

When men were left to their unaided senses  
Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses.

2. Two young, short-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,  
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,  
Fell to disputing which could see the best;  
At last they agreed to put it to the test.  
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,  
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,  
With an inscription on it. Let us go  
And read it (since you boast your optics so),  
Standing together at a certain place  
In front, where we the letters just may trace;  
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,  
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."  
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:  
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."
3. "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go  
To-morrow a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho,  
And shan't be ready till the following day:  
At ten A. M. on Thursday, let us say."
4. So 'twas arranged; but Ching was wide awake:  
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;  
And to the temple went at once, and read  
Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."  
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,  
Who read the same; but peering closer, he  
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—  
The words, "This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."
5. So on the appointed day—both innocent  
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,  
And took their distant station; and Ching said,  
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'  
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;

- "I see what you have read, but furthermore,  
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,  
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"
6. "My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.  
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see any thing,  
As clear as daylight."—"Potent eyes, indeed,  
You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I can not read?"  
"Not at this distance as I can," Ching said,  
"If what you say you saw is all you read."
  7. In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,  
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;  
Lo, here he comes to meet us."—"It is well,"  
Said honest Ching; "no falsehood *he* will tell."
  8. The good man heard their artless story through,  
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few  
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:  
There's no such tablet or inscription there!  
There *was* one, it is true; 'twas moved away,  
And placed *within* the temple yesterday."

C. P. CRANCH.

## SECTION IV.

## I.

## 14. THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

## 1.

TO fight the battle of the Cross, Christ's chosen ones are sent—  
Good soldiers and great victors—a noble armament.  
They use no earthly weapon, they know not spear nor sword,  
Yet right, and true, and valiant, is the Army of the Lord.

## 2.

Fear them, ye mighty ones of earth; fear them, ye demon foes;  
Slay them, and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close:  
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try;  
They fight the better for their wounds, and conquer when they die.



## 3.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain;  
They would bind each rebel heart in their Master's golden chain:  
Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear  
Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it Love and Prayer.

## 4.

Where the savage hordes are dwelling by the Ganges'<sup>1</sup> sacred tide,  
Through the trackless Indian forests, St. Francis<sup>2</sup> is their guide;  
Where crime and sin are raging, to conquer they are gone;—  
They do conquer as they go, for St. Philip<sup>3</sup> leads them on.

## 5.

They are come where all are kneeling at the shrines of wealth and pride,  
And an old and martyred Bishop is their comrade and their guide:  
To tell the toil-worn negro of freedom and repose,  
O'er the vast Atlantic's bosom they are called by sweet St. Rose.<sup>4</sup>

## 6.

They are gone where Love is frozen, and Faith grows calm and cold,  
Where the world is all triumphant, and the sheep have left the fold,  
Where His children scorn His blessings and His sacred shrines despise—  
And the beacon of the warriors is the light in Mary's eyes.

## 7.

The bugle for their battle is the matin bell for prayer;  
And for their noble standard Christ's holy Cross they bear;  
His sacred name their war-cry, 'tis in vain what ye can do,  
They *must* conquer, for your Angels<sup>5</sup> are leaguings with them too.

## 8.

Would you know, O World, these warriors? Go where the poor, the old,  
Ask for pardon and for Heaven, and you offer food and gold;  
With healing and with comfort, with words of praise and prayer,  
Bearing His greatest gift to man—Christ's chosen priests are there.

## 9.

Where sin and crime are dwelling, hid from the light of day,  
And life and hope are fading, at death's cold touch, away,

<sup>1</sup> Gan'ges, the principal river of Hindostan, universally regarded as sacred by the idolatrous Hindoos. Priests of the Oratory, born at Florence, 1515; died 1595. His feast is celebrated May 26.

<sup>2</sup> St. Francis, founder of the order of Franciscans, born in Assisi, Italy, 1182; died 1226. His feast is celebrated on October 4.

<sup>3</sup> St. Philip Neri, founder of the

<sup>4</sup> St. Rose of Lima (lě'mā), South America. Feast, August 30.

<sup>5</sup> Angels (ān'jelz), the Guardian Angels appointed by God to watch over individuals and nations.

Where dying eyes in horror see the long-forgotten past,  
Christ's servants claim the sinner and gain his soul at last.

## 10.

Where the rich and proud and mighty God's message would defy,  
In warning and reproof His anointed ones stand by:  
Bright are the crowns of glory God keepeth for His own,  
Their life one sigh for Heaven, and their aim His will alone.

## 11.

And see sweet Mercy's sister,<sup>1</sup> where the poor and wretched dwell,  
In gentle accents telling of Him she loves so well;  
Training young hearts to serve their Lord, and place their hope in  
Heaven,  
Bidding her erring sisters love much and be forgiven.

## 12.

And where in cloistered silence dim the brides of Jesus dwell,  
Where purest incense rises up from every lowly cell,  
They plead not vainly—they have chosen and gained the better part,  
And given their gentle life away to Him who has their heart.

## 13.

And some there are among us—the path which they have trod,  
Of sin and pain and anguish, has led at last to God:  
They plead, and Christ will hear them, that the poor slaves who still pine  
In the bleak dungeon they have left, may see His truth divine.

## 14.

Oh, who can tell how many hearts are altars to His praise,  
From which the silent prayer ascends through patient nights and days?  
The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone,  
O World, ye do not know them, but He can help His own.

## 15.

They are with us, His true soldiers, they come in power and might,  
Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the heavenly fight;  
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their rest and glory share,  
As the rich spoils of their battle and the captives of their prayer.

## 16.

Oh, who shall tell the wonder of that great day of rest,  
When even in this day of strife His soldiers are so blest?  
O World, O Earth, why strive ye? Join the low chant they sing—  
"O Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting!"

PROCTER.

<sup>1</sup> Sis'ter, Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER was born in London, October 30, 1825, and died there, February 2, 1864. She was the daughter of another poet, Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall. Her first volume, "Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse," was published in 1858, and a second in 1860. After her death, both were reprinted in one volume, with additional poems, and a preface by Charles Dickens. Miss Procter was a convert to the Catholic faith.

## II.

## 15. A CHRISTIAN HERO.

THE life of St. Francis Xavier,<sup>1</sup> if he had been the only Christian of his form and stature since the last of the Apōstles died, would suffice to prove the truth of Gōd and of the Catholic Church. Nōne but Gōd could have created, none but the Church could have used, such an instrument. The world and the sects confess, with mingled anger and fear, that he is not of them. Doctor, prophet, and apostle—what gift which one of our race can receive or use was denied to this man? Whilst he was in the world, few understood, perhaps none fully, what he really was. It was only by the solemn juridical<sup>2</sup> process which preceded his canonization, and in which evidence was adduced on oath such as would have more than satisfied the most jealous and exacting tribunal which ever sifted human testimony, that some of the facts of his stupendous career were revealed to his fellow creatures.

2. To converse at the same moment with persons of various nations and dialects,<sup>3</sup> so that each thought he heard him speak his own tongue; to satisfy by one reply subtle and opposite questions, so that each confessed he had received the solution of his own difficulty in the words which answered every other; to heal the sick, to raise the dead, to bid the waves be still, so that the very Gentiles<sup>4</sup> called him in their rude language, "the God of nature"; such were some of the gifts of this great apostle. Yet this was not his real greatness. It was his humility, charity, spotless virtue, and intimate union with God

**St. Francis Xavier**, the apostle of the Indies and Japan, born in Navarre, April 7, 1506; died in the island of Sau Chau, near Macao, China, December 2, 1552. His feast is celebrated on December 3.

<sup>2</sup> **Ju rid'ic al**, used in courts of law or tribunals of justice.

<sup>3</sup> **Di'a lects**, local varieties of a common language.

<sup>4</sup> **Gēn'tiles**, all peoples which are neither Jew nor Christian.

which marked him as a saint. To work miracles was no necessary part of his character or office. Yet this lower gift was also added, for the advantage of others, to those which had already made him the friend and disciple of Jesus.

3. To such as possess the gift of faith, by which alone Divine things are apprehended, the life of Xavier is as a book written by the hand of God, yet without a single mystery. It is intelligible even to a child. Admiration it may excite—love, joy, and gratitude—everything but surprise. The Church has begotten, since her espousals with Christ, a thousand such. If she could cease to produce saints, she would cease to be. But that hour will only arrive when the number is full and her work ended.

4. To all others St. Francis is, of course, "a stone of offence." They dare not deny his virtues, but they are peevish and irritated at the mention of his miracles. Why spoil the fair narrative of his life with these idle fables? Such deeds take him out of their cognizance,<sup>1</sup> and affront their good sense; so they affect to defend him from the injudicious language of his friends. He was a good and devoted man, but let us hear nothing of maladies healed and graves opened. We are in the nineteenth century. Miracles were tolerable in the first ages; but these are now a long way off, and so is God. He must not be brought too near us. He is in heaven, and we on earth; why seek to diminish the distance between us?

5. True, He promised that His servants should do such things, and they did them; it can not be denied, at least not openly, since it is written in the Scriptures. Even the "shadow" of an apostle falling on the sick is said to have dispelled their infirmities; and though it is a hard saying, and takes no account of the "laws of nature," and is directly reprov'd by modern science, it must be believed, whatever effort it may cost. But surely there are enough of such things in the Bible. Why add to them? Why should our Lord create apōstles now? They are dead and buried, and have left no successors; it is irrational to pretend to revive them. And so these critics cut the life of St. Francis in two; accept that which is natural, and

<sup>1</sup> **Cognizance** (kōn'i zans), knowledge; recognition



filing away that which is supernatural. His virtues they pardon, not without a struggle; but they can go no further. Like Pilate, they fear to condemn, but can not resolve to acquit.

6. But they have a special motive for denying his supernatural powers, and they do not conceal it. They are so far, indeed, from understanding the character of a saint, that they do not even believe in the existence of one. Why should the Almighty have made any thing higher than themselves? "A good man," as they speak, who is of a benevolent mind, gives alms, says his prayers, and reads the Scriptures—this is the loftiest type of humanity which they are able to conceive. All beyond this is visionary and chimerical.<sup>1</sup> Such a man as St. Francis is as wholly unknown to them as he is to the inanimate creatures—the unshapen rocks, the rushing waters, and the waving trees. But they perfectly comprehend that if they admit his miracles, they must confess his doctrine.

7. That St. Francis Xavier had the gift of miracles is as certain as any thing which depends on human testimony and the evidence of the senses. By his power with God was accomplished, again and again, that which St. Paul relates of others, by whose faith, he says, "women received their dead raised to life again." One whom he raised from the dead, Francis Ciavos, afterward entered the Society of Jesus. But it is with his ordinary work as an apostle, which in truth was the greatest of his miracles, that we are especially concerned. What he did in India and Japan there is no need to relate at large, for who is ignorant of it? He did what man never did, or could do, except by the indwelling might of God.

8. St. Francis has described, in many places, his method of preaching and instruction. As far as words can exhibit that which passes words, it was simple enough. It was always by the Creed and the Commandments—that which was to be believed and that which was to be done—that he commenced: and these he expounded with extraordinary care, repeating his lessons, whenever circumstances allowed, "twice a day for a whole month." And we know what abundant fruits followed his persuasive teaching, so that his biographers say: "It would be difficult to give an idea of the harvest of souls, or of the works

<sup>1</sup> *Chí mēr'ic al*, merely imaginary; fantastic.

worthy of an infant church in its first fervor, which here attended our holy apostle. He himself, in a letter to St. Ignatius, owns that he has not words to describe them; but says that frequently the multitudes who flocked to him for baptism were so numerous, that he was unable to go on raising his arm to make the Sign of the Cross in the administration of the sacrament, and that his voice literally became extinct, from the incessant repetition of the Creed, the Commandments, and a certain brief admonition of the duties of the Christian life, the bliss of heaven, the pains of hell, and what good or evil deeds lead to one or the other."

9. A few words will suffice about the actual results of his labors. When the saint entered the kingdom of Travancore, he found it entirely idolatrous; but when he left it after a few months' residence, it was entirely Christian. Along the coast he founded no fewer than forty-five churches. And as the labors of the first apostles were "confirmed by signs following," so innumerable miracles attested the continual presence of the Holy Ghost with this man of God. Even children, armed with some object which had touched his person, his cross, or his rosary, were able to cast out devils and heal the sick, and were often employed by him for such purposes, when his own occupations left him no leisure to accept the invitations which pressed upon him from all parts. At Malacca, a mother whose child had been three days in the grave, came to him in faith, and desired that the lost one might be restored; for, said she, "God grants all things to your prayers."—"Go," he replied, "and open the tomb; you will find her alive." And thereupon, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators, who had assembled to witness the miracle, for his power was known, the stone was removed, the grave opened, and the young girl was found alive.

10. In the island of Moro, he converted the whole city of Tolo, containing twenty-five thousand souls; and left at his death no fewer than twenty-nine towns, villages, and hamlets added to the kingdom of Christ, and subject to His law. By the year 1548, more than two hundred thousand Christians might be numbered along the two coasts starting from Cape Comorin; and they afterward gave full evidence of their virtue by the courage with which they encountered the persecutions



raised against them by the Gentiles, when, far from denying their faith, all, even mere children, readily presented their necks to the executioners.

11. But we need not pursue further the details of his history. Since the days of St. Paul, no greater missionary, perhaps, has appeared on earth. Like St. Paul, too, he prevailed because he was firmly knit to Peter and to his Holy See. It was in the might of her blessing that he went forth, and without it he would have been only a visionary and a fanat'ic—perhaps an *hèresiarch*<sup>1</sup>—at best a brilliant but unprofitable *rhétorician*.

12. That St. Francis was a man taught of God, and full of the Holy Ghost—that he was most dear to the sacred Heart of Jesus—that the Catholic faith which he believed and delivered to others was the true and perfect revelation of the Most High—and that in the regions which he evangelized he did an *apôstle's* work and obtained an *apostle's* reward; these are truths which none would even have doubted, unless ignorance had blinded their judgment, or sin obscured it, or pride and passion had supplied a motive for denying what the Gentiles themselves, less blind and perverse, and moved by better and purer instincts, were constrained to admit and proclaim. MARSHALL.

T. W. M. MARSHALL, born in England, in 1815; died in Surbiton, Surrey, Dec. 14, 1877. He was educated at Cambridge University, and became a Protestant clergyman. After his conversion to the Catholic faith, he employed all the powers of a brilliant and well-cultivated intellect in the defence of its doctrines and the celebration of its glories. Best known by his great work on "Christian Missions," his lesser productions, "My Clerical Friends" and "Church Defence," and his thought-provoking essays on "Protestant Journalism," deserve the rank of minor works only when they are compared with that. In his peculiar line of armed defence and ready attack, no polemical writer of our day surpassed him.

### III.

#### 16. LINES ON A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA.<sup>2</sup>

HOW can that eye, with inspiration beaming,  
Wear yet so deep a calm? O child of song!  
Is not the music land a world of dreaming,  
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

<sup>1</sup> *Hèresiarch*, the leader or chief of a heretical sect.

<sup>2</sup> *St. Cecilia*, the patroness of music, a Roman virgin of noble birth,

who suffered martyrdom in the latter part of the second century, or the first of the third. Her feast is celebrated on November 22.



Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,  
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies;  
Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling  
For the deep cedar shades of paradise!



2. Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?  
Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?  
Low häunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,  
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?
3. No, not to thee! Thy spirit, meek, yet queenly,  
On its own starry height, beyönd all this,  
Floating triumphantly, and yet serenely,  
Breathes no faint undertone through songs of bliss.
4. Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,  
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies;  
Bright guests! even such as left of yöre their dwelling  
For the deep cedar shades of paradise!
5. What strain? Oh, not the nightingale's when, showering  
Her own heart's lifedrops on the burning lay,  
She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,  
And pöurs her strength, but not her grief away;
6. And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely billöws,  
He wakes the Al'pine notes his mother sung,  
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willöws,  
Where, mürmuring to the winds, his harp is hung;
7. And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,  
And sweet his "Ave" song, when day grows dim,  
Yet as he journeys, pensively and slowly,  
Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.
8. But thou!—the spirit which at eve is filling  
All the hushed air and reverential sky—  
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling—  
This is the soul of thy rich harmony.
9. This bears up high those breathings of devotion  
Wherein the cürrents of thy heart gush free;  
Thêrefore no world of sad and vain emotion  
Is the dream-haunted music land for *thee*. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793. Her poetical gifts began to manifest themselves at an extremely early period, a volume of her poems having been published before she had attained her fifteenth year. It met with an unfavorable reception from the critics, and she did not again venture into the literary field until some years after her marriage with Captain Hemans, which took place in 1812. In 1816, her poems on Modern Greece and the Restoration of Art in Italy were published, and her reputation was at once established. Her poetry is marked by exceeding refinement, an easy flow of picturesque language, deep feeling, and varied culture. She died near Dublin, May 16, 1835.