

such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes. "How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked. The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly, and then he was answered: "He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand and up where you see it, as easily as I could cast a quoit a dozen yards."—"And then?"—"And then he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

7. "What a strange story!" muttered Corvinus to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"—"First, Master Kornweiner, because in my country we will fight any living men, but we do not choose to pursue hobgoblins. And secondly, what was the use? I saw the board you gave in my care all safe and sound."

8. "Stupid barbarian!" growled Corvinus, but well within his teeth; then added: "This business will go hard with you; you know it is a capital offence."—"What is?"—"Why, to let a man come up and speak to you without giving the watch-word."—"Gently, captain, who says he did not give it? I never said so."—"But did he though? Then it could be no Christian."—"Oh! yes, he came up and said promptly and quite plainly, '*Nomen imperatorum.*'"<sup>1</sup>

9. "What?" roared out Corvinus.—"*Nomen imperatorum.*"—" *Numen imperatorum* was the watch-word," shrieked the enraged Roman.—"*Nomen* or *numen*, it's all the same, I suppose. A letter can't make any difference. You call me Arminius, and I call myself Hermann, and they mean the same. How should I know your nice points of language?" Corvinus was enraged at himself; for he saw how much better he would have gained his ends by putting a sharp, intelligent prætorian on duty, instead of a sottish, savage foreigner. "Well," he said, in the worst of humors, "you will have to answer to the emperor for all this; and you know he is not accustomed to pass over offences."

<sup>1</sup> Nō'men im'pēr a tō'rum, the name of the emperor.

10. "Look you now, Herr Krummbeiner," returned the soldier, with a look of sly stolidity, "as to that, we are pretty well in the same boat." (Corvinus turned pale, for he knew this was true.) "And you must contrive something to save me, if you want to save yourself. It was you the emperor made responsible for the—what d'ye call it?—that board."—"You are right, my friend. I must make it out that a strong body attacked you and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty of beer, till the thing blows over." The soldier went off and concealed himself. A few days after, the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered, was washed on the banks of the Tiber.

WISEMAN.

NICHOLAS, CARDINAL WISEMAN, was born in Seville, Spain, Aug. 2, 1802, and died in London, Feb. 15, 1865. He received his early education in England, but entered the English college at Rome in 1818. In 1825 he was ordained in that city, and in 1835 returned to England, where he gained celebrity as a preacher and lecturer. In 1840 he was made a bishop, *i. p. i.*, and in September, 1850, when the English hierarchy was restored, he was made Archbishop of Westminster, and on the next day a Cardinal. His works are voluminous, treat on many subjects of general and ecclesiastical interest, and display vast learning and great literary skill, as well as a clear and profound intellect.

#### IV.

#### 30. "POST HOC EXILIUM."<sup>1</sup>

AFTER this exile: not while groping here  
In this low valley full of mists and chills,  
Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear  
Over the brow of the Eternal Hills—  
Mother, sweet Dawn of that unsetting Sun,  
Show us thy Jesus when the night is done!

2. After this exile: when our toils are o'er,  
And we poor laborers homeward turn our feet;  
When we shall ache and work and weep no more,  
But know the rest the weary find so sweet—  
Mother of pity, merciful and blest,  
Show us thy Jesus in the "Land of Rest."

<sup>1</sup> Pōst hōc ex il'i um, after this exile.

3. After this exile: winter will be past,  
 And the rain over, and the flowers appear,  
 And we shall see in God's own light at last  
 All we have sought for in the darkness here—  
 Then, Mother, turn on us thy loving eyes,  
 And show us Jesus—our Eternal Prize!

## V.

## 31. DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

CHRISTIANITY, wherever it was received, wrought changes in the manners and morals of Roman society, so great, so pure, and so holy, that they would alone suffice, if all other arguments were wanting, to prove its divine origin, its divine truth, and its supernatural energy. The Roman empire was too rotten to be saved as a state. Long the haughty mistress of the world, foul with the vices, gorged with the spoils, and drunk with the blood of all nations, she needed the "scourge of God";<sup>1</sup> she needed to be humbled; and Christianity itself could not avert, could hardly retard her downfall. Yet it did much for private morals and manners; breathed into the laws a spirit of justice and humanity hitherto unknown, and in those very classes which, with a Julia and a Messalina, had thrown off all shame, it trained up most devout worshipers of the virtues of Mary.

2. That very Roman matronhood, once so proud, then so abandoned, furnished, under the teachings and inspirations of Christianity, some of the purest and noblest heroines of the Cross, who gave up all for Jesus, and won bravely and joyously the glorious crown of martyrdom. Never has the Church of God had more disinterested, capable, and devoted servants than she gained from the ranks of the Roman nobility, in the city and scattered through the provinces; and their names and relics are held in high veneration throughout Christendom, and will forever be honored, wherever purity, sanctity, self-sacrifice, devotion, and moral heroism are honored.

3. Christianity freed and elevated the slave, made him a

<sup>1</sup> Scourge of God, the title given to the Visigoths, who invaded Rome in the fifth century, and was the most formidable of its foes.

man, a child of God, and heir of Heaven, but none served the Church better, none did more to exemplify the truths of the gospel, and to aid in converting the empire, than the Roman nobility, once so foul and corrupt. Christianity, when once she had converted the city to her own pure and living faith, cleared it of its filth, and changed it from the capital of the empire of Satan to the capital of Christ's kingdom on earth, which it still is, and will be to the end of time. The conversion of Rome from paganism to Christianity, the substitution of the fisherman's ring for the seal, and the freedman's cap for the diadem of the Cæsars, is the grandest event in the history of the Church, and is a sure pledge of her final victory over contemporary heresy and both civilized and uncivilized infidelity.

4. Devotion to Mary has had its part in effecting and sustaining this change in manners and morals. Some, indeed, tell us that the worship of Mary was unknown at so early an age, and that it is a comparatively recent Roman innovation. There are obvious reasons why less should appear in the monuments of the earliest ages, when the Church was engaged in her life-and-death struggle with Greek and Roman idolatry, of that worship of Mary, than in later times, when the victory was won and the danger from idolatry was less; but it does not follow that it was less known or less generally observed.

5. Many of the mysteries and the more solemn parts of the divine service were placed, as is well known, under the discipline of the secret, lest they should be profaned by the heathen, and there is no part of the Christian worship that the heathen would sooner or more grossly have profaned than devotion to Mary. Their gross minds would have been as little able to distinguish it from their own idolatrous worship as are the minds of our modern sectarians. But I have seen no reason to doubt that devotion to Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, was as well known to the faithful, or that they were as fervent in its practice in the earliest as in the later days of the Church. We see and hear more of it as time goes on, perhaps because our information is fuller; but there is no reason to conclude that there has been, in fact, any increase of it, or any great development of it in later times.

6. It would be very difficult in any subsequent age to find or

to make, even among modern Italians, supposed to be the warmest and most enthusiastic worshipers of Mary, such demonstrations of enthusiasm and joy as were exhibited all through the East, from Eph'esus to Alexandri'a, as the news spread that the Council of Ephesus had declared Mary to be the Mother of God, and condemned Nestō'rius, who denied it. Nōthing equal or similar occurred, not even in Italy, when, a few years since, the Holy Father defined the Immaculate Conception to be of Catholic faith. The fair in'ference is that the position of Mary was better understood, and devotion to her was more lively, in the earlier than in the later period. The fathers knew the faith and all that pertains to it, at least as well as we do.

7. According to my reading of history, the ēp'oehs in which faith is the strongest, piety the most robust, and the Church wins her grandest victories, whether in individuals or in nations, are precisely those in which devotion to our Lady or the worship of her virtue is the most diffused, the most vigorous and flourishing; and the epochs in which faith seems to be obscured, and to grow weak and sickly, and the Church is the most harassed and suffers the greatest losses, are precisely the epochs in which this devotion is the most languid and feeble.

8. All the great saints have been no less remarkable for their tender and assiduous devotion to Mary than for their manly virtues and heroic sanctity, and I suspect that most of us could bear witness, if we would, that the least unsatisfactory portions of our own lives have been precisely those in which we were most diligent and fervent in our devotion to the Mother of God.

9. I claim then for devotion to our Lady a full share of influence in rendering Christian society so much superior in all the virtues to the polished but corrupt societies of pagan Greece and Rome. As with the pagans, the worship of the impure gods of their mythō'ogies could not fail to corrupt the worshipers, so with Christians, the worship of the purity and sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to purify and render holy those who, in sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart, were careful to practice it. BROWNSON.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON, the most original and philosophic thinker that America has yet produced, was born in Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1808, and died in Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876. He was reared after the strictest sect of New England

Puritanism, but after several changes in his views, he was finally converted to Catholicity, and was received into the Church Oct. 20, 1844. In 1838 he established the "Boston Quarterly," which, after five years success, was merged for one year in the "Democratic Review." In 1844 it returned to its original form, but under a new title, "Brownson's Quarterly Review," and was thenceforward devoted to the defence of the Church. Failing health, domestic troubles, and other causes led to its discontinuance in 1864, but its publication was resumed in 1873, and continued until within a few months of Dr. Brownson's death. Besides his Review, to which he was always the chief contributor, Dr. Brownson wrote "The Convert," an account of his own religious experiences; "The Spirit Rapper," an investigation of the question of spiritualism; "The American Republic," and "Liberalism and the Church."

## VI.

32. "MATER ADMIRABILIS."<sup>1</sup>

- COME into the wide old corridor,  
 And see who sits in the silence there—  
 Where the sunshine flushes the marble floor,  
 And floats like a halo in the air;  
 Draw near, O children! noiselessly,  
 Lest your step should break her reverie.
2. The fair, sweet child, in the dark old chair,  
 The lovely spinner, small and slight,  
 They have laid a veil on her golden hair,  
 And her robe and her mantle are not bright  
 With the gorgeous hues or the trappings rare  
 Which the royal virgins of Sion wear.
3. But the spindle rests in her slender hands  
 (Emblem of labor!) and, on her right,  
 A crystal vase full of lilies stands,  
 Their petals warm with the morning light;  
 And lo! at her feet, dear children, look!  
 Are the basket of work and the open book.
4. How still she sitteth! she doth not spin,  
 She doth not read—but on her knee  
 Her little hand, with the thread therein,  
 Rests, like a snowflake, tranquilly;  
 And her liquid eyes are hidden quite  
 By the drooping lashes, long and bright.

<sup>1</sup> *Mater Admirabilis*, Mother seats her as meditating on the most admirable, a title given the phencies concerning the Mother of Blessed Virgin. The picture repre- the Messiah who was to come.

6. O Child of the Temple ! little Maid !  
 With such sweet silence cloister'd round,  
 What visions of light hath thy fingers stayed ?  
 What glorious dream thy fancy bound ?  
 No lily set in the crystal vase  
 Is half as lovely as thy face.
6. Behind thee, through the open doors,  
 The peaceful country stretches green ;  
 And breezes blow, and sunbeams pour  
 Their soft effulgence on the scene ;  
 For the hush of the early morning sleeps  
 On the dewy valleys and wooded steeps.
7. She does not rise to look abroad,  
 She does not turn, nor stir, nor speak ;  
 But she feels the wind, like the breath of God,  
 Lifting the veil from her virgin cheek ;  
 And the downcast eyes a *something* see,  
 Which is hidden, my children ! from you and me.
8. Is it the dawn of that glorious day—  
 Which, brighter than this in her future, waits—  
 When, up through the vines, she shall take her way  
 To the same old Temple's beautiful gates ?  
 While a lovely Child on her bosom lies,  
 With the light of the Godhead in His eyes.
9. Or is it the close of that later day,  
 When the streets of the city are growing dim,  
 And a child has been lost—the people say—  
 And His Mother and father are seeking Him ?  
 O blind Judea ! thou couldst not see  
 That *thou* wert the lost one, and not *He* !
10. Or, may be, her dreaming heart is haunted  
 With the view of a mountain (seldom scaled),  
 Where a rough old Cross in the gloom is planted,  
 And the Sacred Victim upon it nailed ;  
 And, may be, she sees and knows the face  
 Of the veiled Madonna at its base.



*How still she sitteth ! she doth not spin,  
 She doth not read—but on her knee  
 Her little hand, with the thread therein,  
 Rests, like a snowflake, tranquilly.*

11. O vast and wonderful mystery!  
 Laid open and bare to those childish eyes;  
 O dolor deep as an infinite sea!  
 Where she, dying, lives—where she, living, dies.  
 For lo! the Spinner who sits in the sun  
 And the Mother who stands by the Cross—are *one!*
12. "Veni!"<sup>1</sup> (she heard the Spirit call),  
 "Amica mea!"<sup>2</sup> Columba mea!"<sup>3</sup>  
 Through the summer silence they rise and fall,  
 Those last, sweet words—"Formosa mea!"<sup>4</sup>  
 And her heart, in its generous fervor, pants  
 For the cross and the nails and the dripping lance.
13. "Veni!" (she heard it, nearer, tremble),  
 "Arise, O Love, and quit thy cell;  
 Already in the courts assemble  
 The noblest youths of Israel:  
 And princely suitors there await  
 Thine entrance at the inner gate."
14. Dear *Mater Admirabilis!*  
 E'er the high-priest leads thee forth to stand  
 Where Joseph waits, 'mid the throng in peace,  
 With the blossoming staff in his aged hand,  
 Ah! turn from thy lilies, thy work, thy book,  
 And gladden thy children by one fond look!
15. O Dove! in the cleft of the great Rock hidden!  
 O shy, small Dove! that dwell'st apart—  
 The tears spring into our eyes unbidden,  
 And a strange, sweet sadness stirs the heart,  
 When the light of thy purity shineth in  
 On the dark abyss of our want and sin!
16. While our hearts still glow, while our eyes still glisten,  
 Speak, little Queen! and we hold our breath,  
 To kneel at thy footstool here, and listen,  
 As our dear Lord listened in Nazareth:

<sup>1</sup> Ve'ni, come.

<sup>2</sup> Am'ica me'a, my friend.

<sup>3</sup> Co lüm'ba me'a, my dove.

<sup>4</sup> For mō'sa me'a, my beautiful.

And looking with trust in thy tender eyes,  
We shall see where the path to His dear will lies.

## 17. Sorrow or joy—repose or labor—

We dare not choose, if a choice there be—  
Whether to rest with our Lord on Thābor,  
Or kneel by His side in Gethsēm'ane;  
Whether, with John, on His breast to lean,  
Or carry His Cross with the Cyrenean.

## 18. Speak, little Queen! e'er the present flees us,

And tell us the secret of the King—  
The wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
On whom we rely, to whom we cling.  
Show but the path of His will, dear Mother,  
And the hearts of thy children will seek no other.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## SECTION VIII.

## I.

## 33. LETTER TO AN INVALID.

POOR child! poor mother! how I pitied both you and Valentine during those three days of suffering, anguish, agony! It was a trial that God was submitting you to; He willed that, like the Mother of Jesus, a sword of sorrow should pierce through your soul. But your child is saved; she is given back to you, the dear little one, the precious treasure you so much love; oh happiness, twofold happiness! for you, too, are given back to me. I seemed to see you dead beside that mournful little bed.

2. How I bless God, my friend, for this recovery, when I think of that fearful faculty of suffering that is in you! Alas! this it is that consumes you, that destroys your health—your always having something to suffer;—without speaking of what you add, by your way of thinking, to your moral sufferings. No doubt it is well to look upon our pains as trials, as chās'tise-

ments that God sends; for they can be nothing else. I am comforted to see you thoroughly understand this; but now I fear your going too far, and, instead of submitting with resignation, sinking into despair. I meet with that word in your letter, and do not like it—God does not allow that fearful word despair in the mouth of a Christian. 'Tis the language of hell; never use it again, I pray you, you who ought to have so much hope, whose heart is turning more and more heavenwards, who are so evidently loved and sustained by God.

3. Such as I see you, you appear to me a very miracle of Divine help. Without it, could you have resisted so many assaults of all kinds, falling one after the other, now on the heart, now on the health? Stronger than you have succumbed;<sup>1</sup> something superhuman is keeping you up, enabling you to live. One may, indeed, venture to say this when the faculty give you up, and medical science is wholly at fault. Must we not believe that there is a higher faculty that takes care of you and prolongs your life? But you think that science has been of use to you; very well, then, let her go in peace and leave you now alone; it would be much better, I think, not to afflict yourself with so many different kinds of treatment. Only you suffer, and remedies must needs be sought for. My dear invalid, you will find them in calm, in heart-peace, in the cessation of all that has disturbed, deranged, destroyed your health. In you, as in so many others, it is the soul that kills the body.

4. However, you are better, much better than a short while ago; even the enthusiasm for ugliness is passing away! 'Twas a reaction from another extreme: that is the light in which I view it, however good the mood in which it appears to have visited you. The love of beauty is too natural to us to change thus suddenly into a love of ugliness, unless in the case of a miracle of conversion such as has been seen in the saints. Sublime transformation, unveiling of the Divine beauty which ravishes the soul, makes it forget the beauty of the body, nay, even hate it as an occasion of sin; but what purity, what detachment this! Which of us women have got so far? I, who am not pretty, can not wish to be ugly. You see where I stand

<sup>1</sup> Suc cūmbed', yielded; given way.