

HOW HE WAS WELCOMED.

LET us for a moment, my dear brethren, try to imagine something of the scene of the entrance of Pius IX. into heaven. He made once a triumphal entrance into his own capital at Rome, into St. Peter's, with all ecclesiastical and military pomp. It was a grand, a sublime sight—on his throne with the Vatican Council around him, priests of the Church from all parts of the world before him; saluted by the thunders of heaven when he rose in his might and majesty and made that proclamation of the infallibility of the successor of St. Peter and of the Holy Roman Church. Ah! what are these earthly scenes in comparison with those which heaven presents to view! So Pius IX. entered, escorted by his guardian angels into heaven. There you see that crowd of those he has liberated by his bounty, and who have preceded him into the everlasting habitation. You see those faithful companions and friends of his who have gone before him to receive their reward. He enters to meet those martyrs who died in fidelity to the doctrines he has given them—Father Guery and Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, and Garcia Moreno, and all those who shed their blood at Castel Fidardo, victims of the assassin's dagger, and fell by his side, to meet these heroes and martyrs; and then all his predecessors in the See of Peter, glorious confessors, those wise and magnanimous rulers of the Church and of the world, those martyrs for the faith, fallen victims to the malice of the attacks and the fury of the heathen emperors; all the patriarchs that have gone before him to Abraham and Adam—all the glorious saints of all times. See him meet St. Joseph, one whom he has especially delighted to honour, by naming him protector of the whole Church, to meet St. Joseph and receive his thanks for what he has done; and above all, to meet the Blessed Virgin, that celestial queen, whose most devoted and gallant knight he has been, and for whose honour he has done more than any man, or all mankind together by defining her Immaculate Conception as an article of faith; to receive the thanks of the Queen of Heaven, that smile of honour from her which would be cheaply purchased by the sufferings, all the labours, and all the troubles of all the confessors, and missionaries, and martyrs that have ever lived, but, above all, to meet Jesus Christ, whose Vicar he has been—to meet Him, modest and humble and unassuming man, yet one from whose expression perfect love has banished all fear—to meet Him, modest and humble and unassuming man, yet one from whose expression perfect love has banished all fear—to meet Him in that way which can only be known when one's life is ended, his stewardship fulfilled. He goes to give in his account, and say that he has been perfectly faithful to his conscience; that he has made no transaction or compromise with error; that he has done that which he knew to be right, but which others thought to be inexpedient—one who has been faithful from the beginning to the end, in all things striving to do right for the truth and the law of God.

FATHER HEWIT.

THE FORMER AND LATTER LIFE OF PIUS IX.

THEY have killed him at last! Seven years, four months, and twenty two days of imprisonment have done their murderous work. On the 16th September, 1870, Pope Pius IX. was a hale and hearty gentleman in his seventy-ninth year. He had led an active, vigorous, manly life; he was accustomed to much exercise; he was fond of long walks; he delighted in little excursions to the suburbs of Rome; one of his chief pleasures was to go among his people, to visit them as a father, to listen to their petitions, to share with them their sorrows and their joys. On Friday, the 16th of September, 1870, he took his last walk through the streets of his own city. "He walked along the Corso from end to end," we are told: "He came, as usual, down the middle of the road—an attendant cardinal on each side, his chaplains with two other prelates following, and behind them a few of the Noble Guard—walking at a brisk pace, blessing the people who knelt before him with affectionate reverence, stopping from time to time to put his hand on some child's head who had run forward to kiss his ring." Then he entered his prison to begin his martyrdom. It lasted seven years, four months, and twenty-two days. The whole ordinary routine of his life was changed: there were no more rides or walks among his people: his exercise was limited to a promenade through the galleries of the Vatican or a little stroll in the walled garden: his isolation from his people was almost complete: for their sake he hid himself from them: on one occasion some of them, chancing to see him from a window, were punished by fine and imprisonment because they ventured to express in words their love and devotion for him. Meanwhile his mind and heart were afflicted with grievous tidings of the persecutions inflicted upon his children in Germany, in Switzerland in Russia, in Mexico, in Brazil, and in the South American republics: there was not a day which did not bring him a new pang and a new sorrow. Doubtless he had his consolations: but his imprisonment, his enforced change of life, and his isolation from his immediate subjects, fatally injured his health. The strength of his constitution was wonderful—it enabled him to bear these cruel torments for more than seven years. But they wore him out at last. It is safe to say that under other conditions—the conditions of freedom and of tranquility—Pius IX. would have lived much longer. His jailors and persecutors have thirsted for his death: they have accelerated it as surely as if they had poisoned his food or stuck a dagger through his heart. They have been so eager for his death that they have reported it, at brief intervals, for seven years. At last they are gratified: at last they have killed him. Poor fools! He still lives: and in heaven he may be more powerful than he was on earth.—*Catholic Review*.

THE mission of the Jesuit Fathers in Madagascar has been generously helped by H. R. H. the Count de Chambord. By this royal aid the Fathers have been able to erect a hospital for lepers, who had previously been abandoned as outcasts.

Poet's Corner.

IRELAND IN 1778.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

We take the following from a poem written in celebration of the Emmet Centenary for the 'Boston Pilot.'

Beside the cold, white, moaning sea,
Beat by the west wind's dampsome pinions,—
A queen, devoid of wreath and crown,
A stranger in her own dominions,
Stood Ireland, gazing wistfully
Beyond the fabled western islands,
As if her eyes had caught some gleam
From Bunker's Hill or Hudson's Highlands.

The sable raiment of the night,—
A night of centuried prolongation,
Hung pall-like o'er her, muffling more
Her languid bosom's faint pulsation.
Her fair white limbs had feeble grown
With slavery's cordage 'round them twisted:
The heedless world had nigh forgot
That such a land at all existed!

'Twas only when some dazzling mind
Like Burke's shot forth auroral lustre,
Or when some crescent sword like Clare's,
Won France the victor's laurel cluster,
That men remembered still there stood
An island 'mid the vast Atlantic,
Whose ancient glory far surpassed
The splendours claimed for realms romantic.

But oh! What clouds of change had come!
Her ancient lords now startups' vassals,
The stray winds roaming thro' her fanes,
The night-birds hooting round her castles:
The bravest of her sons exiled,
Her soul's supreme yearnings baffled,
Her tonsured slain, and O, dread Lord,
Thy altar-tables made the scaffold!

ROME AT THE KING'S DEATH.

THE following extract from a private letter to the editor of the *Catholic Review* comes from the distinguished Roman ecclesiastic who has already placed ourselves and the readers of the *Catholic Review* under an obligation, by promptly cabling reliable news of the Holy Father's death, thereby relieving us of a most painful uncertainty. We publish it now to show the situation in Rome just before the death of the Holy Father. They were hoping that years and strength might be vouchsafed to him, but while this was their wish they were prudent in realising that his days were numbered. Our correspondent also explains the very evident policy of the usurpers in their grand funeral of Victor Emmanuel. We quote: "This calamity" (the death of the Holy Father) "is not to be feared just at present, since the Holy Father is tolerably well, and, independently of his usual complaint and his inability to walk, his general state of health is satisfactory. But, on the other hand, we must not be blind to the reality, nor must we let ourselves be deceived by certain too favourable and partial reports, so as to believe that the Pope's ailment is nothing but a trifle. The fact is, that the Holy Father, in spite of all remedies, cannot recover from his illness, and his health, though without any immediate danger, is still growing weaker and gradually decaying. Let us pray that our Lord will spare that precious life to the Church for a long time yet; as long, at least, as circumstances do not take a better turn, and make the danger and confusion which would now attend that event less probable. . . . Meantime Victor Emmanuel is dead, as you know. While writing this I hear the roaring of the cannon, which has been going on for over six hours already, and is going to continue, I believe till evening. This is to accompany and announce the funeral procession which has been all this while marching through the principal streets of Rome, carrying the remains of the late King to be deposited in the Church of the Pantheon. The Liberals and Revolutionists have determined to make the best out of the event, and thus far have succeeded. The whole city is in a great excitement, thousands and thousands have poured in from all parts of Italy, deputations without number from the principal towns and municipalities of the country, and, what is still more significant, representatives from all the courts of Europe, viz.: Germany, England, Russia, France, Spain, and the minor powers, including the Queen of Portugal, who is the daughter of the deceased monarch. In fact, they have done their utmost to make this celebration appear a solemn ratification of the past, and a European recognition of the Kingdom of Italy. To this effect they have also resolved that the body of Victor Emmanuel shall be buried in the new 'capital' of Italy, and a superb monument erected to his memory either in the Pantheon or in St. Maria degli Angeli. What good the Providence of God will draw from all this, is hard to foresee. There is a great anxiety about the policy and character of the new King Humbert. The most general impression now is, that he will make an effort to check the republican party, and make head against the progress of the Revolution. If this be true, I think he will not succeed, it being too late for that, and instead of his getting rid of the democracy, the democracy will get rid of him. Be this as it may, we have very little to hope from men, and so we must be true to God and pray incessantly for the Church that she may soon come out triumphant of these terrible trials."