Peter's this morning the same may be observed, although the Sistine was absolutely crowded to suffocation, and every place occupied, for the Lavanda in the transept of the basilica and the Canon's Mass in the Julian Chapel were equally besieged by visitors from every portion of the globe. The very tribe of gypsies was represented, for the chiefs of the camp of Hungarian Zingari, which pitched its tents last week at Porta Angelica, were conspicuous in the assembly, with their little active figures, their black cloth jackets trimmed with astrakan and glittering with silver chains and buttons, and their long elf locks of plaited black hair. They brought a child, by the way, to St. Peter's on Saturday to be baptized, and are greatly insulted if not considered on the same footing as other Christians.

"The Pope entered the Sistine about ten, and, after assisting at Mass, carried the Adorable Sacrament to the Pauline Chapel, accompanied by the cardinals, bishops, and the great officers of State. The King, Queen, and Princesses of Naples, the Dukes of Parma, Saxe-Meiningen, and Baden, the Prince Hereditary of Monaco, and the rest of the royal or mediatised visitors, occupied the raised platforms in the centre of the chapel, and afterwards followed the Holy Father to the Lavanda and Cena, which he performed as usual. The Benediction was a magnificent sight, and was as numerously attended as it generally is at Easter, and gave one a good idea of what the spectacle will be this year on that day. The Pope's voice was remarkably full and clear, and every word of the long prayer which commences the ceremony was audible in the Piazza. He had appeared a little fatigued in the morning, but this must have been more apparent than real, for his voice (which is with him an unerring barometer of health) was unfaltering, and the increased appearance of age takes little from his strength and energy.

"An audience will be given on Holy Saturday to 1,200 persons."

The position of the Oriental Churches in reference to the coming General Council is thus described:

"The Russian agents in Rome are doing all they can to circulate reports regarding the Armenian and Maronite Churches, and their discontent with the Œcumenical Council. Not a word of this is true, and the best proof is that the Maronite and Armenian Patriarchs are expected very soon after Easter to engage in the preparatory works. Russia denies the union she can never hope to attain, and, too proud to renounce her schism, too weak to repress the sects who have followed the example of revolt she has shown them, unable to deceive the Holy See as to her intentions, and furious because Pius IX steadily refuses diplomatic relations with a Power actively engaged in the persecution of Polish and Russian Catholics, she has no resource save calumny. Several organs of the English press are unhappily "coached" by Russians. I may instance the *Pall Mall Gazette* as notoriously under Russian influence in all that regards Rome, and it therefore behoves Catholics and truth-seeking Protestants to accept with doubt the absurd statements of Roman correspondents as to the Eastern Churches. There is perfect dogmatic and ecclesiastical union, and it is more than probable that any points of discipline which may be a difficulty to Anglicans will rather be sacrificed by the Oriental Churches than retained, should the common welfare call for it."

ORDINATIONS—ON FRIDAY, April 2d, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, in the cathedral of that city, conferred Holy Orders upon the following gentlemen: Rev. Messrs. Edward Kelly, and James McCabe, from the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls; Rev. Messrs. John J. Baxter, John Brady, and Michael Cunningham from St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany.

ON the 5th of April, Rt. Rev. James F. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood on Messrs. Luke McCabe, Matthew P. O'Brien, Daniel J. Kennedy, John B. Kelly, George J. Kelly, Bernard Dornhege and Hubert Shick.

REV. DR. KERR, a Presbyterian missionary, writing to the *Occident* of this city, from Canton, January 16th, says: "The Roman Catholics are not idle. About twenty Priests are at work in the Province. An immense cathedral is being built in this city, of solid granite which will cost not less than one million of dollars."—*San Francisco Monitor*.

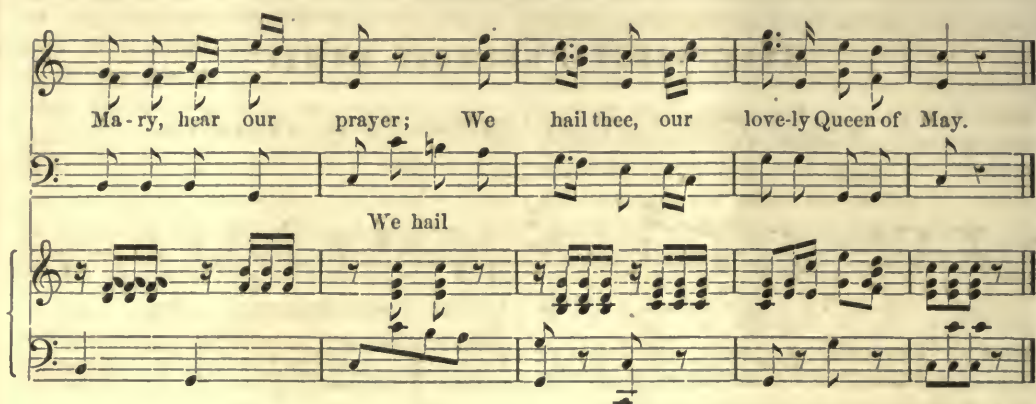
## HAIL, VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY!

A MAY HYMN,—MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

The musical score is written for Soprano, Alto, Bass, and Organ. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Hail, Vir - gin! dear - est Ma - ry, Our love - ly Queen of May; O spot - less, bless - ed La - dy, Our love - ly Queen of May. Thy chil - dren humb - ly ben - ding A - round thy shrine so dear; With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet". The organ part consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a continuous melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. The vocal parts are arranged in a three-part setting, with the Soprano and Alto parts often moving in parallel motion.

Sopra.  
Alto.  
Bass.  
Organ.

Hail, Vir - gin! dear - est Ma - ry, Our love - ly Queen of May; O  
spot - less, bless - ed La - dy, Our love - ly Queen of May. Thy chil - dren humb - ly  
ben - ding A - round thy shrine so dear; With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet



Behold earth's blossoms springing,  
In beauteous form and hue;  
All nature gladly bringing,  
Her sweetest charms to you.

We'll gather fresh bright flowers,  
To bind our fair Queen's brow;  
From gay and verdant bowers,  
We haste to crown thee now.

The rose and lily wreathing,  
The humble violet fair,  
To thee their perfumes breathing,  
With sweetness scent the air;

The mignonette, the lilac,  
And sweet for-get-me-not—  
The eglantine and myrtle,  
To grace your wreath we've brought

The heliotrope, sweet type of love,  
And star of Beth'lem too—  
The lily of the valley,  
Complete the wreath for you.

And now, our blessed Mother,  
Smile on our festal day,  
Accept our wreath of flowers,  
And be our Queen of May.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

### MARY OUR MODEL.

#### Labor.

The Blessed Virgin labored all her life. She worked during her youth for her own instruction, and afterward to gain bread for herself and Jesus, both before and after the flight into Egypt.

It is thought that St. Joachim and St. Ann possessed a certain independence, but in those days young girls were not brought up in idleness; the greatest care was taken to instil into their minds habits of industry. Household work and serious tasks should be the main point in the education of females. How happy Mary must have been, when she aided St. Joseph in work-

ing for the Infant Jesus, that she had been taught to labor in her childhood.

After the faults that are opposed to religion and morality, the greatest that can be attributed to many rich families, and to certain boarding-schools, is that they educate young girls in idleness, frivolity, and in a kind of moral paganism that is totally opposed to the spirit of the gospel. They fill their heads with worldly ideas, with the love of vanity, of dress, of games, and festivities of all kinds; or at least give them reason to think that their business here on earth is to be dressed up like a pretty doll, according to the fashion of the time, to be the object of the sterile admiration of idlers; as if the life of a child of God was but a stupid parade! Shall we look for the characteristics of the valiant woman of Holy Writ in these effeminate and indolent girls? You will for the most part find in them minds weakened and vitiated, and hearts still more corrupt.

Let us turn away from these sad creatures, and direct our thoughts to the Blessed Virgin, as she learns the law of God from the lips of St. Ann, and begins to sew and spin under the direction of her mother. I imagine I see thee, O holy child, occupied with the little details of household duties, assisting thy good mother in her work, and intent on exercising those domestic cares thou wilt one day bestow upon Jesus and St. Joseph: Thou art more beautiful and more admirable in thy sweet simplicity than those rich and proud girls, in their pretended grandeur, whose heads are bedecked with feathers and whose delicate hands touch only the finest laces and flowers.

If we follow her to Jerusalem, in the temple we find her attentive to the lessons of her teachers; she studies with the same docility and ardor as she had labored with her hands. She despises no work as unworthy of her. She never murmurs against those who command her. Ah! she is the valiant woman whom we could not find among worldly-minded girls.

Of all her studies, that which she preferred was the study of religion. She loved to learn the history of the benefits God bestowed upon His chosen people—to know His commandments, His counsels and promises. It was her delight to meditate on the maxims of His wisdom and to sing the canticles of His glory. How different was she from those frivolous souls to whom all study of religion inspires nothing but weariness and disgust!

It is well here to remember that the young Mary's mind was of a superior order, and her judgment ready and mature. Her grand nature, preserved from original sin and enlightened by living rays of grace, felt nothing but contempt for low, mean things, and by its own nobleness tended to lofty thoughts, elevated sentiments and sublime actions. Her soul habitually dwelt in the elevated sphere of heavenly things, like the eagle above the clouds; there she was in her element. But her extreme humility prevented her seeing the height of her intelligence. Far from be-

coming proud of her intellectual gifts, as many vain young persons who think they are *little wonders* because they are more advanced than some half a dozen of their schoolmates, Mary hid her incontestable superiority, and contented herself with offering her success to God, from whom, she knew and confessed, she received all she had, without any merit on her part. She saw only the great obligation she was under, to show Him greater gratitude, and to be more zealous for His glory.

If you would have an idea of the penetration and elevation of her spirit, meditate on the *Magnificat*, which shows the transport of her heart, and reveals to us her beautiful soul. What an incomparable mingling of grandeur and simplicity, of glory and humility! She comprehended the whole plan of God; she divined her own exaltation, and she spoke of it with a clearness and modesty that enraptures the soul. Without doubt the Holy Ghost inspired her, but that did not take from her the personal character of her intellect. In the *Magnificat* you see Mary such as she is. Let us imitate her in whatever is applicable to us.

#### INDOLENCE.

The parents of Laura are rich, and they have no other child. They brought her up with those excessive precautions that spoil the best natural dispositions, and entail upon them an endless series of sorrows and miseries, if not in this world, at least in the next.

Laura knew at an early age that she had no need to work, and that her destiny was to be served by the many servants who were to let her want for nothing. Her past life, she thought, was a guarantee for the future. Had she ever been denied a pleasure, a whim, in her father's house? A little queen was she at her birth; she had always ruled the household, and had become a sort of idol that was the centre of all attention and care. Already many flatterers bent the knee before her, and burnt a little grain of incense at her shrine. She was no longer a simple mortal!

When she consented to enter a boarding

school of her own choice, she carried with her the conviction that she would please her parents as much by doing little as by making herself uncomfortable trying to do a great deal, and that it was by no means necessary to study hard to live on her income. She therefore took the easy resolution to study little, and to amuse herself a great deal; to shun irksome studies and to limit herself to those that were agreeable or by which she might create a sensation in society, such as polished language, music, dancing, and above all a thorough knowledge of the *fashions*.

Dame Nature seemed to be an accomplice in the young girl's indolence and vanity, for she lavished all manner of exterior graces upon her: a tall and graceful figure, a beautiful face, charming manners, with a gay, generous, and gushing disposition. Laura was loved by all, even her teachers, who could not make her study.

Are not such natural qualities, joined to a brilliant fortune, a formidable temptation for a young girl, who dreams of all the pleasures of the world, but who never thinks of eternity? Assuredly faith is necessary to enable us to despise these external advantages, to avoid making them the instruments of vainglory, and to dispel the seducing phantoms of a worldly life. How many young persons, for smaller advantages than Laura had, have lost the little religion and good sense that they once possessed!

Laura is one of these dupes; she believes she has nothing to ask of heaven but perpetual youth. In the mean time she takes her ease as much as she possibly can. She will be a great dunce, but she cares little for that, provided it is not too generally known. When she leaves school, she will know nothing of grammar—will not be able even to spell; she will be ignorant of the history of her own country, and will know as much about geography as a Chinese market-woman. She will be unable to do the least sum in arithmetic and will stick fast among the columns of the multiplication table, which she can never remember. Don't talk to her of natural his-

tory, and chemistry; her cook knows more about them than she does. It would be useless to ask her to make soup, or to prepare a stew. Oh fie! such a fine young lady! One knows enough when one is rich and beautiful!

To conclude, what can she do? She can eat, drink, chatter, and sleep. She can also comb and fix up her hair, make her shoes fit nice; be helped at table; be taken out riding; enter the drawing room with grace, and then dance, talk, laugh, and amuse herself the greater part of the night; and finally return at a late hour to be disrobed and put to sleep! What a useful creature! What services she renders to society! How well she corresponds to the designs of her Creator!

Take away her hair-dresser, her dress-makers, her servants, her cook, her carriage, and she will not be able to dress, nor to make a call, nor to eat; she would be no longer able to live; she would be an object of ridicule or of pity. If she were to lose her fortune, she would die of sorrow and chagrin.

As for you, dear readers, who wish to preserve your own worth, your good sense, your dignity as a creature of God, your own esteem, your health, and your strength, and then take along with you some little merit to the next world to enjoy it with the saints, have a perfect horror for such an idle and sensual life, and do not disdain to work as the Blessed Virgin did during her whole life.

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“VIRTUES, be they ever so great and excellent, are nothing without charity,—not even the faith that moves mountains or fathoms mysteries; the gift of prophecy, or the tongues of angels and men, the giving in alms all that one may possess, or even a martyrdom by fire—all these things are nothing without charity. Whoever liveth not in charity is in death: and whatever deeds are preformed, not inspired by charity, no matter how seemingly good, are dead work, and of no merit for eternity.”  
—*St. F. de Sales.*

# AVE MARIA.

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No. 20.

## BLOSSOMS OF FAITH AND LOVE;

— OR, —

### Bouquets for every Season.

#### VII.—WHITSUNTIDE.

“Although the three adorable Persons of the Blessed Trinity have an equal share in sanctifying our souls, yet our spiritual regeneration and all the graces we receive from heaven are particularly attributed to the Holy Ghost; because, as these favors are an effect of God’s love for us, He who is the Love of the Father and of the Son is considered the author of them. It is incredible, the good this Divine Spirit produces in those souls which do not oppose His inspirations. What an abundance of light and strength would He not communicate to us, by His seven gifts, His fruits and His beatitudes, if with docility and attention we would listen to Him!”

This instruction is quoted from an old prayer-book in which, among the “devotions for every day in the week,” Monday was set apart for paying special homage to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. In most manuals of prayer published in recent times, this custom is changed, and Monday is assigned to prayers for the dead.

A few years since, a zealous priest, in proposing to his congregation to make a novena in preparation for Whitsunday, alluded to the general falling-off in the particular devotions formerly offered to the Holy Spirit, as being the principal cause of that lamentable lukewarmness

now so generally witnessed. He spoke forcibly of the mistake of those who limit their exercises of piety to the more or less fervent reception of the Blessed Eucharist, and still wonder that they are so powerless in sudden or great temptations, so cold and languid in the service of God; but if the Holy Communion was intended to impart all the light and grace and strength needed for the hard warfare which every Christian *must* wage or relinquish his hopes of salvation, would our Saviour, after having just imparted this divine food to the apostles, promise them another Comforter whom the Father would send in His name? You may say, continued the pastor, we have all received the Holy Ghost in Confirmation. That is true; but how many of us were so well prepared as to receive Him in the plenitude of His gifts and fruits? how many have preserved the grace of Confirmation, and refrained from grieving the Spirit of God by subsequent sins? how many, when years have gone by, remember, even once a year, at Whitsuntide, the gift they received in childhood, renew their thanks to the Heavenly Spirit, confess and lament their infidelity to the grace then bestowed, and supplicate Him earnestly, humbly and confidently to grant them a renewal and increase of all He then bestowed, that they may be more faithful for the time to come? How many do this on Whitsunday, or when they see others confirmed,—how many of us?—rather, alas! how few! And yet we wonder why there are now so few strong and perfect Christians!

Such was the substance, as well as can be recollected, of a lecture that made a deep impression on those who heard it.

and excited an earnest wish for the fulfilment of the pastor's closing prayer, that devotion to the Holy Spirit—humble, ardent, persevering devotion—may soon become familiar to every child of the Church, instead of being considered, as is too generally the case, a privilege reserved for some chosen souls.

We are sure every reader of the AVE MARIA will be delighted as well as edified with the following picture from the pen of a French Jesuit (Father Nampon), whose splendid doctrinal work will soon be given to the American Church:

“To these names, so precious, of Father and Son, there is joined a third, yet more delightful to him who is able to understand it: God calls Himself the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit, that is *God who is charity*; the substantial love of the Father and the Son; the *dove*, with its simplicity, its candor, its chaste love, hovering over the head of Jesus; the burning *fire* shed forth upon the apostles, destined to inflame the whole world; the *spiritual anointing*, which insinuates itself into our hearts, fixes itself there, and draws them with heavenly sweetness to love God for Himself and their neighbor for God; that *fountain of living water*, that has come down from heaven into our hearts to cleanse and to refresh them, to make them fruitful, to inebriate them with ineffable delights, and then to spring up even to heaven. This is the *Paraclete* or the *Comforter*, who diffuses in us that peace of God which surpasses all understanding; who assures us by His inward testimony that Christ is the truth, and that we ourselves are the sons of God; this is the *gift of the Most High*, for He is *given* to us with the grace that makes us just; and He dwells in us personally, awakening in our hearts unspeakable groanings towards Heaven, and crying, like little children to their father, ‘*Abba, Pater!*’ This is the Spirit of sevenfold gifts producing in us works that are meritorious of a blessed eternity; assuring the benefit of a glorious resurrection to our bodies in which He dwells; penetrating our whole soul, to

enlighten, elevate, inflame it, to make it one spirit, one heart with God.”

#### I.—PIOUS EXERCISES FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

The following prayers are abridged from an authorized collection:

##### NOVENA BEFORE THE FESTIVAL.

Let us prostrate ourselves before the majesty of the Most Holy Trinity, and, uniting our dispositions with those of our Blessed Lady and the holy apostles in the upper room at Jerusalem, let us say seven times the Our Father and Hail Mary, to obtain, by the merits of Jesus ascended, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. (*Repeat the Our Father and Hail Mary seven times.*)

O Most Holy Spirit, the Paraclete, we adore Thee with all humility; and with the most lively affections of our hearts we beseech Thee to assist us in this Thy novena, that we may rightly prepare ourselves to receive Thy heavenly gifts. We cannot, O divine Spirit, receive Thee without Thine own aid assisting us. Without Thee we cannot please Thee. Do Thou then, who didst prepare the heart of Mary to receive the Word Incarnate, vouchsafe so to dispose our hearts that we may happily conceive the blessed flames of Thy love. Amen.

O sweetest and most dear Mother Mary, behold us at thy feet, and having kissed them a thousand times with the lips of our hearts, we humbly implore of thee a favor more needful for us than all else. Since thou art the spouse of the Holy Ghost, the dispenser of His treasures, dispose, we beseech thee, our cold hearts for the approaching solemnity of Pentecost. Obtain for us, O benignant Mother, contrition for our sins; so that, although we cannot receive the Holy Spirit, as innocent as thyself, yet may we receive Him as true penitents, together with those Gentile penitents who received Him in the upper room. Amen.

May the blessings of almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon us, and abide with us forever. Amen.

II.—ON THE FEAST AND DURING THE  
OCTAVE.

O Holy Spirit, the Paraclete, we adore Thee as true God together with the Father and the Son. We bless and praise and thank Thee through the sweetest Heart of Jesus, whom Thou hast given us, for all the good which Thou hast done and art daily doing to the world. Thou art the giver of all supernatural gifts, and Thou didst fill with immense graces the soul of Mary, the glorious Mother of God. Through her intercession we beseech Thee to visit us with Thy grace and with Thy love, and may the gift of Thy holy fear restrain us from relapsing into those sins for which we now implore Thy pardon with all sincerity and contrition. Amen.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, that the Paraclete, who proceedeth from Thee, may enlighten our minds, and, according to the promise of Thy Son, may lead us into all truth; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

III.—ST. GERTRUDE'S PREPARATION FOR  
PENTECOST.

"If you desire to receive the Holy Ghost," replied our Lord to St. Gertrude, when she very earnestly besought Him for this grace, "you must touch My side and My hands, like My disciples!"

"By this she understood that he who desires to receive the Holy Spirit, must first touch the side of our Lord—that is, he must acknowledge how much the Divine Heart has loved us in having predestinated us from eternity to be His children and heirs of His kingdom, and in pouring forth such benefits upon us daily, notwithstanding our ingratitude. That he must also touch the hands of our Lord,—that is, reflect with gratitude on all His labors for us during the three-and-thirty years of His mortal life, and on His passion and death, offering His Heart to God, in union with the love with which He said, 'As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you,'\*

to fulfil His good pleasure in all things; for although men should desire and wish nothing but the good pleasure of God, they should seek even more ardently to do and to suffer what He wills—for he who acts thus cannot fail to receive the Holy Spirit, even as the disciples on whom the Son of God breathed."

On the Sunday after Ascension Thursday, the Saint besought our Lord, at Communion, to prepare her to receive these four virtues: purity of heart, humility, tranquillity, and concord. She perceived, during a wonderful vision, that they were imparted to her; and she learned that whoever prays devoutly to God for the same virtues in order to prepare a dwelling for the Holy Spirit, and tries to advance in them every day by practising them faithfully, will receive them. On the vigil of Pentecost she offered this prayer:

"Alas, my Lord! unworthy sinner that I am, I confess with grief, that through my frailty I have offended in many ways against Thy omnipotence, and that my ignorance and malice have often offended against Thy wisdom and goodness. Therefore, O Father of mercies, have mercy on me, and give me strength from Thy strength to resist all that is contrary to Thy will; give me grace from Thy inconceivable wisdom to avoid all that may offend Thy pure eyes, and enable me to adhere faithfully to Thee by Thy superabundant mercy, so that I may never depart from Thy will in the very least degree."

At Mass, during Whitsuntide, she offered the Sacred Host at the time of the Elevation in satisfaction for her deficiencies in acquiring spiritual goods, and she perceived that this was accepted even as she desired.

MARY.

WHEN keenly insulted by a certain individual, St. Francis of Sales replied, with an indescribable sweetness: "Should you even pluck out one of my eyes, I would nevertheless look upon you with utmost affection with the other."

\* St. John, xx, 21.

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

VII.

(CONTINUED.)

Thus much concerning the remarkable tomb in question. It would be too tedious an undertaking were we to carry our readers in like manner through all the other cemeteries that contain pictures of the Madonna. We therefore repeat once more our previous assertion, that all of these paintings either represent *Mary* as clothed with the honors of her *divine maternity*; or else bring her before us in the capacity of a *most powerful intercessor*.

In the first class of these paintings we very frequently meet with the figures of the *wise men from the East*, whose traditional number (*three*) obtains a remarkable corroboration from these works of art. The juxtaposition of these men with the Mother and Child was naturally destined to affect the hearts of those early Christians in the same proportion as they realized more or less vividly the calling of the Gentiles to the true faith, and brought before their eyes the authors of this calling, who were none other than *Jesus and Mary*.

The second class of paintings is very often found to be made all the more interesting and significant, by the ingenious introduction of typical allusions. Thus in the catacombs of SS. Peter and Marcellin the heavenly *mediatrix* is accompanied by two men who support her arms raised in prayer, just as Aaron and Hur in times of old supported the arms of Moses while he was praying on Mount Horeb. *Mary*—such is the evident meaning of this beautiful comparison—ceaselessly raises her arms in prayer on God's holy mountain in behalf of the battling children of Israel; and, since she *intercedes* for them, it is impossible that they should not vanquish

Amalec, the type of persecuting heathendom. Akin to this painting there is another representation engraven on gold-leaf, which represents *Peter and Paul*, the princes of the apostles, as supporting *Mary's* arms, while the latter is making intercession for the Church of Rome. As it is already universally known and appreciated, we shall not mention here that celebrated painting of the *praying Madonna with the Child* which may be seen in the so-called "*Chapel of Mary*" in the cemetery of St. Agnes. We cannot, however, pass over in silence a very important picture that serves to decorate an ancient Christian sarcophagus. To the left, towards the top, in this picture, there sits God the *Father* on His throne; the *Son* is ushering into His presence our first parents, who have just been created; while the *Holy Ghost*, the third of the three Divine Persons,—each of whom is represented as a venerable old man, and between whom there is a perfect resemblance,—leans with His hand upon the back of the throne. In the corresponding lower field of the same picture, *Mary*, the *Mother of God*, occupies a similar throne in all respects, only that hers is not surmounted by an overhanging canopy as is that of God the Father. Now on this throne of the Blessed Virgin, God the *Holy Ghost*, of whom *Mary* conceived, is again seen leaning, as in the former case; while the Son of God, here depicted as a child, rests upon *Mary's* lap and receives the presents of the three Magi, who are clearly introduced as the representatives of the new creation. Although unwilling to do so, we must forego the pleasure of here dwelling longer and more in detail on the manifold and deep significance of the scene thus artistically brought before us in this picture.

Our attention is now called to another class of memorial relics that are of particular importance in establishing the fact of *Mary's* veneration in the early Church. We mean the gold-enamelled drinking glasses, dating from the third and fourth centuries. About 400 specimens or fragments of such glasses or cups have been

hitherto dug up from among the accumulated rubbish of the catacombs. Some of these glasses or cups were quite small, the lower extremity being of a conical or oval form, while others again were of a size sufficient to justify the moulders or blowers in supplying them with handles or catches. Now it was on the bottom of these cups or glasses—for this, being the most solid and substantial, is therefore the only part that has been transmitted to us—that the Christian artist attached a gold-leaf on which with his pencil he engraved his inscription, symbol, biblical scene or figure, after which he protected the whole by superadding a thin coating of glass. These remarkable cups were used at the love-feasts that were usually instituted at baptisms, marriages and funerals, but more particularly on the *public festivals of the saints*, and hence their significance in this connection. A remarkably large number of these glasses are ornamented with a picture of the *Blessed Virgin*, in which she is generally represented as interceding for some one, while the picture itself is inscribed merely with her name: MARIA. In one or two instances we find the *nimbus*, or glory, crowning the Queen of heaven. This distinction was at first only awarded to Christ; in the third century, however, it began to be awarded also to the Blessed Virgin, while it was not until the fifth and sixth century that the other saints and angels were honored in like manner. From this our readers may judge what clear light is thrown by these glasses on the privileged position of Mary as the *Mother of God* and the *Queen of angels and saints*, no less than on the *veneration* and the *number of feasts* that were set aside in her honor by the primitive Church.

Let us now conclude our Mariologic investigations by giving the description of a glass, the email of which, besides giving us a clear idea of Mary's position, introduces us also into the hallowed obscurity of ancient Christian symbolism. The centre of the bottom of this glass, lined as it is with gold-leaf, is occupied by the figures of those princes of the apostles, SS.

Peter and Paul, while round about them the following scenes are introduced and represented. First of all there appears the prophet of Mary,—*Isaias*,—whom we recognize at once by the figure of the “sun” and the “large scroll” in which he is directed to record the mysterious birth of Emmanuel.\* In the spirit of prophecy he beholds the Blessed *Virgin*, and points to her, whom we see between two olive trees extending her arms in prayer. These olive trees are the emblems of the two Testaments, that remain always green, *i. e.*, imperishable. Next to the figure of Mary there is a mystical representation of the *crucifixion of Christ*. The Saviour is represented by the above-named prophet Isaias who, divested of his attire and standing with his arms extended in the form of a cross, is being sawn in twain by two men. Tertullian explains to us how the prophet came to be looked upon as a figure of Christ, when he says: “Isaias died on the cross while and because he preached Christ.” In addition to these groups there are yet others, partly explanatory and partly supplementary, that complete the painting under consideration. In all of these the Saviour constitutes the principal figure. In one place He is seen erecting a staff for the *brazen serpent*, which lies at His feet; in another place, after the example of Moses and to symbolize the *gift of faith*, He causes the water of His doctrines to flow from the living rock; while in a third, by touching them with His rod, he rescues from a fiery furnace the three youths, who are a figure and type of the *resurrection*. These three groups represent pictorially the text of St. John which may be found in chap. iii, v. 14–16, while the whole picture represents the *mystery of the redemption* as it was predicted by Isaias, *mediated by Mary*, accomplished by Christ, and finally preached by the chiefs of the apostles and their successors in the Roman Catholic Church.

## VIII.

When we look over the collection of

\* Is. vii, 8; and lx.

early Christian paintings of the Madonna, we are justly struck with the great variety of ideas or motives which, even in those early days, the Blessed Virgin Mary seems to have inspired into the hearts of those primitive artists. But of far greater importance to us is the conclusion which we are necessarily bound to draw from these premises regarding the position occupied by *Mary* in the primitive Church, and the veneration that was evidently awarded to her from the very beginning of Christianity. If in no position during His earth-life, and least of all in His youth, we can find the Son without the *Mother*, how is it possible that this same Mother should not have borne also an intimate relationship to the *infant Church of Christ*? And if the morning star never shines brighter and more hopefully than when the dawning day is battling strenuously with the shadows of night, why should not also the *star of Mary*, with its mild effulgence, glitter in the dawning day of Christianity, and thus transfigure the tears and blood which the early Church was called upon to shed in its efforts to subdue the fearful night of of heathen error? We have already seen, in a measure, that next to the Mother of *Jesus* His foster-father St. Joseph also was venerated in a most affectionate manner. In this connection we shall mention only a single slab of marble, on which, next to the inscription which reads: "Severa, live thou in God," we find a representation of the *Holy Family*, the chief feature of which consists in the fact that *St. Joseph* is seen extending his right hand over the Mother and Child. Of great importance in this connection are also the testimonies establishing the veneration at that early day of the *princes of the apostles* and of other celebrated *martyrs*. Thus, for instance, we find over the bust of St. Peter the following superscription: "*Peter, be thou our protector!*" In most cases the martyrs are represented with a *crown* on their heads, or near them, while in some instances our Saviour Himself is depicted in the act of decorating them with this mark of their fidelity—a distinction which

was afterwards symbolized by the introduction of the *nimbus*, and by which the early Christians sought to express the idea that those who were thus honored, in consequence of their eminent virtues, held a *high position* not only *in heaven* but also in the *Church of God on earth*.

Ere closing this paragraph we shall yet give three very remarkable inscriptions: "Here I rest, Mandrosa by name; . . . faithfully in Christ I observed His commandments, and was *piously devoted to the services of the martyrs*." MARTYRVM OBSEQUIIS DEVOTA. "Here resteth Dionysius, an innocent child, *among the Saints*; may you (the Saints) be mindful of us in your holy prayers!" "Pretatus resteth in peace; he lived 9 years . . . a nursing of God, of Christ, and of the Saints." NVTRICATVS DEO CHRISTO MARTVRIBVS. And on the family tomb of a certain Bassus we read: "They were *piously devoted to God and the Saints*." DEO SANCTISQVE DEVOTI.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### SAINT LYDIA, Patroness of the Sick Room.

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[CONCLUDED.]

This good priest did her another great service, by stirring up in her heart a tender love to Jesus in the Holy Sacrament. Sometimes he found her heart dry and weary, when he came to give her communion; then he spoke with such sweetness of the love of Jesus in that divine mystery, and of His never-failing generosity which would certainly one day repay her for all her sufferings, that Lydia's heart was wounded with love to her dear Lord; she wept to think how blind she had been, and how weak, when she used to refuse all comfort, even from her mother. She could now only rejoice and weep for very tenderness.

This devotion to Jesus in His Passion and in His Sacramental Presence became

a treasure of comfort and strength to her for eight years, during which she had none of the supernatural consolations which afterwards were granted her.

Poor thing! how she suffered all that time. It is only in a very general way that it can be described here. For the first nineteen years of her illness she lived on an incredible small quantity of food; sometimes a slice of a roasted apple, or a morsel of bread soaked in milk, lasted her a whole day; sometimes only a mouthful of beer or of sweet milk. Later in her illness even this was too much for her weakness; her whole support was then reduced to a minute quantity of pure wine, which lasted her for a week, and even this had to be mixed with water.

From 1414 she could neither turn nor move, but lay constantly on her back till her death. Her head and left shoulder and arm were the only parts of her body she had any power over. Blood frequently streamed from her mouth, nostrils and ears. For seven years she labored under fever, alternately shivering and burning. For the last nineteen years of her trial she suffered from dropsy, scarcely eating, drinking, or sleeping. Headache and toothache were among her lesser ailments, but much aggravated the others. Many eminent physicians from all parts of the country went to see her, as the fame of her singular case was widely spread; but they could do nothing for her, and were obliged to acknowledge the finger of God. Night and day bring some change to an ordinary sick room; a beam of sunshine now and then enlivens its sadness. But poor Lydia lay in darkness; one of her eyes was quite blind, and the other so weak that she could not bear the least light. When it was necessary to admit ever so little, as for Mass in her room, or even when the curtains of her bed were opened, her eyes always bled profusely. This terrible complication of diseases she bore for the love Jesus crucified. Indeed there was hardly any disease known at that day which she did not suffer from.

Meanwhile, her supernatural consola-

tions abounded as her sufferings and privations of earthly comfort increased. She was sometimes rapt to paradise—sometimes to purgatory, to see and suffer with the souls detained there, and thus to do penance for those who needed her help. She was sometimes rapt or carried away to various places of the world: to the Holy Land, to Rome, and to many other sacred spots, such as monasteries and churches, where she venerated the relics of the saints preserved in them.

This happened almost every night for twenty-four years, with sometimes an occasional interval. She visited in this manner many religious houses, and made acquaintance with many holy persons in them whom she had never seen with her bodily eyes; she even knew them by name, and was able to tell others what God had done for them.

Sometimes Lydia's angel carried her through a beautiful country adorned with roses and lilies; this was generally after she had been conducted to the altar of the Holy Virgin in the church of Scheidam. Sometimes the couch on which she lay was raised from the floor of her chamber. During these raptures her body lay motionless, as if she were dead, and she lost all external consciousness.

When Saint Paul was rapt to heaven in a similar manner he was unable to say whether it was in the body or out of the body; but there is reason to think that Lydia's body was actually transported to the Holy Land on several occasions while she was meditating on our Lord's passion. At the beginning of those raptures her sensations were at first oppressive, as if she must die; but habit reconciled her to them. She sometimes received new wounds in her body, from the kiss of our Lord's cross, and other holy things which she saw and touched.

On several occasions Jesus Christ Himself entered her cell, with a company of heavenly attendants. Her cell, though usually dark, often shone with a light not of this world. The last year of her life, Baldwin, her brother's child, who

watched much beside her, was frequently alarmed by these supernatural occurrences, and would have run away; but she calmed him, and bade him fear nothing. Her cell and her body exhaled the most fragrant odors.

On the 18th of November, 1428, she was rapt to paradise; and, after receiving consolation from many of the saints, the Holy Virgin approached her, surrounded with great glory, and accosted her with indescribable sweetness. They conversed together for a long time, till Lydia must return to external consciousness; when Mary said to her: "My dearest daughter, be of good courage, and comfort your heart in patient endurance, for you shall receive wonderful glory for what you are now suffering." Then she placed a wreath on Lydia's head, and dismissed her, bidding her give it to her confessor, to place on the statue of the Holy Virgin belonging to the church of Scheidam, to which Lydia had been so much devoted in her early childhood.

When she came to herself she found the wreath on her head, of a blue color and of a very fragrant odor. She called for her confessor, and gave him the Holy Virgin's message as a sign that he should believe that the favors bestowed on Lydia were from God. At that very time the statue was in Lydia's room, having been placed there during some repairs in the church, to her great joy.

Lydia knew the time of her death long before it arrived. Three or four times a year she had seen in paradise a beautiful rose-plant; at first small, then increasing in size, so that she rested under it. Her angel guardian had assured her that it would reach maturity before her death. She mentioned this to Walter, her confessor, and to Catherine, her attendant, the widow of Simon the barber. Catherine often asked her if all the roses had bloomed yet; Lydia would answer that many of them had still to bloom. Three months, however, before her death, she said that the tree seemed now fully grown; all its roses were in full bloom;

and she hoped that her time on earth would not be long.

During the vigil of the Resurrection, about four o'clock in the afternoon, her confessor visited her; she told him that she had been divinely consoled, yet that severe sufferings awaited her during the Paschal festival. She had just heard the *Alleluia* sung in heaven, and she hoped very soon to sing the same with the celestial inhabitants, with greater joy and consolation. After the festival, her sufferings would be lighter. Thus she secretly pointed to the time of her death.

On Easter Tuesday, April 14th, 1433, her confessor again went to see her, in the morning; she requested that no one who loved her would visit her that day. Her request was complied with—Baldwin, her brother's child, alone remaining with her, to wait upon her. From seven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon her sufferings were very great. For four or five years she had asked her Lord that when her time came she might die alone, with Himself, and that He would increase her sufferings and shorten her days. About the hour of vespers, on Easter Tuesday, she said to little Baldwin: "My dearest child, I wish my Master knew how ill I am." The child concluded that she wanted her confessor, and ran to fetch him; in a very few minutes, after being told, he was at her bedside, but she had departed. Her age was fifty-two; the thirty-ninth year of her tedious illness had lately begun. She had particularly requested that after her death her body might not long remain unburied. It was left in the straw, however, just as she had lain in life, till the morning after her death, at the instance of the authorities of Scheidam. It was then prepared for burial, and placed in a wooden sarcophagus. No traces now remained of her emaciating illness except a few scars; her face was fresh, and shining with an uncommon splendor. When her departure was known, crowds of people from Rotterdam, Delft, Leyden, Briel and other towns, flocked to see her remains. Little children, three and four years old,

ran on before to mingle in the crowd. When they reached the place, and found themselves shut out from a view of the body by the masses of taller persons who pressed in before them, they called out, "Are we not to see this dear saint, when we have come all the way from Rotterdam, Delft, etc., to see her?" The people then lifted them up to see her. When they were satisfied, they received a little bread, and were sent home again. A mother, with her little boy a year and three months old, had come to look at Lydia; the child folded his hands, and turned his face towards her with a fixed look of such devout earnestness that the persons who were watching by the remains were moved to tears at the sight. At noon on the Friday following her death, after Mass, Lydia's body was laid to rest on the south side of the churchyard of St. John Baptist, at Scheidam. The next year, the rector of the church built a small chapel of stone over her tomb, which was even then much frequented by persons who had received benefits from her intercession. Two nuns, in particular, and one unmarried woman in the world, had all been cured of serious complaints by asking her assistance, as Thomas à Kempis assures us.

The bones of Lydia were translated from Scheidam to the church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, in the month of December, 1615. On the 14th of the following January the Archbishop of Malines sanctioned in a pastoral letter the public *cultus* of "Blessed Lidwina," and granted an indulgence of forty days to all who visited and prayed before her relics with suitable dispositions. Her festival was celebrated with the Mass of the Holy Trinity, for she had not been canonized by the Supreme Pontiff. A panegyric on her life and extraordinary virtues was pronounced at Mass. In accordance with a wish expressed by her in life, a convent for Grey Sisters was built over the place where she lay so long in sickness; afterwards an altar dedicated in her honor was placed where her bed had stood.

At the Protestant Reformation in Hol-

land the altar and convent were overthrown but the people so far respected her dying wish as to change the convent into an orphanage.

### Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F—.

[CONTINUED.]

The same obedience made her take without any remark remedies that she knew were unsuited for her complaints, and she would never accept any indulgence not permitted in the infirmary. She was once parched with thirst in a burning fever; three times she asked for a little cold water, without the attendant sister appearing to hear the request; once more she implored a draught: "The infirmarian forbade it," said the sister at last, "but you suffer so much I will give you just a little." "No, no," said the invalid, "let us be obedient; I did not know it was forbidden." During her novitiate she had surmounted, by an obedience as simple as it was generous, one of her greatest repugnances. She was named as one who, with another sister as timid as herself, was to watch all night beside the corpse of a deceased nun. Without hesitation she went to the infirmary and remained till a little before day.\* A sister who knew well she was exceedingly sensitive to terror in presence of the dead, asked her how she had overcome her fears." "By obedience," she answered. Yet, nevertheless, this horror of the presence of a corpse was so deeply rooted in her, that even to the end of her life it was a cause for triumph if she could overcome it. Her spirit of obedience was manifested by her condescension to the wishes of others. Once, after an illness that left her very feeble, she resumed her occupations little by little. A sister saw her engaged, one fine day in spring, with a novice in her cabinet, and advised her to go and sit out of doors to breathe the balmy air. Instantly she arose and gathered her work up, and with the novice's help moved it

and her chair out before the garden door; hardly was she seated when another sister came along and said to the convalescent: "Dear sister, how can you sit thus in a draft? You are exposed at once to a current of air and the heat of the sun; do come out a little under the trees." "Well and good," said Sister Seraphine; "let us go sit under the trees." But hardly was she established in her new place when a good lay-sister came past, and cried out: "Oh, sister dear, for the love of God don't sit there on the grass; you will take cold and be ill again, worse than ever!" Sister Seraphine began to laugh. "Well, come; we will try again, and see if we can find a place that will suit everybody; because if we don't, in a quarter of an hour I will have to travel again, without having been able to please one of all those who wish to do me good." And speaking thus she proceeded to follow the direction last given to her, and when the novice admired her condescension: "My child," she replied, "it would be to little purpose that I had endured the affliction of having the command for so long a time, if it had not taught me how to obey."

Her definition of the requirements of true religious poverty were those of a most generous heart. Faithful manager of the treasures of which this holy virtue is the source, she never let an occasion escape of showing she was truly one of the poor of Jesus Christ. During the long years of trial endured by the community it was with the most joyous gaiety and inexhaustible confidence in God that she bore the solitudes, the necessities, the labors and the privations of a poverty amounting almost to destitution. She asserted often in after times that the community had truly been raised up on the bread of the poor, and yet that never had their fervor and spiritual consolations been more abundant than at the time of their greatest temporal want. She thus was very fond of dwelling on the early times of the re-establishment of the house; she preferred the old furni-

ture and scant conveniences, or rather inconveniences, for domestic uses they then had, and regretted to see more modern utensils take the place; what care, what vigilance did she not give to preserving the most precious of heritages to religious, the love of holy poverty! This virtue, so dear to our Lord and all His saints, was conspicuous in all the enterprises she undertook, and made her extremely watchful over the welfare of the community; it made her careful to have all their resources in the garden and grounds put to the most advantageous uses, and in the dispensary and the kitchen order and economy most strictly observed. "We are the poor of God," she would say, "and He will give us all we need; but He wills that we should manage well the goods in our charge, that we may have the means to help other poor ones." In her own personal arrangements she appeared the true religious, denuded and despoiled of all things. She would have nothing kept in her cell but what was needed for immediate use; if anything was put there by others, it instantly disappeared, sometimes returned to the places where such things belonged, oftener given to some other of the sisters. "Mother," said one of the sisters to her one day, when she had evaded an attempt to conceal something in her cell for her use, "you have not even what you think necessary for us." "The riches of a religious," she replied, "is to have nothing." The most grievous mortification they could give her was to provide for her a particular portion at table; and yet she absolutely needed that her appetite should be coaxed, to enable her to eat at all, so entirely had her health been destroyed by her ceaseless labors. When superior, she sent to the infirmary all the little delicacies prepared for her. One day finding in her place at table a magnificent pear, she cut it into as many pieces as she had daughters and passed it around the table. After a serious illness it was judged necessary she should sleep for a certain time on a feather bed; obedience alone could induce her

to do so; but when the time fixed for her sleeping on it was over, she several times asked the sister—who, while she was still weak, was charged to take care of her cell—to please take it away. The request was purposely disregarded; whereupon Mother Seraphine took the obnoxious article one day, and herself bundled it into the cell of the contumacious lay-sister, and having put it under her mattress carefully, remade the bed. Night coming, the poor sister became aware of the change, and hastened to her superior to beg to be allowed to remove the bed. “No, sister,” replied Mother Seraphine; “you must take care of it;” then she added seriously: “I told you twice to take it away, and you did not obey; now for your penance you shall sleep on it;” and then smiling: “You are often very tired, and it will do you good.”

Another time a set of new chairs was put in the parlor reserved for the superior—a present from a friend. “If you wish,” said Mother Seraphine, “to do me a pleasure, you will put them in the public parlor.” The same friend found her one evening with a tiny lamp that would hardly give any light, and wished to persuade her to use a better light instead. “There is no reason I should use anything better than the sisters,” she answered; “all use those lamps; if, because I am superior, I should use a more expensive light, another sister will use one from some other motive: and see how the spirit of poverty would get lost.” This little lamp was the only light she had when her sufferings obliged her to keep away from the community apartments. By its feeble light she took her meals, worked, and even wrote when occasion required the use of the pen. The same spirit of poverty made her very watchful in the employment of her time. During more than twenty years in which she was superior, she made the barbettes or hemmed the handkerchiefs for all the community; it was only when her sight failed too much to allow her to do this fine sewing, that she would permit her task to be

changed. At one time, when superior, she nominated herself aid to all the offices in the house, and availed herself of the knowledge she had, as superior, of the state of each office to give her help to the one that chanced to be most overcharged with work just then. She would send her basket to be filled with work, and then strive to gain an agreeable surprise by the speedy return of it, all done.

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## ANNALS OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

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### Oceanica.

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#### OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART AND THE CONVERSION OF EASTER ISLAND, CALLED THE ISLAND OF THIEVES.

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We have received news that must touch every Catholic heart. The island last discovered in the extreme east of Oceanica, the island of Rapa-Nui, or Vaihon, known also as Easter Island, *contains not a single infidel.*

In 1866 we announced that the missionaries who undertook to evangelize this island had placed their generous undertaking under the protection of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, and had taken possession of the savage country in the name of the Queen of the Heart of Jesus. Now, as the most happy results we could have wished, from the standpoint of faith, are announced, it is but fair that we should make known to our readers this little kingdom of our Mother.

Easter Island is the last of the scattered islands in the eastern part of Oceanica, sometimes called *Sporades*, or scattered, not being attached to any particular group. Thus, Easter Island is the most distant of the *Oceanic* isles, as *Patmos* is the most northern *sporade* of the Mediterranean. Between these two islands, so far away from others, each occupying the last place, what an immense distance! and neverthe-

less as we write we often place them close together, to admire the wonderful designs of God.

*Putmos*, but a few years after the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, is chosen among all to be one of the first and most celebrated conquests of the Gospel. *Easter Island* waits for the nineteenth century, and seems to arise suddenly from the ocean as one of the last gems which were yet wanting to the crown of the Church.

It is true that Roggerween, a Dutch admiral, discovered the island on Easter Sunday, the 6th of April, 1722, and that some attribute its discovery to the English navigator, Davis, in 1686; it is also true that Captain Cook and other hardy navigators touched upon the shores of the island; but none of them had the privilege of settling on it, nor the thought of gaining it to Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, some pirates urged by the thirst of gain made a descent upon the island, induced many of the savages to go on shipboard, and having deprived them of their senses with strong drink, sailed away and sold the poor savages as slaves.

More than a thousand of the inhabitants of the island were thus ravished from their homes and dragged into cruel servitude. The news of such cruelty committed by civilized men, inspired Brother Eugene Eyraud, of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts, with just and legitimate indignation. Alone, the young apostle, in spite of the almost insurmountable difficulties of such an undertaking but full of confidence in God, resolved, with the permission of his superiors, to go and prepare a mission among this people still seated in the shadow of death. In vain his friends represented to him that the *Kanacs* (the name of the islanders), furious at having lost so many of their countrymen, would cut in pieces any one who should be so rash as to go near them. A missionary is not scared by so little a thing as death; and on the 3d of January, 1864, this humble and zealous Religious, after a long voyage over a sea but little known, arrived alone on this island still more unknown.

He arrived on Sunday, the *Octave of St. John the Evangelist*; of St. John, who long ago was exiled to the desert shores of *Putmos*; of St. John the disciple of the Heart of Jesus, the adopted son of Mary, the apostle who so thoroughly evangelized the island of his captivity and changed the pagan inhabitants into disciples of Jesus Christ.

While Brother Eugene Eyraud, the faithful messenger of Providence, was preparing the way for the Gospel, many pious souls in various countries, the associations of prayers, and particularly the confraternity of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, which first appeared in the same month of January, 1864, were preparing, unawares, the most efficacious means of fulfilling his mission.

Easter Island at the time of Brother Eugene's arrival was not the abode of *scrupulous probity*; the inhabitants were all thieves by profession, and each in his turn was thief and victim. Property did not belong to the most worthy, nor to the highest bidder, not even to the strongest, but to the trickiest of the band. These free and easy manners, which date back very far in their traditions, were put in full force against the few strangers who at long intervals stopped at the island.

They soon proved, says Captain Cook, that they were very skilful thieves . . . . We could scarcely keep our hats on our heads, and it was particularly difficult to keep anything in our pockets, even what we had bought from them—they being always on the watch to steal what we had; so that after selling us fruit and other articles three or four times over, they succeeded in taking them away with them . . . They played us all sorts of tricks, and usually with the greatest success. Scarcely had we found out one trick before they invented another. . . . They cheated us in selling baskets filled apparently with bananas, but in reality with stones or stuff covered over with the fruit, etc., etc.

It was the same for good Brother Eugene. As the ship which brought him and a few indispensable articles of furni-

ture to the island, sailed rapidly away, the savage islanders surrounded him in great numbers. Under the pretext of *relieving* him, they stole everything he had. And this was not all: the Kanacs soon began to display a wish to divide up and share the body of the unknown man, and make a big dinner of him; they were several times on the point of committing this crime, but God watched over His servant. During *nine months* there was no trouble that the good brother did not endure; they played off all their tricks upon him, and this they did with the best grace and greatest good humor imaginable. One day they would destroy all his work, and the next they would come in crowds and ask for a *big boat*, when there was not a large tree on the island—nothing but shrubs and brush. But let us take Brother Eugene's own narrative:

"When they knock at my door, if I go out at once, all is well; they will begin the class (of catechism) on the grass in front of the hut; if I tarry, they knock all around the hut, then they go and sit at some distance and begin to throw stones at the house,—little ones at first, afterwards big ones to keep up the interest of the thing. Whether the catechist be in good humor or not, he must make his appearance. I go out, *armed* with my catechism, and, sitting on the grass, I say: 'Come now, let us learn the prayers.' 'No,' they reply; 'come thou to us.' The best way is to go at once. Those who get tired first, get up and leave, and soon all are gone, with the understanding that all must begin over just when *they* please. . . . These good folks have nothing to do twelve months in the year. When they have a feast they steal my sheep, cook and eat them; the *brebis brûlées* have been sung time and time again. Do not imagine, however, that they fatigue themselves making poems for the occasion; they content themselves by repeating over and over the fact of the sheep being roasted, and they sing it in every key from the beginning to the end of the feast. . . .

"My Torometti (one of the greatest thieves) had taken good care, the very first day, to appropriate a little bell which I had brought with me. It gained for him the universal applause of all, and rejoiced all the echoes of the island. . . ."

Such were the men whom he had to instruct and convert, thievish and savage, corrupt and deceitful, having nothing to do, and knowing nothing, and forming a little commonwealth of twelve hundred souls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

### MARY OUR MODEL.

#### MODESTY.

The modesty of which we will speak is not only that which is born of humility, and is its exterior form, but, above all, that most delicate virtue which is the companion and guardian of holy reserve; therefore we associate it with chastity, which is its foundation.

The name alone of Mary expresses these three divine virtues: angelic chastity, timid modesty, and a humble love of the hidden life. Like the modest violet which hides its flower in the spring under the teeming verdure, but whose fragrance discovers it, the humble daughter of St. Ann endeavored in vain to conceal her virtues from the world, and even from her companions. She could not entirely dissimulate the treasures of grace hidden in her heart; heaven was pleased to make them known, anticipating the time when the whole world should be filled with the odor of her virtues.

I do not know how to approach such a subject. Who will give me words sufficiently pure and sweet to speak worthily of this lily whose whiteness merited the eulogy of the Holy Ghost, and to describe the ravishing candor of this dove whom

the spouse of the Canticles proclaims without spot, beautiful among all, his only one, his well-beloved? I must employ the language of the saints. "What must be," exclaims St. Epiphanius, "the sanctity of this virgin who was judged worthy to become the spouse of the Blessed Trinity, the nuptial bed from which Christ arose to save human nature? O happy Virgin, mediatrix between heaven and earth, pure dove, heaven, temple and throne of the divinity!" We could never end if we were merely to enumerate the glorious titles given by the fathers of the Church to this Virgin of virgins.

Dispel from your minds all impure thoughts, dispel the shadow of sin: Mary never committed the least iniquity; never soiled the beauty of her soul by the least spot. The most brilliant mirror, the purest crystal, the most subtle flame, all those images by which we would express her inviolable purity, are too imperfect. Let us leave them and take a practical standpoint.

Mary had such a horror of sin, especially of the more shameful ones, that her virtue fortified by grace was in no danger; nevertheless she shunned with admirable care all that might injure it. What an example of prudence and modesty for young girls! Although her spirit, enlightened by the brightest light, had a profound contempt for all low and unworthy thoughts, and her heart filled with the Holy Spirit experienced an insurmountable aversion to sin, she was so prudent and took such precautions that none of her companions were so careful as she to preserve themselves from all temptation. She would not only turn her eyes from an unbecoming object, but she habitually kept them cast down, in order not to expose herself to them. She was so reserved in her words, and her ears were so delicate in point of modesty, that her mere presence in company banished all levity. A simple allusion not entirely chaste would have caused her to blush and withdraw from their presence. She could not tolerate any but the most innocent conver-

sations, and took no pleasure in any but edifying subjects.

Would to God that all young persons were as jealous in preserving their innocence!

Fly from wicked company! fly from bad conversations! fly from bad example!—in a word, fly from sin, says the sacred scriptures, as one would fly from a serpent.

At every age, to shun the occasions of sin is the best preservative against temptations. But how much more necessary is it for young girls without experience and without solid virtue? When you have seen persons to all appearances the most steadfast fall, how dare you with your excessive weakness brave such great dangers? If you do not know how cunning Satan is, how weak you are at your age, have at least sufficient discretion in the wisdom of your parents to follow their advice. Guard your eyes and your ears, which are the doors by which sin enters your soul. Close your heart against curiosity, which too often open these doors and admits the enemy, and is then unable to shut them again. That you may never be an object of scandal to others and an instrument of Satan, take care that your behavior, your manner of dressing, your conversation, and your actions, do not excite evil thoughts and guilty sentiments in the minds of others. How terrible will be the punishment of those affected young girls who sacrifice their conscience to the immoderate desires of pleasing!

Even when you are alone, be modest; remember that your guardian angel is near you, that the eye of God is always watching you. Remove far from you immodest thoughts; the same eye sees the bottom of your heart, and His hand holds the key of the abyss where His inexorable justice punishes sin by eternal torments.

If the demon tempts you, raise your eyes to this terrible Judge, the salutary fear of whom is a shield against sin. Implore the assistance of Mary, your model, who is now all-powerful in heaven to protect and save you.

## IMMODESTY.

Modesty is such an integral part of woman's character, and especially a Christian woman's, that the void made by its absence is filled up by the inexorable contempt of others. That is why it is so shocking to see, in a young girl, manners too bold and an exterior too unreserved. We do not speak here of those gross faults against modesty; we should not suppose them possible amongst our readers. But we must blame severely a certain loose behavior—which betrays a want of that delicate modesty we have spoken of, or else a dangerous giddiness.

JUSTINE is a type of this bad style of girls. It is necessary to know her thoroughly in order not to judge harshly of her intentions, so much does she forget the reserve belonging to her sex. And, nevertheless, she is wanting neither in intelligence nor good sense when she condescends to reflect: her misfortune is to yield blindly to her natural petulance, notwithstanding all the advice given her.

She laughs and screams, she romps and jumps—old as she is—just like a little girl of six. It seems that she does not know that a child of six, or even ten, years, on account of its age, its innocence and its ignorance, may be pardoned many eccentricities that are intolerable at the age of sixteen or eighteen. She ought to know that there is a modesty of behavior which a young girl should never forget even in the family-circle, and which should be observed still more strictly before strangers, and, above all, in public. It is precisely this distinction that Justine fails to make. She thinks herself sufficiently justified by saying "I have no intention of doing wrong." But the world is too severe to accept such an excuse. In vain they have tried to make her understand that it is not always allowed to take a too free-and-easy posture, to lounge on her chair, to laugh and chatter without discretion, to speak imprudently of family affairs, and to make free with all kinds of persons. She goes so far, in giddy thought-

lessness, as to speak of scandalous adventures and of subjects that come near being utterly improper, with a freedom of expression which older persons would not use, repeating vulgar words and slang terms, for the sole pleasure of amusing others or making them utter exclamations of surprise or disgust. All this is very wrong.

In a word, Justine has too much the manners of a sturdy boy. She lacks the delicacy of her sex. You would be forced at times to say of her that she had been bred in a barracks.

It is high time she should give up this sort of ugly behavior, or she will soon pay dearly for it; for she will soon receive many severe lessons, and many humiliations. Let her look to herself, and hasten to secure herself in the narrow circle of becoming behavior.

She would do so, you may say, but she does not know how—because her character is so impulsive, and she does not perceive her faults. Lame excuse! They were so often pointed out to her that she might easily corrected herself, or at least fall less often into them, if she had been more attentive. But up to present date, she would not give herself the trouble; she never thinks seriously of advice, however grave, which has been so often given her.

May she acknowledge her faults, take the firm resolution to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin, and endeavor to imitate her in all her behavior!

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### The Name of God in forty-eight Languages.

As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, one day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up, and recognized his old barber.

"What are you selling nuts for?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of

something to do," returned the barber with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing-office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the prefecture of police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition selling the following hand-bill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah*; Oiala tongue, *Den*; Ohaidaic, *Elah*; German and Swiss, *Gott*; Assyrian, *Ellah*; Flemish, *Goed*; Syriac and Turkish, *Alah*; Dutch, *Godt*; Manlay, *Alla*; English and old Saxon, *God*; Arabic, *Allah*; Language of the Magi, *Orsi*; Teutonic, *Gott*; Danish and Swedish, *Gut*; Old Egyptian, *Teut*; Norwegian, *Gud*; Armorian, *Teuti*; Slavic, *Buch*; Modern Egyptian, *Teun*; Polish, *Bog*; Greek, *Theos*; Pollacca, *Bung*; Cretan, *Thios*; Lapp, *Jubinal*; Æolian and Doric *Ilos*; Finnish, *Jumala*; Latin, *Deus*; Runic, *As*; Low Latin, *Diex*; Pannonian, *Istu*; Celtic and old Gallic, *Diu*; Zemblian, *Fetizo*; French, *Dieu*; Hindostanue, *Rain*; Spanish, *Dios*; Coromandel, *Brama*; Portuguese, *Deoa*; Tartar, *Magatel*; Old German, *Diet*; Persian, *Sire*; Provençal, *Diou*; Chinese, *Prussa*; Low Breton, *Doue*; Japanese, *Goezur*; Italian, *Dio*; Madagascar, *Zannar*; Irish, *Dieh*; Peruvian, *Puchocammac*.

A few days after Burger met his barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others

twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy, so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir, thanks to your kindness."

"Ah!" thought Burger as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others!"

It is interesting to study how fear works on different persons. Some would actually become paralyzed were they to address a public audience: others are terribly frightened by thunder and lightning; one is a victim to nocturnal terrors, and the shadows of the night overpower him; and another is so apprehensive of the apparition of spirits that he will not sleep alone. To my own knowledge one of the bravest generals of our times, for whom that danger has most charms which is the greatest, would kill his orderly were he to leave his master's room during the night.

St. Francis of Sales addressed a person of this class thus: "I hear that you fear the spirits. The sovereign Spirit of our God is everywhere, and without His permission and will, no spirit can move. He who fears God, has no fear of spirits; under His wings, what can we be afraid of? When young, I had such feelings; to get over them I forced myself, at night, step after step,—alone, but my heart fortified with confidence in God,—into places where my imagination built for me the greatest apprehensions of fear. At last I have become so assured and bold that darkness and the solitude of night are to me a source of pleasure, because of that affectionate presence of God which is enjoyed above all in solitude. The good angels surround us like so many armed soldiers. *His truth shall compass thee with a shield; thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night.*

"This assurance is gained by degrees, according as the grace of God increases in you; for grace begets confidence, and confidence is never confounded."

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 22, 1869.

No. 21.

## May-blossoms Promise Fruit.

Our beautiful May,  
As it presses away,  
Now scatters its blossoms around;  
And the petals from trees,  
Blown off by the breeze,  
Heap up with sweet litter the ground.

The leaves green and bright,  
Springing forth to the light,  
Defend of young fruit the new form;  
Fragrance breaths through the air,  
As, renewing his care,  
Man strives to protect it from storm.

And that promise of fruit  
Springing up from the root,  
How he watches to shield it from blight!  
While those blossoms so gay,  
Now fading away,  
Are still glowing with Hope's borrowed light.

Yet it needs but one night  
All those visions to blight,  
All those hopes in one moment to shatter:  
As one sharp springing breeze,  
While rustling the trees,  
All those gay-colored petals may scatter.

The promise of youth,  
In its seeking for truth,  
Too oft brings but torture to share;  
Dark shadows are round us,  
Deep sorrows have bound us,  
Ere we learn how to grapple with care.

And the highest in worth,  
In this struggle of Earth,  
But partake all the deeper of this,  
As Mary's great grace  
But impelled her to trace  
'Neath the Cross her sure footsteps to bliss.

'Neath the Cross to learn the road to  
bliss! Is this the teaching of the month

of Mary? The month of flowers and foliage, of singing birds and pleasant skies? Ah, yes! The cross is still man's highest good on earth, and only 'neath the shadows of its suffering can virtue spring, can the blossoms put forth by the sweet month of Mary ripen into fruit! What is the value of an untried power? what is the strength of that goodness which has never been assailed? what the value of that opinion which has never been combatted? Since the day that our mother Eve plucked the fruit of knowledge from the forbidden tree, experience has been the most effectual teacher on earth; and experience, I need hardly say, is a very rude teacher.

The trials of life are severe to every one: but nail them to the cross, and stand beneath that cross with the Virgin Mother, and they ripen into virtues. May flowers become summer fruits; the storm of passion is hushed in the presence of the God-man suffering, in the presence of the Mother of humanity to sanctify it. Ah, bring your May-blossoms hither, ye who hope such great things from talent or from genius. Let the dew of the Cross fall upon your aspirations,—while the steadfastness of grace, as manifested in her who stood beneath the cross and fainted not, inspires your human nature with a like fortitude.

May-blossoms! Were there ever blossoms equal in beauty to those shown forth by the God-man, as He passed through infancy to childhood, through childhood to manhood? And, to all human sense, these blossoms were scattered to the wind when to the ignominious cross the Saviour of the world was nailed.

But Mary stood, and fainted not. She

knew the fragrance of those blossoms was thus conveyed to every land on earth. She knew that this holocaust of burning love was the proper fruit of the promise; her aspiration was fulfilled even while it seemed to be annihilated; her second *fiat* co-operated, corresponded, no less than the first, with the designs of Heaven. To the earth, all seemed lost; to Mary, all seemed gained; for she understood what fruit it was that was to bless mankind.

Human co-operation is needed to make divine grace efficacious; and Mary represented humanity, suffering yet triumphant,—accepting sorrow as a purifying and ennobling influence: a necessary influence if the fruit is to realize the promise of the blossom.

Let this real solution of the month of Mary—namely, fidelity of humanity to divine grace—be the lasting fruit we reap from the blossoms of May.

M. A. GELL.

[Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA.]

## MARY OUR MODEL.

### VIRGINITY AND MARRIAGE.

Mary is at the same time virgin and mother; this double glory is acknowledged and consecrated by the Church. Let us dwell on this subject to seek instruction from it.

Before the coming of Christ, virginity was not held in honor in Israel as it is today in the Catholic Church. But Mary, enriched with singular graces and aspiring only to spiritual enjoyment, felt a sublime disgust for earthly pleasures. A superior instinct, which she sought not to explain, elevated her above the vulgar sentiments of her companions; she felt that she was born for something more noble than mere human affection, and she resolved to love God alone: she made a vow to remain a virgin.

Thus this daughter of heaven who was to become the Mother of the King of vir-

gins, and, herself, Queen of virgins, inaugurated a new era of sanctity in which virgins were to be the chosen of the children of God. Henceforth virginity shall be a glory among men and a title to the greatest favors from heaven. These holy souls, more loved by God, more dear to Mary, blessed among women, shall be the most happy on earth, and shall form in heaven the guard of honor of the Divine Lamb, as we are told in the Apocalypse.\*

What are these good for? murmur the wicked. To give you an example of heroic virtue; to bring up your children in the fear of God; to relieve the miseries that afflict you and that you do not know how to console; to pray to God for you, and to avert His anger from your guilty heads by a mysterious transfer of merit. You sow corruption; they are the salt which preserves the earth,—their virtues are a counterbalance to your crimes, and you will owe, perhaps, your salvation to them. Those who do not understand this doctrine have no faith, but all our readers are of the number of believers.

O, you who feel in your hearts a holy desire of virginity! angels of the earth, whom the voice of heaven calls to a more perfect life, and whom Mary already considers her privileged daughters, receive with unutterable joy the first glimmerings of this divine vocation. Be not afraid of what the world, condemned by Christ, will say. It will blame you, and, perhaps, despise you, as it despised our Lord and His most Blessed Mother and all the saints—all those whom it could not seduce. But heaven will applaud you; the adorable Trinity, Mary, the angels—all the elect, will approve you; look at the glorious company of virgins, who show you their crowns, who smile upon you, and who reach to you a helping hand. Those are the only friends whose society is worthy of you.

After this holy vocation, which our Lord has proclaimed a privilege of heaven, and that the apostle St. Paul places far above

\* xiv, 13.

marriage,\* comes that of maternity, which imposes great duties, and which according to the same apostle is so meritorious before God.

Marriage is the happiness of the young girl whom almighty God has destined for it; she sees before her an era of happiness which her dreams often embellish beyond measure. Providence permits this in order to cover with flowers the thorns with which her path will be strewn, and to fortify with hope the inexperienced courage of youth. We will not take from her those sweet illusions; but we shall give her some advice which prudence dictates.

For this same world, which imposes so much circumspection for a religious vocation, often marries with an unpardonable recklessness young persons who scarcely know each other, and who very often, alas! were not made to be united in marriage. Who thinks of consulting God, the sovereign Ruler of families and of society, when self-interest sees riches to be gained, or when a foolish passion troubles the mind? Hence the many unhappy unions which are no less indissoluble than the vows of religious, and which the unfortunate couples consider a hell on earth.

It is said in the Holy Scriptures: "God gives a virtuous woman to him whom He would recompense."† Is it not equally true that He will bestow a good husband on a woman according to His heart? It is then His divine providence that prepares marriages, and singles out spouses worthy of each other and of His care.

The Blessed Virgin, for example, did not think of marriage; but God thought of it for her, and prepared for her the beautiful soul of St. Joseph. That illustrious saint was in no haste to marry, and was led to determine on marriage, most probably, only by the great virtue of Mary. Faith and reason were alone consulted, and passion counted as nothing, in their motives. Such is the model of the Christian marriage! How much it is to be desired that young

persons would be as wise in their choice! How much sorrow would they spare themselves and how much scandal would they avoid!

What happens when the demon makes those marriages of covetousness, pride, or senseless passion? In a few months the illusion is dispelled, and leaves them for the future only frightful despair: for the bond is eternal. Sometimes they do not limit themselves to tears and regrets; they rush into dissipation and follies, and seek compensation in crimes.

May young Christian girls be more prudent than those of the world, and be guided by the spirit of God in a matter of such great importance!

#### THE CAPRICES OF YOUTH.

Until the age of fifteen, Leocadia wished to be a nun; it was her fixed determination. She dressed all her dolls in the religious habit; she borrowed the habit of one of the teachers in the convent, to see if she would look well in it. She constantly spoke of it to her mother, who troubled herself unnecessarily about such talk and was grieved to hear her speaking of such a vocation. Poor mother! she preferred her own pleasure to the happiness of her child. The father laughed at the whole affair, and would say to his wife:

"Let her alone; if God does not call her to such a life, these ideas will change of themselves." He was right.

When Leocadia grew older, her tastes and ideas changed. Her piety decreased; her timidity and modesty disappeared; she became gay, talkative, vain and affected. She soon ceased to talk of a religious life, and began to converse of the world and its pleasures. One day she said to her mother that it seemed to her such happiness to have pretty little children. The good mother was extremely rejoiced to hear her daughter talk so, almost smothered her with affectionate embraces, and for full two hours spoke to her of the inexhaustible happiness of the mother of a family

\* 1 Cor. vii.

† Eccli. xxvi, 3.

This was ever after the favorite topic of all her conversations, both at home or at school.

During the long vacations, this young girl was carefully taught the ways of the world by her mother, who skilfully manœuvred to have her daughter appear to advantage in society. She was not long in becoming wearied of school-life and to sigh after the day which should commence the era of happiness so eloquently pictured to her by her foolish mother. Her desires were so strong that she could not conceal them, and her glowing confidences became dangerous to her companions; the good Sisters, therefore, were not inconsolable when the time came for her to leave the school.

Hardly returned to her parents, she frightened them by her imprudent spirit and her eagerness for pleasure, so that the same good mother who had opposed the pious inclinations was unable to subdue the reckless spirit of her daughter. Leocadia wanted to please, and to find a husband as soon as possible. It is thus that the innocent dreams of the young virgin were succeeded by the fantastic imaginations of the young girl eager to be married.

Did this thoughtless young girl know the grave duties of the married life? Had she meditated on them before God? Had she ever thought of them? Not at all; she gave herself up rashly to an inclination which seemed to promise happiness.

Her father thought her too young to marry; her mother thought it prudent to hasten it, and she had already chosen in her mind an excellent party. But while the father was waiting and her mother negotiating, the daughter had concluded in her mind an unwise alliance. Her choice being made, she was not long in disclosing it to her parents.

In vain they told her that the young man with whom she was foolishly charmed had neither fortune nor talent nor health, and that there was every likelihood he would die in a few years. She did not try to contradict these objections; on the contrary, she replied that they seemed true, but that her heart was no longer free, and that her

destiny was fixed. In consequence, she must abide by it.

Two years after, she was a widow, with two sickly children who seemed to have inherited the fatal disease of their father. Having lost the esteem of her friends, she found but little pity.

God often punishes thus not only persons unfaithful to a holy vocation, but the too worldly views and culpable motives with which many contract improper alliances, contrary to His designs. How many young persons have to regret their imprudence! and how many parents have to reproach themselves for their avarice or ambition! The only marriages blest by heaven are those contracted through holy motives.

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### THE ROMAN CATACOMBS,

#### And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

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"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

#### IX.

The veneration of the saints in the apostolic Church was therefore a matter not only of private, but also of *public worship*.

To prove this assertion by adducing undoubted historical and most ancient testimonies was the principal object of this our disquisition. Let us now finish this portion of our essay by adducing yet another argument. Just as it is at present, so from the very earliest days of Christendom it was customary to speak of life in *heaven as the life proper*, thus distinguishing it from that which we call life here upon earth. In accordance with this custom the day of *one's death* was known among those early Christians as the day of his *birth proper*. It was, in fact, looked upon as the only day of any importance among them. There are thousands of inscriptions found on the tombs of that period, in which this day alone is mentioned, and *not even the year is alluded to in which the*

death occurred. In the case of saints and martyrs, these birthdays unto eternity were moreover noted down in the calendar, or martyrology, for the purpose of afterwards commemorating publicly the feast of their departure from this, and their entrance into another and better, world. These *birthdays*, therefore, furnish us with the dates on which the feast of this or that martyr or saint was celebrated. Indeed, there are many inscriptions that refer to them as to so many well-known and official dates. Thus: "Here resteth Vitalis, the miller; . . . he was deposited in peace on the birthday of Lady Soteris." NATALE DOMNES SITIRETIS. (Feb. 10th). "Here sleepeth Principalis, . . . deposited on the birthday of Sixtus." NATALE SVSTI. (Aug. 6th). "Pecorius, the most dear one, entered the cemetery on the 9th of July, and was deposited on the following feast of martyrs." DIE MARTVRO-RV, i. e., on the feast of St. Felicitas and her sons. On occasion of these birth or feast-days the faithful were accustomed to descend into the crypts, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice as it was being offered up on the tomb of the martyr whose feast happened to be celebrated on that day, to listen to the lives of the holy martyrs as they were read from the martyrology, to sing hymns in praise of the saint whose memory they kept thus solemnly, and to receive the Blessed Eucharist that had been consecrated on the tomb of the glorious saint in whose honor they were assembled. At the close of such devotions the more wealthy of the little congregation made it a practice to bring food and drink, which, under the name of agape, or love-feast, was partaken of by all, after which the remnants were distributed among the poor. It was also customary to go from the tomb of one martyr to that of another, and, while doing so, to partake of a little food at each grave, by which action it was intended to symbolize the communion of saints as taught in the Church.

## x.

Our inquiries in the preceding para-

graph have brought us to the consideration of a point which, in its capacity as a purely Catholic custom, deserves our especial attention—we mean the *veneration of relics*. Setting aside all other considerations, even the pious fear lest the body of any saint might be dishonored, the use of precious spices and ointments, and the solemn manner in which the bodies of the martyrs were deposited in their last resting-places, give us an idea of the great veneration entertained by the early Church for the relics or perishable remains of these gallant soldiers of Christ. There have been found in the catacombs a countless number of *phials filled with blood*, cloths, sponges and even vases of earth that had been saturated with blood shed in the cause of Christ. All of these speak to us in the plainest possible language of the pious care with which the primitive Christians were wont to collect the blood of the martyrs, in order either to deposit it with the blessed remains to which it belonged, or else to "keep it in their houses as a fountain of graces and blessings for themselves and their children" (St. Prudentius). Hence it was precisely in this honor which was accorded to the relics of the holy martyrs, that the ancient heathens—just as the opponents of the Church do today—found their greatest stumbling-block, and showed their malice by ill-treating even the lifeless bodies of those who had died for the faith. But for this very reason the early Christians were all the more intent on searching for and securing the torn and scattered remains of their holy martyrs, a practice which they carried to such lengths that even in the very face of death they crowded around the scaffolds and racks, or hastened publicly into the amphitheatre, for the purpose of collecting the sacred relics or possessing themselves of the precious blood that had been shed in the cause of Christ. Who can think without being affected of those holy sisters, *Praxedis* and *Pudentiana*, to whose singularly heroic spirit of self-sacrifice more than *three thousand* bodies of the saints owe their Christian interment? Or

what student of history could help admiring the holy Pope *Simplician*, who on his own shoulders carried more than *three hundred* from the city to the catacombs? But this loving care for the holy remains or relics of the early martyrs was by no means confined to the simple desire that they should be honored with Christian burial. On the contrary, it developed itself into a lasting veneration or *cultus* of the same. Over the remains of these sainted members of Christ there arose *altars* and *chapels*, which were decorated with paintings, lamps and *other ornaments*, while on the graves themselves *flowers* were strewn, or costly essences poured out as a sweet perfume, just as to this day the relics on our altars are enveloped in a cloud of incense.

We are already acquainted with the cemetery of Lucina, on the Appian Way. Down into the hallowed silence of this cemetery we are now conducted by a large and but recently discovered flight of steps, at the bottom of which, to the right, we reach a finely proportioned gallery. Here, as by instinct, we halt before a tomb that is built after the manner of a sarcophagus, and on the large marble slab of which we read: "*To the Martyr and Bishop, Cornelius.*" This is the celebrated tomb of the holy Pope of that name, whose head at the present day is one of the chief relics that are preserved like so many precious treasures in the so-called Corneli-minster near Aix-la-Chapelle. Immediately before this tomb there stands a dwarfed marble pillar, about three feet high and considerably excavated from the top. The basin thus formed in the pillar served as a receptacle for a vase, or wide *bowl*, filled with balsamic nard, on the surface of which, *in honor of the saint*, there floated by means of a small bit of papyrus a constantly burning taper. Remnants of similar pillars, or niches evidently built with a view to serve the same purpose,—nay, even fragments of the bowls used on such occasions, and still quite saturated with oil,—have been found near the graves of most of the principal martyrs. It was of this sweet-smelling

oil that the early Christians were in the habit of preserving a greater or less portion in little flasks or metallic tubes, and the oil thus kept was used by them with the greatest confidence in cases of sickness, or else preserved as a *precious relic* of the saint from whose altar it had been obtained; for during this period the bones of the saints were not yet appropriated by any one, but left undisturbed in their resting-places. Although deserving of a fuller notice, yet for want of space we pass on, simply mentioning the two following facts that have been fully elicited by a more thorough study of the catacombs. First, it is well known that the Christians of Rome, even so far back as the first century, defended as their most precious treasures the bodies of the two *apostle-princes*, SS. Peter and Paul, against the fancied claims of the Oriental Christians who demanded their extradition. Secondly, it is a matter of history that the schismatic *Novatians*, not having the body of a martyr over which they could celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass, forcibly abducted from the catacombs of Maximus the body of St. Silanus, the youngest son of St. Felicitas. We shall add but two more testimonies in favor of the veneration of relics as observed in the early Church. The first of these manifests itself in the pious emulation that existed in the primitive Church to be deposited over, or near, the remains of some holy martyr, which privilege was not seldom awarded, even in cases where most valuable paintings had to be interfered with in order to make room for the new grave.\* The second testimony or proof is furnished us by the

\* This pious custom is most excellently explained by St. Ambrose, in the inscription which he placed on his brother's tomb, viz:

"Thus are rewarded our Saints; the blood that was shed for religion

Moistens the neighboring tomb as with dewdrops from heaven."

St. Chrysostom also refers to the same point when he says: "Not only the bones of the martyrs but also their graves and shrines, are full of benedictions."

numerous *reliquaries* found in the graves of the catacombs. These reliquaries are small cases in which were preserved at first only objects that had touched the sacred relics, but in which, at a subsequent date, the relics proper of the saints came to be preserved with the view thus to obtain the more efficient protection of the saint whose remains were thus confidently honored. As may be seen from little rings or catches attached to these cases, it was a favorite custom of those days to wear them suspended around the neck; and, so far as our investigations support us, it seems that beginning with the fourth century they were chiefly shaped in the form of a cross.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MATER DOLOROSA:

### Mary Sorrowing.

There is something truly pathetic in David's expression of his heartfelt grief for the death of his life-long enemy, Saul, and his friend—"amiable to him above the love of women,"—Jonathan, which is scarcely equalled by the sublimely sorrowful outpourings of his paternal heart on the news of the death of his son, Absalom. But there is a world of contrast between the grief of the royal prophet and that of the Mother of Sorrows. David found an outlet for his anguish in words; Mary's anguish was simply *unspeakable*. We lose sight of David's sorrow in our admiration of his eloquent expression of it; Mary's sorrow, more eloquent by its very silence, attracts our heart and enlists our sympathy. Oh, indeed if we who "pass by the way attend and see" we will be convinced that there "is not any sorrow like unto hers." There may be natures so stolid and insensible as not to be moved to rejoice at another's happiness, but there are few who are not moved to sadness at sight of it in others. It is a tribute which nature seems to demand of us, even against our

will; and what heart is so hard as to refuse a tear or sigh in sympathy when our own sweet Mother is the object of it? Let us, then, accompany her through a few of those dolours of her mortal life, which culminated in that hour when the sad, disconsolate Mother turned away from the sepulchre wherein reposed all that was dearest to a mother's heart.

In speaking of Mary, or of any of her prerogatives, as the object of our devotion, we must never lose sight of the ineffable relation between her and Jesus. For it is only in view of this relation—because Mary is the Mother of God, and Jesus is her Son—that we offer her that homage which we pay her. While reflecting on the present subject, it is especially necessary that we bear in mind this their intimate union. As Christ as God had from all eternity proceeded from the Father alone, so did He, in time, as man, take His human nature from Mary alone. He was literally "flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone;" no other mortal could claim any part of Him. Aided by the mysterious influence of the Holy Ghost only, Mary gave to Jesus a body out of her pure substance; so that she is called, and is, His Mother, by a title more appropriate than that by which ordinary women are called the mothers of the children whom they bear. Never before were two hearts more perfectly united; never were two pure souls so perfectly in accord as were the soul of Mary and the human soul of her Son. Bearing these facts in mind, we shall the more readily understand how the sorrows of the Man-God must have touched a corresponding chord in His Mother's heart, and how intensely they must have been felt therein.

Holy Church, much as she reveres the memory of her departed and glorified servants, bestows on her saints no empty titles. She designated them only by those virtues and distinguishing characteristics to which, in this life, they had acquired a just and well-founded right. In addressing the Holy Virgin as "Queen of martyrs," she is moved by reasons similar to those by

which she addressed her as the "Queen of virgins;" and as Mary is by pre-eminence *the* virgin, the queen, the type and model of all who aspire to that angelic virtue, so is she by excellence *the* martyr, the queen, the type and model of all Christians who would testify their love for Him, and for His doctrines, who is the "author and finisher of their faith."

Yes, Mary was in the truest sense a martyr, and one whose sufferings equalled the pain of all the martyrs combined. This seems like exaggeration. But let us reflect. We know well what effect sin has in hardening the heart, and rendering it insensible to the ordinary pains of life. In fact, suffering is in a direct ratio to the mode of life, according as it has been good or bad. Have we not seen people rendered, by their dissolute, sinful habits, impervious and indifferent to hardships, which, if they had not fallen from their high estate of purity and innocence, would have crushed them beneath their weight of disgrace and shame? In the Holy Virgin's case—her supremely delicate sensibilities were never weakened or blunted by sin; her tender compassion for the miseries, the sorrows, and even the inconveniences of others, as shown at the marriage feast in Cana, was never impaired by contact with the world of sin. She was conceived without stain; the days of her girlhood—spent in the quiet seclusion of the temple—were scarce passed when she became the legal wife of Joseph, the mystic spouse of the Holy Ghost, and the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Word. From the moment that the angelic choirs, surrounding the crib in the rock-hewn stable, intoned their "*Gloria in excelsis*," until the Easter morning thirty-three years after, she suffered, in every moment of her life, a new martyrdom. She had an intimate knowledge of all the trying ordeals her Child should have to pass through in His self-imposed task of redeeming man; and just as the entire weight of a ball or globe is concentrated at that point where it touches or rests on a plane, so did the entire trials, pains and privations of those

thirty-three long years in her Son's life concentrate themselves in each successive moment of His Mother's existence. What marvel, then, that whether asleep or awake, whether in contemplation or engaged in her ordinary household duties, whether in the society of her few friends or pouring forth her soul in prayer, those terrible scenes which beset her loved One's path were ever present to her? But when she presented Him in the temple, and when the holy old Simeon, taking his infant God in his arms, pronounced that remarkable prophecy: "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce," then indeed, and in earnest, her life-long martyrdom began. Again, if we follow her from the temple, we find her on her way to Egypt, a fugitive and exile by the command of God Himself. From behind her the wailing of the mothers of Bethlehem, over the wholesale massacre of their innocents, is borne to her ears on the cold breeze of night; while before her lie the trackless desert wastes, where so many of her ancestors found a tomb during their wanderings after they had escaped from bondage in that hostile land in which she is now about to seek a shelter and an asylum from the jealousy of one of her own country's rulers.

Who is not touched with sympathy for the holy Mother, on reading that when in His twelfth year, on their return from Jerusalem, she found she had lost her boy, "His father and she sought Him for three days sorrowing?" But who may tell the pangs of that maternal heart during the remaining eighteen years of great seclusion in Nazareth? Everything pointed to the future. Even the humble artisan trade, in which her husband and her Son employed themselves to earn a support—even it, with its hammer and nails, and rough unhewn wood—was terribly suggestive of scenes to be enacted at a future day. If from her humble home she looks towards the "city of David," those three crosses with their victims loom up before her. At length, when her Son went forth from her a wanderer, not "having whereon to rest His head," and when His earthly

career was drawing to a close, then did her sorrows increase in intensity. Knowing well that He merits them as never did man before, her mother's heart draws some little consolation from the applause with which the people receive Him, and from the praise bestowed on Himself and His teaching; but again her cup is dashed with bitterness when she reflects that those same people will one day make the air resound with quite different acclamations. Soon she hears He has been betrayed by one of His own disciples, that He is held a prisoner in the hands of His enemies, and that His followers have abandoned Him. How her heart yearns to fly to Him, to console Him; yet she knows He is again "about His Father's business," and she is resigned.

We pass over the indignities to which she beheld Him subjected, as we do the meeting during the procession up the hill of Calvary, the stripping, the fastening to the cross, and those other preparations for the execution, which few mothers could look upon without emotion. What mother could listen to the sounds of the hammer driving the long, rough nails through the feet and hands of her Son, without having her very heart torn with anguish? If ordinary sinful mothers are carried away in a state of frenzy or insensibility from the final interview with their criminal sons, before expiating the crimes and excesses of a life which was a disgrace to the mothers who bore them, what must we suppose to have been the anguish of Mary when she beheld her Son, after three hours of unutterable agony, expire on the cross? A pagan writer has said that "to have the same desires and the same aversions is indeed the finest bond of friendship;"—never, however, could this have been more fully realized than in the case of Jesus and Mary. He loved and honored His Mother as the dutiful son ought to love and honor his parents; with all a mother's deep abiding affection, she loved Him as her only Son, she worshipped Him as her God. This Son, then, the very perfection of manly beauty and human comeliness, "in

whom the plenitude of the divinity dwelt corporally," this Son the sad Mother beholds,—for no other crime than that "He loved the world"—wrestling in the agony and throes of His death-struggle. She beholds, too, the very people for whom His life's blood is fast ebbing on the cross, and whom, all His life-long, He yearned to save, revile and reproach Him whom she knows to be the very perfection of innocence and gentleness and love. All this was hard and cruel and afflicting—but the sacrifice was not yet complete. When the soldier, snatching the spear, inhumanly plunged it into the now pulseless heart of her beloved Son, the sudden pang that caused her very nerve to quiver proved that Simeon's prophecy was now at length fulfilled: the sword of sorrow had indeed pierced her inmost core, and nothing but a miracle prevented her pure spirit from winging its way in company with His to whom in death as in life she had been intimately united. After this, the receiving Him from the cross and the subsequent interment—agonizing though they were, could add but little of pain to a heart already seared with so great sorrow.

All those dolours of Mary were natural, but voluntary,—just as the sufferings of Jesus were natural, but voluntarily undertaken. She was as yet perhaps the only one who knew with what designs God permitted wicked men to persecute His Christ. She knew that His sacrifice was necessary in order to restore peace between God and man. Therefore, as much out of love for us as out of obedience to the will and commands of God—who had given her the "Son of the promise"—she was prepared—like Abraham of old—freely to devote her Son as a sacrifice to God on the altar of the cross. Not only did she offer Him to God in expiation of the sins of the world, but she sacrificed herself with Him mystically, thus adding her immense though finite merits to the immeasurable, infinite merits of Jesus.

Need we any further proof of that trite saying: "Whom God loveth He chastiseth"? That, with thy example before us

"suffering with Christ, we may be also glorified with Him"—"Queen of martyrs, pray for us."  
C. McC.

### The Papal Fetes in the Eternal City--An Impressive Spectacle.

The earliest account we have of the fiftieth Anniversary of the Holy Father's first Mass is from the correspondent of that intensely anticatholic paper, the *London Times*:

"ROME, April 13.

"The triduum of *fetes* terminated last night, and I must encroach on your space to describe such spectacles as Rome has never seen before, certainly never on an occasion similar to that which called them forth. The Pope disappeared immediately after the Mass on Sunday; indeed, he went to one of the grand salles of the Vatican, where a refectory had been provided for the most distinguished persons present at the ceremony. About 800 or 900 had been invited to partake of tea, coffee, chocolate, and all those varieties of pastry and sweets they know so well how to get up here. Three tables were laid, at one of which sat the Pope, the ex-king and queen of Naples, the count of Trapani, I believe the Grand Duke Vladimer, and other foreign princes and men of note. At the other two tables were placed the cardinals and superior employes, a crowd of chamberlains in their elegant *medio* Spanish costume of black velvet, and many of lesser grade stood. His Holiness was very merry, and laughed and talked much, principally with the last of the Bourbons, and after remaining with his guests an hour rose and left. In the afternoon there was a reception of about 2,000 persons, when addresses were presented and read, by which the Pope was much gratified and evidently affected. As evening approached the scene changed, and not only all Rome, but all the inhabitants of the Roman States, thronged down to St. Peter's, to offer the homage of their respect to the pontiff. It was not an assemblage merely of fine ladies and gentlemen who had come in dashing equipages to gaze upon a spectacle, but of all classes, and especially of the peasants in the varied and pretty costumes of Albano and Frascati, of Genzano and Nettuno, and a host of other places. What a scene it was for an artist! Seven bands played in harmony, and a hymn of congratulation, composed expressly for the occasion by Gounod, the author of "Faust," was sung. First, it was sung in a piano-forte tone, then with a band accompaniment, and lastly was taken up and repeated by a mass of voices, thus

growing and swelling upon the ear in a most delicious and effective style. On the conclusion of the hymn the Pope appeared at one of the side windows, and gave his benediction to a large mass of persons. The tops of the colonnades were crowded, so were the windows of the distant houses, and not merely the piazza, but the streets leading into it were choked. May I say that there were 40,000 people present? I really think so, and a most imposing sight it was. Then they all galloped and bustled off to see the Girandola on San Pietro, in Montorio or Monte d'Oro, to be somewhat pedantic. Usually it has been on the Pincio; but, for some reason or other, this site has been abandoned. Yet its distance seemed to produce no effect on the hunters after novelties. Seats were erected, and 35,000 tickets were sold. Some of the effects of the fireworks were magnificent, especially the first, when a temple of light grew out of the darkness, and a shower of stars of all colors was discharged into the upper air. The whole terminated with a complimentary inscription to the Pope in characters of blazing light—"Pro IX. P. M., S. P. Q. R. 11 Ap. MDCCCLXIX. Vota omnium." Yesterday we had a review of the papal troops in the Borghese gardens. Again Gounod's hymn was sung, and so that scene passed away, and expectation was on the alert for the evening. To say that the city was one blaze of light is but the naked truth. There were, however, beautiful, curious and most effective devices; there were fountains of fire and gardens of fire, brilliant transparencies of the Pope; the façades of some of the churches, of the Minerva especially, were very striking. I drove round every part of Rome and saw nothing finer than the grand old mausoleum of Adrian, above which a large sun shed its rays, casting its reflection on the waters of the Tiber; than the column of Trajan, the storied sides of which were brought distinctly into view by concealed red lights in the forum beneath; than the group of the fountain, in Piazza Navona, where every figure was thrown out in bold relief by the same concealed and mysterious agency. Every obelisk in Rome, too, pointed its luminous needle to the sky, and no finer point of observation was there than from the bottom of the Via Condotti, from which, on looking back, was seen the obelisk on the summit of the steps of Trinita di Monte, to the right of the obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, and to the far left the brilliant and gigantic cross above the capitol; and so terminated the *fetes* in honor of the jubilee of Pius IX.

"Rome has never witnessed a finer, whether as regards mere spectacle or moral grandeur, for the fact that gave rise to them was that a venerable old man was celebrating the 50th anniversary of

the great event of his life. All the circumstances, too, have been most favorable. Two days before the *fetes* the weather, which had made every native and resident ashamed of Italy, cleared up, and burst upon us with all the glories of summer. Not an accident has occurred, not a disaster has to be reported, and one great cause of this is the admirable order which was maintained, without too great a display of the machinery by which it was effected. All the sovereigns of Europe sent their congratulations, either by autograph letters or by special ministers, and some sent valuable presents. Our queen sent her congratulations by telegraph. Of the more splendid offerings I must reserve my description, for they are to be exhibited to-day and to-morrow. Those from the people, as they have arrived, have been placed on raised benches, or counters, or on stalls, round the court of the Papagallo, and another smaller court leading into it. There are a calf and sheep and lambs from Nettuno, and twelve rifled brass cannon from "Catholics, Roman and foreign." There is grain from Mentana, and linen from the "Israelitish University of Rome." And there are oxen, and Etruscan vases, ancient and modern imitations, raw silk, brigand hats, macaroni, and copper boilers, wine in abundance, potatoes and charcoal, artichokes, nuts, and apples, corn and sausages and oil—I put them down as they come—and, in short, a host of other articles of agricultural and industrial produce."

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### ANNALS

### OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

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#### Oceanica.

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#### OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART AND THE CONVERSION OF EASTER ISLAND, CALLED THE ISLAND OF THIEVES.

[CONCLUDED.]

Upon the information given by Brother Eugene, who after a sojourn of nine months in Easter Island departed safe and sound, the Religious of the Sacred Hearts prepared to go and preach the gospel to these poor men, and Brother Eugene was happy to accompany them. The work was difficult, and promised neither wonders nor rapid results. But what cannot be done with the powerful help of prayer and the efficacious protection of Mary! This was in the year 1865. Already the name of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* had crossed over the seas, and many Catholics of Oceanica

had welcomed with love this glorious title given to our good Mother; already had Mgr. Tepano Jaussen, Bishop of Axieri and Vicar Apostolic of Tahaiti, made known in a circular-letter all the hope which he foresaw would be realized by this new name of Mary; already had the Religious of the Sacred Hearts embraced this sweet devotion, of which our *Annals* have since given consoling testimony; it was therefore decided that the mission should be carried on under the auspices of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, and that this truly difficult undertaking should be commended in a special manner to the prayers of our dear Association. We give an extract from a letter which was written us, and which we published entire in the *Annals* of 1866. It is from Rev. Brother Ausfride Schmedding, a Religious of the Sacred Hearts.

"The most solid foundation of our hopes is the happy choice which our Rev. Father Provincial has made of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* as special patroness of this new mission.

"I am the more rejoiced that the mission to Easter Island will be among the first, if not the very first, that has been placed in so special a manner under the protection of the august Queen of the Sacred Heart. And this is the claim I bring forward to induce you, Rev. Father, in your truly Catholic charity, to recommend strongly this work to the members of your pious Association. . . . Yes, Rev. Father, *pray a great deal to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and soon you shall see these poor savages come forth from the darkness which now envelops them, to praise and glorify, with their missionaries, the most merciful Heart of Jesus, as well as our sweet Mother's, the powerful sovereign of that divine Heart.*"

This confidence was crowned with the happiest results, and Rev. Brother Marie Laurent Cresson, religious of the Sacred Hearts, promptly forwarded the news to us at Issoudun. "What should not be said," he wrote in a letter from Valparaiso, Sept. 3d, 1867, of the conversion to our holy faith of the Easter Island, confided to the

Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and to St. Joseph! I leave it to the missionaries who are witnesses of this prodigy, and who see an immense harvest open to their zeal, in this land so long plunged in the darkness of death." Since the date of this letter the success of the mission has been still more striking; the inhabitants have received with ever increasing ardor the word of God; stealing, that old habit of the country, has disappeared; each and all have restored ill-gotten goods. "As a proof of the sincerity of their conversion," writes Father Roussel, "the inhabitants of the other end of the island have brought back to us all they had stolen from Brother Eugene—some dishes and planks. And yet, what a sacrifice for them! Those dishes, which they wore suspended from their necks, made such incomparable ornaments! And they have given all up—journeying forty leagues in a hot sun, carrying the planks on their backs. I have seen assembled around the same table all the chiefs who but a short time ago were deadly enemies. I am proud to proclaim it,—the inhabitants of Rapa-nui (Easter Island), whilom thieves and pillagers, are now the most honest men on the face of the earth."

On the morning of the 15th of August, 1868, seven pagans remained on the island; before evening they received baptism and promised to live according to the holy laws of religion. Mary thus terminated her noble conquest; all the *nine hundred* inhabitants of Easter Island, without a single exception, were now Catholics. And this is the marvellous result of the first mission preached in this island, under the special protection of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*.

The work was complete. The first apostle, the founder of the mission, the dear Brother Eugene Eyraud, who had suffered so much in the midst of the infidel savages, was judged ripe for heaven; he had merited his reward. At the age of forty-three he slept in the Lord, the 19th of August, 1868, *scarcely four days after the baptism of the last of the infidels. What a consolation!* Four years and a half before,

he arrived on that savage shore, having before him only barbarians, thieves and pagans; to-day, in that same island rendered fruitful by his labor, and the witness of his zeal, he can say as he dies and appears before God: "Lord, of the nine hundred pagans amongst whom Thou didst send me, I have not lost one; they are all Catholics, to the very last."

Before quitting the isle of Patmos, Saint John saw the heavenly Jerusalem descend before him: it was the Church of God, which was to extend from that island to the uttermost parts of the earth: and he saw a *woman clothed with the sun*: it was Mary, the protectress of the Church. Before quitting Easter Island to go before God, the Rev. Bro. Eugene also had the consolation of seeing the Church of Jesus Christ established in the island, and the mission of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* crowned with unparalleled success.

IN connection with the subject of Church spoliation, which, in these days, causes so much "tall talk" in England, there is a fact not generally known out of Catholic circles, and of which some of our Tory legislators ought to be reminded, for theirs was the party in office when the barefaced robbery took place. When the great French revolution broke out, an immense deal of property belonging to the English Catholic colleges and convents was confiscated by the republican Government, and no compensation was given for it until some years after the restoration of the Bourbons, when a first payment of five millions of francs (£200,000) was made by the French Government "on account." The money was handed over to the English Government of the day to be paid to the English Catholic bishops. But when the latter applied for it they were told that, as it would be used for idolatrous purposes, it would be against the laws of England to give it to them, and the money was *finally applied towards paying off the expenses incurred by the Prince Regent in building the Pavilion at Brighton*. The story is a true one, and certainly needs no comment.—*London Register*.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

## My Bijou.

The beautiful month of May had come, enlivened by the warblings of birds, festooned with garlands of flowers, wafting fragrance on the breeze and lavishing on all sides a profusion of floral ornaments, as if expressly created to intensify poetical inspiration. The bright blue-eyed myrtle, the golden-lipped violet and soft delicate verbenas of every hue were springing up from the bosom of mother earth, adding a rich and gorgeous beauty to the verdant *tapis* which nature had spread for this festival. The morning rose clear and fine, just enough of golden sunshine to transform the tears which might have collected on the flowers into exquisite jewels, thereby imparting a purer and more radiant loveliness to the scene. Light hazy clouds at times flitted over the sun's disc, like the fleecy folds of a bridal veil, which seemed to shade his sparkling brilliancy but to augment our pleasure. It was a gala day at L—, for "My Bijou" was on that morning to approach the holy altar for the first time and to be replenished with the bread of the strong. Truly was it a day of rejoicing—for she who was so lovable, so pure, so meek and so gentle, was now to feed upon the spotless Lamb, and become His virgin bride, invited and pressed by Him to partake of this everlasting banquet. During a previous retreat she had prepared her heart for this mysterious union of the soul with its God, and judging according to the injunction of our Lord, "from the fruit, you shall know the tree," she indeed had entered into the spirit of the work, and had carefully prepared the chamber of her heart for the reception of the King of kings and Lord of lords, by adorning it with the lily of purity, the roses of love, the pink of perfection, the evergreen of constancy and the lowly violet of humility. With her

soul clothed in its renewed baptismal innocence, and her person arrayed in purest white, she knelt at the foot of God's holy altar resplendant in gold and silver, to participate in the sacred mysteries, amid august ceremony, by the light of a hundred tapers; soft, sweet solemn music floating on the morning air freighted with the perfume of the flowers and the odor of burning incense, enchanting the senses, subduing the imagination, and affecting the heart. Sustained by her own pure life, assisted by the prayers of her companions, friends and teachers, encouraged by the precepts and examples of every religious virtue by the holy Community of L—, she calmly awaited the moment when the King of heaven would bow the heavens and come down into her heart. Devoutly did she receive her honored Guest, joyfully did she welcome Him, and reverently did she hold sweet converse with Him. Time flew by on golden pinions in this extatic union of the spirit with her God. And no doubt that then were laid the foundations, deep and strong, of that edifice of virtue she erected during the few brief years she was left to edify us by her many bright examples of piety. For truly did she live many years in a short space, and accomplish much good in a limited time. Though only ten years of age, yet was she deeply impressed with the solemnity of this reception, and often did she exclaim, "Oh, I was so happy on the day of my First Communion." Ere many days elapsed, even during this same month of May, the bishop imposed hands upon her to make her a strong and perfect Christian: strong to suffer, patient to endure, and courageous to advance rapidly in the path to heaven.

For six years did "My Bijou" remain in her convent home, storing her mind with every useful knowledge, acquiring every ladylike accomplishment, cultivating the fine arts (for she was no inattentive pupil); and above all did she advance in virtue by faithfully complying with every command, thus making sweet honey from bitter flowers. Freely did she open her heart to

the vivifying influence of divine grace, by replenishing her mind with the precepts of our holy religion. Whenever anything unpleasant occurred, her usual saying was: "Now I must coin money to purchase heaven." It was as consoling to her teachers as it was edifying to her companions to behold the fervor depicted in her demeanor while kneeling before the shrine of our dear Mother, the Queen of angels, in the gray twilight of evening, and there with devout emphasis recite the Act of Consecration in the name of her classmates, who had selected her for this honorable distinction, to present their daily offering to the Madonna, to walk at the head of their procession, to unfurl the standard of Mary, and to chant litanies and canticles in her praise.

But time arrives, leading age by the hand; and "My Bijou," after graduating with the usual literary honors, returns to the bosom of her family, where she continues to be an example of every virtue, not alone to the immediate home circle, but also to the members of the sodality and to the congregation. 'Tis now she turns to profit her rare accomplishments, and adorns the altar with beautiful flowers, the work of her skilful fingers. Then she forms a choir, and teaches them to chant the praises of God, becoming herself the organist and leader of the band, and thereby greatly contributing to the solemnity of the religious ceremonies. In these and other works of supererogation did she employ her time, talents, and mental as well as physical attainments.

In the month of May again do we find her before the altar; but now the bridal veil falls in rich voluminous folds about her person, and a wreath of orange blossoms circles her pure and noble brow; and again, too, the golden sunshine pours through the windows and falls in dazzling rays of mellow light on the sanctuary's mosaics, creating an aureola of glory around and about her, and with sweet witching melody sang her recently formed choir for the bridal Mass on that bright May morn. If hitherto she had been a

model for youthful virgins, she now became, like Saint Paula of old, a fair mirror for the mistress of every Christian household. Intuitively she seemed to know that much work had to be accomplished in a short time, and hence it behooved her to redouble her diligence in the service of God and her neighbors. She suspended around her dwelling the flowers of every matronly virtue, like those honeysuckles of the forest which adorn the rough trunk of the oak with their perfumed garlands. She comforted the afflicted, sympathized with the distressed, assisted the sick, taking her station like a mother beside the fevered child, rocking it to sleep in her arms, soothing and refreshing it with the cooling beverage of hope, and lulling it to rest by her magic strains. Thus, in works of kindness and of love, in deeds of affection and of piety, in actions of mercy and benevolence, time imperceptibly glides by, as flows the gentle rivulet sweetly singing on its meandering way to the sea, till another May morn is ushered in, and "My Bijou" is dying!

The angel of death has entered on the scene, and stands shrouded in solemn pomp, supreme arbiter, against whose *fiat* there can be no appeal! But has hope fled her bosom, or fair charity ceased to shield her, with her snowy pinions? Ah no! for that same God who made a virtue of hope, and who for wise purposes set its fountains deep down in the heart, made it also her delightful companion, and copiously did she quaff of its enchanted waters. Need we then be surprised that one who had so often in spirit at the foot of the cross passed the dread portals of the grave, should not fear to approach its shadowy borders, and set her feet beyond that bourn whence there is no return? A good holy missionary father, who had long been her director, bore to her the strengthening Viaticum, and other consoling aids of Mother Church for this her last and perilous journey. Her preparation was carefully and faithfully made, and incessantly were on her lips the sweet names of Jesus and Mary. She seemed never to become

weary repeating, with the most touching and childlike simplicity: "Jesus, have mercy on me! Please, Jesus, have mercy on me!" and at such times her pains and fever were apparently forgotten. When informed that she could not long survive, supported by pillows for two or three hours she spoke with the clear metallic ring of health in her voice, to her husband, parents, brothers, and sisters, with the pathos and love of a seraph, and requested them to pray often for her; but would add, with a touching artlessness, "pray also for yourselves." Thus time wore slowly on, and the beautiful May-day wore off into the moonlight, and the fire-flies glowed, and the pale beams of the moon fell in streams of molten silver, and the bright stars looked out from their cerulean homes, and yet the angel of death relaxed not his watch in that still house of mourning. Father L., her director, also watched by her, for he was unwilling to deny himself the sight of that extatic love which was inundating the soul of this his dying child. Fervent prayer and loving ejaculations pierce the clouds, and during these silent hours preceding dissolution, our dear Lady visited her faithful client, to console, to assist, to strengthen, support, and to guide her. With a grateful humble heart, she thanked her blessed Mother for this loving condescension, and then desired that nothing but the purest white should be about her, and did not wish the slightest blemish on soul or body when the Lord should come to judge; and so with the golden sunbeams stealing through the half-closed blinds playing with her raven tresses, caressing her pale cheek, and lighting up her radiant brow, she passed away so calm, so soft, so quiet, that though all were attending yet no one certainly knew when the awful *fiat*, was spoken, and when that pure soul ornamented with so many graces, clothed in her baptismal robe, was released from her earthly tenement and beheld for the first time her Lord, her Maker, her Redeemer, and her Sanctifier.

After a life so holy and a death so happy, need I add that the funeral of "My Bijou"

was rather a festival in honor of Mary than a mournful ceremony. Though the hearts of her husband and her parents who had trusted in her, were well-nigh broken, yet did they have many sources of consolation, for well they knew that their loss was but the beginning of her never-ending life of bliss.

Strange to say that all business, as if by common consent, was suspended in the town of C—, and the streets through which the *cortège* passed were draped in black, and all who knew her, old and young, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, followed her remains to the church. Several clergymen were in attendance, and the sanctuary was thronged with young altar-boys. Father S— preached, and then and there bore a glorious testimony to her many virtues and her pure and stainless life. He spoke of those singular graces which adorned her soul with their rich perfume and obtained for her during her last moments a visit from the Queen of Heaven,—proclaiming in the presence of thousands that during his long missionary life he had never before witnessed a preparation so angelic nor a death so saintlike; truly, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! adding that it was not his intention to cast about her memory a garment of poetry, for all who knew her felt her loss, and mourned her exit as a common calamity, yet the *Te Deum* would be a fitter song, to chant with her, than the *Requiem* for her. For her, sorrows now are over, tears no longer dim her eyes, the portals of eternity are passed, the river of life is reached, the gardens of heaven have opened on her ravished view, and with harp and voice she is now joining with the angels in that celestial concert continually going on around the pure white throne of heaven's glorious Queen!

The bride is not dead but sleepeth! Her lamp was trimmed, her vessel was filled with oil, and she entered to participate in that feast, whose joys, St. Paul tells us, no eye hath seen, no tongue hath told, nor has ever the heart of man been able to conceive their intensity.

VIOLA BIJOU.

A RICH PAIR OF SLIPPERS.—We translate the following from the *Precis-Historique* :—

The festivals of the Centenary have been the occasion of many acts of devotedness to the Sovereign Pontiff. We give one here :—

A French lady sought and obtained an audience of the Holy Father. After asking him favors and blessings, and just as his Holiness was about to rise, to intimate that the audience was at an end, she threw herself at his feet, and said : “ Holy Father, there is still one thing more I would wish to ask you ; but do not refuse it, you would make me too unhappy.”

“ What, then, is the favor you seek so earnestly ?” asked Pius IX, moved by her supplicating manner.

“ Holy Father,” she replied, “ the favor I ask is that you would give me the shoes you now wear.”

The Sovereign Pontiff, astonished by the strangeness of her request, hesitated a few moments, and then replied : “ My daughter, you must know that the Pope has only just shoes enough, and none to spare.”

“ I have already provided for such an emergency,” she said ; “ therefore, let it be no obstacle ;” at the same time she drew from her pocket a pair of shoes, exactly like those which the Pope wore, with the exception that they were made of richer material.

The Holy Father, smiling, answered in Italian : “ Well, my daughter, let it be as you wish.” He rang a bell, and, to the amazement of his private chamberlain, asked for his valet, to whom, on his appearance, he gave orders to take off his (the Pope’s) shoes and replace them with those given by the lady. The valet obeyed, none the less astonished at this toilet made in a lady’s presence. The Holy Father, however, found the shoes a little uncomfortable, but accounted for this by saying “ that new shoes always were.” “ Let us hope,” said he, “ that they will be easier after a while.” He rose and walked a few steps. “ There is certainly something

that hurts me ; take off this one,” said he to his valet. The latter obeyed, put his hand in the shoe, and sure enough felt some bulky substance under the leather. He drew it out, and it proved to be a bond for 75,000 francs.—*St. Louis Guardian*.

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### Charity—Patience.

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“ Acts of grand virtues will avail nothing unless practiced with great charity ; for it is charity that lays the foundation, gives weight and price and value, before God, to good works. The act of a small virtue (for not all virtues are by their nature equal in greatness), performed with a great love of God, is far more excellent than the act of a virtue which may be more exquisite, and still performed with less love of God. One glass of cool water given for the love of God will merit life eternal. Two small coins of little value, given with that same love by a poor widow, are preferred by Jesus Christ Himself to the rich presents poured in by the wealthy of the land.

“ We generally do not set a proper value on a little patience with annoyances from our neighbors, an amiable forbearance of their imperfections, a modest endurance of a malicious look ; the love of insult and of one’s humiliation, or of a slight injustice ; willingness to have others preferred to us ; a scolding, or a performance of services below our condition in life ; a pleasant reply to those who rebuke us wrongfully or with asperity, on a fall, and being therefore laughed at ; on receiving a refusal with grace and good humor ; on a proper rendition of thanks for favors received ; on the treatment of servants with humility and kindness : which things appear as very small to those who have a proud heart and carry a high head. We only wish for such virtues as are brave and gorgeous, and give renown ; we do not consider that those who strive at pleasing men are not servants of God, and that the world’s friendship renders one an enemy to God.”—*St. Francis de Sales*.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. V.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 29, 1869.

No. 22.

## For Corpus Christi.

Bring flowers! sweet flowers!—  
Strew, strew them in the way;  
Search the gardens, search the bowers,  
We need sweet flowers to-day;  
With dewdrops sparkling on the spray  
Bring them to strew upon the way:  
He comes! the Lord of life and light,  
Our pilgrim path to cheer;  
He comes to chase the darksome night,  
To brighten up the day,—  
Then bring your garlands here.

Bring flowers! sweet flowers!—  
Flowers must we have to-day,  
To decorate our lovely bowers,  
For HE will pass this way;  
He! to whom angels homage pay,  
He comes to visit us to-day.  
He comes! bend, bend the knee!  
From the high heaven above  
Angels are winging hurriedly.  
He comes! whose name is love,  
O, let the golden censer fan the air,  
That human thoughts may rise in fervent prayer.

Lo! the Lord of glory comes,  
Borne in state the groves among,  
Bringing blessings to our homes;  
Swing the censer, raise the song—  
Join the reverent, grateful throng:  
He comes! receive Him reverently.  
Hark! the solemn measured psalm,  
Thrilling every loving heart,  
Sounds which the very air embalm,  
Which rapturous glow to earth impart,  
Is working all mysteriously  
To fill each soul with ecstasy.

He comes, the Lord of heaven and earth;—  
Angels attend with folded wing;—  
Angels re-heralding the birth  
Of Joy upon this dreary earth,  
Inspire the melodies men sing.

Men angels' hymns are echoing:  
And through the illimitable space  
Where'er the charm of music's given,  
That solemn anthem chant they trace  
Beneath the vaulted dome of heaven—  
Angels and men in unity  
Are worshipping Love's mystery.

M. A. S.

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS, And their Connection with Catholic Dogma.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. M. WOLTER, BY REV.  
J. A. BERGRATH.

"Sed tu qui legis, ora pro me et (h)abeas Dominum protectorem."—*Catacombs of Pontianus.*

### XI.

As the walk of the holy women to Mount Calvary was the first practical application of the devotion known as the "Way of the Cross," so their visit to the grave of Jesus was the first instance of a *Christian pilgrimage*, and thus became the perpetual model for all subsequent pilgrimages and visits to the graves of departed saints. Such visits or pilgrimages to the *graves of the martyrs* in Rome, and more particularly to those of SS. Peter and Paul, the chiefs of the apostles, were not unfrequent even during the first century, as we have reason to believe on the strength of monumental records, while we know them to have grown into vast proportions after the cross had achieved its first decisive victory in the year 312. *Th* not only the faithful of Rome proper, but also those who lived in the most remote provinces of the empire, came as pilgrims to the vaults of the catacombs, where at the graves of the martyrs, they completed

with their vows, and then returned to their homes blessed and in many instances most singularly favored, as may be seen from the *votive tablets* which in many cases they left behind them in memory of their visit. It is truly affecting and particularly calculated to touch the Catholic heart, when, after the lapse of so many centuries, we thread the silent avenues of this city of the dead and find there so many thousands of Greek and Latin *graphites*, i. e., memorial inscriptions and prayers, that were scratched into the lime cement of the crypts and galleries by the hands of pious pilgrims who frequented these places during those early days of the Church, and by means of which they manifested so child-like and firm a confidence in the saints of God. Thus in the catacombs of Callistus, in which according to Bosio the remains of at least 174,000 martyrs were deposited, we read as follows: "O, thou (true) city of Jerusalem, glory of the martyrs of the Lord." "Ye holy martyrs, *be mindful* of (the pilgrim) Dionysius." "*Be mindful* of Elaphius"—"of Mary," etc. "*Do pray* that Verecundus and those who accompany him may have a fortunate homeward passage across the sea." "Obtain *by your prayers* for my father and my brethren eternal rest, that they may live with God, the supreme good." "St. Xystus, be mindful (of me) in *thy prayers of intercession*." "Holy Sustus *deliver* (us) . . . ."—"hear (us)"; etc. In the cemetery of Pontianus there may be seen, among many others of the same kind, a beautiful memorial inscription which reads thus: "(I) Eustathius, a poor sinner, priest and *servant* of the blessed martyr Marcelline (have put up this inscription); but thou, O reader, *pray for me*, and may the Lord be thy protector." Guided by such like effusions of the heart, we can frequently trace the pious course of these *pilgrims* through all the chief galleries of the cemetery. Thus in the catacombs of Callistus some devout palmer, as it would seem of the third century, engraved a prayer for one *Sophronia*, whom he loved dearly, but whom he had lost in death, and for the love of whose

memory he had in all likelihood undertaken his pilgrimage to these holy places. We meet with his prayer for the first time immediately at the entrance, in these words: "Sophronia, mayest thou live (in God)!" Somewhat farther on, directly underneath the light of a luminary, we find it again: "Sophronia, (live thou) in God!" "In the same sense and spirit we meet with yet other inscriptions by the same hand as we thread our way from gallery to gallery, until just before our departure from these sacred halls we notice engraven under the arch of a fine arcossolium, in more conspicuous letters than usual, this time not the prayer, but a joyful exclamation, greeting us as it were with a farewell benediction in saying: "Sophronia, sweet Sophronia, thou *shalt live forever* (in) God! thou shalt live (in) God!"

## XII.

We are now drawing near the close of our disquisition regarding the *Church triumphant*. So far as the *communion of the Saints*, their *invocation*; the *veneration of their relics*, and the *pilgrimages made to their tombs* are concerned—even though all of these Catholic tenets and practices are nowadays cried down by a certain class of people as being "superstitious, antichristian and idolatrous"—we find them one and all flourishing with a hitherto unsuspected vigor in the rich soil of the primitive Church, and filling with their sweet aroma the sepulchral atmosphere, in the night and silence of which the early Christians were obliged to spend the greater portion of their lives. The Catholics of those days were invincible heroes, because, unlike the fabled giant Antæus, they touched not only the earth but also *the heavens*. Before we close this portion of our studies of the catacombs, we shall yet fortify our statements by advancing the testimonies of three contemporaries from the fourth century, who, although differing from each other in position and opinion, will not fail to throw an additional ray of light on our subject. The first of these shall be a passage from the writings of the heathen sophist, Eunapius, who flour-

ished about A. D. 390, and whose book has only of late been published for the first time, in Paris, under the title of "*Ædésius*." In this book we find the following most remarkable passage: "*To the Christians the heads and bones of their martyrs are sacred; they even prostrate themselves before them in prayer, foolishly thinking that in so doing they are performing a laudable act, while in reality they are only approaching the graves of condemned malefactors and covering themselves with the shame that attaches to the memory of those whom they honor. . . . The Christians look upon these martyrs as the promoters, solicitors and bearers of their prayers to God.*" Our second witness shall be the holy Pope Damasus (A. D. 366-384), whose poems of praise are yet frequently met with, beautifully engraven on marble tablets, throughout the catacombs. In these verses he extols highly the merits of the martyrs, gives testimony of their influence with God, and honors their remains by calling them "*holy members, blessed ashes, saintly bones,*" etc. Thus we find an inscription by him in the cemetery of St. Sebastian, which runs in these words:

"Reader, whoever thou art, be sure that thou honor  
*The Saints who lie buried here*, though time in its  
passing

Has left you neither their names, nor even their  
numbers.

Damasus (know ye), the Pope, these hallowed  
tombs has embellished,

Since our Lord has brought the shepherds back in  
repentance\*—

—Back to the fold—their bishop thus to the martyrs  
Gladly *persuades his vow* and shows he is grateful."

In another place we find St. Eutychius thus commemorated:

"Seeking we found him at last. Do thou give  
honor deserving

Now to his grave, for all that you ask he will grant  
you!

Damasus here has traced the Saint's well-merited  
praises,

Follow his steps and honor these slumbering ashes."

Again, on St. Laurence, we read the following:

"Damasus thus the altar has decked and *humbly*  
*in prayer*  
Upward he looks to the Saint whose merits he trusts  
in."

Finally, here is one on St. Agnes:

"Purity's flower most sweet: but just is the honor  
we give thee;  
Damasus kneels at thy feet; do thou but hear me,  
O, virgin!"

Our third witness shall be no less a personage than Prudentius, the "*Iberian bard,*" and sacred poet of the early Church, who, as he was born in the year 348, had still seen the catacombs in their original glory, and who thus sings of the crypt of St. Hippolytus:

"Here in this silent rock there sleep Hippolytus'  
ashes;

Over him rises the slab sacred to God in the skies.  
*Heavenly food* on this table is spread while safe underneath it

Rest the bones of the saint, waiting the day of the  
Lord.

*Holy*, forsooth, is the form which gently the grave  
does here shelter;

*Holier still is the food*, given from here to the world.  
Praying our hearts are aglow, and down from the  
altar

Comes sweet peace to our souls, *benediction* and  
heavenly aid.

Oft when the soul or the body is sick, and when  
troubled with sorrows

Here have I *hopefully prayed*, finding the asked-  
for relief.

Hence if I joyful returned to tell thee what here  
I had met with

Priest, most worthy the name! know that *Hip-  
polyt the saint*

*Strong in power* through Christ, with whom he is  
reigning,

*Granted my humble request*, sent me rejoicing to  
you.

Like a trophy of war his body lies in this chapel  
Cased in silver and gold, wrought by ingenious  
hands.

Tablets of stone as smooth as the lake, and as polished as mirrors—

Gifts of grateful hearts—deck the encircling walls.  
Columbs of marble as white as if Paros, the island,  
had sent them,

Rise with silver bedecked, grandly the entrance  
around.

\* Out of the schism of Ursicinus, A. D. 380.

*Hither to greet the Saint and piously offer their prayers*

*Came the people* in crowds all through the live-long day.

Romans there are met by people from various nations,

Yet they are all as one—faith and love is their bond.

*Piously* all kneel down and pouring redolent balsam  
Over the grave they weep, *kissing the hallowed spot.*

Then, the following year when earth her courses has finished

Bringing again *this day* sacred to Hippolyt's birth  
Truly thou never couldst think how many will piously hasten

Back to the Saint, resolved wholly to give them to God!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE FLEMMINGS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### SACRIFICE.

I was sitting one summer evening in a pavilion built upon a bluff overhanging the sea, watching the long lines of surf, as the strong swift billows of the Atlantic swept shoreward over the bars, and listening with mingled awe and delight to their reverberating thunders as they burst in creamy whiteness upon the shingly beach, roaring and raving with impotent fury at the failure of their assault on the dry land, as driven by the invisible and inexorable power which let them "come so far and no farther," they rushed backwards like a routed army, their only spoils the scattered driftwood and sea-weed deposited along the shore by the last flood tide. As the tumultuous sounds subsided into low and more distant mutterings, there rose above me the wild sweet song of a bird which was brooding on its nest under some carved wood-work on the apex of the roof. It sang, or seemed to sing, in an ecstasy of peace, gazing out the while at the rose-tinted clouds, the turbulent ocean and the rocking ships; and the sounds fell upon

my heart like balm; but presently the booming and bursting of the surf below drowned the flute-like symphonies, and I feared that I should hear them no more; but when the defeated billows were again dragged back moaning and sobbing, I distinguished through the din a faint sweet trill; then as they receded still farther, leaving a short interval of quiet, the wild wondrous music floated out again in rich fulness, and I knew that it had not been hushed, but that the bird had been singing on as heedless of the thunders of the sea as of the stillness of the land.

The little bird singing there on the edge of the noisy turbulent ocean was like the peace that had made its abode in the soul of Wolfert Flemming. Disturbing elements clamored around him, and there were moments when his own nature beat like great waves against his soul, and his out-look in the future seemed so dim and stormy that although the sweet singer, brooding in the depths of his soul, never ceased murmuring blissful hymns of peace, he could not hear them, but when the discords of life and nature ceased, they thrilled through every avenue of his being, consoling him with the sublime consciousness that his faith was at last and indeed anchored on the eternal Rock of Ages. And in this deep peace, he learned to "possess his soul in patience," knowing that however tempestuously the waves might beat against him, however angrily they might threaten him, they could come just so far and no farther; and his great trusting heart looked up, and was glad.

After the trial which his wife's distress of mind on account of his change of faith caused him—and it was not a light one—he thought that nothing could pain or disturb him to the same degree, but he was mistaken. Old Father Ray came down to see him, losing no time. He came on Monday morning, and with a countenance in which severity struggled with an expression of sorrow which he could not conceal, he entered the house, returning the welcome greeting he received by cold, curt salutations.

"I have come to see your father," he said to Hope, "and I wish to see him alone."

"I will go and fetch my father directly. He is out somewhere on the farm," replied Hope, folding up her work. And she went out, leaving him alone with her mother.

"And you, Martha Flemming, how is it with you in these times of faithlessness?" he asked in quavering tones.

"There is no change in me. I am satisfied with pure gospel doctrine," she answered stiffly; then a flood of thoughts came surging through her mind, and with a low cry of anguish, she sobbed: "Oh, Father Ray! Father Ray! it will kill me. My husband has turned papist!"

The old man was startled and nearly frightened by such an unexpected outburst of emotion, and if she had said, "My husband has turned infidel," he could not have felt a more deathlike sickness at his heart; but it was impossible to sit silent in the face of such a sorrow as this, and making an effort to collect his scattered wits, he began to utter some consolatory words, when Wolfert Flemming's footsteps sounded along the passage, and she hastily left the room before he entered it.

No one was present at this interview. Mr. Flemming led his guest away to his little work-room, and they shut themselves in. There for three hours they talked together. Now and then the old minister's voice arose in loud expostulatory tones; then he pleaded and denounced alternately, and as he grew more excited its thin treble sounded like a shriek, and sometimes sunk into hoarse trembling whispers, for throughout the interview every moment convinced him of the utter futility of arguing the case with this man who—grave, calm and assured—had scripture, reason, history, and, above all, faith, with which to rebut and crush out all that he could say; this man whose sense of religion was so pure, whose moral nature was so grand, whose conscience was so upright, and whose very earnestness impressed even him—angry as he was—with the perfect sincerity of his belief in the strange and in-

comprehensible doctrines he had adopted; doctrines which to his darkened and narrow mind were "damnable idolatries." Baffled and wounded—for as we have said elsewhere, old father Ray loved Wolfert Flemming as a father loves his first born—and full of bitterness, he gave up the contest and left him; remembering the doom of Ephraim, who was joined to his idols, he "let him alone," and shaking the dust of his house from his feet he went out, refusing Flemming's offered hand, and mounting his horse rode slowly away, feeling as if a gulf had suddenly opened and swallowed the last earthly happiness of his life, destroying the one mortal tie that above all others he had held most dear for time and eternity.

"That's what's come of it all," said Mrs. Flemming bitterly, as she and Eva and Hope stood at the window looking after the old minister. She saw him refuse her husband's hand, and almost imagined that the words she saw him uttering, but could not distinguish, were curses, for there was no blessing in the look he cast back to the house, no relenting in his hard pinched features, which they saw as he wheeled his horse around to ride homewards. She watched her husband as he stood motionless and almost breathless on the spot where the old man had parted from him, then turned to come into the house, and she saw that his features were pale and set, that his lips were compressed, and that his eyes, over which his heavy brows hung lowering, had a steely gleam in them she had never seen there before: then she knew that he had had a fierce struggle in his inner life and that his powers of endurance had been taxed to their utmost. He poured out a flagon full of cool water which had just come from the spring, and drank it every drop; then stood a few moments, his elbow leaning against the window frame, looking out through the budding vines, at the distant mountain ridges edged with sunshine and the deep calm blue of the heavens beyond; and the passion waves subsided within him, and he heard the sweet whispers of

faith and peace. He did not refer to his stormy interview with Father Ray; indeed he did not speak at all, until, as he was leaving the room, he stopped for an instant beside Mrs. Flemming's chair, and laying his hand tenderly upon her head, said: "Mother, I am going down with the men to harrow in the oats; if Deacon Sneathen comes, send for me."

"Very well," she replied coldly, even while her heart was full of wifely pity for him, dashed with anger that she could not help. "Deacon Sneathen, indeed!" she added, as he left the room; "mark my words, girls, Deacon Sneathen won't come; see if he does!"

"I hope he will," answered Hope. "I don't see why he shouldn't. My father's change of religion can't affect the business in which they've been engaged in so many years. I think it will be a most unreasonable thing in the Deacon to break off his connection with father, because—" Hope hesitated a moment, then added bravely, "become a Catholic."

"Where is Reuben?" asked Mrs. Flemming sharply, to change the conversation, for every reference to her husband's change of faith was like a stab. "Where can that boy be?"

"I don't know, mother," replied Eva. "I have not seen Ruby since breakfast time. I hope he is not going to have a sick turn. I thought he looked very white this morning."

"So he did. I noticed it too. Do go, Hope, and find out if any of them have seen him," said Mrs. Flemming anxiously. "I can't tell what makes Ruby so ailing all the time." Then Mrs. Flemming went up to the weaving room and sat down to think—not of Reuben and his feeble, useless life, which generally afforded her much anxious concern—but of the heavy trial which had fallen upon her, which she almost imagined to be a judgment from heaven to punish her for having been too proud of her husband, and for having loved him too entirely.

But Reuben could not be found; no one had seen him since early in the morning,

and each one of the family began to feel seriously uneasy about him. Dinner time came and passed, and still he did not come. Mr. Flemming and his men came in at sunset, but there were no tidings of Reuben; and urged by his mother, who was half distracted by her anxious fears, they were making preparations to go in search of him, when he glided in like a ghost out of the twilight, and sunk down on the old oak settle by the fire, pale, speechless, and exhausted. They set to sponging his face with vinegar, rubbing his hands, and feeding him with elderberry wine which revived him, then they began to question him all together in such a chorus of sounds and confusion of words, that he burst out laughing although he was still too weak to answer them.

"You're all right now, Ruby," said Eva, kissing his forehead.

"But where in the world have you been, Reuben? Do tell! To give me such a fright!" said Mrs. Flemming, sitting down and folding her hands on her lap while she looked at him, puzzled beyond expression by idiosyncrasies which made the boy's life a perpetual mystery to her. "You should not have done so!"

"I didn't intend to, mammy, indeed I didn't," he answered, disarming her anger at once by the tender, sweet appellative which he always used as a shield and defence, whenever he wanted to propitiate her, or when she was displeased with him. "I went straggling around, digging and poking among the thorn bushes, and turning over big rocks searching for something I wanted, until I got so far from home that I thought I should never be able to get back."

"What in the land's name were you hunting up, child? I never did see the like of you in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Flemming.

"Gold, I guess," said Hope, laughing.

"No," said the boy gravely, "I was searching for soft stone."

"Now do tell! Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Flemming, quite exasperated at what she considered his extreme foolishness. "I do think, Reuben, of all your vagaries, this one beats. Soft stone! But listen

now to what I have to say. I will have no more such shiftless doings, and sinful waste of time. You can't work; you're really not strong enough; and you shall help me in the dairy, and learn how to spin. Indeed you shall. I will positively put a stop to this aimless sort of a life. Soft stone, indeed!"

"But there is soft stone; mother, I have read about it, and how to find it, and I shall keep on looking for it, too," answered Reuben, a little crest-fallen, and a little doggedly.

"I guess you learnt that out of the book the Irish peddler gave you. It would be just like the rest. Soft stone! When you find it, let me know; maybe it will do to stuff the pillows with." Reuben was silent. He knew that he might as well be, and he was very tired; so he leaned back, closing his eyes, and seemed to doze, she watching him all the while. Then she lifted up his long tapering hand, as fair and white as a woman's, and laying it across her own, sat looking thoughtfully at it, and like one speaking in her sleep, said: "It is exactly like the hand in the old portrait of my great grandmother, Lady Pendarvis;" then she smoothed it, and folded it against her heart with an indescribable yearning for this gifted, half helpless and best beloved one of her children. Reuben was not asleep, and he raised himself up and put his arms about her, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, said: "I'd like to find it, little mammy. I want it for something great."

"Have you eaten anything to-day, Ruby?" she asked, while she smoothed back the golden tangles from his face. "No! Get up, and let me hurry them with supper." And forgetting her great sorrow for the time, the busy little woman began to bustle around, and presently left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE commend to the prayers of our readers, Mr. William Claggett, a life subscriber, who died in Baltimore some weeks ago. May his soul rest in peace.

#### APPLICATIONS TO THE ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

For the month of April, 1869.

For membership, 8,230; for particular favors, 87; for recovery of health, 19; for conversion, 72; for happy death, 79; for temporal favors, 13; for religious vocation, 15; for deceased members, 20.

THE intensely Protestant correspondent of the *Palt-Mall Gazette* speaks thus of the *Miserere*, as sung by the Papal choir:





"Later in the afternoon we went to the *Miserere* in the Sixtine chapel, and still by favor of a kind cameriere segreto we were admitted, just before the lamentation began, to a dim arched place where many people were waiting, and some lights burning, and daylight streaming through the windows upon Michael Angelo's great prophets and sybils, and upon the magnificent Creation of Man, a fresco high up in the roof with a mountain-height feeling about it, that takes one away out of the chapel and beyond the angels and devils painted on the walls. We had all got quite used to our black veils by this time, and we listened, as we looked, all in rows, to the chanting, which at first disappointed me. The Pope did not come that afternoon, and his throne stood empty, but the service went on and on, and presently some of the lights were put out, and the chanting seemed to thrill a little and then to go on and on once more, and then some more lights went out, and with the last the chanting stopped short, and now began a melody so strange, so sad, so carefully sweet, so utterly unlike anything I had ever in my life listened to before, that I do not know how to write of it; sad, still, strange, and shrill, it deepened and died away, and seemed soaring to those very mountain heights which are dimly reflected in the fresco overhead; the secret of life seemed to be in its voice if one could only understand. It did not sound so much like singing as like the playing of one violoncellist, whose name is familiar to us all, sadder and more sad in the gray of the sunset, from which all the gold had died away. At last came one note of hope, only one, and as we all listened for more the music stopped and the *Miserere* was over. We came out into the Scala Regia of the Vatican, dark figures crowding, awestricken, and touched by this wonderful service. Except in the sepulchres no lights are allowed in the churches till Easter, nor do bells ring any more."

# Mary, Star of the Sea.


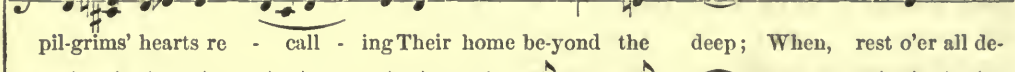


## A MAY HYMN.

Music from the German of G. Henne.


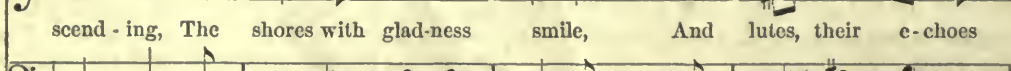


*Andante.*

Sopra.    
 Alto.    
 Bass.    
 Organ. 

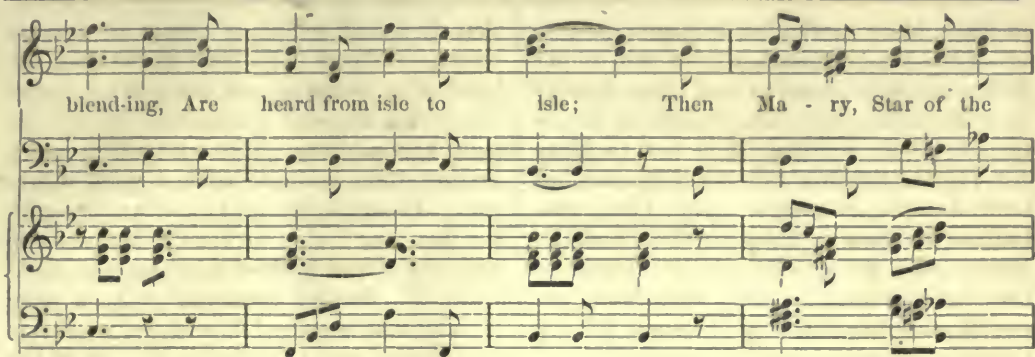
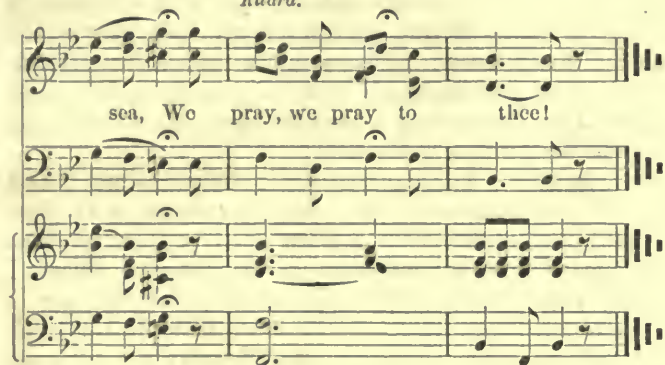
When eve - ning shades are fall - ing O'er o - cean's sun - ny sleep, To

pil-grims' hearts re - call - ing Their home be - yond the deep; When, rest o'er all de -

scend - ing, The shores with glad - ness smile, And lutes, their e - choes

*Ritard.*

2

The noonday tempest over,  
 Now ocean toils no more,  
 And wings of halycons hover  
 Where all was strife before.  
 Oh! thus may life, in closing  
 Its short tempestuous day,  
 Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,  
 Shine all its storms away.  
 Thus Mary, Star of the sea,  
 We pray, we pray to thee!

## MARY OUR MODEL.

### MARY MODEL OF WIVES.

When Mary received, from the hands of her parents and the high priest, the spouse whom heaven had destined for her, she became the model of married women, as she had been of young girls.

I will say no more of her admirable purity, nor her vow of virginity; we have sufficiently considered that. Out of respect for this holy spouse we will not touch upon the delicate subject of conjugal chastity. It will suffice here to bear in mind that the Christian marriage is far holier than that of the old law, because it is elevated by Christ to the dignity of a sacrament. For that reason it should be treated with great respect and perfect purity of heart. "This is a great sacrament,"\* says St. Paul; "but I speak in Christ and

in the Church," whose mysterious union it represents.

As Jesus Christ is Head of the Church, says the same apostle, and she is entirely obedient to Him, so must the woman be obedient to her husband, as the Church is to Christ.\*

The Blessed Virgin understood perfectly well that she accepted in St. Joseph a master and a true friend. Even from the time she received the message of the angel Gabriel and became the Mother of God,—that is, the greatest of all creatures, by this one title,—she continued subject to her husband as the most humble of women; she showed such deference to him, as we learn from tradition, that the holy patriarch was filled with confusion.

God willed this, in order to give a peremptory lesson to all wives, who might be tempted by specious pretexts to think themselves superior to their husbands. Have you remarked how He strives, as it were,

\* Eph. v, 32.

\* Eph. id. 22, 24.

to leave Mary in the background, and to bring St. Joseph's authority in full relief? If He sends an angel to the Holy Family to warn them to fly into Egypt, or to return to their country, it is not to Mary nor even to the Son the angel speaks, but to St. Joseph; the angel says to him, as the head of the family: Take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt; or, Return to the land of Israel.\* Jesus and Mary are not directly warned; they have only to obey this holy artisan; he is their master.

Go to this sublime school, proud women, who dream of independence and perhaps of supremacy. If you have forgotten that God has ordained that you be submissive to the authority of man,† and that St. Paul forbids you to endeavor to rule your husbands,‡ you will understand your great fault when you see the humble obedience of the *greatest of women*, and you can but blush with shame at your guilty presumption.

She teaches you also not to make your husbands suffer by your defects of character. In admiring her mildness, her boundless charity, and her multiplied acts of kindness for St. Joseph, ask yourselves whether the same qualities are found in you. Never did an insolent word pass her lips; never did she do an angry or peevish act; on the contrary, her manner was full of cordiality, her expression always agreeable, her language always affectionate, and all her actions obliging. Grateful for all that St. Joseph did for her, and considering her own services as nothing, she manifested the great happiness she felt in living with him and the entire confidence which his unalterable friendship inspired in her.

Are you always like her? Have you for your husbands only sweet words and mild behavior? Do you not irritate them by too much vivacity, by unjust reproaches and senseless quarrels? Do you tire them by annoying faults that you will not correct, and thus render life too hard for them?

Holy Writ says of certain women things

that I would not dare repeat in similar terms. "There is no head worse than the head of a serpent: and there is no anger above the anger of a woman. It will be more agreeable to abide with a lion and a dragon, than to dwell with a wicked woman. The wickedness of a woman changeth her face: and she darkeneth her countenance as a bear and sheweth it like sack-cloth."\* Shall I continue? "As a yoke of oxen that is moved to and fro, so also is a wicked woman: he that hath hold of her is as he that taketh hold of a scorpion."†

This is enough, ladies; indeed it is too much; these terrible reproaches are addressed only to a few sad exceptions, and they do not read the AVE MARIA nor any other pious book.

You may very justly observe to me: "And our husbands,—are they faultless in your opinion?" Pardon me, they are far from being as perfect as St. Joseph. When I write a "Month of St. Joseph" for them, I will hunt up still more terrible texts for them, and you shall assist me by your suggestions.

But in the mean time be sincere. Are you what you should be to them, what religion desires, what reason and your own interest urge you to be? I let you be your own judges.

You, above all, who complain of their character, are you sufficiently mild and prudent yourself? Formerly, you were eager to please them, and nothing was considered a trouble to show your affection; then, all went on admirably. How is it that all this has changed? Is it not true that you have grown lax in your attention and marks of affection, and even in that patience which formerly preserved that delightful harmony? And—who knows!—perhaps your heart has allowed marks of coldness, dislike, malice or contempt to peep forth! It would be still worse if you have bestowed your affection elsewhere, even were it only in appearance. More constancy, more devotion—finally, more real virtue, will dispel all these clouds.

\* Matt. ii, 13, 19, 22.

† Gen. iii, 16.

‡ 1 Tim. ii, 12.

\* Eccli. xxv, 22-24.

† Eccli. xxvi, 10.

## THE INCONSIDERATE WIFE.

Clotilde was married at eighteen, and she married in a hurry. Never was a day—after that of her first communion—more ardently desired. It is truly the most important, but is it the most desirable? I will leave it to you to answer, and I pass to another question: Why was Clotilde in such haste to marry? Was she unhappy with her mother? No, but she was not free enough, and it was necessary to obey her.

She wished for absolute liberty, to command, to be mistress of the house, to be addressed as “madam” and to say “my husband.” Her only desire was to be loved and admired and to make a sensation in society. For this it was necessary to go out a great deal, adopt all the fashions, to appear at *soirees* and public feasts. Perhaps she thought that marriage was a complete release from modesty, and consequently, the era of pleasure, with or without the permission of her husband.

Vanity, freedom and pleasure were then the three inspiring divinities of this marriage; for the husband, add avarice, and you will know under what auspices their vows of eternal union were made.

They were married in the church, for Clotilde wished to be a Catholic in name, although she is a very poor one in practice. She has perfectly pagan ideas concerning marriage. She thinks it imposes no other duty, than to amuse herself without quarrelling with her husband. She would be surprised, if she were told that conjugal chastity must be respected, that the divine law does not lose its rights, and that the Supreme Judge will demand a severe account of the manner she has observed it. She never knew the grave obligations that result from this sacred engagement, how the husband and wife must mutually aid one another to sanctify their lives and gain heaven. Faith has nothing to do in their plans.

She obeys her husband in order not to displease him, never thinking that she is obliged to do so by any principle of con-

science. She respects and does his pleasure because she loves him and because she is endowed with natural goodness, but without thinking that God has made it a duty. For this reason she has not the least scruple in disobeying him secretly, and deceiving him when she feels like it; as, for example, when she wishes to satisfy a whim that she knows would displease him if he knew it, or to expend money contrary to his wishes. In a word, she knows no limit to her liberty except the fear of being blamed and of bringing trouble in the house.

So far their peace has not been troubled; because they love one another and mutually deceive each other. But wait until certain secrets be revealed, until reproaches and recriminations have cooled their affection, until discord has at last soured their dispositions; then will come dissension and disgust, for which they shall find no consolation nor remedy. Religion alone has remedies for such evils.

All peace and happiness which are founded only upon the passions are of short duration; only virtue cemented by faith is a solid and durable foundation.

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 Life of Mother Mary Seraphine F—.
 

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[CONTINUED.]

Even at recreation she was so industrious as sometimes never once to lift her eyes. “Mother dear, do rest a little,” the sisters would say; “you don’t even look at us.” Then taking off her spectacles, with a smile, she would answer some kind words or indulge in the playful badinage which was the delight of recreation—but speedily fix her eyes again on her work. She took care that the novices were taught to sew well, often herself showing them how something should be done, and making them work in her presence. The spirit of poverty also perfected still more that spirit of order which was natural to her. “Whatever you use, always put it back in its place,” she would say; inculcating incessantly the secret of exact order.

What shall be said of the way she practiced that vow which was her "glory and her delight," to use the expression of the constitutions of the order? Sister Seraphine lived, breathed, aspired only for the Spouse of her soul—in all purity and holiness of spirit, of conversation, of carriage and of actions, by a life stainless and angelic. Her exterior, in all her conduct, exhaled the perfume of heavenly purity; this precious gift was her adornment, whose lustre even made brighter all her other virtues. One felt, in drawing near her, the religious respect one experiences in approaching a dwelling of God. The perfect modesty of her deportment, the gentle serenity of her countenance, the simplicity of her conversation, made it evident to all that her heart was a sanctuary where Jesus reposed, where He reigned sovereign. All candid and innocent souls found themselves at home with her. A religious of another order said, after her death, addressing Sister Seraphine's community; "It was not, as you would suppose, her profound humility that struck me the most in your saintly mother; it was rather her purity, which to me seemed actually heavenly. I often thought, when with her, that she was as spotless as a babe just bedewed with the waters of baptism; in all her behavior there was something angelic. I do not know I ever experienced the same sensation with any other person that I did when with her, or only in thinking of her." She was, to use the epithet of Monseigneur de Blaquant "a soul unspotted from the world;" an expression the more striking when it is remembered that the state of society in her youth was remarkable for its malice and corruption. But she lived in the midst of evil without being touched by it; the dark shadows of sin were all around her, but fell not on this child of faith and love. If, in aftertimes, God gifted her with words of counsel suited to all human failings, and inspired her with power to lead back from their evil ways the most erring souls, this pure spirit seemed to possess the means to cure their

wounds without probing them or being defiled by their festering corruption. She thus preserved infantile innocence while possessing consummate prudence and wisdom. It is certain, from the evidence of those who knew the secrets of her soul, that she had kept her baptismal innocence. It was this ever-spotless garment of baptismal whiteness that grace embroidered with so many gifts, and fidelity adorned with such rare virtues. It is hardly a cause for surprise that this perfect purity of soul, raised as it was to an angelic degree by the detachment of the religious life, and by the habit of constant prayer during long years, should have given this spouse of our Lord a participation in the lights of heaven, and intimate communications with her God.

It would be hard to judge whether it was this innocence which inspired her with the greatest horror of the slightest wilful imperfection or her filial fear of displeasing the God she so loved. Her hatred for sin was in proportion to her tender and ardent love for her God. That a spouse of Jesus Christ could deliberately refuse to listen to His voice, to obey the lightest whisper of His divine inspirations, was to her not only a cause of bitter sorrow, but of profound astonishment. Never did grace speak in vain to her; her fidelity made her always choose even among good actions, with delicate conscientiousness, the precise good deed God required of her. She never ceased to deplore what she called the great sins of her life; among these were her having, when a very little child, in a sudden fit of impatience killed a pet bird, and the pleasure she had felt, when about three years old, in imitating the gestures of actors.

One of the traits in the character of Mother Seraphine which seemed attributable to her perfect innocence, was a remarkable power of drawing souls to God without attracting them to herself. "I have no desire to win hearts except for God" she said, and this wish was granted.

The affection that was felt for her by all who knew her was based on esteem and

gratitude; it was a filial sentiment, full of tenderness and veneration, or rather an outflow of that dilection truly founded on God, of which the divine Master has said, "Behold the second commandment, which is like unto the first." They loved in her the work of God.

This spirit of childlike innocence also preserved in Sister Seraphine, to the close of her life, that naive gaiety that was so easily excited, and never lost amidst all her numberless cares and anxieties. She would be seen, in the course of her walks in the garden and courtyard, caressing and playing with the kids, the little chickens, the young pigeons, &c., while all the little creatures seemed quite at ease in her hands, and the sisters who witnessed such scenes would be reminded of the way the beloved apostle recreated himself. Perhaps the holy nun sympathized in her heart with the blessed Patriarch of Assisium, who called all created objects, animate and inanimate, his brothers and sisters. While she was staying at Vaugirard, every day a little white dove came to her chamber window and sought admittance, and after awhile took up its abode in the room; when she went away it flew off, and returned no more, nor could it ever be discovered to what dovecote it belonged.

Not only was this purity of soul in Sister Seraphine guarded by angelic modesty and profound humility, but also by great and universal mortification. Notwithstanding her natural delicacy of constitution, and the feebleness resulting from her frequent and serious illnesses and the mental and physical fatigues caused by her numerous labors, she practiced an austerity of life certainly far above her apparent strength to bear. This her humility hid from almost all eyes under the veil of simplicity and entire conformity to the common life. Obedience often checked her fervor. She meditated on and applied to herself the words of St. Paul; "I will fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ."

While she was strongly attracted to exterior practices of mortification, and, as

far as permitted, followed this attraction, she yet never neglected the restraints imposed by prudence in this respect, or the spirit of her institute, which enjoined that interior mortification should be principally sought. She perceived the necessity of keeping rebellious nature under control, and spoke forcibly of this necessity, using nearly the same expression as P. Surin: "To save the soul, we must ever, if need be, sacrifice the body." "If the temptation is pressing," she said to a sister whom sickness had obliged to suspend certain penances imposed on her, "if the temptation is violent, I would not have you to consider your health at all. If circumstances make mortification needful, it should be resorted to even if you were dying. Then in the most feeling manner she spoke of the terrible misfortune of falling into sin, repeating over and over: "Death is nothing compared to the danger of offending God." It has been said that while thus laying great stress on the necessity of exterior mortification, Sister Seraphine yet, as enjoined by her rule, gave interior mortification even higher regard. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the fidelity with which she practiced it, bringing into subjection to its laws the will, the mind, the heart, the imagination, and all the senses, keeping all the powers of the soul in entire submission to the guidance of grace. She succeeded in so wholly subduing self-seeking that it might be said to be annihilated in her, and that she did nothing for the sake of mere natural satisfaction. Her fidelity to mortification of the senses contributed much to bestow on her that appearance of modest dignity that it has been said was habitual to her. Whether she worked in her cell or sat in conversation with the prelates of the Church or the nobles of the land, her manner of conducting herself was always the same. She habitually sat erect, without support for the back;—some one asked her if it was not very fatiguing? "I am so used to it, it costs me no effort," she replied. Happy habit that put the spirit of sacrifice in place of the exigencies of nature!

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### May Offerings.

[Written for the little readers of the AVE MARIA.]

BY ELLEN MARY LEE.

"Oh, mamma! this must be May!" exclaimed a lovely child of six summers, rosy and glad from her merry sport in the pure morning air. "I am sure it's May, for I've been running down the avenue, and the grass is ever so green and long, and the fields are full of little white daisies, and I found these violets in your garden, and the birds are singing so sweetly and—and— it feels just like it ought to be May."

When the enthusiastic little creature stopped to breathe after this graphic description of what ought to be, her mother smilingly replied that the following Saturday would be the first of May.

"Next Saturday," returned Mary; "how many days is that off? Wednesday, one; Thursday, two; Friday, three. Oh! only three days more and then will come May-day; won't it mamma? Then I'll be dressed all in white, and have a wreath on my head, to crown the new statue,—won't I, mamma?" In this strain had Mary been prattling and questioning for the last month. She was an only child, and her good mother had instilled into her young heart the principles of religion and a tender devotion to the Holy Mother of God. Great was her delight, then, when the zealous pastor of St. Agnes' made choice of "little Mary," as he called her, to crown the Queen of May.

"And, dear mamma," continued the child, embracing her mother, "you promised to take me to Mass with you every morning in May, and to give me flowers for Blessed Mother's altar because that's her month."

"Yes, my child, I did; and I also said we should take some clothes to poor Mrs.

Tracy's little children. You know you cried last Sunday, because they were out in the cold rain and had no shoes to wear?"

"Oh!—yes! and Annie, the one with such nice curly hair, looked so hard at my new doll when she came here the other day," said Mary very thoughtfully.

The three days passed away too slowly indeed for many hearts that were longing for May-day; but they were gone at last, and the first of May dawned beautiful and bright.

After breakfast Mr. Loring brought his daughter a bunch of lilies, roses and heliotropes out of their own greenhouse, with a few sweet violets out of mamma's garden; this was to be her first May-offering. In her childish delight she kissed him again and again, telling him how pleased the Blessed Mother would be to have such nice flowers. In the midst of her rapture she caught sight of a basket which a servant was carrying in the direction of the gate. She evidently guessed what it contained, for she begged her mamma to wait just one minute, and ran off, returning in a short time with her own little basket packed with all sorts of toys, dolls, balls, tables, houses, dogs and horses, etc., all, I must confess, a little the worse for the wear. Seeing her parents smiling at the strange medley of headless horses, dogs, etc., she said very wisely: "Well, these are better to play with than that old bottle, dressed up in a petticoat, little Janie was kissing and hugging the other day."

The fond parents agreed with the child, and admired her thoughtfulness. Mrs. Loring and Mary then started for St. Agnes' church, which was but a short distance from their pleasant home. On their way they stopped at the widow Tracy's, who welcomed them with a blessing. While Mrs. L. was emptying the basket which the man had laid on the floor, and the poor woman uttered many thanks and many a heartfelt prayer, our heroine was displaying the contents of her basket and exhibiting the feats of some of her pets to an astonished group in the far corner of the room. And many an "Oh! oh!" was heard, as with

wide-open eyes and extended hands they gazed, half in pleasure half in fear, at the crying babies, barking dogs, etc.—What if the doll was minus a leg or an arm!—could'n't it cry?

Mrs. Loring resumed her walk to church, feeling happier for having been able to brighten up the widow's cot with that first ray of May sunshine. Mary walked along merrily, talking over the surprise and gladness of her little friends. She was happy, too,—for she felt she had made others happy.

Arriving at St. Agnes', the little girl placed her other offering before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and after Mass returned home full of the great event of the day.

The evening hour is closing, and our dear Mary, in her robe of innocence, looks like a little angel as she takes her place in the ranks. Amid the singing of May-hymns and the perfume of "earth's fairest flowers" the procession moves gently along, till it reaches a retired grove in which a pretty rural chapel has been improvised for May-day. Here, clustering around the graceful image of the Queen of May, her devoted clients sing "Hail Virgin, dearest Mary," etc.—that hymn so dear, so familiar to all her children. At the words

"And now, our Blessed Mother,  
Smile on our festal day;  
Accept our wreath of flowers  
And be our Queen of May,"

our own Mary comes forth, and ascending the steps of the altar, places lovingly upon that modest brow her wreath of snowy lilies. The exercises closed with an Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

Mrs. Loring endeavored to strengthen the devotion of her daughter towards our Blessed Lady; she also encouraged her in her charity, and always took her to visit poor families in the vicinity of their home. She was rewarded for her care, and four years later we find Mary a model of charity and kindness to the poor and devotion to the Queen of Heaven.

Once more this dear child is looking forward to May-day. This indeed is to be for her a day of joy—the happiest of her life—the day of her First Communion, and the day of—

Although being rather indisposed for several days previously, this pious child was up with the lark, and looked out upon the glorious sunrise—the last she might behold on earth—with a soul overflowing with anticipated happiness.

This indeed was a great May-day in the little church of St. Agnes, for the venerated Archbishop was there. At the knees of the saintly prelate she received the name of Agnes—her own choice—and the *Pax tecum*.

A few minutes later Mary Agnes knelt before that altar where she had so often laid her May-offerings, and received into her pure soul *the Word made flesh*. Oh! happy moment! The young communicant returned to her place in an ecstacy of holy joy. Before the conclusion of the service she was seized with a faintness, and was borne from the church in her father's arms. He placed her in the carriage in her mother's lap, and, taking the reins from the driver's hand, drove slowly lest the motion of the carriage should annoy his darling child. She was soon laid upon her bed and discovered to have a burning fever. A physician was summoned, who pronounced it a violent attack of brain fever, and gave the distressed parents little reason to hope. They never left her bedside during the long hours of her delirium, although it was rending their hearts to see the agony and to listen to the incoherent ravings of the little sufferer.

Towards evening the fever abated considerably, and to the great delight of the watchers she fell into a sweet sleep which lasted a couple of hours. On awaking she extended her arms towards her parents, who were still beside her; and taking a hand of each, she said in a weak, low tone: "O father,—mother! I had such a nice dream. I thought the Blessed Mother took me into a beautiful room. There I saw an altar and statues, and so many flowers, that

I knew I had seen some place before; and when I was wondering, the Blessed Virgin said: 'See, my good child, here are your May-offerings. I have kept them all. The flowers, you see, are withered—even the wreath of lilies which you placed on my statue on that May-Day, years ago. The flowers are faded, but those acts of love will always live in my heart. And here are your other offerings, which have not faded, but which have become brighter and brighter, and which will soon be woven into a golden crown for you.' And, mother, what do you think I saw?—The little shoes and dresses and all kinds of garments I gave to those poor little children! Oh, dearest mother, they seemed so few in that beautiful place!—how I wish I had given more!" Her voice grew very faint, and she closed her eyes a few moments, during which a ray of the setting May-sun streamed in upon her bed and lent a something of heaven to that peaceful countenance as, her lips parting in a smile, she continued in a whisper—"And then she took me over towards the altar, which had changed into a bright golden throne. On this throne was seated our Lord Himself, so dazzlingly beautiful that I could not look into His face. He blessed me, and taking a crown from an angel near Him, said: 'My child, you crowned My Mother Queen of May, I crown you maid of honor to the Queen of heaven; receive this crown as a reward of your devotion to her and of your charity to the poor, for whatsoever is done to the least of these little ones is done unto Me!'" She then crossed her hands upon her breast whispering, "It is a lovely crown, and it does not hurt my head." The last words were scarcely caught by the sobbing parents, who hung over the bed of their dying child, as with a gentle sigh the sweet spirit took its flight to the better world.

Such, my little friends, is the history of Mary and her May-offerings. Do you also bring offerings during this sweet month to our Mother's altar. Bring lilies, roses, and mignonette, and heliotrope and forget-me-nots. What are the real forget-

me-nots? Charity to the poor, my little ones. Give something in honor of Mary to the orphans, or other poor children; deprive yourselves of some pleasure this month, that you may be able to present some of these forget-me-nots to the Queen of May. Weave her a wreath of such blossoms, and you will be planting forget-me-nots in heaven. Remember the consoling words of our Lord to Mary in her last illness: "Whatsoever you did to one of these little ones you did unto Me."

### The Close of May.

Through difficulties must Mary's children follow her, if they would really become her children.

The silent, speechless struggle of Mary's life, which shall be fully disclosed only at the last day, is a fit subject for meditation at the close of the month of May. We are all seeking pleasure, we are all seeking ease,—as if we all did not know that virtue is the fruit of struggle;—that the May-blossoms, beautiful as they are, must be scattered by the winds ere the fruit can be firmly set which is to ripen into a "power of life."

The cross of human life, is necessary to the formation of the character; it comes after the May has put forth the promise of sweet dispositions, to strengthen those dispositions and form them into life-giving fruit. The sweetness of youth passes away even as the breezes pass over the surface of the lake, bearing fragrance into the atmosphere but leaving a germ for development behind, which will need all the care of the artist to tend, foster, and develop into the perfection for which it is designed.

Then, dear children who have sung the songs of May, please to remember that for the future you must watch over the buds it has left behind, and endeavor to form them into patience, industry, and kindness,—the distinguishing qualities by which Mary was known to her neighbors; qualities which hid the higher attributes by which she was united to God.

M. A. GELL.









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