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"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1868.

THE DYING VOLUPTUARY.

TRANSLATED BY E. C. BENEDECT, ESQ.

I must obey, I may not stay,
The scene of life is ending,
The lot is cast, Death calling,
My final hour is impending,
Farewell estate and hopes elate,
All like a song are ending.

Thou glorious sun, my day is done,
But thou, thy journey keep,
Go on thy way, great king of day—
I must in death be sleeping,
Night's pall is spread, the light is fled,
My bark to port is sweeping.

Thou moon serene with silver sheen,
Ye planets golden seeming,
And little eyes that sparkle in the sky,
For my descendants beaming,
The fates' decree of death to me
Is told by comets streaming.

Three hundred times, three thousand times,
Farewell, thou world of delusion;
Unsteady thou and slippery now,
Farewell with all thy smiling,
With falsehoods sweet and artful cheat
No longer me beguiling.

Ye castles bright with gems bedight,
Farewell, on high erected,
With marble walls or ivory halls,
In fancy's skies reflected,
I seek my bed among the dead,
By Death's pale steeds directed.

Ye beauties rare, whose charm so fair,
My captive sense delighted,
Delirious dream of joy supreme
That all my mind excited,
Now solemn shade or evil is made,
Oh sight and scene benighted!

Ye dances vain and sports profane,
In wanton revels spent,
Be still I pray, your orgies stay,
God's summons now is ringing,
His crier, Death, with startling breath
My mortal sentence bringing.

Delights of life with luxury rife,
The table's social pleasure;
The dainty meats, the honeyed sweets,
And wine cup's crowned measure,
I loathe ye all, while Death doth call
To pledge his brimming measure.

Haste ye away, fade and decay,
Ye rich perfumes and dyes,
Be cold and stale, ye pleasure trails,
Provoking love's caresses,
Foul worms and maggots in loathsomeness
The grave my body presses.

O honor's height! O glory's light!
I leave all honors fleeting;
As hearse and coffin to my fate I know,
Eternity now meeting,
Title and name and noble name,
How worthless and how cheating!

Ye chosen few, my comrades true,
Dear friends my pleasure sharing,
Insulting Death stops every breath,
No wit nor wit can spare,
And here to-day I leave our play,
My last farewell declaring.

Body, farewell, thy fate I tell,
This final summons hearing,
Thou too hast known and called thine own,
My griefs and joys endearing,
Body and mind, in life combined,
One goal are always near.

(Written for the Morning Star.)
LOST FAITH;

OR,
THE TWO SISTERS.

BY JACQUELINE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

In a few weeks, Mrs. Stewart, though able to leave her room, was still so feeble as to induce much anxiety about her future health. Change of climate was advised by the physician, and at once acted upon. But, although her love of life and natural energy sustained her through much fatigue, and she still, at times, enjoyed the excitement of some gay party of amusement, yet it was only too evident to those who watched her that both her spirits and strength were forced, and that an insidious disease had too surely fastened upon her delicate frame. She returned home late in the fall, without any improvement in her condition, and with even less strength than when she had started in the vain pursuit of renewed health. Her naturally frail type of beauty was now almost etherealized; and no one could look at her without a feeling of sadness to think that this beautiful creature was destined to crumble so soon into dust. As her symptoms became more aggravated, and a conviction of her doom from time to time would force itself upon her mind, she determined one morning to hold a full and free conversation with Dr. Roberts on her condition, and to insist upon knowing his candid opinion of her case. The doctor was a pious and a conscientious man, a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and one who had been chastened by many severe domestic afflictions. He was naturally reticent, and never forced his patients to hear unwelcome truths. But when appealed to, as in this instance, his conscience compelled him to reveal to Mrs. Stewart the full extent of her danger. He told her gently but firmly that her days were numbered; that she might live four months; but he thought in less time she would be exhausted by her disease. "As?" said Dr. Roberts, "you have given me the privilege of a friend as well as of a physician, let me beg you, my dear madam, to strive to prepare your mind to meet all the exigencies of your case. All that can be done for you, physical support and relief you can command. Will you not do your best to feel the necessity of attending to those matters for your soul's welfare which are of the most importance now? I have been told, Mrs. Stewart, that you were brought up a Catholic, and though not myself in favor of that religion, still I believe that for its earnest votaries there may be salvation. I think that the prayers of our youth—those which we learned to lip as children—

lance—carry the most consolation and strength when the dews and shadows of death are gathering around us. This, I should think, would be of more force to the Catholic than all others; for there is so much of sentiment and poetry assimilated with that faith, that I conceive its hold upon the imagination and heart of a child must be very strong. And as we are told that those things which are most prized in childhood come back to us in our decline, it strikes me that those early impressions might be of great consolation to you now."

Meeting with no response to these suggestions, the doctor continued: "Still, Mrs. Stewart, if your predilections are in favor of a change of faith, I will be very happy to introduce one minister, the Rev. Mr. Gorman, to you, and he may aid in settling your mind."

Mrs. Stewart had been greatly agitated during the doctor's homily; but she told him in conclusion that her physical sufferings and her love of life had thus far been too absorbing to admit, at once, of any other considerations. "And, after all," said Mrs. Stewart, "you may be mistaken, doctor. I am young yet, have had a good constitution, and cannot see why I should not recover, as many worse cases than mine have done, with care and time."

Dr. Roberts, perceiving that further discussion would prove injurious, left her, with a few kind words and directions for taking the new remedies as prescribed.

We all know the fallacious hopes, the wild chateaux en Espagne, that haunt the brain of our foredoomed to that fatal disease—consumption; and when to this is added an almost insane love of life and a dread of even a thought of future accountability, one can readily imagine how terrible must have been the state of her who had known no other law save her own pleasures; no other God save the life which was fast going down to the dust. Each day confirmed the truth of the doctor's diagnosis of her case; every symptom of her disease culminated even more rapidly than he predicted.

The gentleman who occupied the Unitarian pulpit, Mr. Palmer, was not an ordained minister, but merely filled the post at the request of the congregation until a proper incumbent could be procured. His orthodoxy was very much questioned by many of his hearers, and he made no hesitation in declaring a decided admiration for the Catholic Church, frequently choosing for his subject the lives of some of her most distinguished saints. His intercourse with his hearers was social and friendly, and he was the chosen friend and confidant of many who felt the need of advice and support in either their domestic or conscientious troubles.

Beating about like a shipwrecked mariner, catching at every straw in her path, Mrs. Stewart at length concluded, one day, to try what his counsel could do toward quieting her distracted mind. Mr. Palmer called at once when summoned; and, after exchanging the usual courtesies, she stated candidly to him that the object she had in sending for him was the hope that he might be able to allay the wretched, remorseful state of her soul. She had "sought consolation and oblivion in vain," she said, "as she had failed to find either. Death was a terror too fearful to contemplate; and yet the ghastly phantom pursued her day and night. She appealed piteously to him to aid her—to save her from the torturing thoughts that haunted her brain. Never had she so fully bared her soul before; never had he, as he afterward said, seen a case so clearly abandoned of God. He strove to give her all the consolation that lay within the limited scope of a faith which lacked the true essence of a Christian's hope; a faith which could only see in our Saviour's life and death the virtue and heroism of a good and perfect man. Finding these considerations of no avail, he next suggested the possibility of a calmer state by a return to her early belief. "It is impossible, Mr. Palmer," she said, between her tears, "I have thought of it—I have striven to accomplish it; but there is some insuperable power holding me back. I feel that mine is that sin, never to be forgiven in this world or the next," of which St. John and St. Matthew speak in such fearful words. The waste of my life, the opportunities for good that I have bartered for the vanities of the world, all rise up and cry, 'lost, lost,' to my soul. I have striven to pray—to utter snatches of prayer that I learned in the happy innocence of childhood; but the words die in my throat, as a wild tumult seems to environ me, like the voices of devils rejoicing over their prey. Even those articles of faith, which might have proved my salvation and support, now only come back to torture me, to make me tremble, and to show me the pricelessness of that jewel which I threw away in a moment of frenzy for a worthless bauble, the very touch of which was death. Oh! Mr. Palmer," she continued, after a pause, "I have such horrible dreams while sleeping, such terrible thoughts while waking, that even my physical sufferings pale into trifles before those phantoms of terror. I feel, I know, that the arm of God is uplifted against me, and there is no one that can deliver me out of that chastening hand."

She could say no more, but fell back upon her pillow in a violent fit of sobbing. Mr. Palmer was greatly moved, but he had no "sweet oblivious antidote" for such a disease as this. Still he tried to console and quiet her with words of kindness and sympathy; but finding her too much exhausted to heed their import, he shortly after took his leave, deeply impressed with the scene, and more and more convinced of the necessity of an all-saving faith when the terrors of death are compassing an immortal soul.

Her Episcopal friends, seeing with great distress this unhappy state, finally prevailed upon her to consent to see the Reverend Mr. Gorman. After a few interviews with him, he induced her to prepare her mind to receive the communion of that Church, which she consented to, but solely, she said, as an experiment for acquiring the peace she had sought in vain elsewhere. But day after day was appointed, and she always found some excuse for its postponement; until at length, both the reverend gentleman and her friends were convinced that some insurmountable feeling was withholding her, and the former ceased his visits, and the latter pressed her no more upon the subject.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

Again the glorious June roses gladdened the earth; again came the might of their loveliness, and the perfume of their breath in joyful greeting to her who but a year gone, had baled their presence with delight; but neither their beauty nor their fragrance could elicit one look of admiration, one throbb of pleasure from that now slowly beating heart. At length the fearful hour of dissolution had arrived, and Mrs. Stewart lay panting in her death agony, in full consciousness of her state. She tossed restlessly from side to side, crying, from time to time, in piteous tones: "Oh, Jesus!" "Lost! lost!" "Who will save me?" until one of her friends, impelled by an agony of terror too great to bear, left the room and went in search of Mrs. Field, in hopes that her words or prayers might soothe this distracted soul. This lady felt that she had no right to refuse the appeal, but she went reluctantly; for what her entreaties had failed to accomplish under more propitious circumstances, she knew could scarcely be realized now. Still, with an earnest prayer, she approached the bed and said: "Mrs. Stewart, will you let me read some of the old, familiar prayers to you? Will you now, ere too late, consent to see the bishop? But she only received for reply: "It is too late; the powers of hell are around me, and I am lost, lost."

In vain Mrs. Field spoke to her of the infinite mercies of God—of the power wrought by the last appeal of the dying thief; in vain she urged her to make only one act of contrition, one act of the love of God. To all she received, still in reply, "lost, lost," until, almost wild with suspended agitation, she left the room, and went, like the wind, for the bishop, trusting that he might be able to save her ere too late. Arrived at the house, she stated breathlessly her errand, and entreated him to lose no time in coming to the aid of the perishing soul. "I cannot, my child," said the bishop, "I am grieved to say, comply with your pious wish, unless either the poor lady or her husband has sent you for me. I have never forgotten the scene of her sister's death-bed, though so many years have passed; and I can never again subject my ministrations or my own person to the insult that met me on that occasion. If you can send me even one word of encouragement from either party empowered to call me, I will gladly go. But alas! my child, after all the fruitless efforts that have been made, I fear that her poor soul has lost the only chance for external reunion with the Church. For the rest, we must leave her final cause with 'Him who is the searcher of the heart and reins.' I will, however, await here in prayer for any message of the least encouragement that you can send me."

Mrs. Field hurried back, but found Mrs. Stewart too far gone for further words, perceiving at a glance that ere a messenger could go and return from the bishop, her soul would have gone to its final account.

The day was beginning to wane, and gathering clouds had added to the already darkened room sombre shadows like the flitting of moving lights. The dying woman still tossed her arms wildly about, as if striving to grasp the air; and through the deep silence of the room, and between the ominous death-rattle, rang the words, "Oh, Jesus!" "Lost!" "Save me!" while an expression of the most woful agony and harrowing fear convulsed her livid face, from which was now gone all the placid beauty for which it had once been so much admired.

Mr. Stewart knelt at the foot of the bed, his face buried in the covering, and his whole frame shaking with an agony that seemed more of terror than of grief. Darker grew the shadows, deeper fell the silence; only the fearful sound of the death-rattle filled the room, and the once beautiful eyes became fixed, as if beholding some phantom of terror.

The ladies kneeling about the chamber involuntarily closed their own, and sank their faces on their folded hands in silent prayer, when suddenly one wild, convulsive cry of "Oh, Jesus!" broke the spell, and sent a thrill of horror through each soul. Looking up, they saw that Nellie Stewart had uttered her last words, and had gone far, far beyond the power of all mortal aid. There, before the throne of God we leave her soul, for no finite judgment dare thrust itself between Him and the soul which awaits his infinite decree.

"Never, never," said a lady who had witnessed this scene, "can I forget the fearful impressions of those moments. Day and night for weeks has that agonized face and those despairing words haunted my brain, and I feel that I have realized only too truly what it is to be abandoned of God in the fearful hour of death."

For many days Mrs. Field could not rally from the same influence, and her tender conscience furnished her with occasions of reproach for not having made even greater or more persistent efforts to recall Mrs. Stewart back to the saving power of her early faith. Her husband combated these scruples, and finally prevailed upon her by announcing to her great surprise, the fact of her conversion, all the preliminaries of which he had been pursuing without her knowledge for several months, making himself perfectly familiar with every phase of Catholic doctrine.

"I have you, Ella," he said, "under God, to thank for this great grace. It was your firmness, your heroic courage in clinging, through even your deepest love and strongest interest, to your creed, that first led me to believe that there must be some absorbing attraction, some vital principle of more binding force than exists among the Protestant sects. They can change their faith and their worship as easily as their gloves, and neither ministers nor the laity have any hesitation in partaking of the services or communion in churches of the most opposite tenets, should their own doors by any chance be closed. My inquiries, my conversations with Father B—have all resulted to my full and perfect satisfaction. So, henceforth, my dear love, nothing can divide us, and the one golden link which has been the only thing wanting to perfect our union, now gathers up the broken chain of our joys and sorrows, and welds them into one strong bond which death alone can sever."

The relatives of Mr. Tatmadge, upon hearing

of Mrs. Stewart's death, at once made application for the children to be given over to them, and as Mr. Stewart felt assured of their ability and affectionate interest to provide for them, and recognizing, also, their prior claim, he gave his consent, and, with some feeling of regret, bade them adieu forever.

The shock received at the moment of his wife's dissolution produced an impression that never left his mind. The contrast of her brilliant, aspiring life, with her full beauty and endless striving after a happiness, which, after all, only touched her fingers to elude their grasp; the restless torture of those last six months of life, which culminated in a death so fearful and suggestive, were subjects ever present to his mind, breaking up not only his spirits but his health. He became more constant in his attendance at church, but derived but little consolation from the repellent fatalism of Calvinistic doctrines.

The only interest now left him in life was centered in his children, and he looked anxiously, hopefully forward to the time of their majority, when once more he could feel that his home possessed a charm. In time his fullest hopes were realized, and he had every reason to rejoice in the hour that had induced him to place them under the elevating influence of Catholic morality and religion. When Kate was seventeen she returned home and was installed mistress of her father's house. Inheriting the beauty and amiability of her mother, combined with a dash of her father's stronger will, with a heart deeply impressionable to all elevating and virtuous influences, she stood securely upon the rock that held her above the waves and quicksands that had proved so fatal to her home.

A year or so after her return home, her father was suddenly prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, and though he subsequently rallied, yet it very soon became evident that he could never be a well man again. All the daughter's time was now devoted to his care and diversion, and she gladly relinquished all the pleasures and little dissipations natural to youth, to find her reward in the happiness thus afforded to her dear father. Dennis assumed the charge of his business affairs, and so he had his physical maladies alone to trouble him. Mr. Strong, the attorney of the new establishment, Dr. Beechwood, paid him frequent visits, but Kate always observed at their termination, that her father seemed more fatigued than entertained by them, but she was careful never to hint this discovery to him, trusting to prayer and God's grace to "work all things together for good."

One evening when he was feeling more than usually unwell, lying on his couch and watching Kate's nimble fingers framing a delicate piece of work, he startled her from a preoccupied thought by saying: "What a beautiful daughter, daughter, you were reading to me the other day, when I asked to hear something from one of your spiritual writers?"

"It was 'The Elevation of the Soul to God.' Would you like me to read to you again, father?"

"Not now. I was only thinking of how barren Protestant libraries are of such text books, and how much clearer and more forcible the salient points of Scripture are made to appear when thus handled, than when some poor ignorant mind is left to search and sift for itself some truth of which it feels the need. I think if a man had never read a word in the Bible, that he might learn the way to salvation alone through such a guide as that, for it strikes me that the whole letter of the law is comprised therein."

Kate's fingers trembled visibly over her work as she wondered to what these new impressions would lead. After a pause, Mr. Stewart continued: "I feel that I have not very long to live, daughter, and as all my worldly affairs are in good order, I should like to be as well satisfied with the other account yet to be settled. I don't know how it is, but my old faith don't afford me the satisfaction it formerly did; and when I present my doubts and objections to Mr. Strong, he fails to give me anything substantial in lieu thereof. It is true, having been born and raised in the Presbyterian Church, that there may be sufficient therein for my salvation, but, after all, I think I should like to know something more of that faith, which through the fidelity of the one I loved best, and the faithfulness of the other, wrought such terrible woe to me. Sometimes I think that if your mother can know of my long regret, that it might be some compensation for her to see me in the same path at last." There was a pause, and the stillness and twilight of the room seemed filled with the presence of invisible spirits.

"Father, would you like to see the Catholic bishop?"

"No, my child, not him. His presence is fraught with too many sad and reproachful memories; but I have met Father B— and I think I should be willing to have a talk with him. I don't exactly know, Kate, what impression has been conveyed to your mind in regard to your dear mother's last hours. Of course, Bridget has given you her version, and though I am not disposed to question her truthfulness in the matter, still I cannot but feel that my part in that transaction, as it appears, undivested of explanation, assumes a species of tyranny and persecution, which, God knows, was far enough from my heart in that distracted moment. It is impossible for you, from your religious standpoint to form a correct idea of the motives which impelled such a course as I pursued. Side by side with heathen idolatry was engrafted in my education a horror and aversion of the Catholic Church. I was taught to believe that it was a combination of idolatry, superstition, and priestcraft, for the subversion of all just government, of family unity, and of all purity in religious worship. That it was a prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness, scarcely anything more, indeed, than a 'baptized paganism,' amalgamated with the superstitions of heathenism, which Christianity was intended to abolish. Those forms which seemed externally good, I was taught were mere baits wherewith to entrap the innocent and unsuspecting into the fold, and for this purpose every Catho-

lic household contained a Jesuit in disguise. With these convictions, then, firmly rooted in my mind, I believed it to be a sacred duty, one for which I was accountable to God, to use every means, persuasive or forcible, to withdraw her from the contaminating influence of such a creed—just as I should have striven to rescue her from the encroachments of an insidious disease. When I saw how pure and fervent were the lives of many of those votaries, a doubt at times would cross my mind as to the reliability of my information; but turning to the only text book within reach, the old impressions would be confirmed by even more startling developments, purporting to have been written by perverts from those errors. I look back now with wonder at my own credulity, and the want of common sense that took me to the enemies instead of what false friends to learn what was true and what false in that much abused doctrine. But the scales have long since fallen; and though I am not yet prepared to embrace all that your Church teaches, still I am willing and anxious to examine into every doubt, and to be guided thereafter by my convictions."

The following morning, Kate made an early visit to Father C—, and obtained his promise to call without delay upon her father. Many and long were the conferences held by the two gentlemen, Mr. Stewart stoutly contesting every inch of ground, and bringing into play all the strong points of the Westminster Confession. Forgetting, however, in his zeal, the Arian and Socinian views which had been advocated by many of the ministers and laity, thereby invalidating the infallibility of this Magna Charta of Calvinism. But finally truth prevailed over falsehood, and the might of centuries bowed down the weak sapling of yesterday's growth, and the large army of apostles and martyrs bore to his mind incontestable testimony, by their teaching and blood, to the stability, power, and truth of the Rock of Ages.

At his earnest desire, and in view of his rapidly failing powers, preparations were made for Mr. Stewart's early reception into the Church, at which Mr. and Mrs. Field acted as sponsors; and thus, in the mysterious decrees of Providence, the graces that were rejected and lost by the Catholic wife, became a free gift to the unbelieving husband. The three sacraments of the living were followed in close succession by those for the dying, and in a peace of mind inexpressibly calm and sustaining, Mr. Stewart passed, amid the tears of his children, from the narrow portal of time into the wide gates of eternity.

Dennis succeeded his father in the old firm, and was in a few years settled in the same home, the scene of so many changes, with a little family of his own growing about his knee.

Kate, deeply impressed by the fatuity and vanity of worldly pleasures, as exemplified in the lives of the two who had been nearest to her in blood and affection, preferred to follow her Lord through the highways and by-paths of life, where the poor and suffering lay in patient waiting for help. When the cholera visited the city, many, many lone ones who had once known home and friends, listened eagerly for the sound of her footsteps, looked up into her face, and through the might of its loveliness, "thought indeed to behold there, gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor."

And thus, in the garb of a "Little Sister of the Poor," with the red cross upon her bosom, which is but the insignia of the true one within her heart, does she still carry comfort and aid to many helpless ones, and they "turn on their pillows of pain," to gaze as she passes, for her presence falls "on their hearts like a ray of sun on the walk of a prison."

DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Confirmations. On Trinity Sunday, 8th ult., the Most Rev. Archbishop administered confirmation in the Metropolitan Church after the seven o'clock mass. Two hundred and sixteen were confirmed, of whom thirty-eight were converts to our holy faith. If we add twenty-six other converts confirmed in the Cathedral within the last seven months, the total number for little more than half a year will be sixty-four. This speaks well for the efficient zeal of the clergy attached to the Metropolitan Church of Baltimore.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed one hundred and sixteen at the Church of St. Agnes, near Catonsville, now served by the zealous Passionist Fathers. Of these, sixteen were converts. On the same day, at twelve o'clock, six young ladies were confirmed at the flourishing Academy of Mount de Sales, of whom three were converts. In the afternoon the Most Rev. Archbishop proceeded to St. Paul's Church, Elliott City, where, at half-past four, he confirmed fifty-two, of whom six were converts. Several of the boys confirmed were students of Rock Hill Academy. Total number confirmed, three hundred and ninety; converts, sixty three; being more than sixteen per cent. of the total number confirmed.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

REV. FATHER YOUNG.—Father Lambert Young, the Catholic priest who has been confined in the Louisville Kentucky jail for declining to testify in the Frankfort lynching case, before the United States Court, was released on the 22d of June, by Judge Ballard, on bond. Father Young was dangerously attacked by erysipelas about three years ago, and his confinement in jail caused the disease to break out again. The bond was fixed at one thousand dollars, for ten days, or such time as he may have fully recovered.

You should not fail to see the real Irish game of Foot-Ball, to take place this day, at the Oakland Riding Park.