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"I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1914.

NO. 1.

THE SONG OF CREATION

CREATION'S vast domains reveal
Thy praise, O God, in loud acclaim.
Adown from heaven their anthems peal,
And fiery orbs on dashing wheel
Through space declare Thy glorious name.

The burst of dawn, the scorching noon,
The crimson glow on western sky,
The night arrayed with bright festoon
Of twinkling stars and beaming moon,
Thy praise resound, O God on high.

The brook within its rocky bed,
The lake reflecting heaven's smile,
The mighty ocean's thunder tread,
The clouds of silver overhead,—
Their anthems ring in solemn style.

The ripening fields of swaying gold,
Fair flowers scenting hill and dell,
Gay songsters thrilling wood and wold,—
Exulting all to Thee unfold
Their songs, O God, with magic swell.—

Creation's favored king, will he
Alone forget his Master's praise?—
With trembling heart, on bended knee
Let him adore Thy Majesty,
O Mighty One of endless days!



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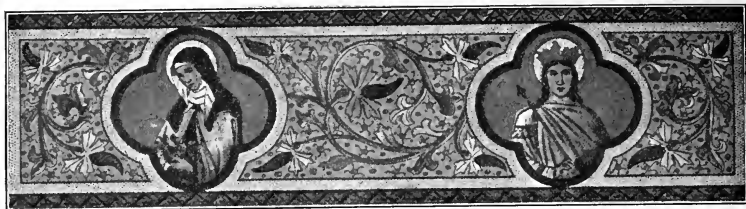
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ST. BERARD AND HIS COMPANIONS

FIRST MARTYRS OF THE SERAPHIC ORDER

JANUARY 16

WHEN the Seraphic Father, St. Francis, learned by divine inspiration that God had called him and his brethren not only for their own sanctification, but also for the welfare and salvation of all men; that they were therefore to go "not only to the nations of Christendom, but also to the infidel and the heathen," he joyfully exclaimed, "Let us go in the name of the Lord," and at once set out to preach penance to the people of Emilia, the marches of Ancona, and Umbria. Later, when the number of his brethren had increased, he sent them to Greece, Spain, France, Germany, and England. In 1219, he himself with twelve companions set out to preach the Gospel to the Saracens of Syria and Egypt, while he commissioned six of his brethren to preach to the infidels of Morocco.

The brethren destined for this difficult field of labor were the priests Vitalis, who was also appointed superior of the little band, Berard, Peter, and Otto, and the lay-brothers Accursius, and Adjutus. Calling them to his presence, St. Francis, with words breathing love and solicitude for their temporal and eternal welfare, instructed and encouraged them, and finally dismissed them with his blessing, "May the blessing of God the Father descend upon you, as it did of old upon the Apostles. He who

sends you, will himself watch over you. To his holy keeping I commit you, he will endow you with strength from above, he will put his words on your lips and teach you what you are to say. Fear not, for God is with you. Go, then, in the name of the Lord who sends you."

Consoled and strengthened by these words of the Seraphic Father, the six brethren at once set out for their field of labor. When they arrived in Aragon, Spain, Fr. Vitalis fell seriously ill, and was unable to proceed farther. Submitting to the will of God, he allowed his companions to continue their journey with Fr. Berard as their superior. After passing through Portugal, to whose queen they foretold their martyrdom and the translation of their bodies to Coimbra, Portugal, they proceeded to Seville, one of the most important cities in the possession of the Mohammedans in Spain. Here they spent eight days in retirement, in the house of a rich merchant, begging God in humble prayer for light and strength to carry out a work undertaken solely for his honor and glory.

Filled with the spirit of God, and, like the Apostles of old, entirely indifferent to danger, Berard and his companions at length left their retirement, and went straight to the principal mosque of the city to

preach the Gospel of Christ. Driven away with insults and blows by the infuriated Mohammedans, the holy missionaries went to the palace of the king, where they fearlessly proclaimed the truth of the Christian religion and the falsity of the teachings of Mohammed. The king was so exasperated by their fearless words, that he ordered them to be executed; and the sentence would have been carried out at once, if the king's son had not called attention to the resentment which the execution would cause among the Christian princes, and to the dissatisfaction and spirit of rebellion it would arouse in his own state. The king, thereupon, ordered the confessors of Christ to be imprisoned. When it became evident that all attempts to shake their constancy were in vain, they were placed on board a ship which brought them to Morocco, in Africa.

On their arrival in Morocco, Berard and his companions were hospitably received by the Infante Don Pedro, who had taken refuge there on account of a disagreement with his brother, the king of Portugal. The holy missionaries, whose greatest desire was to gain souls for Christ and to suffer for his holy name, left the palace of Don Pedro the next day, and began to preach in the streets and squares of the city. King Miramolín, happening to pass by when Berard was preaching and inveighing against the teachings of Mohammed, became so enraged at his words that he commanded the holy preacher and his companions to be expelled from the country. They, however succeeded in escaping from their guards, and returned to Morocco. When this was reported to the king, he commanded them to be cast into a dark and moist dungeon, where they remained for twenty days without food and drink; but at the



St. Berard

end of this period they appeared healthier and stronger than before. In the meantime, the country was visited by a drought and other afflictions. The king, listening to the appeals of his people, who declared the afflictions to be marks of the divine vengeance, once more set the missionaries free, and ordered them to be sent to a Christian country. But they again eluded their guards, and returned to Morocco.

After remaining for some time in the palace of Don Pedro, they accompanied him on a military expedition against some tribes that had

rebelled against King Miramolin. On this expedition, God glorified his servants by a miracle in behalf of the army. The troops, obliged to cross a desert, were soon reduced to the last extremity for lack of water. At the prayer of Berard, a clear spring of water gushed forth from the sand, and did not cease to flow until all had quenched their thirst.

Returning from the expedition, the holy missionaries began to preach with even greater zeal than before. They were again seized and cast into prison, where they had to undergo the most cruel torments. They were bound hand and foot, dragged on the ground, and scourged until their bones and entrails were almost laid bare. They were next rolled over fragments of broken glass, while the executioners poured vinegar and boiling oil into their bleeding wounds. The confessors of Christ bore all this not only with patience, but even with joy, giving thanks to God that they were found worthy to suffer for his holy name.

After spending the night in prayer, during which they received extraordinary heavenly consolations, Berard and his companions were brought before the King. He endeavored by threats and by promises of riches and sensual pleasures to shake their constancy, but they rejected his proposals with horror and indignation. "We seek only Jesus Christ," they exclaimed. "Thou canst invent all sorts of tortures; thou canst take away our lives; every pain seems light to us when we think of the glory of heaven." The courage and firmness of the holy confessors enraged the king, and drawing his scimitar, he split open their heads. Thus

died the first martyrs of the Seraphic Order on January 16, 1220.

Their mutilated bodies were dragged through the streets and exposed to many indignities, but were finally recovered by the Christians. Don Pedro had the remains encased in costly shrines, and brought them to Coimbra, in Portugal, where they were solemnly interred in the church of the monastery of the Holy Cross of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. It was on this occasion that Ferdinand, a young religious of the monastery, who afterwards was known as Antony of Padua, inspired by the zeal and glorious death of the martyrs, determined to become a son of St. Francis.

Many miracles were wrought at the tomb of the martyrs, and they were canonized by Sixtus IV in 1481.

REFLECTION

How does not the holy example of the martyrs put to shame the weakness and cowardice of Christians who find it difficult to make sacrifices for the faith, to bear the yoke of the gospel—who for the sake of some temporal advantage are ready to make a compromise with the world and its principles, to the detriment of their immortal souls and to the scandal of others? O, how will such Christians one day regret their half-heartedness and cowardice! On the other hand, how richly will God reward the smallest sacrifice we make in his service! "The sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us." (Rom. VIII, 18.)





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

12. THE THREEFOLD LINE OF BATTLE

“Terrible, as an army set in array.”
Cant. VI, 3.

Francis was chosen to begin a great campaign, and to lead men of every rank and every nation into the heat of contest. The three Orders were the legions of the Saint. More closely considered, they resemble a well-ordered battle array, peculiarly adapted to strike terror into the foe.

In the year 1809, the Tyrolese aroused universal admiration by their heroic stand for independence. Three classes or, more appropriately, three divisions, obtained amongst those who took part directly or indirectly in the struggle. Above all, there were the fearless marksmen who, undaunted by the hostile bullets, marched valiantly to the fray. Amidst the ranks, we behold heroic maidens, spurring on the combatants, attending to the wounded,—yes, even taking up the role of leader, as for instance the maid of Spinges. There were amongst them fighters of such daring mettle, that even then they braved the danger when rugged marksmen wavered, for example on the battle-field near Sterzing. At home, their mothers worked, and thus indirectly had their share in the struggle. They provided rations, nursed the wounded, and sought to animate their children for the cause.

And for what were they fighting? Some priceless object must have

been the guerdon of battle, since it called forth such general and enthusiastic cooperation. It was, indeed, a great, a precious object—freedom of conscience, freedom in the practice of their religion. An alien usurper had deprived the Tyrolese people of this freedom. This freedom the Tyrolese were now determined to recover.

With these heroic strugglers, one may compare the hosts of St. Francis. The marksmen constitute the members of the First Order. They leave the cherished quiet and solitude of the cloister, and hasten forth into the thick of the battle. They bravely overcome all opposing obstacles: hunger and thirst, contempt and ridicule, illtreatment and privation are their portion. But they battle bravely on, till they fall or gain the prize they covet, the palm of martyrdom.

And for what are they struggling? Likewise, for no other end but freedom, true, genuine freedom. They wish to free mankind from the yoke of sin, to lead them forth from the slavery of Satan, to proclaim that “law of the spirit of life which in Christ Jesus hath delivered us from the law of sin and of death.” (Cfr. Rom VIII, 2.)

Many go still further, and march with warriors into battle, when the welfare of the Christian world demands it. Witness a St. John Capistran, a St. Lawrence of Brindisi, a Marco d’Aviano.

In reserve, a rearguard as it were, stand those heroic virgins, members of the Second Order, who by persevering prayer and mortification provide the combatants of the First Order with the sinews of war. They implore the grace of a victorious result. At times, we even find some of their number who leave the solitude of the cloister and appear upon the field of battle. A St. Coleta undertakes the work of a reformer; in like manner, a Blessed Agnes Stainer and many others.

At home, in the family circle, a mother exercises sway in the spirit of the Seraphic Saint. She faithfully observes the Rule of the Third Order, and strives to make her home a house of God, in which discipline and order rule. Her greatest joy it is to see her children members also of that Order. And the father, the head of the family? He too is a member of the Third Order. In the home, he is a loving, solicitous father; everywhere in his daily life, he is a man of sterling character. Occasionally he is exposed to ridicule. He is denounced as a devotee or canting hypocrite. But none the less, the scoffers must respect him as a man

of character and genuine piety. If freedom of conscience or religious liberty is imperiled, he is ever ready, by word and deed, to enter the lists in its defence.

Such families form as it were the main stock of the Third Order. From such families, the First and Second Orders receive a sturdy increase.

Behold, then, how these three Orders form an imposing battle array. To many of these combatants monuments have been erected such as crumble not in time. To them has been given the honor of the altar in beatification or canonization.

Let us raise our eyes to these heroes and heroines from out the ranks of the seraphic battle array. They are our models, our leaders, and our helpers. Let us then with renewed zeal take up the struggle against our passions, against the devil and the world, so that, when life is drawing to a close, we may exclaim with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just judge will render to me in that day." (II. Tim. IV, 7, 8.)

LITTLE CATECHISM OF THE THIRD ORDER

CHAPTER X

BAD LITERATURE—CHARITY

137. *What does the Rule prescribe to Tertiaries in regard to bad literature?*

The Rule says, "Let them not allow any books or papers from which any injury to virtue can be feared, to be brought into their houses or read by those who are under their care." This precept is based on the natural law, which forbids us to expose ourselves to voluntary oc-

casions of sin and to cooperate in the evil actions of others.

138. *What does this passage of the Rule imply?*

It implies a twofold negative precept, namely, not to allow bad literature to be brought into one's house, and not to allow those over whom one is placed to read bad books or papers.

139. *What is, therefore, the duty of parents and masters?*

It is their duty to keep careful watch over the reading of their charges and to forbid them all books and papers that might be injurious to their faith or virtue.

140. *Is there any excuse for reading bad books or papers?*

No; for the common Christian there is none whatever, and one can not sufficiently deplore the blindness of so many Christians who, in spite of admonitions to the contrary, wilfully poison their minds by reading irreligious or immoral books and papers.

141. *What does the Rule prescribe regarding the mutual relations of Tertiaries?*

The Rule prescribes, "Let them sedulously exercise kindness and charity among themselves." These words recall to the minds of Tertiaries the favorite commandment of our divine Saviour and the touching admonitions of his faithful servant St. Francis regarding fraternal charity.

142. *What is the extent of this charity?*

This charity should embrace all men without exception; hence, not only the members of one's family or fraternity but also strangers and enemies.

143. *What is the chief characteristic of the charity of Tertiaries?*

According to the Rule it is kindness or benevolence, which consists in wishing well to others from all our heart.

144. *How should this benevolence show itself?*

It should show itself not only in words but also in deeds, for chari-

table deeds are the best proof of a benevolent disposition.

145. *Which are the commonest faults against charity?*

The commonest faults against charity are those of the tongue; against these, therefore, Tertiaries should be particularly on their guard if they would not destroy charity in themselves and in others.

146. *What does the Rule say regarding violations of charity?*

It says that Tertiaries should "take care whenever they can do so to settle quarrels." Hence it is their special duty to act as peacemakers.

147. *How should Tertiaries fulfill this duty.*

Tertiaries should endeavor to heal discords by reconciling those at odds. In this matter, however, they should be guided by the rules of prudence, and if they are wanting in the necessary tact they should refer the question at issue to their superiors, or recommend the affair to God in devout prayer.

148. *What is the the scope of this precept?*

According to their Rule, Tertiaries are required to settle quarrels "whenever they can do so," that is to say, within and without the Order, in private and in public life.

149. *What obligation does the Rule impose on Tertiaries in regard to oaths?*

The Rule prescribes that they "never take an oath except in case of necessity." This precept implies nothing but what is already contained in the second commandment of God. Tertiaries, therefore, should studiously avoid all rash and useless swearing and all forms of cursing and blaspheming so prevalent at the present day.

A CONQUEST OF CHARITY

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

It was in the year 1870. Germany and France were grappling in a fierce and unrelenting war of supremacy. Thousands upon thousands had already given up their lives in the conflict, while many more came away from the field of carnage crippled for life. The hospitals and hastily constructed field lazarets were overcrowded with unfortunate victims of the quick and bloody struggle. Let us enter one of the lazarets.

Long rows of cots line the walls of the spacious ward. The drawn, powder-seared features of some of the patients reveal in all its vividness the ghastly work of war. Other patients are on the way to recovery. The door leading to the ward is gently opened, and a Sister, clothed in the simple, dark brown Franciscan habit, noiselessly enters to begin her work of love. Her presence seems to cast a magic spell on the sufferers. With a light step Sister Martha goes from bed to bed in the discharge of her various duties, performing them with a cheerfulness born of daily meditation and true devotion to a holy calling. To the parched lips of one patient she offers a cooling drink, by another she pauses to wipe the cold sweat from the feverish brow, at another bedside she carries to offer words of good cheer or even a mild reproof for impatience, kindly admonishing the sufferer to be resigned to the will of God. For all she has a heart of mercy; forgetful of self she strives only to lessen the pain and misery of her charges. The "little Sister" is esteemed and honored almost to veneration by these men, although some few may give vent to impatience, because she cannot attend immediately to their summons. Performing her

work only for the honor of God, the good Sister is unmindful of the praise of some and the fault-finding of others.

This cheerful, unflinching application of the Franciscan nun to her duties finds a reverent admirer in a youthful patient. His fine, manly features lead one to surmise that he is of a noble family, while his uniform proves him to be an officer. A shot from the enemy's guns grazed his arm, and fever set in. Now he is convalescing, and he has hopes of soon returning to his post in the army. He is the son of a noble Protestant family and an officer in the German army. From the beginning of his stay in the lazaret, the self-sacrificing work and the joyful disposition of Sister Martha has attracted his attention, and called forth in his open and frank soul admiration and respect.

When Sister Martha's round had come to him, he kindly begged her for a few moments of her precious time.

"Sister," he began, "you hail from a noble family."

"But how do you know that?" replied the Sister somewhat disconcerted.

"Your whole bearing, your gentle manner, tell me that I have made a safe guess. Yet, pardon me if I say that you are a puzzle to me."

His frankness held her attention, and she paused for an explanation.

"You are blessed with youth, charming beauty, and high social standing, endowments that in this world count for success and happiness. But you cast them aside, forsake them for a life of mortification and self-sacrifice. Tell me, Sister, what was it that led you to take such a step, which to me seems so unbecoming and foolhardy?"

"If you will have but a little patience," replied Sister Martha, her face beaming with smiles, "I can easily solve that puzzle. What was it, sir, that led you to leave your happy, quiet home and go to war?"

"It was the call of my fatherland, my king, who needed my services."

"And that is exactly my case," replied the Sister; "I and thousands of others also obey the call of our King and Lord. True, our King is not of this world, it is God, the King of heaven and earth. We have enlisted in his holy service to fight for his cause against a powerful and wily enemy. My holy habit, with which I was wedded to the service of God, is my uniform, the rosary at my side, my weapon of defence. With this weapon I meet my enemies: past remembrances, wordly joys, temptations from within and from without. My state of life demands many great sacrifices and much self-denial in the care of the sick. In order better to accomplish the purpose of our life, we Sisters vow strict discipline and obedience to certain rules. So you see, sir, my case is much the same as yours. In some points, however, it is vastly different. You fight for an earthly fatherland, while I strive for an eternal one. You fight your battles with lead and steel, I with prayer and good works. You contend against a known, visible enemy, I against an invisible, and therefore, more dangerous one. You expect advancement and earthly honors as a reward, while I look forward for a crown of glory in heaven. This, then, is my state of life for which I am as ardently enthusiastic as you are for yours. Now, am I still a riddle to you?"

This simple, but withal eloquent defence of her holy vocation awakened in the officer's mind serious thoughts. At last he said:

"Sister, I now understand. You

have expressed some grand ideas in simple language. I can easily understand why you have made such a choice, and I can only admire a religion that teaches and prompts such heroic virtue."

* * *

Years have passed. After the war, the "angels of the battle-fields," the valiant Sisters, returned again to their peaceful convents. In a small city on the blue Danube, we now find Sister Martha, at work in one of the hospitals of her congregation. As before, the most dissatisfied, unruly patients are allotted to her loving care, and she again proves herself equal to the task. With the same joyful countenance, and cheery words of encouragement and consolation she succeeds in gaining the good will of her charges, leading them gradually to resignation and patience. In a word, she is again the model of a religious nurse.

No one was ever more surprised than Sister Martha, when one day a letter was handed to her, bearing her address and the stamp of Rome. Hastily reviewing in her mind the list of her acquaintances and relatives, she could find none who at that date might possibly be in the Eternal City. On opening the letter a beautifully engraved card was disclosed. It bore the following inscription:

Souvenir
of the
First Holy Mass
of
Curt von Nordenthal,
celebrated in the
Church of the Apostles,
Rome, Italy.

In loving gratitude to Sister Martha, whose charity and cheerful example has shown an erring pilgrim the way to the true Church.

With tears of joy Sister Martha read the accompanying letter explaining all. Curt von Nordenthal was that noble young officer before whom Sister Martha had so ably defended her holy vocation. After his recovery he left the army, and went to Rome, the center of religious life, there to study the religion which appeared to him so grand in a frail woman. His hon-

est mind was soon convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith, and he embraced it. Later he prepared himself for the holy priesthood. Now he is working as a priest in the vineyard of the Lord with the same cheerful zeal and earnestness which he met with in the "little Franciscan Sister" of the lazaret.

F.H., O.F.M.

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O.F.M.

Foreword

THE life of Fr. Delbrouck was originally composed by Mgr. Monchamp, Vicar General of the diocese of Liege. The material for the life was furnished in the writings of a friend and co-laborer of the martyr, Fr. Verhaegen, who also died a martyr's death at the age of thirty-seven. Thus, the following pages are practically the life of a martyr by a martyr. Fr. Victorin Delbrouck's life was a brief one; for he went to his glorious though dreadful death when only twenty-eight years old. Nor were his youthful days marked with unusual signs of predestination. His is a life which is suited all the more to show how near the plainest lives may be to the heart of God.

1. Childhood

Joseph Delbrouck, the hero of this sketch, was born on Saturday, May 14, 1870, at Boirs, near Liege, Belgium. On the same day he was baptized in the parish church, which was dedicated to St. Lambert, Martyr. In a booklet of "blessed memories," as he called them, Joseph later made a special note of the fact that he was born and baptized on the day and in the month dedicated to the blessed Mother.

Joseph was the fifth and youngest of the children of John Peter Delbrouck and his wife Mary Anne Boveroux. The mother and the children, excepting one, survived the martyrdom of Joseph, the favorite of the family.

In the very arms of his beloved mother, Joseph learned to know and love Him whom in conversation and correspondence he was wont to call his "good God." About him there was the example of solid virtue and piety. His father, a sturdy Christian, as well as his brothers and sisters, gave him the tenderest attention. On his part, Joseph was of a docile disposition, and responded to the grace of a Christian rearing. At the age of six he was sent to school where his application, docility, and reverent behavior in church made an edifying impression on his little schoolmates.

The following anecdote shows the child's pious disposition. In 1878, the parish priest of Boirs was removed, and a priest from the college of St. Quirin substituted him during the Easter holidays. One day, during services there was some disturbance among the children at the sanctuary railing. The Father took Joseph to be the culprit, and gave him a sign to kneel in the sanctuary. Though innocent, Jo-

soph obeyed. After services, he remained kneeling in place. His brother Peter urged him to leave on the plea of his innocence. But Joseph did not stir until the Father gave him permission to leave. The gentleman at whose house the strange priest boarded, afterward accosted him, "Father, what have you done? You have punished the best child in Boirs!" So the Father called his little prisoner and gave him a holy picture as indemnity.

2. Boyhood

In October, 1879, John Delbrouck, the oldest of the family, obtained a position as teacher in a neighboring town, and the Delbroucks removed to that place. Joseph attended his brother's school for the next four years. His progress was fair. On leaving the school in 1883, he captured one of the prizes offered.

On May 8, 1881, (Joseph underlined the word "May" in his "blessed memories"), he made his first holy Communion. From this time on he experienced a fond desire for the food that "begets virgins," and his Communion days were to him days of delight. It would be difficult to say what passed between that pure soul and its Lord at such times; but it would not be far amiss to ascribe to that sweet converse his inclination to the priesthood. He often said to his mother, "Mother, if you insist on it, I will be a teacher like my brothers; but I would far rather be a priest." Those that knew Joseph, tell of his pleasure in serving at holy Mass. He would be the first to go to church and the last to leave it; and though he liked play, particularly flying kites, he was never known to be late for services on account of play.

A trait that distinguished him throughout his short life, was a love of birds and flowers. He had a way of finding birds' nests and



Fr. Victorin Delbrouck

bringing up young birds. A patch in the garden was set aside for his flowers. These he would bring in bouquets to the church in town or to a shrine of our Lady on the road to Tongres. This love for birds and flowers is one of the amiable traits in the life of St. Francis; it would seem that Providence began thus to shape Joseph's vocation to the Franciscan Order.

3. College Days

On October 3, 1882, the Vigil of St. Francis, Joseph was confirmed by Bishop Doutreloux of Liege. This is the third of Joseph's "happy memories". He was then in the highest grade of the primary school. The grace of the Holy Ghost imparted to him in the sacrament of Confirmation, matured his vocation to the priesthood. During his last months at school he took private lessons in Latin, and the

autumn following, he entered the second class of the College of St. Louis at Wareme. This was in October 1883. In application and conduct he was considered a good student. However, this is not disputing that he had his faults. His happy disposition led him at times to follow first impulses, and being rather communicative, there were certain little trespasses at studies and elsewhere, the result of over-bubbling spirits, or even bad humor. It would be strange, indeed, if a man had nothing to combat, or never succumbed in the fight.

In 1885, aided by a foundation of one Canon Laminne, he entered the "Little Seminary" of St. Trond. His success here and the high spirits consequent thereon were suddenly arrested by an untoward event, the death of his father, in 1887. A model parent in life, M. Delbrouck was a model in death. He took with him to eternity the hope of seeing his boy a priest of God; but he could not surmise that a more glorious destiny awaited this child of Providence. Joseph was deeply stricken at the bereavement, and did not resume his studies till three weeks later. Some verses composed by him at this time bear witness to his sorrow and his filial piety.

4. Traits

Barring this event, and the death of a fellow student, at whose funeral Joseph delivered a very impressive address, nothing occurred to mar the peace of Joseph's college days. The youth bore no mark about him which gave the superficial observer cause to predict great things of him. He was diligent, but so were others; he received frequently, others did so, too. His conduct was good; but, especially in the lower classes, his jovial way and lively disposition had earned him some bad notes. A great

change, however, was noticed in him after his father's death till the close of his college career in 1889. One other event in his college days may be mentioned here, an event recorded in his "blessed memories." It is his reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. The prayer of consecration recited on the occasion came to be one of his usual devotions. The last words of the prayer are: "Holy Virgin, Mother of God, assist me in all my actions, and leave me not in the hour of my death." The death of Fr. Victorin is a proof that this prayer was heard. For he was martyred on December 11, the anniversary of his consecration.

5. The Growth of a Vocation

On entering his course of philosophy, our hero together with a classmate was appointed to have charge of the sacristy. It was a position of trust. Later he used to say that at first he liked the position for the advantages it gave him. But when he saw that it was interfering with his recreation, he grew tired of it, and made up his mind to resign the place. With this purpose he went to the Rev. Director to return his key. "But, Joseph," said the Father, "have you thought of it that as sacristan you are in the service of God and that you are more highly distinguished in it than you would be in the service of the King or the Pope?" "No," replied the frank youth, "I never did think of that." "Well, then go and do think of it; and if you are of the same mind a week from now, you may resign." From that day on, Joseph used to kneel for a few moments before the tabernacle on taking up his work, offering God his little sacrifice. There was no more aversion to the place; instead there was an increase in his desire for holiness.

(To be Continued).

SERRA DAY IN CALIFORNIA

1. THE PLANTING OF THE CROSS

The memory of the noble Franciscan Padre Junipero Serra, founder of the California Missions and erector of the first cross on Santa Barbara soil, was celebrated at the latter city with great solemnities and a magnificent program.

The exercises opened on the afternoon of Sunday, November 23,

lofty character of Father Serra and of the narrow, meddlesome spirit of the government officials of that time. For the benefit of those readers of the *Herald* who may not have seen a copy of the play, we will give a brief summary of it here.

It begins with a procession of set-



Memorial Cross of Fr. Serra, O.F.M.

when the students of St. Antony's College presented the pageant play of Fr. Francis de Sales Giebe, O. F. M., entitled "The Planting of the Cross." The play was staged on the steps of the Old Mission, and was attended by a throng of several thousand persons, who received it so enthusiastically that the hope was generally expressed that the students would continue to produce the drama annually.

The play is truly what the author calls it and intended it to be—a sketch—a dramatic sketch of the

tlers, soldiers, and officers to the place where the cross is to be erected. There the land is blessed, the cross erected, and Padre Serra delivers a sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon, all join in singing the "Alabado," the Spanish "Te Deum." In the second scene hot words are exchanged by some laboring settlers and one of the carping idle soldiers, and blows are only averted by the entrance of Serra. The third scene is made up of a monologue in which Serra expresses to God his thanks for the work

done, his hopes for a greater good yet to be achieved, and his determination to urge the Governor to begin the building of the mission and the church. Scene fourth presents the meeting between Serra and Governor Neve and the latter's curt refusal of the former's request. Serra receives the unwelcome refusal with calmness, and declares his intention of returning to Monterey. In the fifth and last scene he thanks God, at the foot of the cross, for this new trial; expresses his hope that Santa Barbara may yet be a prosperous mission; and ends with the wish that, though he would fain work yet longer if it should be God's will, he might be dissolved and be with Christ.

The text and music of the Alabado, which the settlers and soldiers sang on the occasion of the planting of the cross by Padre Serra, were only recently discovered in the Mission archives. Fr. Francis Werhand, O. F. M., the director of the college choir, used the very book Padre Serra had used at the ceremony more than a hundred years before.

Monday, November 24, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Padre Junipero Serra, again saw crowds of people flocking to the Mission to attend the religious services and other exercises scheduled for that day. After a solemn High Mass celebrated by Fr. Linus, O. F. M., Rector of St. Antony's College, an imposing procession moved slowly from the church to a cross lately erected in front of the Mission to the memory of Padre Serra. Though the monument is very plain, as was deemed appropriate in memory of the unostentatious virtues of Padre Serra, it possesses the distinction of having a foundation made of stones collected from the ruins of various Franciscan missions in California. The procession was headed by La Monaca's band followed by the re-

ligious from the Mission, members of the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West and Knights of Columbus. A striking section was that composed of descendants of historic personages of Santa Barbara.

When all had assembled round the cross, several addresses and a sermon were delivered. In the opening address, Mayor Boeseke of Santa Barbara spoke of Padre Serra not only as a notable figure in local history, but as a famous character in the history of the continent for having been the pathfinder of civilization in California. He was California's first statesman as well as padre.

Congressman Knowland was gratified to note that the honor due to Padre Serra was finally being accorded to him; and he expressed his hearty approval of the proposal already made by many Californians, that one of the two places in the Hall of Fame in Washington, to which every state is entitled, be given to Fr. Junipero Serra.

When Fr. Theophilus, O. F. M., began his discourse, he explained that he was not going to deliver an address, but preach a sermon; and he did preach one that will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear it. After giving an estimate of Father Serra's character, which he declared aptly symbolized by the cross before them, he severely arraigned present-day society for its opposition to the principles and manners of the great padre. Society was burning up with fever, he said; and the only cure was the cross. He pleaded, therefore, that the simple monument to Padre Serra, might not stand merely as an ornament to the landscape, but as a reminder that the only true way to life is the rugged, rocky, thorn-strewn way of the cross.

The actual unveiling of the cross

followed, and was very prettily done. Ynez Donahue, attired in Spanish colors, and Henrietta Vail in American colors, were placed on the concrete base, and drew the strings

that let the colors of two nations free, and the fine cross stood forth boldly. The cross was blessed by the Father Superior according to the ritual of the Church.

II. THE TERTIARY PILGRIMAGE

An event of the most profound historical significance, a triumphant demonstration of Catholic faith, a never-to-be forgotten victory for that mighty army of Christian soldiers, the Third Order of St. Francis, was the great Tertiary pilgrimage to the tomb of Fr. Junipero

ginning of so auspicious a day. At 6:30 A. M. the "Institute Flyer", the special train of the Y. M. I. and Y. L. I., departed with five hundred pilgrims, and a little after seven o'clock the "Third Order Special", with fourteen coaches carrying over one thousand pil-



Fr. Junipero Serra, O. F. M.

Serra at Mission Carmelo, near Monterey. It was a success beyond the highest hopes of its promoters.

On Sunday, November 23, pilgrims gathered from all quarters of San Francisco and neighboring towns. Hundreds of them, especially of the Franciscan churches of St. Boniface and St. Antony, assembled at 5:30 o'clock Mass, and received holy Communion, as a worthy be-

grims, left San Francisco for Monterey.

An automobile brigade, organized for the occasion by Rev. Father Mestres, pastor of Monterey, transported the pilgrims from Monterey to Carmel, where the pilgrimage was to form in line for the march to the tomb of Fr. Serra at the Old Mission. The vast company of pilgrims was considerably increased

by recruits from Monterey, Salinas, and other points. Finally the pilgrimage proper began.

The scene that followed was one that awed and thrilled. The procession was led by the surpliced cross-bearer, who carried the very same cross that Padre Junipero himself bore when he founded the Mission. After him came Father Mestres in alb and stole escorted by his company of acolytes. Then came the flag-bearers of the Stars and Stripes and two magnificent silken banners of the red and yellow of old Spain. Behind the famous Boys' Band of St. Francis Pajaro Valley Orphanage of Watsonville with Fr. Florian, O. F. M. directing, came the Governor's party, Judge Griffin, the personal representative of Governor Johnson of California, and his escort, followed by Fr. Felix, O. F. M., of Sacramento, Fr. Juniper, O. F. M., of St. Boniface's, San Francisco, Fr. Leonard, O. F. M., of St. Antony's, San Francisco, Mr. Michael Williams and Mr. Charles Phillips. The Third Order of St. Francis, with badges and regalia, came next, and behind followed hundreds upon hundreds, carrying pennants and wearing the colors of their respective organizations. As far as the eye could see, the pageant came winding down hill and through forest, men, women, and children, marching four abreast, and filled with the lofty spirit of the occasion. It was a scene the like of which has, perhaps, never been witnessed in the United States.

At length, the beautiful old rounded roof of the Mission belfry came into sight, over a hilltop, and one could feel the thrill of emotion that swept through the great marching concourse at the first glimpse of Padre Junipero Serra's dearest monument, beneath whose roof his dust reposes. At once the old Mission bells sent forth upon

the clear bright air their harmonious peals in joyful greetings to the approaching throngs.

Because of the lateness of the hour, a Low Mass was celebrated by Father Mestres, who likewise preached the sermon. He opened his discourse with a reading of messages from His Majesty the King of Spain, the Bishop of Majorca (Fr. Serra's native place), Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles, Mr. Frank Powers, California's special Serra delegate to Spain, and lastly, from the only living descendant of the Serra family, Father Torrens of Petra, Majorca.

After Mass, the pilgrims gathered around the grave of Fr. Serra, which is on the Gospel side of the Mission altar. The quiet of that ever moving throng making its way to Fr. Junipero's tomb, kneeling, praying, reading the inscription which tells of the last rest of Fr. Serra and his beloved companions, FF. Crespi, Lopez, and Lasuen, was impressive beyond words.

Later, many of the pilgrims gathered at the plain white cross, in the adobe ruins, in front of the Mission to venerate the spot where the great Serra breathed his last; for that cross marks the very site of the Franciscan's little room, where he died. Not one approached it without feeling it was holy ground.

After partaking of refreshments, the pilgrims began to make their way back to Monterey, where the civic exercises were held at the Serra monument in the Presidio. Fathers Leonard and Juniper presided, the latter introducing Judge Griffin, who opened the program with a brief but eloquent address, conveying the greetings of Governor Johnson and paying tribute, in the name of the state of California, to Fr. Junipero Serra. The oration of the day was delivered by Senator

Del Valle, who twenty-nine years ago had delivered the oration at Carmel on the centennial of Serra's death, when the Old Mission was restored. Senator Del Valle reviewed the glorious and fruitful life of the Father of California, told of the debt of gratitude due to him as the man that first brought civilization to the Pacific coast. The last number was the reading of a poem by Miss Maria Antonia Field, and the crowning of the Serra statue. Miss Field is not

only the daughter of one of the oldest Spanish families of California, but it was she who, as a little child, a score of years ago, unveiled this selfsame statue. At the last word of her poem, the floral offerings of the Third Order, a Franciscan coat-of-arms and a massive wreath, were duly placed.

The Serra Pilgrimage was truly an epoch-making event in the history of California, a glorious triumph for the Third Order, a grand demonstration of the Catholic faith.

"SURSUM CORDA"

(For Franciscan Herald)

ANOTHER winged year so quickly gone,
 Another milestone turned upon the way!
 A chapter of life's history is done
 With all each life wrote in it day by day.

A finished page of deeds is folded fast,
 And sealed the story of another year;
 To God's own Heart 'tis trusted, first to last,
 In perfect love that casteth out all fear.

Another dawning year we herald in,
 And ev'ry heart beats high with hope all new
 A chapter in its history to begin
 With courage strong and purpose high and true.

The faithful Sun will daily give His light,
 A strong, kind hand will e'er be leading on
 To show the way to live this life aright
 Till Home is reached, and victory is won.

M. Y.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

WE take pleasure in extending to all our readers and friends our sincere wishes for a happy new year. We hope and pray that each day of the year 1914 will be for them replete with graces and blessings a thousandfold, and that the good Lord will increase the joys and lessen the burdens of their lives.

Much as we should like to see all our dear friends happy in the fullest sense of the term, we are not so irrational as to suppose that the coming year will actually be for them a year of unalloyed and imperturbable happiness. One need not be a prophet to be able to foretell that the year just begun harbors many a sorrow and many a disappointment for each of us. Indeed, what thinking man does not feel some anxiety when standing on the threshold of a new year? Yet, need we be unhappy on this account, or give ourselves over to gloomy thoughts and dark forebodings? Not at all; for, no matter what reverses of fortune may be ours, if we are resigned to the will of God; if we are penetrated with the conviction that all things good and evil are sent us for our greater good; if we cultivate such sentiments as those expressed by holy Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; as it has pleased the Lord, so it is done; blessed be the name of the Lord"—we can not be really unhappy. Man is unhappy only when his will is at variance with the will of God. The secret of happiness, therefore, is to conform our wills to the divine will, to make God the center of our lives, and his law the rule of our conduct. Then shall we experience the truth of the saying: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

THE CYCLE OF HOLY FEASTS

After the general outburst of joy on Christmas day, when the whole world rejoices over the birth of our Infant Savior, there comes a period of quiet; for the hearts of Christians have given full expression to their love in commemorating the one great central event of history—the Incarnation of the Word of God. But, for Catholics there is an ever-recurring cycle of feasts, each recalling some important event in the life of our Lord, joy and sorrow intermingling, as they do in our daily lives.

From the celebration of Christmas we pass to the observance of the Feast of the Circumcision. Our Savior being born under the Old Law wished to submit to it and "fulfill all justice" in order to teach mankind obedience to the law of God. The Epiphany, which in former times marked the completion of the Christmas festivities, and was popularly known as "Little Christmas," is celebrated on January 6. It commemorates the manifestation of our Savior's divinity and mission to the Gentiles. February brings the beautiful Feast of the Purification, and recalls to our minds the acts of submission performed by the Blessed Virgin in complying with the strict regulations of the law of Moses, when she presented the child Jesus in the temple. Intermingled with sorrow is the joy of Mary as the prophetic words of holy Simeon reverberate in her heart, foretelling that it shall be pierced with a sword of grief. The pe-

riod succeeding this feast is suggestive of the fruitful but uneventful boyhood and hidden life of Jesus at Nazareth.

But the days glide swiftly by until the opening of Lent, when all Catholics unite in following in spirit our Blessed Lord through the various scenes of his Passion. A flicker of light amidst the gloom appears in the beautiful Feast of the Annunciation which looks forward to another Christmas day. Then comes Easter with its triumph over death demonstrating so incontrovertibly the truth of Christ's words: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The forty days after this glorious feast we dwell in spirit with the Apostles receiving Christ's instructions regarding the kingdom of God which they were to extend to the ends of the earth.

After Ascension Thursday, perpetuating the departure of our Lord from this world to heaven, our hearts would be sad were it not for the promise made to send the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete. This event celebrated on the Feast of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles really marks the birth of Christ's Church. Then comes Trinity Sunday, the feast devoted to honoring the Triune God, and Corpus Christi, the feast of Christ's love in the Blessed Sacrament. Sunday follows Sunday ever looking backward to Pentecost, the Feast of the Holy Ghost, who as the Spirit of Truth, will abide with the Church to the consummation of the world. After the Feast of the Assumption of Mary, the Queen of Angels and Saints, we dwell in spirit with the blessed Angels during the month of October and with the holy Souls during the month of November, the first day of which is devoted to honoring all the Saints. Again we come to Advent which prepares us once more for the coming of Christ.

Thus we complete the cycle of holy feasts living with the Church the whole year round, and following in the footsteps of her divine Founder, our Lord Jesus Christ.

WHY NOT?

The Los Angeles *Tidings* says editorially:

"Now that the two hundredth anniversary of Father Serra's birth has passed into history, Californians may congratulate themselves on its observance in the state. The suggestion that a statue of the pioneer missionary should adorn one of California's niches in the Hall of Fame at Washington is a splendid one; and, if put into effect it would do honor to our great common-wealth. Years ago Wisconsin sent a statue of Pere Marquette, which stands in the Hall of Fame today, but we think that it can be said without hesitation that the name of Marquette does not mean as much to Wisconsin as that of Serra does to California. We are not now instituting an odious comparison; we are fully willing to admit that Marquette was a great missionary in every sense of the word. He is one of the glories of the Church in its early existence in America. But his labors were not confined to Wisconsin, nor is there a chain of buildings to mark his footsteps. Even if we put every spiritual consideration aside, it will be admitted by everyone that the old missions are, perhaps, California's most attractive asset.

"Serra's mission determined, in many cases, the location of cities which are now among the most beautiful in the land. In this sense he

can be called their founder, and in this sense he deserves well of their people, whatever their religious opinions may be. Of course, the very suggestion of another statue to a Catholic priest will raise a prolonged and dismal wail, even here in California, but let the wailers remember the words of our friend, Mr. Lummis at San Gabriel last Sunday: 'One thing the Missions meant was that we should be here today. Had it not been for Fray Junipero Serra and his work, not one of us would be in California.'

We should not have dared to make the suggestion that the statue of Fr. Junipero Serra be placed in the National Hall of Fame. Since some one else has undertaken to do so, however, we can not but express our satisfaction that one of our illustrious confreres should be deemed worthy of so great an honor. That he is highly deserving of the honor, no one will deny who is at all conversant with the stupendous labors and achievements of the heroic padre among the aborigines of the Pacific coast. We hope, therefore, that our friends on the coast, especially such of them as are Tertiaries, will not confine themselves to eulogies and celebrations, to prove their gratitude to the "Father of California" for his great services in the cause of civilization. We consider the time most opportune for launching an effective campaign in favor of the project to have Serra's statue placed in the Hall of Fame. Let the Tertiaries of California, therefore, keep the project before the public. By way of suggestion we should like to ask, why not draw up a petition to the state legislature? To obtain subscriptions should be an easy matter. Of course, a project such as this is bound to meet with opposition from certain quarters. But, in the state of California, whose inhabitants have just given so splendid a demonstration of fairmindedness and of gratitude to the pioneer padres, bigotry will have but a slender chance to triumph over equity.

ARE WOMAN'S HANDS EMPTY?

One reason why some women are clamoring for the ballot is that time hangs heavy on their hands, and that to employ it profitably the sphere of their social activity must be widened. We have no quarrel with the advocates of woman suffrage, nor do we deny that there are women, especially of the leisured class, who would do well to fill up their idle hours by engaging in some sort of social work. But, we fail to see why on this account woman's sphere must be expanded until it embraces in every direction that of man, as some late writers on the woman question would have us believe.

Woman's proper sphere will always be the home, and her ordinary task, the making of the home. The long years of maternity will leave little time for outward occupations. But even the unmarried and childless woman and the woman whose children no longer need her all-absorbing care are not condemned to a life of inaction if they remain within their own sphere. They all have their duties which, if properly performed, will fill their lives to overflowing with great and noble works for God and for mankind, and that without necessitating their entering into competition with man in occupations or pursuits which have been hitherto regarded as peculiarly his own.

Speaking of unoccupied women, Joseph Husslein, S. J. says in a recent issue of *The Catholic Mind*: "They are meant to be mothers in the

highest and spiritual sense in which all true dignity of motherhood consists. To them orphaned children stretch out their little hands in mute appeal, the sick and dying look up into their eyes for love and kindly help, the outcast and abandoned seek in them their natural protectors, the child and women toilers in the dark tenements, in shop and mill and factory lift to them their cry. The great works of instruction and Christian charity in all their countless phases call on them for that personal service which the saintly women of God's Church have always given long before the modern phraseology of scientific philanthropy had been invented. To say, as we now hear it claimed on all sides, that woman's hands are empty, is only ignorance and folly."

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

A man's work in the world looks so much bigger and more important to a woman than her work in the home. Hence, even the best of mothers may sigh at times when she hears or reads of some vital work done by a man. That it is a great privilege and responsibility to do a man's work in the world, admits of no question. But, what the woman forgets, says the *Woman's Magazine* is that it is by far a greater privilege and an infinitely greater responsibility, to shape and control the early influences and environments that are to create the man who is to do the work. That greater work doubles the "worth-whileness" of every hour of a woman's life, compared with that of a man. He does what he is created and shaped to do, but the mother has born and shaped the man to do it. That is why we hear successful men so often say, "What I am, I owe to my mother; the credit is her's. She shaped, I did."

THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER

Trying to be reasonably cheerful is a duty that ought not to be shirked. Science is telling us in these days that to lose the habit of enjoyment is to lose one's vigor and vitality, to weaken in efficiency, and to grow old before one's time. There is nothing like laughter—not empty-headed laughter, but the intelligent, wholesome kind—to keep people young and fresh and fit for the business and obligations of life. Of course, this is a prescription not always easy to live up to, but there is no reasonable excuse for not trying to do it. Sometimes it is quite as easy to be happy as to be miserable, if one makes up one's mind to it, and there is no doubt at all as to which pays the best.

Most of us are inclined to become impatient over the chapters of our life that do not please us. We want to hurry on to the next, forgetting that to live the "now" rightly is the only way to fit ourselves for what may be coming.

A sigh is a confession of failure, a signal of surrender. Never lose courage. Failure will not dog your footsteps if you face the future with dogged determination.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

X

By Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

AFTER the massacre of the Fathers, the missions of Guale and Cumberland Islands seem to have been abandoned for a while, or rather, the missionaries, save one as we shall see later, most probably retired to the monastery at St. Augustine, and from there visited their people more or less regularly. This may be only surmised, however; for the chronicles of that period are sadly deficient. Regular reports had not yet been prescribed by either the king or the ecclesiastical authorities, and that renders a connected history, so easy in California as regards statistics, most difficult with reference to Florida.

While the missionaries made their headquarters at the convent of St. Augustine, a great misfortune occurred to that community on March 14, 1599. The monastery was destroyed by fire, so that the friars had to take refuge at the hospital or hospice of Soledad. Fr. Blas de Montes, under date of February 25, 1600, reports the matter to the king as follows:

"SIR, — In other letters written to Your Majesty I have given an account of the fire we had on the 14th of March last year, 1599, in this city. Among other houses burned with the church was ours. We therefore came to the hospital for shelter, where we still are, and whence I implore Your Majesty to

rebuild our house. The seven hundred ducats which are required to repair and cover the house, and which we hope you will send us, will be placed in deposit with the treasurer of this province until a decision has been reached regarding this country. On account of its ruined and barren condition, it is incapable of maintaining so many natives as are here; and, as was demonstrated the other day, many seem to think they will order this garrison removed to another more advantageous place. Should this be the case, your servant will advise you at once of all that occurs.

"In the report I make to you about the Indians, I must say, My Lord, that we make little progress, and are but poorly esteemed by them. The fault must lie with us. There will no doubt be those who will so report to Your Majesty. The good esteem which I am directed to have for the governor, I shall try to show in every respect, except that I shall not neglect my duties; these I shall perform as I have always done. In sending out the friars to convert the Indians and to teach the Christian doctrine, I have always observed the command given by Your Majesty as the royal patron. It is perfectly well known that no friar has been sent by me or my predecessors to convert Indians and teach them without the

permission and sanction of the governor. Should it become necessary, I will make him acknowledge this fact, which he well knows. As we are so few he can not be ignorant of it, since we eat from his hands at all times.

"If this country is to be made prosperous and to be civilized, it would be well to send a bishop here, because it is quite necessary to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. For the peace, then, of those who live here, it would be well for Your Majesty to consider and to provide as you may see fit, and as God would wish. There is nothing a man should desire more than the salvation of his soul. For this reason, it seems urgent for me to retire from this work and to take shelter where I can secure this end while I serve Your Majesty in seclusion. For this purpose I humbly beg and implore Your Majesty to send me a permit to return to Spain, because I feel certain I can be of little benefit while I remain in this country. May our Blessed Lord preserve Your Majesty in peace and love.

Your servant,

FR. BLAS DE MONTES."

This letter reveals no little dissatisfaction with the conditions on the Florida peninsula. It again clearly shows what an undignified position the missionaries held in the Spanish dominion, owing to the so-called "union" of Church and State. Here, as elsewhere, their very spiritual activity was dependent on the will of the governor. That the Spanish missionaries, nevertheless, with the help of God contrived to convert the Indian tribes of the Western Continent from Colorado to Patagonia, and even the natives on the Philippines, proves with what patience, fortitude, prudence, and unselfishness they labored. Only men thoroughly imbued with

religion, and wholly stripped of self, could have submitted to the endless vexations and opposition from petty officials, and not lose the respect of the aborigines.

A letter written to the king by the famous Fr. Francisco Pareja about the same time, throws more light on the situation. It reads as follows:

"SIR,—This is a synopsis of the letter sent to Your Majesty by a vessel which left this port of St. Augustine in February this year, 1600, via Habana. I therein gave an account of the spread of the Gospel in this land, as I was one of the eleven religious despatched by Your Majesty to teach these natives. When we arrived, we were assigned to different places, and each one tried his utmost to do what he could for the redemption of these souls. It proved an arduous and difficult life, as we had to travel afoot over bad roads, and at times had little or nothing to eat. As yet, not much fruit has been yielded, though the harvest, which we hope eventually to reap for the Lord, is worth the trials and sacrifices made, since we know that He suffered a bitter passion and death in order to redeem souls, and that He rejoices over the salvation of even one. How much more should we be willing to suffer for the conversion of so many souls whom we hope to save with the help of God? *There are more than eighty churches which we have built in the different missions, and others are under construction.* We are moved to do this in order to encourage the Indians, who seem hardly capable of good conceptions and obedience. They listen with little appreciation to what we preach, notwithstanding that our teaching accrues to their own good, inasmuch as we also provide for them and aid them in the time of need when the crops have failed. These Indians are so lazy

and improvident that if, after planting, we did not also take care of their crops, they would have nothing. They do not even save the seed for another planting.

"Of the governor I should like to say as little as possible. The misery and calamities among the Indians and Christians are due to his avarice. If the poor Spaniards at St. Augustine had not the hope that Your Majesty would be in some way informed, and would send them relief from the fearful calamity which the garrison is suffering, the affliction among the married and single men would become unendurable. They dare not, under any circumstances, send you information, as it would cost them their lives. Therefore, they have prayed me as their chaplain to do so. The war with the Indians in which many were killed and many taken prisoners, was uncalled for, and the Indians at 'Cabeza de Martires' are much incensed. As it is a place where many ships are wrecked, they have taken a whole crew and kept them until ransomed. We fear the Indians will do much damage to vessels passing to and fro. We feel sorry that the governor has shown so much anger towards the Indians, and has sent to Your Majesty such meagre accounts of the

true condition of this presidio. The place is swampy, little inhabited by Indians, and the roads are difficult. The bar is a rough one; it is said there are better ones on this coast towards the north. I have so heard through Fr. Baltazar Lopez, Vicar of that island," (probably Guale) "who has been there for twelve years working for the conversion of souls with other friars who came with him, but who have left for New Spain (Mexico). He alone remains at his post, very hopeful, as he has mastered the Indian language, which is of great help to him in preaching. He has converted many who now frequent the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. Had it not been for him, who converted the Cacique Don Juan, there would have been a terrible uprising among the Indians, and probably not a Spaniard would have been left. Thus through the influence of Fr. Baltazar over Don Juan, who is highly in favor of Christianity and civilized ideas, this trouble was averted. Don Juan even sent relief to the people of this town during the time of the famine. As Fr. Baltazar's experience is of long standing, it has been decided that he should write to Your Majesty, and give a full account of all that has happened."

PATRON FEAST AT SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

By Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M.

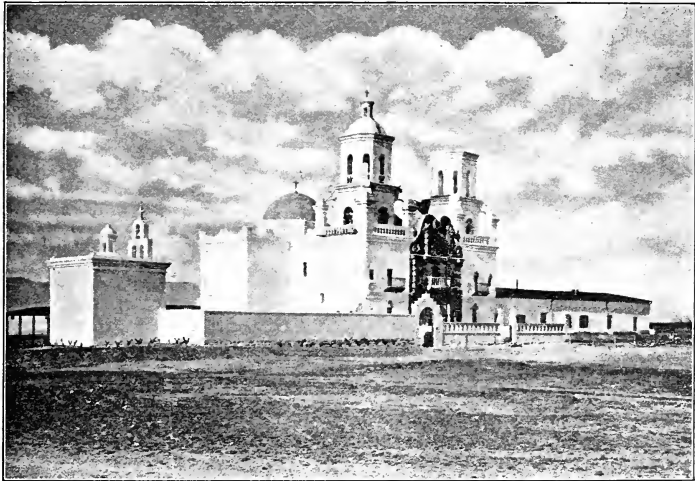
SAN Xavier del Bac is a Papago mission, about nine miles from Tucson, Arizona. This mission, recently revived by the Franciscans, was first visited by Fr. Eusebio Kino, S. J., and dedicated by him to St. Francis Xavier. However, from a lack of priests, the spiritual care of the village was eventually relinquished. During the ensuing generations, the faith of the Papagos was kept alive by

the continual observance of their "fiestas" in honor of the Holy Cross and of St. Francis Xavier.

St. Xavier, above all, is a universal favorite with the Papagos. Throughout the entire desert, in places where the Catholic padres have not trodden for more than a century, there are little chapels, topped by the cross, and containing the picture of the Saint, draped in silks. It was the fulfilment of a

promise made to St. Francis Xavier that brought Fr. Kino to the Papagos, and it was the wonderful cures attributed to the mediation of St. Francis Xavier that kept the people mindful of celebrating his feast. Only about two years ago, a dying Papago near San Rafael, who had used his influence to propagate the Presbyterian religion, thus addressed the Indians around him: "During my sleep there appeared

toric mission to honor the memory of the saint to whose intercession they owe the preservation of their faith. The Indians of the festal village entertain the visitors, and board them free of cost; the menu consists of fresh stewed beef, beans, tortillas, and coffee. As the cold winter nights make it impossible for all to appear at San Xavier on this occasion, the feast is celebrated three times annually: October 4,



Exterior of Mission

to me St. Francis, telling me that I had done wrong in assisting the minister's cause. His is not the right religion. When you go to Magdalena, to the wonderful image of St. Francis, pray for me; for I will have to suffer much in the next life."

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the feast of the saint is a general feast day. At San Xavier del Bac not only the Papagos of the town and of Tucson take part, but also those living far in the desert, gather round the his-

toric mission to honor the memory of the saint to whose intercession they owe the preservation of their faith. The Indians of the festal village entertain the visitors, and board them free of cost; the menu consists of fresh stewed beef, beans, tortillas, and coffee. As the cold winter nights make it impossible for all to appear at San Xavier on this occasion, the feast is celebrated three times annually: October 4,

Now for the feast as it was celebrated at San Xavier. The first vespers of the feast were sung in the church, which was illuminated with hundreds of candles. The Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of the diocese of Tucson, officiated. During the hymn of the vespers a procession was formed and led around the plaza before the church. The

plaza was illuminated by countless Chinese lanterns strung about long poles. Amid the firing of rockets and crackers, and the music of the native orchestra, the statue of our saint was borne on a litter, tastefully decorated by the kind Sisters of the school. Meanwhile, the people sang hymns in honor of the saint.

After the procession, the religious dances were held in the plaza, to the accompaniment of music by the native orchestra. Owing to the training received at the non-sectarian schools, the younger gen-

The Sisters had presented a pair of new cruets for the occasion, the Indians, twelve dollars worth of artificial flowers and a kind Spanish lady had donated a beautiful veil, embroidered with her own hands, for the throne of the Blessed Sacrament. The Right' Rev. Bishop Granjon pontificated. The music was rendered by the school children under the direction of the Sisters. A sermon in Papago was delivered by the present director of the mission, Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M. In the afternoon benediction with the



Interior of Mission

eration have introduced a slight change in the traditional program: they have influenced the older people to allow the religious dances to alternate with the American dances—an innovation that certainly does not meet the approval of St. Xavier.

The next morning, December 3, the religious ceremonies continued.

Blessed Sacrament was given by the Bishop.

On the morning of December 4, Mass was celebrated by the missionary. Immediately after Mass, followed the most impressive feature of the festivity. Every year, according to a time-honored custom, a man is appointed to act as director of the festivities during the en-

suing year; twelve others are elected to assist him. This is to signify that the holy faith delivered by Christ and his twelve Apostles is a heavenly repast, which will become a feast of surpassing splendor in Heaven. A banner, borne by the director of festivities, reminds the people that the faith of St. Xavier is the faith of Christ. An ivory-topped baton is carried by the next in rank, to indicate the superiority of St. Peter over the other apostles. The thirteen officers are installed after the following manner: After the last prayers of the Mass, the sacristan of the church proceeds to the statue of St. Xavier which stands in the nave of the church. When he arrives there, one of the Indians entones the Latin litany of the Blessed Virgin, and the whole congregation sings the responses. Toward the close of the litany, the sacristan takes the banner from its place at the side of the statue, and turns to the congregation. Before him kneel, in two rows, the

thirteen officials of the old year and the thirteen who are about to enter on their term. They are now to make a solemn profession of faith. Two by two they approach and kneel before the statue. Then placing their hands on the banner, they promise fidelity to the faith of St. Xavier. Finally, the two chief officials of the new year approach, and having vowed fidelity, the banner and the baton are entrusted to their keeping. Thereupon, the men are escorted out of the church, led by an acolyte bearing the cross, the judge of the village, Jose Rios and the missionary closing the line.

This beautiful ceremony which is annually performed at San Xavier del Bac, never fails to make a deep impression on all present. It was by religious observances such as this that the Papagos preserved their faith in the teaching of Christ, so that even now, after long years of neglect, practically all are Catholics. May God bless our efforts to safeguard their holy faith.

THE LAST DAYS OF WHITE FEATHER, THE MEDICINE MAN

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

SOME time ago, I told the readers of *Franciscan Herald* of the Baptism and the happy death of Frances Niganigabawikwe, daughter of White Feather. Now I shall tell what happened after Niganigabawikwe had died, and gone to Heaven.

It is wonderful how Heaven was opened to little Frances. But was she to be the only happy one in all the relation of White Feather? That would have been too bad. Niganigabaw means, "I take the lead", and she was, indeed, to be the first of many relatives to enter the saving Church. Ikwesens, a daughter of White Feather and the

wife of Antoine Slater, had all her children baptized in the Catholic Church. Later on, she also was baptized. Matchikwe, a sister of the old sage, was taken with pneumonia, and likewise desired holy Baptism. After her Baptism, she lived only a few days. About an hour before her pious passing, she said to some Catholic women who were about her deathbed, "Oh, I am so happy. Soon I shall see the Blessed Virgin."

One day, soon after his sister's demise, I found old White Feather, now eighty years of age, cutting wood.

"What is the news?" I asked.

"Oh, I can hardly get along anymore," was the answer.

"Listen," I said. "To be sure, you are aged, and soon you will be unable to get along. But if you will be baptized, you will have a new life, and when you will have left this life, you will live in everlasting youth in Heaven. See, Matchikwe, your sister, is now dead—"

"Yes, she is dead," he put in.

"And she was baptized," continued I.

"Yes, they say so. But they talked it into her."

at heart. But she was in mortal fear of her dread lord, who threatened to cut her down with his long knife if she became a Catholic. And what happened? One morning, White Feather told her to go to the forest for some firewood. On returning, she found her husband lying helpless and in pain upon the floor. It seems he had fallen asleep, and so dropped from his chair.

"I have seen Matchi Manito (the Bad Spirit)," he said to her, "he of whom I have dreamt so often. Yes, the Indian is a poor, foolish



The Home of White Feather

"No, she wanted it. She sent for the priest to come and baptize her,"

"Gibadisi, she was foolish!"

"No, she was not foolish, she was very prudent. Now she is in Heaven, where it is so nice, and she would be happy if in time you would come to her."

"We Indians do not go to your Heaven; we go where the sun goes down."

I tried to teach him better, but the seed fell on barren soil.

Pijikins, the wife of White Feather, had long been a Catholic

creature. His religion is empty. Lying Indians have made it. I want to be baptized."

His request was granted. Three days later he passed away.

Now that his aged wife no longer had to fear the great knife, she too entered the Church, and was baptized on November 19. Elizabeth, for so she is named, is old and bent, but still she comes to church. Soon, no doubt, she will join her husband above.

Antoine Slater, son-in-law of White Feather, tells that the aged medicine man never worked on

Sunday and never broke his promises. Although he could neither read nor write, yet he understood the pictures in the Bible History, and could explain them to others.

I have enclosed a picture of the dwelling of Wabishkigwanebi

(White Feather). A grand building, a magnificent palace, to be sure! In this wretched hovel lived and died the eighty year old sage of Pakwenang. We trust that he now has a better home in the house of his heavenly Father.

ANITA

(CONCLUDED)

(For *Franciscan Herald* by Alice Hammond)

THE stranger was recovering rapidly. The weeks sped on as by magic. Anita brought her stranger, as she called him, all the curios that she could find on her beloved mountain. The time then came when, by the aid of Granny's cane, he was able to walk about. Little Anita was his companion. She led him to the beautiful little dells in the mountains. She took him to where she picked the choicest Christmas berries; where the ferns grew tallest, and where little springs came rippling out of the mountain side.

When the stranger was about to depart, tears blinded Granny's eyes. Anita clasped her little hands about his, and begged him to remain always with them. She told him how lonesome the cabin would be when he had gone. "Anita," he said, "some day I will return. Will you be happy to see me again?" She only wept, and clinging closer to him could say nothing. Thus he left widow Gonzales's cabin, and, as he rode off, he stopped many times, and looked back with the deepest gratitude in his gaze.

Some five years after the stranger left the cabin, Anita, at seventeen, was teacher in the village school, loved by all her pupils and neighbors of the surrounding country. The sick and unfortunate were her especial care, and they blessed her

whenever they gazed upon the sweet, smiling face that was ever bringing them comfort. They styled her the Village Angel.

One bright sunny day, while gathering wild poppies, which grew so abundantly about the canyons, her heart was happy, and she lifted her voice in song as if in answer to the meadow-lark which sang so boldly almost over her head in one of the branches of the friendly trees.

Standing beside his horse at a short distance from Anita, but hidden by a cluster of pines, was a broad-shouldered man of some thirty years, his dark, handsome face brightened with a sudden joy, leaning forward to listen, and silently drinking in the beautiful sight before him.

Anita continued to gather the poppies until her basket was filled. Then, still singing, seated herself beside a clump of brush, the creek rippling almost at her feet.

His heart stood still. He recognized the spot where he lay wounded some five years before. Could that be Anita, the beautiful lady before him; and was it possible she loved the spot where they first had met? Or was his heart deceiving him? Mayhap she was some lady who, like himself a tourist, loved mountain scenery. Could it be but a coincidence that she sat in the same place where he lay wounded and

helpless? Almost breathless he still watched. Then his eyes grew misty. He staggered forward, and cried, "Anita, Anita!" Looking up, she saw a man with both arms extended; and frightened beyond words, she fled through the canyon, and disappeared into the deep forest.

Mounting his horse, the stranger rode up the rocky paths until he stopped at the old familiar gate, almost covered with creeping vines. The rows of geraniums smiled their welcome to him. The wreath of smoke from Granny's cabin also bespoke a friendly welcome to the wandering stranger.

Grandma was preparing dinner, and was startled by the appearance of a gentlemen in the open doorway. On recovering from the sudden fright, she recognized in him her own beloved stranger, as she was wont to call him. With both hands extended she welcomed him back.

His first inquiry was for Anita. He soon learned that she was a teacher in the village school; that vacation was on, and that most of her time was spent wandering through the mountains gathering flowers.

Some time after, a beautiful young lady, with wonderful dark eyes and a sweet sympathetic face, came hurrying in, her hat in her hand, her basket empty, and her face flushed as from embarrassment. On seeing the strange gentleman, she halted, and seemed about to retreat when Granny called to her to come in. A second glance at the dark handsome face, and Anita, with an exclamation of joy, clasped her little white hands in his.

It was a happy party that dined that day in the mountain hut. Anita, a child no longer, insisted on knowing of the stranger who he was and where he was going. He replied, "My name is Harold Jarvis. My home is in New York. I have

been traveling abroad since I last saw you, and I am about to return to the East.

Mr. Jarvis asked whether he might remain at the cabin until he would start for his home in New York. It is needless to say Granny consented.

The days sped as hours; vacation would soon be ended, and Anita would return to her labors, teaching in the village school.

One morning, Anita and Mr. Jarvis, wandering through the mountain, came to the very spot where five years before he had been thrown from his horse. The autumn leaves covered the ground with their brilliant shades, and the birds seemed to sing more sweetly than ever. Seating himself on some moss at her feet, he told her of the love he felt for her; how, when he left their cabin, he plucked a little bunch of her Christmas berries and, although years had passed, and he had been in many foreign lands since, the little bunch of berries he had never parted with. "Each little faded berry," he said, "was dearer to my heart than the jewels of a king." The happy smiling face of Anita spoke volumes.

When they returned to the cabin, dinner was ready and Granny's beloved stranger asked for her precious treasure—Anita. Amid tears she consented.

After a few weeks, a happy bride and bridegroom stood at the altar in the village church. The simple ceremony was soon over, and with Granny's blessing, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis started on their journey to New York.

* * *

In a beautiful drawing-room of a brown stone mansion, in a fashionable quarter of New York, stood a dignified old lady, with silver grey hair, a letter in her hand. Sitting on a couch before her, was a stately

looking old gentleman, his snow-white hairs and kind benevolent face, a striking contrast to the cold proud woman before him. "So Harold intends to come home, after his disgraceful conduct in breaking his engagement with Miss Allen. She with all her money would have been a brilliant match for our son, but instead of marrying among his own class, he has the impudence to send us a letter saying that he has married a poor mountain girl, and is bringing her home with him." "Impossible," replied the old gentleman, "Harold was always a good boy. To think he would disgrace his parents, is impossible."

The day arrived when Harold and his bride were expected. No welcome was there for them. The mother uneasy at their delay walked to a window. The father shuffled nervously in his chair at the thought of Mrs. Jarvis's wrought-up anger. He well knew what a greeting was in store for Harold and his bride.

As Harold and his wife entered the room, with a cold toss of her head she bade them be seated. Anita, surprised at such a reception, looked pitifully at Harold. He arose to assist her to remove her wraps,

and in doing so, unfastened a small gold chain which she wore about her neck. The stately Mrs. Jarvis noticing the little chain, walked over to where Anita was and taking it in her hand said, "Can you tell me how you came by this chain?" Anita told the simple story of the beautiful lady who gave it to her, and who told her always to wear it. "Come here, Harold, my son," she said, with a softened look on her face as she turned to him. "Some years ago, I was traveling through California. In the Sonoma Mountains I captured a wild bird. Taking from my neck this little chain, a family relic, I clasped it on my beautiful bird's neck, always dreaming that one day I should return to the cabin in the mountains. Harold, you have brought me home my prize, and made a fond mother's heart glad." "Mother," spoke Harold, "do you remember the wild bird's name?" "Anita," spoke the mother; "Anita, the Village Angel," replied Harold.

It is needless to say that Anita won their hearts completely. In time she and Harold returned to California, where they built a beautiful home in sight of the mountain cabin.

APOTHEGMS OF ST. FRANCIS

Where there is charity and wisdom, there is neither fear nor ignorance.

Where there is patience and humility, there is neither anger nor worry.

Where there is poverty and joy, there is neither cupidity nor avarice.

Where there is quiet and meditation, there is neither solicitude nor dissipation.

Where there is the fear of the Lord to guard the house, the enemy can not find a way to enter.

Where there is mercy and discretion, there is neither superfluity nor hard-heartedness.



INGOLSTADT MASS ASSOCIATION

By Fr. Roger, O.F.M.

In the year 1552, a young postulant by the name of John Nas asked and received admission as lay-brother into the Franciscan friary of Ingolstadt, Germany. In the corridor of the venerable convent, there stood a little statue of the Blessed Virgin with the divine Infant, at the foot of which the young religious often wept over the havoc wrought in Church and State by the so-called Reformation, calling upon the Mother of God to intercede for so many souls who were in danger of being lost. With the consent of his superiors, he prepared himself for the sacred ministry. Under the guidance of Mary, "the Seat of Wisdom", the humble lay brother became so proficient in learning and piety, that his superiors admitted him to Holy Orders and to the ministry. As a strenuous preacher and forceful writer, he began to combat heresy, and in a short time numbered his converts from Lutheranism by the thousands. Archduke Ferdinand of Austria called him to preach at his court, and Pope Gregory XIII appointed him coadjutor-bishop of Brixen. After a life of extraordinary merits, the zealous friar died a holy death on May 16, 1590.

The little statue in the corridor of the convent at Ingolstadt thenceforth became an object of deep veneration. In large numbers the people began to flock thither, and in pious gratitude had many Masses said in honor of the Immaculate Mother for favors received. In order to preserve and increase this holy enthusiasm, Fr. Innocent Mayr,

another apostolic Franciscan, organized the so-called Mass Association. Each member of the Association promised to have a Mass said on a certain day of each year in honor of the Blessed Virgin to procure through her intercession for all members the grace of a happy death and for those already deceased speedy assistance and liberation from the pains of purgatory.

The Association, founded in 1726, grew rapidly. In 1874, it was erected into a formal ecclesiastical confraternity under the title of the Immaculate Conception. At present, it has an enrollment of over 700,000 members, embracing all stations and callings; over 2000 Masses are said daily for the above-mentioned intentions.

The duties of the members of the Association are: 1. They must have their names and complete address inscribed on the list of members preserved at the Franciscan convent at Ingolstadt, Bavaria; 2. They must have a Mass said every year, at any place, on a fixed day, or as soon as possible after the fixed date, in honor of the Immaculate Virgin "for the intentions of the Association"; 3. They should see to it that their certificate of membership is sent to the convent at Ingolstadt after their death, in order that their names may be placed on the list of the dead for whom the Masses and prayers are offered.

For further information apply to the Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., Teutopolis, Illinois, who has been commissioned to receive members into the Association.





FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—In the course of the year the causes of beatification of several children of St. Francis have been dealt with by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

On July 1, the Sacred Congregation held preliminary meetings in the cause of Fr. Marian de Rocca Casale, a lay brother of the Order of Friars Minor.

On the 29th of the same month, the acts of the servant of God, Fr. Joseph de Palermo, a novice of the Capuchin Order, were examined.

The Holy Father has likewise granted permission to examine the acts of the servant of God, Margaret of Loraine. Margaret was at first a Tertiary, but later joined the Order of Poor Clares at Argentan, where she died in the odor of sanctity.

The same permission was given in the cause of the servant of God, Fr. Amadeus Menez, a priest of the Order of Friars Minor, a Portuguese of noble extraction. He died in Milan on August 10, 1487.

Preliminary meetings have also been held for introducing the cause of the Fr. Marcus of Aviano, O. M. Cap. The saintly priest and far-famed preacher lived in the middle of the seventeenth century at the time of the Turkish invasion of Europe. Like St. John Capistran of the Order of Friars Minor, he too is styled the savior of Europe. It was mainly due to his efforts that the dissenting princes of Hungary united their military forces for the common cause of Christendom, and eventually overcame the

Turks. Fr. Marcus died in the year 1699 at Vienna, Austria.

The Holy Father has likewise sanctioned the proceedings for the beatification of the Rev. Antony Chevrier. The saintly priest was a loyal Tertiary. A brief sketch of his life will be found in Vol. 1, p. 386 of *Franciscan Herald*.

Venice, Italy.—Six years ago, in the Capuchin convent at Venice, the Rev. Fr. Seraphin, O. M. Cap., at present Definitor General of the Order, founded the Catholic Workmen's Union. With heart-felt pity the good Father observed how so many poor workmen of the city, obliged to borrow money from the Jews, fell victims to their unbearable usury. With the help of wealthy and charitable citizens he, accordingly, organized the workmen into a Union, which has been widening its beneficial influence ever since. Recently, His Eminence Cardinal Cavallari solemnly blessed a banner of the society. Is this not continuing the work of a St. Bernadine of Siena, of a Bl. Bernadine of Feltre and of so many illustrious sons of St. Francis, who like their glorious Father had ever the welfare of human society at heart?

Faeza, Italy.—A Capuchin Father residing in the convent of the Order at Faeza has painted a new picture of St. Francis. It is styled "Franciscan Vision", and, it represents the Saint in ecstasy under the branches of a great oak. The painting is much admired by critics and considered a masterpiece.

Assisi, Italy.—The erection of a new building for a Franciscan Museum and Library is well under way. The corner stone of the ample structure was laid some time ago.

Salzano, Italy.—The local branch of the Third Order, which has been flourishing for the last thirty-six years, boasts of a singular privilege. Its register bears the name of our gloriously reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X. Years ago, while still an arch-priest he joined the Third Order, becoming a member of our fraternity. He received the cord and scapular at the hands of the Rev. Bindoni, whom the Franciscans of Venice had granted the necessary faculties.

Werl, Germany.—On October 8, two of our lay brothers were the center of solemn and touching festivities. Ven. Bro. Oswald, O.F.M., celebrated his diamond and Ven. Bro. Josaphat, O.F.M., his golden jubilee. Franciscans from far and near, among them three jubilarians, came to congratulate the two Ven. Brothers, who for so many years have faithfully served their God and their holy Order.

Japan.—The Franciscan Missions in Japan are progressing rapidly. At present, the Fathers have charge of eight flourishing stations. Hiroshima and Iwamisawa have been recently added to their field of labor. The hospital in Sapporo is nearing its completion. Besides the small seminary in Hakodate Kameda, where native youths are trained and educated for the holy priesthood, the Franciscans have also a special institution for children who are soon to receive their first holy Communion. This enables children who have a far way to the mission to attend the catechetical instructions regularly and, what is more, keeps them from bad influences, to which they might be exposed at home. The aborigines love and respect their missionaries.

China.—The body of Sister Assunta of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, has been exhumed from the cemetery in Taiuienfu by order of the Vicar Apostolic. She died some eight years ago. On account of her virtues, the Chinese Christians considered her a saint, and after her death would go to her grave, and pray to her for help in their needs. A number of wonderful cures, they claim, have been obtained through her intercession. On opening the grave, the body of the pious religious was found incorrupt and flexible although the coffin was entirely decayed.

Belgium.—The Tertiaries of Belgium are organizing so-called Apologetical Circles. In these circles, burning questions of the day are advanced, and discussed according to principles of Catholic philosophy and in a manner both popular and attractive. In many places, the meetings are held in halls reserved for this purpose. Men of all walks are welcome, whether they are Tertiaries or not; even those indifferent in matters of religion are not excluded. The Rev. Director of the respective branch of the Third Order presides at the meetings. Conferences are given by men well versed in their respective field of learning. The circle at Mechlin may serve to show the aim of these circles. This circle was founded four years ago. In winter, the meetings are held once every week, and they usually last an hour and a half. The speakers are in most cases Franciscan Fathers; often a priest of the secular clergy, who is generally a professor of the seminary, and sometimes an educated layman lend their services. They treat on matters of religion, or speak on the nature, scope, excellence, and duties of the Third Order. After the discourse, those present discuss the matter treated and also other items of interest and

benefit to the audience. If necessary, the final decision of the question is given by the chairman. As a rule, about one hundred men attend the meetings, not only of the hard-working but also of the more refined and educated class.

Though only of recent founding, these various Apologetical Circles have already borne abundant fruit. Men indifferent heretofore have gradually become more fervent in religion; precise and lucid demonstration of the truth has destroyed much ignorance and prejudice, and, what is more, the men have the courage of their convictions, and are doing effective work as lay apostles.

Duesseldorf, Germany.—Meetings of the Third Order are held here twice a month, once for the men and young men and once for the women and young women. After every meeting, the novices receive special instructions. Our fraternity has among its members a young lady who received a special training as nurse. It is her duty to attend to the poor of the city in time of sickness. Each member of the Third Order contributes annually one mark towards her support.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Fifty years ago, two Sisters of St. Francis pronounced together their religious vows in the chapel of St. Antony's Convent. They were Sister Norberta and Sister Marianna. On November 15, they joyously commemorated the golden jubilee of the event, Sister Norberta at the local convent, Sister Marianna thousands of miles away in the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. It was a day of joy for both. Although separated by land and sea, their hearts were united in prayers of thanksgiving to God. The two Sisters exchanged cablegrams of congratulations.—Thirty Franciscan Sisters, all from the local mother house are at present caring for the lepers of Molokai. Sister

Marianna has spent thirty years in their service. No sister is ever sent to this mission against her will, and of the many who, strange to say, beg for permission to serve these poor of Christ, not a few are denied this privilege, because it is feared they would soon fall a prey to the unwholesome climate and surroundings of the leper colony.

Dubuque, Ia.—At the mother house of the Franciscan Sisters in this city, Sister M. Rose was summoned to her eternal reward. She was 81 years old and a member of the Franciscan Order for 58 years. She received the habit of St. Francis in France. During the Franco-Prussian war, Sister Rose with several other German Sisters had to return to their native land. Later on the Kultur-kampf broke out in Germany, and all religious orders were driven from the country by Bismarck. Then it was that Sister Rose with many others of the Franciscan community came to America. The Sisters eventually founded a house in Dubuque, and Sister Rose was among the first to reside there.

San Luis Rey, Cal.—The Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province have opened a parochial school at the Old Mission. Thirty-four children have been enrolled.

Fruitvale, Cal.—On Tuesday, December 4, at the Franciscan convent in Fruitvale, the death occurred of Brother Joseph O'Malley, O.F.M., a lay brother, who had passed the eighty-second milestone of life.

The deceased was the oldest member of the Franciscan Order in California, where he arrived in the heyday of gold mining, crossing the plains to reach the El Dorado of his longings. For years he worked on the gold fields at mining and store-keeping, and amassed a fortune. His became the privilege of being elected the first Mayor of Portland, Ore., but after some years spent in the profitable pursuit of business,

he gave up the world for the humble life of the cloister, and became a Franciscan lay brother.

As a member of the Order he had been stationed at the different missions throughout the State, including Santa Barbara, Watsonville, Los Angeles, and others. He spent his last declining years at Fruitvale.

Victoria, Minn.—The new school-building is completed. It was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, November 23. On Monday and Tuesday following, a fair was held for the benefit of the parish. Rev. Fr. Rufinus, O.F.M., is the zealous pastor of the parish at Victoria.

Melrose, Ill.—The parishioners of St. Antony's in this city were blessed with a week's mission, lasting from December 7 to 14. The religious exercises were conducted by the Rev. Fr. Maurice, O.F.M., Guardian of the Franciscan convent in St. Louis, Mo. The last mission in Melrose was held twenty-one years ago.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—On the third Sunday in November, 103 postulants received the cord and scapular of the Third Order. The Very Rev. Fr. Benedict, Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, officiated; he was assisted by Rev. Fr. Alexis, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist, O.F.M. Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M. preached a short but very eloquent sermon on the excellence of the Third Order.

The Forty Hours' Devotion, which was held at St. Peter's December 7, 8 and 9, was well attended. Great throngs of Tertiaries came on the three days for the hour of adoration. The evening sermons were preached, on Sunday, by Rev. Fr. Christopher; on Monday, by Rev. Fr. Hilary of Oak Forest, and on Tuesday, by Rev. Fr. Matthew.

St. Augustine's Church.—In the past year forty-four new members were received into the Third Order,

whilst forty-eight made their profession as Tertiaries; eight members were called to their eternal reward. On November 23, four members celebrated their silver jubilee as Tertiaries. Our fraternity has achieved much good in the past year; a large number of religious newspapers and periodicals were distributed; many poor and needy were provided with clothing; frequent visits were made to the sick; in short, our Tertiaries have been very active in the field of Christian charity.

Belleville, Ill.—On November 29, a new bishop was appointed to the see of Belleville in the person of the Rev. Henry Althoff. The Bishop-elect is a graduate of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill. On November 24, 1895, he joined the College-branch of the Third Order of St. Francis, receiving the name Francis. A year later, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, he made his profession. On October 7, 1897, at a meeting of the Tertiary students he was elected prefect. The official records of the College show him to have been a model student in every respect. Father Althoff's elevation to the episcopal dignity is a source of great joy to the College faculty and student body. The *Franciscan Herald* joins his many friends in extending to him sincere congratulations and wishing him God's blessing on his episcopal labors.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—“The Planting of the Cross at Santa Barbara”, a drama composed by the Rev. De Sales Gliebe, O.F.M., has been made the subject of a motion picture display. With the consent of the Rev. Fathers of the Old Mission Mr. Lorimer Johnson had his cameras placed in readiness Sunday afternoon, November 23, when the drama was presented for the first time on the steps of the St. Antony's College.

San Francisco, Cal.—"Two-thousand by 1915" seems to be the slogan of the flourishing branch of the Third Order at St. Boniface Church. The average number of receptions and professions per month has been between 25 and 30. A fact deserving of special mention is the large and ever increasing number of men belonging to this branch. Men of all walks and stations in life devoutly attend the regular meetings of the order every first Sunday in the month and are also actively engaged in the work of the councillors.

A full account of the Tertiary Pilgrimage to the grave of Padre Junipero Serra, made under the auspices of the Third Order branches of St. Boniface's and St. Antony's, will be found elsewhere in the present issue of *Franciscan Herald*.

The recent lecture on "St. Francis a Social Reformer", so ably delivered by the eloquent Fr. Appolinaris, O.F.M., has swelled the Library Fund of the local Third Order to the amount of about two hundred dollars.

Congregational singing introduced some time ago, is a source of widespread devotion and greater interest. The rapid growth of the Third Order is helping to make for deeper spiritual life amongst the people of San Francisco. The Holy Hour on the first Friday of each month is publicly observed by the Tertiaries before the Blessed Sacrament, in prayer and meditation. The monthly meeting of the councillors is well attended, and much is accomplished for the advancement of the cause of our Seraphic Father, St. Francis.

St. Louis, Mo.—St. Antony's Church—As was announced in the *Herald* last month, the golden jubilee of the Third Order in St. Louis was concluded with the presentation of the beautiful legendary drama, "The Miracle of Roses or

St. Elizabeth of Thuringia." The Tertiaries took such interest in this play, which depicted scenes from the life of their heavenly patroness, that the drama had to be staged once more than had been originally planned. It was given for the benefit of the library of the Third Order, and the proceeds netted quite a large sum.

November 24, the bi-centenary of the birth of Padre Junipero Serra, O.F.M., a solemn Conventual Mass was celebrated at the Franciscan monastery. The Very Rev. Provincial Benedict, O.F.M. officiated.—The happy event was also commemorated by the clerics of the monastery. Under the auspices of the Scotus Literary Circle, a literary and musical program was rendered, which may be of interest to our readers:

1, Song: "Ya Viene El Alba",—a hymn to the Blessed Virgin which in days gone by the Padres sang with their Indians.

2, Introductory: "Reasons for the Celebration", Fr. Jose.

3, Poem: "The Indians' Padre", composed by Fr. Paschal and read by Fr. Augustine.

4, Paper: "The Mission System", Fr. Martin.

5, Oration: "The Patriarch of the California Missions", Fr. Solanus.

6, Song: "En Honor de Padre Junipero Serra."—The melody was taken from an old evening hymn of the California Indians.

Cleveland, O.—The local branch of the Third Order has gained thirty-three new members since last month. The Rev. Director gives the members a conference in the monastery chapel every month, and the attendance is very good. During the year two hundred and fifty-six new members were enrolled, and sixty made profession. Recently a Tertiary library has been started.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

ON November 17, the averages for the first quarter of the present scholastic year were published by the Rev. Rector. The following boys received the highest number of points in their respective classes: Joseph Kola (96.37), Aurelius Brumleve (92.75), Raymond Duling (95.25), Antony Kriech (92.43), William Wernsing (95.56).

On Tuesday, November 23, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in thanksgiving for the recovery of the sick students of whom mention was made last month.

On Thanksgiving day, the students observed all the time-honored customs of the day. In the morning they attended the solemn service of thanksgiving in the chapel; at noon they did full justice to the turkey dinner prepared for them by Brother Francis; in the evening they assembled in the dramatic hall, where the drama "Fernando" was presented under the direction of Fr. Ferdinand, and a program of select music was rendered by the choir and orchestra with Fr. Charles directing.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

FERNANDO

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

Gomez, Lord of Alpunate.....	Joseph Kola
Fernando, 1st son of Gomez.....	Alphonse Fochtman
Alfonso, 2nd son of Gomez.....	Paul Eberle
Enrico, Castellano.....	Joseph Martin
Jago, Squire to Gomez.....	Andrew Kiemen
Abdallah, a Moorish Emir.....	Antony Glauber
Hamid, Abdallah's son.....	Louis Groeger
Tarik, Abdallah's slave.....	Antony Schwarz
Guards.....	Mancer Cyr & Stephen Kelly
Slave.....	Ali Piontkowski

Music

1. White Squadron.....Theo. Tobani
College Orchestra
2. Im Wald und im F-ide.....Volkslied
College Choir & Orchestra
3. Jennesse Doree.....E. Waldteufel
College Orchestra
4. Let the Hills and Vales Resound B. Richards
College Choir
5. Hunter's March.....Faust
College Orchestra

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, twenty-six new members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin made their solemn consecration to the Immaculate Mother of God, and received the badge and the certificate of the Sodality from the Rev. Director Fr. Ferdinand.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The month of November brought with it several notable events which will be long remembered by the students of St. Antony's.

On the first Sunday of the month, the literary circle held its regular meeting, at which four new members were enrolled. James Goggin, our worthy president, opened the program with a splendid discourse on "St. Francis as a Reformer". A fiery recitation followed: "The Christian Maiden and the Lion" rendered by Victor Battaini. Next a paper by Leslie Tariel on "The Friendly Stars", which was as interesting as it was elevating. Our Rev. Moderator then gave us a delightful treat by giving us a masterly sketch on "The Father of California", Junipero Serra.

"Serra Day", November 24, had been declared a legal holiday by Governor Johnson of California. Here in "Fair Santa Barbara by the Sea" the festivities commenced already on the afternoon of November 23 with solemn Complin and Benediction in the Old Mission Church; after which an historic pageant was enacted on the broad steps in front of the Old Mission before an audience of over 4,000 persons. It was more than surprising how all Santa Barbara took unusual interest and pride in witnessing the historically exact pres-

entation of the founding of their fair city by the humble Franciscan Friar Junipero Serra, which formed the central idea of Father De Sales' drama "The Planting of the Cross", the parts of which, it is granted on all hands, were taken very well by the students of the College. Besides the fifty students who had the speaking roles, there were in the cast a score of professional theatre-men from the "Flying A" company, who were of great assistance in procuring the necessary costumes and stage properties. An address in English by Rev. Fr. Linus, O.F.M., and another in Spanish by Rev. Fr. Humilis, O.F.M., preceded the presentation of the drama.

On Monday, November 24, a solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Linus, O.F.M., rector of the College, assisted by Rev. F. F. Julius and Paul, O.F.M., as deacon and subdeacon, and Rev. Fr. Turi-bius, O.F.M., as master of ceremonies. The College choir under the direction of Rev. Fr. Francis, O.F.M., rendered the music and singing. All the students attended in pioneer Spanish costumes. After Mass the procession formed in which the following took part: the city band, the old Spanish pioneers, the Knights of Columbus, the Native Sons and Daughters, the students of St. Antony's, the communities of the Old Mission and College; these were joined at the entrance of the church by the officiating clergy, who in a long line wended their way slowly round the large open square in front of the Mission to the large concrete cross, which had been erected in honor of Padre Junipero Serra. The unveiling and blessing of the memorial cross then took place. The speakers of the day were Mayor Boeske of Santa Barbara, Congressman Knowland, Rev. Fr. Serra of Montecito and Rev. Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., of Los Angeles. The solemn blessing was performed

by Rev. Fr. Michael, O.F.M., Provincial Commissary.



OBITUARY

- Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**
 Ellen Howe, Sister Anna;
 Bridget Dunne, Sister Mary;
 Margaret Clyde, Sister Frances;
 Bridget Dwyer, Sister Teresa;
 Mary Higgins, Sister Clara;
 Mary Coyle, Sister Apollonia.
- Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**
 Sarah Dunn; Teresa Steinhauer,
- Chillicothe, Mo., St. Columban's Church:**
 John Murphy.

THANKSGIVINGS

H. F. Siewerd of Santa Barbara, Cal., desires to thank Almighty God through the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and good St. Antony for a signal favor obtained through their powerful intercession.

The Ven. Sr. Clarissa of Fort Wayne, Ind., also wishes to give public thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of her mother.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

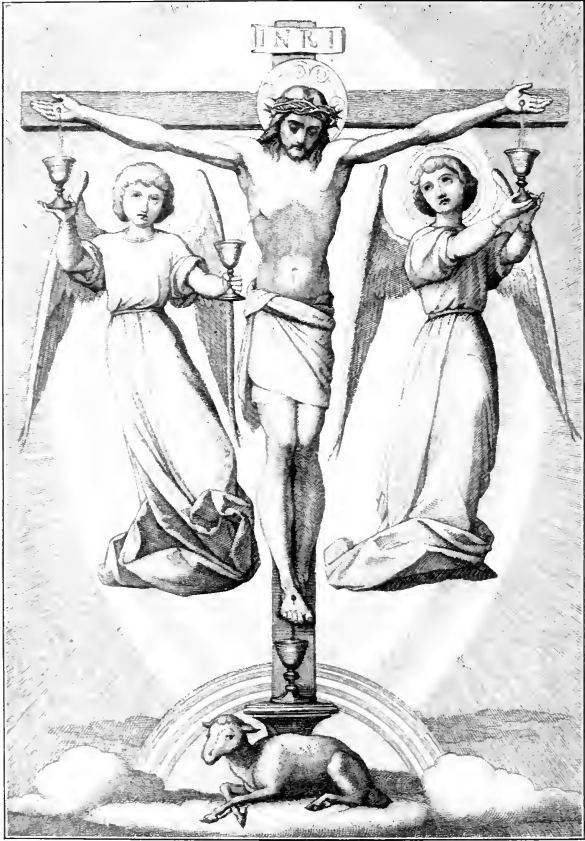
JANUARY, 1914.

DEDICATED TO THE
HOLY NAME.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Th.	New Year.—Circumcision of Christ, Day of Obligation. [G. A., P. I.] Gospel: The Circumcision of our Lord. Luke II, 21.
2	F.	St. Macarius, Ab.—St. Fulgentius, Bp.
3	S.	St. Genevieve, V. M.
4	S.	Sunday after Circumcision.—St. Titus, Bp. C. Gospel: The return from Egypt.
5	M.	Vigil of Epiphany.—St. Simeon Styl.
6	T.	Epiphany.—The Three Kings. [G. A., P. I.]
7	W.	St. Lucian, M.
8	Th.	St. Severin, Patron of Austria and Bavaria.
9	F.	SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM.
10	S.	Bl. Giles, C., 1st Ord.—St. William, C.
11	S.	1st Sunday after Epiphany.—St. Hyginus, P. M. Gospel: Jesus found among the doctors. Luke II, 42-52.
12	M.	St. Arcadius, M.
13	T.	St. Leontius, Bp., C.—St. Veronica of Milan, V.
14	W.	Feast of the Holy Name. [P. I.]—Bl. Bernard of Corleone, C., 1st Ord. [P. I.]
15	Th.	St. Paul the First Hermit, C.
16	F.	SS. Berard and Comp., MM, 1st Ord. [P. I.]
17	S.	St. Antony, Ab.
18	S.	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Gospel: The wedding feast at Cana. John II, 1-11.
19	M.	St. Canute, King and Martyr.
20	T.	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.
21	W.	St. Agnes, V. M.
22	Th.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.
23	F.	Espousals of the B. V. M.—St. Emerentiana, V. M.
24	S.	St. Timothy, Bp. M.
25	S.	3d Sunday after Epiphany.—Feast of the Holy Family. Gospel: Healing of the Leper. Matt. 8, 1-13.
26	M.	St. Polycarp, Bp. M.
27	T.	St. John Chrysostom, Bp. C. D.
28	W.	Bl. Matthew of Agrigenti, C., 1st Ord
29	Th.	St. Francis de Sales, Patron of the Catholic Press.
30	F.	St. Hyacintha of Mariscotti, V., 3rd Ord. [P. I.]
31	S.	Bl. Ludovica, W., 3rd Ord. [P. I.]

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence; 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"AND IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

NO. 2.

ECCE CRUCEM DOMINI

BEHOLD the Cross enshrined in light
From Heaven's realms of splendor drawn—
The Sun that rose on Calvary's height,
Dispelled the sin-born mists of night,
And woke Redemption's sanguine dawn.

Usurper, flee! Thy rebel throne
Is fallen, crushed thy haughty brow.
Whom once in Heaven thou wouldst not own,
His power divine o'er thee hath shown,
And foiled the vengeance thou didst vow.

Hail, Savior! God's eternal Son,
The Word that thrilled chaotic space!
Thou giant-like Thy course hast run,
O'er Satan's thrall the victory won,
Restored to life a hapless race.

Behold the Cross! Let us adore
With hearts of love the Crucified!
The valiant Lion of Juda tore
Our chains of bondage. Free once more,
For Him we live Who for us died.

F.B.,O.F.M.



ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA

PENITENT OF THE THIRD ORDER

FEBRUARY 22

THIS great penitent, who is called the "Magdalen of the Seraphic Order," was born at Laviano, Tuscany, in 1247. Her parents were well-to-do peasants. Her good mother sought, by word and example, to instill into her heart the love of God and of heavenly things, and, in spite of the natural levity and giddiness of her child, her efforts were not in vain. But unfortunately, when her pious instructions were beginning to bear fruit, and her child, then seven years old, was giving evidence of true piety and virtue, she passed away, thus leaving the child to her own guidance. And Margaret was so much in need of a guide and counselor. She was endowed by nature with great gifts of body and soul. She possessed a quick understanding combined with a lively imagination, and showed great dexterity in the performance of the various labors proper to her sex. Her great personal beauty was enhanced by a cheerful disposition and a kind and sympathetic feeling for all, especially the suffering and needy. Such gifts of body and soul, unless accompanied by humility and the fear of God, are the source of many dangers. And thus it was with Margaret. The open admiration and the flattery offered her from all sides, gradually opened her heart to vanity, especially as she saw that

she was envied, and she began to dream of honors and pleasures that would come to her. As her own home did not afford her the pleasures she sought, she longed to go out into the world. Her pious mother, who might have advised and guided her during this critical time, was no more, and her stepmother, far from showing her any love and sympathy, treated her with impatience and harshness, and thus confirmed her in her levity and worldliness.

The vain and thoughtless girl, at that time about seventeen years of age, at length entered the service of a nobleman of Montepulciano, near Laviano. This man, making use of the weak traits of her character, succeeded after some time by gifts and flattery, and, as it seems, by promises of marriage, in seducing her, and for nine years, she led a life of sin in the castle of Montepulciano, to the scandal of the people of the surrounding country.

During this whole time, however, she often lamented her wretched condition with sighs and tears, and longed to break with sin and to lead a life of virtue. But passion, vanity, and human respect held her captive, until God by a sudden stroke of his Providence, enabled her to put an end to her hesitation and to free herself from her shameful fetters.

The Lord of Montepulciano one day made a journey into the neighboring country. Margaret awaited his return for a whole day and night; but she waited in vain. At last, the favorite hound of the Lord returned to the castle alone, and by whining and pulling at her gown induced her to follow him. In a panic between hope and fear, she followed the hound into a thick wood, and there a horrible spectacle presented itself to her frightened eyes. Under a heap of leaves, lay the disfigured body of her accomplice in sin, who had been murdered by his enemies. This terrible sight, and the thought of the probable fate of the unhappy man in eternity, filled her with the greatest fear of the divine judgments and with the greatest loathing for her sins with which she had offended the most holy and just God and scandalized her fellow men. She at once resolved to mend her ways and to atone for her sins by penance.

After returning to the family of the deceased all the jewels and the property he had given her, she put on a penitential garb, and betook herself to Laviano, where she entreated her father to admit her into his house. Touched with compassion at her misery, he consented to receive her, but the opposition of the relentless stepmother obliged him to send his daughter from his door.

In this severe trial, made more severe by a terrible temptation to go back to her former life, Margaret called upon God, who does not forsake the repentant sinner. By divine inspiration, she went to Cortona, where, after making a general confession in the church of the Franciscans, she placed herself under their guidance.

Thenceforth, she lived in a small, secluded house, and gave herself up to prayer and works of penance, at the same time gaining her liveli-



St. Margaret of Cortona

hood by the labor of her hands. She often begged with tears for the habit of the Third Order, but her request was granted only after three years of the severest probation.

After her admission into the Third Order, she practised the strictest poverty, begging her food from door to door. With even greater fervor than before, she devoted herself to almost uninterrupted prayer, and to works of the severest mortification. Her bed was the bare floor; her ordinary food a little bread and water, and a few raw herbs. At times her fervor would have led her into intemperate self-mortification, if she had not been restrained by her prudent spiritual adviser. This life of se-

clusion and penance did not hinder her from being active in the service of others. She prevailed upon the inhabitants of Cortona to found a hospital for the sick poor; she instituted a congregation of Tertiary Sisters to nurse the sick; and established a confraternity of Our Lady of Mercy, the members of which bound themselves to support the hospital and to help the needy wherever found, particularly the respectable poor.

Margaret had to undergo many and severe struggles with Satan, who assailed her with all his cunning, but she always put him to flight with prayer, acts of humility and of mortification.

The holy penitent having thus triumphed over self and every earthly affection, received many extraordinary proofs of God's love. Thus, she was assured of the perfect remission of her sins, and favored with visions, revelations, and intimate conversations with our Savior. She could also read the secrets of hearts. She sometimes reminded persons of sins which they had not confessed, and brought them to repentance by her exhortations and prayers. Margaret had a tender compassion for the poor souls in purgatory, and through her prayers and acts of mortification many were delivered from their pains and admitted to the joys of heaven. God performed many miracles through her intercession; the sick recovered health, a dead boy was restored to life, and the evil spirits trembled at her approach, and left the possessed.

At length, the great penitent was called to her eternal reward after twenty-three years of severe penance, in the fiftieth year of her age,

on February 22, 1297. Her body was enclosed in a costly shrine, and interred in the Franciscan church at Cortona, which is dedicated to her name.

Her public veneration was confirmed by several Popes, and she was canonized by Pope Benedict XIII, on May 16, 1728.

REFLECTION

How beautifully the love and mercy of God towards the repentant sinner are exemplified in the life of St. Margaret of Cortona! For a number of years, she resisted the grace of God, and gave herself up to sin; yet God did not abandon her. At the first sign of repentance, he stretched out his hand and assisted her to rise from the depths into which she had fallen. And how mercifully did he not continue to assist her to overcome the assaults of the devil and to walk the path of virtue! "The Lord is gracious and merciful: patient and plentiful in mercy." (Ps. CXLIV, 9). No matter how numerous and grievous the offences may be with which the sinner has outraged the most holy God, they will be forgiven him if he turns to God with a truly contrite heart; that is, if he is heartily sorry for his sins, and is firmly determined to amend his life and to sin no more. Sin is so great an evil, that, even if we should have had the misfortune of committing only one, we ought daily to implore God's pardon and perform works of penance. Penance will obtain for us the special favor of God, and strengthen us against the daily attacks of the enemy of our salvation.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

13. THE BEGINNINGS OF THE THIRD ORDER

"It is as a grain of mustard seed: which when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds."—Mark IV, 31.

THE seed which Francis sowed, was the word of God and especially an exhortation to penance. It fell upon good soil, and brought forth manifold fruits; nay more, from it there was developed the Order of Penance.

The Saint of Assisi possessed as preacher a marvelous power of attraction, for which his outward appearance was largely responsible. Thomas Celano, disciple and contemporary of St. Francis, pictures him as follows: "Oh, how beautiful, how brilliant, how glorious did Francis appear to us in the innocence of his life, in the simplicity of his words, in the purity of his heart, in his love for God, in his fraternal charity, in the sweetness of his obedience, in his affable kindness, in his angelic mien! Charming he was in his conduct, gentle by nature, friendly in speech, temperate in his admonitions, faithful to trust, careful in counsel, active in office, graceful in all things; cheerful in disposition, mild of heart, sober in judgment, untiring in meditation, persevering in grace, and in all things ever constant; quick to forgive, slow to anger, active of intellect, sharp in discussion, happy in his memory, prudent in choice, and in all things simple; strict towards himself, loving towards others, in all things modest; the most eloquent of men, cheerful

of countenance, mild in his expressions, utterly devoid of sloth, free from all arrogance. Bodily he was of medium stature, one might have called him small; his head was round his face lean and oval, his forehead low and flat, his eyes black and innocent, his hair dark, the eyebrows straight, the nose fine, even, and straight, the ears small and protruding, the temples flat. His language was under control, but nevertheless fiery and sharp; his voice was ardent, but sweet and harmonious; his teeth were close, even, and white; his lips thin and delicate; his beard was black but not thick; his neck was slender, his shoulders straight, his arms short; his hands were thin with long fingers and tapering nails; his feet were small; his skin was tender, and there was no superfluous flesh. His clothing was rough, his sleep extremely short, his hand ever generous, and because he was the most humble of men, he showed mildness towards all men accommodating himself to the character of everyone; among the pious he was the most pious, among sinners he was one of them."

Now we can understand why St. Bonaventure begins his life of the Holy Father so enthusiastically, "The grace of God our Savior has appeared." (See Vol. I, No. 2.)

Besides his prepossessing outward appearance, there were other circumstances which lent a powerful attraction to the preaching of the Saint, for "he was mighty in his

words and in his deeds." (Acts, VII, 22.)

"In his words and deeds he showed that he was really and marvelously sent by God. Hence, the people flocked in crowds to him, some touched his garments, others kissed his footprints; and whoever could touch him or his hands or feet, felt inexpressibly happy. If he entered a city, the clergy were happy; the bells were rung, the men rejoiced, the women were delighted, the children exulted, and they often tore branches from the trees, going forth with songs to receive him." (Wadding.) Many became so enthusiastic they resolved to renounce the world and its pleasures in order to follow the Saint. "Many of the people, high and low, clerical and lay, moved by a divine impulse, went to Francis demanding to fight under his leadership and according to his direction?" (Thomas Celano)

Others who could not thus follow the Saint, strove to lead a life of penance in the world. The good resolutions formed while listening to the sermons, had as an object the leading of a religious life in the world. Many asked the Saint for advice as to how they might render their salvation sure. The wise and prudent Francis gave them his counsels, which were adapted to the circumstances of the petitioners. To a priest who wished to walk in the footsteps of the Saint, but did not wish to relinquish his parish, he gave directions to distribute his savings among the poor. To a married man he gave the advice to live in continence, and so forth.

Thus and in similar ways, many lay people led a penitential life. They were the first Brothers and Sisters of Penance.

The religious enthusiasm which was called forth by the appearance of Francis, rose to such a degree that civil society was threatened. Whoever could do so, wished to fol-

low the Saint. There was danger that whole localities would be depopulated, and many families disrupted. The rising flood of this enthusiasm had to be checked, and led into proper channels. This end was to be realized by the Third Order.

Whether this idea was a direct inspiration of God, or was a suggestion of Cardinal Hugolino, we shall not attempt to decide. The following point, however, is worthy of attention. Francis, full of lofty ideals and high aspirations, was devoid of talent for organization, Hugolino, on the other hand, the confidential friend of Francis, had decided ability in that line, and had proved it in the case of the First Order. It is certainly not drawing on the imagination if we assume that Cardinal Hugolino suggested to the Seraphic Saint the idea of founding an order for lay people assembling therein all Christians of penitential spirit.

A striking occurrence, which deeply impressed all witnesses hastened the execution of this plan.

It was at Canarra or, according to others, at Alviano. Francis wished to preach in a public place, when a strange difficulty prevented him from doing so. A bevy of swallows kept up so incessant a chatter that he could not utter an intelligible word. After waiting for some time, he addressed the swallows in this wise: "My dear little sisters, ye swallows, it seems to me that it is time for me to get in a word. You have chattered enough. Now listen to the word of God and keep right quiet whilst I preach." (St. Bonav.) And marvelous to tell, the swallows obeyed his command. They kept quiet, nodding their heads as if they understood the word of God. Thus they continued until Francis had ended his sermon. This occurrence made such an impression on his hearers that the majority of

them determined to enter into his Order. Many, however, were prevented from doing so because the duties of their state of life kept them in the world. Some of them now went to Francis and his brethren, and said full of sorrow, "What shall we do? With you we can not go. Tell us, therefore, what we must do to save our souls." (Bollandists).

The zeal of these good people must indeed have filled the Saint with joy since his words had fallen on such fruitful soil. At the same time, he was not without misgivings. It was to be feared that this quickly enkindled zeal might lead to imprudence, and that all might wish to follow him. Francis, therefore, answered, "Be not too hasty, and depart not hence. I will prescribe what you must do to save your souls." (Heinriz: Fioretti). In these words he had promised to give them a rule, according to which they could remain in the world and nevertheless walk in his footsteps.

This occurrence is now commonly accepted as the foundation of the Third Order, but this assumption is incorrect. The origin of the Order in question is to be sought further back, as we have seen, The seed

of this Order was sown by Francis when he preached his successful mission sermons.

What then is to be thought of the occurrence at Canarra? In our opinion, the importance of that incident is best characterized by the words of Schnuerer. This famous biographer of the Saint of Assisi, in his magnificent and highly commendable work, "Francis of Assisi", says on page 105, "In the year 1221, the organization of the Brothers of Penance took place, who later bore the name of Third Order or Tertiaries."

Summing up what has been said, we have the following result. The origin of the Third Order is not to be placed in the year 1221, but earlier. In the year 1221 we find rather an initiative organization of the Brothers and Sisters of Penance, for which the incident at Canarra was but the occasion.

The insignificant seed, which Francis sowed was the doctrine of Penance. It fell on good soil, and brought fruit a hundredfold. It grew into the stately tree of the Order of Penance. Every member of that Order should keep in mind this historical development. It is a powerful incentive to penance, for history is the teacher of life.



LITTLE CATECHISM OF THE THIRD ORDER

CHAPTER XI

SPECIAL EXERCISES OF PIETY—MUTUAL AID

150. *What does the Rule prescribe in regard to the examination of one's conscience?*

The Rule prescribes that Tertiaries should examine their conscience nightly.

151. *Why was this precept given particularly to Tertiaries?*

Because Tertiaries should be persons, not merely of ordinary religious fidelity, but of deep and consistent piety; and there is no spiritual exercise so conducive to piety and religiousness as the daily examen of conscience.

152. *In what way does this practice aid Tertiaries in acquiring perfection?*

It aids them in acquiring perfection by revealing to them not only their daily transgressions but also their predominant passions, which are responsible for most of their sins, and which constitute the chief drawback to their spiritual progress.

153. *How should Tertiaries make their daily examen that it may be conducive to their spiritual progress?*

They should make it not in a slipshod and cursory way but with method and earnestness.

154. *On what points should they examine themselves?*

They should examine themselves on the commandments of God and on the precepts of the Rule.

155. *What does the Rule inculcate on Tertiaries in regard to hearing Mass?*

The Rule says, "Those who can conveniently do so, should assist daily at Mass;" hence, those whose

circumstances allow, should make a practice of assisting at Mass every day or at least as often as they can conveniently do so in order to become partakers of the inestimable spiritual blessings of which this august Sacrifice is the source and center.

156. *How may Tertiaries who can not assist at Mass daily, comply with the spirit of this injunction?*

They may do so by attending Mass on Sundays with punctuality and reverence, and by trying to induce as many negligent Catholics as possible to do likewise.

157. *What method should Tertiaries follow in hearing Mass?*

A good and easy way to hear Mass devoutly is to follow the prayer book or to recite the Rosary of the sorrowful mysteries; a better method, however, is that of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, which is found in almost all Tertiary manuals.

158. *What does the Rule say regarding monthly meetings of the fraternity?*

The Rule says briefly, "They will attend the monthly meeting of which the Prefect will give notice." Attendance at these meetings is necessary to foster and maintain in the members the Tertiary spirit.

159. *Should Tertiaries easily dispense themselves from such attendance?*

Tertiaries who have at heart the interests of their Order, will not easily dispense themselves from attending the monthly meeting, lest, by their example, they induce oth-

ers to do the same, and thus labor at the ruin of their fraternity.

160. *What does the Rule enjoin on Tertiaries in the matter of contributions?*

"They will contribute—each according to his means—to a common fund, from which the poorer members of the association may be relieved, especially in time of sickness; or from which provision may be made for the dignity of divine worship."

161. *How should Tertiaries fulfill this injunction of the Rule?*

They should do so generously and discreetly: generously, that is, each member should contribute according to his means; discreetly, that is no one should contribute above his means.

162. *Why should Tertiaries be particularly faithful in complying with this precept?*

Because care for the poor and concern for the dignity of divine worship were two of the characteristic traits of St. Francis; hence, they should be likewise the distinguishing features of all who aspire to the perfection of his Rule.

163. *What special duty does the Rule impose on the Prefects in regard to sick members?*

The Rule says, "Let the Prefects either visit in person any member who is ill, or send someone else to perform the offices of charity."

164. *What does this precept imply?*

It implies that the duty of visiting the sick is specially incumbent on the Prefect of each fraternity; when he, however, is unable for any reason to make these visits of charity, he may delegate someone else to call in his stead.

165. *What are the Prefects commanded to do in case of serious illness of the brethren?*

They are commanded to "urge the sick man, by warning and persuasion, to attend in time to the matters which concern the purifying of his soul."

166. *What are Tertiaries to observe in regard to the funeral of a deceased member?*

"At the funeral of a deceased member the Tertiaries who belong to the same town, and those visiting it, should assemble and say a third of the prayers to Mary instituted by Father Dominic—that is, the Rosary,—for the heavenly comfort of the dead man."

167. *What else does the Rule prescribe for the relief of the dead members?*

The Rule prescribes that "priests during the holy Sacrifice, and the lay members after having approached, if possible, the Holy Eucharist, should piously and readily offer up their prayers for the eternal repose of the deceased brother" (or sister).



A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O. F. M.

6. The Call

About this time, during a walk abroad, Joseph came upon two Franciscans who were gathering alms. The meeting was providential. Joseph suddenly felt a new movement in his soul. Why should he not be a Franciscan instead of a secular priest? After some hesitation he made a clear breast of it to his Father Confessor. But the Father was not overhasty to trust this inclination. "What!" said he, "Joseph Delbrouck a Franciscan? Who would ever dream of that? Just put that out of your mind!" Joseph did so, and never spoke of it again. His Father Confessor was embarrassed at this prompt obedience. He had treated the matter so summarily only to try his client; to his mind, Joseph showed unmistakable signs of a religious vocation. What was to be done? Upon the advice of a colleague, the Father determined to bring up the question to the boy at the very first opportunity. The opportunity was not long in the making. Joseph began to be remiss of duty; it looked like a return of the Joseph of the early college days. The Father sent for him one day, and reproached him saying, "Joseph what ails you? You are not what you used to be." "You are right, Father; but it's your fault." "How so?" "Plain, enough: I was aiming to become a Franciscan, and that braced me up. You told me not to think of it anymore; and so I lost courage." There was a plain indication of his bent of mind. Quite moved, the Father replied, "Joseph, do me a favor, and give it a little more consideration."

7. Accepted

And Joseph gave it, not a little, but a great deal more consideration, especially on Communion days. As early as December 8, 1888, he had been received into the Third Order at the Seminary of St. Trond. Now he studied the rule of St. Francis, and on several days of recreation, he went to the Franciscan convent at St. Trond. In a few months his resolution to enter the Order was fixed, and it met the approval of his spiritual director. It is interesting to note what Mgr. Verhaegen, the early friend and biographer of Fr. Delbrouck, himself a martyr, tells of their first meeting about this time. "I remember well," he writes, "how one day in the summer of 1889 a seminarian from St. Trond came to our convent. Fr. Guardian directed me (I was a deacon at the time) to give the young man company and to show him around. I took the opportunity to speak to him of the religious life. He listened intently. It seemed to please him very much although he declared he had not made up his mind on the point. I invited him to come again, and before long he did return. This time we spoke of life in the Franciscan Order. He was more confidential than the first time, and told me that he would like the life well enough, only he feared he might be unworthy of the grace. When he came the third time, all his doubts had vanished, and he had in mind to write to Fr. Provincial. Later in life he was lavish in his expressions of gratitude to me for having, as he said, helped him to become a Franciscan."

8. Trouble at the Threshold

Joseph had not yet told his mother or his brother of his intention, and he did not wish to take the first step without their consent. But how to prepare them for it? About Pentecost he wrote to his mother and his elder brother: "I intend to be home for the procession the second Sunday after Corpus Christi. Next Sunday is the holy feast of Pentecost. Let us ask the Holy Ghost to descend upon us and direct our actions. During the beautiful month of June let us pray to the Sacred Heart for the grace to love the heart that loved us so much. Farewell, kind mother and dear brother, and be resigned in all things to the will of God."

This turn of expression, so different from the usual strain of his letters, the request for prayers, the counsels given, above all the last, caused not a little surprise at home. Nor was their alarm undone by a humorous remark at the close of the letter about finding some birds' nests. In nearly the same words Joseph wrote to his brother Peter at Waremmé. Peter did not wait for the procession in their home town, but wrote immediately to ascertain his brother's meaning. Then Joseph entrusted the matter to him, only to receive a very discouraging answer.

9. The Light of Grace

Little daunted, Joseph wrote back: "Your many questions plainly show your great regard for me. But I think your regard is a little blind. Without testing my vocation, you just tell me to forget it. Let me try to answer your letter point by point. You ask, 'Is yours not a vocation like that of the teachers of a boarding-school where all wanted to be nuns after a retreat?' Why, brother, for eight months God has been urging me; ever since last

November I felt this inclination to the religious life. 'Is it,' you continue, 'because you fear that we can not meet the expense of your studies, or that we can not fit you out as curate or pastor?' I never doubted your attachment to me or your interest in me. I am aware of the sacrifices you have brought for me, and I know you will go on to do whatever is in the interest of our holy religion and of our family. But do not think that my vocation foots on such grounds? Be certain, for that reason I never thought of the religious life. 'Is it because you are not the first in class, and that you have, therefore, lost interest in your studies at the seminary?' The answer to that is, that the first signs of my vocation appeared before the first examination. In this you impute sentiments to me that I do not entertain. I do my duty, and leave the rest to the pleasure of God.—You cast it up to me that I am bound to cause much grief to mother. I have thought of that, and I still think of it. But what can I do? There is God on the one hand, doing me the honor of a vocation; on the other hand, I know that you would like to have me about you, and that it would be mother's one delight to see me daily at the altar. But then, if God wants anything from us, must we not obey? Do we not pray daily, 'Thy will be done?' And as to our good mother, will she not in her piety do anything to please God? We saw her so entirely resigned when father died, and when Ida (a sister) went to the convent. Do you suppose she would not be prepared to bring another sacrifice for God? It is the one object of all my prayers that she may be resigned in this trial. 'Have you not time enough before you?' To this I reply, as St. John Berchmans to his parents, writing to them of his vocation: 'What say you of a beggar

that refuses a proffered alms intending to call for it after some years? Are we not all God's beggars? And now that God holds this precious gift out to me, I should say to Him: I shall respond to this grace in a few years, uncertain whether He will ever offer it to me again? That would be tempting God and running great risks. You quote the example of a priest who joined the order after several years in the secular priesthood. Can not God give His vocation at any time? Nobody can claim that that priest heard the call in youth, and failed to follow it till later. You tell me that one can save his soul in any state of life. Rightly taken, that is right: there are saints in every walk of life. But does that say that anybody is free to choose any state? By no means. God has called each person to a particular place, and only there can that person find his happiness; in any other condition, were it even a more perfect state, he might hardly save his soul. As to my vocation to the religious state, would I not be exposing myself to damnation by declining the call?—'Is it not a temptation of the devil?' No, brother mine; I have a Father Confessor who is experienced in these matters, and he finds in me unmistakable proofs of a religious vocation. As to the gentleman who went to the convent and left it again, you say he made a fool of himself. Nothing of the kind! God is satisfied with one's good will; if he left the convent, it was plainly because he was not strong enough bodily to stand the life.—Believe me, my vocation rests on more than human motives. At my time of life, flightiness is out of place. Besides, I have put myself entirely in the hands of my Father Confessor. And surely, you are too much of a Christian to oppose my vocation. God makes known His will to me; I have only to do it and to obey Him

always."

This letter decided the victory in his favor.

10. Clouds Dispelled

In a confidential way, Peter, who was quite overcome by this letter, told his mother of Joseph's intention. Meanwhile, the day for Joseph's trip home approached. The poor youth was so wrought up about it that he fell sick. Still he put in his appearance at home just the day before the procession. When his mother met him, she exclaimed in the Walloon dialect, "How pale you are, my boy! And so you want to be a Franciscan?" "Yes," he returned. "Very well, Joseph, I am content." Imagine our hero's delight to find things so easy where he had expected the one insurmountable difficulty! But then, why should it have been otherwise since his vocation had been so thoroughly probed, and since his mother was so deeply religious?

The obstacle removed, Joseph's heart welled over with sentiments of pious delight. His frame of mind may be seen best from a letter written to his mother on her Saint's day, the Feast of St. Anne, 1889.

DEAREST MOTHER,

A happy feast, a long life, good health! That is my heart's wish for you on this happy day; and may God answer my prayers. For it is to Him we must turn in everything. Seeing you always and everywhere prefer the will of God to your own, I can only rejoice, and thank God for having given us a mother who is so faithful to her vocation. Recalling to-day all that you have done for me from my tenderest years, thinking of your great sacrifice in complying with God's will in my regard, I exclaim, May God preserve our good, dear mother, and reward her duly on earth, and especially in Heaven, for all she has done for us children.

I can not send you a holy picture now; but in vacation I am going to fetch you the life of St. Francis, the best and grandest that has been written. Pray to him often,—especially for me. If I think that two months from now I shall consecrate myself to God and be a child of St. Francis, I just can not understand the great favor of Heaven for a poor young man like me. I thank God, and if I could, I would fly right into His arms. Pray that I may become a good religious and a faithful follower of St. Francis.

I know you are anxious about my health. So I wish to say that I am

quite well, and in vacation I shall feel as grand as a burgomaster. Time will not permit me to write more just now. But in three weeks the pleasure will be mine to see you.

Be of good cheer, mother, and resigned to the will of God, and rest assured of the attachment and gratitude of

Your son,

JOSEPH.

P. S. Vacation begins August 10; the students are going to play Neon, or the Martyr of the Catacombs.

Ah, Joseph, scarcely ten years from now!

PADRE ALESSANDRO

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

PICTURESQUE, stately Mission San Fernando stood bathed in the glory of southern California sunshine. In the distance, stretched away the majestic heights of the Sierra Madre mountains veiled in purple haze, while below lay the poppy covered valley, a veritable sea of gold.

On the veranda of her little adobe dwelling, which stood close to the Mission, a beautiful Spanish girl of about eighteen years was the center of an attentive group of Indian youths and maidens, to whom she was earnestly explaining the mysteries of the faith which the good Franciscan padres had come so far to implant within the hearts of these untutored children of the forest.

Carmela was the only daughter of an aristocratic Castilian family who three years before the time our story opens had left their sunny Spain to cast their lot in distant Cal-

ifornia, which they soon learnt to love, so like the mother country was this new land of azure skies and golden days.

Carmela's gentle heart had warmed at once to the Indians. They were so child-like, so simple, and trustful; and realizing how many burdens rested on the shoulders of the devoted padres, she conceived the idea of offering her services as catechist.

"Is little Carmela not afraid that the Indians may take it into their savage heads to scalp the senorita?" good old Padre Miguel had teasingly asked when one day Carmela expressed her desire to aid in the missionary project. She laughingly assured him that she felt no timidity, and that she doubted whether the poor, innocent Indians knew any more about the art of scalping than she did. Then Padre Miguel promised that he would have a little band of neophytes ready for her on

the morrow. "But," he added, as the girl thanked him delightedly, "senorita must not be frightened if she finds her pupils all decked out in war paint and feathers and armed with tomahawks," at which the happy Carmela shook a deprecating finger at her tormentor, and laughingly bounded away.

Among the group of neophytes of which our senorita assumed charge, was a handsome, intelligent Indian youth, Antonio by name, who was about three years her senior. His air of absorption, his intense interest in all she said was most gratifying to the zealous heart of the fair young teacher, who felt that in this case at least, the seed was surely falling on good ground. Antonio had learned to speak Spanish very readily, and his intelligence far surpassed that of his companions with whom he was associated so that Carmela always found it a pleasure to talk with him whenever he came, as he frequently did, to have a question in Catechism explained or some difficulty cleared away. Very often in her long rides around the valley to visit the sick or afflicted among her dear Indians, as she loved to call them, Antonio would accompany her, happy beyond words to act in the capacity of interpreter or guide.

The gentle-voiced, manly young Indian had won the esteem of the Franciscan Fathers at the Mission, and his warm friend Padre Miguel prophesied great things for "his dear son" as he affectionately styled the Indian boy. As time wore on, Antonio's devotion to his little teacher grew into a worship beautiful and tender. Although the girl was aware of his strong regard for her, she never dreamed of its being more than the promptings of a grateful heart or the manifestations of devoted friendship, so characteristic of the Indian toward those who have befriended him. .

But one day they were gathering roses from Carmela's garden for the altars in the Mission chapel, and Carmela had secured the services of the willing Antonio to assist in reaching some especially lovely roses that had persisted in climbing far over the red tiled roof and quite out of reach of her eager hands. When Antonio had descended from the ladder, his arms full of the gorgeous blooms, which reminded him forcibly of the fair senorita, he could no longer contain the feelings that had long been clamoring for utterance; and casting the roses at her feet, he told her in a voice quivering with emotion, of his great love for her, and asked whether she would deign to accept the offering of his heart.

The girl was quite unprepared for this sudden outburst of feeling, and it pained her sensitive nature when she became aware of the unsounded depths of the Indian's heart. Tears filled her eyes as she realized the hurt she would have to inflict. "Senorita," he began again, "I should not have said this to you; ah! how could I, a poor Indian, expect you to become my wife? But my heart is so full of love I could be silent no longer."

Carmela was now sobbing as if her heart would break. With an effort, however, she controlled herself sufficiently to reply. "Antonio," she said finally, "Antonio, I have always known you to be noble and manly, one whom I could always trust and respect, and I have always admired you. But dear Antonio, my heart belongs to another. He is not of this beautiful valley of San Fernando, nor even of this earth; for, in a few weeks I go back again to my beloved Spain, where I shall join a sisterhood of holy women whose lives are devoted to assisting the poor and needy. My heart is promised to

our dear Lord, Antonio, and to Him alone."

The young man listened with an expression of reverent awe on his fine features. "Ah! senorita," he said with a sigh, as the girl finished speaking, "it is not so hard to bear now, since I know your heart belongs to none other than the gentle Christ. Ah! senorita, there is none other worthy of you. Forgive me for presuming to tell you of my love."

"Antonio" she said tenderly while the tears glistened in her soft brown eyes, "come, there is much I would say to you." And she led him to a garden seat in a shady secluded spot.

"Antonio mio," she began when they were seated, "do you know that I have always felt you were destined for something high and great. Yes, I have a strong feeling within me—I have ever felt it, Antonio, that you are called to be a missionary here among your people. Has the thought ever come to your mind how grand a thing it would be to become a priest—to join your heart and soul and life to God that you might work for Him and bring souls to Him?"

The man's face lighted up as he listened to the girl's earnest words, and his dark eyes glowed as he said, "Ah, senorita, that heavenly thought has indeed come to me many a time when listening to good Padre Miguel, and seeing how he and the other padres spend their lives to lead us poor Indians to Heaven, and again when kneeling in the Mission chapel with the sweet Christ looking at me from the silence of the tabernacle—so close, ah! so close! But senorita," and again his face saddened, "somehow it would seem as if I could not live without you near." He paused and

a sob choked his utterance. "Now, that I know that Christ desires your love and that with Him you will be happy always, I am satisfied. He alone can give true happiness.—But do you really think He desires me to give my life to Him? O, I am not worthy! Yet, to be a priest,—to stand at the holy altar—ah! senorita, I believe now God sent you to point out my path to me."

Rising, he took the girl's hand and held it reverently for a moment. Then without another word he hurried away.

The years have rolled by, and in their passing have flung many a glorious sunrise, and as many a wondrous sunset over the dreaming Valley of San Fernando. The poppies still carpet the hills and slopes as in the olden days when Carmela, the fair daughter of Spain walked through the golden sea, gazing with rapturous eyes at the beauty all around her.

Far away in sunny Spain there stands a white towered convent on a hill. Daily from its gates comes forth a graceful, black-veiled nun, her mission to soothe and comfort the weak, the weary, and the fallen. Sister Mary of the Angels she is called.

Another picture rises up before us. Beneath the stately arches of Mission San Fernando, those memorable walls round which cling memories the holiest, as clings the sweet Castilian rose to the graceful column, stands a figure strong and manly, garbed in the well-known, well-loved habit of the Sons of Saint Francis. It is Padre Alessandro. The children of the forest—his own well-loved people—are gathered around him. In his eyes there is a wondrous light, and in his heart a great peace, for his path has been pointed out to him.



MISSION SAN FERNANDO

(For Franciscan Herald)

THE watchful stars look down upon thy ruins,
Mission of San Fernando, saint and king;
Through aisles where long departed footsteps echoed,
The mournful winds their lamentations sing.

Where once the grand Laudates rose to heaven,
The sheltered dove's sweet note falls plaintively,
Where once the sin-tossed came for peace and pardon,
The moonbeams nightly stray caressingly.

No more peal forth the bells that down the valley
The dusky children called to kneel and pray;
The Angelus—alas! no more its cadence
Calls down a blessing on the dying day.

What of God's altar, where His own anointed
Daily the pure oblation offered there,
While neophytes knelt round in adoration?
Ah, time and change! e'en this thou wouldst not spare!

Speak, silent walls! and tell your tragic story,
Of man's injustice, greed, and bitter hate;
Tell of the heartache when the gentle padres
Beheld their children scattered, desolate.

Musing, I stand beneath thy noble arches,
In fancy I can see that brown-robed throng;
Their sandaled feet pace corridor and stairway,
Their lips move prayerful as they pass along.

And gentle Padre Serra is among them,
Brave leader of that great Franciscan band;
I kneel—it seems a gracious benediction
Descends upon me from his saintly hand.

The dream has fled—through corridors deserted,
The night winds stray, and tender Requiems sing:
Peace, peace to thee and thy departed children,
Lone Mission of Fernando, saint and king.

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

A MAIDEN MARTYR

Violet Jacob was a Catholic orphan girl of fifteen. She received her education in a Catholic orphanage in the city of Calcutta. On leaving the institution, she joined the Catholic Working Girls' Society of that city, and made her home at the headquarters of the association.

Her cousin, Stuart Forbes, a Protestant young man, sought her hand in marriage, and asked that the ceremony be performed in a Baptist church. The orphan girl flatly rejected his proposals. Notwithstanding, Forbes pressed his suit still more persistently, and, as Violet later revealed to a friend, even threatened to kill her if she dared again to set her foot into a Catholic church. "But I'm not afraid", said the brave little orphan, "for then I should be a martyr, and go straight to Heaven. Still, I'm so young; why should he wish to kill me?"

On August 14 of last year, the members of the Working Girls' Society went in a body to St. Thomas Church to make their confession in preparation for the feast of the Assumption. Forbes, like a prowling beast of prey, followed the girls, and tried in every way to deter Violet from entering the church. The unflinching determination of the maiden, however, frustrated his malicious designs. She fearlessly entered the sacred edifice, went to Confession and, on the following day, to holy Communion.

In the afternoon of the feast day, the girl, as was her wont, visited her uncle, who resided in the Wellington Quarter of the city. The directress of the society was surprised to see Violet return after a very short time. When questioned as to the cause of her hasty return, Violet replied that Forbes had attempted forcibly to conduct her to

the Baptist church, there to marry him; but that she had escaped, and assured him she would rather die than do anything forbidden by her holy religion.

On the following day, about ten o'clock in the morning, Forbes called at the society headquarters, and asked to be permitted to speak with his cousin Violet. The directress consented, but remained near the door of the parlor in order to be at hand in case that trouble should arise. She had hardly withdrawn when she was startled by the report of a pistol. She hastily returned to the parlor, and arrived on the scene just in time to catch the falling girl in her arms and to hear her lips in a dying voice, "O God, have mercy on my soul!" The murderer had shot her through the heart, and then turned the weapon against himself. Both were fatally wounded, and were immediately hurried off to the nearest hospital. The priest arrived in time to administer Extreme Unction to the dying girl, and half an hour later, the little heroine expired.

Among her effects was found an unfinished letter addressed to Forbes, in which Violet reiterated her declaration that she would rather die than accede to his wishes. For two reasons she would not and could not marry him: first, she was still too young; second—and this was the principal reason—she would do nothing contrary to her religious belief.

How glorious a profession of faith and how admirable an example of constancy in one so weak and young! Would that all our Catholic young ladies were so strong in their faith as little Violet. The Church would then not have to grieve over so many mixed marriages and the consequent loss of so many of her children.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

MY LADY POVERTY

It is gratifying to find that the little book which first made its appearance a little over a year ago, has undoubtedly struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of true lovers of poetry. A fourth edition of the poem within so short a time is ample proof that the author has succeeded in giving us a live and interesting picture of the "Poor Little Man" known and beloved of all the world.

The little book tells in blank verse the charming story of the wooing, the winning, and the espousing of Lady Poverty by St. Francis of Assisi. The action runs from the first mystic stirrings of grace that made themselves felt in the soul of Francis during the illness that followed his imprisonment in Perugia, until Francis is solemnly wedded to Poverty and the new life under the blessing of the Bishop of Assisi.

Father Gliebe's treatment of the theme, says The Laurel, is marked by an understanding and feeling that only a friar and a priest endowed with a deep spiritual insight and a genuine gift of poetry could portray. The dramatic form, we feel sure, was chosen more for its literary effectiveness than for histrionic purpose, for Francis, his father, and his friends are made to tell the story with a vividness and colorful charm that would have been difficult to convey as tellingly in other form.

The simple beauty and dignity of the verse never falters; at times it sparkles with all the brilliancy of poetic jewels, like:

"Our little life's
Most happy hours are born of gentle patience,
The laboring mother of a thousand joys."

For intense feeling and unaffected charm the lyric beginning "Flow, tears, oh flow! fall freely fast" compares with the best that has been published in a long while. Again and again Father Gliebe weaves with such natural grace and almost without a turn into his own phrase, beauties from Scripture that the jointure, at first quite escapes the reader—which is no small commendation of the author's style. All in all, the little work is charming, up-to-date evidence of Francis Thompson's saying that "poetry clings to the very cowls of his (Francis's) Friars." We look to Father Gliebe, after so much promise, to help us realize this more and more.

The Tidings.

AS TO DIRECTORS OF THE THIRD ORDER

We are publishing elsewhere in this issue the names of the Reverend Directors of the Third Order in the parishes which are in charge of the Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province. The provincial congress which convened in St. Louis from December 28 to January 4, considered the office of sufficient importance to appoint a local Director of the Third Order in every parish where two or more Fathers are stationed. In other parishes the pastors are the Directors. We consider the appointing of Directors by the provincial congress an important step in the development and organization of the Third Order in these parts, so important, in fact, that we confidently look forward to a wide-spread revival of the Third

Order and a general awakening of the Franciscan spirit among great numbers.

Now is the acceptable time, and much—yes, everything—will depend on the spirit with which the newly appointed Directors enter upon and conduct the management of the affairs of the Order. For, what the father is to the family, which he supports; what the pastor is to the parish, which he guides and instructs; what the soul is to the body, to which it imparts life and growth and motion—all this the Director is to the fraternity entrusted to him. As in religious communities discipline flourishes or languishes accordingly as the superiors observe or neglect it, so the zeal and discipline of the Tertiaries stand and fall with the enthusiasm and devotion of their Directors. Enthusiasm must be kindled by enthusiasm; devotion must be fostered by devotion; interest must be aroused by interest. Whatever else Tertiaries may expect of their Director, they have a perfect right to expect that he interest himself in their regard; that he perform the labors connected with the management of the fraternity not in a summary, slipshod, perfunctory, capricious manner but with earnestness, devotedness, and whole-heartedness. We know only too well that in most cases the Directors are overworked, and have not the necessary time to undertake great things in behalf of the Third Order or by means of it. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that however much a Director may be pressed for time, he should not neglect to instruct the members, especially the novices. On this one point, thorough instruction of the Tertiaries, more than on any other rest our hopes for a revival of the Third Order.

What Fr. William, O.S.F.C., says of the Tertiaries in Great Britain, is true even in a more eminent sense of the Tertiaries in this country: "Educate! Educate!—This, for the present and for a long time to come, must be the Tertiary watchword. It must, too, embody our present policy, for it is our most pressing Tertiary need. The Third Order has here with us, on its muster roll, the finest raw material in the world upon which to work; but some of it is,—well, very raw. We must repeat what we have said already many times: the Third Order in these countries can never become the power, the agency for good, which it could easily be, until its members are better educated—that is, in the Franciscan sense—than many of them are at present. They require to be much more thoroughly imbued with what, for brevity's sake, we will call Franciscanism; and to be brought to look at things, and especially at their own surroundings and duties in a Franciscan way,"

MORALITY WITHOUT RELIGION

In the time of Emerson, as now, the fashionable substitute for old-time religious and moral training was ethical culture, which consists in inculcating morality by exalting its intrinsic beauty and loveliness. The advocates of this pseudo-religious education say, "Don't force the child. Don't curb his natural appetites. Don't interfere with his sacred personality." And what are the results? Disobedience, strikes in schools, hazing, class rushes, youthful bandits. Ethical culture is little proof against race-suicide, or oppression of the poor, or the building-up of colossal fortunes by colossal fraud. Nor will it down the anarchist and

socialist, nor convert the drunkard, nor reform the boodler officer, nor stop the venal practices of politicians and voters alike.

George Washington in his farewell address said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles." "Hence," says Card. Gibbons, "let us work along the lines traced out by him, whom when schoolboys we learned to speak of as first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Here, too, let us call to mind the old Catholic teaching uttered by that grand Catholic philosopher, Doctor Brownson: "The well-instructed Catholic knows that education not based on religious principles and coupled with thorough religious training is a curse instead of a blessing; and no religious training, to satisfy a Catholic, is possible in a school not exclusively under Catholic control. We would much rather have our children grow up ignorant of letters, than be taught in a school which is not Catholic. Better be ignorant and believing than to be learned and doubting."

THE ROGER BACON CENTENARY

In our last issue, we had occasion to express our satisfaction that Fr. Junipero Serra, the bearer of civilization to the natives of California, is gradually coming into his own in that state, and that the inhabitants have endeavored to show their recognition of his work by celebrations and memorials in his honor. Now comes the news from England that Roger Bacon, another illustrious son of St. Francis, who, as a pioneer in the field of experimental science, has likewise contributed to the advancement of civilization by pointing out the way to many a modern scientist, inventor, and discoverer, is about to receive in his native country honors similar to those lately bestowed on Serra.

An association of learned men in England has launched a movement to commemorate the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon's birth. An executive committee of twelve has been formed to arrange for a celebration in his honor to be held next July at the University of Oxford, where a statue of him will be unveiled, and addresses will be made by distinguished scholars. The committee further proposes to issue a memorial volume of essays dealing with various aspects of Roger Bacon's work and written by specialists in the various subjects. But the main purpose of the committee is to gather subscriptions for the collecting, editing, and printing of Friar Bacon's writings scattered in the various libraries of Europe. Eminent scholars all over the world have lent their name and

support to the project, and its success seems assured. According to a writer in *The Ecclesiastical Review*, these men "mean to set forth that the Somersetshire Friar, who died at the advanced age of eighty, in the midst of his labors for the education of students at Oxford, still holds his place of influence as one who led the way in speculative and experimental science; who was a peer among the men of learning of his day, in natural science and medicine; who opened the way to pedagogical reforms in the domain of philosophy and theology; who laid the foundation for sound interpretation of Sacred Scripture and of historical criticism."

One should think that a single one of these achievements would have sufficed to keep Friar Bacon's memory forever green among men. Yet, strange to say, all his merits taken together have hardly been able to rescue his name and his writings from oblivion. One reason for this neglect may be that he was but a lowly friar of whom the world recked little during his life and still less after his death. Another and, as it seems to us, more plausible explanation is that in his teachings he was so far in advance of his own and later times that even down to the present he has been little understood and little appreciated. It may be said that it has taken the world seven centuries to overtake this intellectual giant and to arrive at a just appreciation of his merits. Certain it is that some of our most vaunted modern discoveries and inventions were foretold centuries ago by the famous Franciscan friar, who lacked but the instruments to turn his far-reaching principles and theories to practical account. His knowledge so far surpassed the average science of his age in depth and breadth that he must be reckoned among the most eminent scholars of all ages. Let us hope that the celebration to be held in his honor, will not only serve as a belated acknowledgment of the debt that scientists owe him, but will likewise help to assure him that position in the world of science which he may justly claim, yet which has been so long withheld from him.

CLAUDELLA

"A story of the University of Texas," by Marks White Handly, is an interesting story in several ways. While giving us a glimpse of student life at the universities, it also sets forth very clearly the perils surrounding the Catholic students at these centers of learning,—perils arising partly from the religious indifference which often prevails there, partly also from the anti-Catholic prejudice born of misjudgement of the Church. The author, a Paulist, and his brethren are laboring amid hardships and difficulties at Austin, Texas, to lessen, or rather to remove, these dangers, and one is glad to hear that their efforts are meeting with success. But their success, as the author shows, will be partial unless they "have a house to shelter their work,"—a clubhouse, to match, somehow, the non-Catholic and anti-Catholic institutions already on the grounds; without it, they have little hope of inducing the University students to come and listen to their instructions. To expedite the erection of a clubhouse for Catholic students in Austin, is the secondary object which the author had in view when presenting Claudella to the public. (The Paulist Fathers, 1912 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas.)



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XI

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

FAMINE and other calamities, at length, had the effect of taming the pride and obstinacy of the savages, so that the governor found it easier to extend Spanish rule over a wider district. However, like all discoverers and conquerors, he soon learned that the military could not subjugate the natives permanently. They might overcome brute force with brute force, but they could not subdue the will of the savages, much less gain their affection by force. In all the newly discovered countries, only the gentle messengers of the Gospel had been able to convince the aborigines that submission to Christianity and subjection to the superior forces of the white people would result in prosperity to themselves. Hence it was that the governor of Florida repeatedly supplicated the viceroy, and even the king himself, to send more Franciscan friars to the peninsula, because these unworldly men had proved the most efficient means of pacifying the country.

The friars were accordingly reintroduced to the Guala province, and they again took up the work of conversion where their martyred predecessors had been forced to leave it. These missionaries went far beyond the former missions, and penetrated into the very interior.

By means of kindness, gentleness, and their good example, they succeeded in eradicating some of the bad customs, and moderated the innate ferocity of the savages. Unfortunately, the country in which they toiled was so exceedingly poor that the king had to provide for the meagre sustenance of the abstemious friars. True messengers of Christ, they wandered about on foot, even when horses were available, passing over hills and through extensive valleys, or wading through marshes frequently waist-high in muddy water. In short, says the chronicler, the hardships and privations were indescribable. Only love of God and zeal for His creatures could have impelled them to endure it all, and with a cheerful countenance at that. Their charity, indeed, was so great that they economized on what they received from the royal stores in order to share it with the savages; for all the wealth of the natives consisted in two small pieces of animal skins with which they covered themselves. In this manner, these true disciples of St. Francis sought to convince the Indians of their sincerity and of the truths of Christianity.

Material poverty among the natives was bad enough, Barcia relates, but their mental poverty was even more deplorable. Rt. Rev.

Juan Cabezas Altamirano, O.P., who had been elected Bishop of Cuba, visited Florida in 1603. He ventured into the interior in order to witness the labors of the friars and the condition of the Indians; he was probably the first bishop who exercised his authority and ministry on the peninsula. Exposing himself to great dangers and hardships, the zealous prelate took personal notice of everything. He was so sadly impressed with the mental condition of the savages that he could not forget it. Even ten years later, when he had become Bishop of Guatemala, he had an interesting discussion on the subject with Rev. Father Remefal. The question arose whether God could be known through the light of reason alone. Fr. Remefal, in confirmation of his view that God could be known by means of the natural light alone, quoted the well-known saying of an old philosopher: "If you wander over the earth, you may find cities without walls, without literature, without laws, without houses, and without monuments; but a city destitute of temples and gods, not offering prayers, oaths, and sacrifices for the purpose of obtaining some good, or averting some evil, such a city no one has ever seen." While not denying, of course, that God could be known through the light of reason alone, since that is of faith, the bishop intimated that it did not follow that all nations used the light of reason sufficiently to come to the knowledge that there is a God. At all events, said he, that pagan philosopher had not seen the majority of the savages in Florida, especially those on the coast; for these tribes possessed no idea of God, since they adored neither the sun nor the moon nor the stars nor anything whatsoever, but like beasts they roved among the forests, eating wild fruits, shellfish, or whatever they

found to satisfy their hunger, and did not even know the use of fire.

In time, this state of things changed. Anxious to communicate the holy faith, the Franciscan friars went among the poor heathen people, learned their language, and adopted their ways as far as they might, with the result that so many were attracted to Christ that it became necessary to call for more helpers to till the promising vineyard of the Lord. In less than two years, they established in the chief villages as many as twenty residences.

The prospects appeared so hopeful that at the Intermediate Chapter of the Order, held at Toledo in 1603, it was resolved to establish the Custody of Florida and to join to it the convents of Havana and Bergamo. Fr. Pedro Ruiz was named first custos. He had previously labored on the peninsula. This event took place four years before the English founded their first settlement in America, Jamestown, Virginia.

Success continued to crown the efforts of the zealous friars to the delight of the government; for the conversion of the savages meant peace. Governor Pedro Ibarra, for instance, reported to the king on May 16, 1607, the year in which Jamestown, Va., came into existence: "This week, which is Holy Week, I have had here several chiefs from the interior. They have returned to their country, clothed, very happy, and very much impressed with the religious services and processions which they witnessed during Holy Week. They ask for missionaries in order that their people may receive instruction in the Christian faith." One of the friars, later accompanying twenty savages, discovered that the Indians of the interior were more numerous and somewhat more cultured than those on the coast. Fr.

Alonso no sooner heard this than he proceeded to their villages, preached all along the route, and applied names to places and notable points wherever he went.

A new era opened with the year 1612. Fr. Luis Geronimo de Ore, a native of Peru, who wrote the "Relacion de los Martires de Florida," published in 1604, and "El Simbolo Catolico Indiano," besides other learned works, went to Florida with twenty-three Franciscans. In the same year, the General Chapter of the Order raised the custody of Florida to the rank of a province under the patronage of St. Helen, and thereafter it is found enumerated among the provinces as "Provincia de la Santa Elena de Florida." The motherhouse, however, was located at Havana. Fr. Juan Capillas was chosen first provincial. So there existed a Franciscan province in what is now the United States eight years before the Puritans set foot on Plymouth Rock. Eight additional Franciscans were in 1613 despatched to Florida in order to promote the work of conversion more effectively.

The missionaries were materially aided in their efforts to instill a knowledge of God, of His commandments, and of the means of salvation into the dull minds of the natives by the works of Fr. Francisco Pareja. This good Father early observed how difficult it was for the missionary to impart the truths of salvation in a foreign tongue. To compel a people to acquire a knowledge of a foreign and to them pro-

bably distasteful language in order that they might learn how to reach their Creator, was equivalent to barring the gates of heaven to not a few. Fr. Pareja, accordingly, employed his spare time translating the chief points of Christian doctrine into the native idiom. In this way, with the text in both languages before him, the least able instructor might fairly well communicate what is necessary for salvation.

The result of Fr. Pareja's thoughtfulness and zeal were the following books: "Catecismo en Lengua Castellana y Timuquana," Mexico, 1612, "Catechism in the Spanish and the Timuquan Language." This is the first work written in the language of an Indian tribe within the United States. It was published in Mexico, eight years before the so-called Pilgrim Fathers reached Massachusetts. In the same year, the "Catecismo y Breve Exposicion de la Doctrina Cristiana," was printed in Mexico. Other works were, "Confesionario en Lengua Castellana y Timuquana," Mexico, 1613; "Gramatica de la Lengua Timuquana de Florida," Mexico, 1614; "Catecismo de la Doctrina Cristiana en Lengua Timuquana," Mexico, 1617; "Catecismo y Examen para los que Comulgan, en Lengua Castellana y Timuquana," Mexico, 1727; that is to say, "Catechism and Examen for those who receive Communion, in Spanish and Timuquan." Fr. Francisco Pareja died at the Great Monastery of San Francisco in the city of Mexico on January 25, 1628.

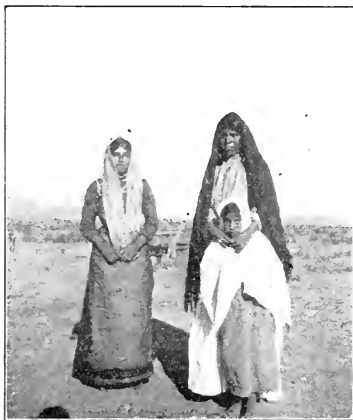


THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAPAGOS

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

Desiring to visit as many of the Indian settlements as possible, I set out from Tuscon on April 22, prepared for a long journey. Despite the fact that within two months I covered over nine hundred miles, I had visited but half of the villages given over to our care. In the summer months, when the thermometer usually registers 110 in the shade, and seldom drops to 100, it is well-nigh impossible to make extensive trips in this territory. During these months, the Papagos desert their villages because from March on no rain falls in these parts, and the ponds and creeks dry up. Most of the Indians migrate towards the Gila river or even farther, where they help the Pimas or the whites during the harvest. When the rain falls again in their own settlements, they gradually return to celebrate their feasts and to sow corn and melons.

Towards the end of April, I arrived at Tschuchutscho after a quite pleasant journey of two and one half days. The Indians there now have over eight thousand adobes ready for their new church, besides the stone necessary for the foundation and some four loads of lumber, which they brought from Tuscon; hence, the prospects for the new church are bright. They have likewise collected some money but not overmuch, as the Indians are very poor, and live, so to say, from hand to mouth. Every evening, the Indians assemble for rosary and instructions, and in the morning they attend holy Mass. The kind reader must not, however, imagine that all the Indians attend the services. In the beginning, the missionary and his devotions are something new and unusual for the Indians. But as soon as the novelty has worn



Papago Girls in the Desert

off, they gradually cease coming, so that only the Catholic Indians, i. e. those who have been baptized and who frequent the sacraments, attend the services. At every visit, however, some two or three Indians come and ask for instruction. Once they have been baptized, the Indians are very earnest in fulfilling their religious duties. Yet, the dread of beginning a new life and forsaking the old customs prevents many Indians, especially the older ones, from embracing the true faith.

From Tschuchutscho we drove to Waiwawa, where the Indians are likewise building a church. At this place, I baptized a few adults. The people here are more advanced than any other of the Kwahadk tribe, and display great zeal and diligence in their religion and in procuring the necessaries of life. Their wheat fields are the largest and best cultivated in the whole desert.

We remained at this place over Sunday, and thence we journeyed to Lilvafia (Bitterwell), an old town on the hills, which is said to have been visited by P. Kino, S. J., over two hundred years ago. This town lies in a valley, encompassed on all sides by hills, and its chief attraction is a well about fifteen feet deep. At this place, we also saw a primitive Indian well, dug out in the shape of a funnel. The ten or twelve families residing here have a comparatively beautiful chapel, and they have promised to raise

the mountain resort of the Annemkam Indians, a branch of the Papago tribe. As we entered the town, we noticed the girls of the place playing an interesting game. With long cactus rods they sought to drive a ball through opposite goals, as is done in the game of hockey. The girls' fleetness in running and dexterity in driving and relaying the ball would do honor to a college athlete. The inhabitants of this place were very hospitable toward us, which is certainly owing to the fact, that they are cut off al-



money enough to buy a new bell. The above mentioned well serves as a watering station for the adjacent towns during the drought. Every day herds of cattle and mostly wild horses are led there to water. The cattle of the deserts need very little water; some come to the well only every second or third day, while others stay away for whole months. The reason is because they find moisture enough in the prickly cactus, which they eat.

From Lilvafia our way led us over hard and rugged roads to Juepo,

most entirely from intercourse with strangers. Since they have no fields to till, the chief occupation of the men consists in basking in the sun to their heart's content. Coffee and sugar are the only staples which they buy. The cactus, especially the salmaro cactus, which often reaches a height of from forty to sixty feet, serves them in their various needs. From the salmaro cactus they make a delicious syrup, but also an intoxicating drink. The fruit and sprouts of some cactus plants are eaten raw, while the

fruit of others is roasted during the night on hot stoves covered with sage-brush and earth.

Our next station was Kamalk. I must state here that the companion of my trip was Roman Pablo, my catechist, a former pupil of St. John's school, who joined me at Tschuchutschcho. In Kamalk an American mine operator had dug a large well for his mine, but later abandoned it to the Indians. This well became in time the nucleus of a promising town. We rested here over night and traveled the next day to Annekam. The pond at this place having already dried out, only a few people remained, who had to haul the necessary water from great distances. The Indians here use baskets to convey the water in. The weaving of baskets is carried on as a trade; these baskets are sold as curios, but owing to the ridiculously low price offered for them, baskets of beautiful design and workmanship are scarce.

On my first visit to this place, I found a small dingy church, so small that a person could hardly stand upright in it. It also served as a rendezvous for bats. I told the people that the house of God should be a nice place and that we should have to build a new church. Imagine my surprise, when on my next visit I saw that the people had the new church nearly under roof.

It is, indeed only a poor specimen of Indian architecture, but it is easily the best building in the village, and it will have to serve its purpose until the alms of some kind benefactor enable us to erect a more substantial and suitable building for this growing settlement. A very zealous catechist, residing here, told me that many years ago a plague broke out in the surrounding country. She also was stricken, and was already at death's door, when St. Francis Xavier appeared to her, and cured her.

The scant supply of water here necessitated a forced trip to the next mountain town Tjiovak (i. e. where something has rotted,) where water is always plentiful. This town is inhabited by the St. Rose Indians, the most numerous branch of the Papago tribe. The people are, on the whole, very good, and have ever bewailed the fact that no priest comes to visit them. Ramon, the chief of all the neighboring towns, attended holy Mass and instruction every morning and evening, and in time he will prove a zealous Catholic. I could not halt here very long, as in the nearby Quijota the famous Santa Cruz fiesta was soon to begin, and I deemed it prudent to be present, as many people would attend this festival, who might be benefited by my presence.

(To be continued)



FIRST MASS OF INDIAN PRIEST

The first Chippewa Indian to receive Holy Orders was ordained in the Sacred Heart Cathedral, Superior, Wis., last month, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, by the Rt. Rev. J. M. Koudelka. Father Gordon is seven-eighths Indian, his mother being of pure Chippewa blood, and his father, three-fourths. He was born in 1887, at Gordon, a little village in Douglas Co., Wisconsin, which received its name from Father Gordon's grandfather, Antoine Gordon. The old log house in which Ti-bishko-gi-jik,—the Indian name of the young priest,—was born, is still standing.

Father Gordon received his elementary education at St. Mary's Industrial School, Odanah, Wisconsin, conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, of La Crosse, where he remained for four years. He was not yet sixteen when he took examination for a teacher's certificate for Ashland County, and was successful. The following June, he was graduated from St. Mary's, and the Sisters urged him to attend the State Normal School at Superior. This he did for one year. After leaving the Normal School, he applied to his old friends, the Sisters, for advice concerning further studies; and upon their recommendation, he entered St. Thomas College, St. Paul, where he remained five years, being graduated with honors in June 1908. The following September, he entered the St. Paul Seminary, where he remained one year; the next year was spent in the American College, Rome; after which, he went to Innsbruck, Austria. On his return from Europe, he spent another year at St. Paul Seminary, and finished his studies at St. John's University, College-

ville, Minn. Father Gordon's record as a student may be justly called brilliant. At St. Thomas, he was President of the College Debating Club, received honorary mention in almost every one of his classes, and carried off two gold medals for general excellence. He is able to speak fluently not only Chippewa, English, Latin, and Greek, but also German, French, and Italian. With all the culture that conscientious study, extensive travel, and the best Catholic seats of learning can give, Father Gordon, proud of his Chippewa blood, still loves his race with patriotic and religious devotion.

His first solemn High Mass was read on the Feast of the Epiphany, at the Odanah Indian Reservation, in St. Mary's Church, which stands alongside of his first Alma Mater, St. Mary's Industrial School. Long before the appointed hour, the body of the church, aisles, entrances, and choir were crowded, and it was only with difficulty that the special seats reserved for the clergy in front of the communion rail could be held. Besides the Rt. Rev. Bishop Koudelka, Fathers Gordon and Optatus, O.F.M., Rector of St. Mary's, there were present the following priests: Monsignor Faust of Assinins, Mich.; Rev. Dr. Moynihan, President St. Thomas College; Rev. Father Hannan, Professor St. Thomas College; Father Weber, Chancellor, Superior Wis.; Father Simon, O.F.M., St. Michael's Indian School, Keshena; Father Bergs of Chicago; Father Bernardine, O.F.M., Guardian St. Agnes Monastery, Ashland; Father Gerhards, Turtle Lake; Father Beaudette, Washburn; Father Kalczynski, Cudahy, Wis.; Father Luby, Minneapolis; Father Rickert, St. Paul; Father Borucki, Superior;

Father Hopdegard, River Falls; Father Klopp, Hurley; Father Moriarity, Ironwood; Father Rivers, Merrill, Wis., Father Fassbender, Amery, Wis.; Father Smits, Solon Springs, Wis. Among the veteran Indian missionaries present were Father Simon, O.S.B., who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as Indian missionary to the Chippewas of Minnesota; Father Specht, S. J. of Garden River, Ont. Canada, who has given missions to the Chippewas of Odanah on different occasions; the scholarly historian of the Indians, Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.F.M. whose Indian title is "Akiwensi", or "Gray-Haired Old Man"; Rev. Odoric Derenthal, O.F.M., who has labored among the Indians since his ordination in 1880; and Rev. Agatho Anklin, O.F.M., who may also be said to have labored exclusively among the Indians of Wisconsin, since his ordination in 1901.

At ten o'clock, the imposing procession composed of the above-mentioned clergy filed solemnly out of the main entrance of St. Mary's school into the church. At the foot of the altar, Father Gordon entoned the "Veni Creator", and the choir took up the strain, completing the grand old hymn. Throughout the services, Father Gordon's voice was strong and clear, and the piety and recollection with which he performed the sacred ceremonies impressed all present. By a special privilege granted him by the Holy Father, he conferred, at the close of the Mass, the Apostolic Benediction; The Chippewa sermon was delivered by Father Odoric O.F.M. It was he who had baptized Father Gordon; and, as he recalled the fact, in the course of his sermon, his voice quivered with emotion. The English sermon, by Rev. Dr. Moynihan, was a masterpiece of oratory. In glowing terms, Dr. Moynihan described the dignity of

the priesthood: and, when speaking of Father Gordon, in particular, he said: "Of the hundreds of students in St. Thomas College during Father Gordon's five year course, there was none more beloved for his gentle, affable, and effectionate nature, his sincere piety, and his sterling qualities; and 'it is these qualities he is bringing with him to the priesthood, as he takes his place in the sacred ranks of the Catholic clergy'".

One of the most unexpected events of the day took place when the Rt. Rev. Bishop, after delivering a short address in English, also addressed the congregation in Chippewa. He thanked and blessed Father Gordon's good parents for having given a son to the sanctuary, and he told the Chippewa people that Father Gordon, whom he particularly blessed, would come to them with the message of salvation. Finally, his Lordship thanked the choir for the beautiful singing during the services. A four voiced mass prepared for the occasion was rendered by a chorus of twenty, in a manner which elicited many compliments from the visiting clergy.

Services ended, the Bishop, Father Gordon, and the other members of the clergy were conducted to one of the largest rooms in St. Mary's School, where a sumptuous banquet was served. The banquet hall was most beautifully decorated. Father Weber was toastmaster, and he elicited many a hearty laugh. The menu and place cards were highly appreciated by the guests. The menu was written on birch bark designs, placed on easels; and the place cards were tiny birch canoes. There were none of them to be found when the banquet was over; the menu was printed in Chippewa, and some of the priests expressed their intention of having their menu cards framed. U. S. Indian Agents, P. S. Everest and

Mr. Dady of Red Cliff, who were unable to attend the morning service, arrived on the noon train to do honor to the day.

At 2 P. M., the curtain of St. Mary's Hall stage rose to reveal a crowd of beaming-faced children who, for lack of room, had been compelled to remain unseen and unheard during the morning's celebration. They appreciated their privilege of appearing even "at the eleventh hour" and did full justice to a short but very beautiful program which called forth many a sincere compliment from the large

audience, especially from the Reverend Clergy. A complete and costly outfit for the celebration of holy Mass was presented to Father Gordon at the close of the program, as a gift from St. Mary's parish.

It is safe to say that the Feast of the Epiphany, 1914, will go down in the history of Odanah, as the brightest, the most memorable in her annals. Father Gordon has been appointed assistant to the veteran Indian missionary Fr. Odoric, O.F.M., and his headquarters, for the present, at least, will be at Lac Court Oreilles, Wis.

AN EXAMPLE OF CONSTANCY

Six months ago, Miss Georgine Pawlowitsch, a Servian schoolmistress, of twenty-three, renounced the Greek church, and joined the true fold of Christ. Of her own accord, she resolved to enter the convent. Notwithstanding that her conversion was made in full accordance with the law of the state, a Servian newspaper made capital of the incident against the Catholics, especially against the Rt. Rev. Stadler, Archbishop of Serajewa. On September 8, it published a scathing denunciation of the proselytism of the Catholics, which so incensed the schismatics that a band of fanatic Servians attacked Miss Pawlowitsch while on her way to the convent. Amid the jeers and gibes of the populace, she was dragged to the police-station where lengthy hearings were held with a view to turn her away from the Catholic faith. Miss Pawlowitsch, however, declared that she had become a Catholic of her own free will. Baron Colar, the State-Commissary, tried all in his power to shake the constancy of the young lady. He made her the most flattering offers and tempting propositions; but all to no avail. The bigoted tempters then had recourse to violence. They forced her to kneel down, and, in a loud, solemn tone, a deputy of the Servian Consistory pronounced over her the formula of excommunication. Miss Pawlowitsch in the meantime recited the Apostles' Creed. Her mother was now dragged on the scene and likewise excommunicated. Although the young lady felt it keenly to see her mother thus outraged, her constancy remained unshaken. As a last resort, a number of Servian divines were called to dispute with her. But she answered all their questions and objections so fully and fearlessly that at length the trial was broken off, and the young lady was set at liberty.

Thank God, our age, too, has its heroes and heroines of the faith.



TWO EMPTY CANOES

(For Franciscan Herald by Alice Hammond, Tertiary)

Come, climb on my knee, Jame-sie, Grandpa will tell you a story of dear old Lake Winnebago.

In my younger days, Fond du Lac consisted of a handful of white persons, the rest of its population were Indians; to-day it has fifteen thousand inhabitants.

In those early days, new settlers arrived daily. The story, I am going to tell you, is about a Canadian farmer, West Fisk by name. He came on the scene bringing with him a team of oxen, hitched to a large wagon, loaded with all kinds of household goods and three of the prettiest children your eyes would want to see: Helen, a mere baby; Harry, a curly-headed little urchin of about five; and Willie, a fine sturdy boy of twelve years.

It was in the spring of the year, when he pitched his tent among us. The air was heavy with the odor of wild flowers; the tall swamp grass was fairly alive with game; deer wandered about through the timber land, as if it were theirs by right to listen to the many birds proclaiming spring, and fluttering about their heads in the friendly protecting branches of the trees.

He bought a fine piece of land, built a log hut, and settled down to support his little family. He was a man of immense stature; his fearless blue eyes would look you through and through. We were very glad to have him for a neighbor, for he had a pleasant word for everybody. The only thing people disliked about him was that he refused to talk about himself. Since they never saw a woman about his place, they soon discovered reasons for suspicion, and suspicion gradually became a certainty in the minds of the scandal-loving neighbors. He was, therefore, shunned more and

more by the whites, and left to neighbor with redskins. The tribe of which I speak, had been christianized by some Catholic missionaries, and religion had made them quite harmless and peace-loving.

Waupaun, the chief of this particular tribe, had noble qualities which many a king might envy. He was a splendid specimen of his kind, his high forehead bespoke intelligence, and his kingly bearing caused even us white settlers to respect him. As soon as this noble man had become acquainted with the children of Mr. Fisk, he took a great liking to them, and summoning the members of his tribe, warned them that no harm must come to the white papooses, neither must they be molested in any way. Little Helen's sweet angelic face and clear blue eyes looked without fear into his noble countenance and clasping her baby arms about his neck, she felt in her heart that she had found a true friend. He also became attached to the little girl, and made her many gifts. Her moccasins were the prettiest that could be made by Indian women. The finest beads were woven into skins to adorn her little body. The squaws naturally became very jealous when they saw the little white girl preferred to their own papooses.

On the placid bosom of the lake, he would guide his canoe with baby Helen, or little Sunshine, as he called her, safely tucked in one corner. He taught the birds by his call to come to her and pick at the bread she would hold out to them.

Two years passed away,—oh, such happy years for Waupaun. One evening he stood looking over the lake. At his feet the waves dashed and tossed, sending their spray even over the rocks; as far as the eye

could see out across the lake, were hundreds of whitecaps ever moving restlessly shoreward. Waupaun turned his steps toward his wigwam there to enjoy his evening repast. Once he stopped and turned back; one lone star shone brilliantly through the clouds, while whitecaps rode solemnly on the waves like a procession of angels coming to conduct a soul, to give it back in its purity to the hands of its Creator. All night, as the waves increased in size, the roaring of the waters grew louder and louder. When the storm was at its height, a canoe was quickly guided by a dark form along the edge of the lake; a flash of lightning revealed a small bundle wrapped in a blanket in one corner, and a squaw pushing the canoe out on the bosom of the lake.

When the morning dawned, beautiful in its calmness, baby Helen was missing from her cradle. The excitement and sorrow of the father were pitiful to see as he, gun in hand, rushed to his friend Waupaun. He believed that the chief had stolen the child. Waupaun looked squarely at the settler, and without betraying the least sign of emotion, ordered him to put down his gun. Then he raised one hand towards heaven and said, "Waupaun has not stolen Sunshine, as the God of the forest knows."

Suspecting the cause of Helen's disappearance, he summoned his tribesmen to appear before him, and sitting down before them on a fur mat waited for the culprit. Quietly he watched their movements, but questioned no one. In the procession that moved past him, one squaw quivered, for, whether by chance or directed by Divine Providence, there alighted a flock of birds on the branches above her head; their twittering and chirping annoyed her greatly, for did not the Great Spirit make the birds with their bright eyes to watch over the children of

the forest and report to him their wants and troubles? The squaw took her stand before the chief; still the birds kept on twittering. Springing lightly to his feet, he stood before her, and, with a voice and look that pierced to the depths of her soul, asked, "What have you done with Sunshine?" She answered, "Darkness is upon the forest. Sunshine is no more. I have sent her adrift on the lake." The chief ordered her strapped to her own canoe, and, with one mighty push, he sent her out on the waters.

As the moon arose that night, two empty canoes returned. Waupaun sat bowed with grief and sorrow, life no longer held any joy for him. The birds sang, the sun shone brightly, but brightness and warmth came not to his frozen heart. Three mornings he had called on the Great Spirit to throw over him the mantle of death, that he might join Sunshine. One evening, he stood on the shore of the lake, and shading his eyes, looked to the distant west, as if seeking to discover the land of the blessed. The Queen of the night appeared, and rapidly climbed over a bank of clouds. A canoe came slowly riding the waves toward him; nearer and nearer it came until it stopped at the shore. Standing in the canoe upon the dancing waves, beckoning him, stood Sunshine. He stepped lightly into the silvery sheen, and reached the canoe.

In the morning, his body was washed upon the shore. His tribe gathered about him, and buried him on the shore, where the soft sound of the water ever sings a requiem over his grave.

The wind blows gently when it reaches the old tumble-down log hut and the long forgotten grave, and the birds twitter through the wide cracks in the hut as they relate to their young the story of the two empty canoes.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Assisi, Italy.—The renowned artist, M. Eugene Bournand, has undertaken to illustrate the "Fioretti" or "Little Flowers of St. Francis". The work of art will comprise thirty illustrations in crayon, and will appear in book-form when completed. The following illustrations are now finished: "St. Francis at Prayer in the House of Bernard of Quintavalle", "The Repast at the Spring", "The Preaching of St. Francis in Bologna", "The Holy Conversation", "The Chapter of the Mats", "Perfect Joy", "The Ransom of the Turtledoves", "The Conversion of the Robbers", "The Wolf of Gubbio".

Werl, Germany.—Werl is a small town in the province of Westphalia. It is celebrated as a place of pilgrimage. The Franciscan Fathers of this city arrange every year a spiritual retreat for the soldiers of the German army. Recently more than seventeen hundred soldiers took part in the religious exercises. At the close of the retreat, the lieutenant general, Baron Harben, expressed his satisfaction to the Fathers, so devoted to the moral improvement of the army.

Shanghai, Japan.—The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are now in charge of the local International Hospital. Last September thirty Sisters of this Congregation arrived from France to begin the noble work entrusted to them. It is an important and difficult post, but the zeal and ability of the Sisters manifested in the management of other institutions of this kind, give

every reason to hope that they will labor with equal success here, and achieve much for the greater glory of God and the welfare of immortal souls.

Newfoundland.—A ship has been fitted out and called "The St. Francis" to supply the spiritual needs of the fleet engaged in fishing off the coast of Newfoundland. The priest in charge is a Franciscan. Mass is said on the deck on Sundays and festivals, and, weather permitting, the various units of the fleet gather around as near as possible. Thus the fishermen are enabled to assist at the holy sacrifice of Mass. The presence of a priest on board is a distinct boon to these toilers of the deep, the majority of whom are Catholics.

Salzkotten, Germany.—The Ven. Sister Martina, at one time Superior General of the Congregation of Franciscan Sisters of Salzkotten, has recently celebrated the golden jubilee of her entrance upon the religious life. It was a well earned day of joy for the good and faithful Sister. The German Empress presented the jubilarian with a beautiful copy of the "Imitation of Christ". The convent at Salzkotten is the cradle of the congregation of Franciscan Sisters whose mother house now is St. Antony's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

Bologna, Italy.—The Tertiaries of Bologna have conceived a novel means of manifesting their spirit of Christian charity. They collect and receive as donations discarded household articles, old iron, rags

and bottles, and convey them to a general warehouse, where they sell them in bulk. In one month they realized the neat little sum of \$100. In this way, they help the poor, who receive all the proceeds, and at the same time teach others the lesson of economy.

Oxford, England.—The seventh centenary of the birth of Roger Bacon, the renowned English Franciscan, will be commemorated at the University of Oxford by erecting a statue in his honor. Roger Bacon lived in the thirteenth century, and is chiefly remembered as the champion of experimental science and the advocate of positive knowledge. The great scientist, Humboldt, does not hesitate to call him from this point of view "the most important phenomenon of the Middle Ages". Together with the centenary celebration it has been proposed to raise a sum for the publication of the friar's many and important writings.

Lokeren, Belgium.—St. Antony's Seraphic College, which recently commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, has given to the Order of the Friars Minor 190 religious, among them 130 priests. Of the latter, three have suffered death for the faith, namely, the Rt. Rev. Theotimus Verhaeghen, the Rev. Florence Robberecht, and the Rev. Victorin Delbrouck, the story of whose life and labors is now running in the *Franciscan Herald*.

Valencia, Spain.—*El Echo Franciscano* announces that the illustrious Tertiary, Don Victoriano Guisalva, Archbishop of Valencia, has been made Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain. The Seraphic Order has every reason to congratulate itself and to rejoice that the see of Toledo, left vacant by the untimely death of the late Gregorio Maria Card. Aguirre, O.F.M., the indefatigable champion of social re-

form in Spain, has been entrusted to a Tertiary of so eminent qualities and merits, as Don Guisalva. These sentiments of joy fill especially the hearts of the members of the Franciscan Province of Santiago, who have always shown a tender, filial love for the illustrious prelate on account of the many signal favors he has bestowed on them. May the distinguished son of St. Francis discharge the important and difficult duties of his new office as Primate of Spain with the same success as his famous predecessors from the Seraphic Order, the Cardinals Ximenes de Cisneros and Gregorio Maria Aguirre.

Memphis, Tenn.—On the morning of December 22, the tolling of St. Mary's bells announced to the parishioners the death of their beloved pastor, the Rev. Fr. Hugo, O.F.M. The pious priest and worthy son of St. Francis will long be held in blessed memory by those who knew and loved him.—After completing his classical studies at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., in 1873, Fr. Hugo entered the novitiate at Teutopolis, and there laid the foundation of that all embracing charity and self-effacing humility, which, coupled with indefatigable zeal for the salvation of souls, characterized him through life. He was ordained priest on June 3, 1881. His first field of labor was among the Menominee Indians in Keshena, Wis. Later holy obedience called him successively to Chillicothe, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., "Old Mission" Santa Barbara, Cal., Chicago, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind. Thrice he was pastor of St. Mary's Church in Memphis, Tenn. It was here that death summoned him to his eternal reward. After lying in state in the parlor of the rectory, the remains were carried by the Reverend Fathers to the grotto of our Lady of Lourdes, to whom in life Fr. Hugo fostered a tender and

deep devotion. Unable to be present at the funeral in person, the Very Rev. Provincial, Benedict, O.F.M., delegated the venerable Jubilarian Fr. Francis, O.F.M., of Chicago, who, on December 24, sang the solemn Requiem Mass. Representatives of all the religious communities of the city and a large concourse of the laity attended the solemn obsequies, and accompanied the remains of their pastor and friend to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest on the historic Priests' Mound.

Chicago, Ill. St Peter's Church. — At the meeting of the English branch of the Third Order on the third Sunday in December, thirty-five novices made their profession. The total number of professions during the year 1913 was one hundred and fifty-six, while one hundred and ninety-seven novices were received into the Third Order. Sixty-five members were called to their eternal reward. The library contains now 917 volumes; a catalog has been printed lately, which contains an alphabetical list of both the books and the authors. This catalog will be of great service to those who patronize the library.

Phoenix, Ariz. — On December 21, twenty-five Indian children and one adult received their first Holy Communion. Our Indians were very happy on Christmas day. In the early Mass at five o'clock about three hundred and fifty Indians approached the Holy Table. High Mass was celebrated at ten o'clock. Thereupon the customary Christmas feast was held. The Indians did full justice to the dinner prepared for them. Following are the statistics of St. John's Mission for the past year and a half: baptisms 211, converts 81, marriages 22, burials 64, holy Communions 15,338, first Communions 38. The Mission school is attended by 231 children, while 30 attend the branch school

at St. Anne's. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin numbers 98 boys and 84 girls.

Tucson, Ariz. — Christmas was fittingly celebrated at Mission San Xavier del Bac. A large number of Indians were present at the midnight Mass. The singing of the children was very edifying. Sermons were preached in Papago, English, and Spanish. The Rt. Rev. H. Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, celebrated Holy Mass at ten o'clock.

Tschuchutscho, Ariz. — The Rev. Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M., missionary among the Papagos, has erected a little church in the Old Mission style. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Tucson will dedicate it in the near future.

Glen Riddle, Pa. — On December 27, in the convent chapel of the Franciscan Sisters, the Most Rev. Archbishop officiated at the solemn ceremonies of reception and profession. Thirteen postulants were received into the novitiate, and eleven novices pronounced their first vows. A score of visiting priests were present in the sanctuary.

Cumberland, Md. — The Very Rev. Benedict, O. M. Cap., Provincial of the Capuchin Fathers, celebrated his silver jubilee as priest on December 28. The Very Rev. Jubilarian was born forty-eight years ago in Pittsburgh, and ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore on December 22, 1888.

Los Angeles, Cal. — On New Year's day, St. Joseph's Church in charge of the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province celebrated its silver jubilee. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty presided at the Solemn High Mass, which began at half past ten o'clock. The Rev. Michael, O.F.M., formerly provincial of the province, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon. A large number of the clergy were in attendance in the sanctuary. — On the feast of the Epiphany, at

7:30 p. m. a reception of new members into the Third Order was held. About twenty-five were enrolled. A sermon appropriate to the festival was preached by the Rev. Fr. George, O.F.M. and the exercises concluded with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

San Diego, Cal.—The old San Diego Mission, erected by Padre Junipero Serra in 1769, is to be restored. The work will begin with the erection of a cross over the grave of Father Jayme, S. J. The Rev. Missionary was basely shot by hostile Indians while bearing a cross at the head of a procession.

St. Francis, S. D.—Christmas was a day of real joy here in the far West. The boys' play hall had been nicely decorated with garlands and Christmas bells. Here the children gathered on the eve of the feast to receive their Christmas presents. About 260 little hearts were gladdened that evening, thanks to the kindness of our benefactors. At midnight a solemn High Mass was celebrated. The church was filled to the last seat, many visitors having come to spend the happy day with the children. Almost all present received Holy Communion during this Mass. On the following day, the children entertained the visitors with a Christmas program.

Bayfield, Wis.—The oldest parish in the northern part of Wisconsin, founded by the great Indian missionary, Father Baraga on Madeline Island in 1835, and transferred to Bayfield in 1865, had the great joy and blessing of honoring the newly ordained Chippewa, Rev. Philip B. Gordon. The Rev. Fr. Sabinus, O. F. M., pastor at Bayfield quietly arranged the celebration of a solemn High Mass on the 9th, sending out notices to the Indians living in the city. At eight o'clock the church was filled with old and young Chippewas, when Father Gordon assisted

by three Franciscan Fathers ascended the altar steps to celebrate the holy Sacrifice of Mass. The parish choir sang the mass "Exultate Deo" of F. X. Arens. Father Gordon's singing of the mass parts was so impressive that the stoical nature of the Indian gave way to tears of joy and happiness. This was especially so the when the neopresbyter after Mass imparted his blessing to the congregation. The relatives and friends of the Rev. Father thanked God for the happiness accorded them in being present on this occasion, one ever memorable in the annals of the parish.

St. Louis, Mo.—At the Intermediate Chapter held in St. Louis, Mo., from December 28 to January 4, the following Fathers were appointed Directors of the Third Order in the different parishes in charge of the Sacred Heart Province:

Fr. Josaphat, St. Louis, Mo.; Fr. Theodosius, Teutopolis, Ill.; Fr. Leo, Quincy, Ill.; Fr. Hilarion, Cleveland, O.; Fr. Philip Neri, Indianapolis, Ind.; Fr. Bede, Ashland, Wis.; Fr. Maurice, St. Augustine's, Chicago, Ill.; Fr. Timothy, St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill.; Fr. Roger, St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill.; Fr. Peter Alcantara, Memphis, Tenn.; Fr. Romuald, Hermann, Mo.; Fr. Benignus, Jordan, Minn.; Fr. Christopher and Fr. Ulric, St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Fr. Ewald, Columbus, Neb.; Fr. Blase, Wien, Mo.; Fr. Bernard, Joliet, Ill.; Fr. Odilo, Chillicothe, Mo.; Fr. Norbert, Bayfield, Wis.; Fr. Germain, Chaska, Minn.; Fr. Denis, Radom, Ill.; Fr. Adolph, St. Bernard, Neb.; Fr. Simon, Keshena, Wis.; Fr. Maximus, Superior, Wis.; Fr. Joseph, Harbor Springs, Mich.; Fr. Lambert, Humphrey, Neb.; Fr. Ignatius, Washington, Mo.; Fr. Benno, Omaha, Neb.; Fr. Bruno, Petoskey, Mich.; Fr. Thaddeus, St. Stanislaus, Cleveland, O.; Fr. Gratian, Sioux

City, Ia.; Fr. Ivo, St. Paul, Minn.; Fr. Philip, Dubuque, Ia.; Fr. Hilary, Oak Forest, Ill.; Fr. Humilis, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Fr. Juniper, San Francisco, Cal.; Fr. Julius, St. Anthony's College, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Fr. Casimir, Oakland, Cal.; Fr. Felix, San Luis Rey, Cal.; Fr. Florian, Watsonville, Cal.; Fr. Philemon, Kelseyville, Cal.; Fr. George, Los Angeles, Cal.; Fr. Aloysius, St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, Cal.; Fr. Leonard, Sacramento, Cal.; Fr. Alban, Phoenix, Ariz.; Fr. Maximilian, Hood River, Ore.; Fr. Justin, St. John's, Ariz.; Fr. Giles, Cowlitz, Wash.; Fr. Victor, Tigard, Wash.; Fr. Pius, Burns, Wash.; Fr. Ferdinand, San Xavier del Bac, Ariz.

San Francisco, Cal.—At the last meeting of the Tertiaries, St. Boniface Branch, which took place on Wednesday evening, January 7, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Chas. B. Hobrecht, prefect; James M. Hans, sub-prefect. Miss Catherine Costello was re-elected prefect for the ladies and Miss Margaret Lydon was elected sub-prefect for the ladies. Francis Perry was elected secretary.

The Secretary's report for the year ending December 31, 1913, follows:

Visits to the sick, 554; to the poor, 91; to the Almshouse, 51; to the

City and County Hospital, 59; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, 75; to the various hospitals, 129.

Distributions of pieces of clothing, of pieces of literature, 1300; of miscellaneous articles, 50.

Attendance at House Office of the Dead, 203; at funeral services, 90. Positions secured, 3.

Various acts of Charity.—The priest was sent to six persons. Three poor families were provided for. Three persons were induced to return to practice of religion. One was instructed in Religion. Seven were baptized. One and a half days were spent in sewing for the poor. Two hundred subscriptions were secured for the Franciscan Herald.

Special Charity.—\$58.00 was donated for the support of a poor Seminarian. Twelve subscriptions to The Monitor were donated to various charitable and public institutions.

Donations—To Third Order Treasury, \$272.00; to Missions, \$1278.00; to poor, \$900.00; to charitable institutions, \$125.00; in various alms, \$247.70. Grand total of donations, \$2822.70.

During the year 214 new members were received into the Society; 145 professions of novices took place and 110 deaths were reported.

—The Monitor.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

DURING the Christmas holidays, a large number of visitors from Chicago, Indianapolis, Joliet, and St. Louis, mostly relatives of our students, gathered at the College, in order to celebrate the most joyous of seasons with their respective sons or brothers.

The midnight Mass, the other

grand services in the chapel, the Christmas tree, the drama, the music of the orchestra, and other minor entertainments, were greatly enjoyed by the guests who were profuse in their praise of all that they witnessed during their brief stay at the College. The students evidently tried to give the very best exhibition of their talents and acquirements.

On St. Stephen's day the students presented the drama: "If I Were a King." Following is the cast of characters:

Genaro, Shepherd King.....	A. Fochtman
Ferdinando, King of Naples.....	J. Kola
Ruisco, Cousin of the King.....	A. Kiemen
Don Gonzalo, Spanish Ambassador.....	L. Groeger
Bozza, Major-Domo.....	W. Wemhoff
Alberto, Son of the King.....	A. Piontkowski
Valerio, Genaro's Brother.....	P. Eberle
Melchiorre, a Courtier.....	J. Johantzes
Banquo, Overseer of the Shepherds.....	A. Glauber
Cecato, Chief of the Shepherds.....	J. Martin
Filippo.....	M. Cyr
Battista.....	A. Pudlowski
Silvio.....	J. Herring
Marco.....	E. Stein
Alonzo, General.....	S. Kelly
Orazio, Courtiers.....	J. Maloney
Marino.....	J. Diederich
Verdi, Pages.....	S. Dippel
Guido.....	A. Hellstern

Under the experienced guidance of the Rev. Fr. Timothy Magnien, O.F.M., at present a member of the faculty of St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., the students made their annual retreat during the last three days of the year.

During the holidays, many of the Reverend Fathers were absent from College in order to assist the neighboring priests in the confessional and on the pulpit. Fr. Samuel was at New Berlin, Fr. Aloysius at St. Marie, Fr. Julian at Chicago, Fr. Mark at Mattoon, Fr. Francis Borgias at Effingham, Fr. Juvenal at Pesotum. The Rev. Rector attended the meeting of the Definitors of the Province of the Sacred Heart, in St. Louis.

At this meeting the Rev. Fr. Samuel who had taught for thirty-four years at the Franciscan colleges in Quincy and Teutopolis, and had been Rector of both institutions, was elected Guardian of the St. Antony's Monastery, St. Louis, Mo. On the day before his departure for his new field of labor, the faculty and student body met in the College hall to express to Fr. Samuel their sincerest sentiments of gratitude for his long and faithful service in the interests of the College and their best wishes for his success in his new and important office.

It may interest the patrons of our institution to know that a number of rare articles have been lately added to the College museum: a mounted head of a mountain goat, a thorn bush from the deserts of Arizona, stones of historical interest, specimens of rare minerals, a prehistoric battle-ax from Mexico, a piece of Indian pottery—all of which articles were sent by the Rev. Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M. Mrs. Frye, of St. Louis, Mo., donated a Renaissance statue and a baptismal robe both of the seventeenth century.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English branch of the Third Order:

Mary Kenealy, Sister Clara,
Catharine Carberry, Sister Maria,
Mary A. Fox, Sister Monica,
Catharine Hanrahan, Sister Catharine

German branch of the Third Order:

John Schalinski, Caroline Irmen,
Mary Stack, Wilhelmina Kaja,
Henry Keckeisen, Ignatius Zeiss,
Catherine Uhren.

THANKSGIVINGS

E. H. H. of Chicago would like to publish that, having promised an alms and publication in a Catholic magazine, the request of a signal favor has been granted.

A subscriber from San Diego, Cal., wishes to give public expression to her gratitude for a favor received through the intercession of St. Antony.

Another subscriber from St. Louis has obtained speedy relief of severe pain through the intercession of the poor souls after promising holy Communion, prayers, alms, and publication.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

We think we need not inform our readers that the publishing of a magazine such as Franciscan Herald is accompanied with many anxieties and labors. But the editors are sustained by the thought of the good cause they are endeavoring to further. Hence, they are grateful for every word of appreciation expressed by their readers. Such kind words cheer and encourage them and incite them to even greater endeavors.

The following are a few of the letters of commendation selected from many that have lately come to this office.

On receiving my January number, I was reminded that before the end of another month my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald* would expire. I now gladly renew it for the coming year, for I have thoroughly enjoyed it during the past year, and look forward each month to receiving something that is worth while.

Most sincerely,
Katherine Sweeney,
Omaha, Neb.

I have received a sample copy of the *Herald*. I intend to subscribe for it as long as I live. Respectfully yours,

(Mrs.) E. C. Kane,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I take pleasure in enclosing money order for one dollar in payment for renewed subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*.

I find the magazine most interesting and instructive, and feel that it is capable of speaking for itself when brought to the attention of any good Catholic. I will continue to assist in obtaining new subscribers. Respectfully yours,

(Mrs.) Mary Gearon,
Chicago, Ill.

You will find enclosed one dollar for my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. We like it very much.

Respectfully yours,
Peter Christoffel,
Aurora, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the renewal of my subscription to the *Herald*.

Congratulations for your fine magazine.

Respectfully,
J. H. O'Rourke,
St. Louis, Mo.

Will you kindly send us the June number? It is missing, and we should like to have all the numbers. We like the *Franciscan Herald*, because of its nice stories.

Respectfully,
Sisters of St. Francis,
Norway, Ia.

Enclosed find check for one dollar for one year's subscription to the *Herald*.

May God bless and prosper the *Herald* and all who have worked so faithfully to make it a success.

I hope to be able to send you other subscribers.

Very respectfully,
(Miss) M. Zwilling,
Cleveland, O.

You will find enclosed a check for three dollars to pay for my renewal; and kindly send the *Herald* to the following addresses: Mrs. E. Craig, 139 Troupe St., Rochester, N. Y., and Sister M. Borgia, Villa Marie Academy, Erie, Pa.

We enjoy the *Herald*, and find it more interesting with each number. Wishing you every success,

Very truly yours,
Thos. C. Nolan,
St. Louis, Mo.

I have received with pleasure a copy of your very nice magazine, *Franciscan Herald*, for which I thank you very much. In the future, I will do all I can to propagate this worthy magazine. I am sending a money order for \$1.25 in payment of my subscription for one year and for a few sample copies.

Most respectfully
(Mrs.) C. W. Detrixhe,
So. Bethlehem, Pa.

I received the October number of the *Franciscan Herald* from a friend, and I like the magazine very much. Enclosed please find one dollar for my subscription.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) David Null,
Oakland City, Ind.

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment of my subscription for the coming year to your valuable little magazine.

Wishing you much success and prosperity during the new year,

Respectfully yours,
H. W. Schulte,
Chillicothe, Mo.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

FEBRUARY, 1914.

DEDICATED
TO THE SEVEN DOLORS
OF MARY

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	4th Sunday after Epiphany. —Bl. Andrew, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.) Gospel: Jesus stills the tempest. Matt. VIII, 23-27.
2	M.	Purification of B. V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
3	T.	Bl. Odoric, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
4	W.	St. Joseph of Leonissa, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
5	Th.	SS. Peter and Companions, 1st Ord., MM. (P. I.)
6	F.	Feast of the Mysteries of the Way of the Cross. (G. A., P. I.) St. Dorothy, V. M.
7	S.	Bl. Antony of Stronconio, 1st Ord., C.
8	S.	Septuagesima Sunday. —St. John of Matha, Founder of the Order of Theatines. Gospel: The laborers in the vineyard. Matt. XX, 1-16.
9	M.	Bl. Giles, 1st Ord., C.—St. Apollonia, V. M. (Invoked against toothache.)
10	T.	Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.—St. Scholastica, V.
11	W.	Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes.
12	Th.	Feast of the Seven Founders of the Order of Servites.
13	F.	Bl. Joan of Valois, 2d Ord.,—Bl. Viridiana, V. 3d Ord. (P. I.)
14	S.	St. Andrew, Bp., C.
15	S.	Sexagesima Sunday. —St. Romuald.—Translation of the body of St. Antony of Padua. Gospel: The parable of the seed. Luke VIII, 4-15.
16	M.	Bl. Philippa, 2d Ord., V.—St. Juliana, V. M.
17	T.	Passion of Our Lord.—St. Hilary, Bp. D.
18	W.	St. Marcellus, P. M.—St. Simeon, Bp. of Jerusalem.
19	Th.	St. Conrad, 3d Ord., C. (P. I.)
20	F.	St. Raymond, C.
21	S.	St. Angela, 3d Ord., V. (P. I.)
22	S.	Quinquagesima Sunday. —St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent of 3d Ord., (P. I.) Gospel: Jesus gives sight to the blind man. Luke XVIII, 31-43.
23	M.	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
24	T.	St. Matthias, Apostle.
25	W.	Ash Wednesday. —Bl. Sebastian, 1st Ord. C.
26	Th.	St. Ignatius, Bp. M.
27	F.	Crown of Thorns.—Bl. John of Triora, 1st Ord., M.—Bl. Eustochium, 2d Ord., V.
28	S.	Bl. Thomas of Cora, 1st Ord., C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"WHO WAS BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1914.

NO. 3

THE WORD MADE FLESH

“**H**AIL, blest of Heaven, thou hast won
The favor of thy Lord;
Thou, Virgin pure, shalt bear a son,
The eternal living Word.”—

O Mystery! Wildering raptures thrill
My bosom undefiled;
This night is done the Father's will:
His only Son, my child—

His Son before Whose throne supreme
The angels prostrate fall,
An infant frail—no love-born gleam
To lift the midnight pall,

Creation's mighty King, how lone
To-night Thy chosen lot.
All love, Thou comest to Thy own;
Thy own receive Thee not.

O Child divine, how poor Thou art,
How hard Thy manger bed.
Come to Thy mother's loving heart
And rest Thy aching head.

Ye angels, hymn the Savior's birth:
Glory to God on high
And Heaven's peace to men on earth—
Redemption's hour is nigh.

F. B., O. F. M.



ST. JOHN JOSEPH OF THE CROSS

CONFESSOR OF THE FIRST ORDER

MARCH 5·

THE island of Ischia is the fairest of the beautiful islands which surround the Bay of Naples. In this earthly paradise there was born, on the feast of the Assumption, 1654, a child that was destined to shed lustre on the Church, to edify his fellow men by the holiness of his life and to put to shame the worldliness of so many Christians by his life of penance and self-denial. This child, Charles Cajetan, of the noble family of Calosirto, early began to practice those virtues which later shone forth in him as a religious and priest. He delighted and edified his family and all who became acquainted with him by his modesty, sweetness of disposition, humility, obedience, and love of prayer. Already in his youth, he manifested a love for solitude, silence, and self-denial; he slept on a hard bed or upon the floor, and fasted several times a week.

After finishing his studies, Charles Cajetan, at the age of sixteen, entered the Order of St. Francis in Naples, among the Discalced Friars of St. Peter of Alcantara, or the Alcantarines, and took the name of John Joseph of the Cross. From the beginning of his religious life, he proposed to himself as models St. Francis and St. Peter of Alcantara, and strove to imitate them in the love and practice of prayer,

in humility, poverty, and mortification. He soon reached so high a degree of perfection that his superiors sent him after his profession, when he was scarcely twenty years of age, to superintend the building of a convent at Alifa, near Piedimonte, in Campania. He himself helped the masons and builders at their work, carrying stones and lime and performing various other fatiguing labors, until the convent, patterned according to the strict ideas of poverty of St. Peter of Alcantara, was finished.

In obedience to the command of his superiors, John Joseph accepted the dignity of the priesthood, and was appointed to hear confessions. He displayed so profound a knowledge of theology and of the mysteries of spiritual life, that, though he was scarcely twenty-four years old, he was appointed master of the novices. As such he imbued his charges with the highest ideals of religious life, so that several of them later distinguished themselves by their eminent sanctity. After a few years, he was appointed guardian of the convent at Piedimonte. His holy life, ever regulated by the precepts of the Rule and by obedience, and his humility, which led him to delight in performing the most menial labors of the convent, made his commands and enactments agreeable to his subjects, and in-

cited them to fervor in the practices of religious life. Though the Saint sighed to be relieved of the burden of superiorship, he was, in 1690, appointed definitor, and when the convents of the Alcantarines in Italy were separated from those in Spain, in 1702, he was chosen provincial of the Italian province, despite his tears and entreaties. The new province met with many and great difficulties and obstacles, and the courage and humility of the Saint were put to a severe test. But he bore all opposition and vexations with heroic patience and fortitude, and after some time had the satisfaction of seeing all obstacles removed, and the new province firmly established.

When his term of office had expired, John Joseph retired to the convent of St. Lucy, in Naples, where he devoted himself to the care of souls and to the practice of heroic virtue. His zeal for souls was so great that, even when afflicted with sickness and bodily infirmities, he would not spare any labor for them. He delighted in instructing the ignorant in the mysteries of religion; but all the charitable energies of his soul turned to the direction of souls, the assistance and alleviation of the dying and distressed, and the conversion of sinners. Many, indeed, were the souls whom he consoled and strengthened in spiritual troubles and anxieties, and guided on the way of virtue and perfection. He strove to lead them especially to the practice of humility, obedience, perfect submission to the will of God, and a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Perfect submission to the will of God he exacted of all who chose him as their spiritual guide. An optician, Vincent Lainez, one of his penitents, had a son five months old, who was very sick and near death. Full of grief, he came to our Saint, and besought him to obtain from Almighty God the cure of



St. John Joseph

his child. "But, Vincent," said the Saint, "God calls it." "No, no!" exclaimed the distracted father, "He must leave me this child. He took my little daughter last year; that is sufficient. One for him, and the other for me." The Saint answered with holy indignation, "You ought to submit to the will of God; but since you do not wish to do so, very well, you shall see the result." The child recovered, but ceased to grow, and at the age of three years, did not show the least sign of intelligence. The unhappy father, who had hitherto avoided the Saint, could not bear the sight of his unfortunate child any longer. He went to the cell of Fr. John Joseph, cast himself at his feet, and contritely confessed his fault. After a short prayer, the Saint turned towards him with a compassionate

look, and said, "You have robbed God of the praise your child should have given him in heaven, and have robbed your child of the happiness it could have enjoyed in the company of the angels and saints. For this God has punished you. But he looks upon your sorrow; your punishment is ended; go, you are forgiven." When Vincent reached his home, he found his child at the point of death. With a sweet smile, the first it was seen to give, it turned its head towards its father, and expired.

We need not wonder that the words and exhortations of John Joseph bore abundant fruit; for they were confirmed by the beautiful example of his holy life. He was full of the love of God, and hence he was almost constantly in communion with God, and very often absorbed and rapt in heavenly ecstasies and visions. The Saint's humility and obedience were heroic. A worthy disciple and follower of St. Peter of Alcantara, he practiced mortification to such a degree that no one can attempt to imitate him without a special assistance from God. Besides strictly mortifying his senses, especially his eyes and tongue, he wore iron crosses studded with sharp points on his shoulders and chest, used the discipline daily to a severe degree, and went barefoot or used sandals in which he placed small nails. He slept only three hours, and during the last thirty years of his life, he abstained not only from wine and water, but from every kind of drink.

These heroic virtues drew down upon him special favors and graces. Besides being favored with ecstasies and visions, he was endowed with the gift of prophecy and of reading the secrets of the heart. Many were the miracles wrought

through his intercession in behalf of persons afflicted in divers ways.

The Saint had attained his eightieth year, when God warned him that his end was near, and revealed to him the day of his death and the circumstances that were to attend it. The holy old man joyfully prepared for his entrance into the joys of heaven. Stricken with apoplexy, on the last day of February, 1734, he lingered until March 5. After receiving the last absolution, he cast a look of tender devotion on a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and peacefully passed away.

Many miracles were wrought at his tomb. He was beatified by Pope Pius VI, on May 15, 1789, and canonized by Gregory XVI, on May 26, 1839.

REFLECTION

It ought to be the endeavor of every Christian, and in particular of every Tertiary, to nourish in himself the spirit of prayer and of self-denial. The spirit of prayer consists in frequently raising our hearts to God, in striving to remain united with him in the performance of our daily duties. This spirit of prayer it is which St. Francis so earnestly demanded of his children, saying that all temporal things must be subservient to it. But this spirit can not exist without the spirit of mortification. The soul can not raise itself to God, if it is held captive by the love of sensual pleasures, by pride, sloth, self-will, and other passions. Hence, the necessity of overcoming ourselves, of doing violence to the inordinate desires of corrupt nature. "For if you live according to the flesh, you shall die: but if by the Spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live." (Rom. VIII, 13.)

Fr. Silas, O. F. M.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

14. THE FIRST CONGREGATION OF THE THIRD ORDER

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. CXXXII, 1.

The Seraphic Saint had founded an Order for people living in the world. As the trickling streamlet gradually swells to a mighty stream, and scatters blessings round about, so was the Third Order destined to increase. With giant strides, it spread from Canarra over all Italy and over the entire Catholic world.

From Canarra, Francis went to Florence. In all probability the rumor had preceded him that he had founded an Order for lay people. In Florence, Francis had always found great enthusiasm. Many had entered the Orders founded by him. For those who could not abandon the world, the news concerning the foundation of the Third Order was indeed tidings of great joy. Holy enthusiasm took possession of the Florentines. In crowds they hastened to St. Francis and besought him to receive them into his Order. He could no longer resist this noble tendency, and in Florence he founded congregations of men and women, into which he collected the members of the Third Order. Thus arose the first Third Order community.

Concerning the meetings of the first Christians, Tertullian writes: "In the unity of faith and the bond of hope, they assembled to worship God, as it were imploring Him through the work of their hands and by prayer. Old men, tried and

true, presided, not in consequence of their financial standing but by virtue of their good reputation.....

These men, in the presence of witnesses, took charge of the common treasury, into which each deposited his mite, monthly or whenever he wished and according to his circumstances. This was stored up to be spent for works of charity; it was not used for banquets or for drinking bouts, nor was it given to designing scoundrels, but it was used to support and bury the poor, to help boys and girls who had lost their parents, and possessed no fortune, to give alms to the aged and the shipwrecked, and to aid those who for their faith were banished to the isles, or lay in prison." Thus the word of Holy Scriptures was fulfilled: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The Third Order congregation of Florence was a faithful copy of these first Christian communities. Let us take a closer look at it. If the duties of their state permitted, men of prominence assembled, but we also find the poor represented. The first thing which they accomplished was the building of a hospital and a poor-house. The means were furnished by the individual Tertiaries. They were voluntary contributions. The women were engaged for the service of the sick. That order might rule in every respect, St. Francis appointed precepts. At the instance of St. An-

tonine, Archbishop of Florence, this congregation was transferred to the Church of St. Martin in the city. Hence they were called "The good men of St. Martin." For centuries this hospital was a source of blessing for city and vicinity.

In this house, the first members of the Third Order assembled to execute their works of piety and charity.

May this picture also at the present day be ever present at the meetings of the Tertiaries and especially when they meet in private life. Even of ordinary intercourse, the word of Holy Writ should be verified: "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." If they come together in the right spirit, that is, in the spirit of their Seraphic Father, it will be well for their fellow men. They will pledge themselves to works of charity. It will also be well for themselves, since of such meetings the words of Christ hold good: "Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matth. XVIII, 20)

At these gatherings may the admonition of the Apostle St. James be followed: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. He is able also with a bridle to lead about the whole body. For if we put bits into the mouths of horses, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. Behold also ships, whereas they are great, and are driven by strong winds, yet are they turned about with a small helm, whithersoever the force of the governor willeth. Even so the tongue is indeed a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how small a fire kindleth a great wood. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. The tongue is placed among our members which defileth the whole body, and inflameth the wheel of our na-

tivity, being set on fire by hell. For every nature of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of the rest, is tamed, and hath been tamed, by the nature of man: but the tongue no man can tame, an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison. By it we bless God and the Father: and by it we curse men, who are made after the likeness of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." (James, III, 2-10)

For the sake of clearer understanding we will add a few words of explanation to these words of the Holy Ghost. He who tames not his tongue, is like a rider on a wild horse which has no reins, and, in consequence, is left to its own whim. In no respect is the proverb more often exemplified than in regard to the tongue: "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow." How often is a single word sufficient to provoke a lifelong enmity. On that account, the tongue is well called a world of iniquity. The life of man is compared to a wheel, of which the tongue forms the center. If the latter is inflamed by hell and driven by a sinful spirit, it befouls the whole body; sins in deed are usually preceded by sins in word. By his own power man can tame wild animals, but can not tame his own tongue: for that he needs aid from above. This small member might be called a tireless worker of evil. It is never at rest. With it we do good, by praising God, and evil by cursing our fellow man, the image of God.

And that is becoming for no man, least of all for Tertiaries, who should be conspicuous for their virtue. Hence, it must be our constant endeavor to keep our tongues under control and to avoid uncharitable remarks. Whoever belongs to the Third Order and does not control

his tongue, is not a perfect member, but rather an unworthy member of this holy institute. And why is this secular Order so often despised? The uncharitable tongues of mem-

bers are the cause. Hence, dear Tertiaries, bear well in mind and observe the words of the Apostle: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

LITTLE CATECHISM OF THE THIRD ORDER

CHAPTER XI

ORGANIZATION—GOVERNMENT OF THE THIRD ORDER

168. *What do you understand by a fraternity of the Third Order?*

A fraternity is an association of Tertiaries canonically established with the permission of the bishop by the religious superiors of the Franciscan Order or by priests specially delegated to this end.

169. *What persons are capable of forming a fraternity?*

The persons capable of forming a fraternity are the professed members of the Third Order secular, united in a sufficient number (at least ten) to insure the progress of the Tertiary congregation.

170. *How should the Tertiaries be disposed towards their fraternity?*

The Tertiaries should love their fraternity, and should interest themselves in everything that pertains to its welfare either by laboring to recruit and to organize it or by devoting themselves to the good works prescribed or advocated by it.

171. *What is prescribed in regard to the offices of a fraternity?*

The Rule says, "The offices are to be assigned in the meetings of the associates."

172. *How are these offices assigned?*

They are assigned either by appointment of the Visitor or of the Director or by election of the professed members of the congregation.

173. *How long do the officials remain in office?*

The Rule says, "These offices shall be held for three years."

174. *Are the members free to decline an office?*

On this point the Rule declares that "no one can, without good reason, refuse any office tendered him."

175. *How should the office-holders discharge their duties?*

The Rule says in a general way, "no one is to discharge the duties of his office negligently."

176. *What should the officials bear in mind?*

They should bear in mind that upon their zeal, prudence, docility, and tact depends the usefulness and efficiency, if not the very life and existence, of the fraternity.

177. *By what name are the superiors of the Third Order collectively designated?*

They are called the council or directory, the members of which have a deliberative voice in all matters of the fraternity.

178. *Which is the chief office in a fraternity?*

It is that of the Reverend Director without whom nothing of importance can be decided or transacted.

179. *Who is next in office after the Director?*

Next in office after the Director is the Prefect.

180. *Which is the principle office after that of Prefect?*

It is that of Assistant, whose duty it is to preside at the meetings and to conduct the business of the fraternity in the absence of the Director and of the Prefect.

181. *Is there any other important charge besides those mentioned?*

Yes; it is that of Master and Mistress of Novices, who are appointed in the larger fraternities to assist the superiors in the instruction of the novices.

182. *Which are the other offices usually assigned in a fraternity?*

They are those of secretary, treasurer, sacristan, infirmarian or nurse, and councilors.

183. *What is the means of preserving the discipline of the Third Order?*

This means is the canonical visit, on the subject of which the Rule says, "The Visitor will make diligent inquiry to see whether the rules are observed with sufficient strictness. For this purpose, he will, if possible, visit the places where the societies are established every year or oftener, if need be, and will call a meeting, at which all the prefects and all members of the associations have been ordered to attend."

184. *Which are the powers of the Visitor and the duties of the Tertiaries toward him?*

These powers and duties are clearly indicated by the Rule, which ordains, "Should the Visitor recall any associate to his duty by an ad-

monition or command, or should he assign him any salutary penance, such associate will receive the admonition with modesty, and will not refuse to perform the penance."

185. *Who are to be appointed to the office of Visitors?*

"The Visitors are to be chosen from the First Franciscan Order or from the Third Regular Order, and the custodes or guardians will select them when asked to do so. Laymen are excluded from the office of Visitor."

186. *What does the Rule ordain in regard to disobedient members?*

"Disobedient or offending members are to be admonished of their duty three times; in the event of further disobedience, they will be bidden to leave the Order."

187. *How does the Rule oblige the members?*

"Those who commit any breach of these rules, do not thereby incur the guilt of sin except in so far as they at the same time offend against the divine law or the laws of the Church."

188. *May a person be dispensed from any provision of the Rule?*

"Should there be any serious and good cause to prevent any one from observing any provisions of the Rule, such person may be dispensed from that part of the Rule, or the regulation may be prudently commuted."

189. *Who has power to dispense from the Rule?*

The faculty or power of granting such dispensation or commutation rests with the superiors of the Franciscan Order. By special delegation, other priests may also dispense from the Rule.

BETWEEN TIM AND THE PADRE

THE sun shone down pitilessly on the dusty plain, on the rough, scrubby herbage and the cactus plants that stretched green fingers into the white desert in a vain attempt to wrest it from the universal drought. From the distance came the roar of cannon, and now and then the thunder of a thousand voices, shouting. That was without.

But within the mission there was peace, the peace that hovered above the ruins that war had left; the peace of death to some, of suffering for others in the quiet shadow of the mission patio, where the cots of wounded men were laid in serried ranks under the low cloister. In the centre of the inclosure a little fountain splashed and glittered in the sunlight amid orange trees and oleanders, making a pleasant sound that inclined to slumber.

The quiet priest of the mission, Padre Joachim, as the Mexicans called him, though he was of Irish parentage, passed from cot to cot soothing and comforting as he best could. He was not ignorant of medicine, but without supplies he could do little for the men under his protection save shelter them from the heat and dust of the desert. They followed him with eager eyes, these American men of Irish and German and Italian parentage; even those with a long line of New England Puritan ancestry grew calmer for the presence of the grave old priest in his brown habit, whose eyes smiled at them as he passed along, ever seeking those whose need was the greatest.

Lieutenant Tuttle closed his eyes wearily. His head ached, and the pain in his shoulder was like burning sword thrusts. But at length, utterly exhausted, he, too, fell asleep. Now and then a sharper

pang than usual aroused him, and he swore, not loudly, but the Irish boy in the cot next to him shuddered at the man's wild words. He was too weak to speak much, however, and, besides, the lieutenant was his officer, and so military discipline sealed his lips.

The cannon shots grew less frequent and more distant as the day wore toward evening, and the shouting had ceased. The lieutenant noted it all, and understood that the battle was over, and he longed for news. How had the day gone? And how many of his brave comrades had fallen? He could stand it no longer, and made a frantic effort to rise, but he was too weak, and the pain of his wound admonished him to desist. He lay back weakly and swore again.

A sigh came from the cot at his side, and he turned his eyes languidly in the direction of the sound. To his surprise, he encountered the familiar features of his own servant—Tim O'More, the life of the regiment and the most irrepressible joker of them all.

"Tim!" he exclaimed feebly.

"Lieutenant," replied the boy.

"You are wounded, too, I see."

"Killed entirely this time, sir."

The words came weakly, but firmly.

"Not so bad as that, Tim. You'll be better soon—curse this pain in my shoulder!" he muttered, "I'd be at the front yet if it wasn't for that."

The Irish boy's eyes glistened. "Deed, then, sir, 'tis time you took a rest. And there's hot work going on out there; we're better out of it."

Lieutenant Tuttle drew in his lips in a low whistle of astonishment. This from Tim, the biggest daredevil of them all, the boy who was always spoiling for a fight, and seemed as though he could never

have enough of it. He began to think that the boy really was "killed entirely," as he had said.

And then the padre came again. This time he bent over Tim's cot tenderly and spoke to him gently. The lieutenant watched him, and saw him raise his hand for a moment over the suffering form. He saw, too, the restful look that crept into the lad's gray eyes and the calmness of them, even when the pain forced him to bite his lips lest he should cry out and disturb his comrades. He saw, too, how the padre's face softened when the boy spoke to him in some queer language that he had never heard before. And then the priest passed on with a gentle smile and a courteous inclination of his head to the officer.

Lieutenant Tuttle was annoyed. After all, Tim O'More was but his servant, and he felt that it was his right as an officer to receive the first attentions of his host. But another glance at Tim's suffering face disarmed his resentment, and even caused him a little quiver of shame, for he began to see quite plainly that the boy's hours were numbered.

The padre passed untiringly from cot to cot, bending now and then to whisper words of consolation to one of the quiet occupants, and the lieutenant noticed that he always raised his hand in the same mysterious way, as though he commanded some invisible enemy to be gone. The darkness fell, blotting out the fountain and the orange trees, but the perfume of the white blossoms was heavy on the night air. For long the lieutenant lay awake, and over and over again when occasion demanded it he swore under his breath, and every time he swore Tim sighed softly. That sigh irritated him after a while, and he began to connect it with his own profanity. He could scarcely realize that one of his men, and his own servant at that, would dare so to

express disapproval of his words. He swore again, more loudly this time, to test the truth of his surmise.

"Easy now, lieutenant," whispered Tim softly, "try to sleep. You're getting yourself all wore out acting that way."

"What way, man?"

"Swearing, lieutenant. An' now I've said it. But I'll be dead in the morning, and you can't be angry with a dyin' man, now, can you?" coaxed Tim. The lieutenant was nonplussed. He knew that Tim spoke truly, and that in all probability the morning would find him dead. Angry? Well, not exactly. He wasn't angry, but it wasn't the thing for a man to speak to his officer like this. But of what use to argue with the poor boy? Tim had closed his eyes; he could see that much, for the moon had risen now and flooded their side of the patio with her soft light. Lieutenant Tuttle lay and looked at the handsome face beside him, and his heart was filled with pity for the youth thus early cut off. Tim opened his eyes again and smiled.

"You aren't angry with me?" he whispered.

"No, no, my lad. Don't think of it. You did me a good turn; saved me from wasting my breath, maybe."

"That's it," returned the boy eagerly, "that's it—wasting your breath. When you want to swear, say a prayer instead; it helps a lot better."

"A prayer!" the lieutenant smiled a little sadly. "Blest, if I know a prayer, Tim. My memory's not good for such things."

"God help you, sir!" was the unexpected response.

"God help me!", echoed the officer. "But that's a queer prayer, Tim."

"Maybe not so queer as you think, sir. 'Twas but a thought that came to me."

Their voices had attracted the padre's attention, and he stole silently to Tim's side. So quietly did he come that they did not hear his footsteps. He paused for a moment with a half smile to listen to Tim's last words, then, because the others about must not be disturbed, he came forward and motioned for silence. But when he saw the look in Tim's eyes and the peace of his face, he fell upon his knees beside the cot, questioning him.

"And the pain is all gone, padre," concluded Tim. "I think I could sleep now."

"You are quite willing to die?" inquired the priest, anxiously.

"Yes, father, I know what it means when the pain goes—a few hours, that's all."

The priest sighed gently, but he raised his hand once more before he turned from Tim's side. He felt a light touch on his sleeve as he passed close to the lieutenant's cot, and turned to him at once.

"What is it? Can I do anything for you, sir—anything at all?"

"I don't know, padre, but it seems to me that you might do the same for me as you did for Tim there. I've watched you all day, and when you have made a certain sign the men have seemed the better for it—easier and quieter. I can't explain it."

Padre Joachim smiled. "I did nothing, sir, only blessed them in God's name, unless it may be that I heard some poor fellow's tale of sin and folly, and he was the happier to know himself again the friend of God."

"Yes, yes, padre. That is all right for Catholics. Of course, I don't believe all that, but I think I should like that blessing you spoke of. It couldn't do me any harm," he added whimsically.

"No, it couldn't do you any harm, and it might do you good, for the blessing of God works wonders for

those who receive it right," returned the priest. "But you must go to sleep now. I will give you the blessing you ask for. May God make it fruitful to eternal life," he added solemnly, and Lieutenant Tuttle lay back very still and full of thought, until he, too, fell asleep.

The morning sunshine woke him, and his first impression was of the bubbling of water and the soft cooing of pigeons. He opened his eyes slowly and looked about him. The sun was falling in long, slanting rays athwart the waters of the fountain, making a brilliant rainbow that spanned the broad basin. A dozen or so of pigeons were perched upon the rim, bowing and cooing to each other, and between whiles they dipped their bills into the cool water to drink. The lieutenant watched them a few moments; it was as though he dreamed. Then a sharp pain passed through his wounded shoulder, and the quick word that rose to his lips turned strangely into the words of Tim's prayer—"God help me!" It was so rapid that he was scarcely conscious of having thought at all, but the words brought Tim to his remembrance, and he looked toward his cot.

For a moment he thought that he was dreaming still, but his shoulder was stiff and painful, and he knew that he must be awake—only Tim's cot was empty. And as he still looked another was brought to fill it—an old soldier with a deeply scarred face, a Mexican.

He was silent. Not even a groan escaped him as his comrades laid him down with rough tenderness, yet the pain must have been almost intolerable, for he was fresh from the hands of the surgeons. The padre came to him very soon and knelt by his side, while the old man made his confession brokenly. Again the lieutenant watched, and again he saw the mysterious power

of the priest; yet when Padre Joachim turned from his task and would have spoken to the officer, the latter feigned to sleep.

Another ten days passed. With the finishing of the battle had come the end of the war, and wounded combatants from both sides mingled at the mission and fought their battles over and over again in friendly fashion. Many left that calm refuge for home, some to rejoin their returning regiments, others for the "long journey."

The old Mexican recovered slowly. He was a man they couldn't kill. But this time he would fight no more, for he was hopelessly crippled.

The lieutenant was able to be up. The bullet had been extracted from his shoulder and the shattered bone carefully set. It was a painful wound and long in healing, but the lung had escaped, and in time he would be quite well again. Now and again he tried to converse with the old Mexican, but the man's Spanish was so mixed with Indian and other words that it was very up-hill work. Moreover, the lieutenant was still weak, neither was he a patient man, and his favorite ejaculation, "God help me!" made the padre smile, it was so like swearing.

Now and then the priest would stop and speak to him courteously, but he avoided mentioning religion and Tim O'More, and the lieutenant's reserve was adamant. Yet, for all that, he had learned many things, and perhaps chief of them all not to mock at that which he could not understand. When at last he, too, went home to Boston, he bade farewell to the padre with unaffected regret.

For a time the lieutenant almost forgot those painful days at the mission in the pleasant bustle of his return and the loving greetings of kinsfolk and acquaintances, who

vied with each other in doing honor to the returned hero. In fact, for a few weeks a friend might have feared for him lest the universal homage should do him harm. But his own good sense—and the prayers of Padre Joachim—upheld him through the ordeal.

After a while he grew tired, and slipped away into the country where he might have room to think. He told them that he needed quiet, and he spoke truly; he needed it more than he thought.

The village that he selected was not very remote from the city—just far enough away to be out of sight and sound of the houses and the people—and it stood amidst gently rolling country and green fields and pleasant woods, where the violets sprang blue amongst the tender green of young ferns, for it was May. Here he could sit and dream, and think, too, now and then, of the long, hot days at the Mexican mission, and the padre, and the boy Tim, who had taught him the one prayer that he knew and used. He strolled into a little graveyard one day, and wandered amongst the flowers and the tombstones until he came to a gray granite cross that stood alone.

He approached it carelessly to read the inscription, and found that it had been just erected to the memory of the Catholic men who had fallen in the war, and amongst them was the name of Tim O'More, late of the — Regiment. And the long list was followed by the usual prayer for the departed: "Requiescant in pace."

Lieutenant Tuttle bared his head. "God help him, if indeed he needs it!" he prayed, not knowing that he had said the words aloud.

A woman who had knelt behind him touched his sleeve deprecatingly "'Twas you was Tim's officer?" she asked timidly.

"I—er—yes," he hesitated. "And you?"

"I am his mother, sir. Tell me how he died, if you can. Did he have the priest?"

"He died beside me, ma'am, while I slept. He was a good lad, and he was cared for by Padre Joachim. He—he taught me to pray, ma'am. I was a heathen before then, and 'twas Tim taught me to say, 'God help me,' instead of swearing at the pain."

"Then—you—you are not a Catholic," she sighed.

"No, ma'am. But I may be one—and that soon—I—I don't know, but that boy's end and Padre Joachim's blessing have inclined me to believe."

She forgot her own sorrow for a while in the joy of her Catholic soul, while she poured out a flood of strange language that he dimly recognized as that in which Tim had held converse with the priest. Yet though he understood not the words of her canticle, he discerned therein the faith and love and wonder and gratitude of an Irish mother's heart. She grew silent at last, and led him to the tiny white and green cottage that nestled among the pink-tipped apple blossoms close to the little wooden church.

There she bade him be seated, and gave him buttermilk, and suffered him to tell her his story and Tim's in his own way. Soldier-like, he told her of fierce fighting, and of deeds of valor, and of her boy's unselfish gaiety, but he drew a veil of silence over their sufferings and hardships, for he remembered the tenderness of her mother heart. After a while she left him, feigning to remember some duty, and bidding him not to stir till she returned.

"Sure, 'tis the priest must do the rest. But he's Tim's convert, glory be to God!" she murmured joyfully as she slipped away and stole by a

back lane to the rectory on the other side of the church.

* * *

Five years had passed. Padre Joachim walked slowly across the white sand to the brand new station that was one of the results of the war. He was old, the anxieties of that time had aged him still more, so that he had petitioned his superiors to send him an assistant, for many of his people lived a day's ride from the mission.

"Maybe I shouldn't have asked," he thought, fingering his rosary nervously. But then he remembered his feebleness, and his dear people who lived so far away. "All is good that God provides," he told himself, and just then he had no time for more thoughts of the kind, for the train came snorting and panting into the little station in the midst of a cloud of dust.

There was only one passenger. He would have known the tall, soldierly figure among a thousand, and he seemed to reach the padre's side in two steps.

"You didn't know that they were sending me, padre!" he cried, and his blue eyes danced with the joy of it.

"No. Father Guardian said a young man from the seminary."

Father Timothy laughed. "And when I had told him all about my days here at the mission, he said that I had a right to come and prove my gratitude, for it was your blessing began it, padre."

"And Tim's prayer," flashed back the old man.

"You heard that?" asked Father Timothy in surprise.

"Aye, that and more. God help me!" returned Padre Joachim. "Well, thank God, you're here safely. Come to the mission now and cool off. Tomorrow we'll go to work."—Mary Agatha Gray in St. Anthony's Almanac.

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O. F. M.

11. The Reception

The six weeks' vacation referred to in Joseph's letter, was his last vacation in the world. For on September 25, 1889, he went to the Franciscan novitiate at Thielt. This event is one of Joseph's "blessed memories." His brother Peter accompanied him to Thielt, and remained with him till the next day. All this while, Joseph was very cheerful, though, when it came to parting, he could no longer keep back his tears. On Saturday, October 4, the Feast of St. Francis, he received the habit of the Seraphic Saint and the name of St. Victorin, Martyr, whose feast is on the following day. On the day of his reception, Joseph penned to his mother a letter brimming with joy: "Praised be Jesus Christ! Do not wonder, mother, that I begin this letter by praising our Lord. For it is He that led me here to the home of the greatest happiness and of the most undisturbed peace. God is near to us here; for, a few steps, and we are in church. He cares for all our needs. Here we are all brothers; kindness, benevolence, and charity distinguish all the religious. They all show the best good will to me. Could a person be happier? And now may I be grateful to God for his goodness!"

12. The Novice

These sentiments were not dulled with time; for all his letters express them in one form or another. Doubtlessly, Frater * Victorin Delbrouck (for so we must now call Joseph) owed this sweet and lasting

peace of soul to the Spirit of peace and charity, and to the benevolence of his superiors and brethren; but, it was equally the fruit of his fidelity to the call of grace, and it confirmed the words of the Angels at Bethlehem that there is "peace to men of good will."

By the testimony of his novice-master, Joseph was from the first a model religious. He was heart and soul in the spiritual exercises, though he was not extravagant about them. His aim seemed to be, not so much to accomplish great things, as to do his duty well and to observe closely the common life. Toward his superiors he was obedient and full of confidence; for, they were to him God's representatives. An example of his obedience is told by a fellow novice. Fr. Victorin, as we know, was a great lover of birds. One of his first thoughts after receiving the habit was to search every tree and bush for nests. But his novice-master was soon upon him, and forbade the indulgence. It was plainly no little matter for Fr. Victorin to comply; but he did comply, so fully, that in one of his letters he begged his brother never again to mention birds to him.

It was never noticed that he failed against brotherly love. He was always condescending and ready to do a favor.

13. The Holocaust

The year of probation in the novitiate hurried by. Sunday, October 5, 1890, the Feast of the Holy Rosary and of St. Victorin Martyr, was another day of "blessed men-

*In some provinces of the Franciscan Order the student religious are styled "Frater," which means "brother," to distinguish them from the priests, styled "Father," and from the lay brothers styled "Brother."

ories." Fr. Victorin pronounced the simple vows. Again he made a special note of the fact that it was a feast of the Blessed Mother on which he consecrated himself unreservedly to God by the holy vows. Joys untold filled his generous soul in that hour when the triple vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience bound him irrevocably to God. He wrote as follows to his mother: "I can not begin my letter more properly than with the words of our Blessed Mother: 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum, My soul doth magnify the Lord!' Oh, if you knew what I owe to God, if you could understand what a favor He has done me in admitting me to take the vows in the Order of St. Francis, then you could form an idea of the feelings of gratitude that thrill me. I am overcome by the greatness of his gifts and can only exclaim: My God, how good you are!"

14. The Life of a Franciscan Student

On the very day of his profession, Fr. Victorin went to the convent at Lokeren, to begin the study of theology. A letter by Fr. Didacus, Guardian of the convent, to Fr. Victorin's mother tells us how he fared there: "We are all pleased with Fr. Victorin. His piety and diligence are a source of pleasure to his superiors. By his own testimony, he is always well. He seems to be very happy; for he is laughing the livelong day."

Fr. Victorin himself seldom wrote to his mother concerning his studies. In one letter he says: "My studies are successful; I find them easy." Then he proceeds to tell of the departure of three Fathers for the foreign Missions, closing with the significant words: "You need have no misgivings for me as yet!" What-

ever may have been the motive of his reticence, it must have been humility rather than a sense of disgrace; for he was first in his class. The same may be said of him when, in the following year, he had gone to complete his course of theology at the convent of St. Trond. His professors never had a reason to complain of him.

To his diligence he added a sterling piety, nothing maudlin, but sincere and serene, so as to edify and win everybody. He was regular and punctual about the religious exercises, and he was much given to the inner life. He had a pleasant, unaffected way of turning the conversation in free time upon the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph. He was especially addicted to the mortification of the senses. What mortifications did he practice? Their insignificance might call forth a smile from you, but the persistence with which he practiced them were well worthy of the will power of an anchorite. This love of mortification did not sour his society. It kept pace with a delightful cheeriness, which showed itself in happy whims and in the roguish tricks he played on his brethren. Cheerfulness is no sin, and is quite compatible with a rough garb and bare feet. He used to keep the brethren amused during recreation by singing them Flemish songs which he had learnt in the "Little Seminary" of St. Trond. His private diversion was work. He was ever ready to avail himself of a chance for manual labor. One of his favorite occupations was to care for the garments and the vesting of a statue of the Blessed Virgin. On two occasions, he was among the clerics appointed to carry in public procession the reliquary of the Martyrs of Gorkum.* Who would have imag-

*St. Nicholas and Companions, martyred in the Netherlands, 1572, for their faith in the Primacy of the Pope and in the Real Presence. Feast, July 10.

ined that a few years later he would share their society in Heaven, wearing with them the martyr's crown.

15. Introibo

About this time, Fr. Victorin's "blessed memories" began to increase rapidly. December 4, 1892, he received the sacred Tonsure and the Minor Orders; January 18, 1893, he pronounced his final, solemn vows; April 19, 1893, he advanced to the Subdeaconship, and April 23, 1893, on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, to the Deaconship. At length, on March 26, 1894, his long-sought goal was reached; he was ordained a priest of the Most High. Joy and sorrow passed, like sunshine and cloud, over the soul of Fr. Victorin as the day of ordination approached,—joy that the day was at hand, sorrow, when for a time he feared it would be deferred. During the retreat preceding the great event, he opened his heart to the retreat-master, Fr. Valentine Paquay, who later died in the odor of sanctity. He told the holy father that he dreaded the holy priesthood. "Very well," replied the saintly father, "if you have your fears, then I have none, but I would fear, if you feared not."

On the appointed day, Easter Monday, his mother and his brothers attended the ceremonies, which were performed by Bishop Doutreloux in his cathedral at Liege. There they received the first priestly blessing of a son and brother. On the next day, Fr. Victorin celebrated holy Mass at St. Trond, in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity. The chief celebration, however, took place on April 4, in his home town, where he had spent his boyhood, where he had swung the censer as an altar-boy, where he had received his Lord and God the first time, where he had first felt the call to the priesthood. It was a proud day for his fellow citizens,

one of whom spoke for all when he said: "We are proud to have among us one whom we knew as a pious child, and whom we always loved. Yes, Reverend Father, we are proud to see you in the habit of St. Francis and adorned with the priesthood,—the two greatest distinctions a man can experience on earth, the two greatest graces that God gives his chosen ones—and both are united in you." A similar celebration was held on the next day at Wonck, where his sister taught school, and on the day following, at Boirs, his native city.

Thus gloriously was God's martyr ushered into his field of labor. Five years of toil, and he will have the martyr's crown.

First Priestly Labors

Soon after receiving Holy Orders, Fr. Delbrouck was sent by his superiors to the convent at Salzinnes les Namur to begin his work as a priest. "I had already formed a high opinion of this convent," he writes, "but I find it surpasses my expectations. I can not thank God enough for leading me hither. It is a bit of Paradise. We have a neat little church and a large garden." That devotional little church and the spacious garden especially suited his fancy. The memory of his garden pastime is still preserved at Salzinnes, and in the convent garden, the visitor may still find, kept in careful trim, a flowerbed laid out by the young religious, especially a row of box shrubs, sprays of which are treasured by the people in veneration of Fr. Delbrouck.

The "neat little church" was the scene of his first priestly endeavors. After an examination before the bishop, which had been causing him much anxiety, he was allowed to take up his work. The circumstance that he could begin his pastoral care in the months of Mary and of the Sacred Heart, gave him

particular pleasure, His letters from now on always contained a request for prayers in behalf of his labors. "I put my confidence in God, and beg him to make up with his grace for my weakness and worthlessness. What happiness for me, if I could love God as St. Francis loved him, and could instil this love into others. Pentecost is at hand, direct your pious prayers to the Holy Ghost that he may deign to effect in me what he effected in the Apostles so that I may give myself up with renewed courage to God and his service."

We subjoin his own account of his first sermons: "My earliest appearance in the pulpit came off smoothly enough. At first I trembled dreadfully. But little by little I mastered this fear and embarrassment; and with the help of St. Antony, I hope to do away with it in a few weeks."

17. In The Seraphic Garden

Toward the end of September, orders were unexpectedly served to Fr. Victorin to go to the Seraphic College at Lokeren, where a professor was needed.* The prospect of a professorship was not to Fr. Victorin's likings. He dreaded it the more that it might block his long cherished desire of going to the foreign missions. But God wished to show the students of Lokeren a religious whom he had endowed with special gifts and whom he would still load with signal favors.

Immediately upon his arrival, Fr. Victorin set to work. There was plenty to do, as he had to teach several classes in mathematics, geography, and religion. There was nothing remarkable about his first lessons. His grave manner, a slight defect in his speech, heightened by his embarrassment at his earliest appearance, seemed to bode no

good. Gradually, however, his embarrassment vanished, and the defect was almost entirely overcome. His cold manner gave way to cheerfulness and mirth. This genial tone appealed to his pupils and won the respect and attachment of all. Those who knew him as a teacher, tell of his great patience and practical methods in bringing home to this or that obtuse mind the abstract notions of algebra and geometry. He was a thorough mathematician, and a favorite pastime of his vacations had always been to solve knotty mathematical problems with his brothers. Practical measurements about the premises made his class one of the most interesting the pupils had, and cultivated in them a taste for the driest branch in the curriculum of the average college boy.

18. Bodings

In his treatment of religion his practical sense was not less apparent, hitting the proper mean between catechism and theology; and as he never taught but what he had carefully prepared, there was nothing in his instruction which fell short of his pupil's understanding. Even indifferent subjects were made the bearers of impressive religious lessons. In geography the future missionary would tell of the religious peoples, of their conversion to the Catholic Church, of their saints and martyrs. If Franciscans had been the bearers of the Good Tidings in those lands, and had shed their blood there, he could grow enthusiastic, his eyes flashed, and the hearts of his hearers glowed like his own. There is a copy extant containing an explanation by Fr. Victorin of a little poem entitled "The Mother of the Departing Missionary". Some of the good Father's pupils declared they were car-

* A Seraphic College is an institution in which students for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order receive their classical education.

ried away with emotion when he explained the following lines:

When captive bound in prison night,
Thou wait'st the flame their hate
doth light,

Grieve not for me, for a mother's
plaint.

If in God's defence to death thou
go,

Ne'er need the world its pity show
For me, who then myself will know
The mother blessed of a martyr
saint.

Such little incidents showed plainly
what Fr. Victorin yearned for.
Not many years, and his own
mother would be thrown upon this
same consolation.

(To be continued)

ANNUNCIATION

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

BEAUTEOUS morning! Spring adorning,
Mary wrapt in silent prayer.

Humbly bending, God descending
Heals earth's wound by Eve left there.

Lowly maiden! trembling, fearful,
Heaven waits for thy reply.
Angel believing, God receiving,
"Handmaid of the Lord am I!"

Ceaseless praise on earth we offer,
Thrice in Heaven each day is heard
Gabriel's greeting, thy joy repeating,
O, Mother of the Eternal Word!

Rose M. Cooper.

LETTER FROM SPANISH AMBASSADOR

The Rev. Fr. Theodore, O.F.M., Guardian of the Old Mission, Santa Barbara, to whose initiative and energy the recent Serra celebration (See Vol. II, No. 1) in that city owed its beginning and success, has received from His Excellency Don Juan Riano, minister from Spain to this country, the following letter of commendation for the very active part he took in the brilliant celebration of Padre Junipero Serra's birthday.

EMBAJA DE ESPANA,

Washington, Dec. 19, 1913.

THE REV. FR. THEODORE ARENTZ,
O.F.M.

My dear Father:—I thank you most cordially for your letter of the 8th inst. and I assure you that it has interested me very deeply.

I have read with keen pleasure the playlet which you are good enough to send me and the newspapers which give an account of the celebrations which have been held at Santa Barbara on November 23 and 24 to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of Father Junipero Serra, and which also refer to celebrations held in other parts of California.

I need not tell you that after having been in California, and visited all the historic spots connected with the life and work of our great Missionary, all these accounts are for me filled with palpitating interest, for the impressions which I have carried away from my brief trip,

are such that no lapse of time can possibly efface.

The Cross which you have erected must be extremely impressive, and I well remember the magnificent view which is to be seen from the spot in which it stands and which is a fitting frame to the monument which will keep vivid in the mind of future generations the importance of the work accomplished in California by the great Apostle.

I congratulate you most cordially on the success of your undertaking and beg you to convey to the Fathers of Santa Barbara Mission the deep appreciation which I feel as a Spaniard and as the representative of Spain in the United States of their generous efforts on behalf of the recognition of the work of Father Junipero Serra, which have met with such an unqualified success.

I shall not fail to report to my government all that you have done at Santa Barbara in this respect and I assure you that my Country and my King will learn of it with feelings of profound satisfaction and appreciation.

Thanking you for your kind congratulations upon my appointment as ambassador to the United States, and with the kindest regards to all the good Fathers whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Mission, I remain,

Very cordially and sincerely your,
JUAN RIANO.

BUSINESS METHODS

A priest writes the following: Soon after their marriage, some relatives of mine started in business. But, in spite of diligence and parsimony, they could make no headway. One day, the husband said to his wife, "We must not continue in this way, or soon we shall be poor. We must try some other means. I have an idea: Let us try to give as many alms as we can." They did so, and to-day they are well-to-do, I may say wealthy. He who gives to the poor will not suffer want.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE SEASON AND THE ORDER OF PENANCE

The holy season of Lent has come when the Church calls her children to the salutary practice of penance. "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," was spoken to us all, especially to the members of the Third Order or, as it was originally known, the Order of Penance. It was St. Francis himself that gave this name to his third Order, and it has been retained ever since by the Sovereign Pontiffs in their official decrees and communications.

It is very significant that while all religious Orders strive to lead their members to sanctity by the practice of penance, there is only one Order that bears the appellation "of Penance", namely the Third Order of St. Francis. Considering the purpose of the founder, however, this title is very expressive because, according to the plan of St. Francis, this Order was to invite all to a life of penance, and by means of it penance was to be, so to speak, popularized. The other religious Orders call only a chosen few to a penitential life in the seclusion of the cloister, but the Third Order carries penance into the world, into the homes of all, and exhorts them to mingle it with their daily labors and cares, to make it part and parcel of their lives. Justly, therefore, does it bear its name since by its leavening element of penance it is to transform the whole world.

But in vain will we look to the Third Order to bring about this result if the Tertiaries themselves have not the spirit of penance. To teach a self-indulgent world the necessity of penance, that is the mission of the Brothers of Penance. But how can they hope to fulfill this mission except by their example? Our Savior did not content himself with verbal exhortations to penance, and the disciple is not greater than the master. If Tertiaries, therefore, entertain any fond hopes of curing the evils of society, of reforming its morals and correcting its abuses, let them begin by curing, reforming, and correcting themselves, in other words, let them devote themselves to works of mortification.

TERTIARY NEWSPAPERS

The wide-spread interest the Third Order has of late aroused, and the beneficial influence it is beginning to exert on the minds and lives of great numbers, is manifested in no small degree by the ever-increasing number of periodicals, reviews, and monthlies published in the interest of the Third Order. In several countries, progressive Directors and zealous members of the Order have even undertaken to publish newspapers for Tertiaries. Thus, the Tertiaries of Germany have their *Tertiarenzeitung*; of Holland, the *De Tertiarius*; of Italy, the *Eraldo* and the *Rinascita*; of France, the *L'Herault*.

The Third Order thus brought to the knowledge of non-Tertiaries, will not fail to command their attention and respect; while the fervor and enthusiasm of the Tertiaries themselves will depend in no small measure on the solid instruction they receive concerning the aim and the obligations of the Third Order. Indeed, if the Third Order is to spread and flourish, it must avail itself of the press as a means of advertizing and educating. The Third Order is not yet sufficiently known to interest

the great majority of Catholics. To do away with the prevailing ignorance and the existing prejudices, nothing is so well calculated as weekly publications such as those mentioned above. People may have neither time nor taste to read books treating on the Third Order, but curiosity will usually prompt them to read almost anything in the form of a newspaper. Thus, they are unwittingly brought to know and to love the Order, and perhaps to become members thereof.

As for the Tertiaries themselves, if they are to fulfill the hopes and the desires the Church entertains in their regard, they must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of St. Francis. This, however, is impossible without regular and systematic instruction. As matters stand with us, there is sore need of more thorough instruction for Tertiaries. A monthly sermon on some general topic will not answer. Hence, there is nothing left for Tertiaries to do in many cases but to educate themselves in the Franciscan spirit by reading Franciscan literature. If books are too tedious or too expensive for the average reader, the periodical will serve the purpose just as well. Until our Tertiaries are ready to support a weekly of their own, they must be satisfied with their monthly publications, and the demand for these is by no means so great in this country as might be expected of the number of Tertiaries.

May we ask our readers kindly to recommend *Franciscan Herald* to their friends, Tertiary and other? Let them not forget that by so doing they will contribute to the spread not only of their magazine but also indirectly of the Third Order.

STATEMENT OF PRESERVATION SOCIETY

The returns from the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children for 1913 have been as follows:

From Membership Fees.....	\$11,687.57
From Special Appeal of the Bureau.....	10,514.81
From Marquette League; Chapels, Etc.....	6,331.30
From Mass Intentions.....	2,178.00
From Trust Legacies and interest.....	1,970.00

Total\$32,681.68

While the receipts for the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children are, according to the foregoing figures, \$6,462.35, less for 1913 than for the previous year, still this is not due to a failing interest in Indian missions on the part of the clergy and laity of the country. Rather has their interest in missions, as measured by financial returns, grown. The decrease is accounted for by the withdrawal of Bishop Currier and Father Hughes from the work of collecting and establishing the Preservation Society. Bishop Currier's withdrawal is permanent because of his elevation to the episcopacy. But Father Hughes' withdrawal is only temporary and was due to the calls of necessary work at the office and in the mission field during all but one month of the past year. From the financial report, therefore, it will be seen that interest in the missions is increasing.

The needs of the missions have not decreased. The cost of living even the simple life of the missionary still exists for the 170 Priests and 400 Sisters as well as for the 6000 children in our Catholic boarding schools. We confidently trust that the friends of missions will continue

to support this necessary and necessitous work, and that the appeal in person of the Bureau lecture will not be required.

Wm. H. Ketcham.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HOLY FATHER

It is always a source of gratification to devout Catholics to hear the praises of their spiritual Father, the Pope, sounded by those outside the Church. But these encomiums are doubly gratifying when they proceed from the mouth of infidels and atheists who, struck by the sterling qualities, disinterested motives, and lofty ideals, as well as by the wise utterances and timely reforms of the present occupant of the See of Peter, feel themselves constrained to express, in terms the most eulogistic, their admiration, not to say approbation, of his policies. In an article contributed to the *Revue d'Enseignement*, Jules Pyot, Rector of the Academy of Aix, freethinker and author of a text book that was condemned by the French episcopate, pays the following tribute of praise to our gloriously reigning Pontiff:

"Pius X is, perhaps, one of the greatest Popes the Church has had for a long time. He is above all Catholic, and no one will take that ill of him. Pius X is restoring the faith to its pristine purity and strength. Every one of his decrees challenges admiration. He spares nothing and no one. He stigmatizes the sects and the modernists. He prescribes early reception of Holy Communion for the children. He places one before the alternative of being wholly Catholic or not Catholic at all. And Pius X is right. As soon as Catholicity is freed from its intellectuals, who are trying to emasculate it, it will again stand before the world a formidable and compact army; and what it loses in intellectualism, it will gain in energy and virility."

A glowing eulogy indeed, and that from the pen of an infidel educator. If some Catholics cannot view the actions of the Holy Father in the same light, is it perhaps, because they belong to that class of would-be Catholics whom M. Pyot characterizes as "intellectuals"? If so, the sooner the Church is rid of them, the better it will be for her. Their loss will be her gain.

WHAT ABOUT A TERTIARY BADGE?

Tertiaries may have been sometimes asked by their friends why the members of the Third Order wear no exterior mark or badge distinctive of their Order and their profession. To this question they may have found it difficult to give a satisfactory answer. A very simple explanation is that formerly the Tertiaries wore the large brown habit as an overgarment, by which they could be easily recognized as children of St. Francis. Hence, no other distinctive was necessary or prescribed. For obvious reasons, however, the custom of wearing the Tertiary habit in public, except at ecclesiastical functions, has been done away with. Strange to say, there seems to have been no desire on the part of Tertiaries generally to substitute some other outward sign indicative of their membership in the great Franciscan family. Yet, we are of opinion, that a badge of some sort would be useful as well as ornamental.

The Tertiaries of France, Germany, Hungary, and Switzerland have

already for some time had a badge of their own. It bears the arms of the Seraphic Order with the inscription "III. Ord. St. Franc." It is of beautiful design and workmanship, and may be had in form of a stickpin, brooch, or pendant. Rudolf Giertler of Innsbruck, Tyrol, a Tertiary silversmith, has produced the badge. The price of a single one is about fifteen cents and of a gross about fifteen dollars. At the suggestion of the Capuchin Fathers in England, Messrs. Washbourne of London have also made a badge of almost the same design as the one described, which sells at six cents. It bears the familiar device "Deus Meus et Omnia".

One of our readers has lately written to us on this subject saying, "I have read an item in the English Franciscan Annals of recent date concerning a badge for Tertiaries. Would not the tau cross (*having the form of a "T"*) which St. Francis seems to have liked so well, answer? It would be distinctly Franciscan and neat and devotional and unique in religious significance." We think the suggestion a good one and well worth considering by the Reverend Directors who may intend to have badges made for their fraternities.

STATISTICS OF THE THIRD ORDER

The number of Tertiaries under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers in the various parts of the world is as follows: Austro-Hungary, 249,365; Albania, 2,150; Argentine Republic, 7,355; Belgium, 51,530; Bolivia, 1,312; Brazil, 7,730; Ecuador, 1,150; England, 25,920; Chile, 31,402; Columbia, 50,000; France, 144,690; Germany, 203,737; Italy, 333,478; Mexico, 14,459; Peru, 62,000; Portugal, 10,800; Spain, 186,969; United States, 20,461; Holy Land, 2,380;—a total of 1,412,789 members. The Capuchin Fathers have in all 963,991 Tertiaries under their jurisdiction, and the Conventual Fathers about 300,000. The statistics from several countries have not been available, nor is it possible to form an exact estimate of the number of isolated Tertiaries. It is safe to say, however, that the great army of St. Francis in the Tertiary garb numbers approximately three million members.

What Tertiary does not feel his heart swell with pride at the thought that he is a unit in this grand army of the new Maccabees, as the Third Order has been called by the Holy See. Three millions of noble heroes and heroines, the flower of Christian society, marching under the glorious banner of St. Francis, animated by his seraphic spirit and pursuing his lofty ideal—what a spectacle for angels and for men. How consoling and inspiring is the thought that in this money-mad and pleasure-loving age there are at least some few thousands that have not yet bent their knee to Baal, that are not ashamed to worship God in spirit and in truth by following in the blood-stained footsteps of the poor and suffering Saviour and of his faithful disciple, the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

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MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS (FLORIDA)

XII

By Fr. Zephrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

AMONG the many deprivations to which the missionaries on the peninsula had to submit, the one most keenly felt was the necessity of having to labor alone amid the dusky savages; for the mission stations lay so far apart that the friars were frequently unable to aid one another. Spiritually, therefore, the Indians fared better in a certain sense than their spiritual guides; because, while solicitous to bring the Sacraments within the reach of the least neophyte, the missionaries themselves for long periods were deprived of the ministrations of a fellow priest. If a missionary desired, for instance, to approach the Sacred Tribunal, he had to make a weary journey on foot, traverse the everglades, and often wade through streams and marshes in order to avail himself of the graces dispensed in the Sacrament of Penance.

Yet, it was probably on account of all these hardships willingly and lovingly borne for the sake of the Divine Master and the souls of the poor Indians, that their self-sacrifice received commensurate returns in the numerous conversions from paganism which they were enabled to record. By the year 1634, for example, the Fathers had gathered as many as 30,000 converts in the forty-four mission stations then existing; but, of the thirty-five religious

engaged in the work five succumbed to the privations endured. As no recruits were obtainable, the desire of the Apalachee Indians to have priests among their people in north-western Florida, could not be gratified till the year 1633, when the Fr. Guardian of the convent at St. Augustine himself set out with one companion. Two years later, the Fr. Custos reported that the zealous Father still continued his work among the Apalacheeans, and that he had been able to baptize five thousand members of that tribe. In 1639, the Apalachee chief of Cupaya came to St. Augustine to be instructed and baptized. When he returned to his people, he took with him a Franciscan Father, who was to found missions in that part of the Apalachee country.

Gradually, more missionary volunteers arrived from Spain so that by the year 1647, according to Barcia, the convent of San Francisco at St. Augustine had become the shelter of fifty Franciscans, who from there attended the neophytes in their numerous villages.

The reader may form some idea of the extent of the Indian missions in Florida, at this time, from the following list quoted by Shea from the memorial made by some writer who is not named. According to this authority, the headquarters of all the missionaries was, of course,

the convent at St. Augustine, where the Fr. Guardian resided with two lay brothers. Thither the Fathers returned to take a much needed rest or to recuperate after being overcome in the quest of souls by hardships and disease. The nearest missionary was at Nombre de Dios, then about one mile from the town, but now within the city limits. Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe was about ten miles distant, and San Juan del Puerto was situated on the coast. Thence along the shore northward, were San Pedro del Mocarno, San Buenaventura de Guadalupe, Santo Domingo de Talege, San Jose de Zapala, Santa Catalina de Guale, and San Felipe, the last-named being fifty-four leagues from St. Augustine. Six leagues beyond lay the most northerly station, Chatuache.

In another direction, towards the interior, between thirty and sixty leagues from headquarters, were Santiago de Ocone, Santa Cruz de Tarcia, San Augustin de Urica, Santa Maria de los Angeles de Arapaja, Santa Cruz de Cachipile, San Idefonso de Chamini, San Francisco de Chuaqun, San Pedro y San Pablo de Potutriba, Santa Elena de Machaba, and San Miguel de Asile.

In the Apalachee country, the mission stations were San Lorenzo, Concepcion, San Jose, San Juan, San Pedro y San Pablo, San Cosme y San Damian, San Luis, and San Martin. On the way from St. Augustine to the Apalachee district, the wandering missionary might moreover take refuge at the missions of San Martin de Ayaocuto, Santa Fe de Toloco, and San Francisco de Potano.

From St. Augustine southward, the zealous friars maintained the missionary stations of Santa Lucia de Acuera, San Antonio de Nacape, San Salvador de Mayaca, and San Diego de Laca.

Around these places as many as

26,000 convert Indians gathered to worship God, of whom, but a few years previously, they had had no conception. This was, indeed, a glorious achievement, which was exceeded only by the results accomplished in California.

It would be pleasant to give some details of the work of the friars, but, as usual, they entrusted this phase of the matter to the Recording Angel for the Day of General Reckoning. Fortunately, we are afforded a glimpse in the report of an outsider. A certain Dickinson, who had suffered shipwreck on the coast, with his party of sailors visited several missions. From him we know that Santa Cruz, two or three leagues from St. Augustine, was in charge of a Franciscan Father. The place had a church which boasted of five bells. The Indians were as regular and attentive at their devotions as the Spaniards. There was also a spacious council-house, where the Indians could assemble and discuss the momentous questions that happened to agitate the community, or where they might enjoy themselves at story-telling. Let no one imagine that Indians do not know how to make a speech, or spin a yarn. In every village some may be found who appear to be born orators. It would surprise our most gifted political haranguers to observe with what grace and fluency the chiefs can deliver a speech that may last an hour or more. It must be interesting, for the audience listens with rapt attention, especially when there is enough tobacco to go around for such a "smoker," or a powwow, as the meeting is called. Yes; the council-house was quite a necessary institution in an aboriginal village, civilized or other. As long as they have a sufficient store of smoking tobacco, their contentment is complete. Red men, as well as white men, are said to be most readily ap-

proachable through the stomach; but, nothing will persuade the Indian so readily as a pipe and enough tobacco to keep it filled. Let readers who may think of making occasional donations, remember this. Ribbons and kerchiefs for the women and girls, tobacco for the men, are gifts that will be appreciated by them. And what of the boys? Well, a young redskin can kick a football, hit a baseball, or win at marbles just as well as the liveliest pale face youngster.

Dickinson found San Juan, situated on an island, thirteen leagues beyond Santa Cruz, quite a populous town, which had a church, and

which was attended by a Franciscan Father. The people were industrious, and they possessed an abundance of hogs, poultry, and corn. Santa Maria also had a church, in charge of a Franciscan. Here the Indian boys were taught elementary branches at school, presumably by the missionary himself. Santa Catalina, on the other hand, was in ruins; but Dickinson (October 10, 1699) observed that this settlement of Indians must have been quite large, because the land had been cleared and cultivated for a distance of some miles. The reason for the ruined condition of the mission will be explained later.

THE LOVE OF A PEOPLE WON BY A CUP OF WATER IN HIS NAME

For Franciscan Herald by Dr. W. Thornton Parker, Tertiary.

IT was one of those hot September mornings at a far away Indian Reservation hospital. The surgeon and his fair wife were chatting with the matron in the dining room. The windows were all open. The landscape was fair to see; forest and lake and rolling prairie land, such as one will find near the sources of the "Father of waters." As we gazed out upon the restful scenery, a tired-looking squaw approached with a huge bundle on her back, and laboriously plodded her way to a window, hesitatingly cried out, "Punge nibbee," which means in the paleface tongue, "Please give me a little water." She looked like a burden carrier with her heated, tired face, across the forehead of which was the band which held her pack.

The matron, a woman of "executive ability," pointed towards the lake. "There you will find water in plenty," she said, with a cold,

indifferent, almost contemptuous tone.

The Indian woman turned with a lowering look, and started on again.

All this took place in an instant. We stood as it were in a trance of surprise which was quickly broken by the surgeon's wife, who rushed to the window, and called eagerly to the Indian. The squaw turned doubtfully, half fearing another insult was reassured by the gentle voice. She stopped and looked up in wonder and with pleasure at the sweet, fair face and golden hair. It seemed to her a vision of loveliness such as she had never before seen!

Now the poor woman approaches and kind hands help relieve her of her pack, and bring her into the dining room. Food, milk, and plenty of water, are placed before her, and the interpreter assures her of welcome to-day or any day—food whenever hungry, rest whenever

wearily—and "Tell her," said the gentle hostess, "that this hospital was built for the Indians by kind hearted palefaces far away—some now in the spirit land. Here Indians are ever welcome. Come again and see me."

If ever gratitude took the place of hate on human face here was an instant. Regretfully the poor traveler at last resumed her toilsome way.

"Well" said the matron, "you may think that is good policy, but I will tell you it don't work among Indians. See if the hospital is not overrun this very afternoon with all the beats on the Reservation."

Sure enough, when afternoon was on the wane the hospital yard was simply full of Indians—blanketed, painted men, boys, and squaws.

It did seem as if the matron's fears were about to be realized. The surgeon and interpreter went out on the hospital steps and asked them what they wished. If the Indians wished to come in, it would

perhaps be best for a dozen or so to come in at a time, and then they could in this manner go over the hospital.

"No!" they did not wish to come in.

"What do they wish—food, water, tobacco?"

"No"—not even that! They had come to see the Indians' "friend," the wife of the Paleface medicine-man, and that was the real object of their visit.

With her child in her arms, their "friend" came forth to renew her words of gentle kindness and sincerity. No man who could witness such a scene of genuine love, could ever forget it. The Indians pressed about to touch the hands and looked in the gentle face and to discern with their wonderfully acute powers of character reading the true, deep interest in their welfare which was so apparent.

And so began the love and devotion which many years have seasoned and preserved, and this is how a cup of water won the love of a people!

NEW MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE

A California Mission? No, not a California mission, nor yet an old mission among the waving palms and rippling brooks of the golden west, but a new mission on the flat, barren, burning sands of Arizona—a fit monument of the faith, whose divine influence makes the desert of the heathen heart put forth blossoms of Christian virtues.

St. Augustine's at Chuhecho, in the Papago desert, is the fruit of years of patient preparation and of months of tireless effort on the part of Fr. Tiburtius or Father Juan, as he is known to our readers. Some five years ago, Jose Xavier, chief of the village, approached the Rt.

Rev. Henry Granjon, D.D., and asked him for missionaries, that the gift of the holy faith which he already possessed, might be extended to his people. Fr. Matthias, O.F.M., was the answer to his request. He was welcomed with great enthusiasm, the people building for him a small adobe room, and a small chapel, both of better material than their own homes; and so rapid was the progress made in the work of converting the Papagos, that the chapel proved too small before three years had passed. The Indians now made preparations for a larger church by making the necessary adobes. Their poverty

however, was so great, that they never could have bought the lumber, and other manufactured material required. Then it was that Divine Providence inspired Miss Rachel A. Good of Pittsburg, Pa., to turn over a legacy, that she had acquired, to the Catholic Indian Bureau. Rev. Fr. Ketcham, Secretary of this Bureau, immediately sent the sum to the Papago Mission.

pontifical High Mass, the sacrament of Confirmation was administered to fifty-four Papagos. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, hundreds of Papagos were present to witness the celebration, and to partake of the hospitality of the Chuhecho people; some having traveled a distance of fifty miles. The celebration concluded with services conducted by the Rev. Ferdi-



Mission St. Augustine in the Desert

This donation, augmented by the contributions of other benefactors, notably those gathered by the Very Rev. Benedict, O.F.M., Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, enabled Father Juan to erect a larger church.

The new mission was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, D. D., January 28, 1914. After the

nand, O.F.M., Superior of the Franciscan Papago Missions.

Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M., hereby wishes to express his thanks to all benefactors who have so generously aided him in his work among the Papagos; and he cherishes the hope that their liberality will prove as fruitful a source of assistance in the future, as it has been in the past.



THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAPAGOS

CONTINUED

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

ON our arrival in Quijitoa the following afternoon, we were told of the death of a young girl. The beautifully adorned coffin of the girl was surrounded by musicians, who had been hired for the occasion, and who were now plying their craft. The people expressed great joy at seeing me, and the men soon came to shake hands. I had a conference with the chief, at which he said, "It is, indeed, sad that the girl has died; but I have

brated in a truly Catholic manner though with some intermingling of the old pagan rites, will in time become a beautiful Catholic feast. The morning of the feast day was ushered in with the booming of cannon. A little after sunrise, I celebrated holy Mass, which the Indians, mostly all pagans, attended with reverence and devotion. The church was crowded to the doors, and many were forced to stand without. Immediately after Mass,



A Group of Papagos

considered the matter well, and since we all will have to die some time; and since all things have been prepared for the feast, the feast must go on." I then made a program with him, which consisted in this that whenever services were held in the church, no dancing or feasting was to take place.

The little chapel, the most beautiful of the desert, was tastefully decorated with silk and paper flowers. This feast which is now cele-

the dance began, and excepting the time for services, lasted day and night for three days. One man, (whose services are often paid for with a cow) encircles his waist with a belt of bells, and his legs, from the ankle to the knees, he covers with a string of cocoons filled with small pebbles, thereby producing a noise similar to the rattling of a rattle snake. Thus equipped he begins his series of dances to the tune of some instrument. These

dances are very interesting at first, but soon become tedious, and it is a puzzle to me how any one can watch them for three whole days. To break the monotony at least somewhat, the younger generation introduce modern dances which they have learned from the white men, and which to me seem to be the only thing they learn at the government schools. On the evening of this day, I witnessed a beautiful dance by a ten year old girl and the hired dancer mentioned above. It consisted in a constant advancing towards and retreating from each other. From the moral point of view nothing can be said against these Indian dances. True, many old heathen customs and rites are still kept up, but they, too, will gradually disappear. The other secular features of the festival are of no importance. The meals morning, noon, and evening consisted of tortillas, potatoes, and coffee.

Towards noon, the procession to a neighboring hill, upon whose summit a cross had been planted, began to form. We first went to the church, and spent a few minutes in prayer. The chief then handed a beautifully ornamented cross to a boy of about ten years, who received it reverently in his hands covered with a cloth. Two other boys then held a nicely formed arch over the cross. Amid prayers and hymns the procession then wended its way slowly up the hill. Having arrived on the summit, the cross was laid upon a small altar, and we all knelt for the rosary. I then explained the meaning of the feast to the people, although often interrupted by the booming of the cannon. The musicians then played their best, and the dancer exhibited his greatest skill. In the meantime, the women distributed small bags of cookies. The cross was then given to the boy again, and in procession brought back to the

church. There it was placed on a table below a neatly decorated arch to remain there during the entire feast.

On Sunday, we had High Mass, and my catechist sang the Mass after his own fashion. By this time, wagons were coming in from all directions as the main dance was about to begin. The chief dancer, however, was forced to rest from his performances, and another took his place.

This neighborhood is rich in gold ore, and, in the last fifteen years, the Papagos have found much of the precious metal. Everywhere the earth has been dug up to a depth of about ten feet, and the Indians with their primitive methods have unearthed nuggets valued at one hundred dollars. One was so lucky as to find a nugget estimated at fifteen hundred dollars. Even to-day they use nuggets as currency.

In the evening, just as I was about to begin instructions, the chief dancer awoke from his sleep, and contrary to our understanding, insisted on dancing. This gave me a good opportunity to draw a parallel between the service of God and the service of the devil. I happened to have a nice large picture with me, showing the broad way that leads to hell, on which the people were dancing and making merry, and the narrow path to Heaven, the way of the Cross. I pointed out to them that in order to enter Heaven, they must keep the commandments, and live and die as good Catholics.

On the next evening, we held a meeting relative to the embellishing of our church, and all seemed to be full of zeal and ready to do their part.

Not knowing that I would be there a Protestant preacher had also come from a great distance to the feast. But he seems to have met with a rather cold reception, for the

Indians would not sell him hay for his horses, and at last he was forced to come to me for a supply. On the next day, he disappeared. When everything was ready for us to resume our journey, the men all approached again to shake hands. Then we returned again to Tjovak.

I had intended to remain at this place only a short time, but the chief urged me to protract my stay and bless the graves, as the people would soon leave the settlement in harvest time to pitch their camps in the valleys. On the next afternoon, we set out to bless the graves, and finished from eight to ten rosaries before we arrived at the burial place. When we returned to the village, a number of Indians presented themselves for religious instruction, which we gave them. On the following morning, the mules were harnessed, and we proceeded on our journey in a north-westerly direction.

In Maispwavia, a little town on the road, we encountered some Indians who were unfriendly to us and our cause, as the people of Tjovak had told us. Forewarned, forearmed, we avoided a clash by merely passing through their settlement. Soon after, I chanced upon the chief of Stoa Wavia (White Well) who was just returning from the feast, and who was unable to proceed any farther with his jaded horses. To judge from the appearance of the animals, they had been kept on small rations, while their master had been feasting. I took one of his boys with me to get fresh horses from home. The way led over hills, and the trip was anything but a "joy ride." In the afternoon, we arrived at Stoa Wavia, where, to our utter surprise, we found the people all at home. The chief arrived in the village towards evening, and invited us to supper. At the evening services, the church was crowded. The peo-

ple brought blankets with them, and spread them on the floor of the church where I stood. This is considered a great honor among the Indians.

On the next morning, all came again to church, and they brought about twenty children for Baptism. A childish old woman also asked to be baptized. I had met her on a previous trip, and promised to baptize her. She now reminded me of my promise. She seemed to be over one hundred years old. At least no one at the settlement could remember to have known her in her youth. In fact, one is often obliged to guess at the age of even very small children as the Indians do not consider it worth their while to burden their memory with such trifles. When inquiring for the age of children, one usually receives the answer: "The child was born when such and such a feast was celebrated." At this place, I was pleased to record the Baptism of twenty-two children, among them one dying child and the old woman mentioned above.

From Stoa Wavia to the next stopping place is a bee-line distance of only eight or ten miles. But the way for the greater part leads up hill, and thus we spent a whole day in getting to the next place, Stschuck. Situated on a plateau, between towering hills, the place has an ideal location. In the center of the town is a large well, the water of which is drawn up by means of a bag made of cowhide. I had met the people at the feast in Quijotoa, and there already advised them of my coming. As there was good pasturage on the mountains, I decided to remain here for a few days.

The little church was crowded at the services, and many were obliged to remain without. I showed and explained to the Indians some pictures, especially of the four last

things of man, which all seemed to impress the Indians deeply. Upon our arrival there, we had led the mules to the pasture, and having tied them securely with a long rope, left them to graze at will. Saturday noon, I sent the chief to fetch the mules. He staid away so long that I became uneasy, and together with my guide I went to learn the cause of his long stay. We found the one mule, but the other had disappeared. Towards evening, the chief returned to tell me that he had followed the tracks of the deserter, but that, judging from the hoof-prints, the latter was still "on the run," and it was impossible to overtake him. Those familiar with the habits of mules, will know that at times they are seized with a sort of homesickness. A Mexican once told me that he had a mule for fifteen years. After this long time, it ran away to the place of its birth, which was fifty miles distant. Be

that as it may, we were certainly in a quandary, the more so since the chief told us that there was no horse to be had with which to take up the chase. At last the chief was lucky enough to find a horse, and taking my catechist Ramon up behind him into the saddle, he rode early in the morning to Stoa Wavia. In the meantime, I said holy Mass for the people. When I left the church after Mass, I found my mule standing there as unconcerned as ever. It had gone directly to Stoa Wavia in quest of water. There it was recognized by one of the inhabitants, who kept it over night and the next morning led it back to Stschuck. You may imagine how gratified I was to have my mule back, but I desisted from giving vent to my feelings because—well, a mule is a mule. With the promise to return soon we took leave of the good people.

(To be continued)

THE COMMANDMENT WITH A PROMISE

At the time of the Spanish-American War, the following beautiful incident went the rounds of some of our secular dailies. It was just before the battle of Manilla Harbor. The command to clear for action had been given, when one of the cabin boys of the flagship had the misfortune to let his jacket fall overboard. He asked for permission to recover it, but the permission was refused. Watching his chance, he went to the other side of the ship, sprang overboard, recovered his coat, and then quickly resumed his post. His action was noticed, however, and he was sentenced to confinement for his disobedience. It was for Admiral Dewey to sign the papers that would deprive the lad of his liberty. The admiral, however, first summoned the boy to learn what had induced him to do such a thing. The boy, somewhat abashed, took a photograph from his pocket, and handed it to the admiral with the words: "My mother!" The picture was in the jacket when the latter fell overboard, and the boy would not forsake it for anything in the world. Admiral Dewey was so moved by this example of filial piety, that he quashed the sentence, saying, "A son that will risk his life for a picture of his mother, will risk it also for his country, and should not be behind bars of iron."



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Some time ago, the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor addressed a letter to his Excellency the Vice-President of the Republic of China, in which he conveyed his heartfelt thanks to the illustrious statesman for the interest he had shown to the Franciscan missionaries in his country. To this letter the Vice-President answered as follows: "When reading your recent letter full of kindness and benevolence, I was filled with confusion at the compliments you paid me. The Catholic religion was brought to China many years ago, and its beneficial influence has taken deep root in the hearts of the people. Whenever I read the Holy Scriptures, I feel enraptured by them. Since the Republic is at length established, and the five peoples are now governed by a common code of laws, it is certainly the Catholic religion that will help us advance in learning and virtue, and thus ensure our progress in political affairs. The undersigned, chosen as one of the legislators, though undeservedly, feels himself bound to protect all according to the laws of the state, so that all in like manner may enjoy peace and happiness, as you, Most Reverend Father, ardently desire. My heartfelt thanks and best wishes.

—Li-iung-hung.

As a preliminary to the beatification of Sister Mary Magdalen Bentivoglio, the Very Rev. Fr. Francis Paolini, O.F.M., Postulator General of the Order, has published the documents bearing on her cause.

The Servant of God was born in Rome, where she also received her education. In the monastery of St. Lawrence, Panisperna, she joined the Order of Poor Clares. At the request of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Indianapolis, Ind. and of the General of the Order of Friars Minor, Pope Pius IX commissioned Sister Mary to found the Poor Clares in the United States. Among others she founded the monastery of the Poor Clares in Omaha, Neb., where she was superioress for fifteen years. She died in Evansville, Ind., August 18, 1905. A number of miracles are said to have been wrought through her intercession.

Viterbo, Italy.—The Rt. Rev. Bernard Doebbing, O.F.M., Bishop of Nepi and Sutri in Italy, has been appointed Administrator Apostolic of the diocese of Viterbo, until a successor is named to the Most Rev. Grasselli, Archbishop of the diocese, who, on account of old age, has retired from active life. Bishop Doebbing was for some years affiliated with the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, where he made his religious profession, and pursued his philosophical and theological studies.

Turin, Italy.—The Rev. Augustine Gemelli, O.F.M., has accepted the chair of experimental psychology at the University of Turin. The society "Pro Cultura" of Milan intends to honor the learned Franciscan by a special celebration.

Rovigo, Italy.—The diocesan seminary of this city may in truth be called a Franciscan seminary. Of

the seventy-two students attending, all who have reached the required age of fourteen are enrolled in the Third Order, so that the branch at present numbers fifty-three members.—

Il Bollettino delle Missioni Estere of the Capuchin Fathers publishes an interesting review of the labors and the achievements of the Capuchins in the foreign missions. According to the account, the Capuchin Fathers maintain 37 missions: 6 in Europe; 11 in Asia, 15 in North and South America, 5 in Oceania. The number of missionaries is about 1000, who are assisted by 235 native priests and 1,397 Sisters of various congregations. These missions have 367 residences (small convents), 700 churches, 45 hospitals, 60 colleges with 4,927 students, 679 schools frequented by 37,380 children, 157 orphan homes sheltering 3,929 orphans. The Tertiaries number 19,457, and are united in 492 fraternities. The Catholic population entrusted to the spiritual care of the missionaries is upwards of 2,500,000 amid a heathen population of almost 124 millions. No less than 5,770 non-Catholics and heathens were received into the bosom of the Church during the past year. Indeed, the spirit of St. Francis embracing in its love the whole world, is even to-day animating his loyal sons to spread the glad tidings of the Savior's teaching and love among those who still sit in the darkness and in the shadow of death.

Munich, Bavaria.—On December 21, the Rev. Fr. Hartmann von Ander-Lan-Hochbrunn, O.F.M., celebrated his fiftieth birthday. He is a celebrity in the world of music. At the recent Congress of the Third Order in Cologne, Fr. Hartmann personally conducted the rendering of one of his grandest musical compositions, the oratorio "St. Francis". Born in 1863, in Salurn, Tyrol, he

pursued his classical studies at Bosen, and entered the Order of Friars Minor on June 25, 1879. Seven years later, on May 30, he was elevated to the holy priesthood. He has composed the following oratorios: St. Peter, St. Francis, The Last Supper, The Death of Our Lord, The Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross, and the Te Deum. In 1893, Fr. Hartmann was appointed Director of music in San Salvator in Jerusalem, and a year later, in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1895, his superiors called him to Rome, where he was organist in the convent of Aracoeli and professor of music at the Scuola Musicale. On account of his extraordinary achievements in the field of music, Fr. Hartman has received numerous decorations from various musical societies, universities, and crowned heads of Europe.

Arras, France.—On the 10th of this month, the Tertiaries of northern France will hold a reunion under the presidency of Mgr. Lobbedey. The object of the reunion is to awaken and foster a lively interest in the Third Order. Special invitation cards have been sent to non-Tertiaries, to give them an opportunity to learn the nature and scope of the Third Order of St. Francis. The celebrated Tertiary, Joannes Joergensen is expected to attend the reunion and to address the delegates.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—The Rev. Albert Rittner, O.F.M., on whose life an attempt was recently made by a Turkish dragoman (see *Franciscan Herald*, Vol. I, No. 12), has received permission to leave the Holy Land. On December 15, he departed for Europe. At present he is stationed in the convent of St. Elias near Rome, Italy.

Constantinople, Turkey.—The Rev. Fr. Hyacinth Tonizza, O.F.M. has been named Prefect of the

Franciscan Missions of Constantinople. Before receiving this appointment, he was superior of the monastery in Alexandrette. As Apostolic Delegate in Beirut he manifested great prudence and determination in defending the interests of the Church. Fr. Hyacinth is well versed in numismatics and archaeology. The museum in San Salvator, Jerusalem, is greatly indebted to him for its many and rare curios.

Spain.—Since our Lady of Guadeloupe was declared patron of Es-tramadura, the Catholics of Spain have decided to obtain and restore the monumental and splendid monastery dedicated to her in that region. It is one of the most magnificent in the Peninsula, and boasts some superb marbles. The work of restoration has been confided to the Franciscan Fathers, who have been established guardians of the shrine by the government. These religious have already made enormous sacrifices, and executed marvelous repairs in quite a short space of time. They have already rebuilt the ruined walls, and they are now making an appeal to the generosity of the faithful for the work of restoring the nave, which is already crumbling. If they succeed, antiquaries all over the world must thank them for their splendid efforts.

Japan.—In the course of the past year, three new stations have been founded. The one is situated on the neighboring island Karafuto, commonly called Sachalia. The people there are very poor. The climate is quite rough; the winters long and the summers short. In the months of January and February, navigation is rendered impossible by the severe cold. The second and the third station are on the island Hokkaido (Jesso,) namely in the town Iwannisawa and in the

village Hiroshima. Especially great are the fruits of the Missionary Sisters of Mary. Our missionary band now numbers twelve, one Father having lately arrived. What prevents the progress of our, and of all other Japanese missions is the great dearth of alms. Although the Fathers of our province do all in their power to obtain alms for us, these are actually insufficient for our most pressing needs. We live in constant fear of being deprived of the liberty of worship. Religious instruction is prohibited in all schools, private and public. In the public schools, however, a spirit hostile to Christianity is instilled into the hearts of the children.

St. Bernard, Neb.—On January 23, the Rev. Fr. Casimir, O.F.M., passed to his eternal reward. He had been ailing for about a week, when, on the 27th, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which resulted in his death on the following day. Fr. Casimir was born in Westphalia, Germany, on November 3, 1849, and entered the Order of Friars Minor at the age of eighteen. The Franco-Prussian war called him, a cleric at the time, to the field of battle, where he had to serve the sick and wounded. These were hard and trying times. In after life, he would often revert to them during the time of recreation, and it was entertaining, indeed, to hear him tell of his experiences as nurse in the military lazarets. Hardly had the war come to an end, when the May Laws ordered all religious Orders from German soil. Fr. Casimir was among the first to embark for America. This was in 1875. On June 29 of the same year, he was raised to the holy priesthood in St. Antony's Church in St. Louis, Mo. After following his priestly calling for some years in Jordan, Minn., he, in 1885, was appointed superior and pastor in Chaska, Minn. Ten years later, he came in

the same capacity to Wien, Mo. In 1889, he was elected guardian of the monastery and pastor of the parish in Teutopolis, Ill. Here he labored till the summer of 1912, when the chapter transferred him to St. Bernard, Neb. Little did he or any one else think that here his life would be brought to so sudden an end. All who knew him, will say that Fr. Casimir was a man of lively faith and great virtue. His noble and big heart burned with zeal for immortal souls. Simple and unassuming in his ways, he was kind and condescending to all. In short, Fr. Casimir was a worthy priest of God and a loyal son of St. Francis. On Saturday, January 31, the Very Rev. Provincial Benedict, O.F.M., sang a solemn Requiem Mass over the remains of the good Father. The good people of St. Bernard and of the neighboring parishes attended in great numbers, and after Mass escorted the corpse of their beloved pastor to its last resting place in the cemetery.

Teutopolis, Ill.—On January 27, the Rev. Robert, O.F.M., departed this life at the local monastery. He was born in Warendorf, Germany, on December 28, 1870. He attended the college in his native place, but came to this country before finishing his course. Having concluded his classical studies in St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill., he entered the novitiate on June 28, 1890. In his studies he manifested great acumen of intellect and an iron will power, which gave great hopes for the future. About this time, he became subject to fainting spells. Physicians declared his case not serious, and, accordingly, he was ordained to the holy priesthood on July 1, 1899. Later, however, his ailment developed into epilepsy, which rendered him unfit for steady and hard work. This was Fr. Robert's heaviest cross, but he bore it with heroic patience and resigna-

tion to the holy will of God. Unable to work, he prolonged his prayers instead. During the last week of his life, he suffered very frequent attacks of his ailment, which weakened his robust constitution, and rendered him unconscious during the last two days. Tuesday, shortly after noon, he died peacefully, fortified with the last rites of the Church. Thursday morning, the office of the dead was chanted, and a solemn Requiem Mass sung for the repose of his soul, after which the corpse was laid to rest in the vault of the convent garden.

Harbor Springs, Mich.—On Tuesday, January 6, Mary Bailey, an Indian maiden, departed this life. Her death was most beautiful and edifying. When ten years old, Mary came to the Holy Childhood Indian Mission School for instruction. She was a pious, modest, and obedient child, a diligent pupil, and a cheerful playmate. Since her first Holy Communion, she approached the Holy Table every day. Last June she took sick, but soon recovered. The children were happy to have her again in their midst. Little did we think that she was to be taken from us so soon. In the week before Christmas, Mary again took sick. On January 3, her condition grew serious. With great devotion she received the last Sacraments, surrounded by her playmates and the Sisters of the school. Now she was ready to go to Heaven. With the holy names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph ever on her lips, she waited for the call of the Bridegroom. Clinging to the crucifix she was conscious to the last. She expired without a struggle. After death her features were even more beautiful than in life, as everybody who knew her remarked. On January 8, her precious remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery at Harbor Springs. We

are sure that this child was saved from sin and prepared for Heaven through the influence of our Indian School, for which the *Franciscan Herald* is trying to interest its readers. One holy death like Mary's is ample reward for the many sacrifices which the missionary Fathers and the Catholic laity bring for the Indian Missions.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the meeting of the English branch of the Third Order in February, the Rev. Father Director announced the names of the officers for the ensuing three years. The following appointments were made: Mr. John Hunter, Master of Novices; Mrs. Mary Richey, Mistress of Novices; Miss Mary Perkins, Assistant Mistress of Novices; Mr. Percy Fay, Secretary; Mr. William Conley, Treasurer; Mr. Edward J. Kenealy, Librarian; Mrs. Helen F. Donnelly, Mrs. Mary Quinlan, and Mrs. Mary E. McElherne, Counselors. Instead of the promotors, one counselor will be appointed for each parish, in which the Third Order is represented. The names of these counselors will be published at the meeting in March.

Since the *Franciscan Herald* first made its appearance, 1307 subscriptions were sent in from St. Peter's; by far the greater number of these were procured through the efforts of our solicitors. May God bless them for their good work, and may they continue in their efforts to make the *Franciscan Herald* a financial success. Arrangements have been made with the management of the *Herald*, to have a holy Mass said every month at St. Peter's Church for the solicitors of this magazine. Any one who wishes to act as solicitor must be authorized in writing by the Father Director of the Third Order.

Cleveland, O.—At a recent meeting of the Officers and Promotors of the Third Order, it was decided

to introduce the card system, as the best means to keep an account of all the members, even though some change their abode from time to time.—The census which so far has located quite a large number of the members will be continued, in the hope of arriving at as close an estimate as possible of the true number of Tertiaries of this branch, which is estimated to number about 1700 persons. The election of new officers was deferred for six months. Several donations for various charitable purposes were allowed. At the last meeting of the English Branch eighteen new members were received.

San Francisco, Cal.—At the last general meeting of the Tertiaries of the English speaking branch at St. Boniface Church, twenty-three new members were received and twenty-two professed. A feature of the meeting was an eloquent and inspiring sermon on "Faith" by the Rev. Spiritual Director. The text was: "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith." He pointed out that while charity is the greatest of virtues, neither charity nor hope could exist without faith, which is the foundation of all virtue. As an example he cited the beauty and grandeur of some of our churches, which he said could not exist were it not for the crude and solid foundations upon which they rest.—Several substantial donations have already been made, in money and books, toward the Tertiary library which will be established in the near future. At the meeting the Tertiaries passed resolutions, in which they extended tokens of gratitude and fealty to His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. E. J. Hanna, D.D., Bishop Auxiliary of San Francisco, for the gracious visit he paid the Tertiaries on January 4, 1914 and for the inspiring words he addressed to them on this occasion. A copy of these resolutions was sent to His Lordship.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

ON January 26 and 27, the Very Rev. Provincial Benedict presided at our semi-annual oral examinations. The last two days of January were set aside for written tests in all the branches of the curriculum. Immediately after the examinations, the semi-annual reports were sent to pastors, parents, or guardians of our students. The general averages of all the students were published in the study-hall on February 3, the following boys receiving the highest number of points in their respective classes: Wm. Wernsing, Paul Eberle, Raymond Duling, Alphonse Fochtman, and Joseph Kola.

On Candlemas, four students were admitted as novices into the Third Order, and five boys made their profession. Owing to a lack of funds, no new volumes have been added of late to the Tertiaries' library. All the contributions of the members of the Order were put aside for a new Tertiaries' banner, which has been ordered from J. Wyenbergh, Kevelaer, Germany.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The new year at St. Antony's was auspiciously opened with the annual retreat, held from January 3 to January 6. The exercises were preached by the Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Kenney, O.F.M., of Oakland, Cal. The weather during these days was delightful, a marked contrast to the damp and chill of the previous days. The generous downpour of rain which lasted practically through the whole Christmas season did not darken our joyful spirits however. The

solemn High Mass at the Old Mission, rendered more solemn yet by the eloquent sermon of the Rev. Fr. Turibius, O.F.M., and the very creditable singing of the "O Quam Suavis Est" Mass, under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Francis, O.F.M., put us into a glad festive mood, and after that one thing or other turned up to keep us there through the rest of the holidays.

Not the least of these sunny peerings through our leaden sky was the entertainment of Sunday evening, December 28, when the boys rendered a very enjoyable program, consisting chiefly of music, instrumental and vocal, and comedy.

Thursday, January 7, the closing day of the retreat, was a supplementary holiday, which the Rev. Fr. Rector kindly granted as an indulgent recognition of our devout and recollected behavior during the spiritual exercises. The day was enjoyed immensely. Not having had an opportunity for outings to the mountains during the Christmas holidays, we were determined to repair the loss to some extent by scouring the surrounding country far and near. On the day following, classes were resumed; and we are well on in the second semester of the school year.

In the regular meeting of the St. Antony's Literary Circle held on January 11, George Glaser delighted and edified the members with what the roguish Secretary called (though not irreverently) a "sermon" on the devotional characteristics of Father Faber. Gerald Clark spoke Chas. W. Stoddard's musical "San Gabriel Bells." And Aloysius Knauff discoursed on the always interesting subject, "The California Missions."

By order of the Provincial Chapter the Rev. Fr. Julius, O.F.M., Vice-

rector of the college, is now Director of the Third Order of St. Francis. The first meeting since the appointment was held Sunday, January 25. We are confident that the new Director will continue the zealous work of his esteemed predecessor, the Rev. Fr. Francis, O.F.M.

From January 18 to 25, the students joined the zealous thousands to hold the now celebrated Unity Octave.

THANKSGIVINGS

A subscriber wishes to express her gratitude for having obtained a favor after making a novena in honor of St. Antony and promising publication in *Franciscan Herald*.

"Some time ago, the smallpox broke out in our neighborhood, and caused considerable fear and anxiety. We, therefore, had recourse to prayer, and with all our school children began a public novena in honor of the Holy Family and St. Roch, who is invoked against contagious diseases. At the same time, I made a promise to offer up three holy Masses and to publish the favor, if the dread disease would not spread and especially not attack our boarding school. With gratitude towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus and our heavenly patrons, I hereby fulfill my promise and acknowledge that from that time on the plague seized no further victims, but in a short time disappeared."—Fr. A. H., O.F.M., Cowlitz, Wash.



OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English branch of the Third Order:
Catherine Henneberry, Sister Elizabeth,

Catherine Sullivan, Sister Frances,

Catherine Erkelens, Sister Elizabeth,

Nora Houlihan, Sister Frances,
Sarah Joyce, Sister Elizabeth,
Bridget Phelan, Sister Anne.

German branch of the Third Order:
Josephine Blum, Sister Elizabeth,
Eugene Branch, Brother Louis.

St. Augustine's Church:

Louise Kawall, Sister Ludovica,
Juliana Gehrke, Sister Crescentia,
John Scherer, Brother Francis.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Elizabeth Berringer, Sister Angela.

West Park, O.:

Pauline Gardner, Sister Clare.



FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

MARCH, 1914.

DEDICATED TO
ST. JOSEPH

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	1st Sunday of Lent. —Bl. Mathia, V. 2d Ord. Gospel: Jesus tempted by the devil. Matt. IV, 1-11.
2	M.	Bl. Agnes of Prague, V. 2d Ord.
3	T.	St. Titus, Bp. C.—St. Cunegundis, Empress.
4	W.	St. Casimir, King of Poland.—St. Lucius, Pope, M.
5	Th.	St. John Joseph, 1st Ord. C. (P. I.)
6	F.	St. Colette, 2d Ord., V. (P. I.)
7	S.	St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., C. D.
8	S.	2d Sunday of Lent. —St. John of God, C., Patron of Hospitals. Gospel: The Transfiguration of Our Lord. Matt. XVII, 1-9.
9	M.	St. Catherine of Bologna, 2d Ord., V. (P. I.)
10	T.	The Forty Holy Martyrs of Sebaste.
11	W.	St. Frances of Rome, W.
12	Th.	St. Gregory I. Pope.
13	F.	Feast of the Holy Shroud of Our Lord.—Bl. Roger, 1st Ord., C.
14	S.	Bl. Peter, 1st Ord., C.—Translation of St. Bonaventure.
15	S.	3d Sunday of Lent. —SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, MM. Gospel: Jesus casts out a devil. Luke XI, 14-28.
16	M.	Bl. Peter, 1st Ord., C.
17	T.	St. Patrick, Bp. C., Apostle of Ireland.
18	W.	Bl. Salvator, 1st Ord., C.
19	Th.	Solemn Commemoration of St. Joseph. (P. I.)
20	F.	Bl. John of Parma, 1st Ord., C.
21	S.	St. Benedict, Abbot, Founder of Order of Benedictines.
22	S.	4th Sunday of Lent. —St. Benvenute, 1st Ord., Bp. C. (P. I.) Gospel: The miracle of the loaves and fishes. John VI, 1-15
23	M.	St. Peter Damian, Bp. C. D.
24	T.	St. Gabriel Archangel.—Bl. Didacus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
25	W.	Annunciation of the B. V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
26	Th.	Bl. Rizzerius, 1st Ord., C.
27	F.	St. John Damascene, Bp. C.—Bl. Peregrine, 1st Ord., C.
28	S.	Bl. Mark, 1st Ord., C.
29	S.	Passion Sunday. —Bl. Paula, 3d Ord., W. Gospel: The Jews try to stone Jesus. John VIII, 46-59.
30	M.	Bl. Angela, 3d Ord., W. (P. I.)
31	T.	Bl. Mark, 1st Ord., C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1914.

NO. 4

ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS

A WAKE, my soul! Attend and see
Love's Victim slain on Calvary;
Th' eternal Life,
In bloody strife,
Battles with Death to ransom thee.

Behold thy Savior's mangled frame
Bleeding upon the wood of shame,
Tortured and torn,
With anguish worn,
Dread curses heaped upon His name.

Riven by ruthless thorns and nails,
Forlorn, disowned, His spirit quails—
His love withal
Embraces all
The angry mob that 'gainst Him rails.

All Nature sighs; unearthly cries
Of terror pierce the murky skies—
At last, 'tis done:
God's loved Son
In anguish bows His head and dies.

Awake, my soul! Attend and see
Thy Savior slain to ransom thee;
Weep, sinful soul,
Thy Victim's dole
Who bled for thee on Calvary.

F. B., O. F. M.



ST. FIDELIS OF SIGMARINGEN

MARTYR OF THE FIRST ORDER

APRIL 24

THIS glorious son of St. Francis was born at Sigmaringen, in the principality of Hohenzollern, Germany, in 1577, and received in Baptism the name of Mark. His virtuous parents and his godfather watched with great care over his early education, and as they saw that talent and a laudable ambition to advance in knowledge were joined in him with piety and modesty, they, after the completion of his elementary studies, decided to send him to the University of Freiburg in the Breisgau, there to prepare himself for his future career. Mark devoted himself with his wonted energy to the study of philosophy and of law, and was graduated with great honors in 1603. If his brilliant talents and the great progress he made in his studies attracted the attention of both professors and students, his genuine piety, his pure and mortified life still more aroused their admiration and endeared him to all. When, therefore, in 1603, the parents of several noble youths, wishing their sons to make a tour through the principal countries of Europe, sought a suitable guide and companion for their sons, the professors of the University at once recommended to them Mark as well qualified to act in this capacity.

On the journey covering six years, during which they traveled

through France, Italy, and parts of Spain, Mark proved a true friend, a wise and prudent guide, and a model of virtue. He watched most carefully over the conduct and morals of the youths entrusted to his charge, and while assisting them in every way in the acquisition of useful knowledge, he also strove to instill into their hearts sentiments of piety and love of virtue. His kind exhortations were confirmed by the edifying example of his life. He frequently received the Sacraments, whenever possible daily assisted at Mass, and recited the little office of the Blessed Virgin; he delighted in visiting the churches and hospitals, and in giving alms to the poor.

On his return from the journey, Mark, in 1611, went to Freiburg to take the doctorate in canon and civil law. After receiving his degree, he began to practice as a lawyer at Colmar, in Alsace. His ability and honesty gained for him the confidence of all, while his charity obtained for him the surname of counselor and advocate of the poor. But at the very time when the prospects of a brilliant future were brightest, the acts of injustice committed by several of his colleagues in order to protract lawsuits for gain, and their attempt to win him over to their mode of acting, determined him to give up his profession and to dedicate himself to the ser-

vice of the Church. After being ordained priest in 1611, he, in the same year, entered the Order of St. Francis of the Capuchin Reform, at Freiburg. The guardian clothing him with the holy habit, gave him the name of Fidelis, or Faithful, alluding to the words of Holy Scripture: "Be thou faithful unto death: and I will give thee the crown of life." (Apoc. II, 10) These words proved to be a prophecy in the case of the new religious.

Fidelis at once strove to progress on the way of perfection by the exercise of every religious virtue. The devil assailed him in divers ways to induce him to forsake his new mode of life, but the Saint overcame all temptations by the practice of humility, mortification, and implicit obedience to his superiors and his confessor. These vexations were only a new incitement to strive for a higher degree of perfection, and thus Fidelis soon became the model of his brethren. His life was one of almost continuous prayer. Imitating the Seraphic Father St. Francis, he was most exact in observing the vow of poverty, always choosing for himself what was least valuable and convenient. He delighted in humiliations and in performing the most menial and painful labors, even as superior, and strictly mortified his flesh to keep it in subjection to the spirit.

When he had taken the vows, and had finished his theological studies, the Saint was commissioned to preach and to hear confessions. In the performance of his difficult duties, he gave proof of so deep a religious spirit and so enlightened a prudence, that his superiors appointed him guardian of the convent at Rheinfelden, and afterwards at Freiburg and Feldkirch. It would be difficult to describe the zeal and tender solicitude with which he fulfilled the duties of his



St. Fidelis

responsible position, and endeavored to lead his subjects on the way of perfection by the perfect observance of the Rule.

At the same time, Fidelis labored most zealously for the salvation of souls. No labor, no sacrifice was too great for him when there was question of consoling the afflicted, of instructing the ignorant, of visiting and assisting the sick and dying, and of leading back sinners to God. He exerted himself with untiring zeal to remove abuses among the faithful, to strengthen the faith of the wavering, and to bring back to the true fold the numerous Calvinists in the surrounding territory.

In 1621, Fidelis with several of his brethren was called to labor in the canton of the Grisons, where most of the people were fanatic adherents of Calvinism. The Saint, rejoicing at the prospect of suffering and of dying for Christ, for which grace he had prayed since he entered

the Order, set out at once for his new field of labor. Disregarding the opposition, insults, and even threats of the heretics, he began his work with a truly apostolic fervor; and the fruits of his prayers, mortifications, and zealous preaching soon became evident. Not only were the weak among the faithful strengthened, the lukewarm and careless brought to a more fervent practice of their religion, but also many Calvinists were led back to the allegiance of the Church. The wonderful effects of the Saint's zeal, who in the beginning of 1622 was appointed superior of the missions among the Grisons by the newly established Congregation of the Propaganda, aroused the fury of the heretics, and they resolved to put an end to his apostolic labors. Though aware of their evil designs, Fidelis did not desist from preaching the word of God. Feeling that his end was near, he prepared himself for the last struggle by passing many hours, even whole nights, before the Blessed Sacrament. After making a general confession to one of his brethren, he, on April 22, 1622, went to the town of Sevis, where he preached with more than ordinary fervor, exhorting the people to constancy in the faith. The sermon was interrupted by a tumult both within and without the church, during which a number of Austrian soldiers who guarded the doors of the church were killed. Fidelis himself was wounded, and accepted the offer of a Calvinist to lead him to a place of safety. Outside the church, he was surrounded by a band of armed heretics led by their preachers. They began to insult and revile him, and called upon him to embrace the teachings of Calvin. The Saint courageously answered, "I was sent to you to confute, not to embrace your heresy." Thereupon, one of the band struck him down with his sword. Fidelis rose

again on his knees, and prayed, "Pardon them, O Lord; blinded by passion, they know not what they do." The fanatic heretics then fell upon him with their swords and maces, and put him to death. Thus did Fidelis remain faithful unto death, and obtain the long-desired palm of martyrdom.

The body of the Saint was brought to Feldkirch and buried in the church of the Capuchins. His head and left arm, which were found separated from the trunk, were placed in a precious case and translated to the cathedral of Coire. In consequence of the numerous miracles wrought at his tomb, Fidelis was beatified by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1729, and canonized by Pope Benedict XIV, in 1745.

REFLECTION

Happy the Christian who, like St. Fidelis, faithfully performs his duties towards God in all circumstances of life! We see the Saint serve God with equal fidelity at home, at the university, amid the distractions of a long journey, in the courts of law, and as a religious and missionary. Insults, persecution, and the fear of death could not make him neglect his duties. And God has rewarded him with the "crown of life." Have we always proved faithful in the performance of our duties? And yet there are so many reasons that ought to make the service of God easy and agreeable to us. We ought, therefore, to beg God daily for a strong and lively faith, and a tender love. Faith will make us understand the importance of the end of our creation—the salvation of our immortal soul; and love will strengthen us in all difficulties and make us ready to suffer all rather than offend our Lord and God.

Fr. Silas, O.F.M.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the *German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.*)

15. THE FIRST INVESTITURE

"He looseth the belt of kings, and girdeth their loins with a cord."—Job XII, 18.

The first congregation of the Third Order had been founded. A distinctive habit, however, was still wanting. This, too, was to be settled, sooner perhaps than Francis expected. The zeal of applicants supplied an occasion.

From Florence, Francis went to Poggibonzi (1221). In that place, there was a merchant named Luchesius. He was a boyhood friend of the saint. Whether Francis exercised any influence on his conversion, and to what extent, are matters that cannot be determined. The fact is that, at the time of the meeting which now engages our attention, he was already converted, and was practicing great benevolence.

Luchesius and his wife, Bona-donna, came to Francis, and besought his advice in regard to their desire for Christian perfection. The Saint replied, "I am considering a plan for founding an order for people in the world. I can only advise you to join it."

With these words, our former statement in regard to the origin of the Third Order is not weakened, but rather strengthened. When Francis declares to Luchesius that he is on the point of founding an order for the laity, it must be understood of the organization and of the formulation of the rule, whereby the Third Order received its definite

form and character.

If this order had not yet been founded, Francis could not at once have received Luchesius and his wife into it. Let us hear what the historian (Bartholom. de Tolom.) has to say on this point.

Luchesius imparted to the Saint the secrets of his heart, and falling at his feet in the presence of a vast concourse, he begged humbly and devoutly for the habit of the Third Order. Luchesius was married. The illustrious Francis discovered in him a noble disposition, the sweet odor of virtue, practical love of the poor, a particular devotion to Jesus Christ, prompt obedience to the Church, true contempt of the world, a burning desire for heavenly goods, truth in his aims, humility in his desires, steadfastness in his pursuits. St. Francis, therefore, agreed to confer on him and his wife, who was of a similar disposition, the habit of the Third Order. On the same occasion, the habit of penance was given to the humble and pious men, Bruno of Colle and a certain Martolense as well as a few inhabitants of the neighboring localities and of the Elsa Valley. In their hearts burned the desire for imperishable goods and zeal for the Christian religion. Francis united them all by the bonds of his Order, while the bystanders were moved to tears and genuine penance."

This effect upon the spectators leads me to speak a word for the

public and solemn investiture. In later times, it has unfortunately too often become customary to have the reception in private. Thank God, this custom is disappearing ever more and more. The public, solemn reception can not fail to exercise the very best influence on all present.

Francis had determined the habit of the Third Order. What may its appearance have been? He gave to the members "an ash-gray, modest tunic, a girdle with knots, and gave them orally a few precepts till he should have written a rule." (Wadding)

Who, now, were the happy ones who received from the Founder himself the habit of penance? In the first place it was Luchesius and his wife. He is, therefore, considered the first Tertiary. Then we behold in this band a Roland, Count of Clusium, a certain Martolense, and the other Tertiaries of Poggibonzi, (Wadding) Matthew of Rubeis, father of Pope Nicholas III. There is another man who deserves special mention. It is a certain Bartholomew, a lawyer of the Roman Curia. (Wadding.) This man stood in such repute with the Saint, that he gave him the faculty to receive others into the Order. We may, therefore, call him the First Director. Among the first Tertiaries we find the Blessed Viridiana and Pica, the pious mother of St.

Francis.

Among the first members, we meet not only simple peasants and pious souls, but also men and women of power and position, men and women who played a great role in the world. It was their greatest pleasure to receive the habit of penance publicly. Their example should be followed by all who enter the Third Order, and who are not deterred by human respect. It is a matter of honor to belong to the Third Order.

When a person is invested with the habit of penance, we may apply to Francis the words of Holy Scripture, "He looseth the belt of kings, and girdeth their loins with a cord." This actually took place when crowned heads received the habit of the Third Order; for example, St. Louis, St. Ferdinand, St. Elizabeth, and many others. The cord of St. Francis reminds all members of the words of our Divine Savior: "Let your loins be girt," (Luc. XII, 35) that you may be prepared at all times to follow the commands of the Lord, by mortification of the body and of all passions, and by the practice of all virtue. The bonds of penance, therefore, are not humiliating, but ennobling. The sentiments of every member should find full expression in the glorious words of Leo XIII, "We are proud of being a member of the Seraphic Family."

LITTLE CATECHISM OF THE THIRD ORDER

CHAPTER XII

INDULGENCES—PRIVILEGES—SPIRIT OF THE THIRD ORDER

190. *What is an indulgence?*

An indulgence is the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin by the application of the superabundant merits and satisfactions of our Savior, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Saints.

191. *How many kinds of indulgences are there?*

There are two kinds; namely, plenary and partial indulgences.

192. *Which are the conditions usually required to gain an indulgence?*

The conditions commonly required are: confession, communion, and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father.

193. *Is there any time or place specified for the gaining of indulgences?*

There are indulgences for the gaining of which the Church has specified neither time nor place; a great number of them, however, may be gained only on certain days and in certain places.

194. *Is the Third Order rich in indulgences?*

Yes; it is very rich in indulgences, plenary and partial; and these spiritual favors, apart from the many other graces and advantages enjoyed by the Tertiaries, ought to be a powerful inducement to enter the Order.

195. *What is the Papal Blessing?*

It is a solemn invocation by which the Holy Father the Pope calls down the divine assistance on the faithful, and with which there is connected a plenary indulgence.

196. *Does the Holy Father sometimes delegate others to bestow this blessing?*

Yes; the Holy Father frequently empowers bishops and priests to bestow this blessing in his name. The Directors of the Third Order enjoy this privilege in virtue of their office.

197. *What is the general absolution?*

It is a solemn invocation which partakes of the nature of a sacramental, and to which there is attached a plenary indulgence.

198. *What is the Franciscan Crown?*

It is the rosary of the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the recitation of which the faithful may

gain a plenary indulgence.

199. *Are Tertiaries required to have beads specially blessed to gain this indulgence?*

No; Tertiaries may gain the indulgence without beads specially blessed or, for that matter, without any beads whatever.

200. *Is it necessary to meditate on the mysteries while reciting this rosary?*

No; meditation on the mysteries is not required; it is sufficient to recite the Paters and Aves prescribed.

201. *What is the Porziuncola Indulgence?*

It is an indulgence obtained by St. Francis which the faithful may gain on the second day of August as often as they visit a Franciscan church or any other sanctuary enjoying this privilege, and pray there for some time for the intention of the Holy Father.

202. *What is meant by the Franciscan spirit?*

As every other religious institution, the Third Order also has its proper spirit, which is no other than the spirit of the Seraphic Founder, whose aim it was to imitate as closely as possible our Savior Jesus Christ.

203. *How should the Tertiary imitate our Savior?*

The Tertiary should strive to become like to him in his humility, detachment from earthly things, and spirit of penance.

204. *How may Tertiaries become imbued with the Franciscan spirit?*

By studying the life and works, the teaching and principles of pious persons of the Order, particularly of St. Francis and of the Saints and Blessed of his three Orders.

FEW ARE CHOSEN

By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O. F. M.

“GOOD-BYE, Frank. Were it not for this parting, my happiness would be unalloyed. But, one way or the other, a sacrifice must be made.”

“Good-bye, Walter. Don't worry about me. I can't help being grieved to see you go; but so long as it is for your happiness, I am satisfied. I only hope that you may never rue your decision.”

The last words were almost drowned amid the noise of the incoming train; and as the latter was to stop but a few moments, another hearty grip of the hand abruptly ended their leave-taking.

It was snowing briskly, and the windows of the coaches were so coated with frost as almost to screen the inmates from view. Frank Blunt stood on the platform until the last car had passed, and then started back for the college with a heavy heart. What would college life be without Rolling? He had never known it without him, and he could scarcely conceive it other than dull in the absence of his friend. Truly, the outlook for the remaining few months of his college course was full of gloom.

Meanwhile, his friend Rolling was more agreeably engaged. Seating himself comfortably in one of the cushioned seats of the smoking car, he purchased a newspaper and some cigars, and then celebrated his newly gained independence by that emblem and joy of emancipated youth—a smoke. As he complacently turned the pages of his paper, and, in intermittent puffs, sent up volumes of fragrant smoke, he felt happy. And well he might; after the torture of two months of doubt and indecision, his final determination to discontinue his studies came as an infinite relief, and the first

fruit of his act was an unwonted feeling of contentment.

When he had read carefully all that was worth reading in the paper, and thrown away the remnant of his second cigar, he leaned back in his seat in order to enjoy another privilege of independence—“*dolce far niente*”; and then he began to paint in glowing colors a picture of his new life. How delighted his father would be to have his assistance in his business; how proud his mother, to have him accompany her to church of a Sunday morning; and Miss Nightingale, —surely now, at least, he might indulge this thought —would she be less happy than he himself? With her as companion the much cried dangers of the world would have no terrors for him; and with the encouragement of her angelic example the practice of virtue would take a powerful charm.

With his talent and education, too, what a field for grand achievement opened up before him! He saw himself rallying the young men of his parish around the banner of St. Francis, succoring the poor, comforting the sick, securing work for the unemployed, and spreading wholesome literature among the masses. He beheld himself, later, as representative of his parish at an immense gathering of influential citizens, holding them spellbound by his eloquence, and persuading them to adopt efficacious measures for the moral and social uplift of the people. At last the world—even the non-Catholic world—should see and acknowledge the power of a staunch Catholic layman, and would be happy to avail itself of his services. His heart warmed at the prospect. Queer that he should have ever thought himself called to the priesthood,

when such a career of usefulness lay before him in the world. But, no doubt, Providence had guided him; for the four years' classic education he had enjoyed fitted him for a larger round of duties; and he would now be able to play a more important role in life than if he had had a mere business training.

These thoughts and many other golden dreams quite stifled his passing feeling of regret at leaving his college friends, and Rolling was happy. Even nature was arraying herself to suit his joyous mood. The barren landscape, which, with the sooty patches of snow a recent rain had left, previously presented a dismal appearance, was fast being clothed with a new robe of ermine whiteness. Still, Rolling could not help observing how flimsy was the newly fallen snow, and how treacherous was the basis on which it rested; and his active mind immediately drew a moral therefrom. Such, he mused, is the happiness of the world. Built on a false foundation, it soon collapses, leaving its votaries heart-broken and destitute, or buried, it may be, in the ruins. Was the groundwork of his happiness less deceitful and infirm?

At a few minutes past four o'clock, the porter having announced, "First call for supper," Rolling looked at his watch, and thought to himself: "I wonder what 'Blunty' is doing now. Poor fellow! I bet he's lonesome; but he has Harry yet, and Fred. Besides, a few months would have separated us anyhow, as he's a commercial student and will graduate in June."

* * *

The fact was that "Blunty" did, just then, feel very lonesome; but loneliness was, as he would have put it, the least of his troubles. He felt not only that he had parted with his best friend and companion, but that that friend had taken a

false step; and it pained him to think that he had not done more to prevent it. For over two years Frank Blunt and Walter Rolling had been almost inseparable companions; and although Blunt was overshadowed by the more brilliant Rolling, and in consequence held in esteem by his fellow-students more as Rolling's friend than for any gifts of his own, he was a youth of sterling character and considerable parts; and many a time that Rolling was given credit for his superb generalship on the field, or for his delicate tact in adjusting differences in the debating hall, his success was in no small degree due to his deference to "Blunty's" judgement. True to his name, Frank was very outspoken; and when, towards the end of October Rolling confided his intended departure to him, he firmly opposed it from a conviction of its utter folly; and being himself no candidate for the priesthood, it was little likely that his judgement was influenced by personal choice.

Unhappily, "Blunty's" judgement was only too true. When Rolling left college in the previous June, covered with honors reaped in the field of letters as well as in the field of sports, he had no doubt about his vocation. And when his father, wishing to avail himself of his son's splendid talent in his declining business, had sought to dissuade him from studying for the priesthood, Walter had respectfully and reluctantly, but none the less firmly and decisively declined. Deeply though it grieved him even to appear to slight his father's wishes, he could not, he said, in a matter that so intimately concerned his eternal welfare, disregard the wish of God. So long, therefore, as the call of duty did not positively countermand the call of grace, he should follow the latter, and direct his steps to the goal of the

priesthood.

Toward the close of vacation, Mr. Rolling had, indeed observed a change in Walter's wonted behavior; but even then never a word expressive of doubt or altered intentions escaped him. The change that his father noticed in him was a certain listlessness of manner quite different from his former decision, and a carelessness about hearing Mass daily and communicating weekly, that was wholly out of keeping with his former zeal. This was, however, not due to any doubts about his vocation; these did not come until a few days before his return to college.

The occasion for them was a party which he attended in the last week of August, and at which he made the acquaintance of a certain Miss Nightingale, the only daughter of a millionaire banker—a young woman of excellent attainments, then but recently graduated from a well-known academy, the embodiment of grace and comeliness, a girl of infinite merriment, yet withal of solid piety. Charms such as these might have captivated even one more wary than Rolling; and owing to the lukewarm state into which he had fallen, he was completely unsettled. Apparently Miss Nightingale's admiration for him was not less than his for her; and in justice to him be it said that he was not only worthy of it, but that the most dotting father and the most fastidious mother could not have desired for her a better match.

The few days that remained before the reopening of school left Rolling no time to decide on a definite course of action; so he returned to college, but with the greatest reluctance. "Blunty" noticed the change in him immediately. In the class-room, indeed, he maintained his former prestige with ease; his mind seemed to absorb unconsciously what others scarcely acquired

with ceaseless labor. On one occasion one of the professors having by mistake destroyed the manuscript of an oration that was to appear in print, he learned that Rolling had a complete copy of it. It had pleased him so much, he said, that he wrote it out entire; and though the address had lasted over half an hour, it was found that scarcely a phrase was altered or a word misplaced.

But Rolling's old-time interest in his studies was gone; and his teachers noticed an irritableness of disposition in him wholly foreign to his former character. Had he with one determined act of his will but crushed this new-born sentiment in his heart, and sought light and strength in prayer, all would have been well, and this story would never have been told; but far from doing that, he nourished the feeling, and naturally a way soon suggested itself of giving it full play.

It took a long time, indeed, until he reached a final decision; until a pet notion had to be abandoned or remolded, many a whisper of conscience, hushed. But at last his mind was made up: whatever his former views may have been, he was convinced now that he was not called to the religious state or to the priesthood, and so he determined to go home. He reasoned that it was his duty to turn the various talents God had given him to the best account; and he imagined that they could be given far wider scope in the world than within the narrow precincts of the cloister and the sanctuary. Then, his father needed him in his business, and it was but proper that he should come to his assistance. It was this latter fact especially that Rolling kept harping on whenever he spoke of the matter to "Blunty", who, however, was never much impressed by any of his arguments.

"From all I've heard in Catechism

class and in retreats," "Blunty" told him, "there's no obligation for a boy to forgo, or even to postpone following his vocation in order to support his parents, unless the latter are really in need. And that your father is in need, is pure imagination."

This was about as blunt as even "Blunty" dared to be with his friend; but, though the remark sank home for the moment, it was powerless to alter the decision of one who was not seeking advice but approval; and "Blunty" deemed it useless to repeat it. Long before his friend apprised him of his intention to quit studying, his frequent reference to Miss Nighingale, and the evident delight with which he dwelt on their brief acquaintance, had convinced him that he was passionately attached to her; and he now felt that it was this alone that had caused his late strange transformation. He saw that Walter was drifting into dangerous waters; but he was unable to do more to save him than to shout a warning to turn back. This he had done, and his cry was unheeded. Rolling had never learnt the necessity of submitting to guidance. Ordinarily fully justified in dispensing with counsel, he had grown so accustomed to act independently, that he regarded his own judgement as unerring and therefore final. A common mistake this of brilliant minds, but none the less reprehensible; and the proverb remains, "Pride precedeth the fall."

Now that Rolling had gone, "Blunty" thought of a dozen things that he should have done; and the more he thought about the matter, the more grieved he felt. Luckily a composition that was due the next day forced him to switch the current of his thoughts to that subject; still, the thought of Rolling kept coming to his mind, and instead of an essay on "Lost Oppor-

tunities" he produced what amounted to a sermon on "Lost Vocations." In bed, too, that night, his sorrow for his friend kept him awake for three long hours; and when he finally fell asleep, he dreamt that Rolling's train was wrecked, and that he administered to him the last sacraments.

* * *

When Rolling reached his native city, he was welcomed with open arms by his proud father, who was flattered to have the justice of his views regarding his son's proper work in life thus practically acknowledged. A more perfect agreement between his own wishes and those of his father, Rolling could not have desired. Again and again, as their carriage rolled along, his father gave expression to the joy he felt over his son's return, and assured him that it was equally shared by his mother. Walter was simply delighted. So happy a beginning, he thought, must needs be the handsel of a happy issue.

Ah, Walter, have you forgotten your little moral drawn from the snow about the vanity of worldly happiness? What guaranty have you that yours shall escape the common doom?

During a brief lull in the conversation, Walter's father happened to notice a splendid carriage passing them, and turning to Walter exclaimed:

"There goes Mr. Nightingale with his daughter to the station. Isn't it strange that she should be going away to enter the convent on the very day of your return from college?"

If a speculator had staked his entire fortune on an investment, the intelligence of its complete failure would not more overwhelm him than these words did poor Walter Rolling.

"Is that Mr. Nightingale, the banker?" he asked in a voice that

scarcely concealed his agitation.

"Yes; and that's what I can't understand—how a young woman of her social standing and with such attainments can take the veil. Of course, if she absolutely insists on going, there's no use trying to keep her from it; but I don't think it's the right thing; and I'm mighty glad you saw into it in time."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Mr. Rolling began to unfold his plans for the improvement of his business; but though Walter now and then nodded his head as if in assent, he was too engrossed in his own thoughts to catch even the drift of his father's remarks.

When they reached home, Walter forced himself, with what grace he could, to appear cheerful, but soon excused himself under plea of weariness from the journey, and retired to his own room. Here, wheeling a Morris chair in front of a gas stove that was purring invitingly, he flung himself into it, and began to ponder over the strange turn his fortunes had so suddenly taken. It was just as if a bandage had been removed from his eyes, so different did his late conduct now appear to him; so clearly did he now see that the motives which he had persuaded himself were the principal ones in deciding his course, were the merest and flimsiest covering of the real underlying motive—his hope of one day wedding Grace Nightingale. There was no getting any farther in that direction. He could deceive himself no longer.

"Fool that I was!" he cried, "to barter away my peace and happiness for the affection of one who was wholly ignorant of my sentiments and intentions."

Just that had been Rolling's sad mistake. Foolishly ignoring his real motive, he had reckoned only with what he tried to make himself

believe were his motives; and now that the mainspring of his action had snapped, his whole procedure came to a sudden standstill.

What was he to do now? Should he go on in a course that he knew from the outset to be wrong? His first impulse was to make a clean breast of the whole matter to his father on the morrow, and then to return immediately to college. However, at the thought of the astonishment, the disappointment and mortification which that would cause his father, his heart quailed. Then he thought of fleeing during the night and explaining all by letter after his return to college. So long as "Blunty" was there, he should not fear to face the wondering eyes of his fellow-students. But what a commotion it would create in the family to find him gone in the morning! And would his father's indignation be less than if he should learn the news from him personally? Once in his life he had aroused his father's anger; he durst not do so again.

The night wore on. After racking his brain for two hours, and being still at a loss what to do, Rolling arose, went to a window and resting his forehead on the cold pane, peered into the night. The snow that had ceased in the afternoon was falling again now; and the busy snowflakes crossing and re-crossing one another reminded him of his own bewildered thoughts. Was this the luscious fruit of worldly happiness that he had so eagerly reached forth his hand to pluck? What a world of sorrow he would have spared himself, had he from the first averted his eyes from its deceitful charms! His thoughts drifted back to the gay scenes of his college days. He thought of "Blunty"; and he yearned for his sympathy; but, somehow, it seemed to him as if an impassable gulf yawned between himself and his

friend. The seeming hopelessness of his situation grew more and more upon him until the last remnant of courage forsook him, and he turned from the window. Then casting himself on the bed, and burying his face in the pillow, he surrendered himself entirely to the grief that rent his heart; and, for the first time since he was a boy, he wept.

(To be concluded)

THE RESURRECTION

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

O'ER thy holy hills, Judea,
 Breaks the morn in crimson light;
 Softest tints of rose and amber,
 Flash o'er Calvary's somber height,
 Where, 'mid Nature's fierce convulsion,
 Three days since the God-man died;
 Now behold His hour of triumph
 In the dawning Eastertide.

Even now the faithful Mary
 Hears a Voice, majestic, sweet,
 Sees through tears a Vision, radiant
 As the lilies at His feet;
 Surging back from earth to Heaven,
 Mighty alleluias ring;
 He has burst His three days' prison,
 Christ, the Crucified, is King.

Catherine Maria Hayes, Tertiary.

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O. F. M.

19. A Never-Failing Trait

CHEERFULNESS distinguished Fr. Victorin at every turn. His duties at college, though manifold and exacting, were, nevertheless, conscientiously performed. Besides teaching his classes, he served a confessional, was for a time director of the Third Order and of the Sodality, had several hours of prefectship, was almost always the students' attendant at outings; and at such times, nothing escaped his vigilance so that one or other thought him somewhat shrewd. Yet to be severe, he would have had to renounce his nature. His classes were spiced with amusing anecdotes. Sometimes he would tell his students of his own college tricks, his "days of warfare". Of course, there would be a good laugh on the part of the boys. But, "a good laugh, and down to business", was the rule in Fr. Victorin's classes.

Cheerfulness is a companion of true virtue and earnest labor, and we need not be surprised to find it in convents. Many were the pleasantries Fr. Delbrouck practiced on his brethren, though with a peculiar gentleness of manner so that nobody could find fault with them. There was in the community at Lokeren a simple lay brother who from his frequent change of residence had come to be called the "Cosmopolitan". In his simple way, the good brother regretted that he had never seen the great city of Lieges. Nor was there much hope of his ever seeing it, as there was no convent of the friars in that city. Now, one fine day, the porter of the convent fetched him a despatch read-

ing: "Convent of Lieges—Brother A—"the Cosmopolitan") "come quick." Well, it never occurred to his simplicity that convents are not built in a night. His little luggage was ready in a trice. All that was wanting was his dismissal by the superior of Lokeren. But that was not forthcoming,—the despatch hailed from the telegraph office of Fr. Delbrouck.

20. The Seraphic Child of the Seraphic Saint

Thus was Fr. Victorin a virtuous and conscientious man, without any affectation or extravagance, actuated by sterling piety, full of condescension for his students, his "little brethren". In conversation he was affable. In class he was often seen to check his impatience over inattention or talkativeness. The Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Francis, and St. John Berchmans held his heart strings. This he showed at times by the turn his instructions took. His manner at holy Mass edified the beholders. People who had seen him so modest in the streets, so devout at holy Mass, called him the "holy little Father". On summer evenings, when he crossed the playground to go to the garden, and the students tried to engage him in conversation, he would excuse himself, saying, "I have no time now, I must prepare for holy Mass," and he sometimes added, "Pray for me, I expect great graces to-morrow."

He was devoutly attached to his Order, and at every turn he sought to inspire his pupils with the same love. His example of poverty, simplicity, and cleanliness

preached his effective little sermon from the first, and his words, in the fashion recommended by St. Francis, welled simply from the heart and went straight to the heart. The following letter to his mother shows the seraph in the love of God and of his creatures.

"Our dear Lord has always been so good to me. I always dreaded to teach. Still I went generously to work, confident that what God disposes is for his glory and no less for my welfare. And now I enjoy a happiness, a feeling of contentment such as I could never have imagined. It is touching and edifying to see the students in the chapel and in the class-room. They are as devout as angels, as gentle as lambs and at recreation they are on the hop and jump like very squirrels. Again, I thank God for leading me here. I may, indeed, exclaim, I am a child of Providence". The sequel will prove it.

21. The Vocation of a Missionary

It is nothing uncommon to find young hearts filled with the noble desire to spread the Word of God as missionaries among the heathens. Often enough such generous souls burning with zeal for the House of God, must be restrained, lest they undertake a calling to which their strength is inadequate. In religious communities, where lofty ideals spring up as from a most congenial and fertile soil, this enthusiasm for the apostolic life is most frequent. This accounts for the fact that the activity of religious Orders is not confined to their home countries, but spreads afar, to give God his due honor in heathen countries, to fetch to pagans the bounty of heavenly gifts, and to lead them on the sure path of salvation.

The Franciscan Order has always been active in the mission field. St. Francis, its illustrious founder, was all aglow with the desire to

convert heathen peoples, and three several times did he personally undertake the task. The Rule of St. Francis contains a special chapter on such as "wish to go among the Saracens and other unbelievers."

We have seen in the character of Fr. Victorin as many points of resemblance to St. Francis, that it is no surprise to find him a true child of St. Francis also as regards the missionary spirit.

22. A Summons Answered

The Belgian province of Franciscans, to which Fr. Victorin belonged, has charge of the vast vicariate of South Hu-pe, China. At the time of which we are writing, Bishop Christiaens was at the head of the religious who labored in that vicariate. In the year 1896, important mission matters brought the bishop to Europe. The news of his coming filled Fr. Victorin with joy; for, he hoped that it would help him accomplish a long-felt desire. As early as 1889 and 1890, during his noviciate, Fr. Victorin showed signs of an inclination for mission life; and, as is evident from certain letters of his, he had, in 1894, asked leave to go to the foreign missions. He would try again.

Before renewing his request, he prayed, reflected, consulted his confessor, and sought the prayers of his friend; without mentioning the object, he asked his mother in every letter to pray for a certain intention. A fellow religious, who was also a professor at the college of Lokeren, just then lay at death's door,—one of God's choicest souls. When the dying man bade Fr. Victorin farewell for this life, the latter asked him to recommend his heart's desire to St. Joseph as soon as he would enter into Heaven's court. Gladly the dying man promised it. Soon after Fr. Victorin's hope was fulfilled.

In touching words, he tells his sister, the good news. "I have reported for the foreign missions. Our bishop in China has come to Lokeren. Heart to heart I asked him how my case stood. And he answered: 'All is arranged in Rome; we leave in February'. Note it, 'we'! That means, your brother will have the happiness to accompany him. I am to help work for the poor heathens. Deo gratias! God be praised for the sublime vocation.'

23. To the Field Afar

The day of his departure came rapidly. Monday, February 8, the solemn services on the occasion of the departure of the missionaries took place in the Franciscan church at Antwerp. Throngs of faithful and of friends had assembled. Fr. Victorin sang the High Mass. After Mass, the choir chanted in Latin the sacred words: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring the glad tidings of good things!" Rom. 10, 15. Meanwhile the religious, led by Fr. Provincial, advanced singly, and prostrated themselves to kiss the feet of the young apostle and of his two companions, rising then for a fraternal embrace. Then came the relatives, first of all Fr. Victorin's mother. She could not be persuaded to take leave of her noble son at home, but had wished to follow him at least to Antwerp. She too bent to salute her child as a priest and missionary, and pressed him for the last time to her motherly heart. Tears filled the eyes of all the bystanders.

24. The Soldier's Life

The sacrifice was made. Yet no! it had just begun. It was to last two years, but the young apostle wished to make it manfully, joyfully. Joy and sorrow, that is the sum of the life Fr. Victorin had to

lead from this moment. When the call to the apostolic life stirs the hearts of young people to prepare for the missions, they set their mind on hardships and sufferings. But Providence does not show them the future in all its severe reality, for, being weak mortals, they would shrink from it. How fared Fr. Victorin? Once on the field of his labors, he wrote to his mother: "Mother, I assure you, a missionary's life is a sad one. Really, had I known what China is, I would scarcely have had the courage to become a missionary." This was venting his sorrow. Still he added, "Think not, that I am unhappy. Not at all, good mother, I am very happy, cheerful, contented." It is like the Apostle of the Gentiles declaring that he abounded in joy amid all his tribulations.

But whence the missionary's suffering? It is indicated in his letters. It was the climate of South Hu-Pe, with its abrupt change from intense cold, especially in the mountainous regions, to intense heat; it was from hunger and thirst, from a strange diet, from the rough weather, against which his clothing did not sufficiently protect him; it was from sleepless nights, from frequent indisposition, especially from fever which often beset him; it was from the untold hardships that a missionary must undergo on his travels, day and night, by land and water, over hills and valleys, amid circumstances of which we can form no conception.

Still there are sufferings that cut deeper than the body, entering the inmost soul. The young priest was alone with a handful of Christians in the midst of a world of unbelievers, far from the consoling nearness of his brethren, of his countrymen, of his family, of a mother whom he loved tenderly. Priest and missionary, one still remains human; nor is the soldier of Christ forbidden

to love his mother tenderly. Also, the priest and apostle had sorrows peculiarly his own. How pitiful to behold about him those myriads of unbelievers who knew not Christ; who bowed a noble soul, the image of God, to brute-faced idols and shameful vices; who are unhappy here, and fall short of the happiness to come. Add to this the thought that far and near there were those who possessed the light, and walked not by its direction.

25. The Soldier's Work

Sad as was the spectacle about him, Fr. Victorin was not disturbed at heart. "The love of God bears me up, and my yearning for Heaven," he says repeatedly in his letters. Besides, his labors were not in vain, nor without their consolations. In Tan-she-shan, where he assisted one Fr. Gratian, the Christians were about 600 in number, widely scattered over the vicinity. In a letter soon after his arrival, Fr. Victorin reports, for the space

from February 16 to March 11, 91 Confessions, 87 Communions, 5 Baptisms, 1 Extreme Unction. He adds, "You see, our Christians love to receive the sacraments, though they live as much as half a mile or a mile and even farther from the church." In another letter he tells of his joy at the vast attendance at Holy Mass on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He was especially happy to have the exposed children of heathen parents brought to him. At Hoa-kia-ko, his first station, this happened almost every week. He would baptize them, and as they were often on the point of death, he would likewise confirm them. He hoped for great blessings from these little innocents in bliss. "I often make pilgrimages," he wrote one day. "What, you will say, are there any shrines in China?" Not that I am aware of; but I go to the place where my little angels are buried, and pray the rosary there, and ask them to remember us in Heaven."

STRONG AS DEATH IS LOVE

Msgr. Emile Grouard, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca, Canada, narrates the following touching anecdote. In Cowell I had just finished a sermon in behalf of my missions, when I was called to the waiting-room. There I found a young man with a little girl on his arm and his young wife beside him. "Reverend Father," he said humbly, "we have come to offer you some small things, but also to beg a favor." He then presented me his gold watch, while his wife handed me a purse of ten dollars. He then continued, "Also, I had some new clothes made to order for my wedding, but they are too good for me, and I beg you to accept them." At the same time he handed me a bundle of clothes. I was so astounded at this generosity that I could not find words to express myself. "Now, Reverend Father, comes the favor we ask, and we hope that you will grant it. We beg you to entreat Almighty God in prayer, that he may preserve our dear child here throughout life free from the stain of mortal sin." What charity, but also what holy and pure love of God!

EDITORIAL COMMENT

RESURREXIT.

"THE Lord is risen indeed, Alleluia!" With these words, Holy Mother Church, on Easter morning, arouses her slumbering children, and no sooner have they caught the joyful strain, when the greetings, "A happy Alleluia" and "A bright and joyous Easter" are heard on all sides. In compliance with this time-honored custom, we too, wish our readers the fullest Easter joy and the choicest Easter blessings.

As the commemoration of Christ's glorious Resurrection, Easter may be truly called the greatest and most joyous festival of the year.. "It is," according to St. Leo, "the great day, the greatest of feasts, the festival of festivals, the day of universal reconciliation." Unable, as it were, to contain her joy, the Church lets her holy temples resound with incessant Alleluias, and bidding her children rejoice with her, she, ever anon, breaks into the rapturous strain: "This is the day the Lord hath made, let us exult and be glad thereon." Indeed, if ever joy was legitimate and just, it is surely ours on this day. The great victory is achieved. The valiant Lion of the tribe of Juda has aroused himself from his short slumber, our incomparable Samson has shaken off his fragile bonds, and rising in his might, has borne away in easy triumph, the spoils of his enemies. Thereby he has given us the assurance that he is God, and that every word he uttered is undeniably true, that our faith is, therefore, not vain, and our hope not unfounded.

This then is the keynote of our Easter rejoicings: "The Lord is risen indeed!" But to celebrate Easter in a truly Christian manner, much more is required than merely to rejoice. We, too, must rise—rise from the death of sin, and free ourselves from the winding sheet of our evil inclinations and perverse attachments; we must remove the huge stone of sloth and indifference; we must strike down the guards that are ever on the alert to prevent our resurrection, namely our worldliness and love of ease and pleasure.

OUR COVER DESIGN

We have been asked to explain to our readers the meaning of our cover design. We gladly accede to the request both to please our readers and to call to their minds the *Herald's* purpose of which the design is so eminently expressive. As stated in our initial number, the aim of the *Franciscan Herald* is to promote interest in the Third Order of St. Francis and in the Franciscan missions.

Casting a glance at the cover, we find in the center the picture of St. Francis, radiant with glory and raising his stigmatized hands in an attitude of prayer as if uttering his favorite ejaculation, which we find inscribed on the scrolls to both sides of the central figure, "Deus meus et omnia—My God and my all." The saint treads under foot a sack of gold, and below, an angel displays the device, "Praeco sum magni Regis—I am the herald of the King." In the corners of the design, we see four medallions; the one in the upper left-hand corner being a facsimile of the escutcheon of the Franciscan province of the Sacred Heart, that to the right, of the Commissariate of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, which is the name of the extreme western section of the province. In the lower cor-

ner, we find a representation of St. Francis extending his hands in blessing over the two illustrious patrons of the Third Order, St. Louis and St. Elizabeth. The picture to the left represents St. Francis Solano in the act of baptizing Indians.

All this is highly symbolical and quite expressive of the purpose of the *Herald*. For, to begin with the central figure, St. Francis, he was, indeed, a child of Providence. Heeding the call of God, he gave himself unreservedly to his service, and soon attained an eminent degree of sanctity. Seraphic love and absolute poverty were the two chief characteristics of his sanctity, and so closely did he follow in the footsteps of the Crucified that he was distinguished by Him with the marks of His sacred passion. But so bright a light as St. Francis was not to remain hidden. Having obtained inspiration in prayer, Francis determined "to live not for himself alone but to profit others." Missionary activity thenceforth became his principal outward work, and thus were fulfilled in him his own prophetic words: "I am the herald of the King."

As herald of the King, he raised his voice clarion-like to call sinners to penance and just men to perfection, and so powerful were his words that people of every age and of both sexes and from all walks of life were ready to sell all they had and give it to the poor that they might follow him. But not for all was the life that he led, and he counseled such as were bound by the ties of matrimony to lead a life of penance in the world according to a rule which he would give them. These were afterwards organized into fraternities, and thus was founded the Order of Penance or the Third Order, which was destined to play an important part in reforming society. Then he set out for distant shores, and likewise despatched his brethren to evangelize heathen nations. Thus began that extensive missionary activity which has always been one of the glories of the Franciscan Order.

St. Francis is dead, but his spirit still lives, and his twofold mission still endures. To spread and foster his spirit by arousing interest in his work, is the object of the *Franciscan Herald*, an object which, we think, is aptly expressed by our cover design.

THE TERTIARY BADGE AGAIN

We are pleased to learn that our suggestions regarding the wearing of badges by Tertiaries have met with the approval of our Tertiary readers. It has long been our belief that some sort of recognized and uniform badge is a desideratum. There is hardly an association, whether religious or secular, that does not feel the necessity of furnishing its members with some means of mutual recognition, and we see no reason why the Third Order, with its membership of three millions, should be the only exception to this rule. Perhaps, it will be objected that in pleading for a Tertiary badge we are urging something that is not contained in the Rule and that St. Francis never dreamt of. In reply, we should like to say that the wearing of a badge by Tertiaries can not be said to be against the Rule; and, if we may credit the early biographers of St. Francis, it was he himself with whom the idea of an outward emblem for Tertiaries originated. For, what else was the large habit that he gave to Blessed Lucius and to his wife Bonadonna?

The reasons why we advocate the wearing of a badge by the Tertiary body are, that it would promote confidence and beget enthusiasm within

the Order, and awaken an interest in it without. To quote from Father William's *Franciscan Tertiaries*:

"The Third Order could never have become the power which it once was in the world had it not been for the support which its members contributed to it by the public display of their holy profession implied in the constant wearing of their Tertiary dress in ordinary everyday life. Every combination of people, whatever may be the purpose of the association, feels the importance of this sort of support, and, besides being a support to one another, the public display of their Franciscan profession would be highly beneficial to the individual Tertiaries themselves. It would have a distinctly arresting and restraining influence, and it would serve as a constant reminder to them to bear themselves in all circumstances consistently with their high vocation."

We should like to have the opinion of our Tertiary readers and especially of the Directors of the Third Order on this important subject.

HOUSE AND HOME

If we may believe Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman who has been recently lecturing in the East on "The Home, Past, Present, and Future," there is nothing tautological or redundant about the familiar expression "house and home". "Larger Feminism" as represented by Mrs. Gilman has found a difference between the two terms, and what a difference! According to this exponent of "equal rights," the house is good. The home is bad; it is a permanent check on the growth of humanity. Men have got ahead because they have treated homes as houses. Women have lagged behind because they have made houses into homes. Hitherto woman has confined herself to one place and one interest. The time has come when she can cover many places and many interests. The period of contraction and concentration is over.

Were it not for the fact that such vaporings of extreme advocates of the feminist movement are by no means uncommon, we should not comment on such vapid twaddle as the above. That there are perils lurking in feminism, no one who is at all observant of the times can fail to descry, and not the least of these dangers is the one threatening the integrity of the family and the stability of the home. If destruction of the home is the object of the feminist movement, then it should be checked, and, if necessary, fought tooth and nail as subversive of the very foundations of society. For the home has ever been regarded as the bulwark and palladium of human society. But, perhaps, we are taking Mrs. Gilman and others of her ilk too seriously. Says the *Northwest Review*:

"It is fortunate for society that such scatter-brained theories as these will never be embraced by sensible women. If there are a few who have become so saturated with this modern economic heresy, there are millions who will always abide by the system that has solidified and sanctified homes and firesides for thousands of years." And we may add there are millions who, Mrs. Gilman and her sister iconoclasts to the contrary notwithstanding, will continue to sing for thousands of years:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

MUST THE SISTERS GO?

Catholics are well acquainted with the self-sacrificing work of the

various religious sisterhoods teaching in the Government Indian schools. That they are rendering a service to the country by engaging in the thankless task of educating the much-wronged aborigines, the United States Government has been forced tacitly to admit. But there are a number of shortsighted bigots who are not so ready to acknowledge this fact. It is for this reason that attempts have been made, at various times, to oust the Sisters from the Indian schools. The latest move in this direction is the introducing of an innocent looking clause into the Indian appropriation bill now pending, which clause would deprive the Sisters of their hard-earned salary because they have not passed the civil service examination.

When the bill was under consideration in the House of Representatives, a number of Catholic Democrats were caught off their guard, and the bill was passed as framed. There is no telling what the Senate will do with the clause in question. But, before the bill reaches that body, Catholic societies throughout the country should lose no time in preventing the bill with its objectionable clause from becoming a law. For laws are sooner made than unmade. A strong protest from some of our more powerful Catholic organizations should have the desired effect. There is no reason why the Sisters should be required to pass the examination since they were admitted into the civil service by executive order, as is the case with many employees in the Government service. There is a strong suspicion that the objectionable feature of the bill must be laid at the door of the Honorable John Hall Stephens, of Texas, who is known as an inveterate enemy of the Catholic Indian schools.

RELIGION WITH A "PUNCH"

Under this title the New York *Evening Post* of March 14 unmercifully flays the self-styled evangelist, Billy Sunday. Among other things it says:

Noise and numbers! There it is, the old fallacy made to excuse such a treatment of religion as really tears up its deepest roots. The old notion about the Lord not being in the earthquake but in the still small voice has become ridiculously obsolete. Conversions to the accompaniment of a brass band and shouting thousands are the great proof of spiritual power today. Sunday has simply developed sensationalism to the *n*th power, and applied it to the work of saving souls. He is adrip with the slang of the slums. He claps Jehovah familiarly on the back. He puts a smear as of the barroom over the holy things. But countless thousands fight to hear him. He gets the crowd. And that is enough, even in religion! As he himself says, he "hands out the goods," he "dopes it out for the Lord," he pitches "hot ones" to that "smooth guy," the devil. At last, religion has got its "punch"!

When about to go to press, we received from the Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., a booklet entitled "Pious Union in honor of St. Joseph, for the Salvation of the Dying." We shall comment more at length on this little manual in our next issue.

The two red slips which you may discover somewhere between the covers of your copy of the *Herald*, are, the one a notice of the expiration of your subscription, the other a subscription blank. Kindly fill out the latter, and remit it together with a dollar bill to this office.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XIII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

IT would, indeed, astonish the student of Church history, especially of mission history, if, after the remarkable successes achieved by the Franciscans in Florida, the implacable enemy of immortal souls had not risen in fury against those who are destined to fill the places forfeited by him and his entourage. As was pointed out in the beginning of this series, the inhabitants of the western hemisphere appear to have been claimed by Lucifer as his very own, mortgaged to him body and soul, as it were. In many places, he was actually, though only in abject fear, worshipped as supreme lord. In not a few regions, such as the central states of what is now Mexico, human sacrifices at the rate of 20,000 a year were offered to the dreaded demon in order to appease him, until Hernando Cortes arrived and put an end to the shocking cult.

Although there is no evidence that such fiendish rites were practiced in Florida or anywhere else within the present limits of the United States, except probably on a small scale along the upper Rio Grande in New Mexico, nevertheless, these savages of the peninsula failed to recognize and serve their Creator. Like the other aborigines of North America, they gave themselves up to loathesome animalism, the characteristic of paganism the

world over. For the time being, that was agreeable enough to the fallen spirits. To prevent Almighty God from being adored and loved, that was the aim of the infernal spirits among the red men in the early days, just as it is their ambition now among the white pagans of our day.

To observe these same Indians, who had, at least indirectly, served the devil, now turning to their God and Father in Heaven after the clouds of intellectual darkness had been dispelled by the missionaries; to behold them actually offering intelligent worship to their Creator and Savior; to find them spurning the beastly habits in which they had reveled in the past, and devoting themselves to purity of life and noble aspirations: that was much more than the haughty prince of darkness could brook. Quite in keeping with his record, he swore to revenge himself first upon the causes, rather the instruments, of this wonderful change, and then upon those who had dared to abandon his degrading vassalage for the elevating observance of the moral code of Christianity.

It might be supposed Satan would have incited the Indians to rebel against the audacious friars and to murder them. The jealous nature of the aborigines might always be counted on to furnish an

occasion; but he had employed this means to rid himself of the presence of the missionaries earlier in the history of the peninsula, with the result that other friars, and in greater numbers, would take up the work of their martyred brethren. Besides, such victims of anti-Christian hatred would be venerated as heroes of the Faith of Christ, as saints; and thus Satan would actually be adding to the everlasting happiness of those he detested—reason enough for his spiteful envy to choose another way, which had been observed to be quite effective. Moreover the friars had really entered the missionary field in the hope of meeting with just such a death in order to give evidence of their love for Christ and to increase his glory. Hence, they would be prepared. No, he must strike them from a quarter whence the devoted messengers of Christ expected assistance, or, at all events, anything rather than opposition.

Thus it was that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the prosperous and numerous Apalachee missions of northwestern Florida received a deadly blow, not from foreign enemies, but from the very representative of the King of Spain, the Governor of Florida himself. Nor was this an isolated case. Far too frequently under Spanish rule the civil and military authorities, instead of protecting and aiding the missionaries, undid what it had taken decades to accomplish. So the demon in Florida was only repeating an old trick, which he had executed, and still executes the world over.

Two letters dated March 13 and April 4, 1657, which Fr. Juan Gomez de Egraba wrote from St. Augustine, and which Shea reproduces in substance, explain the cause and effect of the governor's interference. "Things are in a most disastrous condition in Florida," says

the letter of April 4 to the king, of which letter we have a copy. "There will soon be no government left, if God does not help us." The governor of Florida, in a most foolish mood, had sent orders to the cacique of Tarigica, an Apalachee, that the chiefs of that tribe should repair to St. Augustine, and that each one in person must carry a load of corn. "The cacique," Fr. Gomez reports further, "refused to send his principal Indians to St. Augustine with heavy loads of corn. I don't know why the governor insisted on this labor, but the cacique, gathering together the other caciques, resolved that their principal Indians should not be made to do this work, because they were not vassals whom the governor might command, especially since he had laborers to do such work. The governor took the refusal much to heart, and like a man of little experience insisted until he caused them to rise. They said they were not slaves. They had become Christians to obey God. They had never been conquered; but they had voluntarily listened to the Word of God which the missionaries had taught them." When the foolish official attempted to compel the chiefs to submit to the degradation, an insurrection broke out, and several Spaniards were killed. The governor then took the field against the great chief of the Apalachees, and several engagements were fought. Finally, the governor succeeded in capturing six or seven chiefs, and had them hanged. The war thus provoked by the governor's oppression completely destroyed the missions among the Apalachees; for, their minds became so embittered that the Franciscans were unable to exercise any beneficial influence over them. With heavy hearts, therefore, the missionaries withdrew, and embarked for Havana to await more favorable

times. None of them reached Cuba, however; for all were drowned in the gulf or while crossing the channel. This was most unfortunate in that their death deprived Florida of all religious teachers skilled in the Apalachee language. Who the friars were, or how many, it is impossible to say. The whole story is shrouded in mystery.

For the time being, Satan appears to have been satisfied with depriv-

ing the Apalachees on the gulf-side of their shepherds, which was bad enough. In the course of time, however, other missionaries of the same Order made their appearance, and restored Christian life and ideals among the natives; but we must not anticipate the darkest chapter in the history of the peninsula—darkest from a worldly point of view. From the Christian hero's point of view it is the most glorious.

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAPAGOS

CONCLUDED

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

GOING downhill, we traveled very fast. On our way I saw the so-called organ-pipe cactus (Pitahaga) for the first time. The fruit of this plant is said to be the sweetest of all cactus plants. Towards noon, we arrived at the settlement in the valley. The Indians have dug deep ponds so that they can remain here even in summer. We rested here overnight, and the next day we set out for Pisenemo. Towards the west, we found large tracts of cultivated land, but no one at home. On my last trip, I had come as far as this place, but had been forced to return, on account of the severe cold. This time, however, I decided to push on further, and towards evening we came to the base of the Ajo mountains in Tonoga. The men had all departed for other parts, leaving their wives and children behind. No grass was to be had, and our mules had to content themselves with the bark and small leaves of the Mesquite tree. For a lengthy trip in the desert, the mule is to be preferred to all other animals, as he is satisfied with the poorest feed, and in the hottest days of summer can be without water for twenty-four hours or even longer.

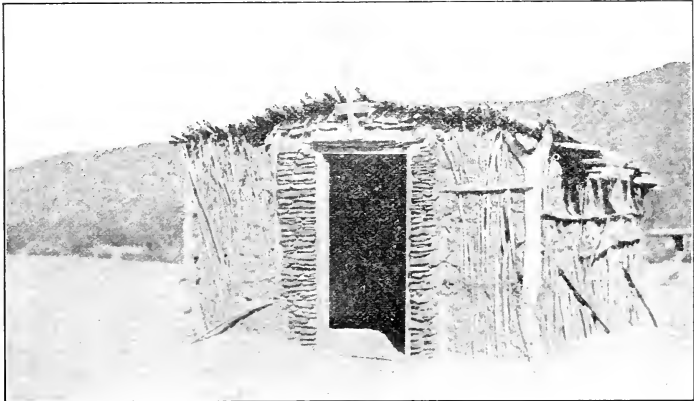
Having first gained the confidence of the children, it was easy to win over the parents, and all attended the services. On the next morning, I baptized three children. From there we traveled to Wall's Pass near Wall's Well, where we found but two Indian huts. Here I stopped to say holy Mass. Our way now led due west, as we intended to reach the Go Mines before nightfall. We traveled past the old Gunsight Silver Mine, through a desolate, barren country. The sun was burning down on us, and the poor mules were almost worn out. Towards noon, we came to a steep incline, and it was only with the greatest exertion that the mules succeeded in climbing it. At the foot of the hill was pitched a beautiful tent encampment, the Ajo Mine. A Mexican from here had written to Tucson, asking us to visit the camp. I soon found him, and we received a hearty welcome. Most of the campers were Mexicans, driven from their native land by the revolution. The Ajo mine is one of the oldest copper-mines of Arizona; from here the ore was freighted as far as England. Even now a syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the mine, and is

having drill tests made to ascertain the depth of the vein.

The Mexicans here were sadly in need of my ministrations. Most of the children were not baptized, and the parents not wedded according to the laws of the Church. On my arrival, they transformed one of the tents into a small chapel, the women bringing branches of trees from a great distance to decorate the tent. I remained here eight days, baptizing sometimes as many as thirty a day, and uniting three or four couples a day in holy Matrimony, to say nothing of the many

catechist, having little to do here among the Mexicans, became lonesome; so I sent him with the team to St. John's. In two days and a half, the half-famished mules covered 110 miles of bad roads.

Ajo is still a typical western frontier-town, with all the good and the bad qualities of such a town. The "prison" is an old abandoned tunnel that leads to one of the mines. The first inmates of this place are said to have been Mexicans arrested in a drunken street brawl. When the deputy led them to their new quarters, he found a box of dyna-



Church of Papagos in the Desert

confessions heard. The Mexicans hailing from the northern part of the Republic, are as a rule very lax and indifferent in their religion. If they have received the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation, which latter sacrament is generally administered to the children soon after Baptism, they deem themselves sufficiently prepared for Heaven, and so far the zealous efforts of the priests to disabuse them of this notion, have been in vain. This is especially true of those coming from the large cities and their suburbs. My Indian

mite stored away there. Pointing to the box, he said, "Boys, take my advice, and don't throw that at one another's head, or you may not live to tell the story."

Having accomplished my work here, I traveled by automobile forty-three miles to the next railroad station. The mine superintendent was so kind as to place his private car at my disposal. The drive through the desert was very monotonous. Cactus and small patches of sage brush are the only plants to be seen. The scorching sun shines un-

mercifully day after day, and even the nights bring no relief. Gila Bend, the little station, towards which we were traveling, has the reputation of being the hottest place after Yuma in the United States.

The train soon brought me to Tucson, where I stayed for a week, holding the services in the absence of Fr. Bonaventure. Thence I proceeded to Phoenix and to St. John's, from which place I began the return trip with my team. This led me again through the Pima Reservation to Tschuchtscho, where I had begun my journey. Towards evening an Indian came to me, and told me to hurry to his wife, who was lying dangerously ill. We quickly got the wagon ready, and soon were on the road again for the other side of the mountains. The woman in question was a pious lady, in fact, one of the few who had received their first Holy Communion. I administered the last sacraments save Holy Viaticum, which I promised to bring her in the morning. Although suffering great pain, she received the holy sacrament with reverence and devotion. The next noon I was ready for my trip to a neighboring place, and intended to stop on the way to bring the holy Eucharist to the sick lady. Coming near to the place, I heard a great lamentation, and then I knew that I was too late; the woman had died. Before her death she had asked again for the Holy Viaticum, and had desired to be clothed in her best dresses in order to receive her God with the utmost reverence. But our dear Lord deigned to hear her prayer by taking her precious soul to heaven, where she might see Him face to face.

Such edifying occurrences are a source of great consolation to the missionary, but alas, the dark side of the picture is likewise occasionally brought to view. On the sec-

ond day of this trip, we had come to a town, and my catechist and I were just unhitching the team, when a man approached my guide and embraced him with undue vehemence. This seemed strange to me, and aroused my interest. Soon I heard loud and boisterous shouts proceeding from the houses, and saw a number of Indians madly riding about on their ponies. It took me but a minute to conclude that the whole town was in a drunken revel. A sottish Indian is a pitiable sight indeed, and a very dangerous person at that. Some of the good, pious people there came to me to shake hands, but, though I found it hard to do so, I let them know that I could not stay in town but that I would spend the next day (Sunday) in a neglected mine near by. I took the shortest route thither over the hills, whilst Ramon drove the team in a roundabout way to the place. I was welcomed there by a Mexican, who resides there all alone. This mine was the renowned Vekol (i. e. Grandmother), which twenty years ago brought its owner over \$3,000,000. To-day it is abandoned. After holy Mass and sermon, the next day, the Mexican led me through the long passages of the mine, which had once been rich in silver.

On the next day, I intended to proceed farther, but, not being able to find fodder for the mules, I was compelled to return; and the end of the week found me back again at San Xavier. I had traveled 900 miles, and covered the whole Papago territory from east to west. Though I had not visited all the villages, I had the consolation of having seen a large part of my extensive parish. The distance from one settlement to another is often too great to be covered by wagon, as it is impossible for the missionary to take with him sufficient feed for his team. Only then will it be pos-

sible to visit all the places, when churches and schools have been erected in the principal towns, where the Indians may congregate for divine services and instruction. A start has already been made, especially in the southwest, where, through the untiring efforts of Fr. Bonaventure, two schools have been lately erected. To build a school or a church in the heart of the desert

is an extremely arduous task, as all the material must be hauled from great distances. But, we must succeed, and, if the readers of *Franciscan Herald* continue to assist us with their prayers and alms, we hope to see the day when a church and a school will be found in every town of the "Kingdom of St. Francis," as the old padres loved to call the wilds of Arizona.

STRONG IN FAITH

By Fr. Nicholas, O.F.M.

IT has often been said that mission work among the Indians is love's labor lost and money wasted. In reality, however, quite the contrary is the case. How deeply the faith may be rooted in the hearts of these simple people, especially of the little children attending our boarding schools, is well illustrated in the case of little Martha Askenett, who died at our boarding school, in Keshena, Wisconsin, last January, at the age of five years and two months.

Having lost their mother last spring, she and her little sister, Teresa, who was two years her senior, were entrusted to our care. Both children were pious, modest, obedient, and rather a comfort than a trouble to the good Sisters of St. Joseph. After a careful preparation, Teresa received her first Holy Communion at the age of seven, and ever since she approaches the Holy Table nearly every day. Little Martha had been afflicted for some time with bronchial troubles; these developed into pneumonia, to which she finally succumbed. Not a word of complaint passed over her lips, but many a fervent prayer did she lip during her painful sickness.

As soon as the physician pronounced her case serious, I ex-

amined her as to her capacity of receiving the sacraments, and I was astonished at the intelligent and fervent faith manifested by this five-year-old child. I reminded her that she was very sick and in danger of death; that if she wished to go to Heaven, she must now be sorry for her sins, and tell them to the priest. All this she readily understood, and was truly contrite for her little imperfections. Having explained and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, I undertook to prepare her for Holy Communion.

"Now, Martha, you know Teresa made her first holy Communion some time ago, and she receives nearly every day. Do you know, Martha, what Teresa receives in Holy Communion?"

"She receives Jesus," was her answer.

"And how do you know she receives Jesus?"

"Because—because Father said so; because Jesus said so."

This all-sufficient knowledge for the fruitful reception of Holy Communion the tender child had acquired not so much from the school instructions, which, on account of her feeble health, she was unable to attend, but rather from conversing on the subject with her sister Tere-

sa and the other children. Thereupon, I dictated to her the acts of preparation for Holy Communion, which she repeated with sincere devotion. She was even concerned about the posture of her body. "How must I hold my hands when Jesus comes?" she asked. She received her Divine Savior with a faith and a devotion that astonished all present.

After this she sank rapidly. On my next visit, I began to speak to

"Yes, Father, I will."

A picture of our Lord was hanging opposite her bed, where she could look directly at it. "See, Sister," she said, "Jesus is looking at me." The patient little sufferer retained consciousness to the last. Her heart-broken father and sister were present when the end came. She opened her lips for the last time, and said in a faint voice: "Now, papa, get ready; dear mama is coming to get me and you and



Little Margaret and her Companions

her of God and Heaven. She understood everything.

"Martha, would you like to go to Heaven to our dear Lord and to your mama?"

"Yes, Father, I would."

"And when you are there, you will pray for us, you will pray for your papa and for Teresa, won't you?"

Teresa. Are you ready? Why don't you get ready?" With these words of faith in a blessed immortality, the child breathed her last. Such was the happy and edifying death of little Martha Askenett.

When I left the death chamber, I thought of the words of our dear Lord: "Verily, I have not found so great faith even in Israel."



MARGARET AND JANE

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

By Catherine Maria Hayes, Tertiary.

IT was with a sigh of relief that Margaret Lane hurried out of the big department store as the last bell sounded. She had spent a most trying day behind the counter. Her head had ached persistently since the morning, and the thousand and one queries and demands of the bargain hunters had so grated on her nerves that she found herself more than once answering a shopper far from politely.

As she hurried along the brightly lighted streets, she felt somewhat refreshed by the cool evening air, but there was still a pucker in her fair brow when she pushed open the door of the little apartment shared with her friend Jane Leslie, who was employed as book-keeper by a large law firm.

Jane was putting the finishing touches to a little tea table drawn up before the cheery grate, when her friend entered the room. "Just in time for hot biscuits, Maggie," she exclaimed cheerily. "But why that forbidding countenance, if I may ask?" she added with mock solemnity, noting the scowl on her friend's usually placid face.

Margaret jerked out her hatpins savagely. "Well, if you'd had a splitting headache all day," she growled, "to say nothing of putting up with exasperating customers, you'd look like a thunder cloud, too. Here is an instance of what I had to contend with. This morning that snobbish Mrs. Carter came prancing up to the counter, and asked me to show her some dress goods. Well, after I'd taken down about everything on the shelves she finally found something that just suited her, and had me cut off enough for two gowns. A beautiful fabric it was, too, and one of the newest

shades. Just as I was making out my sales-slip and congratulating myself on my good luck—for it was the only decent sale I had made—lo and behold, up the aisle marched a negro woman decked out in a dress of the very same material as Mrs. Carter had just bought. Well, she stared at the vision before her, and then turned and glared at me as if I had struck her. Then she burst forth: 'Great Heavens, don't give me that goods! I don't want it! I wouldn't have it!' and away she stalked while in vain I called after her that I could show her something just as desirable. It was no use. My sale was all off."

Jane laughed heartily at her friend's discomfiture, and Margaret seeing the ludicrousness of the situation laughed, too.

"Well, let us eat the biscuits before they are stone cold, and try to forget the cantankerous customers and the sales you didn't make," counseled Jane as she proceeded to pour the steaming, fragrant tea.

"Jane, you are a jewel to get up such a supper to feed a grouchy critter like me, and I'll take back those unjust remarks I made a while ago," said Margaret as she helped herself to the beefsteak.

"I heard no such remarks," returned Jane, "perhaps 'twas because I was hypnotized by that look on your face when you came in."

"Well, don't you know I declared that you would have flared up, and shown your high-strung temperament had you been in my position? But I know better, for I have seen you go through ordeals more than once, and watched your deportment in circumstances that would strain the patience of a Job to the break-

ing point, and you've never been anything but sweet and gracious. I feel ashamed of myself, really."

"Well, honey," said the older girl, "if we Catholics, who have our dear Lord living right in our midst—associating with us, I might say—for think of the many times we are in his presence at Mass and Holy Communion—if we shouldn't be patient and sweet, and show his influence in our lives, who on earth should?"

"You certainly make your faith shine forth in your life, Janie, and I wish I were more like you," answered Margaret. "Perhaps if I belonged to the Third Order into which you are doing your utmost to coax me, I might make some progress, and be fit for you to live with. No, I'm serious now," she added noting the smile on the elder girl's face, "but I am afraid St. Francis would want to throw me out before I'd be in very long; and that princess, too,—what was her name?—the one whose life you say I should read?"

"St. Elizabeth of Hungary," responded Jane.

"O yes, well there is no danger," Margaret went on, "that I'll ever be canonized as long as I work at old Stetson's department store, and while there are dames like Mrs. Carter running loose. For I simply can't smile when I feel like assassinating some one." And Margaret shook her head ruefully.

"Now see here, little girl," broke in Jane, "don't you see the advantage in joining the Third Order? For you will be enlisting the services of Saint Francis and the whole grand army of Franciscan saints, and they will always be on your side helping you to look pleasant whether you make sales or not. Let me see, to-morrow will be the first Friday, will it not? Well, we must hie down to confession after a bit." And Jane arose and began to clear away

the tea things.

Margaret made an impatient gesture. "O gracious me!" she groaned, "do I have to go out this evening? Here I'd been counting on finishing that book one of the girls gave me. And it is so cold outdoors. Goodness, but those first Fridays do come around swiftly."

"Yes, and so is eternity coming swiftly," Jane answered gently. "Then all our inconveniences will appear very small indeed compared with the reward."

After the dishes were done, Margaret settled herself comfortably before the fire while Jane prepared to go out.

"Dear Saint Elizabeth," said Margaret with a grimace as the older girl started toward the door, "really, I feel guilty to sit here in my cozy corner, and let you go out alone."

"Don't feel any regrets about me," Jane answered. "I don't in the least mind going such a distance alone. But you should regret the fact that our Lord is so ignored and forgotten in the tabernacle, and at least endeavor to make reparation by being faithful to the first Fridays."

* * *

The next morning as Margaret hurried along toward the store, she noticed a number of newsboys calling out their "extrys" in a most excited manner. "I must learn the cause of this commotion," she said to herself as she stopped to purchase a paper from a most insistent little "newsie".

One glance at the headlines, and a cry escaped her lips. This is what she read: "Pope resigns Position as Head of Church.—The Abolition of Catholicity at Hand." "O, it can't—it can't be true," moaned Margaret. "I must go at once to Father Sebastian and show him that terrible paper." And not waiting

to read further she fairly ran along the street in her anxiety, while all thought of her day's work awaiting her was entirely effaced from her mind.

As she approached the church, her heart sank, for she noticed that the doors, always open to welcome the passer-by, were securely closed. On to the rectory she sped, and, in response to her violent ringing of the door bell, Father Sebastian appeared.

To Margaret's dismay, she noticed that he no longer wore his clerical dress, but was attired as an ordinary citizen.

Hastily thrusting the paper toward him, she exclaimed, "O Father, just look at this."

"Yes, yes," the priest answered, "I know all about it, but, please do not address me as Father; for as you must have learned from that newspaper article, Catholicity will soon be but a memory. To-morrow I leave to take up the practice of law. You already know, perhaps, that I was a member of that profession before I embraced the Catholic faith, and subsequently entered the priesthood. Well, well, it was all like a dream that has come to an end."

"But Father," faltered Margaret, "do you mean to say I can never go to confession again? Last night Jane wanted me to go with her, but I refused, and so missed my first Friday Communion this morning and—"

"Now, now" interrupted Father Sebastian, "you must dismiss all such thoughts forever from your mind. Miss Lane." Margaret noticed the formality with which he addressed her, accustomed as she was to hear the kindly words "my child" from the good old pastor's lips.

"But you will open the church, and let me make a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament for the last time,

won't you?" she begged as the tears filled her eyes.

Father Sebastian's face grew stern. "Can't I make you understand that all Catholic practices are a dream, a chimera, that never again will that church be opened for religious worship?"

Margaret could restrain her tears no longer. "O, if I'd only been different," she sobbed. "If I only had the chance to go to Mass and Holy Communion as in the past, how I would prize it above every thing on earth. And poor Jane! What will she do when she goes to make her visit on her way home to-night?"

Father Sebastian made a movement to close the door. "Just try to dismiss all memory of what has existed in the past," he said, not unkindly, "and just go on as if you had never called yourself a child of the Church."

"But I've not been a good child of the Church" Margaret cried, "I've been so cold and indifferent." Then, as she realized that their interview was about to end, she said piteously, "Father, won't you give me your blessing before you go?"

The priest smiled. "I have given my last blessing" he said. "Farewell, and forget the past."

The door closed leaving Margaret standing dazed and miserable, still clutching in her fingers the paper that had announced such direful news.

As in a dream she walked around to the little church, and ascended the familiar stone steps. She pushed against the heavy door but it did not yield.

With a despairing cry the girl sank to her knees. "O dear Lord in the tabernacle," she sobbed, "is it true that I shall never again kneel at your feet, that I have looked for the last time on the lovely altar with its lights and flowers? O dear Sacred Heart, how gladly I would

have come to confession last night, and with what love and fervor would I not have welcomed you in Holy Communion this morning, had I known it was my last opportunity to be with you." Then she thought of the faithful, devoted friend to whom the dreadful tidings would prove so cruel a blow, and she cried out, "O Jane, Jane, how shall we ever live without our holy religion."

In the midst of her sobs, a sound fell on her ear. Some one was trying to open the door from the inside. Margaret arose from her knees, rent with contending hope and fear.

In another instant, the great, heavy door swung back, revealing a figure which somehow seemed strangely familiar. Then in a flash, Margaret realized that the stranger before her looked amazingly like a picture of Saint Francis of Assisi which hung on the wall beside Jane's bed. There was the same brown habit with the cord encircling the waist, the sandaled feet,—yes, and on the face was the same expression of kindness and sanctity. It was St. Francis himself surely.

"My child, what is the matter?" came in gentle tones from the brown-robed figure confronting her.

"O Father, O dear St. Francis!" Margaret began. Then a tremendous crash—and she opened her eyes to find herself sitting bolt upright before the fire.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed gazing around her. Then she noticed that the book she had been reading had fallen against the

grate, producing the noise that had sounded like a terrific detonation in her sleep.

"O how thankful I am that all this was only a dream, and it's not too late to go to confession, either," she added, glancing at the clock. "I'll hurry down before Jane leaves the church." And hastily getting into hat and coat, she was soon on her way with a joyful heart to the church four blocks distant.

Jane was kneeling far up in front, near the Blessed Mother's altar; so she did not perceive her friend entering the church. She was surprised and greatly pleased when Margaret joined her just as she was emerging from the swinging doors.

Margaret's face glowed with peace and joy. "Janie" she said, as they went down the steps together, "that was the most consoling confession I ever made in my life, and mostly on account of an awful dream I had since I last saw you." Then she related all she had gone through since Jane had left her comfortably ensconced before the fire.

"And O, I just can't tell you how thankful I am for having that dream, terrible as it was," Margaret exclaimed as she concluded her story. "It has served to teach me to appreciate my faith, especially the great gift of the Blessed Sacrament. And dear St. Francis, too, I shall always have the greatest devotion to him as long as I live, and Janie," she whispered as she patted her friend's arm lovingly, "I'm going to join the Third Order next Sunday, sure."





FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The late Cardinal Rampolla was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. When Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory, set about reviving the Third Order so that it might be a strong bulwark against the godless spirit of the age, it was his able and worthy Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, who seconded his endeavors, and devoted much time and labor to the undertaking. His Eminence was a saintly man. To the people of Rome he was known as "il Santo" the Saint, and as such his memory will long be dear to them. —

From May 18 to 20 the Friars Minor Capuchins will hold a general chapter for the purpose of electing a new General of the Order.

Milan, Italy.—The Franciscan Fathers of the Milanese Province are publishing a monthly for Tertiaries, entitled *L'apostolato francescano* (The Franciscan Apostolate). His Eminence Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and the Most Rev. Father General of the Order of Friars Minor have approved and commended the new publication.

Ragusa, Dalmatia.—The Holy Father has presented the Rev. Fr. Urban Talijski, O.F.M., guardian of the local convent, with a silver medal in recognition of his merits in the field of science. The medal bears the image of His Holiness with the name of the Rev. Father on the reverse.

Paris, France.—M. Louis Veuillot, the great French journalist and founder of the *Univers*, was a zealous member of the Third Order of St. Francis. The hundredth anniversary

of his birth was recently commemorated in France. The religious celebration took place in the basilica of Montmartre. —

Two years ago, a German branch of the Third Order was organized in Paris by the Rev. Abbe Louis Helmig. At present the branch numbers sixty members. At the regular meeting last January, six new members were received into the Order, and nine novices made their profession.

Limoges, France.—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Quilliet has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Limoges. Like so many other dignitaries of the Church in France, he, too, is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Madrid, Spain.—Some time ago, the Tertiaries of Spain celebrated the third anniversary of the day on which one of the most famous of their country-men, Don Miguel de Cervantes, received the habit of the Third Order in the Franciscan church of Madrid. The name of this illustrious Tertiary has always been linked with that of the master-minds of Spanish literature. Even outside of Spain his best literary work, "Don Quijote," is widely known. As member of the Third Order he wrote the second part of this grand novel, also "Novelas Ejemplares," "Viaje al Parnaso," "Comedias," and other works. This period of his active life is, indeed, the most productive. Cervantes died April 23, 1616, and was buried in the habit of the Third Order in the Franciscan church of Madrid. —

The Franciscan Friars of the Spanish Provinces are publishing a bi-monthly, entitled *Archivo Ibero-Americano*. The first issue of the new magazine appeared last January. The purpose of this historical and scientific magazine is "to make better known the labors of the Spanish and Portuguese Franciscans for the glory of God and the spread of the Gospel, in the service of the Church and of their country, in all the branches of science, and for the general welfare of the peoples of Spain, Portugal, America, Africa, Asia, and Oceania."

Dalheim, Germany.—The Rev. Fr. Leonard Lemmens, O.F.M., of the Saxonian Province has recently set sail for Jerusalem, Palestine. He will make historical researches with a view to eventually writing a complete and reliable history of the Franciscans in the Custody of the Holy Land. For the past six hundred years the Order of Friars Minor has had charge of the places sanctified by the presence of our Lord here on earth. Fr. Leonard has already treated the history of the sanctuaries of Palestine in a small volume, which will soon appear.

On January 25, three Franciscan Fathers departed for the mission fields of China, in North Shantung. They are, Frs. Capistran, Raphael, and Alphonse. The official celebration on the occasion of their departure took place in the Franciscan church in Paderborn.

Breslau, Germany.—The oratorio "Te Deum" by the far-famed Franciscan composer, the Rev. Fr. Hartmann von An der Lan-Hochbrunn, is meeting with well-merited success. It was presented in Breslau, on March 3 and 4, under the direction of Fr. Hartmann. The latest production of the friar musician is a "Requiem" for eight equal voices, a powerful work of truly gigantic proportions.

Muenster, Germany.—The Fran-

ciscan Fathers of the Saxonian Province have undertaken to publish a quarterly entitled *Franziskanische Studien* (Franciscan Studies). The prospectus of the first issue brings the names of thirty-four learned men outside the Order, who greatly favor the project, and promise to contribute to the new magazine. Its purpose is to explore the influence which the Franciscan spirit has exercised on the intellectual life of nations, especially on those of German tongue, and to examine into the history, both exterior and interior, of Franciscan institutions. From time to time, supplements will be issued, made up of such contributions as are too long to appear in the pages of the review.

Vienna, Austria.—The Ven. Sister M. Camilla, superioress of the Franciscan Sisters in Vienna, has been honored by the King of Bulgaria and the Emperor of Austria with the Cross of Merit for her great services to the governments in behalf of the sick and wounded during the Balkan war.

London, England.—A valuable codex has been recently found. It contains an old English version of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis as promulgated in 1289 by Pope Nicholas IV. It is written in a neat and legible hand, and dates back to latter half of the XV century.

Pekin, China.—The Rev. Fr. Jerome Leonetti, O.F.M., chaplain of the Italian Embassy in Pekin, last fall attended the inauguration of the President of the new Republic of China. The Rev. Friar was present in his habit. Writing to the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor, he glories in the fact that he was the first Franciscan who, vested in the habit of his Order, crossed the threshold of the ancient palace of the Chinese emperors.

Tajpur, India.—The conversion

of the Radjah of Tajpur to the Catholic faith, which occurred about fourteen years ago, and created a sensation at the time, is now bearing abundant fruit. Many and lasting conversions among the inhabitants of Tajpur have since been effected, and it is generally believed that before long the entire city will be Catholic. The brother of the Radjah has also espoused the true faith, and it is edifying, indeed, to see these two brothers approach the Holy Table every morning. The Radjah is, moreover, a zealous and fervent member of the Third Order of St. Francis. The February issue of *Die Katholischen Missionen* brings a picture of the Radjah vested in the habit of the Third Order.

Madras, India.—Some twenty-eight years ago, Archbishop Aelen of Madras brought together three poor pariah girls, and established them in community life according to the rules of St. Francis. This was the first foundation of its kind. The little group increased in numbers, until now it counts twenty-five nuns, besides some postulants. These good Sisters work among their people, the pariahs, a low and despised caste of India; they are in charge of five schools. They also do much good in preparing women for Baptism, and in caring for their infants. They have won a name for themselves, and are greatly respected in Madras, where, as elsewhere in India, there is little sympathy for the despised pariahs.

Petropolis, Brazil.—The Catholic press of southern Brazil is greatly indebted to the Franciscan Fathers of the flourishing province of St. Elizabeth. The Rev. Fr. Peter Sinzig, O.F.M., has lately received special praise and recognition from the Holy Father for his untiring efforts in this line of action. Fr. Peter is also an accomplished musician. Among his numerous musical

compositions, both vocal and instrumental, one especially worthy of mention is a beautiful cantata, entitled "Sanctus Franciscus". The setting, style, and coloring of this work breathe the charming simplicity of the spirit of St. Francis.

San Francisco, Cal.—On Sunday, March 15, death summoned the Ven. Bro. Adrian, O.F.M., to his eternal reward. Brother Adrian was born 78 years ago in Westphalia, Germany. At the age of 22, he entered the Order of Friars Minor as lay brother. Four years later, his superiors sent him to the United States. Here, (as member of the Sacred Heart Province,) he labored for fifty years as architect, for the glory of God and the welfare of his province. Great was the joy of his brethren and of his many friends, when on December 13, 1903, Brother Adrian celebrated his golden jubilee as Friar Minor in St. Antony's Church in St. Louis, Mo. Despite the fact that his life-long office as provincial architect entailed manifold dangers and distractions, he was ever a most zealous and exemplary religious, a humble son of St. Francis. Scores of churches and religious institutions in the United States bear witness to his ability and zeal as architect. His name will long be held in grateful memory by those who now are reaping the fruits of his untiring labors. The *Franciscan Herald* requests his many friends to remember the deceased religious in their prayers.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the monthly meeting of the English branch of the Third Order, on the third Sunday in February, thirty-nine postulants received the cord and scapular. Reception takes place four times a year, viz., on the third Sunday in February, in May, in August, and in November.—On Ash Wednesday, a retreat commenced for the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The sermons

were preached by the Rev. Fr. Edward Lunney, O.F.M., chaplain of the state penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. On Sunday morning, at the 8 o'clock Mass, the members of this society received Holy Communion in a body. On Holy Thursday, the German branch of the Third Order will have its hour of adoration from 3-4 o'clock; while the English branch will have special devotion from 4-5 o'clock. On the Tuesday after Easter, April 14, the great novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony will begin. Every year the faithful flock in great numbers to St. Peter's to make this novena in honor of St. Antony, to obtain, through his intercession, favors both spiritual and temporal. This novena has the special sanction of the Church, and Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory, has granted a plenary indulgence for each Tuesday to all those who receive the holy sacraments worthily, and pray for some time before the exposed Blessed Sacrament. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed every Tuesday after the 5 o'clock Mass until after the High Mass at 8:30 o'clock. Six Fathers will hear confessions from 2:30 to 6:30 Monday afternoon, and from 7:30 Monday evening. Tuesday morning an opportunity for going to confession will be offered from 5 o'clock on. There will be holy Masses at 5, 6, and 7 o'clock; at 8:30 High Mass will be sung, and Benediction given with the Blessed Sacrament. Then special devotions in honor of St. Antony will be held both in English and in German, whereupon the blessing with a relic of the Saint will be imparted. The Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., is giving a course of Lenten lectures, the subject being "Christ on Mount Olivet."

St. Louis, Mo.—The Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., Commissary of the Holy Land, has lately published a statement of last year's Good Fri-

day collection, taken up in various dioceses of the Central District of the United States for the support and maintenance of the holy places in Palestine. The entire collection amounted to \$21,460.16. The account was closed on February 23, 1914, and the sum forwarded to the Most Rev. Custos of the Holy Land. The Rev. Commissary extends his sincere thanks to the Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Bishops who contributed towards this good work, assuring them of a continual remembrance in the prayers and holy Masses at the sanctuaries of Palestine.—

Spiritual gifts, unlike material ones, increase as they are shared with others; so it was in the case of Miss Rosanna McCourt whose short life of twenty-eight years was one of unselfish devotion to others, exemplifying the vivifying effects of a constant union with God in her deeds of charity and never-tiring zeal for God's Church. Her manifold duties as chief operator at the Carondelet Telephone exchange did not prevent her from giving a generous portion of her time to the work of advancing the interests of the Third Order, while never neglecting her duties to her parents and home. A remarkable singleness of purpose characterized this noble young lady, whose power for good was felt so universally in the community in which she lived. She walked as one apart from the great restless, seething world—as one engrossed with the thought of God, never for a moment forgetting that this life is but a preparation for the life to come. Her presence will be sadly missed in the gatherings of the Tertiaries at the church of the Franciscan Fathers, and also in her parish church of SS. Mary and Joseph, from which her funeral was held on March 7.

Cincinnati, O.—On February 13, there passed away, after a short

sickness, the Rev. Fr. Philip Rothman, O.F.M., the able editor of *St. Anthony's Messenger* and of *St. Franziskus Bote*. He was born in Louisville, Ky., September 18, 1856. His preparatory studies were made at the Franciscan convent of his native city. In 1872, he was ordained priest. Since 1893, he was editor of the above-mentioned periodicals. During the twenty years of his editorship and management, these magazines had a continuous growth, in interior worth as well as in circulation. His funeral took place on Tuesday, February 17.

New York, N. Y.—On February 27, the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York, and the Rev. Joseph B. Scully, his secretary, received the Tertiary habit of St. Francis in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows. The Rev. Fr. Hyacinth, O.M. Cap., performed the ceremonies.

Teutopolis, Ill.—Mrs. Maria Crescentia Brey, a member of the Third Order for many years, was buried Thursday, February 26. Mrs Brey was born October 10, 1834, in St. Gallen, Switzerland. She was received into the Third Order, October 4, 1890, in Teutopolis, Ill. Her death occurred on Monday, February 23, in St. Louis, Mo., at the home of her daughter, where she spent the last years of her life. Her pastor in St. Louis pays her the following tribute of praise: "Mrs. Brey was a most practical member of our Faith. During her last illness, to our edification, she frequently received Holy Communion, and had the grace, likewise, to receive the last Sacraments. With her demise a pious soul goes to her reward."

Quincy, Ill.—On March 8, the German and English branches of the Third Order held a special meeting. About seventy members attended. The good will and lively interest they manifested during the discussions,

augur well for the future of the Third Order in this city. Among other things, a program was outlined for the provision of poor, sick, and deceased members. To procure funds for this purpose, the Tertiaries intend to present a suitable religious drama. In the near future, if all goes well, a pilgrimage will be held to Our Lady of Sorrows, a shrine near St. Antony's Church, some six miles from Quincy.

San Francisco, Cal.—At the general meeting held Sunday, March 1, twenty-five new members were added to the role of the Third Order of St. Boniface's Church, and eight novices made their profession. The number of Tertiaries enrolled at St. Boniface's has passed the 1500 mark, a membership which no doubt exceeds that of any other organization in the city. The Rev. Director Fr. Juniper, O.F.M., commands the love and loyal support of all the members, individually and collectively. While ever displaying a true and zealous devotion for the spiritual welfare of his Tertiaries, the business affairs of the Order are conducted under his able guidance with prudence and dispatch, and his genial disposition appeals to all who meet him.—*The Monitor*.

Santa Ana, Cal.—St. Joseph's parish in this city was blessed with a mission lasting ten days, from February 15 to 25. The mission was conducted by Rev. Fr. Humilis, O. F. M. and the Rev. Aloysius, O. F. M. An edifying spirit of self-sacrifice was shown by many of the people that attended, some of them coming fifteen or twenty miles to be present at the exercises. Upon the urgent request of the Pastor, the Rev. H. Eummelen, a branch of the Third Order was established. About one hundred members were received. The Rev. H. Eummelen is himself a very enthusiastic Tertiary and a great admirer of St. Francis of Assisi.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

THE entertainment provided by the dramatic club on Washington's Birthday may best be described as "an evening of fun." The program consisted of a humorous sketch, a two-act comedy, and three very choice musical selections. All the performers acquitted themselves very creditably of their several roles, notably our General Prefect, Mr. Joseph Kola, who impersonated the old Captain in "The Living Statue".

On March 4, John Schmitt of Cleveland, Ohio, received the sad news of the death of his father, who had passed away quite suddenly. He left for home in the afternoon of the same day to attend the funeral, which took place on Saturday, March 7. The bereaved family of the deceased has our sincere sympathy.

On March 13, the faculty and student body again assembled in the college hall to extend their felicitations to the Reverend Rector, on the occasion of his Saint's day. He was greeted with thundering applause when, escorted by four of the juniors, he entered the hall. Then followed a rich literary and musical program:

- I. Salutation Galop Rosenberg
College Orchestra
1. Address of Congratulation Joseph Kola
II. Begrüßungslied Anon
College Choir
2. The Wolf of Gubbio (Recitation) Fioretti
Nicholas Paunovich
3. Arnold Winkelried (Recitation) Montgomery
4. Christian Forgiveness (Dialog) Selected
A. Kriech & P. Eberle
III. The Palms (Instrumental Duet)
. Faure
A. Brumleve & R. Wilhelm
5. Mark Antony's Oration (Recitation) Selected
Stephen Kelly
Carl Nachtsheim
6. Caractacus (Recitation) Barton
Raymond Duling
IV. Bellsario (Trio) Donizetti
Violin, Flute, & Piano
7. Selection from Daniel Webster (Recitation)
Joseph Martin
8. Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius
(Dialog) Shakespeare
A. Kiemen & L. Groeger
V. Prestissimo Galop. E. Waldteufel
College Orchestra

After the program, Reverend Father Rector ascended the stage, and, in a few well-chosen words, commended and thanked the boys for the efforts they had put forth on his behalf. Thereupon, he humorously divided all students into good-timers, half-timers, and full-timers, and exhorted all to be full-timers in every respect—at prayer, at studies, and at play. That the boys had taken his counsel to heart, and were resolved to act on it, was evidenced by the prolonged applause and rousing cheers that brought the celebration to a close.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

Judging from the newspaper accounts of the recent floods here in Santa Barbara, our readers might have possibly concluded that St. Antony's was swept off the map; but happily it was not. It still stands in its pride of place like a sleepless sentinel viewing and guarding the city at its feet, fair Santa Barbara by the sea. The past month witnessed two very interesting meetings of the St. Antony's Literary Circle. In the first, the speakers were: Joseph Geenen, Joseph Mueller and John Walsh. Mr. Mueller's paper on Francis Bacon was as instructive as Mr. Walsh's plea for the study of History was earnest and compelling. Interest in the society is steadily increasing, and comment and criticism on the work rendered, we are glad to remark, has of late been copious and apposite. In the other meeting, held on February 23, a warm debate filled the allotted time. The subject debated was, Resolved: That the Crusades were more beneficial than harmful to mankind. Leslie Taniel held the affirmative, and George Glaser the negative.

Mr. Glaser was acknowledged victor by the votes of the appointed judges.—On Shrove Tuesday, the senior students gave a delightful entertainment in the college hall. The program consisted of several classical selections by the orchestra and the presentation of the Interlude from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Our most honored visitor of the month was the Very Rev. Provincial, Fr. Benedict, O.F.M.—On the Sundays of the season of Lent, we are having a series of sermons on the sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary. Fr. Englebert, O.F.M., opened the series. We are also having the Way of the Cross every evening, in common.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

From February 21 to 25, the students made their spiritual retreat. The Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., lectured to the senior students, while the Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., had the juniors in charge. On Thursday, February 26, a solemn Requiem was sung for the repose of the soul of Joseph Hilbus, one of our students, who died at the hospital in Aviston, Ill. He was a very diligent and pious young man of the second academic class. The Rev. Fr. Berthold, O.F.M., professor of Latin in that class, sang the Requiem, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Rupert, O.F.M., and the Rev. Fr. Leopold, O.F.M., while all the classmates of the deceased were present in the sanctuary. Mr. Hilbus was a professed member of the Third Order.



OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English branch of the Third Order:

Melvina Cormier, Sister Clara,
Mary Sullivan, Sister Agnes,
Johanna Lee, Sister Mary,
Nora O'Rourke, Sister Gertrude,
Catherine Brennan, Sister Mary

Frances,

Catherine Murphy, Sister Frances,

Jennie Fisher, Sister Mary,
Mary Rogowicz, Sister Frances,

German branch of the Third Order:

Elizabeth Welling, Sister Frances,

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:

Rosanna McCourt, Sister Colette.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church:

Maria Brey, Sister Crescentia.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Gertrude Dieterich, Sister Agnes,
Evelyn Craft, Sister Angela,
Barbara Arnold, Sister Clare.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis College:

George Heckenkemper, Brother Lawrence,
Joseph Hilbus, Brother Francis.



FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

APRIL, 1914.

DEDICATED TO THE
PASSION OF OUR LORD

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	W.	St. Martina, V. M.
2	Th.	St. Francis of Paula, Founder of Missions.
3	F.	St. Benedict, the Moor, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
4	S.	St. Isidor, Bp. C.
5	S.	Palm Sunday. —St. Vincent Ferrer, C. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Matt. XXI, 1-9.
6	M.	Bl. Thomas, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Bentivolius, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.)
7	T.	Bl. Crescentia, 3d Ord., V.—Bl. Antonia, 2d Ord., W. (G. A., P. I.)
8	W.	Bl. Julian, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.)
9	Th.	Maudy Thursday. —Bl. Archangelus, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.)
10	F.	Good Friday. —Bl. Charles of Sezze, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.)
11	S.	Holy Saturday. —St. Leo I, Pope. (G. A., P. I.)
12	S.	Easter Sunday. —Bl. Angelus, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: The Resurrection of Our Lord. Mark XVI, 1-7.
13	M.	St. Hermenegild, M. <i>Nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony begin.</i>
14	T.	St. Justin, M.—St. Tiburtius, M.
15	W.	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. D.—St. Basilissa and Anastasia, MM.
16	Th.	St. Raphael, Archangel.—Anniversary of St. Francis's holy profession. <i>Renewal of profession and plenary indulgence for all members of the Three Orders.</i>
17	F.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. C.
18	S.	Bl. Andrew, 1st Ord., C.
19	S.	Low Sunday. —Bl. Conrad, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: Jesus appears to His Disciples. John XX, 19-31.
20	M.	Bl. Leopold, 1st Ord., C.
21	T.	St. Anselm, Bp. D.
22	W.	SS. Soter and Cajus, MM.
23	Th.	Bl. Giles, 1st Ord., C.—St. George, M., Patron of England.
24	F.	St. Fidelis, 1st Ord., M. (P. I.)
25	S.	St. Mark, Evangelist.
26	S.	2d Sunday after Easter. —Feast of the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord.— Our Lady of Good Counsel. Gospel: The Good Shepherd. John X, 11-16.
27	M.	Bl. James, 1st Ord., C.
28	T.	Bl. Luchesius, 3d Ord., C. First Franciscan Tertiary (P. I.)
29	W.	St. Peter, M.
30	Th.	St. Catherine of Siena, O. S. D., V.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 5

THE VICTORY

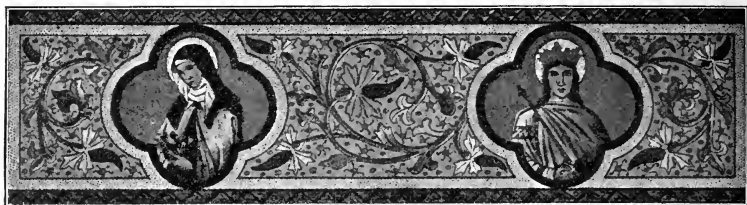
THE waking flush of morning
Empierces Salem's gloom;
With fleering eye the soldiers heed
The Savior's lonely tomb.

An angel sweeps from heaven,
A tremor far and wide,
A sudden crash—the guards recoil:
He lives, the Crucified!

He lives, the Man of sorrows,
Who laden with our blame
Mid hell's rejoicing guiltless died
Upon the Wood of shame.

His banner waves exultant—
The bloody combat o'er;
The Prince of Peace has gored the foe,
He lives to die no more.

Proclaim, ye hills and valleys,
The conquest of our King:
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?
F. B., O. F. M.



ST. FERDINAND III. OF CASTILE AND LEON

CONFESSOR OF THE THIRD ORDER

MAY 30

At the time when St. Louis IX, King of France, the illustrious patron of the Third Order, was edifying both the Christian and the Mohammedan world by his holy life, another saintly ruler, Ferdinand III, also a member of the Third Order, was shedding the luster of his virtues on the throne of Castile and Leon, in Spain. This great king was the son Alfonso IX, King of Leon, and of Berengaria, daughter of Alfonso III, of Castile. Berengaria, like her saintly sister Blanche, mother of St. Louis IX, was most solicitous for the eternal welfare of her children. Rulers are exposed to many and great dangers, and on them depends to a great degree the happiness of their subjects. The pious mother, therefore, labored most carefully not only to develop the gifts of body and mind of her son, but above all to implant into his heart sentiments of piety and virtue, which alone would enable him to fulfill the arduous duties of his exalted position for the honor of God and for the temporal and spiritual well-being of his people. And what abundant fruit the instructions and prayers of the pious mother bore, the whole life of this great king shows.

From his youth, Ferdinand accustomed himself to look up to the King of kings in all his undertakings; to seek only his honor and

glory; to bear gladly sufferings and reverses as dispositions of a kind Providence; and to render himself worthy of God's special protection by the practice of all Christian virtues and the flight of everything displeasing in the sight of the Divine Majesty. He drew upon himself the admiration of all by his love of retirement and prayer, his modesty and charity, and by his filial love towards his mother, whom he obeyed with a ready and perfect submission until her death in 1247.

In 1217, when about twenty years of age, Ferdinand ascended the throne of Castile. This was brought about through the prudence and firmness of Berengaria, who, after the death of her brother King Henry I, transferred her rights to the succession upon her son Ferdinand. The latter at once began to distinguish himself as a truly Christian king by magnanimity, strict justice, and charity. The many and distracting labors of state in no way hindered him in his accustomed exercises of piety and mortification; on the contrary, zeal in the service of God made him all the more solicitous to fulfill his duties towards his subjects in the best manner possible. He gave his constant attention to the care of his people, especially in the appointment of worthy governors and magistrates and in the administration of justice.

So adverse was he to burden his people with heavy taxes that, when an official proposed to him a means of obtaining a very large sum of money to be used in the wars against the Mohammedans, he exclaimed, "God forbid! Providence will not fail to supply other ways of obtaining the necessary means. I fear the curse of one poor old woman more than the whole army of the Moors." To be able to rule more easily according to the principles of right and justice, and to promote the interests of God and of his Church, he chose as his counselors the wisest and most experienced men, and with their assistance compiled a code of laws that is still used in Castile. At the advice of his mother, he married Beatrice, the daughter of the German Emperor Philip of Suabia. The happy union was blessed with seven sons and three daughters.

Christian Spain was at that time engaged in almost continuous wars with the Mohammedans, who more than once threatened the very existence of the Christian states. Filled with a desire for the spread of the teachings and practices of the true religion, Ferdinand, in 1224, joined the general crusade against the infidels, and during the next twenty-five years, carried on many successful campaigns against them, especially after he, in 1230, inherited the crown of Leon from his father, thus uniting this kingdom with Castile. He conquered the kingdoms of Cordova, Jaen, and Seville, and forced the kings of Valencia, Baeza, Murcia, and Granada to acknowledge him as their liege lord. In these wars, Ferdinand distinguished himself by his bravery, prudence, and generosity towards the conquered, but particularly by his pious and holy life. He fasted rigorously, wore a hair shirt, and passed whole nights in prayer, especially on the eve of a battle. He had imbibed from his



St. Ferdinand

mother a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and during all his campaigns he wore her image on his breast, or fastened it to the pommel of his saddle. To encourage his soldiers to put themselves under the protection of the Mother of God, Ferdinand had a banner with her image placed in a conspicuous part of the camp, and had it carried before them in battle. Need we wonder that the holy king was the terror of the enemy, and that they believed him to be under the special protection of Heaven? When he had taken the city of Seville, protected by the most powerful walls and towers and defended by 100,000 men, the defeated king of the city declared, "Only a saint could have taken a place so strongly fortified with so small a force; with the assistance of Heaven only was

it possible to take from us our beloved Seville."

Before undertaking the wars against the Mohammedans, Ferdinand declared, "Thou, O Lord, who searchest the secrets of hearts, knowest that I desire thy glory, not mine; the increase of thy faith and holy religion, not of transitory kingdoms." His whole conduct after his great victories bore witness to the truth of his solemn protestation. He labored incessantly for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his newly-acquired territories, and applied the immense booty which he obtained to the rebuilding of churches, especially of the cathedral of Toledo, to the restoration of dioceses, the enhancement of divine service, and to the founding of hospitals, asylums, and convents, particularly for the sons of St. Dominic and St. Francis, whom he assisted in every possible way in their labors for the salvation of souls. Having joined the Third Order of St. Francis, he became a model for all members of that Order by the fervor and exactness with which he observed the Rule.

While preparing for an expedition against the Mohammedans in Africa, the holy king was seized with his last sickness. He prepared for death with the most edifying sentiments of humility and penance; he had all the insignia of his royal dignity removed from his chamber, made a general confession of his sins, and received the last sacraments with touching devotion. After giving his last instructions and blessing to his children, he recommended his soul to God and passed to his heavenly reward at Seville, on May 30, 1252, at the age of fifty-four. His body, clad in the habit of the Third Order, was

entombed in the cathedral of Seville. Many miracles being wrought at his tomb, he was canonized by Pope Clement XI, in 1671.

REFLECTION

The all-absorbing desire of St. Ferdinand was the honor of God and the spread of his holy religion. We need not wonder at this, for it was the fruit of the love of God burning in his heart. "Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also." (Matth. VI, 21) When the love of God reigns in the soul of the Christian, he is not satisfied with striving to fulfill his daily duties to the best of his ability; no, he desires others to know and love God and thus become partakers of the joys of Heaven. He often asks himself, what can I do to-day for the honor of God and the welfare of my fellow men? The God-loving Christian takes great interest in the sufferings and in the triumphs of the Church, and gladly contributes his mite towards the propagation of the faith among the pagans, and towards the support of his church and the enhancement of divine service. He will also be found ready to assist in any endeavor to correct abuses, to remove scandals, and to combat evils, such as bad literature and bad plays. And if for any reason he is not able to take an active part in such work, he will at least assist in these labors by his prayers and works of self-denial. May the Tertiaries ever be in the forefront in all undertakings for the honor of God, and thus imitate their glorious model St. Ferdinand.

Fr. Silas, O.F.M.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

16. THE NAME

"Whose image and inscription is this?"
—Mat. XXII., 20.

THE Third Order was established. The child now saw the light of day. It remained to give the child a definite name.

One or the other might be inclined to think, "Is not the name, Third Order of St. Francis sufficient?" Yes, and no. It is sufficient to distinguish it from the First and the Second Order. It does not, however, designate the nature of the thing, and to do this is the purpose of a name. What name, now, fulfils this purpose?

It is well known that the first congregation of the Third Order was founded in Florence. The members thereof devoted themselves in a striking manner to works of charity. They led an active life, without neglecting the contemplative. On this account, they came to be called "Pinsogori." By this name, those were designated who led an active life, and wore a religious habit, but lived in the world.

Other titles, related to the former, were Pinsogorri, Pincochera, Pincocherata, Pincocherone. All these names seem to contain an element of good-natured bantery, if not a slight degree of contempt.

Often the members of the Third Order were also called Beguards or Fraticelli, the result either of ignorance or of malice. We shall have occasion to speak more in detail about the Fraticelli, and criticize this designation.

Owing to their costume, the brethren were sometimes called Mantelati, Mantel-bearers.

In a similar manner, a later branch of the First Order received its name. Some members of this newly established strict tendency were passing through the streets of Camerino. They wore a very simple habit with a long, pointed capuche or hood. At sight of them, the children shouted, "Capuzini, capuzini," i. e. "Hood-bearers." In this manner, out of the mouths of children, the Capuchins received their name. This name has endured to the present day, although the full name is, "Friars Minor of St. Francis, Capuchin."

Of the names thus far quoted, the first, Pinzogeri, has the greatest significance. All members should deserve this name by practicing works of Christian charity.

All the above mentioned names were occasioned by outward appearances; none of them designated the inner nature and purpose of the Order. Here now arises the question, what name did the Founder give to his foundation? The answer is given by St. Bonaventura, who says, "Touched by the preaching of St. Francis, many served the Lord in the manner taught them by Francis. They subjected themselves to the new rules of penance." The Servant of God decided to name their method of life, "The Order of the Brethren of Penance." This, then, is the name which originated with

the Founder, and designates the nature of the Order.

Another name, *Continentes*, the Continent or self-controlled, is found in conjunction with the other. In papal documents we often find the expression, "The Third Order of Brethren, who are called the Continent or of Penance." The members of the Third Order are thus designated by John XXII, Eugene IV, Clement V, and several other Popes.

They were called the Continent, because they especially practiced this virtue. We find such as practiced complete continence, others who lived continently in widowhood. There have been, and still are, many married people who live according to the word of the Apostle and remain continent by consent, for a time, that they may give themselves to prayer. (I Cor. VII,5)

The name, Order of Penance, the Popes have sought to perpetuate, and have decreed that the Third Order should receive no other name. Pope Clement VII writes, "The members of the Third Order are to be called, members of the Third Order of St. Francis of Penance, and not Tertiaries or any other less venerable name."

In this designation, the purpose of the Third Order is also expressed.

On this point, Cardinal Joachim Pecci, later Pope Leo XIII, writes: "It seemed, in consequence of inordinate love for wealth and earthly pleasures, that all men were departing from the doctrine and example of Jesus Christ, utterly neglecting the future life and almost oblivious of it, while entirely absorbed in the present. To tear them from earthly and raise them to heavenly things, St. Francis commanded all who wished to enter the Third Order to imitate the example of Christ, to observe faithfully His laws and precepts, and, therefore, not to flee poverty, humility of heart, and pen-

ance, but to love them. Here it is clearly declared that the name, "Order of Penance" distinctly contains the purpose of the Order.

In our day, the name Tertiaries has become the most common. To distinguish members from tertiaries of other Orders, it is customary to add, of St. Francis. If the name Tertiaries is used without qualification, the members of the Third Order of St. Francis are meant.

This name has been so generally introduced, without doubt, because it is shorter and to many it appears more resonant than the other, Order of Penance. The word penance is rather disconcerting for many ladies and gentlemen of our day. Theater, opera, and dance are not so disturbing. As a matter of fact, however, a penitential life will serve much better as a sedative for the nerves than pleasure-seeking.

If we ask, now, what image and inscription the Third Order of St. Francis bears, the answer is, the image of Penance.

To our divine Savior, the Jews boasted that they were children of Abraham. Jesus answered and said to them, "If you be the children of Abraham, do the works of Abraham." (John VIII, 39.) These words hold good for the members of the Third Order. You boast of being spiritual children of St. Francis. Do, then, the works of your father—perform acts of penance. Live, therefore, in the spirit of this institution.

A busy housewife complains that she cannot do works of penance, and cannot fast, because she must work so hard. Let her do all her work with a good intention, and she has performed a most acceptable work of penance. A laborer bemoans the fact that he cannot chastise his body as did the Saints. It is not at all necessary. Let him wear constantly his girdle and scapular, say his Our Fathers with devotion, and he

has done penance. An invalid, who in the days of health has with the permission of a spiritual director performed special works of penance, is now inconsolable because a continuance thereof is impossible. A continuance is impossible? On the contrary, his sickness is the very best opportunity to practice penance. Let him bear its inconveniences with patience and resignation to

God's holy Will, and he will bring forth worthy fruits of penance.

Our daily life affords us so many opportunities for penance, without the necessity of doing anything out of the ordinary. Let us diligently utilize these opportunities, and let none of them pass unheeded, according to the counsel of the Wise Man, "Let not the part of a good gift overpass thee." (Eccl. XIV, 14)

EPISODE OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR

It was on the night of April 10, 1898, after the two regiments under General Wood had dispersed the bands of the Phillipinos, and bivouacked at Dolores in the Island of Samar, when the reveille sounded, and all the camp was in motion. The tents were being removed, and all got ready for a start, when a saddled horse, without a rider, and smeared in blood, arrived in the camp. At once the animal was inspected, and under the saddle a bit of white linen was found with the words: "Don't start before dawn, the Phillipinos are ambuscaded close by.—Reilly".

General Wood recognized the handwriting of William Reilly, a Sergeant of the Scouts, who had been sent out with fourteen men to reconnoiter. The general, following the advice of Reilly, gave orders to the troops to stand fast, and sent another picket of men to bring in tidings of the missing men. After a few hours, they returned bringing in the poor Sergeant Reilly, mortally wounded. As for the fourteen men, composing Reilly's little column, only a heap of human remains, horribly mutilated, could be found.

But how did Reilly escape the common fate of his comrades? The young Sergeant had a Scapular of Mount Carmel around his neck, and when the Phillipinos saw the emblem of their own religion, through respect for the Blessed Virgin Mary, they spared him.

This fact, being mentioned in despatches, the President of the United States, Mr. McKinley, ordered that Reilly should be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Upon his recovery, General Smith, in the presence of all his comrades pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Reilly's chest saying, "Well done, Sergeant Reilly, you have the honor to be the first decorated with this emblem of military valor. You honor your country and your Faith. You, with an outward sign of your Faith, have saved the lives of 1,200 men from a most certain butchery."

And so an Irish-American at the age of 18 was the first one to gain the greatest decoration under the American flag.

On his chest, are now two decorations, the one of Mary, and the other of the President of the Republic—the former honors and shields the Catholic, the latter honors and is becoming to a brave soldier—the one is for the heart, the other for the uniform.

Franc. Annals of India

THE SPIRIT OF THE THIRD ORDER

By Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M.

THE Church lives by the spirit, and all outward institutions are of value, and have a right to exist only in so far as they are quickened by the spirit. Without it they are useless, they are dead, they cumber the earth, and corrupt the atmosphere. St. Francis was well aware of this. Hence, in founding the Third Order, he took care to breathe into it its proper spirit that it might live and energize and become to all Christendom a source of blessings a thousandfold. The spirit of the Third Order is no other than the spirit of St. Francis himself, and it consists in the virtues which he specially practiced, and which may be, therefore, regarded as peculiarly his own.

This spirit of St. Francis and of his Order may be characterized, in the first place, as a spirit of *obedience* and devotedness to the Catholic Church. St. Francis himself was enthusiastically devoted and strongly attached to the Holy See. In the Rule of the First Order, he says, "Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to the Lord Pope Honorius III and his successors canonically elected and to the Roman Church." He petitioned the Pope for a Cardinal to act as protector of his Order, that it might always be "subject and prostrate at the feet of the same holy Church, steadfast in the Catholic faith." With child-like simplicity, he submitted in all things to the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff. Obedience and reverence toward the visible head of the Church were the two things which, in his last moments, he recommended to his brethren. So remarkable was his devotedness to the Vicar of Christ that he was styled by Gregory IX "the catholic and apostolic man, Francis."

Obedience to the Church has ever been regarded as a characteristic trait and a precious heirloom of the Third Order. Only those are to be received as members who are "of tried obedience to the Roman Catholic and Apostolic See." Hence, it is the duty as well as the privilege of the Tertiaries ever to defend the rights of the Holy See, in all things to think, feel, and act in union with the Church, and religiously to fulfill the least of her commands and the slightest of her wishes.

Poverty and *detachment* from earthly goods was another of St. Francis's favorite virtues. The poverty of the Son of God in his birth, his life, his passion, and his death made so profound an impression on St. Francis that he espoused poverty as his bride. He regarded poverty as the pearl of great price to acquire which the merchant sacrifices all his goods. No miser ever loved his gold so madly or guarded his treasure so carefully as St. Francis loved and guarded the priceless pearl of poverty. No lover was ever so jealous of his ladylove as St. Francis of his "Lady Poverty."

The Third Order is an order of poverty. The provisions of the Rule regarding the wearing of plain apparel, the observing of frugality, the making of one's last will, all tend to imbue the members with a love of poverty. And how luminously does not this love of poverty and this spirit of detachment shine forth in the lives of so many Saints and Blessed who lived according to the Rule of the Third Order. Theirs is now the kingdom of Heaven because they lived poor in spirit.

Poverty and *penance* are sister virtues, and it is not surprising that St. Francis loved the one as much as the other. How he practiced pen-

ance, is related by his biographer, St. Bonaventure: "Considering those words of the Apostle, 'Those who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its concupiscences,' to clothe his body in the strong armor of the Cross, he began to exercise such severe discipline over all his sensual appetites that he hardly took such food as was necessary for the support of nature; and even when he attained the summit of perfection, he still endeavored, as if only a beginner, to punish, by fresh macerations, the rebellion of the flesh. The hard earth was the ordinary bed of his wearied body, and he often slept sitting leaning his head against a stone or a block of wood, and being covered only with one poor tunic."

This love of penance it was his first care to instil into his followers. When preaching in Tuscany on the necessity of penance, his burning words so inflamed the hearts of his hearers that they flocked to him in great numbers, and asked to be admitted into the one or the other of his religious Orders. It was to satisfy the desire of these good people for a life of penance that he founded the Third Order or Order of Penance. So distinctive of the Third Order is this virtue that it spells the very name and nature of the institution.

No spiritual edifice can exist, however, without the foundation of *humility*. A soul so enlightened as St. Francis's could not but know the value of this virtue. Indeed, so assiduous was he in practicing humility that it is inseparably linked with his name, for he is known as the humble St. Francis. He considered himself in very deed the greatest of sinners, and accounted himself happy to suffer humiliations and reproaches. Overwhelmed with the sense of his nothingness, he used to exclaim, "O my God, who art thou, and who am I?"

That the spirit of the Third Order is one of humility may be gathered from its precepts, customs institutes, and ceremonies, all of which tend to foster humility in the members, to make them humble followers of the humble Francis.

All virtues culminate in *charity*. Charity is at once the secret and the essence of sanctity, the queen of all virtues. Hence, we are prepared to believe that this virtue was nearer and dearer to the heart of St. Francis than all others. So great was his love of God that he is styled the Seraphic Saint. St. Bonaventure says of him: "He seemed to be absorbed in the flame of divine love, as a live coal in a furnace. As soon as he heard the love of God spoken of, he was moved, excited, inflamed, as if the chords of his heart within vibrated to the sound without." He beheld in all things created only manifestations of the divine love, and he loved them because they were God's. His heart went out particularly to poor and suffering humanity. His first care was ever for the lepers and the outcast; he chose to make himself their friend and companion because they were the most friendless and woe-begone in the whole Christian family; and he left it as a heritage to his disciples that they should ever minister to the poor.

Charity pervades the whole Rule and fabric of the Third Order. The fourteen precepts concerning the rule of life are nothing but an amplification of the divine command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Indeed, the Third Order was expressly founded to re-ignite in the hearts of men the love of God and of their fellow men. Hence, the members of this order, besides attending to their personal sanctification, have ever considered themselves especially commissioned by God to oppose "man's inhumanity

to man." How they succeeded in reforming medieval society by setting themselves against the hatreds and injustices, the feuds and civic rivalries, the selfishness and oppression of the time, is a matter of history

Such, then, is the spirit of the Third Order. If carefully examined into, this spirit will be found to be no other than the spirit of the Gospel. "The Franciscan Institutes," says Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical *Auspicato*, "are based wholly on the observance of the precepts of Jesus Christ, for the Holy Founder had no other aim than that the Christian life should be exercised in those precepts—as in a gymnasium—with greater diligence." It is the duty of Tertiaries, therefore, to be models of vigorous Christian life

in the world. To be worthy of their name and calling, Franciscan Tertiaries, must follow in the footsteps of St. Francis: they must acquire his spirit, and practice his virtues. Let them, therefore, be followers of St. Francis, as he was of Christ, and they will without doubt exert the same powerful and beneficial influence on modern society that the members of the Third Order exercised over the minds and hearts of men in the middle ages. For, to use the words of the great Tertiary Pope Leo XIII, "We assure you that the action of the Third Order will be really powerful and efficacious, if its members, each at his post and faithful to the spirit of the Rule, all work at giving the example of great edification."

THE TEST OF RELIGIOUS PERSUASIONS

During the Civil War, there was a general in the northern army who was noted for bravery, but, sad to say, also for infidelity. He seemed to take a special delight in scouting everything religious. His wife, however, was just the reverse, a patient, pious Catholic. They had an only daughter, whom they both loved dearly. The good mother tried to instil into her young heart a love of God and religion, but her efforts were hampered by the frequent blasphemous remarks of the unbelieving father. In the course of time, the child took sick, and the malady soon developed into the dread of happy homes, consumption. Although nothing was spared to effect a cure, the disease made rapid headway, and soon brought the poor child to the brink of the grave. The stern old warrior was standing one day at the bedside of his dying child, his heart ready to break with sorrow, when the child said in a low, soft voice, "Papa, dear papa, in a few hours I must die; now tell me, should I believe what you say, or should I believe what mama tells me, of God and Heaven?" The general was unnerved, and in a broken, sobbing voice he said, "Child, darling, believe what your good mother has taught you." Casting a tender glance towards her father, she took his hand, and said, "Papa, then you also must believe in God; when I am in heaven, I shall pray that you and mama may also come there." With these words she fell back upon the pillows, and her innocent soul stood before her Judge. The father never forgot this prayer of his little girl. He lost his child, but through her he found his God and his religion. He returned again to the Church which he had shunned so long, to find in it a happiness never experienced before.

FEW ARE CHOSEN

CONTINUED

By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O. F. M.

THOUGH Walter's tears relieved him somewhat, they could not wholly calm him, for he could see no way out of his difficulty; and when he finally went to bed, in the hope that he should be able to find a solution in the morning, he sighed and tossed about for another hour before he fell asleep. At six o'clock, after a dream-troubled sleep, he awoke, but in an entirely different frame of mind. It seemed useless to him now to cry over spilt milk. The die was cast; he might as well accept his fate and make the best of it. On no condition would he reveal the real cause of his return to his father; and as he could not resume his studies except under some new plea, he resolved, for the present at least, to abandon all idea of retrieving his misfortune, and to float withersoever the tide of circumstances should bear him.

After breakfasting with his parents, he intimated his desire to be initiated in his new duties, and upon his father's acquiescence accompanied him to his office. The Rolling Wrought Iron Works was doing a by no means unprofitable business; but a recently established large cast iron plant that produced similar work of cheaper quality having absorbed a considerable portion of the trade, Rolling's business had remained at a standstill. While most of the old patrons were retained, nothing was done to get new ones. Mr. Rolling, who still clung to some rather old-fashioned business methods, thought his wares should speak for themselves, and disapproved of wasting money on printer's ink, paper, and postage. Walter thought otherwise; and after his father had spent the whole forenoon explaining to him the various departments of the

business, pointing out difficulties and proposing remedies, Walter expressed his conviction that nothing else was needed to increase the sales than a vigorous campaign of advertising. The old gentleman demurred at first, but, in deference to his son, finally agreed to give the plan a trial, and ended by permitting him to conduct the advertising department for three months regardless of expense.

Not even three weeks were necessary to demonstrate the merits of Walter's plan. Orders began to increase already after a fortnight; and towards the end of the third week they literally poured in. There is a knack in writing advertisements, consisting in charging them with a sort of magnetism, by which they arrest the eye, rivet the attention, and coax the reader into buying with a feeling of profound gratitude for having been so kindly advised of his want. This knack Walter evidently had, and his father was in high glee over his success. Walter's feelings, however, were of a quite different nature. He was merely acting a part, and he could not long keep up the illusion.

A story is told of a comedian who received news of the sudden death of his wife just before he was to appear on the stage. As his part could not be omitted, and no substitute could be found to relieve him, either he had to play, or the audience be dismissed. In this dilemma he agreed to act; but though his speech and gestures and his whole exterior were so comical that the audience was convulsed with laughter, his own heart was bleeding within him. Such was the condition of Rolling. He had tried to suppress his grief by throwing his whole soul into his

new work, but he had tried in vain. While his labors were crowned with success, and superficial observers considered him contented and happy, he himself found his occupation wholly devoid of interest. As tertiary and candidate for the First Order of St. Francis, he had accustomed himself to look upon the goods of this world as paltry pelf, and to strive after loftier ideals. In consequence, his present forced attention to pecuniary affairs, and his daily contact with men of sordid aims and pursuits was thoroughly disgusting. Also the places of amusement that his most respectable acquaintances resorted to, possessed no charms for him. Deprived of the purer joys which the higher life he had abandoned would have afforded him, and disappointed of the one thing he had sought in the world, the innocent pleasures of other men seemed to him flat and insipid. He craved something racy and spicy, and an opportunity of satisfying his desire soon came.

An old acquaintance of his, who had also spent one year with him at college, but who associated with boys of a quite different stamp, chanced into the office one morning shortly before Christmas, and immediately recognized his former school-mate.

"Hello, old boy!" he exclaimed, shaking him vigorously by the hand. "Glad to see you. Home for the holidays?"

"No, sorry to say, I am home for good this time. I have been here since the middle of November."

"You don't say so! Tired studying?"

"O, no; it is not that. Father needed me in his business; so I thought I had best quit. But I'm half sorry now that I did. Never before in my life have I been so disgusted with everybody and everything. It's this dry-as-dust busi-

ness from morning till night, and time-killing from night till morning."

"Time-killing! With all the means of amusement that St. Louis affords? Why don't you go to the theaters and concerts? An old actor like you ought to enjoy that."

"Perhaps I ought; but it's a fact, I don't. Nothing seems to have any more attraction for me; everything is unutterably dull and uninteresting."

Walter's companion did not reply immediately. He seemed to have a suggestion ready, but he bit his lip thoughtfully as he surveyed Rolling's splendid figure, and remained silent. Evidently the proposal he was meditating was not a good one; but unaccustomed as he was to scruple, his hesitation did not last long.

"I tell you what, Walt," he said, "try an evening with us at the 'Four-leaf Clover'. We have a crowd there that will not let the time hang heavy on your hands, I'll warrant you that. What do you say, I'll come to get you to-night?"

Strange to say, Rolling felt an attraction toward this fellow whom at college he scarcely ever condescended to accost; and he was strongly inclined to accept his invitation. He wanted some excitement to break the tedium of his present life; and so, after very little urging on the part of his new friend, he promised to accompany him.

What happened that night at the "Four-leaf Clover" need not be recounted. Suffice it to say, that there was no lack of excitement in what he saw and heard and did there; and when he returned home after midnight, with twenty-five dollars won in gaming in his pocket, he was fairly started on the inglorious career of a gambler. The chief events of that career can be briefly told. It was the old, old story of utter abandonment to vice

in the senseless hope of quelling grief, or stifling remorse, or of filling the void of the heart that Heaven alone is destined to fill. Lured by his first successes, Rolling soon staked larger sums, but was most unfortunate; and finding himself deeply in debt, he did not scruple to embezzle large sums of money that his father believed him to be expending in advertising.

At first, in consideration of Walter's inestimable services, Mr. Rolling was inclined to be indulgent towards him; but his late and ever later hours, and his consequent late appearance in the office every morning finally necessitated the administering of a mild reproof. Mild as it was, however, it was received with a very bad grace, and bore no fruit. Walter had outgrown the fear of his father's anger, and was less than ever disposed to accept advice. In his self-conceit, he even thought "the old man" would not dare to reprimand him again. When things have come to such a pass, a serious rupture is inevitable; and what Walter's purblind pride prevented him from observing, he was again to learn through sad experience.

When Mr. Rolling made the startling discovery one evening in June, that his son had gambled away a large part of his fortune, his mild forbearance gave way to ungovernable rage. Heedless of his wife's remonstrances, he protested he would disinherit him; and he kept his word. It was one o'clock before Walter came home, but his father was waiting for him; and meeting him at the door, he reproached him most bitterly as a gamester and thief, ordering him forthwith to quit the premises and never again to appear in his sight.

Here was another thunderclap from a clear sky. "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" Yet

though taken by surprise, Walter was in no wise reformed. He continued his former habits, at first in St. Louis, afterwards in various other cities, roving from place to place for some seven or eight years, until the notice of his father's death, which he chanced to see in a newspaper, struck him with remorse, and he resolved to seek his former home, to amend his ways, and, if possible, to comfort the last days of his heartbroken mother.

Like the scriptural prodigal, he straightway set about carrying out his resolution, and boarded the next train for his native city. It was a bitter cold day late in November, the very month in which eight years previously he had bidden farewell to his Alma Mater. Rolling thought of that unfortunate event and of the striking contrast between his feelings then and now. He felt not the slightest inclination now to indulge himself the luxury of a cigar or the diversion of a newspaper; he was in far too penitential a mood for that. Yet his determination at all costs to break with the past revived his spirits wonderfully; and in anticipation of the peace of heart he hoped soon to enjoy, he felt happier than he had ever felt since the day his wayward course began. Painful as it was to think that eight of the best years of his life were irreparably lost, one consolation remained: he was still comparatively young; a large part, perhaps even the greatest portion, of his life was still before him. Might he not by redoubled efforts, like St. Augustine, atone for the past? Might he not even yet, howsoever tardily, follow God's call, enter the Franciscan Order, and become a priest? The thought came as an inspiration; and after revolving it over and over in his mind, he decided to act on it. Yes, renegade that he was, unworthy of the religious garb and priestly robes, it

yet seemed to him as if by these alone he might retrieve the past. As soon as he reached St. Louis, he would make his peace with God, and then beg for admission into the Franciscan Order. Only when he should be able to impart the joyful news of his promised admission, would he present himself to his mother. She who had even at the last moment interceded for him with his enraged father, would surely welcome him; and happiness would yet brighten her declining years.

What a delightful world this would be, if our fond wishes were always realized as fancy loves to fashion them! Dream on, penitent prodigal, and enjoy the blissful prospect while it lasts. Even now your mother is on the brink of the grave, and ere the sun shall rise again,

her eyes shall be closed forever.

Meanwhile night had fallen. The firmament was veiled with clouds, and without, except where the passing train for a moment dispelled the gloom, it was dark as pitch. Rolling was still busy with his plans. Wrapped up in thoughts of the future, he had quite forgotten the past, and was oblivious even of the present. when three fierce toots from the engine suddenly pierced the air, and were followed after the briefest interval by a terrific crash. At the sound of the whistle, Walter had leaned over to raise the sash of the window, but he had scarcely seized the latch, when he was thrown violently forward against the next seat, and then thrust he knew not where into utter darkness.

(To be concluded)



A SAFE INVESTMENT

"A rich merchant," writes Salmeron, "was once entertained by a king, who asked him among other things, how much he possessed. "A thousand dollars, Your Majesty," was the quick, but surprising answer. The king considered it a jest, and plainly told the man that trifling was out of place. The merchant then gave the following explanation: "I said a thousand dollars, Your Majesty, and I spoke the truth. I have given that amount to the poor, and therefore I possess so much. All the rest that I have, is threatened by many dangers, and I may lose it at any time. To-day it is mine, to-morrow it may belong to someone else. Therefore, I can not call it my property."

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O. F. M.

26. Hardening for the Clash

ON two occasions, before departing for China, Fr. Victorin had been carried away by emotion, and had betrayed a desire for martyrdom. The disclosure brought tears to the eyes of his hearers. On the way from Antwerp to the port of Marseilles, he stopped at Paris, and called at the Seminary of Foreign Missions. There he visited a chapel known as the Hall of Martyrs, where the relics of martyred members of the Foreign Mission Society are treasured. What passed in his soul on this occasion, he reveals in a letter to his mother: "Mother, when I had entered that hall, I fell upon my knees and wept and prayed. And though I know it will add to your grief, yet I must tell you, I begged God for the grace of martyrdom, for the grace to shed my blood for our holy religion."

At Port Said, he met his bishop, Mgr. Christiaens, and learnt to his great joy that in China he was to bear the same name as the Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, martyred in China in 1840. On passing Utchang, where Blessed Perboyre was martyred, he directed the following prayer to his saintly patron: "Blessed Perboyre, help me to be a holy missionary even as thou, help me to teach the poor people of China the love of God and to win many souls for him; and, though I fear the grace will not be mine,—I am not worthy of it,—I would fain die a martyr as thou didst. Yes, could my last days but be like thine!" A heroic prayer indeed, when one recalls the terrible agony of Fr. Perboyre's last days.

Down to the present day, the missionaries have had to be pre-

pared at all times for a martyr's death, especially into the provinces remote from the central government. Secret societies, hostile to the dethroned Tatar dynasty, covertly laid their schemes in favor of a native Chinese government. The year of Fr. Victorin's arrival was especially marked by nativist outbreaks in Southern China. These secret societies, while clinging stubbornly to all native traditions, nurtured a deadly hatred toward everything foreign, above all toward the Christian religion. Their hatred for Christianity broke restraint when the missionaries, to check the annoyance of their Christian charges, sought the aid of foreign consuls. It is a fact worthy of note and confirmed by numerous reports, that the partisans of these societies generally vented their spleen alone on Christians, and to evade their attacks, one had only to declare oneself not a Christian, or to renounce Christianity for the future.

27. Off to the Front

Ever since February 1898, Fr. Victorin had been at home in Tanshe-shan. On August 28 of that year, he received a hurried message from Mgr. Christiaens at Ichang, ordering him to Che-keu-chan to relieve Fr. Marcellus, the missionary of that district, who was mortally ill. Che-keu-chan lay in the heart of a region that was infested by rebel nativists. To make matters worse, the newly baptized Christians of the neighborhood were little to be depended on. Fr. Victorin promptly obeyed the summons of his bishop, even though, as he says in a note inclosed in a letter home and not intended for his mother, he knew it might be his death.

At the time, however, the good father did not think that death under the circumstances could be called martyrdom, and so he was resolved to defend himself in the event.

September 5 found Fr. Victorin in Che-keu-chan. On the twenty-fifth of that month, he set out for Ichang, taking with him Fr. Marcellus, whom he nursed with the tenderest care. Leaving the residence of Che-keu-chan, where in a few weeks Fr. Victorin was to find his death, the two apostles sang alternately a beautiful French song, a farewell to departing missionaries, composed by Abbe Dalet, and set to music by Gounod. It had been rendered at the Seraphic College of Lokeren on the occasion of Fr. Victorin's leave-taking. Fr. Victorin began:

A last farewell, dear friends that leave us
In climes afar of God to tell!
No more we meet till bliss receive us.
With life's last greeting, fare ye well!

Fr. Marcellus continued:

Go forth to press the high emprise,
To God each pain and care commending,
And, though to daunt you, hell arise,
Undaunted still the task attending,
When chains enmesh the faltering limb,
With caittif grasp the body rending,
The soul with death in combat grim,—
Rejoice!
To heights of bliss your flight is wending.

On October 1, they arrived at the episcopal city of Ichang. Fr. Victorin remained there a few days. In this way, Providence gave the Bishop and his good brethren the consolation of enjoying his company for the last time, while Fr. Victorin had an opportunity to prepare for the final struggle. It was the intention of Bishop Christiaens to leave Fr. Victorin at Che-keu-chan till the middle of February following, and then to have him return to Ichang. But God had disposed otherwise. After leaving Ichang for his new residence, Fr. Victorin returned no more.

28. Surveying the Field

In the solitudes of Che-keu-chan,

high up in a mountain ridge, lost in the mists, and "close to heaven," as the good Father said, Fr. Victorin made his yearly retreat, meditating the great truths which nerve the soul, and prepare it for heroic action. Did he surmise that it was his last retreat? One of his last letters home seems to indicate that he did. "What would you say if the rebels came to send me to Heaven? I dare not hope it, I am not worthy of the grace. But then, what a pleasure it would be to me in Heaven, if you were found one day kneeling before my picture! But, joking aside, pray very much for me, that God's holy will be done in my regard. All that God wills and wishes, I, too, will and wish. Live Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Heaven!" Still, not to make his mother too anxious, he added in the quaint, dialect of his home, "Mother, never fear their gods, they don't bite."

The retreat had invigorated Fr. Victorin. Now it was time to rally his laggard band of Christians; for the storm would burst upon sheep and shepherd alike. The good Father sought to arouse them from their indifference by pointed words of admonition and by threatening to leave them to their fate. "You will not listen to your spiritual father," said he to them, "Very well your father needs you not. He will go to Siao-me-tien; there the Christians mark the words of their spiritual father and love him." But the poor people mended their ways. On the Feast of All Saints, they came to him, threw themselves at his feet, begged pardon, and promised to give ear to his warnings in future. The happy turn of events was certainly a great comfort to the Father. It was no less certainly a great grace for his neophytes, who, without knowing it, faced a terrible death.

29. The Enemy's Call to Arms

Sad days were ahead for the Christians of Che-keu-chan. On November 14, 1898, the leaders of neighboring nativist clubs issued a proclamation of hostilities, which left no doubt that the Christian religion was the object of their hatred. It was headed: "Decree of Extirpation of the Christian Religion. For the deliverance of the oppressed for the peace of the law-abiding, for the expulsion of foreigners, for the glory of China in Chinese days when the religions of Con-fu-tse, Loa-tse, and Buddha prevailed." This was set off by a shrieking report of Christian horrors since Tatar times, in which the Christians came in for atrocious charges, some as old as Christianity, others too foolish for any but unreasoning fanatics to place store by. It continued: "From the emperor and his ministers down to the last mandarin everybody trembles at their power. They put up with it in silence, but it is because they dare not protest. But the voice of the Chinese people is growing louder. Gods and men tremble with rage. Heaven and

earth have done with their patience. Then let us unite, body and soul, and forward! Let us strike up the great chant of Justice! Let us grind to dust the god of the Christians! Let us crush the vermin! Let us deliver China! Let us tear down the churches, and lay them in ashes! Peace to the loyal!" It wound up with a pretence of loyalty and an appeal to the almost superstitious fear of authority which marks the Chinaman. "Let us take care not to grieve our mandarins; that would be adding to your misfortune. Let us take care not to kill the mandarins; they love justice. Let us take care not to molest the people, but rather look to the welfare of the law-abiding! Forward, friends, let us carry out heaven's will! Let us have satisfaction! And if we triumph, what joy, what comfort for us! We extend this appeal to you with the deepest deference!"

Really, the tone and cant and hypocrisy put one in mind of a set of windmill-fighting patriots in our own America. But it wrought its intended mischief!

STELLA MATUTINA

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Between the dawn and shadows of the night,
 Before the sun has brought the perfect day,
 Ere o'er the morn it casts a glimmer gray,
 A star shines forth to usher in the light.

Through all Jerusalem a radiance white
 Is shed abroad by its pure, crystal ray,
 The Temple's ancient splendor pales away
 Before the luster of its rising bright.

'Tis e'en a little child whose beauty rare
 And loveliness make glad the holy place;
 Her people's honor, Israel's joy most fair,
 The rightful pride and boast of all the race;
 The very heart of God takes pleasure there
 And in her, man once more with God finds grace.

M. Y.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ST. FRANCIS'S DEVOTION TO MARY

Devotion to Mary is as old as Christianity. To her, as to a loadstone, the hearts of all true Christians have ever felt themselves instinctively and irresistibly drawn. This is true particularly of the saints of God, so much so that devotion to the Blessed Virgin has come to be regarded as a characteristic trait of sanctity. Few saints have been elevated by God to greater heights of sanctity, and few have had a more ardent love for our Lady than St. Francis of Assisi.

Already at the beginning of his conversion, he conceived a very tender affection for the Mother of God. When he saw the little sanctuary of St. Mary of the Angels in ruins, "he resolved," as St. Bonaventure tells us, "out of his fervent devotion to the Queen of the world, to remain there, in order to repair and restore it." Here, in the sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, he received from God the call to lead a life of poverty. Hither he led his first disciples to vest them in the garb of poverty and gird them with the cincture of penance. Hither, to the feet of the Refuge of Sinners, he used to withdraw from his missionary labors to implore her intercession for the salvation of sinners. "This place," says his biographer, "was loved by the holy man above all places of the world; and this, at the hour of his death, he commended to his brethren as a spot most dear to the Blessed Virgin." It was doubtless at the suggestion of St. Francis that a statute was adopted by the brethren in the first general chapter, to say a solemn Mass in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, every Saturday, in all the convents of the Order, and he enjoined on the friars to discourse on all her glories and to bestow on her all the encomiums she deserved on account of her dignity and her privileges. In preparation for the Feast of the Assumption, he used to fast forty days. His writings abound in expressions of filial affection for Mary, and her sweet name was ever on his lips. One of his favorite sayings was: "When I say 'Hail, Mary, full of grace,' Heaven smiles, earth exults, hell trembles, angels rejoice, and demons take to flight."

This example of the holy Founder could not but have its effect on his spiritual children. Hence, we find the members of the Seraphic Family vieing with each other to do honor to their Patroness and Mother. Learned doctors, like St. Bonaventure and Blessed John Duns Scotus; great poets, like Jacopone and Dante; powerful preachers, like St. Bernardine and St. Leonard; zealous Popes, like Pius IX, Leo XIII, and Pius X; holy kings, like St. Louis and St. Ferdinand—have done their utmost to promote the honor of the Blessed Virgin. We of to-day should, indeed, be degenerate children and unworthy followers of St. Francis if our hearts were devoid of affection for our Blessed Lady. What do we propose to do, during the month consecrated to her honor, to show our love and veneration for her?

NOT WELCOME

The Tertiaries of San Francisco have raised their voices to swell the general chorus of protest against the appointment of Ernesto Nathan as Commissioner to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This action of the Tertiaries has our hearty approval and commendation, for it shows that they are animated by true Franciscan love and respect for the august person

of the Holy Father, whom the Jewish ex-Mayor of Rome, during his term of office, took a fiendish delight in lamprooning.

Why the choice should have fallen on a naturalized Jew to represent the Italian government at the great exposition, is a mystery to us. For, besides misruling Rome and maligning the Pope, Signor Nathan has, to our knowledge, done nothing to merit the honor. But, "nature hath framed some strange fellows in her time," and a goodly number of them is to be found at the head of affairs in Italy. Surely, such farseeing statesmen as Italy boasts, must have known that the appointment of Nathan would be looked upon by the Catholics of this country as extremely tactless, if not as a deliberate insult. Is the whole affair, perhaps, a scheme on the part of the Italian government to withdraw its consent to participate in the exposition, and then to throw the blame on the Catholic Church? If the nomination of the notorious ex-Mayor of Rome is merely a blunder, the national honor of Italy will not suffer in the least by acknowledging her mistake; if it is a premeditated act of hostility against the Catholic Church, the more is the shame and pity. In either case, however, the Catholics of this country have a right to protest.

We sincerely hope that the President of the Exposition will be able to prevail on the Italian government to reconsider its action. If not—well, Catholic tourists may "get their money's worth" in San Diego just as well as in San Francisco.

PIOUS UNION FOR THE SALVATION OF THE DYING

The Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., who has long been active in the cause of saving dying sinners, has, with the permission of the ecclesiastical superiors, founded a "pious union in honor of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death, for the salvation of the dying." This union is made up of the more fervent members of the confraternity of the same name and purpose. The members of the new union make it their life-work to assist the dying by giving to God the fruit of impretation of all their good works and prayers and sacrifices, as a means to obtain the grace of a happy death for the many thousands of persons that daily depart this life. By "fruit of impretation" is meant the gain in actual graces that accrues to us from our good works. For a fuller explanation of the scope of this association we must refer the reader to the manual compiled by the Reverend Father, in which the purpose of the union is set forth, and ways and means of aiding the dying are suggested. It augurs well for the success of the union that the first edition of this booklet issued about a month ago, has already been exhausted. A second edition is now printing. We urgently request our readers to procure a copy of this manual and to read it carefully. Certainly, a work so eminently charitable and so dear to the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer as rescuing souls from eternal perdition, should appeal to every child of the Seraphic Patriarch St. Francis, who was literally consumed by his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls.

AMONG OUR NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

Dr. William Thornton Parker, of Northampton, Massachusetts, has published in book-form a series of papers "concerning our North

American Indians, Scouts, Soldiers, and others, who have lived upon the wild, dangerous frontier during the Sixties and later." In these papers, the author recounts his experiences as Surgeon in the U. S. Indian Service during the days when life in the Wild West was full of adventure and romance. The book contains a wealth of information on a variety of interesting topics, and as the author speaks from personal observation and long experience, we venture to say that the information he imparts is much more reliable than that which the casual reader may have gathered from popular histories or Indian stories. Dr. Parker has studied carefully the character, the customs, and the religion of the aborigines, and, during his long sojourn among them, he has learnt to admire and love them. He sympathizes with their present hapless lot, and does not mince his words when criticizing the Government's Indian policy. "It is well-nigh useless," he says, "to call attention to the fact that our whole Indian policy, although very much improved of late years, has been one of neglect. Nowhere on the face of the earth can we find aborigines to be compared with those of the North American continent. Those who know them best agree that they are certainly worthy of a better fate. To know how much could be done for these 'children', and to witness how comparatively little is being done by a nation blessed with such great wealth as ours, is simply deplorable. The labors of Catholic and other missionaries and of that unselfish society of noble women, who voice their necessities in the little paper called the *Indian's Friend*, ought to be able to make some impression on this nation. The Indians are so rapidly passing away that the opportunities for making amends for the wrong done them will not last long."

All in all, the book is, in our opinion, a valuable contribution to this kind of literature. If we have any fault to find with any particular paper, it is in the one "Concerning American Indian Womanhood." This study, we think, should have been omitted as it can be of interest only to members of the medical profession.

It may interest our Tertiary readers to learn that Dr. Parker is a devout and enthusiastic Franciscan Tertiary and a constant reader of the *Herald*.

Personal Experiences among our North American Indians, W. Thornton Parker, M. D., Northampton, Mass. Price \$2. 00.

RECENT MISSIONARY LITERATURE

We are very grateful to the Rev. James A. Walsh, of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, for two volumes which he has had the kindness to send us recently. The one, entitled *A Modern Martyr*, is a new biography of the late Theophane Venard, who was martyred for the faith, in China. It is a charming life of a charming character, and its charm rests chiefly on the personal letters of the martyred priest, that make up the greater part of the life-story. The author displays rare judgment and skill in the selection and arrangement of his material, and brings out quite well the lovable character of the blessed martyr. It is a distinct and lifelike portrait of the young apostle that is held up to our admiring gaze in these letters. The work is, in reality, an autobiography in which the Blessed Theophane reveals his beautiful soul, his clear and sane judgment, his fecund imagination, his firm will, his lofty ideals, his sweet disposition, his tender affections, his manly piety, his strong faith,

and still stronger love of God. This (the fifth) edition of the life "is dedicated to the Catholic youth of America in the hope and belief that among them many will be found to follow Christ the whole way into the wilderness for the souls that He has died to save."—

Stories from the Field Afar is a worthy counterpart of *A Modern Martyr*. This little volume contains fifteen short-stories that have appeared from time to time in *The Field Afar*. The stories are well told, and they make interesting reading. All in all, the volume is just such a book as one might wish to have at hand to fill up an idle hour with the consciousness that one's time is profitably spent. No one will read these simple tales of the missions without feeling refreshed in mind and heart. The value and attractiveness of the booklet is greatly enhanced by seventeen full-page illustrations.

We heartily welcome both these volumes because we think that they contribute, at least in some measure, to fill a long-felt want. English publications on foreign mission topics are by no means so numerous as to flood the market. Yet, without suitable missionary literature, it is vain to hope for a revival of the missionary spirit among our English-speaking people. To foster this spirit, is, in our opinion, one of the real needs of the hour. For, in proportion as this spirit dies out among the people, their faith also will languish, and a decline in faith is inevitably followed by a decline in morals. It is for these reasons that we wish both these volumes a hearty Godspeed and the widest possible circulation, especially among aspirants to the holy priesthood.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York. Price 60 cents postpaid.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

With most of us prayers usually take the form of petitions. We are constantly asking God for something; but do we always appreciate His goodness when our prayers are answered? Do we remember to come back, as did the one grateful leper in Holy Scripture, to thank our Lord for what he has done for us, or are we like those nine others, who thoughtlessly went on their way without bestowing even as much as a thought upon the great miracle that had been wrought in their behalf?

How many of us have ever thanked God for the wonderful grace of baptism? We have had the Faith from our very birth, not because of any merit of our own—many of those who have been deprived of it are far more deserving of this blessing than we—but just through God's goodness to us. Had he so willed it, we might be like the poor heathen. Therefore, is it asking too much of each one to do some little thing for God out of pure gratitude for His wonderful gift of Faith?

Suppose every Catholic in our diocese were to follow the suggestion given in the following note. Think what the combined offerings would accomplish in the mission field! What better way to share our precious gift with others? The note reads thus:

"Please find enclosed \$1 which I wish to offer to God in thanksgiving for the grace of baptism, on the occasion of the anniversary of my birth. May God direct others to do the same, so that many more dollars may find their way to our needy missionaries to assist them in their work of saving souls."—Boston Pilot.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XIV

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

THE Rt. Rev. Gabriel Diaz Vara Calderon, Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, on August 23, 1674, arrived in St. Augustine for the purpose of making the canonical visitation of this part of his diocese. He began his labors on the next day by conferring Minor Orders on seven young men of the best white families. This is the first instance, as far as known, that holy Orders were administered within the limits of the United States.

On August 29, the Bishop was solemnly received at the Franciscan monastery by Fr. Antonio de Urchia, Visitor-General, Fr. Francisco Perete, Provincial, and Fr. Alonso del Moral, Custos and ex-Provincial.

As in other parts of the Spanish dominions, (the same obstacles were encountered by the Jesuit missionaries in the French Canadian mission field) greedy and irreligious merchants, masters, and officials in Florida would discourage or prevent their Indian servants from attending religious instruction and worship. The result was ignorance of the very rudiments of religion among the natives. The zealous Bishop determined to bring such faithless Catholics to a sense of their duty. On October 7, therefore, he issued an edict command-

ing all masters, under penalty of excommunication and a fine of twenty ducats, to send their Indian servants to the catechism classes conducted by the Franciscans every Sunday and holiday. The masters were also forbidden to work their servants on Sundays and holydays.

Bishop Calderon went further. He personally visited the outlying Indian missions in order to ascertain their needs. Undeterred by rains, he would cross rivers in canoes lashed together. In such a manner, he reached Santa Fe, the chief mission of the Timuquan tribes, and there gave Confirmation to all who had been prepared. Thence he made his way as far as Taragica, in the Apalachian country.

For eight months the good Bishop thus traveled over Florida, regulating the ecclesiastical affairs of the country, and correcting abuses that had crept into the widely scattered flock. Not content with merely giving orders, Bishop Calderon expended eleven thousand dollars in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the faithful of both races.

From his report, as Shea points out, we find that five new missions were established in this and the following year. They were San Nicho-

las de Tolentino, and another not named, among the Choctaw Indians, La Asuncion among the Caparaz, Amacanos, and Chines, La Candelaria among the Tamas, and La Natividad de Nuestra Senora. Furthermore, the report shows that Fr. Pedro de Luna was stationed at Guadalquini, probably Jykill Island on the Georgia coast; Fr. Pedro de la Lastra at San Felipe, six leagues from Guadalquini; Fr. Diego Bravo at San Juan del Puerto; Fr. Bernabe de los Angeles at Santa Catalina, now St. Catherine's; Fr. Juan Bautista Campana at San Jose de Sapa-la, now Sapelo; and Fr. Juan de Useda at Asao, or St. Simon's Island. From this it is clear that Indian missions were maintained by the friars almost to within the vicinity of the new English settlements in south Carolina, and that the energetic Bishop Calderon must have indeed reached South Carolina on his thorough visitation. The Bishop reports the number of Christians, children and adults, confirmed as 13,152, which agrees with the Catholic population given by the missionaries about that time, as Shea observes. In 1676, the year following the Bishop's visitation tour, and probably as a result of his demands upon the king, Fr. Alonso del Moral, in spite of great opposition, as Barcia remarks, returned to Florida with twenty-four volunteer friars, and was with much cordiality welcomed at St. Augustine by Governor Juan de Hita y Salazar.

The King of Spain, finding that no Synod had been held in the diocese of Cuba from its inception, in 1673 directed Bishop Calderon to convoke one; but, as the good Bishop died on March 16, 1676, possibly in consequence of the hardships endured in Florida, the duty fell to his successor the Rt. Rev. Juan Garcia de Palacios. The sessions opened at Havana on Whitsunday,

1684. The Constitution, signed June 16, continued in force in Florida until the Spanish flag ceased to wave over the territory.

What concerns us here is only the legislation which affected the Indian missions and their wards. In accordance with Papal Bulls on the subject, the Synod of Havana exempted the Indians from observing the holydays of obligation, not fewer than thirty-eight, kept by Spaniards. The Indian Catholics were obliged to abstain from work and to assist at holy Mass, in addition to Sundays, only on the following days: Circumcision, Epiphany, Purificatian, Annunciation, Ascension, Corpus Christi, S.S. Peter and Paul, Assumption, All Saints, and Christmas. Likewise, the Indians were obliged to fast only on Fridays in Lent, on Holy Saturday, and on Christmas Eve.

The title in the Acts of the Synod treating of Florida closes with words that fairly express the sentiment with which Mother Church, and the Spanish laws as well, always regarded the poor natives of America. "Obeying", says the article, "another royal order of May 21, 1678, in which His Majesty, in keeping with His Catholic piety, charges us that we should, on our part, provide with all attention and vigilance, for the relief and the good treatment of the Indians, we most affectionately admonish the missionaries to treat them well and charitably, and not to consent that any person, ecclesiastical or secular, maltreat them in word or deed, using due effort in all cases, in a matter so important to the service of God and His Majesty, wherewith we charge them in conscience."

Unfortunately, although she found that Florida was not self-supporting, Spain neglected to plant settlements on the Chesapeake, were shell-fish and wild fowl have proved a resource. She allowed the English

to plant that district, and at last to extend their settlements to the country immediately north of St. Helena Sound. In proportion as

the new English colony in South Carolina grew, it became a menace to the Spanish possessions, and eventually ruined them.

MODE OF TRAVEL OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES

By Fr. Casimir, O.F.M.

HAVING in a previous article given a brief sketch of the Indians' mode of life in northern Wisconsin some thirty years ago, I now propose to acquaint our readers with the mode of travel adopted by the missionaries of those early days. In those days, the missionaries were always accompanied in their travels by at least two Indians. One of the latter carried the necessary provisions, the chief articles of which were the tent, a blanket for each of the travelers, and flour. The other carried the box containing the Mass goods. These journeys were usually made on foot, the travelers mostly following the so-called Indian trails, that is, paths that lead through the woods on an air line to one's destination. As might be expected, the missionaries were put to many an awkward shift in order to make progress, oftentimes being obliged either to scramble or to leap over fallen trees that had barred their way. Creeks were crossed by means of trees that had fallen across; or, where such a natural bridge was wanting, by vaulting over with a pole. This would doubtless be great fun for our athletic American boys; and for the Indians, too it was easy enough; but for the missionaries, who were no longer nimble youngsters, it was often very hard to overcome these obstacles.

In spring and in the fall, these journeys presented special difficulties owing to the muddy roads,

which were nothing but a series of mudpools. To evade the tiresome plowing through the heavy mire, one of the Fathers used to walk on partly rotten trees that lay alongside the road. Having been a good gymnast in his college days, he used to jump from one tree to another; but unhappily, to the amusement of his companions, his dexterity sometimes failed him, and missing his mark or slipping from the tree, he plunged headlong into a pool of mud. After such an unintentional mud bath, the good Father was scarcely distinguishable from a genuine son of Africa dyed-in-the-wool.

Whenever a long journey was undertaken near a stream, the usual mode of traveling, when the river was free from ice, was by means of birch canoes. These canoes were made of the bark of the white birch stretched over a very light frame of white cedar. The whole bark is stripped off and put around the frame without being torn. The open ends are then stitched together with strings cut from the roots of the cedar, and are covered with pitch made from the gum of pine-trees. If torn, the canoe can be mended with pieces of bark fastened in the same way and covered with pitch. Such canoes are from twelve to thirty-six feet long, and can carry from three to ten men. Being very light and drawing but little water, they can be paddled with ease, and when they are gracefully formed, as they mostly are, nothing is more

picturesque than the sight of one of them darting swan-like over the sparkling waves.

Whenever rapids rendered a river impassable, or when a portage had to be made between different streams, the canoe could easily be carried by one or two men a distance of six miles or more. The writer recalls an instance where one of his Indian companions carried a sixteen-foot canoe a distance of five miles. The canoe was inverted and placed over the head of the bearer in such a manner as to keep it evenly

day long in order to keep it from sinking.

In the northern part of Wisconsin, the ground is generally covered with snow throughout the winter season; the average depth being from two to five feet, and the drifts measuring from seven to fourteen feet. Over these immense snow-fields the missionaries would travel by means of snow-shoes. Snow-shoes are the Indians' most ingenious invention. They are made of a frame of maplewood from three to four and-a-half feet long and a



Chippewa Indian Maidens

balanced, and then fastened to his shoulders by means of broad leather straps. The other Indian and the missionary himself had to carry the entire baggage on their backs. In navigable waters, both Indians were kept busy plying the paddles; while the missionary had simply to sit still in the center of the boat, for the canoe can easily become unbalanced and capsize. Oftentimes, however, the canoe was damaged by striking a snag or a rock in the stream, and then it was the duty of the priest to drain the boat all

foot-and-a-half wide in the middle, but rounded off in front and tapering to a point behind. This frame is filled in with a network of deer-skin, and fastened to the foot by means of straps of the same leather, only a light mocassin being worn. Supported thus on the surface of the snow, an Indian can travel forty miles and more a day, and can sometimes easily overtake a deer, whose pointed hoofs cut through the crust of the snow, and hinder it from advancing.

When the snow was not deep, we

traveled through the country and across the ice with a team of dogs on a sleigh scarcely larger than that of a school-boy. On uneven roads we had to be very careful lest we should lose our balance and be thrown off; for the cunning animals would use the opportunity to run away. In such an event, the driver often had a hard time to overtake the fugitives and to get hold of them again; while the unfortunate missionary generally had to pick up all his goods, and carry them on his back till he reached the team. We usually had from

two to four dogs hitched to the sled, and they could easily pull two men with all the necessary baggage. The animals had to be fed well the evening before, and then they could do hard work till nightfall. Whenever we met another dog-team, measures had to be taken to prevent a dog-fight, which would have demolished our sled and the harnesses and probably our whole traveling outfit. At the approach of another team, therefore, the driver generally turned his team aside and stood in front of the dogs until the other team had passed.

NEOPIT MISSION

By Fr. Engelhard, O.F.M.

SOME five years ago, there was assigned to me, on the Menominee Reservation, a new field of labor. Where but five years ago stood the forest primeval, there you may see to-day a picturesque Indian village, named after the late Indian Chief Neopit.*

Neopit is a very busy village, possessing one of the finest sawmills of the Northwest. This sawmill was erected by the government with tribal money in March 1908. The Menominee Indians own large tracts of timberland around the mill. The Indians fell the trees, haul them to the mill, where they are cut, and the lumber is then sold on the market. The object of the government in building this mill was to teach the Indians manual labor and to make them self-supporting. Experience has shown that the Indian can be taught to work. A large number of the tribesmen have proved to be good workers and they now live in better circumstances.

The new village is built to the north and east of the mill. Shacks,

and substantial government buildings were erected where but yesterday the sighing pines waved their lofty tops. Since the population of Neopit was steadily increasing, the problem to be solved by the Franciscan Fathers was how to assist these Indians spiritually. After some deliberation, the work was assigned to me.

On my first trip to the new mission, I celebrated holy Mass in the presence of about fifty persons, in the dining hall of the government hotel. Of course, the hotel, where all kinds of people gathered; was not a suitable place for the celebration of the divine mysteries. Yet, for about half a year, I said holy Mass there every other Sunday, thus giving the people a chance to fulfill their Christian duties. The hardships, which I endured, need not be mentioned here. Suffice it to say, that at times, during the divine service in the hotel, some of our civilized whites devoid of all religion and good breeding openly ridiculed the holy Mass and religious

*Neopit Oshkosh, the last Chief of the Menominee tribe, died March 23, 1913, at the age of 83.

things. Often, I had difficulty to find a lodging place for the night, and very often I had to go all day without a meal. Once or twice it happened, that in looking for a night's lodging, I was told I could room with the lumberjacks, which invitation I politely declined.

It was, therefore, my heart's desire to build a church. A petition was sent to the Indian Department in Washington for a land grant as a site for the new church; which pe-

church. On this occasion, Catholic Indians who had hitherto had no courage to attend services in the hotel, manfully appeared in great numbers, in God's own house. The church, of course, was built largely on credit, but, thank God, good benefactors were found who contributed generously. This church dedicated to St. Antony is now an ornament to the village, and is rapidly becoming too small for the ever growing congregation.



Menominee Indians in Gala Attire

tion was finally granted in September 1909. On the 16th of this month, the site for the new church was cleared. The fall being pleasant and very favorable for building, the work on the new church progressed rapidly, and after many weeks of hard labor and much worry, I had the consolation to see the church under roof. November 24 was a day of great joy; for, on that day, I celebrated holy Mass for the first time in the yet unfinished

St. Antony's congregation at Neopit numbers at present 150 families, of which 120 are Indian. What good this church has already accomplished, may be gathered from the fact that since the year 1900, twelve adults have been baptized, thirty-two neglected Catholics instructed and twenty-nine marriages revalidated. To judge from the results already achieved, the Church seems destined to do a great deal of good in this new mission.

Being convinced, however, that lasting fruits can be obtained and preserved only through the influence of a good Catholic school, I determined to erect a school building

even though the means were wanting. I trust in Providence, and hope that generous benefactors will aid the poor Indians to cancel the debt.

EIGHT BEATITUDES OF ST. FRANCIS

“Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.” They are clean of heart who despise earthly things, and always seek those of heaven, and who never cease to adore and contemplate the Lord God living and true, with a pure heart and mind.

Blessed is the man who bears with his neighbor according to the frailty of his nature as much as he would wish to be borne with by him if he should be in a like case.

Blessed is the servant who, when reprovved, mildly submits, modestly obeys, humbly confesses, and willingly satisfies.

Blessed is the servant who is not prompt to excuse himself and who humbly bears shame and reproof for sin when he is without fault.

Blessed is the servant who treasures up in heaven the good things which the Lord shows him and who does not wish to manifest them to men through the hope of reward, for the Most High will himself manifest his works to whomsoever he may please. Blessed is the servant who keeps the secrets of the Lord in his heart.

Blessed is the servant who loves his brother as much when he is sick and useless as when he is well and can be of service to him.

Blessed is he who loves his brother when he is afar off as when he is by his side, and who would say nothing behind his back he might not, in love, say before his face.

Blessed is the servant who thinks himself no better when he is magnified and exalted by men than when he is held to be mean, simple, and of no account. For as a man is before God, that he is and no more.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

(For Franciscan Herald)

By a Tertiary

“WHY, there you are reading again! Surely, you will become a Catholic before you die!” The speaker’s voice, tender and gentle in its reproach, was that of a young girl of seventeen years. Beside her sat a young woman of twenty, busily engaged in reading the Bible. It was no other than the writer of these lines.

“Why, dear, how can you utter such a remark? What makes you think that I shall turn Catholic? If I ever become a Catholic, then you will know that I have gone crazy! What makes you think that I will ever become a Catholic?” I pleaded.

“Oh, you are too pious,” was the laconic reply.

Too pious! What a reason for me to become a Catholic! How could it be possible? I, who had never been in a Catholic church, who did not know the least thing concerning the creed or practice of Catholics, except that they worshipped the Blessed Virgin—I, become a Catholic! How could piety be the means of leading a soul to this Church? This thought passed through my mind time and again. The words of my young friend had made a lasting impression on my soul.

Days passed and weeks. During this time, I was greatly interested in music, and as I perused the lives of eminent musicians, such as Mozart, Mendelsohn, and others, I was quite surprised to learn that a goodly number of the greatest of them were Catholics. This puzzled me considerably. One day, when I realized the necessity of a good music teacher that could assist me in developing my talents, I consulted my young friend.

“Why not go to a convent—St. Mary’s?” she replied. “Sister C—

stands in high repute as a music teacher.”

To a Convent! The very thought filled me with horror. Had I not once turned and fled because I fancied a priest was staring at me? And these gloomy Sisters, this forbidding Convent! How could I dare to go to a place concerning which I had heard reports so dreadful? Nevertheless, after much deliberation, I decided to follow the suggestion of my friend. Accordingly, I plucked up courage, and visited the Convent in company with a Protestant lady, for I dared not go alone. Shall I ever forget those moments of dreadful suspense as we stood waiting before the Convent portal? Not a word passed between my friend and me, and when at length the door opened, we both stood without in painful silence. The spell was broken by a voice from within, asking whom we desired to see. Whom? Why, I did not know. Finally I stammered:

“Could I see the one who teaches music?”

“Oh,” came the answer, “I believe you wish to see Sister C—.”

We entered, and all was silent. Suddenly a bell was heard, and again fear and anxiety filled our hearts. What was going to happen? What did it mean? Still I waited with a determination to meet anything—even death. It may be well to inform the reader that this was the time of the A. P. A. movement; I myself lived with an A. P. A. family; and hence the reader will easily understand the cause of our fear. But what was our surprise when presently the door swung open, and before us stood a delicate Sister all in black—one of the most lovely beings I had ever met. All my fears were suddenly allayed.

Her manner was so gentle, her tone so reassuring, that I felt quite ashamed of myself for harboring any thoughts of suspicion. Without much ado, it was decided that I should come that same evening for my first lesson. Before returning to the Convent, I visited a very devoted friend of mine who, I trust, will one day also be within the true Fold. When she heard of my design, she—through ignorance, not through malice—begged me not to go to the Convent, saying:

"Child, they will make a Catholic of you!"

"How can they," I pleaded, "as long as I have my Bible?"

In spite of her warning, I called at the Convent in due time. The Sister greeted me with kindness, and before long I had received my first lesson in music. I was about to leave when the Sister addressed me, saying:

"Now, dear, the next time you come, call for Sister C—. You know St. Cecilia was a great saint. Pray to her to keep you real good, child."

I was quite amazed to hear the Sister speak thus, and answered:

"Remember well, I do not come here for religion, but for music. If you can not teach me without bringing in your religion, I will not come again."

For a moment, the black-robed lady looked at me in mute surprise; at length her eyes gleamed, and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"My dear friend," she exclaimed, "how was I to know you were not a Catholic? Had I known it, I would never have spoken as I did. But listen, I promise never again to speak to you of religion."

With this understanding we parted. Every night I returned for practice, and every week for my lesson; in consequence, I kept in constant touch with the Sisters.

Easter was drawing near. Some-

how I decided to go to a Catholic church on Easter night. It was certainly a strange sight that greeted my eyes when I entered the sacred edifice. The services and ceremonies, though beautiful, appeared so mysterious to me that I concluded to ask my music teacher at the first opportunity to explain the meaning of these strange things. But she was in retreat, and for two weeks the scenes of that night continued to puzzle me. At length, the time of my regular lesson arrived. By this time, I had become quite fond of my friend at the Convent, and as soon as we met, I told her all the bishop had done that Easter night, and inquired what it all signified. But the Sister remained silent.

"Why won't you tell me?" I begged, with no little impatience.

In a quiet tone she answered, "Have you forgotten our agreement not to speak of religion?"

That night, as we strolled through the Convent garden, the Sister turned to me saying:

"Would you perhaps wish to see our little chapel?"

Gladly I assented. As we entered I noticed the Sister kneel down. Was it by accident that she touched my sleeve as if inviting me to follow her example? I knelt, and, in my own way, prayed to God. The sight of all the kneeling forms in black and white, so silent and devout, touched my heart.

"Madam," I asked as we passed out, "who are those dressed in white?"

"They are novices," she replied.

"Oh," I added, "you are in black; and you can never leave here, can you?"

"Never? Oh, yes," she said, "I could."

"Oh, but you would not wish to leave." With this we parted, each one with her own thoughts.

As the days grew to weeks and

months, our friendship waxed stronger. Heretofore, I had never called my new friend "Sister". One night, she asked me quite abruptly, "My dear, how would you address a doctor?"

"Why, 'Doctor', of course," was my answer.

"And why? Because it is his title. Now, we too have a right to the title of Sister," she argued.

When finally, I addressed her as Sister C—, she said in her sweet way, "Now, that was hard, was it not?" I confess it did cause me no little vexation at first.

What I endured in those days, God alone knows. Often the thought troubled me: was I doing right in visiting the Convent so often? Was I not passing recklessly in and out of the enemy's camp? Had I, perhaps, done wrong, and thereby disgraced myself? These were crushing thoughts, and I had no one to whom I dared confide them. I felt as if even God had forsaken me, and still, all this time he was gently leading me onward into his Fold.

On my next visit, I again asked to be admitted to the little Convent chapel. This time I begged to go up as far to the front as possible. I felt there was something the Sister was kneeling to, something that I could not see. She took me to the foot of the altar, and knelt for a moment in silent prayer. Then, turning to me she said in a low gentle tone:

"Can you not even say, 'My God, I love thee'?"

Words that not describe the sentiments that filled my heart at this invitation. It roused the deepest craving of my soul.

That night, as I passed out into darkness, the cry rose to my lips: can it be that these people really love God after all, that they are not rightly understood, and that I have been deceived? I longed to unravel

this mystery. For weeks I suffered great anguish of soul. How I prayed for light to see the truth and for strength to follow it!

One night, when fears and doubts seemed to crush my spirits, I hastened to the Convent with the intention of pouring out my heart in the little chapel. In that hallowed spot, regardless of the creed of these people, I yearned to pray to the God whom I had learnt to love and serve. Accordingly, when Sister C— appeared, I entreated her:

"Sister, won't you please take me to the chapel?"

She looked at me for an instant, then answered in her usual quiet manner, "No, dear, not to-night."

What a blow! Had even God forsaken me? I burst into tears, for I felt as if my heart would break. Our Lord, however, knew what he was doing; but, for me the trial was hard and bitter.

Thereafter, I continued my visits to the Convent, and found great happiness in being of some service to the Sisters, by bringing food and gifts to the sick of the neighborhood. One evening, at the request of the Sister, I visited a certain lady who was very sick. "She is a convert to our faith," the Sister whispered as I left the room.

A convert! What was that? I determined to seek enlightenment of the sick lady. When I was seated at her bedside, I asked:

"Will you tell me, please, how you ever became a convert? What does it mean?"

Immediately the good woman began to describe her conversion. How her simple story thrilled my heart! How I longed to know the teachings of this despised Church! Then and there I promised the good lady that I would go with her to see a priest as soon as she had sufficiently recovered. Faithful to my promise, I called on my friend after some weeks, and together we went to see

a priest. How strange were not my thoughts and sentiments as I stood for the first time before a real minister of God. Little did I dream that God, in his love, had raised up in this his servant a true friend who was ready to assist me in my hour of need; a wise counselor who dispelled all my doubts and fears; a kind father who, with untiring patience, led me to the feet of our dear Savior. And now that he has passed to his re-

ward, I cherish his memory as that of a man after the heart of God.

Think not, kind reader, that my trials were now at an end. Ah no, the struggle had only begun. But it is my daily prayer that I may fight the good fight and persevere the faith to the end, and eventually receive the crown that the just Judge holds out to all that love and serve him. I have hoped in the Lord, and I know I shall not be confounded.

GOD WILL NOT BE MOCKED

The anniversary of the terrible Titanic disaster calls to mind a strange story which deserves more than a passing notice. While the new monster steamer was building in the shipyards of Belfast, Ireland, it was thought that it would pass through the greatest storms with absolute safety. Among the hundreds of workmen engaged in the construction of the ship, there were many devoid of all religion. Some of these men amused themselves by writing horrible blasphemies on the sides of the new ship. They went so far as to call upon God to sink it if he could, by writing: "Even Christ can not sink this ship." These blasphemies were covered indeed when the ship was painted, but they afterwards again became visible and legible. A Catholic officer of the Titanic who saw the blasphemous words, wrote to his parents, "I am convinced that this ship will never reach America on account of the shocking blasphemies which are written on its hull." His parents who live in Dublin, still preserve this letter as a remembrance of their son. We know how the foreboding of this officer was realized. The scoffers, indeed, believed that their blasphemies would cross the ocean year after year, a standing insult to the Almighty. But lo! as they were expecting to hear of its safe arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, there came the crushing news that the ocean colossus had sunk. A collision with an iceberg had sufficed to send the proud ship with the blasphemous inscriptions to the bottom of the sea.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Very Rev. Fr. Paolini, O.F.M., Postulator General of the Order, while recently visiting one of the older churches in Venice, Italy, brought to light two ancient oil paintings by the Flemish artist, Heck, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is hoped that these two paintings will further the cause of beatification of the Ven. John Duns Scotus, the saintly and learned Franciscan, who lived in the early part of the thirteenth century, and who is known as the Champion of the Immaculate Conception. On the one picture, are represented Our Blessed Lady with the Divine Infant, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Patrick, the Apostle of Erin, and Duns Scotus. The halo encircling the head of Duns Scotus goes to show that as early as 1619, (the year when the picture was painted) he was revered by the people as a saint. The second picture is a still more striking evidence of this fact. It represents a procession which, during a public calamity, was held in the city of Cologne, Germany. An inscription on the picture testifies that the painter was present in person at this procession. Six Franciscans are represented carrying on their shoulders a precious reliquary, containing the remains of Duns Scotus; priests and monks, soldiers and citizens take part in the procession. There can be no doubt as to the personages on the two paintings, since the respective name is inscribed below each principal figure. It may be that when the cause of the Ven. John Duns

Scotus is again taken up by the Sacred Congregation, these two paintings will be in great part instrumental in raising him to the honor of our altars.

Ravenna, Italy.—All Italy is preparing to celebrate in a fitting manner the seventh centenary of the great poet Dante, who was wont to pride himself on being a member of the Third Order. Abbe Mesini, one of the chief organizers of the celebrations, has decided to honor the memory of this illustrious Christian bard, by renovating and embellishing the Church of St. Francis at Ravenna, where Dante expressed his wish to be buried.—Franciscan Review.

Paris, France.—The Rev. Fr. Francis Guppi, O.F.M., recently departed this life in the convent of the Friars Minor at Paris. After the death of his wife, which occurred ten years ago, he renounced the world, and joined the Franciscan Order. Strangely enough, all his five sons followed their father's example, and resided with him in the same convent.

Madrid, Spain.—The Spanish Tertiaries will hold a national congress in Madrid, from May 19—20. The Third Order in Spain numbers 187,000 members, of whom Madrid, alone boasts 10,000. Great enthusiasm for the congress prevails among all classes of Tertiaries, in the capital as well as in the provinces, which augurs well for the success of the gathering.

Paderborn, Germany.—The number of Tertiaries in the district of

Paderborn is 4,000. In the city itself, 241 men and 1713 women are members of the Third Order. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese and the Auxiliary Bishop also are Tertiaries. The same is true of 260 priests of the diocese.

Innsbruck, Tyrol.—In the Franciscan convent at Schwaz, Tyrol, the Rev. Fr. Philibert Seeboeck, O.F.M., has recently passed to a better life. Born at Innsbruck, in the year 1830, he joined the Order of Friars Minor in 1858, and twelve years later, was elevated to the holy priesthood. For twenty years, he taught at the Franciscan college in Hall, Tyrol. Later Fr. Philibert lectured on Sacred Theology, and was at the same time very active in the pulpit. He is well known in German-speaking countries as a popular writer. His "Lives of the Saints" is the most widely read of his works, not less than 60,000 copies of this excellent book having been printed within recent years.

Sigmaringen, Germany.—Her Royal Highness, the Infanta of Spain and consort of Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who recently departed this life, was a zealous member of the Third Order. Though of royal birth and exalted station, she was ever a humble child of St. Francis. Besides many of the European nobility, the German Emperor was present in person at her obsequies, which took place at Sigmaringen.

London, England.—Three Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary recently departed for Hendala, an island off the coast of Ceylon. The government has requested them to take charge of the leper colony there. In Rome, Italy, they were joined by nine Sisters of the same Congregation. The building for the Sisters had just been completed, and the poor lepers were impatiently awaiting the arrival of their religious nurses.

Albania.—The Third Order of St. Francis has been organized in all the parishes of which the Franciscan Friars have charge. The branches are in a most flourishing condition. Nearly all the priests of the dioceses, including the Most Rev. and the Rt. Rev. Bishops are members of the Third Order. In Scutari, the fraternity numbers eight hundred members.

Armenia.—The Friars Minor Capuchin are endeavoring to establish religious schools in Armenia, that shall compare favorably with European institutions of a like nature. In a letter the Rev. Fr. Joachim, O. M. Cap., states that the young people of Mamouret-ul-Aziz are very eager for learning, but that the schools and colleges of the country are lacking in moral and Christian training.

North-Shantung, China.—The Rt. Rev. Ephrem Giesen, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic, has received a decoration from the Chinese government. The Department of the Interior despatched one of its officials to present the decoration together with an autograph letter of Yuanshikai, in which the President commended the Rt. Rev. Bishop for his interest in the Province of Shantung, and wished him a long and prosperous administration.

Shensi, China.—All the missionaries in the vicinity of Sian-Fu Province of Shensi, have been ordered to take refuge in Sian-Fu, as the brigands, under the leadership of the dreaded "White Wolf", are within twenty miles of the city.

Santiago de Chile.—The paintings of Fr. Angelico Aranda, O.F.M., exhibited in the Art Museum of Santiago de Chile, have attracted the attention of all. Every one of the thirty-two paintings exhibited manifests the talent and the skill of the Franciscan artist. Even the secular daily press publishes lengthy descriptions and critical reviews of

the masterpieces which, for the most part, represent interesting and remarkable scenes from the romantic history of Spain. Fr. Angelico was born in Santiago de Chile, August 5, 1870. Already in his early youth, he manifested a special liking for the art of painting and unmistakable signs of talent. Oftentimes did he delight his fellow students and confreres in religion with the productions of his pencil and brush. Later his superiors sent him to Europe to complete his studies under the guidance of eminent masters in Italy and Spain, and to visit the art museums of these countries. A few years since, he returned to his native Chile, where he devoted himself wholly to the cultivation of the talents and gifts with which God has so abundantly blessed him.

Montreal, Canada.—The English-speaking Franciscans of Canada have founded a seraphic college, where aspirants to the holy Order of St. Francis will receive their classical education. The Rev. Ethelbert, O.F.M., has been appointed director of the new college. The *Franciscan Herald* wishes the Reverend Fathers success in this important undertaking.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Franciscan Fathers having charge of the holy places in Palestine are obliged to raise funds for the maintenance of these sanctuaries. Those who assist in this pious work are known as crusaders since they continue in a manner the work begun by the famous knights of old. For some years, citizens in the southern part of St. Louis were familiar with the work done by Mrs. Mary Cullen, one of the faithful members of this band. This old lady, a member of the third Order of St. Francis, accomplished wonders for her cherished work, raising funds for the purpose of preserving the holy places in Jerusalem. Her gentle manner and

cheerful spirit made her a welcome visitor in the homes of SS. Mary and Joseph parish, where she was known to all. One of remarkable faith and piety and wisdom, the result of reflection on Catholic truths, she bore with sweet resignation the affliction of her last years, and departed this life on March 9, fortified by the sacraments of the Church. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Patrick Cullen and a daughter, Mrs. Robert Rutherford.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the monthly meeting of the English branch of the Third Order in March, forty-six novices made their profession. On the feast of St. Joseph, Nora Gleeson, a novice, made her profession privately at home. She is an invalid, being confined to her bed since her childhood days. Nora, in her complete resignation to the holy will of God, gives the example of a true Christian, who is content and happy in spite of her bodily infirmities. The Tertiaries of St. Peter's Church have every reason to congratulate themselves on having so pious a soul belonging to their branch of the Third Order.—Since the beginning of 1914, the fathers of St. Peter's Church, have erected and blessed Stations in fourteen different churches and chapels.—The Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., preached a retreat of three days to the graduating class of the De La Salle Institute. Eighty-five young men took part in these spiritual exercises.

Keshena, Wis.—There are about two hundred Indian children attending our school this year. Most of the smaller children are ready to receive first Holy Communion. Practically all of those that have made their first Holy Communion, approach the Holy Table every Saturday and Sunday. Besides all observe the first Friday, and at least twenty receive their Savior every day, freely and gladly, asking for

the privilege to do so. It has happened that little girls wept when being prevented from approaching on account of sickness or some other cause. The fact that they must rise half an hour earlier in order to be able to receive at the six o'clock Mass, shows the purity of their intention in this matter as well as the spirit of sacrifice, especially in the winter season and in a climate where the thermometer not unfrequently drops to twenty-five below zero. This pious custom of our children swelled the number of Holy Communions at our Keshena mission to 25,000 in the year 1913. At the sight of so rich a harvest of spiritual fruits, it is a grave mistake to assume that Indians are incapable of spiritual advancement, and that missionaries are laboring in vain among them. Our benefactors may see from this how well their alms are placed when they contribute to the support of the Indian missions. For without our missions, all these children would be thrust into the government schools, where God is ignored, and where they would never learn the true purpose of their existence, and hence fall an easy prey to the common enemy of mankind.

Belle Plaine, Minn.—Easter Sunday was a day of great spiritual rejoicing for the little parish of SS. Peter and Paul, Belle Plaine, Minnesota. A holy mission which was conducted by the Rev. Fr. John Joseph, O. F. M., accompanied the solemn and impressive ceremonies of Holy Week. The good results of the mission were witnessed on Easter morning, when the entire parish, numbering about four hundred souls, assembled in the beautiful and gorgeously decorated church, and approached the Holy Table. True Easter joy beamed from the countenances of all. The Rev. Fr. John Forest, O. F. M., the much esteemed pastor, was happy. The

Third Order of St. Francis, too, shared in the fruits of the mission. For, on Easter Sunday afternoon, forty-seven new members, including the mayor of Belle Plaine and his respected wife, were added to the already flourishing branch of Tertiaries. It is hoped by the Rev. Pastor that the select membership of the Belle Plaine branch of the Third Order will appeal to many more young men and ladies of the parish.

Cincinnati, O.—In the local convent of the Franciscan Fathers, the Very Rev. Fr. Lucas, O. F. M., was called to his eternal reward. The death summons came quite unexpectedly. Fr. Lucas was born in Oldenburg, Germany, on January 22, 1837. When twenty years old, he came to this country. Three years later, he entered the Franciscan Order in the Province of St. John the Baptist. On November 7, 1862, he was ordained to the holy priesthood. A year and a half ago, he celebrated the golden jubilee of this happy event. Fr. Lucas was a true religious and a faithful son of St. Francis. His untiring zeal on the pulpit and in the confessional bore abundant fruits, especially among the Germans of this country. In the various offices which the Order entrusted to him, he did much to preserve and foster the true Franciscan spirit.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—The Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., one of our regular contributors, recently spent five weeks at Berkeley and San Francisco, California, searching the archives of the University of California and of the Rt. Rev. Archbishop for documents relative to the history of old Franciscan missions of the state. He discovered many important and hitherto unpublished documents. These together with others which he transcribed, will delay the appearance of the next (fourth)

volume of his monumental work: *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, but will make it more complete and authoritative.

San Francisco, Cal. St. Boniface Church.—The Tertiaries of San Francisco have gone on record in a combined protest against the coming of Nathan, ex-Mayor of Romé, and notorious vilifier of His Holiness the Pope, as the representative of Italy to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. A committee appointed at the meeting of the Councillors of St. Boniface Church will confer with a like committee representing St. Antony's, to decide on the most effective way of voicing their disapproval.—The Tertiaries of St. Boniface are soon to establish a library of their own. To this end, an elaborate vaudeville and dramatic entertainment is being arranged, the proceeds of which will be devoted toward the purchasing of books and the building of adequate wall cases or shelving. The committee appointed to arrange and conduct this entertainment are working very energetically and giving up much of their time to make the affair a success. Several high class vaudeville numbers have already been secured. To these will be added the popular old-time comedy in two acts, "Handy Andy". An effort is also being made to secure the complete motion picture film of the recent Tertiary pilgrimage to Carmelo, and there are good reasons to believe the efforts will not be in vain.—The committee recently waiting on Bishop Hanna to present to His Lordship the engraved copy of the Third Order's resolutions of thanks and appreciation for the eloquent sermon delivered at the January meeting, received the assurance of another visit by His Lordship at some future date.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Antony's Church.—For the purpose of fos-

tering the spirit of fellowship among its members the English-speaking branch of the Third Order has inaugurated a social gathering of Tertiaries to be held in the parish hall, after the general meeting, each month. It is hoped by this method to bring the Tertiaries into a more intimate union and to attract new members to the Order.—At their last meeting, the Promoters, with the enthusiastic cooperation of the Rev. Director, Fr. Aloysius, O. F. M., outlined a series of card parties, socials etc., to be given in the near future, to aid in the acquisition of funds for the relief of the poor. The officers also voted, in the name of the Tertiaries of St. Antony's, a hearty protest against the appointment of Ernesto Nathan, former Mayor of Rome, as Commissioner to represent Italy at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, next year.

Washington, D. C.—The Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Professor of Medieval History in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has been elected a fellow of the Royal Historical Society of England.

Boston, Mass.—On Saturday morning, March 28, a very impressive ceremony took place at the convent of the Poor Clares, this city. Three young ladies renounced the world, and received the lowly habit of St. Clare, while one Sister took her final vows. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Splaine conducted the ceremonies of investment and profession at the open grate. Thereupon, he spoke to the Sisters in a very touching manner. In most eloquent terms, the Rt. Rev. speaker portrayed the beneficial influence which St. Francis of Assisi exercised on his age, detaching the hearts of all classes from the things of this world, and leading them on to a life of sincere penance and of mystic union with God.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

DURING Holy Week, the grand and impressive ceremonies of the Church were carried out in the college chapel, with great devotion and exactness. The music, both choral and polyphone, which was of a very high quality and in strict keeping with the decrees of our Holy Father, evidently impressed the students as well as their visiting friends. On the Tuesday after Easter, a solemn High Mass opened the devotion of the nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony. During the novena, the students will pray particularly for the intentions recommended to their prayers by their benefactors. The College Tertiaries may justly feel proud of their splendid new banner which will be blessed on April 26, on which day also several novices will make their profession. On this occasion, the students will gratefully remember the kind benefactress who doubled the amount contributed by them toward the purchase of the banner.

On April 13, the students presented the drama, "Falsely Accused" for the entertainment of the friends and guests of the institution.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Jasper Roseblade.....	A. Fochtman
Jonathan Roseblade, Father to Jasper & Claude.....	W. Wemhoff
Claude Roseblade.....	H. Weber
Humphrey Higson, Steward to Earl of Milford.....	A. Kiemen
Jonas Hundle, formerly a Poacher.....	A. Glauber
Rev. Father Hylton, Pastor of Milford.....	J. H. Kola
Lord Viscount Elmore.....	J. Droste
Lient George Florville.....	M. Cyr
Lord Chief Justice.....	S. Kelly
Grafston, Counsel for Prisoner.....	A. Pudlowski
Serg't Stanley, Counsel for Prosecution.....	E. Stein
Blinky Brown, a Fat, Frowzy Tramp.....	J. Martin
Squinty Smith, Eccentric Sport.....	L. Groeger
Sheriff.....	S. Kelly
Clerk of the Court.....	F. Huster
Constables, Farmers, Jurymen, etc.	

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

1. Wien bleibt Wien.....	Schrammel
2. Sweet Dream Waltz.....	Eilenberg
3. Salutation Galop.....	Rosenberg
4. Chain of Pearls.....	Bowman
5. Fra Bombarda.....	Czibulka

For the success of the entertainment great credit is due to Fr. Subrector Ferdinand, the stage director, and Fr. Charles, the able director of the orchestra.

Easter Tuesday was a day to which the boys had looked forward with great expectation, for it was on this day, that the results of the contest in English essay-writing were announced. Loud and prolonged applause greeted the successful contestants as they appeared on the stage to read their essays and receive their prizes. The best essays in each class were submitted by the following boys:

In the Second Collegiate: Herbert Wagner (94.67), Joseph Kola (92.33), Henry Martcie and Lawrence Vonder Haar (87.67);

In the First Collegiate: Aurelius Brumleve (94.33), Alphonse Fotchman (88.25), John Schmitt (87.33);

In the Fourth Academic: Henry Wellner (89.58), Raymond Duling (88.00), Felix Bienek (85.75);

In the Third Academic: Eugene Gissy (95.33), Paul Eberle (95.16), Antony Kriech (94.67);

In the First and Second Academic (for elocution): William Wernsing (97.33), Stephen Kelly (97.16), Stephen Dippel (95.67).

April 15 marked the close of the third quarter of the scholastic year. According to the quarterly report, the First Collegiates have the highest class average. The following students lead their respective classes: Joseph Kola (96.12), Alphonse Fochtman (95.89), Raymond Duling (96.62), Paul Eberle (94.71), William Wernsing (96.33).

Spring has at last arrived, and all outdoor sports, especially baseball and tennis, have been enthusiastically resumed by the students.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the appointment of Mr. Joseph Glauber, an alumnus of the institution, to the important post of organist and choirmaster of St. Ann's Church, the largest Catholic church in the city of Buffalo, N. Y.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

During the month of March, we had a visit from the Very Rev. Fr. Benedict, O.F.M., Provincial Superior of the Sacred Heart Province, who remained with us for three days. The distinguished and very welcome visitor brought us a bit of rather unwelcome news, unwelcome especially to the senior class, viz: the addition of another year to the college curriculum. This was indeed a heavy blow; but the characteristic cheerfulness of youth quickly blazed up again when Fr. Provincial gave us a holiday, which we contrived to enjoy right merrily.

The students all regret the departure of Brother Donatus, who was called East by his Superiors. The last testimonial of his exhaustless practical sense is a number of excellent garden and campus-benches which he completed for the boys just before his removal.

The last meeting of the Literary Circle took place on the 15th of the month. Mr. Schumacher read a lengthy paper on the "Los Angeles Aqueduct," not so lengthy, however, as to lack the more attractive quality of sweetness. Fr. Julius occupied the Moderator's chair on account of the absence of Fr. de Sales, and was good enough to fill up a rather short program with a talk on the Circle's work and progress, which elicited an applause unexampled in the annals of our society.

The students are rehearsing a drama which will be staged in the College Hall some time in the near future.

With Spring has returned the base-ball fever and also a longing for the ocean; and the winter floods have left us many fine swimming-holes in the creek near by. With such diversions to "punctuate" our serious work it is expected that the remaining, the best part of the year, will quickly and profitably pass into history.

OBITUARY

- Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**
English branch of the Third Order:
Johanna Meskill, Sister Mary,
Mary Whalen, Sister Colette,
Delia Clowry, Sister Catherine,
Jane Campbell, Sister Clare,
Anna Cassidy, Sister Elizabeth,
Cath. Eliz. McKeown, a novice.
- German Branch of the Third Order:**
John Santer, Brother Charles,
Gertrude Haupt, Sister Hyacintha,
Magdalena Bieg, Sister Veronica.
- St. Augustine's Church:**
Mary Magd. Heynen, Sister Isabella,
Joseph Thiel, Brother Leonard,
Mary Rusch, Sister Agnes.
- Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:**
Jane Lugering, Sister Clare,
Louisa Schemkemper, Sister Clare,
Paulina Meyer, Sister Mary Frances,
- Omaha, Neb., St. Joseph's Church:**
Mary Hall, Sister Clare,
Mary Morressy, Sister Elizabeth,
Francis Brunk, Brother Antony.
- Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:**
Catherine Warner, Sister Monica,
Elizabeth Kaiser, Sister Agnes.
- St. Louis, Mo., S S. Mary and Joseph Church:**
Mary Cullen, Sister Agnes.
- Belle Plaine, Minn., S S. Peter and Paul Church:**
Henry Locken, Brother Louis.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

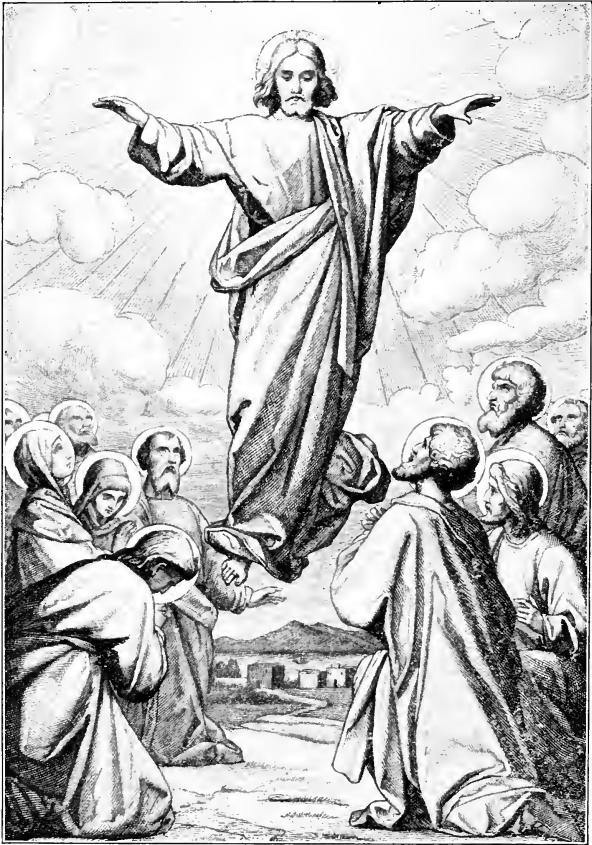
DEDICATED TO THE
BLESSED VIRGIN

MAY, 1914.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	F.	SS. Philip and James, Ap.
2	S.	St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria.
3	S.	3d Sunday after Easter. —Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church. (P. I.) Gospel: Joy after sorrow. John XVI, 16-22.
4	M.	Invention of the Holy Cross.—St. Monica, W.
5	T.	St. Pius V, P. C.
6	W.	St. John Before the Latin Gate.
7	Th.	St. Stanislaus, Bp. M.
8	F.	Apparition of St. Michael Archangel.
9	S.	St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. D.
10	S.	4th Sunday after Easter. —St. Antonine, Bp. Gospel: Christ promises the Comforter. John XVI, 5-14.
11	M.	St. George, M.
12	T.	SS. Nereus and Achilles, MM.
13	W.	St. Peter Regalatus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
14	Th.	Bl. Francis of Fabriano, 1st Ord., C.
15	F.	St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.—Bl. Benvenute, 1st Ord., C.
16	S.	St. John Nepomucene, M.
17	S.	5th Sunday after Easter. —Dedication of the Basilica of Assisi. (P. I.) Gospel: Ask in the Name of Jesus. John XVI, 23-30.
18	M.	Rogation Day. —Feast of St. Paschal, 1st Ord., C., Patron of Eucharistic Works.
19	T.	Rogation Day. —St. Ivo, 3d Ord., C., Patron of Lawyers. (P. I.)
20	W.	Rogation Day. —St. Bernardin of Siena, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
21	Th.	Ascension Day. —(G. A., P. I.)—St. Venantius M. Gospel: The Apparition of Our Lord to His Disciples. Mark XVI, 14-20.
22	F.	Bl. John Forest, 1st Ord., M.
23	S.	St. Peter Celestine, P. C.—Bl. Crispin, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
24	S.	6th Sunday after Easter. —Our Lady, Help of Christians. Gospel: The Testimony of the Holy Ghost. John XV, 26-27.
25	M.	Translation of the Body of St. Francis.
26	T.	St. Philip Neri, C.—St. Augustine, Apostle of England.
27	W.	St. Bede, the Venerable, C. D.—St. John P. M.
28	Th.	Octave of the Ascension. —St. Gregory VII, P.
29	F.	Bl. John of Prado, 1st Ord., M.
30	S.	Vigil of Pentecost. —St. Ferdinand, King of Spain. 3d Ord., C. (P. I.)
31	S.	Pentecost Sunday. —(G. A., P. I.)—Bl. Gerard, 3d Ord., C. Gospel: Descent of the Holy Ghost. John XVI, 23-31.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN"

Franciscan Herald

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VOL. II.

JUNE, 1914.

NO. 6

THE TRIUMPH

FLING open the heavenly portals,
Ye jubilant Princes on high;
Be lifted, ye gates of ethereal realms,
The hour of triumph is nigh!

The cohorts of darkness are routed,
With power eternal His own
The God-man in glorious triumph ascends
To claim His empyreal throne.

Mid armies of rapturous spirits
Extolling their Savior's grace,
He enters the Kingdom of Glory, and meets
His Father's inviting embrace.

"My Son, First-born of creation,
Partake of my glory divine;
Ascend, my Beloved, thy sovereign throne,
All power and judgment is thine.

"Draw nigh, ye celestial legions,
Let anthems of jubilee ring;
My Only-begotten returns to His own,
He reigns a victorious King!"

And lo! with alternate triumphals
The angels make joyous reply:
Eternal dominion, thanksgiving, and praise
To Him that ascendeth on high!

F. B., O.F.M.



BL. JOLENTA

OF THE SECOND ORDER

JUNE 10

THE twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, during which the Church exercised the greatest influence on Christian Europe, have been justly styled by some writers "Ages of Faith." For during this period, state, society, classes, institutions, labor, schools, science and art, trade and commerce, in short, all conditions and aspirations of European life, were imbued with and sustained by a thorough Christian spirit. Hence, we meet with edifying, even heroic examples of virtue and sanctity in remarkably numerous cases among all classes and conditions of life: in the cloister and sanctuary, and amid the distractions and unrest of a busy world; and among the rich, the learned, and powerful, as well as among the poor and lowly. We find a large number of royal families that could boast one or more members distinguished by their pious and saintly lives. This is especially true of the reigning dynasties of Hungary and Poland. One of the saints of these families was Bl. Jolenta, the patroness of this month.

Jolenta was the daughter of Bela IV, King of Hungary, the sister of Bl. Cunigunde and Bl. Margaret, the niece of St. Elisabeth of Hungary, Bl. Agnes of Bohemia, Bl. Salome, and St. Hedwig, and closely related to St. Louis of Toulouse and St. Elisabeth of Portugal.

From her very childhood, her father, a fervent Tertiary, strove with tender solicitude to implant into her heart sentiments of piety and virtue. He surrounded her with virtuous attendants; and, in order to draw down upon her the special protection of Heaven and to direct her thoughts more effectively to heavenly things, obtained permission to have the holy sacrifice of Mass offered daily in her apartments.

Though the palace of her father was for her a school of virtue and piety, Jolenta, when scarcely five years of age, was entrusted to the care of her elder sister Bl. Cunigunde, Queen of Poland. She now had before her a living model of virtue; and who can say with what readiness she responded to her tender care; with what holy eagerness her innocent soul not only drank in the enlightened instructions of her saintly guide, but also endeavored to put them into practice! Her young heart, detached as it was from earthly things, yielded without reserve to the influence of grace, and gave itself up more and more to the love of God and heavenly things. Thus did the young princess grow in age, as well as in virtue and grace before God and man, distinguished especially by her love of prayer and mortification, by her charity, and angelic modesty.

In 1256, when she was nineteen years of age, Jolenta was married to Boleslas the Pious, Duke of Greater Poland. She prepared for this important step by fasting, prayer, and the reception of the sacraments; and after the solemn nuptial ceremonies, sold the costly garments and jewels which she had worn on the occasion, and distributed the proceeds among the poor. The pious duchess found little pleasure in the splendor and amusements of the court; it was rather her delight to make use of her high position to promote the interests of religion, to remove abuses in the administration of justice, to safeguard the rights of the oppressed, and to assist the poor and afflicted. Her charity towards the poor, the widows and orphans knew no bounds; these not only had access to her at all times, but she also visited them in their homes and rendered them every service. Together with her husband, she built many churches, hospitals, and convents, and contributed much to the spread of the Seraphic Order in Poland.

After the death of her husband in 1279, Jolenta determined to forsake the splendor and riches of the world and to consecrate herself entirely to God. She distributed her possessions among the poor, and with her youngest daughter entered the convent of the Poor Clares at Sandec, which had been founded by her sister, Bl. Cunegunde. With the greatest fervor did she observe the Rule in all its rigor. She edified the Sisters by her humility, obedience, spirit of recollection, and charity, and practiced self-denial and mortification to such a degree that she was obliged by her superiors to moderate her severities.

The invasion of Poland by foreign enemies forced Jolenta and the Sisters, in 1292, to take refuge in another convent of the Order, at Gnesen, which she had founded to-



Bl. Jolenta

gether with her husband. After some time, she was obliged, in spite of her tears and protestations, to accept the office of abbess. She at once strove by word and example to guide her subjects in the practice of all religious virtues. At the same time, her secluded life did not prevent her in assisting the poor and afflicted, and the fame of the saintly abbess spread far and wide. In her love of poverty and humility, she chose for herself the smallest and poorest cell and the most disagreeable labors of the community. Her ordinary food was bread and water, taken but once a day; her bed, the bare floor. She spent many hours in prayer, meditating especially on the passion of our divine Savior. To reward her love and compassion, our Lord one day

appeared to her covered with wounds, accompanied by his Blessed Mother and Bl. Salome, and filled her with heavenly joy and consolation.

Her beautiful life spent in the perfect imitation of Christ Crucified now drew to its close. In 1298, she was seized with a severe illness, which she knew by divine inspiration would be her last. Having received the last sacraments with the greatest devotion, she exhorted the weeping Sisters to persevere in the faithful observance of their vows and of the Rule, and peacefully passed away to her heavenly reward. After her death, she appeared shining in glory, together with St. Stanislas, Bishop of Cracow, to an abbess of the Order who was seriously ill, and restored her to health. Many miracles were wrought at her tomb in the church of the convent at Gnesen. Leo XII, in 1827, approved the veneration shown her since the time of her death.

REFLECTION

Bl. Jolenta sought true happiness where alone it can be found—in the service of God. All the pleasures and riches of this world could not have procured this happiness for her. Solomon, the wisest and richest of kings, says of himself: "I surpassed in riches all that were before me in Jerusalem, and I withheld not my heart from enjoying every pleasure, and delighting it-

self in the things which I had prepared, and I was weary of my life, when I saw that all things under the sun are evil, and all vanity and vexation of spirit." (Eccl. II, 10, 17.) The things of this world are vain and deceitful; the happiness which they afford is only apparent, and lasts but a short time. The honors for which men strive so earnestly are often lost by an unforeseen event; riches are the source of numberless anxieties and fears; and the greatest pleasures the world can offer us, pass away and leave the heart empty and dissatisfied. "I saw in all things vanity, and vexation of mind, and that nothing was lasting under the sun." (Eccl. II, 11.) The human heart seeks true happiness; it is not created for the deceitful and transitory things of this world. The Christian must therefore seek his happiness in the things that are above.

"Seek the things that are above; where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God: mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth." (Colos. III, 1, 2.) Doing this, we shall not be led astray by deceitful pleasures, honors, and riches of the world, and thus be unhappy for time and eternity, but be able one day to say with St. Peter: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who—has regenerated us—unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that can not fade, reserved in heaven.—(I Peter I, 3, 4.)





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

17. LUCHESIUS AS LAYMAN

‘Ora et labora!’ ‘Pray and Work!’

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, there lived at Gaggiani near Redda, a man who was the object of general notice. He was a thorough business man. From early morn till late at night, his thoughts were occupied with business affairs. Instead of saying his morning prayers, he would calculate the best methods of securing the greatest profit. During the day, he was entirely absorbed in business. Even at night, he had no time to devote to the consideration of eternal truths. His day's work done, he had to reckon his profits, and consider what source of gain he had failed to utilize. On this subject, he unflinchingly experienced the sincerest contrition, and formed a firm resolution not to let any such occasion pass by unused in future. He resolved to employ every available means to that end, whether fair means or foul, he never stopped to consider. In his wife he found a loyal help-mate.

Money brings prominence and influence in the political life. In politics our business man held to the party of the Ghibellines. In consequence, he was an opponent of the papal party. His political position—he is supposed to have been a leader—earned for him the envy of his antagonists. That was the reason which induced him to leave Gaggiani and settle in Poggibonzi. In this place, he set up in business, and proved himself again a thrifty

business man. His former experiences were of great advantage to him. He bought his various wares at the lowest possible price to sell them at the very highest. He utilized the necessities of others in unjust manner to enrich himself. Money, money, and always money, that was the object of his desires and of his labors. This man was the subsequently so famous Luchesi-
sius.

Some historians narrate that he had been a boyhood friend of St. Francis. When we remember that Francis's father also was a merchant, and had destined his son for a mercantile career, we find it not at all impossible that Francis and Luchesi-
sius should have become acquainted.

Luchesi-
sius was altogether a man of the world. His entire thought and effort were centered in earthly things. With eternal things he bothered himself but little or not at all. But for him too the moment of grace was to come. In an hour of quiet leisure, he chanced to think of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation. In that moment, grace took possession of Luchesi-
sius's heart, and showed him the dangerous nature of his dealings. ‘‘What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?’’ (Matth. XVI, 26.) That was the call of the Good Shepherd. Luchesi-
sius heard it, and resolved to change his life.

Here we see the great benefit of solitude. "I will lead her into the wilderness: and I will speak to her heart." (Osee, II, 14.) In solitude God speaks to the heart. Then it is that the sinner recognizes his dangerous condition, and that he is called upon to retrace his steps, whilst the just man is incited to greater zeal for virtue, and is confirmed in righteousness. In hours of solitude, extraordinary resolutions are formed. Where can we find a better opportunity for solitude than during the exercises of a retreat. Would that every Tertiary might have this opportunity every year.

Grace had produced in Luchesi- us its first results, but a serious obstacle arose. It was his avarice. The business man could not at once and completely suppress his longing for temporal gain. Grace knocked a second time, and not in vain. Touched thereby, he devoted himself to the poor. He sold his goods, and distributed the price among the needy. His dangerous occupation he abandoned. Instead of that, he bought himself some land, and tilled it personally to support his family and to avoid the sin of idleness. Luchesi- us had formerly attended church indeed, but now it became his favorite sojourn. The costly

apparel, of which he had been so proud, he laid aside, and was content with the simplest procurable. Before his conversion, the sick were for him objects of disgust; they now became objects of the most zealous charity.

This thorough change of life was not accomplished without a bitter struggle: In prayer he sought the necessary strength. He looked aloft to Him who said, "Have confidence, I have overcome the world." (John XVI, 33.) Trusting in God's assistance, Luchesi- us took up the struggle, and brought it to a happy end. He came forth as victor.

In Luchesi- us we see the picture of a true conversion. It does not consist in good resolutions, but in amendment of life. The good quality, industry, which Luchesi- us had always possessed, he retained, but led it into a new channel. With work he united prayer. Prayer with work and work with prayer, the hand at labor and the heart with God, that should be the ideal of every man, especially of a member of the Third Order. Well for him who understands and follows the words of Christ, "We ought always to pray, and not to faint." (Luke XVII, 1.)

PEACE

Do you wish to live in peace with everybody? Put into practice this maxim of an influential man, who after the Revolution, being asked how he managed to escape the guillotine, replied: I made myself humble and was silent.

Do you wish to live in peace with the members of your family, particularly with those who have authority over you? Employ the means which a pious woman, who was obliged to live with a person of a disagreeable disposition, sums up in the following terms: I fulfill all my duties smilingly, without betraying the weariness which they cause me; I do everything to please her; I suffer patiently all that is disagreeable to me; I ask her opinion about a multitude of things of which I know more than she.

Do you wish to live in peace with your conscience and with God? Let your Guardian Angel, at every instant of the day, find you engaged in one of these four things, which forms the rule of a holy soul: I pray, I am occupied, I try to do right, I practice patience.

THE RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

By Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M.

REGARDING the rule of the Third Order, people entertain opinions as opposite as black and white. To some its precepts appear so few and insignificant as to be altogether unable to exert any influence on Christian life; to others, on the contrary, they appear so numerous and strict as to render the Order inaccessible to the generality of mankind.

What! say the first, a scapular, a chord, and a few Paters, what can such trifles contribute to the sanctification of a soul? Those that reason in this strain, labor under the delusion that these "trifles" constitute the quintessence of the Third Order. They forget to take into consideration the ensemble of of Franciscan duties; they gauge the value of exterior practices apart from the spirit that animates them. Not accustomed to the terseness of religious codes, they do not realize that every word in such a code has its meaning; hence, they fail to discover the treasure hidden beneath the surface. If they would take the pains to study the Rule of the Third Order, they would be astonished to find in it an admirable program of Christian life.

Another mistake, not less detrimental, is that the Third Order is inaccessible to the generality of serious minded Catholics. Those that labor under this prejudice do not reflect that the Order was founded, and its Rule formulated not for a select few but for the many. How can a Rule be too strict which is observed by millions of Catholics who make no pretensions to heroic virtue; which even young people and children find light and sweet; which the Sovereign Pontiffs whose wisdom can not be questioned propose and recommend to all the faithful?

To assert that the Rule of the Third Order is difficult or impossible to observe merely because it contains a few precepts not expressly contained in the law of God is to make sweeping conclusions from slender premises.

But it may be reasonably doubted whether such as make these assertions have ever read the Rule. For unless they give it an interpretation wholly foreign to its letter and spirit, they can not aver without manifest exaggeration that it is too difficult for anyone to observe. Possibly this objection is only a screen behind which they wish to hide their own weakness. If it is already too much for them to abstain from sin; if they are wholly intent on gain and pleasure; if they have no understanding for the simple lessons of the Gospel; if they are so imbued with anti-Christian ideas as to be on the point of shaking off the yoke of religion: then it is no wonder that for them the Third Order is "a closed garden" and the Rule a code of Draconian laws.

But to refute the objection of those who say that the Rule does not hold up an ideal sufficiently exalted for them, and of those who assert that this ideal is out of the reach of ordinary Christians, let us only place before them a list of its obligations.

What then does the Rule of the Third Order require? The first chapter which treats of aspirants to the Order, requires them to be fourteen years of age, of good morals, peaceable disposition, practical faith, and tried obedience to the Church; to wear the chord and scapular; to make a year's novitiate; to make the profession as prescribed; to observe the commandments of God and of the Church.

The second chapter, which regulates the life of Tertiaries, demands of them to shun luxury and excessive display; to observe in all things the law of moderation; to refrain from dangerous plays and dances; to be frugal in eating and drinking; to say grace before and after meals; to fast on the feasts of Immaculate Conception and of St. Francis; to confess and communicate once a month; to recite twelve "Our Fathers," "Hail Marys" and "Glories" every day; to dispose betimes of their property by request; to study to give a good example; to promote pious practices; to refrain from reading bad books and papers and to forbid them to those under their charge; to practice charity and to settle quarrels; not to take an oath, except in case of necessity and never to use vile language; to examine one's conscience daily and to assist daily at Mass if possible; to attend the monthly meetings; to contribute, each according to his means, to a common fund for the poor.

The third chapter which concerns itself chiefly with the offices of the Third Order, obliges the members to accept the penance imposed by the Visitor for any breach of the Rule and to ask for a dispensation from provisions of the Rule which it is impossible for them to observe.

It must be remembered that infractions of the Rule do not constitute sins unless they are at the same time transgressions of the commandments of God or of the Church.

Now after glancing over this list of precepts and councils, who will dare to say that the Rule has no power to promote Christian life, or that, on the other hand, it exacts too much? Even the most volatile reader can not fail to see that it is admirably adapted to the condition

of everyone. Its precepts are numerous and important enough to satisfy even the most religiously inclined; yet they contain nothing that is beyond one's power.

That the Tertiary must be an earnest minded Christian, no one will deny, but he need not be a finished pattern of virtue, least of all must he practice virtue in an heroic degree, unless, perhaps, perseverance in good deserves the name of heroism. According to Leo XIII, the Third Order is a school of Christian virtues. Now, on entering a school, it is not necessary for a pupil to be an adept in any branch; it is sufficient for him to have the sincere desire to profit by the lessons and instructions of the teacher. And no one ever sat at the feet of St. Francis who was not forced to admit that his lessons are at once the most sublime and the most simple.

We can not better end this treatise than by quoting from a sermon of Bl. Angelo of Chivasso on the Third Order. "O most holy Rule, how wrong are they who despise thee! O most perfect Rule, how blind are they who criticize thee! O Rule, source of every good, what chastisements do they deserve who murmur at thy prescriptions! What are you about, lazy and negligent men? Why do you not embrace this Rule? Why delay doing so? What are you waiting for? For soon the time will come for you to repeat the words of wisdom: "These are they who were once the objects of our derision and insults. Fools that we were!" There is no one who, if he can not embrace the First or the Second Order of St. Francis, can not at least enter the Third Order, and so deserve that peace and mercy of God should rest upon him."



FEW ARE CHOSEN

CONCLUDED

By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O. F. M.

When Rolling regained consciousness, he found himself in a small but neatly furnished room in bed, and covered almost from head to foot with bandages. After looking about in a daze for a few moments, as far as his confined position permitted, and trying to recall what had brought him hither, he noticed a Sister sitting by the window near the foot of his bed. He sighed softly to draw her attention; and when she turned from the window, through which she had been gazing, and arose to approach him, he saw that he was in the presence of Grace Nightingale.

"Sister, where am I?" he queried.

"In a farmhouse near the place where the wreck occurred. You remember that you were hurt in a wreck?"

"Yes; how long ago was that?"

"Night before last."

"Am I seriously injured?"

"We feared that you were; but now that you have come to yourself again, I hope you will soon recover."

"Well, Sister, I am a Catholic, though I have not been a good one; and recognizing God's mercy in sparing my life, I wish to make a good confession as soon as possible. Would it be inconvenient to have a priest summoned to-day?"

Sister Agnes, for such was Miss Nightingale's name in religion, assured him that it would be in no wise inconvenient, as there was a priest in the same house; and she straightway went forth to call him. A few moments later the priest entered, and as soon as Rolling saw him, he exclaimed in a tone of mingled astonishment and joy:

"Frank Blunt! Is it really you?"

"Yes, Walter; it is 'Blunty' him-

self. I'm surprised though that you recognized me at once. I didn't know you until I found that rosary I gave you in your pocket."

"Well, it's no wonder, Frank; you're the same you used to be, while I am not. I believe my own mother would not recognize me. But how came you ever to become a priest?"

"That is too long a story to tell now, Walter. Sister told me that you wished to go to confession. Shall I call the priest from Eton? I can fetch him in an hour."

"Why, no, Frank, I'll go to you—that is, if you have no objection."

His friend had no objection; and as Walter had already prepared himself on the train, his confession was soon made with a sincerity and humility that won as much admiration from his confessor as the best qualities the latter had ever known in him.

His confession and thanksgiving over, Rolling told his story to his friend and then having again requested him to tell how he became a priest, the latter complied in substance as follows.

"You have not forgotten how I opposed your leaving college. Well, after you had gone, I feared even more that you had made a false step; and when you failed to write even a line in reply to my repeated letters, my fears gave way to certainty. I was convinced that some evil had befallen you, and I could not forgive myself for not having done more to prevent your departure."

"You certainly had no reason," Walter broke in, "to reproach yourself on that score. What you did say should have sufficed; but I was determined to go my own way, and

it would not have mattered how much was said against it."

"At any rate, I thought I should have done more; and as I reflected how much good you would have done had you persevered in your calling, I felt certain that God would provide some one else to take your place; and it seemed to me eminently fitting that I, as your most intimate friend, should be that one. The story of the forty martyrs of Sebaste, which I happened to read at this time, strengthened this idea in me, and so firm a hold did it take on me, that I broached it to my confessor in the retreat. While cautioning me not to be overhasty, he greatly favored the idea; and before May came around, I had arranged to return the next year in order to take up the study of the necessary classical branches. These I finished in two years, entered the novitiate—

"What! Are you a Franciscan?" Rolling inquired.

"Yes. Since I proposed taking your place, I was determined to do so thoroughly. My religious name is Oswald. Had my valise not been burnt in the wreck, I should be wearing my habit now."

"And when were you ordained?"

"A year ago last June. Just now I was on my way to Hillwood to perform the marriage ceremony for my brother, when that wreck delayed me. I telegraphed to him the cause of my delay, and as I'm too late for the wedding and have a two weeks' leave of absence, there's no need of haste now."

"Well, God be praised that my place has been so well filled—better than I should have ever filled it. I had hoped that I might yet be able to answer God's call; but I believe now that such is not His wish. If it please Him I will gladly make the sacrifice even of my life in atonement for my numerous sins. Now there's another question, Father, I

wish to ask you. Who is this Sister that is acting as nurse here?"

"Who she is, I can not tell. Her name is Sister Agnes; she comes here daily from the hospital at Eton, two miles away, where the other victims of the wreck are cared for. Owing to the extreme cold, you and two of the other more seriously injured victims were brought here before the relief train arrived; and on account of your critical condition it was thought best to leave you here. Somehow, Mr. Armstrong, your host, a staunch old Catholic, took a liking to me, and begged me to remain a few days; and as soon as I discovered that you were among the patients here, I gladly acquiesced."

"You did not reveal my name, did you?"

"No; they found your laundry mark 'R. Walter', and accordingly called you Mr. Walter, and I did the same."

"That is good; for, do you know, I'm perfectly convinced that this Sister Agnes is Miss Nightingale."

"You are doubtless right, then, for I heard it said at the hospital that she is the daughter of a millionaire."

"Well, please don't let her know who I am, Father, at least not before my death. If I should die you may tell her my whole story, and ask her to remember me in her prayers."

Though convinced of her identity, Walter wanted to have some assurance of the fact from Sister Agnes herself. He contrived therefore on the following morning by deft remarks and apparently pointless questions, to learn that she came from St. Louis, and had belonged to St. Brendan's parish. When Walter observed that there had been a boy from that parish at college with him at Oak Hill, she forthwith inquired,

"Did you receive your education at Oak Hill? Perhaps you knew

Walter Rolling?"

"Rolling? Let me see—Walter Rolling—Why, yes, Sister, I knew him."

"Wasn't he a splendid fellow? I saw him but once in my life; but I have never ceased to thank God for that, because I really owe it to him that I became a nun."

"Indeed! Was it he that suggested the idea to you?"

"No; he did not suggest it. From childhood on I had desired to become a Sister, but father and mother both disapproved my wish, and did their best to rid me of the notion, without however positively forbidding me to entertain it. When I was graduated, I was still wavering, though my bent was decidedly toward the world; and when this was strengthened by the amusements into which my parents plunged me, I soon dropped all idea of entering the convent. Before informing my parents of my decision, I was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Rolling at a party. Never in my life have I met another young man of such admirable qualities. He was in truth the center of attraction that evening, and his name was in every mouth. What many could not understand, was that he intended to become a priest; and I too was surprised when I first learned the fact. But later it occurred to me that no other calling was sublime enough for one thus gifted; and when I remembered my own resolution, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. If he could turn his back to the world that was ready to lionize him, and devote his brilliant talents to the exclusive service of God, I thought that I should be able to make the little sacrifice such an act would require of me. That turned the scale. From that time my doubts were dispelled; and I received the veil on the eighth of December of that same year.—But now I must ask

you to pardon me this long prattle. You are really the first person to whom I have told this whole story."

"It was extremely interesting, Sister," Rolling replied; "and I am deeply grateful to you."

"Now close your eyes," she rejoined, "and try to sleep."

Rolling readily obeyed the injunction to close his eyes, but it was long before he slept. Shame, regret, astonishment, but also gratitude and confidence, were among the conflicting emotions that kept him awake. Of one thing he now felt sure—that he must die soon; Providence had entrusted the performance of his work to worthier hands.

His presentiment was verified. Though none of his external wounds were serious, the interior injuries proved fatal; and on the fourth day after the wreck, he passed away, wholly resigned and full of gratitude for God's infinite mercy. Father Oswald having learned that Walter's mother had died, and that none of his other relatives cared to acknowledge him, he acceded to Mr. Armstrong's request to bury the body in the little graveyard hard by the latter's own dwelling, and remained then to have a tombstone erected with the inscription Rolling had dictated to him. When it was set up, Father Oswald bade his host and the two remaining patients farewell, and wishing to pay a last visit to Walter's grave, he asked Sister Agnes, who was about to return to the city for the night, to accompany him. They had scarcely gone half way, when Father Oswald remarked that he had left his breviary at the house, and bidding the Sister to continue, he returned to fetch it.

When Sister Agnes reached the grave, the first words of the epitaph that caught her eye, were the following, engraved in bold letters on

the transverse beam of the cross of red granite: "Many are called, but few are chosen." She then read Rolling's name, and after remaining motionless for a few moments, sank on her knees on the frozen ground, and folded her hands in prayer.

It was in this selfsame attitude that Father Oswald found her; and he was so struck by the sight, that he could scarcely avert his eyes from it. Never had he seen a countenance so sad, and yet so sweetly calm and hopeful. He stole forward, and barring his brow, he too knelt with bowed head at the grave

of his friend. The afternoon sun had just disappeared behind a bank of thin cloudlets, and its pale rays issuing forth, flooded the firmament with a melancholy light. A solitary snow-bird alighting near the grave, skipped chirping about, heedless and unheeded. From the hill that skirted the graveyard on the north, a breeze came moaning down; and as it sighed through a group of pines over against Rolling's tomb, its monotonous wail seemed to the mourners like some unearthly voice, repeating again and again, "Few are chosen, few are chosen."

THE END

STRUCK BLIND WHILE IN THE ACT

With the intention of building a new exchange, great alterations had to be made in the Convent of St. Francis, in the city of Oporto, in Portugal, says St. Anthony's Monthly. These alterations were under the direction of an official who enjoyed a very high reputation in the city.

It was deemed necessary to open a door of communication between the new edifice and the adjoining church which had been previously profaned by making it a store house for the reception of various kinds of merchandise. To do this it was necessary to destroy the altar which still remained and on which was a remarkable and valuable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The workmen, who were influenced by family traditions, and had been, from childhood, accustomed to venerate this picture of the Virgin; who had many a time seen their mothers, wives and sisters kneel before it in their afflictions and sufferings and pour forth the sorrows of their souls and ask of God, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, to relieve their distress, resisted any injury to the picture which they so much venerated. The magistrate reproached them with what he called their superstition, took an axe in his own hands from one of the workmen and with the first blow he struck the picture in the breast, but at the same instant he let the axe fall and fell back, uttering a piercing cry and covering his eyes with his hands. He was perfectly blind and remained so until the hour of his death. The altar was not destroyed; public worship is now held in the church, which was originally a magnificent structure, and the injury done the picture of the Virgin is still plainly visible.

This occurrence has wonderfully increased the devotion of the people of Oporto, and in the family circles the event is spoken of in the usual conversations that arise so that gradually, but imperceptibly, it has exerted a powerful influence in educating the minds of the children and in teaching them to reflect on the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O.F.M.

30. The Alarm

A Christian from Le-chuan brought the news of the impending persecution to Fr. Verhaeghen, later bishop and martyr, now missionary at Ma-cha-pin, not far from Che-keu-chan. He in turn entrusted the messenger with a letter to his neighbor missionary, Fr. Victorin, apprising him of the danger. "From Le-chuan," he wrote "the storm is sweeping down on our territory. For about a month Christian inscriptions are being destroyed, and Christians plundered. Placards are everywhere inciting to murder the missionaries and to loot the churches. Christians and heathens alike are fleeing. It is a real persecution. In the neighborhood, there are above 200 Chinese who have enlisted in Ko-ti-hui (a secret society) and are only waiting for the signal. Yesterday was set as the day to strip and slay us; but somehow they did not appear. To-day I vowed a statue to St. Antony at Ma-cha-pin, and my Christians have vowed a general communion in his honor if peace is restored without any notable disturbance. We will remain on the defensive, hoping, however, that we shall not be forced to it. At all events, we recommend ourselves to your prayers that we prove steadfast in defending our faith and, if it should please God to grant us the inestimable favor, in confessing it."

Fr. Victorin received the alarming news on November 25. He immediately took pen in hand for the second last of his letters home. The letter begins with a cry of anguish. "St. Antony save, us! Dearest mother, I can not keep it

from you, my life is in the greatest danger!" The enemy, he says, is approaching. The letter is begun, but he does not know whether he will be allowed to finish it. "That I may not be taken by surprise, I am gradually making ready for death. To God I offer my life. I wish to die when and where and as he wishes. . . . What happiness for me if I could shed my blood for my God and for the conversion of the poor Chinese! . . . Meanwhile I am quiet and contented, and do not bother much about the future." There is also in the letter a passage of the tenderest sentiments of filial piety, which is the more affecting as it comes from one who was within a few days of martyrdom.

"Dear mother, again I thank you for all you have done for me. I love you, and beg you for the last time for your blessing." And knowing well the brave heart of his Christian mother, he adds, "And if I die, mother, then do not mourn, do not cry, but pray for my enemies!"

31. "They Come! They Come!"

The above letter was despatched on November 28, together with two others, one to Bishop Christiaens and one to Fr. Cassian. Fr. Victorin wrote that he and several Christians had made vows to St. Antony for protection. In holy Mass he had entered the Prayer of Peace, presuming that such was the bishop's pleasure. He was admonishing his flock to be prepared for all events, even for martyrdom.

Meanwhile, a Christian messenger arrived from Siao-me-tien, three hours distance from Che-keu-chan, inviting Fr. Victorin to flee thither with him as it was safer there. Fr. Victorin decided to do so. Be-

fore leaving, however, he administered the last sacraments to a servant of the mission, named Wang-min-wen.

In Siao-me-tien, he took up his quarters at the mission residence. On the following day, November 30, a Christian returning from Tchong-ki reported that the pursuers had set fire to a great number of houses belonging to the Christians, that they had wounded several Christians, and were now on the road to Che-keu-chan and Siao-me-tien to murder every Catholic they could lay hands on. Two catechumens had fallen into their clutches. One of them, frightened by their threats, had apostatized, but had been slain notwithstanding. The other, Pi-kia-hang, was plied in every way to renounce his faith, but remained unshaken. "Apostatize? Never!" said he. "I am a Christian, and I will remain a Christian. True, I am not baptized. But there is a baptism of blood; that will be enough for me!" The villains gored one of his eyes, chopped off one of his feet, and at last beheaded him.

32. Last Adieus

At this frightful news, a great many Christians fled in every direction. Fr. Victorin wrote two more very touching letters, one to his mother and brothers, and the other to his bishop. It is hard to keep one's tears on reading them, disclosing, as they do, the generous soul of the young apostle, his tender affection, his humility, and supernal hope. The letters read as follows:

AVE MARIA!

Dear Mother and Brothers: The holy will of God be done! With death in my heart I write you. My congregation in Tchong-ki is destroyed. Residence, homes, everything in ashes. There were above 700 in the band, all armed with

guns and knives. I have fled to Siao-me-tien. In a day or two, they will be here. If I could only confess before dying! My God, have mercy on me. I make thee this offering of my life for the conversion of the poor Chinese! Dear mother, we meet again in heaven. God repay you and bless you! After my death, pray much for me, and continue to love China and the Chinese! I give you all my last blessing. If I die, do not grieve; for I am going to heaven, where I shall pray for you. I bless all my benefactors, and I shall pray for them in Heaven.

FR. VICTORIN, Aps. Miss.

AVE MARIA

Right Rev. Bishop: Thy will be done, O Lord! I have just learned that my congregation at Tchong-ki is ruined. More than 700 men were there all armed with guns and knives. Next in order are Che-keu-chan, and then Siao-me-tien. This is perhaps my last letter. I thank you for all your kindness to me. I thank my brethren also. Help my poor flock! My life I sacrifice to God! His will be done. My God, have mercy on my soul! Right Reverend Father, dear brethren I beg pardon of you for all my shortcomings. Thank my superiors and brethren in the province at home. My greatest consolation is to die as a son of St Francis.

A candidate for martyrdom.

FR. VICTORIN, Aps. Miss.

These letters he entrusted to a craftsman of the mission, charging him to bury them, and, in case of Fr. Victorin's death, to carry them to Ichang, the bishop's residence. After seeing the letters and other keepsakes safely bestowed, he heard several confessions. Then he left the mission residence for the house of a Christian, named Li-ta-jen. Here also he administered the Sacrament of Penance to a number of

faithful. He asked if there was not a cave in the vicinity, where he could hide. He was told there was, and Li-ta-jen expressed his readiness to conduct the Father with his cook, his carrier, and his servant to the place. Accordingly they set out for the cave.

JOAN OF ARC

For Franciscan Herald

No dream of greatness in the years unborn,
 Troubled the quiet of thy childhood days,
 As at thy mother's side thy tasks were wrought,
 O happy little maid of Domremy.
 Around thy humble cot contentment reigned,
 From earthly aims and worldly ways apart.
 Then spoke the Voices; fear thy soul beset,
 To hear the summons, then thy faith sublime
 In majesty arose; and led by God
 Forth thou didst go upon thy mission high,
 A child no more, a woman valiant.
 Dire scenes of blood and carnage smote thine eyes,
 Unused, amid Domremy's quiet vales,
 To aught but days of peace and harmony.
 Sweet warrior-maid, hushed was the ribald jest,
 And died the words profane when thou wert nigh;
 Rough men grew gentle-voiced and reverent
 When thou didst stand before them, frail yet strong
 With Heaven's strength; and when amid the fray,
 On noble steed thy mail-clad form was seen,
 Thy lily banner floating in the breeze,
 Faint hearts were cheered, valorous deeds and true
 Were bravely wrought for love of France and thee.
 How thrilled thy maiden soul with purest joy,
 When dawned the day thy mission was fulfilled,
 And on thy sovereign's brow the crown was set,
 The while a nation rang with glad acclaim.
 But, poor and mean the passing praise and fame,
 The worlds renown, the kingly coronet
 Beside the crown eternal thou hast won,
 Virgin and martyr! From the searing flame,
 Thy lily soul arose to heights supreme,
 And thou hast heard another Voice: "Well done!"

Catherine M. Hayes,
 Tertiary.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF ST. ANTONY

By Fr. Antony, O.F.M.

NEXT to the Blessed Virgin, St. Antony of Padua is, perhaps, the most popular Saint of the Catholic world. It is remarkable that devotion to a servant of God, whose personal record is scarcely above that of his fellow Saints, should become so widespread and so universal. It takes time, a long time, to gain the confidence and the love of a large and promiscuous multitude; and once won, it requires strong motives to hold and rivet their devotion and affection, and still more powerful incentives to make the cultus grow and expand into general and enthusiastic veneration.

St. Antony is not a doctor of the Church, not a holy martyr, not a founder of an Order. He was no great author in his day, neither a missionary to foreign lands. He was none of these, yet see how the faithful admire and love him. Countless clients are his, devotees without number crowd round the shrine of the Wonder-worker of Padua. What can be the reason for this? How shall we explain St. Antony's position of Saint among the Saints?—He chose the last place among his fellow men.

The world, of course, will smile at this answer. Of all reasons for a man's exaltation to assign that of choosing the last place! What foolishness! To advertize abilities, to show one's self, to speak out loudly and boldly, to make acquaintances, to court popularity—is not this the logical road to success and glory? These are the only adequate means of gaining preeminence and influence over your fellows. So speaks the world; "but," says the Apostle, "the sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him,

and he cannot understand because it is spiritually examined;" and He, who searches the heart and reins, and in whose hand lies the destiny of men, has spoken the significant words: "the last shall be the first."

God wants us to realize that all we possess is His; that He is the Giver of every good gift; that without Him we would this moment be what we were before we began to live—nothing. He wants us to realize that though free instruments, still we are but instruments in His hands, and that to Him alone is due the honor and glory for all that we accomplish with His light and through His strength. Which, if we do not ever bear in mind, and at any time dare to take the glory that is not ours, God will soon forcibly bring home to us by casting aside the instruments which He had graciously designed to employ. "He hath showed might in His arm, He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble."

This truth our Saint fully understood. And that is why he strove so resolutely to make his conduct square with his conviction. Therefore it is that he loved retirement, his one desire being to remain unnoticed and unknown, "world-forgetting, and by the world forgot." His gifts were unknown to his very brethren. And unknown they remained until Providence disclosed their luster, until the arm of God reached out for this chosen instrument, and used it as the Hammer of infidels, the Arc of the testament, and the light of the faithful. Men overlooked Antony, but God found him. And then began his wonderful activity. Till then an obscure religious, he became the pride of

Italy, the glory of the Church, and the wonder-worker of the world. Verily, "the last shall be the first."

Try as they may, men can not gain God's favor except by humility. I am a millionaire. I possess great gifts. I am popular. I am experienced. Thus men, I will not say speak, but so they surely think and act. God laughs at them, and sets them aside; and calls His little ones, and bids them do His work, — "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong." And why? "That no flesh should glory in His sight."

Who are the priests of God's Church? The sons of millionaires? Rarely. Who are the nuns? Daughters of the wealthy? Hardly ever. Who are the Church's dutiful children? Who the converts? The worldly-wise? Never.

Christ our Lord lived the greater part of His life in retirement. Instead of ruling the world, "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death, of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth." St. Antony was a true disciple and follower of the humble Savior, for which cause God also hath exalted him, looking upon His lowly servant, and "placing him with princes, with the princes of His people," making him to shine above his fellows, a Saint among Saints.

It is not said that God will use all men, will use us, to accomplish great things as he has used St. Antony if we, like him, love a hidden life and choose the last place for ourselves. But it is certain that whatever work we are called to do, be it great or small, we shall not make

a perfect success of it, unless we love solitude, and cherish a retired and recollected disposition,—unless we are humble.

Even in everyday life those are the most trustworthy who realize and acknowledge their own insufficiency; they do and achieve most who never forget the Author of their life and of every talent they possess, who from a conviction of their lowliness choose the last place, who step back to make room for others, who keep quiet, and wait patiently until divine Providence beckons them to come forward, and let their light shine before men.

The majority of men are called to lead an ordinary, uneventful life, like that of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in the house of Nazareth; a life similar to that of St. Antony before his public career. Our day of exaltation may never come until eternity begins. But come it will. We should therefore be glad to remain unknown even to our nearest friends. Let us lay each moment of fidelity to duty at the feet of our Maker, and be satisfied that He alone sees our inner greatness. Let us retire to Nazareth, as it were, and thank God that we are privileged to lead a life of obedience and obscurity in imitation of His Incarnate Son.

And then, even though we have been among the last here below, we shall be among the first in the life to come. Oh the revelation, when those who occupied the last places on earth shall before the whole world, be summoned to come forth and fill the most exalted thrones of heaven! Then shall every creature adore the awful justice of Him who hath "put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble;" for "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE REVIVAL OF THE THIRD ORDER

Not so long ago, the Third Order of St. Francis was regarded by many as a relic of the Middle Ages, venerable indeed in its antiquity, but wholly out of date in this age of progress, and altogether powerless to exert over modern minds any influence other than to satisfy the desire of a few eccentric souls for singular piety. The last few decades, however, have witnessed a marked change in sentiment and attitude toward this Franciscan institution, owing no doubt to the fresh impetus that has been lately given to what is known as the "Franciscan movement." Interest in the Third Order is daily becoming more widespread and intense. Everywhere Catholic as well as Protestant scholars of note are studying its history and achievements and trying to trace its influence on times, past and present. Periodicals in the interest of the Third Order are multiplying from year to year. Priests, Bishops, and Popes have become its zealous advocates, and among the laity it has gained hosts of faithful members and loyal supporters. All this is indicative of a great revival, of a new birth of the Third Order. But what is the reason for this renaissance? It is to be sought in the timeliness of the Third Order, both as a means of personal sanctification and as an association. The social evils of the hour are crying for alleviation, and we have it on the authority of the Vicar of Christ that the Third Order offers the very remedies necessary to cure these evils.

THE LOSS OF RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

There seems to be little doubt that outside the Catholic Church there is a great and growing loss of religious convictions in this country. In seeking for the causes of this, Catholics are too apt to fall back on the system of godless education in the common schools. Doubtless, this is one, if not the chief cause of it; but there are others, and one that falls heavily in the balance, is the idolatry of wealth.

In no country of the world is wealth worshipped as in ours; nowhere have so many colossal fortunes been made so rapidly. The feverish striving after wealth is the dominant feature of American life, a distinguishing phase of the national character. It has made us a mighty, but not a religious people. It is a proof of the truth of the Scriptural warning: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Another cause, following from the first, is the love of pleasure. With wealth came increased possibilities of spending it. The simple life of the early colonial days disappeared before the unparalleled material advancement of the last century, and the consequent changes in the conditions of everyday life. The pursuit of pleasure, so much of which tends away from God and ignores religion, has become a necessary adjunct of everyday life. "Why don't men go to Church?" is a question that has been often asked. Almost invariably it has been answered that the pursuit of pleasure and ease is the most formidable foe the pulpit has to contend with.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

WHY LORIMER BECAME CATHOLIC

An event of nation-wide interest is the conversion to the Catholic faith of former United States Senator William Lorimer. Whether justly or unjustly he has been so long and so loudly decried by men of all political and religious creeds that his name has become a synonym for bribery and all kinds of foul political practices. This makes his conversion all the more noteworthy, and prompts one to ask why did Lorimer become Catholic.

In a statement to the *Chicago Examiner* he relates the story of his conversion, from which we cull the following:

"I was born in Scotland, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and a very strict Presbyterian too. I went to Sunday school until I was twenty years old, and all the time I heard nothing but condemnation of the Catholic Church. I grew to hate it and to fear it. It was my hatred of it that led to my conversion, for I argued with myself: 'How can a thing so evil as they say the Catholic Church is, continue to exist? How can an institution the deeds of which are said to be so evil and self-seeking continue to cumber the earth?' I began my inquiry as an enemy. I entered the lists as a champion of the Protestant cause. I found that the Church was not evil, but good. I discovered that there was nothing to 'protest' against, and I became convinced that when one starts out to find the truth in religion, one will come at last to the Catholic Church, no matter how strong one's prejudices may be.

"Year after year I read all the books I could get. I studied the life of Cardinal Newman. I devoured his 'Apologia' and I found out how he struggled for two years, after he left the Church of England before he finally did the thing he hoped not to do and became a Catholic. I read of the conversion of Cardinal Manning and others. And then of course I had the example always before my eyes of my wife and children, who were Catholics and attended strictly to their religious duties."

These words leave no doubt as to the purity of Lorimer's motives in embracing the Catholic faith. At the same time they contain two lessons that it may be well to bring home to the minds of our readers. The first is that the present anti-Catholic agitation which is engendering so much hatred and bitterness in the hearts of Protestants, may yet prove a boon to them in that their hatred may lead them to investigate and eventually to embrace the Catholic faith. The second lesson is that Catholics can do nothing better to refute the vile calumnies and foul aspersions heaped on the fair Spouse of Christ, and to remove the innate prejudices of Protestants against her, than to make their lives conform with their creed and to walk worthy of their vocation.

HINT TO "PATRIOTS".

The United States of late has heard a great deal too much of fierce and even slanderous denunciation of Catholics, and far too little of the reasons why the majority of Christians in this country are not Catholics. The roar and noise of maledictions hailing down on the head of the Pope persuade the public of nothing except that the all too familiar spirit of religious intolerance has been stirred up again. And the reaction is more likely to incline popular opinion toward Catholicism than away from it. — *The Continent*, (Presbyterian.)

A LASTING MONUMENT

An unknown Tertiary has bequeathed to the Indian Missions of Arizona the sum of \$2,000 to be used for building a chapel in honor of St. Colette. Whether the pious woman made provision in her will for a tombstone to be erected over her grave, we do not know. It is, after all, a matter of very little consequence. For, the chapel soon to be erected on the plains of Arizona will be a more lasting memorial than either marble slab or granite block. The latter are very often nothing but vanity's tribute to vanity, while the former is piety's offering to religion.

True, the little chapel will one day succumb to the ravages of time, and sooner or later it will have to be replaced by a more substantial building. But the good that will be wrought by it among the natives, will outlast it by many centuries. When the good Papago Indians gather under its roof, they will hear the same lessons of faith taught by the Franciscan Fathers that their forbears heard from the gentle padres in ages gone by—which lessons, it may be said *en passant*, have been handed down among them from generation to generation, notwithstanding that these Indians have long been without messengers of the Gospel. If these good people prize their faith so highly, then there is every reason to suppose that they will guard it faithfully, and bequeath it as a precious heirloom to their children. And surely they will bless the memory of the kind benefactress, who made it possible for them to enjoy the benefits of their holy religion.

We should like to ask our Tertiary readers to pray for the repose of the soul of their deceased Sister, and to remind them, at the same time, that in making their last wills and disposing of their property by bequest, as the Rule demands, they would do well to think of other things besides providing for an expensive funeral and a costly tombstone.

"O WAR! WHAT, WHAT ART THOU?"

In a sermon preached at the Kimbark Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago, on May 17, the Rev. Frederick W. Millar denounced war both from the economic and from the moral point of view. The preacher averred that in the last century the nations spent \$40,000,000,000 in destroying 40,000,000 lives. These figures are certainly appalling, and should fill the nations with a horror of that grim monster, war. Possibly the preacher himself was so horrified at his alarming discovery that he momentarily forgot his theology when he said, "If the command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is God-given, why is it not as imperative on the battlefield as it is in the church? Men should refuse to be murderers and assassins at the command of an earthly authority."

Treason, socialism, false theology, or mere confusion of ideas—which is it? Why should the divine command 'Thou shalt not kill', be as imperative on the battlefield as it is in the Church, when God himself has sanctioned war under certain conditions? Since when are men engaged in lawful war to be classed with murderers and assassins? What right have private soldiers when ordered to the front to disobey the just commands of their lawful superiors? Is not all authority from God? The reverend gentleman might have done well to answer these questions for himself, before launching upon his theme. However, we are not particularly con-

cerned with either the speaker or his statements. If he succeeded in converting his audience to his views on war, all well and good. But we shudder to think what would happen to the Catholic priest who dared to give utterance to thoughts so treasonable as those expressed in the above quoted words. How the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Luther would fly to arms and rally round the flag and, with their trusty swords, hack the traitor piecemeal.

EVANGELIZING THE WORLD

According to a press report, the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, which opened in Chicago, on May 21, have perfected plans for an aggressive campaign to spread the Gospel to every corner of the earth. Just how aggressive this evangelistic campaign will be, may be gathered from the report of the Rev. William H. Roberts, stated clerk of the General Assembly for thirty-one years. This report says that during the year ending March, 1914, the 1,415,872 communicants of the Presbyterian Church contributed not less than \$7,278,758 for benevolent and missionary purposes. There are no statistics available to show how much the Catholics of this country contributed during the same period, for like purposes. But we venture to say that relatively speaking the amount contributed by them is far below that of our separated brethren. Are our Catholics less keenly interested in the spread of the Gospel?

A CHILD'S PRAYER TO JESUS

Under this title, Father W. Roche, S. J., has published a collection of poems or, to be accurate, memory verses for children. Like so many other juvenile books of a devotional character that have lately appeared, this one was doubtless inspired by the encyclica of the Holy Father on early holy Communion of children. For, as the author says in his foreword to "Every-Child," "you may say them before or after holy Communion, whenever you are in church, or at any time you like." These verses, though of somewhat unequal merit, are far from being mere doggerels. A number of them are dainty little ditties of charming simplicity. But whatever be their literary value, they breathe devotion, and they will certainly foster devotion in the hearts of Christ's little ones. The booklet should prove a help to teachers and parents on whom it may be incumbent to prepare children for first holy Communion before they have learned to read.

Longman's, Green & Company, New York. Price, .30 net.

At this time when the nation is preparing to do honor to its dead heroes, the Catholic may well be reminded of his religious duty to the departed. Instead of being content with giving a floral tribute on this Memorial Day, why not have a Mass said? The Mass will benefit the soul; flowers will not. One Mass is more acceptable to the poor souls than a carload of memorial wreaths. — *The Pilot*.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XV

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CREDIT must be given to the Spanish Kings and the Council of the Indies for sincerely desiring the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians in Spanish dominions. Numerous laws bear witness to that fact. Unfortunately, the officials, who were expected to execute their laws in the Indies, rarely exhibited the same concern for the natives under their jurisdiction. Some proved cruel, others indifferent, and but few realized their responsibility and sought to benefit the poor Indians.

Florida officials, as we have seen, were no exception. Some of the governors were evidently unfit for their high position, but too haughty to seek or to accept counsel from the missionaries. The consequence was that the Indians were frequently subjected to illtreatment. If they remonstrated, they would receive worse treatment, until growing desperate they would rise in rebellion. For a time, they would cause some damage and commit a few murders, but usually they suffered defeat and the loss of many dead and wounded. Such occurrences at the period which we have reached led to the issuance of another royal order dated September 27, 1681, and addressed to the Most Rev. Fr. Commissary-General of the Indies. He was

therein directed to instruct his subjects in Florida, the Franciscans, "to see that the Indians were treated with suavity and gentleness, without exasperating them, so that they might the more cheerfully attend to the service of God and listen to religious instructions." Furthermore, the Fathers were ordered to see that the Indians were paid for their labor.

However, Florida lay too far distant from the court of Spain, and the king generally needed money for more pressing wants, so that the requisite forces, could not be despatched for executing the royal decrees. One of the governors, not impressed with the necessity of employing the kindness and consideration that carefully avoided exasperating the natives, was Juan Marquez Cabrera. On the ground that their missions were endangered by the English, he demanded that the convert Indians of San Felipe, San Simon, Santa Catalina, Sapala or Sapelo Island, Tupichi, Asao or St. Simon's Island, Odalquini along the Georgia and South Carolinian coast, should remove to the islands of Santa Maria, San Juan, and Santa Cruz nearer the headquarters of the governor at St. Augustine.

Had Cabrera understood the character of the Indians, he would

have gone about the execution of this plan, if it was necessary at all, very slowly and gently, and if he encountered unwillingness, he would have desisted altogether. The reason is that the Indians are far more attached to their native district than white people appear to be. Europeans (by this term we here mean all who originally came from Europe) move hither and thither, and settle in any latitude or longitude where they can improve their condition. With them the maxim prevails: Where I fare well, there is my country. Not so with the Indian. He loves his native soil. There is his home, and this home, be it ever so humble, as it generally is, attracts him like nothing else, save his liberty. To force him to leave it, will embitter him. The government of the United States has learned this at the cost of much blood and money. Many Indian wars had no other cause than the demand upon the Indian that he should leave his native plot for another. Even here in Florida one of the bloodiest Indian wars, the Seminole War under Chief Osceola in 1835, taught the Government to respect the affection of the Indians for their native hamlets.

As might have been expected, Governor Cabrera, in the case of the Yamasee Indians, met with a flat refusal, and when it was feared that force would be used, they abandoned the mission. Some fled to the woods, and others went over to English territory. The missionaries, in 1684, used every means of persuasion in order to induce the neophytes of the Guale province to remain; but fear of the Spanish governor drove them to the English camps, and thus the missions were once more ruined through the stupidity and conceit of a haughty official, in open disregard of the royal wishes. The English, of

course, welcomed the fugitives in the hope of using them against the hated Spaniards, who disputed the right of the British to that territory. They succeeded only too well, for these same Indians, in the next year, suddenly invaded the Timuquan territory, sacked the mission of Santa Catalina, carried off the vestments and sacred vessels, burned the village, and retired with plunder, after killing many convert Indians. Some of the neophytes, who had been spared, were sold as slaves to the Protestant settlers of South Carolina.

Don Diego de Quirogay Lossada, Cabrera's successor, adopted a conciliatory policy towards the natives, and soon gained their confidence. A better feeling prevailed throughout the peninsula, as a letter written by an Apalache chief, and two letters from Timuquan chiefs testify. These letters, whose facsimile signatures are reproduced in Shea's "Colonial History of the Church in the United States," are proof that the chiefs in Spanish Florida, before the end of the seventeenth century, knew how to write, and that they must have learned the art from their Franciscan missionaries.

At the instance of Rt. Rev. Diego Evelino de Compostela, Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, a band of twenty Franciscan missionaries, headed by Fr. Felician Lopez, were sent to Florida early in 1697. Eight were stationed in the new missions of Mayaca, Tororo, Anacapi, San Antonio, and San Joseph; six were appointed for the province of Carlos Keys, whence the son of the chief had to come to St. Augustine to ask for priests; the rest were sent to other regions.

The Fathers entered on their work with zeal, and at first, success seemed to crown their efforts; but in October 1697, the pagan Indians of Tororo and of four other towns

of that district rose against the Spaniards, killed one missionary, one soldier, and five Indian converts, burned the mission structures, and then disappeared in the woods. The surviving missionaries, left without a flock or shelter, returned to St. Augustine. The field was not abandoned, however. Five religious, with an experienced Superior versed in the language of the natives, were sent to reclaim the Indians, and according to a report of the provincial, dated August 15, 1698, apparently succeeded.

The conversion of the Carlos Indians in the extreme south of the peninsula was undertaken by Fr. Felician Lopez himself. He sailed from Havana on September 11, 1697, with the five religious, Fernanda Samos, Miguel Carrillo, Francisco de Jesus, Francisco de San Diego, and a lay brother, and supplies of all kinds. After touching at Key West, they proceeded to the town of Cayucos. The old

chief, who was very ill, earnestly solicited Baptism, which was conferred upon him after the necessary instruction. Meanwhile, a house and a chapel for the Franciscan Fathers were erected. Instead of coming to be instructed, however, the savages thronged a hut used for idolatrous purposes. They even called upon the missionaries to give food and clothing for their idols. When the friars declined, and urged the Indians to abandon the foolish idolatry, the young chief told them that his gods were offended, and that the white preachers should leave the country. When the missionaries refused, they were seized, robbed of their provisions and church articles, taken from Key to Key, and finally left naked at Matacumbe. There the vessel which had brought the messengers of the Gospel, found them on the return voyage, and brought them back to Havana by February, 1698.

NELLIE SCOTT'S TRIUMPH

Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

“WHERE are you going?” I once asked Fr. John Gafron, O.F.M., my predecessor among the Chippewa Indians, as he was about to leave on his usual trip.

“To the Indian mission at Lac du Flambeau,” he replied. “It is a God-forsaken place. The Indians are mostly pagans and very much opposed to the Christian religion.”

Good Father John is no more. He died in Ashland, Wisconsin, July 19, 1896. Though the pagans are still plentiful, many conversions have taken place there since the true Gospel was first preached by FF. Chrysostom, John, and Casimir. An account of some of the happenings at this mission, will, I think,

prove interesting to the readers of *Franciscan Herald*.

Nellie Scott was the daughter of pagan parents. Being a child of much promise, she was sent by her fond parents to the Sisters' boarding school at Odanah, Wisconsin, where she was to learn English, and receive an education, which would put her on a par with the white children. At the Sisters' school, Nellie learned not only her three R's but also the truths of our holy religion. After some time, she was baptized with the full consent of her parents, and in due time she received her first holy Communion. After five years spent at the boarding school, she returned to her native place, where

she served as maid in a strange family. Here she contracted a severe cold, which quickly developed into consumption, the scourge of the Indians. So she was forced to quit her work and to return to her parents.

The pagan mother, now seemingly foregful of the permission given her child to be baptized, tried everything to induce the poor sick girl to renounce her faith.

"Give it up," she urged, "and you will be well; your new religion

this Book, but your religion is not in it."

"That matters not, my child, you must mind me, and forsake your religion. You are hated on account of your religion. Our people, who belong to the Indian religion, hate you, and that is the cause of your sickness."

"But I have never harmed anyone. Why should they hate me? I do not believe it. The Great Spirit wants me to be sick. The giving up of my religion will not



J. Scott and his Friends

is the cause of your sickness."

"No, Mother," was the answer, "I shall never recover in this world, my poor life is nearly spent; and, besides, you know you permitted me to be instructed in this religion."

"What, you should have studied your books, that is what you were sent to school for."

"That I have done, mother; I have studied my books, and in the Great Book (Bible) I found my religion. The Great Spirit made

make me well. Do but listen, mother. Nenwaton renounced the true religion, and she died; †Niganibesse, who was a Catholic gave up her faith, joined the pagan dances, and she too is no more. So, you see, mother, the renouncing of one's religion will not help. It will not make me well."

This simple but sound reasoning availed nothing; Nellie must give up her holy faith, and join the pagans. To bring this about, the

medicine men were invited to try their skill on the dying girl. The Indians believe that sickness can be cured by various ceremonies and manipulations. Nellie, however, convinced of the foolishness of this belief, abhorred these superstitious practices. To a Catholic young lady visiting her she remarked:

"I dread to die in this pagan house; take me with you to your home. You have there a beautiful picture of our Blessed Mother, that always looked down so kindly on me."

On hearing that her mother would hardly consent to this, she said:

"Well then, at least come back as soon as you hear that I am in danger of death. You know what our people, the pagans, will do when I am dead. I should not like," she added with a smile, "to appear on judgment day with a face all painted and colored. When I am dead, clothe my body in a white dress. Please make it for me, won't you? Moreover, see to it that I am laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery. I do not like to rest with the pagans on this side of the lake; nor do I wish to have a pagan flag waving over my grave."

I often visited Nellie during her illness to bring her the comforts of our holy religion. On my last visit Saturday, August 28, I found the patient sitting on her bed. When I asked her whether she wished to receive the holy sacraments, I was surprised to hear her answer, "I do not know." It was evident that she feared her mother, who was present. She consented, however, to go to confession, and after a few moments preparation, she kindly requested her mother to leave the room. This aroused her mother's anger.

"What," she said, "you just gave up that religion, and now you are

about to take it up again. 'Tis no wonder you are sick."

I tried to reason with the mother, telling her that the cold Nellie had contracted was the cause of her sickness, and that the pagan Indians also were subject to diseases, but it was to no avail. Knowing that her mother did not understand English, I bade Nellie make her Confession in English. This she did.

Nellie's Catholic sister was sitting out-doors and seemed much grieved at the actions of her mother.

On Sunday, August 29, the father announced to a number of friends that, on the next day, his daughter would be initiated according to the pagan rites, and invited them to come and partake of the feast. A Catholic lady and her daughter from the Indian village across the lake, occasionally came to visit the patient. Their visits always afforded her great joy and consolation. The poor child did not feel safe with her pagan relatives, and was plainly in dread of what was to come.

"I will be enrolled among the pagans," she sadly remarked to them time and again. The conversations, carried on in English were often rudely interrupted by the suspicious mother, who would say.

"Why do you always speak English; why not use your own Indian language?"

Asking for her rosary, which was hidden somewhere in the folds of her outer garments, she begged the visitors to pray with her. Off and on, during the prayer she would cast an anxious glance towards the window. Her father had left home, and on his return, the dreaded ceremonies were to begin.

In the adjoining room, the feast was now preparing. Four large

kettles of soup were brought in, which was dispensed in small portions. Two or three other dishes and large quantities of tobacco also were served. After the feast, the parents went to fetch the poor child. Nellie begged the two kind women to take her with them, or, at least, to go to the priest and tell him to pray for her that she might persevere in her holy faith. On leaving, one of the ladies said to her:

"Nellie, you will not live long; what do you prize more highly, this life with its troubles or your soul?"

"My soul," was the quick response.

"Just listen," said the mother in a heat of anger, "they have just finished their Catholic superstitions." Then turning to her daughter, she said:

"Come, and sit down here where the cups are."

Nellie was then taken to the adjoining room, and placed on a chair. The ceremony of initiation then began. All during the ceremonies, which were accompanied by weird songs, dismal howls, and incessant rattling of tin cans, the patient little sufferer sat there praying, her head and face covered with a shawl.

The ceremonies over, Mary carried Nellie into her bedroom, and handed her a note which Nellie's friend Laura had hastily written before leaving the premises. The note read: "My dear friend, be firm. Do not give your consent, no matter what they do. Say this prayer: Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul." The mother suddenly entering the room saw her read the note, and demanded to know the contents. Mary, however, gently chided her mother for her rudeness towards Nellie, and pleaded with her not to molest the poor girl.

Nellie, exhausted by the trying ordeal only sighed:

"May the loving Lord take me, if it is his holy will, before they try their pagan rites on me again."

She then fell into a deep sleep. On awakening she said to her mother:

"O mamma, I had such a nice dream."

"Oh yes, you are always dreaming."

"But this was something very nice."

"Someone is again deceiving you."

"No, mother, I am soon going to see something very nice."

Thereupon, Nellie again fell into a peaceful slumber, but was soon awakened by a severe hemorrhage. "Mano, nin mama, Kige-Manito nind inenimigiw tchi ijiwebisiiiau—Well, mother, God wishes it thus to happen to me." These were her last words. After a few minutes she was dead. No doubt she enjoys now the beautiful vision she saw in her dreams. The note of her loving friend Laura was found in her hands.

The pagans invited to perform their rites over the departed, at first refused on the plea that the child had rejected their ministrations. But the father expressed his sorrow at the obstinacy of his child, and begged them to come and perform the ceremonies. A dismal song was then chanted to the tune of four large and three small drums.

According to the pagan custom, it was decided to bury the child that same day, bedded in a miserable box and wrapped in an Indian blanket. A Catholic relative, however, prevailed on the parents to wait until the next day. On Monday, August 30, the day on which Nellie was to join the pagans, she was laid to rest in a decent

coffin. I had hoped that her parents would relent, and allow the child to be buried from the Church. I was, therefore much grieved to hear a man remark: "I have just returned from the 'Old Village' where Nellie Scott was laid to rest according to the Indian rite."

A small house, made of boards gaily painted in Indian fashion marks her grave on the lake-side. There she now rests from the sorrows of this life, a pure virgin, having fought the good fight, kept the faith, and gained the crown of life.

LETTER FROM CHINESE BISHOP

LAOCHOKOW, April 4, 1914. — A new revolution is feared in China. Some time ago, the President of the republic dissolved the chamber of deputies and lately also the provincial councils. The whole power is, therefore, concentrated in his hands, and he is practically absolute ruler. This provoked the anger of the republicans, and they threatened to overthrow the government. In the struggle which followed, many revolutionists were captured and executed, but the danger increases from day to day.

On March 8, the city of Laochokow was taken and plundered by the revolutionists. A certain revolutionary bearing the appropriate name of Pelang (White Wolf), had for more than a year caused havoc and destruction in several provinces. During the months of January and February, he was in the province of An-huei, where he captured and burned a number of cities, and put to death among others Father Spich, a Jesuit missionary in Loachow. The government, thereupon sent several companies of soldiers against the brigands, but White Wolf succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and fled into the province of Hupeh.

Toward evening of March 7, news was brought to us that the much-feared leader of the rebels with 5000 men eager for plunder was on his way to Laochokow. Immediately the mandarins sent spies to ascertain the truth of the report, the soldiers in the meantime beginning to

guard and fortify the town. Shortly after midnight of the following day, the enemy approached the city, and soon a fierce battle began between the government troops and the robber band. The troops numbered 700 men, whilst White Wolf had not less than 5000, of whom more than 3000 were armed with modern rifles. The soldiers fought bravely, killed more than 200 and wounded many more, but at last they were forced to retreat before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. More than half of their number was killed and the rest scattered in every direction. At nine o'clock in the morning, the city opened its gates to the victorious revolutionists.

Scarcely had White Wolf taken possession of Laochokow, when he delivered the city to his followers for plunder. Fire soon broke out in different parts, which lasted all day and the following night, destroying all the principal houses. More than a thousand people, men and women, were slain in the streets or in their homes; the residences of the wealthier inhabitants were looted and destroyed. The rabble of the city made common cause with the brigands, and robbed and plundered what they could lay hands on.

At the Protestant mission a Norwegian physician was killed, one minister wounded, another taken prisoner, but released on the following day. We all fled to the hospital, whither we had sent also

the girls of the orphan home. At two o'clock in the afternoon, two robbers armed with rifles, came to the hospital and threatened us with death. With kind words I entreated them to spare us and all the inmates of the hospital promising to give them whatever they desired. They asked for opium and rifles. Opium we have none, but I gave them the rifles of the soldiers who lay wounded in the hospital, and they departed. Shortly after, two others appeared and asked for medicine, which I gave them. Then I sent them to White Wolf to ask his protection for the Catholic mission and above all for the hospital. In the evening they returned asking for medicine. We gave it to them and begged them to remain with us during the night to protect us from other robbers who might perchance find their way to the hospital, which seemed hitherto to have escaped their attention. One of the two men was a physician and of great influence with White Wolf. He accepted our invitation, and I remained with the two brigands all night.

On the following day, White Wolf

fearing that the government troops sent in pursuit might overtake him, fled with his entire band, carrying with them an immense booty and more than a hundred girls, whom they had captured in the city.

Through the special protection of Divine Providence, all the Catholics escaped the dreadful danger, nor did any of our houses suffer from the conflagration or from the ravages of the robbers. The pagans were surprised at this, and several families, seeing in this miraculous escape the finger of God, expressed their willingness to enter the Catholic Church.

White Wolf fled into the province of Shansi, where he continued his bloody work, plundering four larger cities and a number of towns. At present he is laying siege to Sianseng. More than 10,000 regular troops have been sent against him, but we do not as yet know, whether they succeeded in putting an end to the terrible deprivations of White Wolf.

FR. FABIAN LANDI, O.F.M.

Vic. Apost. of Hupeh.

PROUD OF BEING A PAPIST

The famous Irish Parliamentarian, Daniel O'Connell, one day was in hot debate, when a certain individual interrupted him, and thought to disconcert him by calling him a Papist. Daniel O'Connell turned upon him with the words: "What! do you think you insult me by calling me a Papist. On the contrary, you do me a great honor. I am a Papist, and feel proud of it. For, to be a Papist means that I can trace my religion back through an unbroken succession of Popes, even to Jesus Christ Himself. Whereas, your religion cannot be traced beyond Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth. Yes, I am a Papist, and if you had a grain of common sense, you could not help realizing that in matters of religion it is better to depend upon the Pope than the king; upon the Tiara, than upon the crown; upon the Staff of Peter than upon the sword; upon the Sacred Vestments, than upon women's apparel; upon Councils, than Parliaments. Go, be ashamed of your want of faith and good sense, and hold your tongue!"

And yet, we see men and women blush at being called Catholics; thoroughly ashamed to live up to the divine Catholic principles!—*The Missionary.*

MIRIAM

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

“WHY art thou so sad to-night, my Miriam?” The speaker was a handsome, stalwart Roman soldier. His question was addressed to a beautiful young girl whose raven hair and large, lustrous eyes half hid by curling lashes proclaimed her to be a daughter of Israel. They were walking along a moonlit terrace. Like sentinels, the cypresses stood out dark and tall against the sky, and the plashing of a near-by fountain could be heard.

“My father is still opposed to my meeting with thee, Vitellius,” said the girl raising her dark eyes to his face. He says thou art an enemy of our God and our people, and he threatens to disown me unless I promise to have naught to do with thee.”

The young man’s brow knitted darkly. “What is thy religion or thy race to me?” he asked. “It is with thee thyself that I am concerned, and some day not far off I shall take my Miriam away as my wife. And then the haughty Roman maids and matrons shall see that they are as poor, faded flowers compared with Miriam, the lily of Israel.” He took her hand caressingly, but the girl remained silent and thoughtful.

“Miriam, is thy love for me growing less?” asked the young man.

The girl looked at him with worshipping eyes. “Ah, my Vitellius,” she said tenderly, “dost thou think I could ever forget the day thou didst save me from the cruel hoofs of the charioteer’s horses even at the risk of thy own life? I loved thee then, my Vitellius, and thou knowest I shall ever love thee!”

The young soldier’s eyes gleamed with affection as he said warmly,

“Miriam, my beloved, fear not thy father’s harshness nor his threats. I shall ever shield thee, and we shall be happy in each other’s love. Let thy heart rejoice and fear naught of evil, and to-morrow night,” he went on in a happy tone, “my friend Marcus doth spread a feast to which he hath bidden his friends, and there I shall take thee, my Miriam, where thou shalt witness a feast of love, beauty, and happiness such as thou hast never seen before. And now, farewell,” he said affectionately as they reached the gateway that led up to Miriam’s home, “I shall meet thee here to-morrow at nightfall.”

* * *

When Miriam found herself seated beside Vitellius at the feast in the house of Marcus, it seemed to her she had strayed into dreamland.

The lights, the flowers, the perfume from the swinging censers, the rich robes, and flashing jewels quite bewildered her, and she felt ill at ease, when as the feast proceeded the revelers became boisterous, and the wine flowed freely.

“Where is Mary of Magdala to-night?” asked a handsome but dissipated looking woman. “Strange that she should be missing from our feast. ’Tis most incomplete without her presence.”

“Hast thou not heard the news, Rufina?” asked a young officer. “’Tis rumored that the divine Magdalene hath gone back to her home in Bethany. She chanced one day to hear the Nazarene about whom the people are flocking, and His words wrought a sort of spell upon her, which hath estranged her from her old life and gay companions.”

Rufina tossed her haughty jeweled-crowned head. “A mighty charm

doth this Nazarene possess if by His word He hath wrought such transformation in the enchantress of Magdala," she said. "I should like to hear this mighty Prophet. No fear, however, that words of His would power have to alter my course of life. Ah, no! with laughter and love and wine and song let life go on, and sadness will never sit upon my brow. Raise thy cup, Aurelius, and drink with me!" and with a flashing smile she turned to the companion at her side.

"Truly He hath done great things, this Nazarene," ventured a mild looking youth seated close to Miriam and Vitellius.

"And thou hast seen Him?" the girl asked eagerly, and Vitellius noticed that this was the only topic of conversation in which his companion evinced any interest.

"Yes," returned the young man, "but yesterday I beheld Him heal a blind man who sat begging by the wayside. Many people hail Him as the Messiah," he added thoughtfully.

Miriam was deeply moved. "O wouldst thou not wish to see this wonderful Healer?" she asked turning to Vitellius.

"I desire naught but the sight of thee, beloved," whispered Vitellius, "but tell me, why art thou not smiling and happy here in this brilliant assemblage where thou art the most radiant star of all? Lift this goblet to thy lips, my queen!"

"O Vitellius, why didst thou bring me hither?" she asked, pushing aside the proffered wine-cup.

This movement drew the attention of Rufina on the opposite side of the table. "Ah, Vitellius," she said as she played with the bangles of her bracelet, "where didst thou capture thy prize, that rare Judean beauty at thy side? Why, the Magdalene herself could not outrival such charms, although she would hardly refuse the blushing goblet, as thy

damsel has just done. Prithee, how couldst thou refuse to touch the goblet's rim with those coral lips of thine?" and she flashed a dazzling smile at Miriam.

Pale and trembling the girl turned to her companion. "O Vitellius," she said in pleading tones, "take me away from this awful place, I implore thee. I shall die if I remain longer."

Vitellius frowned darkly. "What ails thee, girl? Art thou, too, beginning to feel the influence of the man of Galilee? But let us go. It shall be as thou desirest."

In a few minutes, they were standing outside the banquet hall in the soft moonlight which lay like a silver mantle over the landscape.

"Forgive me, Vitellius," said the girl after a pause, "it grieves me to mar thy pleasure, but if thou wilt conduct me back to the gate of my home, thou canst return to thy companions at the house of thy friend Marcus."

The young man's face softened. "Dost think, my Miriam, that there can be aught of happiness for me when thou art absent? Come, let us walk over yonder hill. After all, the freshness of the night is more grateful than the incense-laden air of the banquet hall.

Hand in hand they walked over the winding road gleaming white in the rays of the moon. Their path led them over a verdure-clad hill, upon whose summit they stood gazing on the peaceful scene below them. In the distance, the lights of the city gleamed like so many jewels. Strains of music floated out on the soft eastern night, and the sound of boisterous laughter was borne to their ears. Shudderingly the girl drew closer to her companion, and his strong hand closed protectingly over hers.

Proceeding further over the crest of the hill, their way led them through a grove of trees. Sudden-

ly a soft voice was heard not many paces away, and peering through the foliage they beheld a kneeling figure. The moonlight fell directly upon the upturned face, where were mingled beauty, tenderness, and majesty. The eyes seemed to gaze into eternity, and the strong yet slender hands were clasped as though in supplication. "It is the Nazarene," whispered Mariam, and after gazing awe-struck upon the beautiful countenance for several minutes, they stole noiselessly away.

As they descended the hill, Vitellius noticed that the girl was crying softly, and a look of irritation overspread his face. "Miriam," he said impatiently, "thy moods try me ex-

ceedingly. What is this Nazarene to thee that thou art thus moved? Why weepst thou?"

"O Vitellius," answered the girl, "didst thou not behold the look of sorrow and yearning love on that face? And O, the pleading of that voice. He was praying for the world, Vitellius, aye, and for such as are down yonder at the feast of Marcus. O, I know such scenes as that must wound His heart, Vitellius. O let us never, never, go to that banquet hall again!"

The young Roman maintained a moody silence during the remainder of the way, and his parting with Miriam at the gateway of her home lacked the customary warmth and affection.

(To be continued)

MOTHER'S TRAINING WHICH BORE FRUIT

The Daily Mail of April 7, published at St. John Newfoundland, relates the following pathetic, but deeply significant incident which took place on an ice-floe during the storm which snuffed out the lives of so many hardy sealers off the Newfoundland coast in the early days of April:

"It is customary with our Roman Catholic friends when commencing their prayers to devoutly make the sign of the cross on their foreheads. This practice occurred to the unfortunate victim, Michael Morey, when nearing his last moments, but he was deprived of doing so owing to his right arm having become either paralyzed or frozen. He asked his faithful companion, Pat Hearn, to assist him in raising his now dead arm in making the sign of the cross. This being done poor Morey devoutly recited aloud an act of contrition asking the Almighty to have mercy on his soul.

"Scarcely were the words cold on his lips when the spirit fled and the half frozen form dropped back dead. Here is an instance of the mortal having full belief in his Creator. From his mother's knee he had been taught his prayers and the use and meaning of the sign of the cross. Years ago the mother entered her rest, but who will say that her eye was not looking on that pathetic scene on the wild and trackless ice-floe."



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—On Sunday, May 3, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Honoratus Carcaterra, O.F.M., late Guardian of the Holy Places in Palestine, was consecrated bishop of Ariano. His Eminence Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O.F.M., performed the ceremonies of consecration. —

His Eminence has recently published the second volume of his valuable history on the activity of the Order of Friars Minor in the Abruzzi. Besides a detailed history of the Province of St. Bernadine, of which His Eminence is an alumnus, the new volume brings a chronological table containing the names of all the provincial superiors of the Abruzzi provinces from 1218 to 1898. A third volume, chiefly biographical, will complete the work.

Ancona, Italy.—The Tertiaries of Ancona claim that Teresa Felicetti, a member of their fraternity, is the oldest Tertiary living. Last December, at the advanced age of 105 years, she made her profession, attended by her youngest daughter, who is seventy years old.

Milan, Italy.—Through a decree of the archiepiscopal curia of Milan, preparations are under way for introducing the cause of beatification of Contardo Ferrini, who died some years ago. He was esteemed both for his learning and for his true piety. His memory is highly cherished by the students of the university, where he was professor, and also by the Third Order fraternity in Milan, of which he was a faithful and exemplary member.

Turin, Italy.—The Rev. Fr. Rob-

ert Rosso, O.F.M., has been officially appointed organist at the magnificent church of Our Lady of Angels. The still youthful musician and composer received his musical training at the Royal Conservatory in Turin. Several high-class compositions have already secured him a name in the world of music.

Pontremoli, Italy.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pontremoli, Mgr. Fiorini, is a Capuchin. Before his elevation to the episcopate he gained renown by remarkable inventions in electricity.

Palestine.—The Custody of the Holy Land maintains:

58 sanctuaries, where the Mysteries of our holy Faith have been accomplished;

48 parish or mission churches;

58 schools. Primary schools were established 300 years ago, as is proved by a decree of the General Chapter held in 1654;

2 orphanages, where 268 orphans are cared for;

1 college, the oldest in Palestine, where boys and young men receive such education as will enable them to hold with credit any commercial or social position;

9 pilgrim-hospices (Casa Novas,) which offer to every pilgrim duly recommended by the ecclesiastical authorities free hospitality, restricted by the regulation of the Propaganda;

9 free dispensaries, where not only medicines are dispensed but also medical advice and assistance bestowed gratis;

8 workshops enabling the youth to learn a trade. —

Holy week was a time of impressive and solemn festivities in the Holy Places in and near Jerusalem. The choir of the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre sustained the world-wide reputation it enjoys. The Director of the choir, the Rev. Fr. Pacificus Vanhumbeck, O.F.M., is a man of eminent musical talent and artistic taste. This may be seen from the program, rendered during Holy Week, which brings compositions from such eminent masters as Palestrina, Vittoria, Amatucci, Molitor, Lipp, Nanani, Perosi, Viadana, Witt, etc., and manifests a variety and richness, seldom met with. An interesting feature of the Holy Week celebrations in the basilica on the evening of Good Friday are the sermons, which are delivered in Italian, Greek, Polish, German, French, Arabic and Spanish.

Lourdes, France.—The Eucharistic Congress which is to be held this year in the city of Lourdes calls to mind the name of the humble shepherd maiden Bernadette, to whom the Blessed Virgin deigned to appear at that place. It may not be generally known to our readers that this favored soul was a child of St. Francis. Father Cros, one of her most distinguished biographers, writes: "On Sunday, December 8, 1878, blessed Bernadette became the spiritual daughter of Blessed Father Francis. She received the habit of the Third Order from the hands of Fr. Hilaire, and always manifested a great love and zeal for the Order. Her only desire was to die and to be buried in the habit of the Third Order.—

The Tertiaries of France have resolved to decorate the facade of the splendid cathedral at Lourdes with a statue of St. Paschal Baylon, during the next Eucharistic Congress. With the kind permission of the Bishop of Tarbes, in whose diocese the sanctuary of Lourdes is situated, a collection is being

made to defray the expense. Also the Tertiaries of Spain have promised substantial assistance for the completion of this monument in honor of their glorious fellow-citizen. The most Rev. General of the Order of Friars Minor has blessed the undertaking. In a letter bearing on this matter he says among other things: "From our whole heart we approve the project to erect a statue of our St. Paschal Baylon, in the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes. No monument of the Congress to be held near the Grotto, could be more appropriate than one that will call to mind a Saint whose extraordinary love for the Most Holy Sacrament has prompted the Holy See to choose him as patron and protector of the Eucharistic Societies and Works."

Madrid, Spain.—The second National Congress of the Tertiaries of Spain was held May 16 to 20. The Holy Father blessed the Congress and granted a number of extraordinary privileges to the congressists. In a circular the Most Rev. Archbishop of Valencia, President of the Congress, called upon all the Tertiaries, especially of his diocese, to pray for the success of the meeting. Among other things he said: "Nothing can be more opportune at the present time, than that the legions of Tertiaries of entire Spain should unite in vast assembly to animate one another by the example of piety and fervor and mutual love, to learn more fully the spirit of this marvelous institution, to deliberate how the Third Order may be successfully conducted under the changing social conditions of the times, and to find efficacious means and ways for its propagation." We hope to be able to bring a short sketch of the work of the Congress in our next issue.

Southern Hupeh, China.—A

wonderful change has taken place among the Tatars of Southern Hupeh, who formerly were so hostile to our holy religion. Two years ago the Rev. Fr. Marcel, O.F.M., caused a treaty of peace to be signed between the Chinese and Tatars. Shortly after, a great movement of conversion started among the latter. Many sacrifices had to be brought by the missionaries, but the spiritual results are now a source of great consolation to them and their Rt. Rev. Bishop, Modeste Everaerts, O.F.M. Till now, two thousand Tatars have been baptized, and their fidelity and devotion is a matter of edification to all. Hundreds of children throng the schools. The Franciscan Missionary Sisters are zealously assisting the Fathers in their noble work. They have erected an industrial school for women, founded homes for the aged, and built dispensaries for the infirm.

Tripoli, Africa.—The mayor of the village Arabe-Bedouin, Giovanni Capisanta, has presented four Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary with gold medals in acknowledgment of their devoted and untiring zeal in behalf of the many poor and distressed of the village.

Simla, British India.—A new Catholic paper, the "Simla Times" has been started by the Most Rev. Dr. Kenealy, Archbishop of the diocese. Archbishop Kenealy is a Capuchin; he was formerly known in England as Father Anselm.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—A special feature of the meeting of the English-speaking branch of the Third Order of St. Francis held on the third Sunday in April, was the celebration of the silver jubilee of the Tertiaries, who had completed their twenty-fifth year as professed members of the Order. Rev. Father Ulric Petri, O.F.M., director of the Third Order, had sent invitations

to eighty-one members, who were to be especially honored on this occasion. A few found it impossible to attend, owing to old age or other infirmities; but, those fortunate enough to be present, will always remember the first silver jubilee of Tertiaries, celebrated in St. Peter's Church. The beautiful banner of the Third Order was tastefully decorated, and the communion rail was draped in the papal colors, interspersed with silver wreaths and sprays. The Jubilarians occupied reserved seats on both sides of the center aisle. After the ordinary services, the Rev. Father Director addressed the Jubilarians, congratulating them on their day of honor. Then all the Jubilarians arose, and renewed their profession. While the choir sang a hymn in honor of St. Francis, the Jubilarians approached the communion rail, where each received a crucifix as a souvenir of the jubilee celebration. These crucifixes were enriched by a plenary indulgence in the hour of death and by the indulgences of the Way of the Cross. Papal benediction was given to all Tertiaries present, and the celebration was concluded with the singing of the beautiful hymn, "Holy God, we praise Thy name."

Chaska, Minn.—The dedication of the new parochial school at Chaska, Minnesota, took place on Sunday, May 13. At 10 o'clock, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Benedict, O.F.M., accompanied by the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Germain, O.F.M., and the Rev. Fr. Urban, O.F.M., as deacon and sub-deacon, repaired to the new school-house, which was blessed according to the ritual of the Church. A solemn High Mass then followed. The Rev. Fr. Fabian, O.F.M., of St. Paul, Minnesota, delivered the festive oration, in which he discoursed on the great necessity of the parochial school for the complete religious and secular education

of the children. The well rendered St. Louis mass of Zangl, accompanied by the orchestra of Chaska, added to the solemnity of the occasion. In the evening an entertainment consisting of plays, musical selections, etc. was given in the new school-hall. The new school, a large and beautiful brick edifice, is practically constructed, and it will no doubt remain for many years to come a lasting monument of Catholic zeal and sacrifice.

Bayfield, Wis.—Joseph Gijigobinnessi and Joseph Okenotego, two poor but brave Indians of the Chippewa tribe, have each received a bronze medal and a purse of \$500.00 from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. The Rev. Fr. Agatho, O. F. M., Indian missionary, reported their case to the Commission and in obtaining the reward he was assisted by Mother Mary Drexel, the great benefactress of the Indian Missions. By courtesy of the Rev. Fr. Agatho we publish a copy of the letter which the manager of the Commission sent to the heroic Indians.

Dear Sir—Through the courtesy of the Reverend Agatho Anklin, of Bayfield, Wis., the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has been called to an act performed by you, by which, on November 8, 1908, you helped to save William Prout, Alfred Champine and Amab Lavake from death by drowning in Lake Michigan, near Good Hart, Mich. Your case, after a thorough investigation, was considered at a meeting by the Commission held this afternoon, and I have much pleasure in informing you that, in recognition of your heroism on that occasion, the Commission awarded you a bronze medal, and \$500 for a worthy purpose to be approved by the Executive Committee.

I shall be obliged if you will kindly advise me without delay, by letter bearing your own signature,

whether or not you wish to accept the Commission's awards. If your reply is affirmative, the medal will be ordered, and delivered to you as soon as it has been received from the manufacturers, and the money will be held for you until it is needed for the purpose which will be later decided by the Executive Committee.

Yours very truly,

F. M. WILMOT, Manager.

On April 12, there died at Red Cliff Indian Reservation Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon (Gaudin,) a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. She was an Indian woman and lead a very good and pious life. She was buried in the habit of the Third Order.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church—The regular monthly meeting of the Third Order of St. Francis, for the German-speaking associates, was held last Sunday afternoon. On the fourth Sunday of the month, May 24, the English-speaking Tertiaries will meet, and on that occasion a new emblem of the society will be exhibited by the spiritual director, Rev. Fr. Vincent, O. F. M. This badge consists of a handsome crucifix suspended from a heavy brown silk rope or cord, to be worn around the neck.—*The Church Progress.*

On April 21, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Benedict, O. F. M., held the annual visitation in the convent of the Poor Clares at New Orleans, Louisiana, and, on the following day, presided at the triennial elections, on which occasion Mother Frances Moran was elected abbess.

Hermann, Mo.—The Rev. Fr. Arsenius, O. F. M., who a few years ago celebrated his golden jubilee as a religious, has been seriously ill for the past few months at Hermann, Missouri, so that little hope was entertained for his recovery; late reports, however, announce an improvement in his condition. He

is recommended to the prayers of his many friends and acquaintances.

Cleveland, O. St. Joseph's Church—On Sunday, May 3, the St. Joseph Men's Society celebrated the golden jubilee of its foundation. At the solemn High Mass the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Benedict, O.F.M., officiated, with the Rev. Fr. Leonard, O.F.M., as Assistant Priest. The Revs. FF. Antony and Desiderius, O.F.M., were deacon and sub-deacon, and the Rev. Fr. Anastasius, O.F.M., master of ceremonies. The Rev. Fr. Polycarp, O.F.M., pastor of the parish and spiritual director of the society, delivered a very appropriate sermon. At the banquet in the evening, Mr. C. A. Mueller, for many years president of the society, Mr. Lawrence Goldbach, the only charter member living, and Mr. Peter Dikob, the oldest ex-president, delivered addresses. The Rev. FF. Polycarp and Columban, O.F.M., as also Mr. J. J. Nunn responded to toasts.

On the same day, at 3:30 p. m., fifty Tertiary novices were solemnly admitted to their holy profession by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, assisted by the Rev. FF. Desiderius and Adalbert, O.F.M., as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev. Fr. Hilarion, O.F.M., spiritual director of the Third Order, was master of ceremonies.—During the month of April 49, new members were received into the Third Order.

San Francisco, Cal. St. Antony's Church.—The new St. Francis banner of the English-speaking Third Order was displayed for the first time at the meeting Sunday, April 19, and was solemnly blessed by the pastor, Rev. Fr. Peter, O.F.M. The Rev. Director, Fr. Aloysius, O.F.M., preached on "The Peace of Christ" and called on all the Tertiaries to remain loyal to the banner of the Cross. The music was es-

pecially good. Eight new members were received. An enjoyable social gathering of the Tertiaries followed the meeting. Refreshments were served in the hall and there was singing and music.—*The Monitor*.

A committee formed of representatives of the Third Order fraternities in St. Boniface's and St. Antony's Churches has sent a letter of protest to the World's Fair officials regarding the appointment of Ernesto Nathan as Italian Commissioner to the Fair.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—On May 5, the new St. Antony's Hospital, erected by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis for the care of patients suffering from tuberculosis, was solemnly dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonnell. A large number of priests, physicians and benefactors of the institution were present. St. Antony's Hospital, which will have four hundred beds, is the largest private hospital in Greater New York, and only two general hospitals of the city have accommodations for more patients. The chapel on the second floor seats about two hundred. One portion of the beautiful structure is set aside for the exclusive use of the good Sisters. The spacious grounds surrounding the building have been laid out in lawns and gardens, where the Sisters and convalescent patients can take the necessary recreation.

Boston, Mass.—On Sunday, May 17, the Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., professor of medieval history in the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., delivered a lecture on "St. Francis of Assisi" in the hall of the Boston College High School. The proceeds were for the rebuilding of the Seraphic College of the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Immaculate Conception. The college was destroyed by fire on January 14.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

ON the patron-feast of the College, the Solemnity of St. Joseph, five of our junior students made their first solemn holy Communion, and publicly renewed their baptismal vows. The names of the boys are: Julius Csepey, Stephen Dippel, Henry Dougherty, John Harcsaric, and Joseph Henninger. May the Eucharistic Lord keep them ever in his grace, and, as they advance in years, draw them more closely to his sanctuary. In the course of this month, solemn Communion celebrations will be held in many parishes. For many boys the all-important question will then arise, what state of life shall be selected. If boys feel themselves attracted to the religious life or to the holy priesthood, parents should take care not to repress, but rather to foster such a vocation. They should willingly furnish their children with the necessary means to attain this sublime aim. Perhaps the sacrifices required are not so great as they imagine. Moreover, they will be amply rewarded one day when they behold their children among the chosen ministers of the Most High.

The Third Order of the College held its annual election of officers during the last month. The following were elected: Prefect, William Wemhoff; Secretary, Antony Klotzbucher; Instructor of novices and candidates, Henry Martcie; Librarian, John Maloney. The members resolved to procure for the chapel a statue of St. Paschal Baylon. On his feast-day, May 17, the Rev. Father Rector delivered a glowing panegyric on this lovable Saint of the Eucharist, whose life-story is altogether too little known.

On the same day, the St. Bernadine Literary Circle, made up of the

junior students of the institution, held its regular biweekly meeting. A spirited debate on the subject: "Resolved, That War is a Curse" held the attention of the members for two hours. The affirmative was creditably sustained by Frank Kiefer, Raymond Duling, and Charles Michels; while the negative was ably held by Paul Eberle, John Droste, and Henry Pinger. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

On Pentecost Monday, the students will enjoy an outing to a neighboring country-place called Bishop. The boys are eagerly looking forward to this little deviation from the ordinary routine of college-life.

We are sorry to chronicle that John Herring, a student of the second collegiate class, has again been compelled to discontinue his studies. He has returned to Chicago, where he will probably undergo a serious operation. Our prayers and good wishes for a successful operation accompany him.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

April was an unusually eventful month this year, owing chiefly to the fact that "the festival of festivals" fell within its days. The preparations for Easter were many and important, requiring much time and labor. During Holy Week, the students attended the exercises held in the Old Mission church. The singing was furnished by the college choir, under the direction of Father Francis, O.F.M. Father Francis is to be congratulated on his excellent work with the boys. The singers too deserve great credit for the accurate and devout way in which they did their part towards solemnizing the impressive ceremonies. On Good Friday, the boys

observed a three hours self-imposed silence. It was edifying to see the quiet, unfeigned manifestations of piety from the noon hour to three in the afternoon.

Easter was hailed with great joy and was solemnized with impressive pomp and grandeur again at the Old Mission.

The last regular meeting of St. Antony's Literary Circle was held on April 19. Albert Heney entertained the members with an interesting survey of the life-work of Cardinal Manning. Next, John Bold recited in excellent fashion a poem entitled "The Passing of Summer." The program was concluded by an unexpectedly eloquent and inspiring paper on Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" interspersed with beautifully recited passages from the poem by Gerald Clark. Each number was followed by long and hearty applause.

On the afternoon of the 25th, and on the evening of the 26th, the students presented Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." A remarkably successful achievement was scored. An encouraging note for the future comes out of the splendid results achieved by the rendering of this play, surely the greatest dramatic undertaking in the history of the college, and also one of the greatest successes. That the production was so successful is due to the keen interest and the earnest efforts with which the performers set about the task, and above all to the "general honest thought" and hearty mutual cooperation with which the thing was commenced and finished. It came with something of an awakening to those who have never been present at any of our former productions. The friends and benefactors of the college attended in large numbers at both performances. All expressed their great pleasure and satisfaction on the happy issue of our endeavors.

The following were the main characters:

Caesar.....	Frank Dieringer
Brutus.....	Francis LeSage
Antonius.....	Leslie Taniel
Cassius.....	John Walsh
Casca.....	George Lombard
Octavius.....	James Goggin
Tribunes, Henry Dieringer and Geo. Glaset	



OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English branch of the Third Order:

Mary Coyle, Sister Apollonia,
Margaret Furlong, Sister Bridget,
Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Sister Anne,
Annie Martin, Sister Frances,
Ellen Foran, Sister Cecilia,
Ellen Sharp, Sister Frances,
Maria Heavey, a novice,
Mary G. Kerns, a novice,

German branch of the Third Order:

Juliana Sanders, Sister Clara,
Louise Leibholt, Sister Ludovica,
Antonia Caja, a novice.

St. Augustine's Church:

Anna Reuther, Sister Rose.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:

Henry Lechtenberg, Brother Francis.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Aloysius Mueller, Brother Francis.

Bayfield, Wis., Holy Family Church:

Elizabeth Gordon, Sister Agnes.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
SACRED HEART

JUNE, 1914.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	M.	Bl. James, 1st Ord., C.
2	T.	Bl. Baptista, 2d Ord., V.—St. Marcellinus, M.
3	W.	Ember Day.—Bl. Andrew, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
4	Th.	St. Francis Caracciolo, C.
5	F.	Ember Day.—Bl. Pacificus, 1st Ord., C.
6	S.	Ember Day.—St. Norbert, Bp. C.—St. Claude, Bp.
7	S.	Trinity Sunday. (G.A.,P.I.)—Bl. Stephen and Comp., 1st Ord., MM. Gospel: Christ commissions His Disciples to preach. Matt. XXVIII, 18-20.
8	M.	St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, V.
9	T.	St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists, C. (P. I.)
10	W.	Bl. Joienta, 2d Ord., W.—St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.
11	Th.	Corpus Christi, the Solemn Commemoration of the Most Holy Body of Our Lord. (G.A.,P.I)—St. Barnabas, Ap.
12	F.	Bl. Guido, 1st Ord., C.
13	S.	St. Antony of Padua, 1st Ord., C. (P.I.)
14	S.	2nd Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Basil the Great Bp. C. Gospel: The parable of the supper. Luke XIV, 16-24.
15	M.	St. Vitus and Companions, MM.
16	T.	Feast of the Blessed Virgin of the Perpetual Help.
17	W.	St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany.—St. Raynerius, C.
18	Th.	Octave of Corpus Christi.—St. Augustine of Canterbury, Bp.
19	F.	Feast of the Sacred Heart. (G.A.,P.I.)—Bl. Michelina, 3d Ord., W. (P.I.)
20	S.	Octave of St. Antony.—St. Silverius, P.M.
21	S.	3d Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Aloysius Gonzaga, S.J.,C., Patron of Youth Gospel: Parable of the lost sheep. Luke XV, 1-10.
22	M.	St. Paulinus, Bp.
23	T.	St. Vincent, C.
24	W.	St. Faustus, M.
25	Th.	St. William, Abbot.—St. Prosper, C.
26	F.	SS. John and Paul, MM.
27	S.	Bl. Benvenute, 1st Ord., C.
28	S.	4th Sunday after Pentecost. —Nativity of St. John the Baptist. (P.I.) Gospel: The miraculous draught of fishes. Luke V, 1-11.
29	M.	Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul, Ap. (G.A.,P.I.)
30	T.	Commemoration of St. Paul, Ap.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE"

Franciscan Herald

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NO. 7

THE DAY OF THE LORD

DAY of terror, long impending,
Now to hold avenging sway;
Flashing wrath, the Sun of Justice
Smites the nations with dismay.

Angels kneel in mute amazement,
Mortals tremble; armed with might
Christ, the Judge, in anger rises
To pronounce His godly right.

“Ye accurst, to flames eternal,
Set for Satan and his train;
Him ye served my love renouncing,
Serve him then in endless pain!

“Come, ye blessed of my Father,
To salvation’s blissful shore;
In the Land of deathless glory,
Be your rest for evermore!”

He hath spoken; shrieks of anguish
Mingle loud with triumph-songs;
Satan hurls his band to darkness,
Angels greet the blessed throngs.

Ages course in changeless cycles,
Heaven and hell retain their own;
Endless bliss and endless sorrow:
Mortals reap as they have sown.

F. B., O.F.M.



ST. BONAVENTURE

OF THE FIRST ORDER

JULY 14

ST. Bonaventure, the great light and ornament of the Order of St. Francis, was born at Bagnorea, near Viterbo, Italy, in 1221. No details of Bonaventure's childhood and early education have been handed down to us, but his innocent and holy life are evidence that he gave himself up to the practice of virtue from his earliest years. No doubt, the knowledge of a special favor of God in his behalf during his infancy, exercised a lasting influence on him during his entire life. When yet a child, he was seized with a dangerous illness. In the anguish of her heart, his pious mother invoked the intercession of St. Francis, and vowed to give her son to the Seraphic Order, if he would be restored to health. Her prayer was heard, and we may imagine with what tender solicitude she henceforth strove to implant into the heart of her child sentiments of gratitude and love towards God for the signal favor received. Her pious endeavors bore abundant fruit. Bonaventure with the greatest docility gave heed to her instructions and counsels, and thus laid the foundation of those virtues that shone forth in him so brilliantly in later life.

In 1238 or 1243—the exact year is uncertain—Bonaventure entered the Order of St. Francis. Separated from the distractions and temp-

tations of the world, he now gave himself up to the practice of self-denial, humility, obedience, and prayer. The life and passion of our Savior was the subject of his constant meditations, and from them he drew heavenly consolations and courage and strength to persevere and progress in spiritual life.

After completing his novitiate, the Saint was sent to the University of Paris to complete his studies under the illustrious Franciscan Doctor Alexander of Hales. This great teacher was at a loss what to admire more in Bonaventure: his extraordinary talents and progress in the sacred sciences, or the innocence and holiness of his life. Heeding the admonition of St. Francis, the Saint did not permit his studies and speculations to interfere with the exercises of piety. He made his studies a continuous prayer by means of the pious aspirations with which he accompanied them, and continued with the greatest fervor to exercise himself in every religious virtue. Such was the innocence and holiness manifested in his words and actions, that Alexander of Hales would sometimes say, "Truly, it seems that Brother Bonaventure has never sinned in Adam."

In 1245, the Saint was raised to the priesthood, and appointed to teach theology to his brethren in

the convent-school in Paris. Having taken the academic degrees, he was called, in 1248, to occupy a professor's chair at the University, though only twenty-seven years of age. He taught with such success that Gerson, the celebrated chancellor of the University, declared, "I do not think that the University has ever had a doctor like Bonaventure." His comprehensive and solid learning, his clear and forceful lectures were the admiration and delight of his numerous hearers, while his tact, gentleness, and piety gained for him the enthusiastic love and respect of all. He continued to study at the foot of the crucifix. St. Thomas Aquinas, who also taught at the University, one day asked him from what books he drew his great knowledge. The Saint pointed to his crucifix, and said, "This is the source of all my knowledge."

After teaching with great success for seven years, Bonaventure was, in 1257, chosen Minister General of the Friars Minor. The Order of St. Francis was at the time disturbed by great internal dissensions that threatened not only to destroy religious peace and harmony, but also to frustrate the labors of the brethren. The many and great difficulties which confronted the new General, did not dishearten him. Relying on the assistance of Heaven and on the cooperation of his brethren, he courageously accepted the office conferred on him, and by his wisdom, firmness, and unalterable patience and kindness gradually succeeded in removing abuses and in restoring peace and harmony. By word and example, he encouraged all to persevere on the way of virtue and perfection, and by wise laws so strengthened religious discipline, and so regulated the activity of the Order that he is looked upon as its second founder.

In spite of his many labors, the



St. Bonaventure

Saint found time to preach and to write books remarkable for their solid learning and for their unction and piety; among them is the beautiful *Legend of St. Francis*. Of his writings, the learned Gerson says: "No doctrine is more sublime, more godly, salutary and more sweet. . . . In truth Bonaventure merits the title of Seraph and Cherub, he inflames the will, enlightens the intelligence, brings back the soul to God, and unites it to him by an ardent love. If you would be both learned and devout, study his works."

In 1273, Pope Gregory X, admiring the sanctity, wisdom, and executive ability of Bonaventure, created him Cardinal-Bishop of Albano. It is said that the papal envoys who were sent to bring him the cardinal's hat, found the Saint washing dishes in a convent near Florence,

and were asked to hang the hat on a tree nearby, until he should have finished his work. The Pope met him in Florence, and consecrated him bishop with his own hands. He then confided to him the direction of the deliberations of the general council that was to be held at Lyons, in France. One of the matters to be dealt with at the council was the reunion of the Greeks with the Church of Rome.

Never did Bonaventure appear so great as on this last and exalted scene of his activity. He twice addressed the assembled Fathers, and displayed such wisdom and learning as to arouse the admiration of all. Between the second and third sessions, he held his last General chapter of the Order, in which he abdicated the office of general. During the third session, the deliberations relating to the reunion of the Greeks with the Western Church were taken up, and brought to a successful issue. This happy result was ascribed principally to the sanctity, learning, and amiability of our Saint.

But the many labors had exhausted his strength, and amid the rejoicing over the accomplished reunion, he fell ill. Great was the grief of the Fathers of the Council, and especially of Pope Gregory. When it became evident that the last hour of the Saint was approaching, the Pope himself administered Extreme Unction to him. With the liveliest sentiments of confidence and love, the great teacher and humble son of St. Francis passed away to his eternal reward, on July 15, 1274. His funeral, perhaps the most solemn that was ever witnessed, took place the following day. The Pope with all the members of the Council attended, and the Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia delivered the funeral oration in which he declared that he knew no one in the Church of God who could be

compared to Bonaventure, or who could take his place. During the fifth session of the Council, Pope Gregory spoke of the irreparable loss the Church had sustained by the death of the Saint, and commanded all prelates and priests throughout the world to celebrate Mass for the repose of his soul.

Bonaventure was solemnly canonized by Pope Sixtus IV, in 1482. On March 14, 1587, Pope Sixtus V inscribed his name among the principal Doctors of the Church. Posterity has awarded him the title of the "Seraphic Doctor."

REFLECTION

St. Bonaventure was inflamed with the love of God and used every means to remain united with him and to grow in love. He passed from prayer to studies, and from studies to prayer; and his writings and dissertations take the form of prayer in which he admires and praises the beauty, greatness, and goodness of God. Love of God is our first duty here below, because without it there can be no true virtue. The greater our love is, the more persevering will be our endeavors to please him in all things. Our daily labors, even the most insignificant and disagreeable, will be so many means of showing our love and gratitude towards our good Father in heaven and of uniting ourselves more intimately with him. Whence did St. Bonaventure draw his ardent love? From the frequent remembrance of the infinite love of God towards us, especially as it is manifested in the passion of our Savior. "The wounds of Jesus are arrows," he says, "that wound the hardest heart, and inflame the coldest soul." In truth, who could remain indifferent when he contemplates the love of Jesus—a love that led him to undergo the greatest insults and sufferings for the salvation of poor sinners?



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

17. LUCHESIUS AS TERTIARY

"Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ."—I. Cor. IV., 16.

LUCHESIUS had torn himself away from all things earthly, and devoted himself entirely to the things of God. Whether Francis had exercised some influence in causing this conversion, whether this transformation was the fruit of a sermon of the Saint, can not well be determined. Most probably Francis contributed rather indirectly than directly to that result. The zeal of St. Francis undoubtedly had embraced his former friend, and through fervent prayer obtained for him abundant grace.

To Boggibonzi came the news that Francis of Assisi had founded an order for seculars, and that he himself was on his way to Boggibonzi. As soon as LuchesiUS heard this, he hastened forth to meet the Saint and revealed to him the state of his conscience. Francis delays no longer but receives LuchesiUS into the Third Order. At the same time, he imparts various counsels designed to strengthen the zeal of the new recruit.

O happy LuchesiUS! What an exchange hast thou made. To earthly things thou hast bid farewell, and hast renounced them forever. Thy former course, so dangerous, thou hast deserted, and entered upon the way of penance, which shall lead thee to honor of which thou hast never dreamed—to the honors of the altar.

Together with him, his wife re-

ceived the habit of the Order of Penance. It seems, however, that she was but little possessed by the spirit of the Order, and had little sympathy for the zeal of her husband. Noticing that her husband was so generous to the poor, she said to him, "You foolish man. You give your goods to the poor while you leave me and the children to suffer hunger." He bore these complaints in silence, and proceeded without halt on the way of virtue and perfection.

In the providence of God it was decreed that Bonadonna should be brought to a better spirit by means of a miracle. One day, LuchesiUS had exhausted his entire stock of provisions, and there were still some hungry people at his door. He asked his wife for bread. She had been observing his procedure with rising indignation. This was a welcome opportunity to give it vent. "You doddered idiot," she exclaimed. "Your night-watches and your fasting have affected your brain, otherwise you would not be giving away everything and letting your family starve. Where is there any bread in the house that I could give you? LuchesiUS listened quietly to these and other reproaches, and then quietly answers, "Hurry, my dear, and open yonder chest. Confide in Him who fed five thousand with five loaves, so that twelve baskets of fragments remained over and above." Bonadonna, though some-

what dubiously, opens the chest. And lo! a miracle! The chest is full of bread. Struck by this wonderful occurrence she falls on her knees, and pours forth her gratitude to God. She begs her husband's pardon, which is instantly accorded. Luchesi-
 us, however, uses the occasion to instil into his wife a greater confidence in God. Bonadonna is still so thoroughly under the spell of what has happened, that his words fall on good soil. From that hour, her conversion is entire, and she becomes one in all things with her lord.

In this occurrence, Luchesi-
 us, as it were, calls upon all Tertiaries,

"Be ye followers of me." You too, shall overcome your enemies, for "in silence and in hope shall your strength lie," (Is. XXXI, 15.) How often does it not happen that a man reproaches his wife because she is a member of the Third Order, gives alms, and frequents the sacraments. All that she should hear with equanimity, and be inspired to greater love for him. By that means she will win him. The members of the Third Order, should publish its merits more by a virtuous life than by eulogies. Let us be pupils of Luchesi-
 us, and learn from him that our strength lies in silence and in trust in God.

AT MARY'S ALTAR

For Franciscan Herald

Dear Mother of God, at your altar we kneel,
 For you are the "Health of the Weak,"
 And Jesus will all our infirmities heal
 If you but one word for us speak.

You know we grow weary of striving fore'er
 To stifle the passions within—
 O "Refuge of Sinners," deprived of your care,
 How could we e'er triumph o'er sin!

In sight of your lowliness, Pride hides his face,
 Your meekness puts Anger to shame;—
 God's choice among creatures—enriched with His grace,
 What glory surrounds your dear name!

Sweet "Virgin of Virgins" and "Mother most pure,"
 True children of yours we would be,
 For this ask your Jesus—then we shall be sure
 To keep from all sinfulness free.

We would, dearest Mother, our hearts were on fire
 With love for the Master Divine,
 Our one ever-constant, o'erwhelming desire,
 Like John, on His breast to recline.

And now we go forth to the conflict again,
 Before us your beautiful face,
 Still cheering us onward toward Heaven—oh when
 Shall we say *there*, "Hail, full of grace!"

K. C.

THE THIRD ORDER AND SOCIAL REFORM

By Fr. F. H., O.F.M.

MANY and quite contradictory are the opinions we hear of the Third Order, its value, and its purpose. That the frivolous, amusement-mad world should find but words of contempt and ridicule for this venerable institution should not excite our wonder; on the contrary, were the Third Order to find approval in the ranks of the worldly-minded, we should have just cause to fear that its dissolution is at hand. From Catholics, however, at least from those worthy of the name, we have a right to expect a high and settled opinion of that institution which since its founding, in 1221, by St. Francis, has won the admiration and approval not only of the rulers of the Church, but also of countless rulers and statesmen. But there are many, even otherwise well-meaning Catholics who, when the subject of the Third Order is broached, are ever ready with the equally false and trite observation: "The Third Order is a thing of the past. It is no longer able to cope with modern circumstances. It has outlived its usefulness." To such as these, we can only say with the Apostle St. Jude: "These men blaspheme whatever things they know not." (Jude 1, 10) If in a spirit of fair-mindedness, they would put aside their preconceived ideas, and study the Third Order, its history and success, its scope and purpose, they would soon change their ideas, and "having come to scoff, would remain to revere". No, kind reader, the Third Order, far from being out of date and useless, is still the one great means advocated by the Popes for social reform. In the following series of articles, we will try to illustrate the powerful influence which the Third Order can wield in modern society.

1. The Third Order and Faith

The Third Order of St. Francis is not a mere society or confraternity, such as the confraternity of the Living Rosary, or of Mount Carmel. It is a real order, and its members are religious, though living in the world. This has been expressly declared by various Popes. It was chiefly to enkindle again the dying embers of faith among the people, that God inspired St. Francis to found this Order; and history vouches for the success of his undertaking. But, as Pope Leo XIII says in his encyclical, "The conditions of the thirteenth century obtain again to-day, and therefore my plan of social reform (and of the renewal of faith) is the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis."

That the Third Order is concerned with the safe-keeping and spread of our holy faith, follows from the very first chapter of the Rule: "It is forbidden to receive any persons as members unless they be . . . above all exact in the practice of the Catholic religion, and of tried obedience to the Roman Church and the Apostolic See". This Rule is especially necessary in our godless and religiously indifferent days. "The real and true cause of the present sad state of affairs is to be sought in the lack of faith. When the mind has once lost sight of heaven, it becomes engrossed in the perishable things of this world." (Leo XIII, *Auspicato Concessum*, 1882) St. Francis understood this full well, and therefore desired the Tertiaries to bear aloft fearlessly the banner of faith, and to be guided by faith in all their actions. And in all justice; for, as the tree springs from the root, and the plant from the seed, so do all works of piety begin and find their prop-

er strength in faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

In order to cultivate and increase faith in the hearts of its members, the Third Order recommends instruction, prayer, and the reception of the Sacraments—in other words, the constant exercise of faith.

A house, although built of the strongest materials and according to the most approved methods, will in the course of time need repairs, without which it will begin to weaken, until it finally crumbles to ruin. Thus it is with our holy faith. We may have received the most thorough religious instruction,—it will not suffice, if we do not add to it now and then, if we do not perfect ourselves in matters of faith.

Hence the members of the Third Order are admonished to attend the monthly meetings, the Tertiary congresses, and to read good books and publications. In this manner faith—religious fervor—will not only be kept alive, but also increased and strengthened; and the children of St. Francis will fulfill the two-fold purpose of their Order: their own sanctification, and the salvation, of their fellow men.

Faith is a grace, a gift of the Holy Ghost. We must, therefore, implore it from him. For this reason, the Third Order binds its members to certain daily prayers. "Tertiaries who are ecclesiastics, inasmuch as they read the Psalms daily, need do no more under this heading. Laymen who neither recite the canonical hours, nor the Office of the Blessed Virgin, commonly known as the "Little Office," must say each day twelve "Our Fathers," "Hail Marys," and "Glories," unless prevented from doing so by ill-health." This prayer is the official prayer, the holy duty, the daily service of the Tertiaries. It is performed day after day in union with the Church

and with the prayers of all persons consecrated to God; it is performed in the name of the Order and of the Church. It is, therefore, a prayer which will surely bring the promised reward: "Again I say to you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in heaven. For where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them." (Matth. XVIII, 19, 20) This daily prayer, uniting the members so closely with one another, with the Church, and above all with the one true High-priest, Jesus Christ, is without doubt an efficacious means of increasing in their hearts a love and devotion towards their faith and their Church.

Man is not born a saint; on the contrary, we can all say with more or less truth: "I see the good indeed, I approve of it, but nevertheless I pursue the evil." We must all, therefore, train ourselves to the practice and pursuit of the good alone. To accomplish this, the Third Order gives the all-important rule: "Members will confess their sins each month, and will also approach the Holy Table monthly." Through the frequent reception of these two Sacraments, they will learn to know their faults and failings; they will receive the strength and the grace to overcome them; in fine, these Sacraments will strengthen their wills, lessen their evil inclinations, and urge them on to God, to piety, to fidelity in the performance of their daily obligations. They will increase the fear and love of God in their hearts, and where there is love and fear, there is also faith.

If every Christian is obliged to give outward testimony of his faith by the performance of good works, the attendance at holy Mass, and

the reception of the Sacraments, the Tertiary, as a member of a religious Order, has a greater obligation to do so. The Rule says: "In their home life let them (Tertiaries) study to lead others by their example, to promote pious practices and all that is good." And on April 12, 1893, Pope Leo XIII uttered these earnest words before a pilgrim band of over four thousand Tertiaries: "We assure you that the activity of the Third Order will be truly great and efficacious if the members, each one at his post of duty, strive in

the true spirit to edify others by example; because you know full-well the most eloquent and far-reaching sermon of your Seraphic Father was that of his holy example." If the members are faithful to their Rule and strive for perfection, then, as a Tertiary Bishop once said, "They will be souls of living faith who, while humble and modest, let their light shine forth before men, who by their lives manifest to the world the inconceivable joy and blessing of a lively faith."

METISSA'S DESIRE

Little Matissa had not yet made her First Communion, and she longed to receive the sweet Savior into her heart. With childlike confidence she went to the missionary to plead her cause.

"Father, please let me make my First Communion. I want to receive our Lord."

"But you are too young, my child. You don't understand the greatness of the Holy Eucharist."

Day after day this little lover of the hidden Lord returned with the same request only to meet the same refusal.

One day, on visiting the church, the good priest was arrested by the sound of a child's voice raised in earnest petition to her adorable Friend in the tabernacle.

"Chief," spoke the little maiden, "my father, the priest, says that I do not know you. But I do know you. You are the Son of God; you are the child born in the stable of Bethlehem; you lived in Nazareth; you were lost and found in your Father's house; you died on the cross, and you rose again on the third day. You see that I know you. Well, I ask but one thing now, and you can not refuse me. Open the priest's eyes and let him see that I know you, dear Jesus."

The missionary's eyes were dim with tears as he quietly withdrew. That evening, after the vesper hymn had been sung, he called the child: "Now tell me, Metissa, how many times did you visit our Lord today?"

"Fifteen times, Father"

"What did you say to him?"

The little one hesitated as she glanced timidly at the questioner. "Father, I said bad things about you." And she related the subject of her outpourings before the altar.

The missionary turned to the assembly: "See how the good God listens to prayers well made. I am not in the habit of making a visit at that hour, but to-day the Great Spirit prompted me to enter the church. My child, you did well to pray thus. The Chief above has opened my eyes. I feel that you know Jesus Christ, and you shall receive him in the Holy Sacrament."

"Father," said Metissa, sobbing for happiness, "I am so glad that it seems I must be in heaven already."—*Magnificat.*

A MODERN MARTYR

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

Freely treated according to the German of Fr. Rembert Wegener, O. F. M.

33. Maneuvers

It was a black night. The way led up a mountain through a dense forest, and the little band halted on the banks of the river that washes Siao-me-tien, till sunrise, Thursday, December 1. It was painful climbing, but the cave was found at last. It was very small, being hardly able to contain the Father's pallet, and so damp that the water dripped from the walls.

Here Fr. Victorin and his three companions remained till December 3. On the evening of that day, Li-ta-jen returned to the cave saying it was no longer safe to remain there. The rebel leaders had set a price of 100 li (about \$10.) for the man that would take Fr. Victorin alive. Their spies were continuously patrolling the mountains. Li-ta-jen advised to hire a guide to conduct the company to Ta-me-gai, where things were more quiet, and the advice was followed. Li-ta-jen then withdrew; but on the way back, he was surprised by the rebels, and narrowly escaped falling into their hands.

On Sunday, Fr. Victorin sent his cook abroad to search for Li-ta-jen. While on this errand, the cook fell in with two rebels, who were known to him. They asked him why he had become a Catholic, and wished to know where the Father was. The wretch declared that he had been forced to become a Catholic, and that he could easily turn the Father over to them if they would spare him. They promised to do so, and the bargain was struck. One of the rebels wished to capture the Father straightway; but the other thought it best to wait a while. Toward sunset, the cook returned

to the cave, saying he had found Li-ta-jen, but he said nothing of his meeting with the rebels.

Seeing the danger increase, Fr. Victorin decided to flee in the direction of Chuen-long-tin, a little town on the road to Ichang. In order not to be recognized, he trimmed his beard. With death before him, he buried his chalice, and abandoned all his luggage excepting a revolver, a few coins, and a scant supply of bread. Night had closed in on them. They groped their way down the mountain side to the bank of the river. In the course of their flight, they had to cross the river repeatedly, the cook carrying Fr. Victorin on his shoulders.

December 5 dawned. Fr. Victorin, greatly fatigued, sat down on a rock, and ate a piece of bread. "This road along the river is too hard," said he to the cook, "let us take another." The cook declared he knew no other, and then hastily withdrew, being quickly out of sight. Fr. Victorin sent the carrier after him; but as the carrier returned alone, the poor Father began to cry, saying, "That man is not honest." Again they set out. Ascending the mountain slope along the river, the refugees saw the cook hurrying forward along the bank. Fr. Victorin begged him amid tears to accompany them; but he refused. Fr. Victorin asked him at least to give back the money which he carried; and again he refused. Crossing the river again, they came to a place called Chen-kia-wan.

34. The Encounter

At Chen-kia-wan they were seen by a heathen, who, turning to a friend named Wang, asked, "Is not

that man the priest Tong (Fr. Victorin)?" Wang wished to shield the priest, and said it was a court official from the neighboring city. But another bystander bore out the surmise of the first speaker, and straightway he gave the alarm. The miscreants armed with clubs, sabers, and other weapons, began to swarm in upon the little company from all sides, and fired a few shots to scare the Father. Fr. Victorin took refuge behind a huge rock in the bed of the river. But he was soon discovered in his retreat. As Lieu-min-ta, one of the robbers, stepped up to lay hold of him, Fr. Victorin discharged his revolver, and wounded the man in the cheek. This cowed the assailants. Still, two of the more daring approached from behind, seized the Father by the hair, dragged him to the ground, and wrested the weapon from him. Then they stripped him of his upper garments and his mission cross, whereupon the crowd fell to beating him so mercilessly, that some objected for fear that they would kill him, and lose the reward. So they bound his hands behind his back, and led him away to the house of Chinese, named Shang-te-hui. There they deprived him of all his clothes. A shameless woman repeatedly struck him in the face, and heaped him with insults, appropriating at the same time his Chinese hat and his scarf.

Then they dragged their helpless victim onward. His feet pained him so that he could not walk. But they beat him with rods to urge him on. Realizing at last that he could not go any farther, and not wishing to delay any longer, they carried him to Huang-po-chan, where many rebels had gathered. At the sight of their victim, they discharged their rifles in token of their delight. They took supper; whereupon, armed with clubs and

weapons of all kinds, they led the Father to Tong-kia-pin, the camp of the rebels. Siang-tsen-gan, the chief of the rebel rout, was in high glee, and congratulated his men on their catch. Then, to torment their victim, they dressed him in woman's clothes. All that night of the fifth of December until toward noon of the sixth, Fr. Victorin lay stretched on the ground, bound hand and foot, and exposed to all kinds of insults and indignities.

Toward noon, the poor Father was dragged on to his residence town of Che-keu-chan, where the rebels had erected their headquarters. The chief of the band was carried in a litter in advance of the procession, a great number of armed men following and exploding firecrackers along the way.

35. The Thickest of the Fray

On this day, December 6, a great number of Christians of Che-keu-chan were cut down. Near the town there is a cave, an old salt-peter dugout. Through an opening from the plain around, scarcely large enough to admit a grown person, one enters into a place that will contain some few persons, then into another space of similar dimensions, and finally into the ancient pit, which is very spacious. On December 2, a group of seventy Christians sought refuge there against their cruel persecutors. They were mainly women, children, and old men who were not able to flee to any distance. All their belongings of any value, clothing, beds, provisions, and the like, were put by in the great pit; while two powerful men, armed with rifles, remained in the smaller anteroom to guard the entrance. But false Christians, two men and a woman, betrayed the hiding place. The rebels made for the cave. Dry wood, straw, and other combustibles were piled up at the entrance

and set on fire, while the fiends stood around fanning the smoke into the mouth of the cave so as to suffocate the hapless inmates. When the work was done, they entered the cave, and found sixty-eight corpses! Two Christians, though unconscious, were still breathing. The ruffians cut off their heads, and fetched away the bodies of the two leaders to Che-keu-chan, where Father Victorin awaited death.

Just two months previous, Fr. Victorin had entered this town amid the rejoicing of his faithful flock. Now he returned amid gloom and desolation, his flock dispersed and ravaged by merciless wolves, himself to die with his sheep.

36. Victory in Death

What torments and insults were the portion of Fr. Victorin from Tuesday till Saturday, December 6-10, only his mangled body could tell. The rebels believed there was a treasure hidden somewhere about his residence, and pressed the missionary to tell them of it. But as he possessed nothing, he could tell them nothing; and so the infuriated mob vented on him all the cruelty of frenzied minds.

It was some days since the return of Fr. Victorin to his residence, and yet the miscreants had not fixed the day of his execution. Then a secret official of their society appeared on the scene with the news that the mandarin of Ya-tong with a company of soldiers was on the way to capture them all. He added "If you mean to kill him, you must hurry, for soon you will not have the chance to do so." So they fixed the day of his death for Sunday, December 11, which was the very next day. The news spread rapidly, and multitudes of curious people hurried in from all quarters to witness the grewsome drama.

On Sunday morning, the leaders of the rebel band held a mock trial.

Sentence was passed without hearing the accused, in the presence of numberless heathen spectators. Then Fr. Victorin was led forth, his hands bound upon his back. The order was given, and two of the rebels, with many strokes hacked his body, breaking two sabers in the attempt. Two catechumens were slaughtered with him.

It was the third Sunday of Advent, the fourth day of the octave of the Immaculate Conception, 1898. The good shepherd had given his life for the love of his flock. The great day had come, a day, which in every century martyrs have hailed as a day of deliverance and victory.

37. The Aftermath

One may imagine what anxiety held the friends of Fr. Victorin during these days of suspense. The courier entrusted with his last report to the superiors at Ichang, arrived there on November 28. The news of the good Father's imminent danger spread general consternation. In the absence of Bishop Christiaens, Fr. Cassian notified the fu, or high mandarin of Ichang, doing his utmost to safeguard the life of Fr. Victorin. The fu straightway telegraphed to the mandarin of Patong, in whose district the hapless Father dwelt. But the mandarin was not over anxious. He contented himself with sending three constables to the scene of uprising, and they, instead of preventing the murder, advised the murderers to hasten their design. Then came fugitive Christians to Ichang, telling of Fr. Victorin's death. The fu again despatched to the mandarin, demanding an explanation. One answer was: The Father is captured, but he is still alive. Another answer was: The priest is dead, but whether he died naturally or by violence, I do not know. And so the fu re-

ported to the Fathers at Ichang.

Meanwhile, for some days the body of the martyr had been dangling from a tree, outside the town of Che-keu-chan, suspended by an arm and a leg. The head also had been fixed to a tree. By order of the magistracy, the remains were taken down, wrapped in matting, and brought to a neighboring village. There they were inspected by civil authorities and coffined. Later on, they were deposited on the banks of a nearby stream. This done, the fu, on January 23, informed the Fathers at Ichang that the body was ready, and might be brought away to church for burial. But the Fathers insisted that there should first be an inquest of the remains, and that, in the fu's presence and in a becoming place. As the fu continued to haggle, the mandarin received peremptory orders from the viceroy to hold the inquest as demanded. The inquest was held in a pagoda outside the town.

38. Mustering the Dead

On Thursday, January 26, a procession of sixteen churchmen and a great number of Christians, all wearing the Chinese ceremonial raiment, repaired to the pagoda. The mandarin also appeared with his numerous attendants. When they had entered the pagoda, the doors were closed in the face of thousands who thronged the approaches, and the inquest began.

As the lid of the rough-made coffin was removed, disclosing the mangled and begrimed body, no one could speak for emotion. The remains were clothed in a plain, cotton jacket and pantaloons, a charity which the Christians of the neighborhood had done the naked body when the fu wished it transferred to Ichang. These removed and the body washed, it was made possible to see the full

extent of the cruelty practiced on the young apostle. There was not a member but had its torture. Iron, fire, whatever ingenious cruelty could think of, had been used on him. It would be too revolting to rehearse the details as they were entered in the official report. The head had been frightfully mangled in severing it from the body, and the skull had been crushed to remove the brain. The trunk of the body had been slit, and the chest pried open to remove the heart and lungs. Cuts, bruises, scorches, and contusions were not to be counted, and the begrimed wounds showed that the body had been dragged naked over the ground. Yet, in spite of a month's exposure and in spite of being minced as it was, the body was still flexible, and showed no signs of decay.

After these details were attested and subscribed to by those present, the inquest ended, and the Fathers proceeded to prepare the remains for a decent burial, the mandarin paying all the costs. They arrayed the body in costly Chinese apparel, over which priestly garments were put. Then they placed the relics in a gorgeous casket of precious wood. It was now ten o'clock in the evening. The Fathers removed the idol of the temple from its lodge, and replaced it with the Crucifix. Then ranging themselves about the body, they intoned the Magnificat and the hymn, "Christ hath triumphed." From this day until the body could be removed to Ichang, relays of eight Christians acted as a guard of honor to the remains, while two men of the mandarin's household guarded the temple door.

39. Breaking the News at Home

Certain remarkable occurrences during the martyrdom of Fr. Victorin and others equally striking which transpired about his remains at Ichang, may be omitted, to tell

how the news of the martyr's death was received in his Belgian home, which he had left scarcely three years before.

On December 21, a telegram from Ichang reached the headquarters of the Belgian province, stating in two words that Fr. Victorin had been slain. On the day before Christmas, the news was broken to the mother of the youthful martyr. Her sons wished to prepare her for the blow by the impression that the young priest was not well. "No", said she, "if it were only that, they would never have sent a telegram. He is dead, he is martyred." Then they told her all. The heroic mother burst into tears while her fingers sought her beads.

Gradually the details became known, dispelling any doubt the

first short report might have left. What excitement prevailed in the family, in his home town, among his former teachers and school-mates, in all the convents of his province, especially at the college of Lokeren! For, everywhere the young religious of the sunny disposition was loved and revered. Many and grand obsequies were held to honor his memory, and press and pulpit vied with each other in sounding the praises of the young martyr.

In their inmost hearts many faithful are directing their prayers to the martyred apostle, and they tell of favors received.

The remains of Fr. Victorin Delbrouck now rest in the Franciscan church at St. Trond, Belgium.

THE END

MIRIAM

CONCLUDED

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

When the girl sought admittance at the door of her dwelling, she found it securely locked. After repeated knocks, it opened to reveal her father, his face livid with anger. He seized her roughly by the arm, and drew her into the room. "And so thou hast again defied my commands, and held clandestine tryst with thy Roman lover?" he hissed. And raising a scourge he held in his hand he rained blow after blow upon the shoulders of the shrinking girl. Then opening the door, he thrust her out while he screamed between his clenched teeth, "Go back to thy pagan lover—to the enemy of thy God and thy people!"

The door closed, and the girl realized that she was shut out of her home forever. Whither would she turn? Would her failing strength permit her to reach a place of safety? Sick and blind with pain, her delicate arms and shoulders bleeding from the cruel blows, she stumbled along the road toward the city.

On and on she went becoming more dizzy and faint with each faltering step. At last, all grew dark, the world seemed to be slipping away from her, and she fell, a white, unconscious heap, in the moonlit road.

* * *

When Miriam opened her eyes,

she found herself lying on a couch, while bending over her was a beautiful woman with the sweetest face she had ever beheld.

Somehow she seemed strangely familiar, and the girl wondered where she had seen her before. The woman stroked Miriam's dark hair, and smiled reassuringly into the pale upturned face. "Where am I?" Miriam faintly asked.

The woman spoke in soft, musical tones. "Thou art with friends, my daughter, who found thee senseless and bleeding by the wayside, and brought thee hither to Capernaum. Drink this, and rest peacefully, for here thou art safe from all harm." And supporting the girl's head, she held a cup of cordial to the feverish lips. Then drawing the coverlet over the slender shoulders, she crossed the room, and seating herself at a table, resumed her needlework.

Miriam watched with admiring eyes the contour of the queenly head as the woman bent over her work. Occasionally, the woman turned a compassionate glance toward the couch where the sufferer lay. At last, the girl sank into a tranquil slumber to dream that the beautiful lady's eyes were gazing upon her from the sky like two great shining stars.

With the dawn of another day, Miriam awoke refreshed by her sleep, but still weak from the terrible experience of the previous night. At the remembrance of her father's terrible anger and cruel treatment, the girl's eyes filled with tears, and a feeble moan escaped her lips.

A door opened softly, and her sweet-faced benefactress entered the room. "Art feeling stronger, my daughter, and has thy sleep refreshed thee?" The voice was like the chiming of distant bells.

Miriam assured her that her rest had been most beneficial. "And how can I sufficiently thank thee,

dear lady, for all thou hast done for me, a homeless stranger," she exclaimed. The woman seated herself beside the couch. "Tell me of thyself and of thy people," she said. Then Miriam poured out her life story to her new friend, telling of her childhood's home and of the mother who had died before she knew a mother's loving care, and of the father cruel and tyrannical, whom she tried to love and respect as a true daughter of Israel should.

She drew a vivid picture of the scene, when, as she was one day crossing a street a Roman chariot drawn by splendid, high-spirited horses bore down upon her, and would have crushed out her life had not Vitellius, a brave Roman soldier, sprung directly in their path, and snatched her from a cruel death at the peril of his own life.

Then she told of the affection that grew up between her and the noble, manly soldier, and how he was ever the one friend to whom she could turn for solace when her father was unusually harsh and cruel.

As she described the banquet scene, Miriam noticed a shadow steal over her listener's face, which changed to an expression of ineffable love and tenderness as she told of the kneeling form on the hillside. She concluded her life story with a pitiful account of her father's terrible denunciation when he thrust her out into the night, a homeless wanderer.

Silence ensued after the girl had finished speaking. The woman sat with her hands clasped in her lap, a far-away look in her beautiful eyes.

At last Miriam broke the silence. "O lady, when I opened my eyes last night and beheld thee bending compassionately over me, I thought how familiar thy face appeared. I know the reason now—'tis because thou dost resemble the Nazarene—thy face is so sad and full of love.

O tell me, my benefactress, hast thou ever seen Him?"

A wrapt expression illumined the eyes of the woman seated beside her. Her face was lighted up with an unearthly light. A smile parted the tender, delicate lips, and in tones like tremulous music she answered, "I am His Mother!"

* * *

A year had passed since the eventful night when Miriam had fallen unconscious by the wayside. Vainly had Vitellius sought for news of her until one day when riding through the streets of Capernaum, he suddenly perceived the object of his search.

With a joyfully beating heart, he sprang from his horse, and was soon at her side. "Miriam, my Miriam," he exclaimed in joyful tones, "why hast thou dealt so with me? Tell me my Miriam," he said eagerly, "what hath transpired since the night we parted at thy gate?"

The story was soon told. "And Vitellius," the girl concluded, "the Nazarene's dear mother assured me that I might always have a home with her and the holy women of her household, and I am content to abide with her, for I can thus serve the Nazarene in the person of his holy mother. I have often longed for a mother, Vitellius, and now I have indeed found one!" she added tenderly.

Vitellius looked at her with entreating eyes. "But, Miriam, tell me that thou lovest me still, and that thou wilt become my wife!" he pleaded earnestly.

"Ah, my Vitellius," the girl answered, as the tears filled her eyes, "thou art still my beloved friend. But the Nazarene's mother hath need of me. She told me one day when we were walking in the garden that a terrible sorrow will soon come into her life; yet she says she can not but rejoice, for it will

bring a great blessing to the world. O, I wish to be near her when that sorrow comes, Vitellius. I wish to be a daughter to one who hath been a tender mother to me!"

She paused, waiting for Vitellius to speak, but the young man remained silent and thoughtful. "Occasionally, I catch sight of the Nazarene," she went on with a note of gladness in her voice. "Just now as I was on my way home from a visit to a sick woman, I beheld a multitude gathered by the wayside, and knew the Nazarene must be speaking to them. I drew near to listen. The crowds hung upon His lips. And as he spoke, sad faces brightened, and tears of joy and love streamed from many eyes.

Suddenly, loud shouts arose, and through the multitude dashed a group of men dragging with them a poor frightened woman, whom they brought right up to the feet of the Master. Vitellius, imagine my surprise when I beheld in that poor miserable creature the beautiful, haughty Rufina who sat at the feast, in the house of Marcus that night.

She looked up at him—her face bespeaking deep remorse, and He met her glance with tender, pitying eyes. Then he opened His divine lips, Vitellius, and in tones like the murmur of waves on a far-off shore He said, 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace.' And the poor creature wept out her love and gratitude at His feet.'

The young Roman listened with deep attention to Miriam's story, and a heavy sigh escaped his lips as she finished speaking. "Truly, 'tis a wonderful tale and very beautiful," he said with reverence in his voice, "but Miriam, time passeth, and I must have thy answer. Say that thou wilt be my wife. O, it hath been a long and weary search by night and by day, but life will

be sweet to live again, now that I have found thee. Say thou wilt come, my Miriam."

"Vitellius, I would not wound thy loving heart," she pleaded, "but O, I must stay near the Nazarene and His mother who hath befriended me. Life would not be sweet without them."

The young soldier's eyes flashed angrily. "And so thou dost cast my love back into my very face because this Man of Galilee hath turned thy head, this man whom people are beginning to style an impostor. I tell thee, girl, thou art mad!"

Miriam's face grew pale. "Speak not so, Vitellius, I implore thee! He is the Messiah, not an impostor, as thou hast said. Have not the prophets long foretold His coming? He is the expectation of the nations," she murmured softly. "He hath come to be the light of the world!"

"Miriam," Vitellius spoke again, his voice vibrant with emotion, "thou hast forgotten I saved thee from a cruel death. Thou dost forget that thou hast ever found in me a friend when thy heart cried out for sympathy and love."

Tears filled her soft, brown eyes as she said tenderly, "Nay, Vitellius, thou knowest I shall never forget thee for thy kindness to me. But a change hath been wrought in my heart. It belongeth now to the gentle Christ, and He doth desire thee too, Vitellius. And I feel that one day He will win thee, and then thou wilt confess that He is indeed the Son of God. Farewell!"

Swiftly the years had flown by since that dread day when Miriam had beheld the sun's light die out of the sky, and the gloom of night steal over the hill of Calvary, while amid Nature's fierce convulsion the Man-God gave back His soul to His Father.

After the Ascension, Miriam with

several other pious women among whom was Rufina took up their abode at Ephesus, where they might administer to the needs of the disciples who had gone thither to preach the Gospel.

Again and again, Miriam lived over the scenes of the past when the gentle Christ walked on earth, and she had been one of those privileged to gaze into the face of the fairest among the children of men, and listen to the words that fell like heavenly music from His lips. The farewell scene, too, how often it recurred to her. The group sad and tearful at parting with their Friend and Master, but consoled by His loving assurance: "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am you may be also."

And another sweet promise rang in her ears, filling with deep peace and joy her waking and dreaming hours. The same divine lips had uttered the words: "I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you again." How well the promise had been kept! For whenever she received the Bread of Life from the hands of Christ's consecrated ones, was it not her blessed Lord whom she clasped to her heart, the Savior who had breathed out His life on the cross, and whom she had joyfully beheld again in all His risen glory on that first Easter Day?

Nor did she ever cease to pray fervently for the soul of Vitellius. She often thought how much one possessed of so great nobility of character might accomplish for the cause of Christ were his splendid powers but directed into the proper channel.

Peaceful and happy were those days passed at Ephesus, in the company of the Master's chosen followers, days full of deeds of charity and self-sacrifice.

It was from a visitation of love and mercy that Miriam was return-

ing one evening in early spring. Her way led her by the splendid Temple of Diana, and a sigh escaped her lips as she surveyed the magnificent building, thinking to herself what a pity it was that such an edifice were not erected to honor the true God of the Christians.

Just as she passed the portals of the temple, a group of men descended the stairway. Immediately, their gaze was directed toward the sweet-faced Christian virgin passing modestly on her way. At once, a shout arose from the foremost of the group. "Behold, one of the hated sect? A follower of the crucified," and with coarse jests and laughter the worshipers of Diana advanced toward Miriam.

Two of the men grasped her by the arms, and Miriam pale but calm turned her large, lustrous eyes upon the ruffians. "Why dost thou molest me?" she asked in gentle tones. "We would conduct thee to the temple where thou wilt offer sacrifice to Diana!" derisively yelled one of the men who had seized her.

Up the great temple stairway they dragged their meek, unresisting victim. "My Lord and my God," the virgin prayed, "gladly will I die rather than pay homage to their false gods!" Once inside the temple, her tormentors repeatedly endeavored to force her to offer sacrifice to Diana. "There is but one true God, and Him alone will I adore!" she declared fearlessly, while her face shone with a radiant light. Her refusal to carry out their wishes infuriated her pagan persecutors, while they wondered exceedingly at the calm courage and fearlessness of their frail victim. "Woman," cried the leader of the heartless mob, "dost know thou wilt escape a fearful death if thou wilt but burn a grain of incense?"

Miriam looked at him. "Gladly would I die for the God who died for me," she bravely answered.

"Why should I fear death?" Her tormentors again seized her. "Death shall be thy portion since it hath no terrors for thee," hissed the leader as they hurried her through the portals of the temple and down the great stairway.

Outside the city gates, was a steep, overhanging cliff from the heights of which many a martyr had been hurled to death. Toward this place the pagans dragged their victim faint from emotion, yet filled with divine strength and courage. Up from her pure heart ascended a prayer for her persecutors and an earnest petition for perseverance.

With a shudder Miriam beheld the yawning abyss, and realized what was to be her fate. O, what a terrible death was to be hers. How cruelly the rocks would mangle her delicate body. Her whole being recoiled, her soul cried out against so awful an end.

And then there arose before her a vision of a sombre hill surmounted by a cross supporting a bloody, wounded form. The weary, drooping head was inclined toward her, and the love and yearning tenderness in the mournful eyes seemed to burn into her very soul. With a sob Miriam threw herself on her knees near the yawning chasm. Claspng her hands and lifting her eyes to the soft, evening sky she cried out, "My Jesus, my Crucified Love, I can do all things in Thee who art my strength!"

Brutally she was dragged from her knees, and then, with fiendish laughter and jeers, the pagans hurled their victim over the edge of the abyss, down to the depths below, where she lay bleeding and apparently dead on the pitiless rocks. Satisfied that their dark deed was perpetrated, the murderers wended their way back to the city, while the soft evening air was rent with their ribald songs and jests.

The pagans were not aware that there were witnesses to their deed. A party of Christian men and women happened to be passing by in sight of the place just as the ruffians were in the act of hurling Miriam from the rocky cliff. Concealing themselves until the pagan group had gone on their way, they hastened to the yawning chasm, and peering down beheld the martyr's form lying on the rocks below.

A footpath was discovered leading down the side of the cliff, and with fear in their hearts the rescuers descended. It did not take long to reach the bleeding, unconscious form lying among the pitiless rocks. Strong arms gently bore the precious burden up the steep, winding path, and after discovering that life was not extinct, the Christians despatched a messenger to Ephesus to summon a priest, and to bear tidings of Miriam's fate to her friends.

The last lingering rays of the setting sun were gilding hill and valley as the messenger sped along on his errand of mercy. As he neared the gates of the city, he overtook another wayfarer pushing on toward Ephesus, and entering into conversation with the stranger learned that he also was a Christian.

The youth then told his companion of the fate of Miriam and of his mission to summon a priest to administer the sacraments to the dying virgin. To his great joy, the

stranger informed him that he was a priest but lately summoned to Ephesus by the Apostle St. John.

At once, the two wayfarers retraced their steps, and before long the servant of God was kneeling by the martyr's side. The little group keeping vigil noticed the look of pain that crossed the face of the man as he gazed upon the pallid features of the unconscious virgin, and his voice choked with sobs as he pronounced the sacred words of absolution.

After some time, during which the little company knelt absorbed in prayer, Miriam opened her eyes. "The Bread—of Life!" she murmured in broken, feeble tones.

Then the brief confession was made, and for the last time Miriam received the Sacred Host, the Bread from Heaven that had been the one joy and consolation of her life since the Master had gone away.

A look of surprise followed by one of radiant joy illumined her face as the servant of God bent over her. For some time Miriam lay with closed eyes, a light not of earth upon her beautiful face, while occasionally her lips moved as in prayer.

Then the soft, dark eyes opened once more, while brokenly, but joyously she murmured, "Vitellius—the Lord's—annointed!—Jesus—my Love—how good—Thou—art—"

A radiant smile, a long drawn sigh, and the soul of the virgin martyr had flown to the embrace of the heavenly Bridegroom.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

As reported in our last issue, the Franciscan Tertiaries of France and Spain have it in purpose to erect a statue to St. Paschal at Lourdes, which will be unveiled during the coming Eucharistic Congress. We congratulate our brethren overseas on their laudable undertaking. They could not have chosen a more opportune time for honoring the Saint of the Blessed Sacrament and Patron of all Eucharistic Societies and Associations than the time of the great congress. It was likewise most fitting that they, the brethren of the Saint, should have taken the initiative in the matter. So far as we are able to learn from our foreign exchanges, however, the project has met with little favor or encouragement outside of the Order.

But, why, if we may be permitted to ask, should all the enthusiasm for St. Paschal be confined to the Franciscan Order? Whatever may be the reason, enthusiasm for the Saint has never run high among the friends of the holy Eucharist. Indeed, when Pope Leo XIII constituted him Patron of all Eucharistic Societies and Associations, the announcement created great surprise if not distinct disappointment in some quarters. There may have been some reason for surprise or disappointment at the time of the announcement, because the humble Franciscan lay brother was little known in the Church at large. Since then, however, numerous biographies of the Saint have appeared, and all who wished to acquaint themselves with the life of the lovable Saint and to learn of his great devotion to the adorable Sacrament, have had ample opportunity to do so. Yet, his seems to be the common fate of all Franciscan Saints, excepting, of course, St. Francis and St. Antony. No matter how holy their lives, no matter how stupendous their achievements for Church and State, they receive little recognition outside of the Order itself.

We say this not from a desire to criticize, but merely to call attention to a fact, which, in the case of St. Paschal at least, strikes us as passing strange if not wholly unaccountable. If the Church has seen fit to honor St. Paschal for his singular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, why should the friends of the holy Eucharist ignore him? Let us hope that at the coming congress some one will be found to pronounce his eulogy or at least to mention his name.

THE GREAT NEED OF OUR TIME

In a timely article contributed to *The National Sunday Magazine*, Professor Hugo Muensterberg of Harvard, essays to answer the question: "What is the really great need of to-day?" His answer is so pertinent and thought-provoking, and contains so much sound sense and advice that our readers will pardon us if we quote therefrom at some length.

"The thousand social ailments of our day," says the eminent psychologist, "can be cured only by one remedy: our generation needs more self-control, more discipline. The country has become abundantly rich; a love of luxury has overflowed the nation. Gigantic cities have swollen

up, and the craving for pleasure has spread from the white ways of the big towns to the smallest village. The church has lost much of its hold, the old faith has crumbled, and the nation has replaced it by the one great creed of efficiency, of success, and worldliness.

"The new-fashioned scheme begins in the school days—nay, even in the nursery. The child no longer learns to submit to stern command, but is welcome to do as he pleases. He is sometimes begged to change his mind, sometimes persuaded, and sometimes bribed; but he has seldom a chance to learn obedience. And yet he who has not learned to be obedient can never really master himself.

"If the lesson of self-discipline had been learned, no one would crave the new-fashioned gowns, which adds much to the cost of living, when last season's gown might just as well be used. But we pay not alone with our purse: we have to pay with our health and our nerves, with our conscience and our morality, because this lack of self-discipline makes all the selfish, frivolous and lascivious desires grow rankly. The auto, the kino and the tango have become the symbols of our pleasure craving time. All kinds of little remedies are prescribed. Sexual education is to help us: and yet no more learning about sexual life can help a community which does not find in its own sense of duty and discipline the energy to suppress the immoral impulse. The time of the little remedies for the national waste, for living beyond our means, for corruption and graft, for vice and crime, has passed; and the muckrakers do not help either. Only one thing can help us: a serious appeal to the conscience of the nation to believe in discipline and self-control. And this belief must be planted in the heart of every American boy and girl."

Memorable words, indeed, and well worthy of the earnest consideration of every parent and educator. Certainly, if our nation is to escape the impending social ruin, it must "believe again in discipline and self-control." But how is this belief to be implanted into the hearts of the children? It will be noticed that the Harvard pundit carefully avoids this issue. He might have gone a step further, and insisted on a systematic religious training in the home and in the school. For it is vain to hope that the child will learn to control itself without the aid of sufficient motives. Self-respect and self-preservation are, indeed, powerful, yet not all-sufficient, motives, as experience too plainly shows. The religious motive, the divine "Thou shalt not," is the only motive strong enough to curb and suppress "all the selfish frivolous and lascivious desires" of the human heart. This is the teaching of the Catholic Church, a teaching which she has put into practice by erecting her own schools in which to educate her children in the fear of God as the beginning of all wisdom.

WHY CHILDREN GO WRONG

According to a recent report of the Seattle juvenile court, the one outstanding fact revealed by the study of delinquent children, is the inefficiency of parents. Parental neglect and unwholesome companionship are the two primary causes of youthful delinquency.

In the case of girls, the first cause seems to preponderate. "Time and time again," says the report, "parents had to learn from the judge of the children's court that their thirteen or fourteen-year-old daughters were joy-riding during the night hours, when parents supposed that they

were protected in the homes of young girl friends. It has been stated that girls need protection from within more than boys. The trouble with many girls begins when their interests start to wander beyond the front gate."

With the boys, the chief cause of delinquency is the lack of wholesome companionship, and "here", says the report, "criticism needs to be directed towards fathers. Men pretend to confer a just tribute in turning youngsters over to their mothers. The fact is, they are sometimes more concerned about conferring the job. Society should condemn any man who complacently turns from the task. The job belongs as much to him as to the woman. Twelve years is long enough for any boy to remain solely in his mother's hands. There is nothing unnatural in the demand of the boy for man companionship. His life is enlarging, and as he turned away from the nursery play and sought the companionship of knee trousers, just so he now turns to the man whom he instinctively feels to be his matured self."

That these statements of the Seattle juvenile court are borne out by daily experience, anyone who is at all familiar with city life will be able to attest. If mothers were more vigilant and fathers more companionable many of them might be spared the sorrow and disgrace of appearing in juvenile courts to answer for the misconduct of their children. Mothers and fathers should cooperate to make home life as attractive as possible to the children. Life's little joy, which contribute so much to make home life agreeable and attractive, may be had at little cost. Is it not sheer folly to withhold them from the children, and to force them to seek amusement on the streets or in more dangerous places?

A LUTHERAN VIEW ON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

The last report of the Commissioner of Education brings an interesting chapter on the progress and condition of the Lutheran parochial schools during the year of 1913, by W. H. T. Dau, Professor, Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. The chapter contains an excerpt from an apologetic pamphlet entitled, "Why Lutheran Schools?", which sets forth the cardinal features of these schools, and reveals the determination of the Lutherans to repel attacks on their parochial schools by raising the charge that they are an un-American and unpariotic institution. The pamphlet says:

"Children with immortal souls must not be educated for this world only, but especially and principally for eternity. In view of this, they must be daily and diligently instructed in the saving truths of Christianity. This is the foremost aim of the Lutheran parish schools. The Lutherans believe that every education making any claim to completeness must include religious training: A mere moral training will not suffice them. Moral education, dealing with the theories of right and wrong, considers personal education in its efforts upon the welfare of self and others, whether good or evil. But moral teaching, apart from religion, is like a tree separated from its roots. The moral education, therefore, must be founded on and issue out of a religious training, because the latter supplies the only real basis for true morality. Religious instruction is the only safe and solid foundation of an education, because it trains the child to know when its behavior is beneficial or harmful to himself or his neighbor. The public schools do not and can not offer a religious

education. Indeed, they must be kept from all religious influence and be entirely independent of it. The Government of our country should do all in its power to inculcate and promote a high standard of civic righteousness, but the subject of Christian righteousness is clearly outside of its sphere and beyond its ability. . . . Since it is impossible to bring any kind of religious training into our public schools under a common head (because of the peculiar religious characteristics of the various church denominations), it is the solemn duty of the home and the church to provide for the religious training necessary for our youth. This, then, is the true situation: The public school system must not meddle with religion in any form. It is the exclusive duty of the church to teach religion. This conviction has impelled Lutherans to establish their own school system and support it with their own money, without any financial support of the State. The Lutherans believe and know that if they succeed in making their children true citizens of the kingdom of Christ, they will at the same time have made them true citizens of the United States. . . . The Lutheran schools are therefore not a menace but a blessing to the liberty of our country."

It will be seen from the foregoing extract, that the reasons advanced by the Lutherans for establishing and supporting their own schools, are substantially the same as those usually assigned by Catholics in defence of their schools. Indeed, no Catholic could have stated the case more clearly or more forcefully. It is a comfort to know that, however much Catholics and Lutherans may disagree on matters of faith, they are at one on the question of parochial schools. Catholics would do well to seek the cooperation of their Lutheran friends in defending the rights of their parochial schools against the encroachments of the state, and in turn to lend their assistance in repelling attacks on the Lutheran schools. This is an issue regarding which Catholics need not hesitate to make common cause with Protestants.

A DAUGHTER OF GOD

The seventh centenary of the great English Catholic philosopher, Roger Bacon, was celebrated Wednesday, June 10. Bacon, Franciscan priest and daring philosopher, was likewise a prophet. In his famous treatise, "De Mirabili," he predicted many things that, today, 700 years later have come to pass. "There shall be rowing without oars and sailing without sails," said he; "carriages which shall roll along with unimagined speed, with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with, with which a man shall by a spring move artificial wings, beating the air like the wings of a bird; a little mechanism, three fingers long which shall raise or lower enormous weights; . . . and bridges over rivers which shall rest neither on piles nor columns."

And so it is today. The only thing lacking is this; the wonders of Bacon's mind were consecrated to the honor and glory of God. The marvels which he prophesied and which today are ours, though they also should all be used for the glorification of our Almighty Father, are too often mere distractions that win the thoughts of man away from his Creator, instead of pointing toward him.

Science is one of God's fair st daughters; and only when she is thus known and regarded is she beautiful and great.—*The San Francisco Monitor.*



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XVI

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

IN 1702, the English Governor Moore of South Carolina availed himself of the War of the Spanish Succession to plunder the Florida settlements and to obtain more Indian slaves. He prepared the way by instigating the Apalachicolas to invade the country of the Apalache Christians. The aggressors attacked Santa Fe, one of the chief towns of the Timuquans, on May 20, 1702, and burned the church. The Catholic Indians, however, succeeded in saving the vestments and the pictures.

Governor Moore, with fourteen or fifteen vessels, next infested St. Augustine by sea, while English colonial militia and Indian savages under Col. Daniel attacked the city by land. Previous to this, the Christian Indians on the islands from St. Catherine's down to Amelia (Cumberland) had retired to St. Mark's Island, where they formed three towns. The English and savage hordes set fire to these peaceful settlements, and captured three Franciscan Fathers, while the Indian converts fled to St. Augustine. The fate of the Fathers is unknown. The Spanish governor, Jose de Zuniga, bravely resisted the enemies until October 22, 1702, when the arrival of Spanish ships caused the English to raise the siege which had lasted fifty

days. Not being able to escape in his ships, Governor Moore burned them and retreated over land, but not before he had set fire to the town, the church, and the Franciscan convent which lay outside the fort.

"To show what friends some of them (the English) are to learning and books", writes Rev. Edward Marston, a Protestant preacher, in his "Documentary History of P. E. Church," quoted by Shea, "when they were at Saint Augustine, they burned a library of books worth about £600, (\$3000), wherein were a collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the Holy Bible itself did not escape, because it was in Latin. This outrage was done as soon as they arrived, by order of Colonel Daniel."

This was evidently the fine library in the Franciscan convent at St. Augustine, says Shea, and it is most creditable that a little place like the capital of Florida, then possessed a library of ecclesiastical works that could win for its extent and value such encomium from an enemy. As soon as possible Fr. Martin de Aleano, guardian of the convent, proceeded to Spain in order to describe to the king the ruin of the ancient place. The Spanish monarch at once ordered the income of vacant dioceses to be applied for

the rebuilding of the church and the convent, the "hallowed shrine and the domestic hearth that English bigotry had laid in ashes."

Greed and bigotry prompted Governor Moore to organize another expedition against the Spanish settlements. If he could not take a Spanish fort, he could carry off the Indian converts of the Spanish priests, and sell them as slaves. He accordingly with a force of English and one thousand savage allies suddenly entered the territory of the Apalaches toward the close of the year 1703. Lieutenant Juan Ruiz de Mejia, who commanded the little Spanish garrison, with the Apalaches, prepared to resist the enemy. Fr. Juan de Parga, the missionary at Patali, addressed the Indians, and urged them to fight bravely for God's holy Law, as no death could be more glorious than to die for the faith and truth. When he had given absolution to all, Mejia advanced on the invaders with thirty Spanish soldiers and four hundred Apalaches. They wished Fr. Parga to stay behind, but he would not desert his flock. The heroic little army twice repulsed the assailants near Ayubale in the country around the present Tallahassee, on January 25, 1704. Unfortunately the ammunition failed with the result that most of the Spaniards and Christians were killed or captured. Mejia, himself wounded, was taken along with Fathers Juan de Parga and Angel Miranda. Many of the prisoners were at once tied to stakes, tortured, and burned to death. Father Miranda in vain appealed to Governor Moore to prevent such horrible atrocities on prisoners before his very eyes. Father Parga himself was burned at the stake, beheaded, and his leg hacked off. Another friar, Fr. Marcos Delgado, endeavored to save Fr. Parga, but was slain for his charitable interference.

A party of the enemy then approached Patali. An apostate Indian called for Fr. Manuel de Mendoza, who, not suspecting treachery, opened the window, and was shot through the head. The Indian town was then fired.

Consternation prevailed throughout the Apalache country. The Christians, who had not been captured, submitted to the English in order to escape the cruelties they saw perpetrated on their tribesmen. Of the eleven towns, Ybitacucho alone escaped. Governor Moore sent word to Perez, who still held the block-house at San Luis, two miles west of the present Tallahassee, that he would give up Mejia, Fr. Miranda and four soldiers for a consideration not specified; but as the Spanish officer could not furnish the ransom demanded, they were all burned at the stake. Several of the Indians while undergoing the torture showed in prayer and exhortation the heroism of the first Christian martyrs. This was especially the case with Antonio Enixa of the town of San Luis, and Amador Cuipa Feliciano of the same town. Moore at last retired, carrying off into slavery 1400 Apalache warriors, after having killed the Spaniards and about two hundred Christian Indians.

When the English savages with their hardly less savage commander had departed from that region, Fr. Juan de Villaba with others went to the ruined villages. A scene of unparalleled horror met them on every side. Not only were the houses, cultivated fields, and orange groves destroyed, but bodies half burned were found hanging from stakes or pierced by them, men and women scalped, mutilated, and burned! Fr. Parga's mangled body was discovered and borne to Ybitacucho; that of Fr. Mendoza was found amid the ruins of Patali, half consumed by

the fire, his beads and partly melted crucifix sunk into the very flesh. Of Fathers Miranda and Marcos Delgado no trace seems to have been found.

"The martyrdom of Ayubabe," says John Gilmary Shea, "has no parallel in our annals except in the deaths of Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, and Garnier in the Huron country, which has been so often and so pathetically described; but the butcheries perpetrated there were not enacted before the eyes and by the order of the governor of a Christian (!) colony."

The mission of Ybitacucho was maintained for a while longer, but the Indians, feeling that Spain

could not protect them, fled westward, and sought refuge under the cannon of the new French fort at Mobile. The missions on the Atlantic coast, from St. John's to the Savannah, had already been broken up; the Apalache country was deserted; and other mission stations near St. Augustine, such as San Jose de Ocuia, Pilitiriba and San Francisco, had likewise been invaded. In the Apalache country alone, thirteen considerable Indian towns had flourished, each with a good church and a dwelling for the missionary. In 1729 all were found destroyed, and everything that could tempt cupidity was doubtless carried off.

HOLY CHILDHOOD MISSION SCHOOL

By Fr. S., O. F. M.

I. Dedication of New Building

THE 14th of May, 1914, will ever be a red-letter day in the history of the Holy Childhood of Jesus Mission School for Ottawa Indians, Harbor Springs, Michigan. For, that day marked another step forward in the work of charity and education so unpretentiously and courageously begun twenty-eight years ago: the solemn dedication of the new substantial central building of the mission school.

In the spring of last year, Br. Leonard, O.F.M., the architect of the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, with a view of making repairs, examined the old frame structure which connected the eastern and western wings, and which has been erected by Fr. Servatius Altmicks, O.F.M., in 1887. The Brother soon found that the condition of the structure demanded very extensive repairs and a consequent great outlay of money, and that it

would be difficult to make the repaired and remodelled building answer entirely to present and future needs. It was, therefore, decided to replace the old frame structure with a more substantial building. Work was begun at once, and, thanks to God and to the assistance of kind friends, progressed without mishap until the new building was ready for occupancy in November.

It had been planned to have the dedication exercises about the beginning of July, but the proposed visit of the Rt. Rev. Bishop to the Eternal City made a change in the original arrangement necessary. His Lordship arrived on the eve of the 14th, and was given a cordial reception by the pupils of the school, who rendered an interesting program that was much enjoyed by all the guests.

The dedication exercises began the next morning at eight o'clock, when the pupils, numbering about 170, marched to the Fathers' resi-

dence and thence escorted his Lordship and the clergy to the new building. After the preparatory prayers in honor of the Holy Ghost had been sung at the main entrance, the Rt. Rev. Bishop blessed the exterior walls, and then proceeded to bless the two new spacious class rooms and the other apartments. Accompanied by the altar boys and the clergy, he passed from room to room, reciting the prescribed prayers. This beautiful ceremony over, the children again formed ranks, and escorted the clergy back to the church.

The second great ceremony of the

sion on all, gave them an earnest instruction, and exhorted them to be soldiers of Christ in the midst of the dangers of this sinful world. Thereupon those to be confirmed approached the altar individually and received from his Lordship the sacrament of Confirmation.

At eleven o'clock, a sumptuous dinner was served to the clergy in the school. There were present from outside of town the Rev. Joseph Vogl, Grand Rapids, Mich., Rev. F. Ruessman, Provemont, Mich., Rev. T. Franzen, Suttons Bay, Mich., the Rev. Franciscan Fathers Butchard, Isidore, Cajetan,



day now took place: the solemn High Mass, and the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation to seventy-five persons. The ministers at the altar were the Rev. Joseph Vogl, Rev. Sabinus, O.F.M., and Rev. Innocent, O.F.M. The chant of the Mass was Gregorian, and was exquisitely rendered by several of the visiting clergy.

After holy Mass, the Rt. Rev. Bishop first questioned the pupils of the school in Christian doctrine. The ready and intelligent answers of the children aroused the admiration of all present. Then his Lordship, in words that made a deep impres-

William, and Donulus from Petoskey, and Fathers Sabinus, Innocent, and Joseph D. Erkens, of Harbor Springs.

II. The New Building

The new structure built of pressed, water-proof brick is 90 by 52 feet. The plan is very practical. The basement contains two large rooms that serve as play halls. In another room, are a heater and two storage boilers, which supply the institution with hot water. Water for all purposes is pumped from the flowing wells on the grounds to an elevated tank, and in case of need can also

be obtained from the municipal plant. On the first floor, are two magnificent class rooms, a cloak room, and two dining rooms, one for the Sisters, and another for the children. In the latter, are twenty tables, ten on each side. On the second floor, are living and working rooms for the girls, and the neatly furnished chapel with a seating capacity of 150. On the third floor, are two large dormitories for the girls, wardrobes, lavatories, and bath rooms. Toilet rooms arranged in a most sanitary manner are on all three floors. The whole building is lighted by electricity, and heated

possible, since experience proved that such a school alone would bring lasting results. Accordingly, in spite of poverty and other obstacles, a new building was erected in 1886. On November 24 of the same year, three School Sisters of Notre Dame arrived from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to take charge of the school, which was formally opened on December 1, with only three boarders; at the end of the year, the number had increased to sixty-four.

It would lead too far to describe in detail the difficulties and trials experienced by the missionaries and Sisters during the first year of the



by steam, and has fire protection on each floor.

III. Work of the School

On October 5, 1885, a little over a year after the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart had taken charge of the Indian missions of northern Michigan, Fr. Servatius Altmicks, O. F. M., opened a day school for the children of the mission. The pupils numbered thirty-six; Br. Novatus, O. F. M., was the teacher.

But good Fr. Servatius had determined from the beginning to open a boarding school as soon as

school's existence. Suffice it to say that the Sisters had not only to instruct the "children of the forest" in the branches of a common school education,—a task connected with many difficulties—but also to attend to all the domestic needs. From half past three in the morning until late at night, every hour had its allotted duty. All the clothes for the boys and girls had to be made by the Sisters; for, as a rule, the children came to school in a neglected condition, bringing with them no clothing save that which they wore.

In the course of time, as the num-

ber of pupils increased, the buildings were enlarged and remodelled. Thus, in 1893, the Globe Hotel was purchased and converted into a dormitory for the smaller boys, a laundry and several workshops. A dormitory for the larger boys was also built; likewise workshops for the various trades then introduced and taught by competent teachers, such as shoemaking, carpentering, and printing. In 1907, the building containing the present quarters for the boys was erected, steam heating was installed, and other improvements were made.

These building operations, and in general the maintenance of the school were made possible by the generosity of friends, who never failed to prove themselves true benefactors in time of need. During the first two years of its existence, the school was conducted at the expense of the missionaries and of the Sisters, the Indians paying nothing. In the summer of 1888, a contract was obtained from the government for the education, clothing, and boarding of seventy-five children at \$108 per child a year. Later on a contract was made for one hundred children, although the actual attendance was usually almost twice that number. These appropriations continued until 1896, when Congress, giving way to the enemies of the Catholic schools, cut down the allowances of all contract schools to one-half. Since 1900, when all income from this source was taken away, the institution has been depending on the assistance of the Catholic Indian Bureau, and on the charity of friends, notable Mother Catherine Drexel.

In spite of the hardships caused by the lack of means, the missionaries and the Sisters have, since 1886, educated, clothed, and boarded about 3540 children of the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Pottawatomie

tribes, that is, on an average about 135 children a year. Besides these, about 900 day pupils, mostly whites, attended the schools. The course of studies is the same as that of the common schools, fads and frills, of course, being wisely omitted.

The pupils of Holy Childhood School may safely challenge competition with the children of the same age and grade in any of the public and district schools. They receive, besides, a thorough instruction in the truths of our holy religion. As was mentioned above, the boys are also given opportunities of learning various trades. The girls are taught everything a good housewife should know. Hence, general housework, plain and fancy needle work, dressmaking, rug and carpet weaving, and baking are prominent features.

Thus Holy Childhood Mission School can look back with feelings of joy and gratitude to the good accomplished for the welfare of the children of the red race during the twenty-eight years of its existence. The indomitable courage of its founders and directors, based on an unwavering confidence in God and a genuine Christian charity, overcame all obstacles and made light of hardships and privations, and succeeded in building up the school which has been for so many a source of untold blessings. What would have become of the immortal souls of the thousands of Indian children without its salutary influence? True, there have been disappointments; but in what human undertaking are these not found? Thanking God for the signal blessings bestowed on the school in the past, those now in charge look with confidence to the future, and trust that with the help of Providence and the assistance of kind benefactors they will be able to continue their labors for the welfare of the Indian children.

SERRA'S SERMON*

Ecce crucem Domini,
Fugite, partes adversae;
Vicit Leo de tribu Juda,
Radix David. Alleluja.

Behold the cross of Christ, flee, counter powers;
The Lion overcame of Juda's tribe,
The Root of David. Praise the Lord.

My honored countrymen and most dear children,
Blessed are we today to witness here
And celebrate the newest victory
Of our great King and Leader, Christ the Lord.
Behold the cross, the banner of God's might!
'Tis lifted high in triumph to the skies,
Unfolding glorious conquests made—of souls
Gained by that Blood which flowed from veins divine,
And ruddied o'er and o'er the banner's furls.
The saving wood is raised to extend its arms
In blessing and in loving invitation:
Calling to rest poor aimless wanderers,
Shedding sweet light upon a groping race,
And giving life to famished souls who ne'er
Have tasted of the tree of life.—
Flee, adverse powers! a stronger power has come.
Be ye dispelled, dark shades of death! a light
Rises unto the nations. A budding morn
Now blows to open day. Soon, soon shall shine
The Sun of Justice, and reign above in heaven,
The Brightness of Eternal Light.—Hail, Life!
Now, death, where is thy victory! O death
Where is thy sting! Praise God who through His Son
Gave us to fight and win, through Jesus Christ,
Our Saviour God.—
The Lion strong of Juda's tribe hath conquered:
Depart then, hellish wolf, to thy grim lair,
Thou shalt not snatch the lambs from out the fold.
Good Shepherd, they are Thine. Oh let no more
The enemy wrench from Thy grasp the prize
Which Thou didst win in that great bitter fight.
Thou art the Lion that hath overcome,

*From "The Planting of the Cross at Santa Barbara," a sketch made by Francis de Sales Gliebe, O.F.M.

The promised Great One of great Juda's tribe.
Thou art the Root of David, David's son,
Whilom foretold the Bringer of Salvation,
The Holy One, the Anointed of the Lord,
The Saviour of Thy people, the Light and Life
Of all the world.—

Bend we our knees, O brethren, and adore
This sign of faith, and anchor of our hope,
And pledge of charity. Pray we our God
To prosper this new land, and send His grace
In fulness on our work. Combine we then
To give our strength to what we've here begun.
Let's labor wholly for religion's cause:
Seek we no glory but our God's, no gain
But souls, immortal souls. And even so
We'll work most honor to our gracious king,
Do filial service to our country's name
And stretch the sway of our illustrious Spain.—
In this sign shall we conquer:—Then hold we fast
The cross of Christ. In it alone is light,
In it alone salvation. The cross alone
Will keep us safe on th' Highway of the King,
Lift up the eternal mansion's golden gates,
Escort us to the Lamb that is the light
Thereof, and set us 'fore the throne of Him
Who reigns the King of Ages and the Lord of all.—
Brave cavaliers, knights of the cross, brethren,
Oft have I prayed to do what now is done:
Long years my soul hath yearned here on this ground,
In Santa Barbara's honor named, to plant
The cross of Christ, and build a Mission burgh,
To make men citizens with Saints, and God's
Domestics, built on Apostolic base,
Whose corner-stone is Jesus Christ, the Lord.
Praise God with me, my children, my cry is heard,
Fill full your hearts with jubilee, and raise
Your hands in thankful prayer. Come, let's adore,
And prostrate kneel, and hymn a song of praise.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REGARDING THE TERTIARY BADGE

Rev. Father,

In response to your invitation for opinions of the Tertiary readers regarding the wearing of some approved badge as a means of recognition among members of the Third Order, I should like to say that I as one of its members, heartily endorse the proposed plan of adopting some sort of badge. I would suggest however, that such badge as may be adopted should be in keeping with the spirit of the Order, denoting modesty and humility. Therefore, let it not be too showy, and by all means make it small in size. The principal object of its display, as I believe, is to afford to the members a means of recognizing one another in all places. This in itself should be just and sufficient reason for wearing a badge of the Third Order. A large or showy badge, therefore, is not required; otherwise, its attraction would be the cause of unnecessary comment by the worldly wise and to some extent also an embarrassment to its wearers.

S. G. Smith
Los Angeles, Cal.

Rev. Father,

Your suggestion regarding Tertiary badge is a very timely one. Associations of all kinds have their badges, and I feel that in this godless age, good Tertiaries should be proud to wear some outward emblem of their glorious Order. There is no doubt it would have a tendency to increase membership. Moreover, in everyday life, who would not trade with his own brother in preference to some undeserving person, provided one would know when one would meet a brother, as an outward badge only would show. If possible, one design should be adopted by all American branches.

H. F. Siewerd
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Rev. Father,

With great pleasure I have read in the *Herald* that at last attention has been called to the need of some badge for the Tertiaries of St. Francis. Why should not the children of this great Father have some outward sign? Surely every Tertiary would be proud and happy to wear some emblem in honor of his great Father and Leader. I see someone has already referred to the "tau" cross. Would not that be grand! Let it be this

form of a cross with the inscription, "Deus Meus et Omnia." Surely it is the real cry of every Tertiary heart, that God may be all to us, as it was the heart's desire of St. Francis. Every devoted child of the humble St. Francis will hail with gladness an opportunity of wearing a badge. Speaking to several of our Tertiaries, I find one and all are in favor of wearing a badge and I am sure there are many more who would appreciate a pin of some form, as for instance the "tau" cross, to be worn as we wear our Sacred Heart pin.

Thanking you for your kind thoughts in our behalf, I am

C. Johanson,
Cleveland, O.

Dear Father,

I have just read in the *Herald* your editorial on the Tertiary badge. I think it would be advisable to have a uniform badge for all the Tertiaries of the world. Could it not perhaps be in the form of a cross? Our Holy Father St. Francis was a living crucifix bearing the sacred Stigmata of our Lord.

Leonie Turner
Daytona, Fla.

Dear Father,

I was very much interested in your article. "What about a Tertiary Badge?" It is a subject which has been discussed here quite frequently by some of the members of the Third Order. I have worn, for some time, the little bronze cross which comes from Assisi, and I consider it the most fitting emblem as a Third Order badge. It has all the essentials. It comes directly from the mother house. It has an engraved picture of it on one side, and below the picture an engraved image of St. Francis. On the other side is the blessing of St. Francis to Brother Leo and the Franciscan coat of arms. It would seem to me to be the one real badge. It might be worn by women either about the neck on a chain or attached to the waist with a pin. Men could wear it as a watch fob.

I have taken the liberty of expressing my opinion, and I do hope it will prove acceptable. If the Tertiaries in the old country prefer the badge you mention in your article, perhaps the cross I speak of could be adopted by the members of the Third Order in America.

Jeannette C. Whitman,
Santa Barbara, Cal.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—A signal honor has fallen to the Order of Friars Minor by the appointment of His Eminence Cardinal Falconio, O.F.M., as Cardinal-bishop of the suburban diocese of Velletri. By this promotion, the Franciscan Cardinal enters the class of Cardinal-bishops, who are six in number and must always be the Ordinaries of the six so-called suburban dioceses in the immediate vicinity of Rome.—

The Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Pompili, succeeds Cardinal Falconio in the titular Church of Ara Coeli on the Capitoline Hill. Cardinal Pompili who for the last thirty years has been a fervent Tertiary of Ara Coeli, gladly chose to become titular of the Franciscan church so dear to him as a son of St. Francis.

On May 12, the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor received seventy Tertiaries from Hungary accompanied by two Franciscan Fathers. The solemn reception took place in the crypt of St. Antony's Church. The Very Rev. Valerian Bendes, O.F.M., Definitor General, addressed the pilgrims in their mother tongue and also translated the words of paternal affection which the Very Rev. Fr. General addressed to them. The Tertiaries were visibly touched and shed abundant tears of emotion and gratitude at being received so affectionately by the successors of their Seraphic Father. From Rome the Tertiary pilgrims started for Assisi and Lourdes.—

From June till September the Very Rev. Fr. General will visit the

various Franciscan provinces in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Dalmatia, and Albania.—

La Voce di S. Antonio, (The Voice of St. Antony), a periodical founded nineteen years ago by the Very Rev. Raphael d'Aurillac, O. F.M., has been chosen by the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor to be henceforth the official organ of the Franciscan Missions. In a letter, the Most Rev. Fr. General demonstrates the necessity of a bulletin of this kind to make known the labors of our missionaries, the abundant fruit they are reaping, the many privations they are forced to endure, and their pressing need of the prayers and alms of their Catholic brethren. "It is certain that the Franciscan Missions spread over the entire globe are not sufficiently known and recognized in the Catholic world; and if it is true that before God it is more meritorious to work in silence, it is equally evident that sympathy and financial assistance, which the missions cannot disregard, comes from those to whom the work has been made known."

—*Revue du Tiers-Ordre*—

In the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli, a month's mind was solemnly held for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Fr. Bartholomew, O.F.M., the deceased director of the Tertiaries. Clad in the habit of the Third Order, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gambalimiga delivered an eloquent and appropriate eulogy on the deceased Father, who devoted so many years of untiring labor to the

interests of the Ara Coeli fraternity. Thirty years ago, when he assumed the direction of these Tertiaries, the fraternity numbered five men and thirty-two women. He lived to see it a flourishing branch of 1,300 members. Of these, four hundred are men, among whom are ten Cardinals, many Prelates, secular priests, and nobles of Rome.—

During the year 1913, twenty foreign missionaries of the Order of Friars Minor passed to their eternal reward. Ninety of their brethren in religion have departed to take their place in the Lord's vast vineyard. Of these, twenty have gone to the Holy Land, seventeen to Tripolitania, nineteen to China, six to Morocco, eight to Brazil, nine to other missions in South America.—

At the general chapter of the Friars Minor Capuchins held recently in Rome, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Agliardi, Protector of the Order, the following general superiors were elected: Minister General, the Most Rev. Fr. Venantius of Isle-en-Rigault, France; Procurator General, the Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Antony of S. Giovanni in Persiceto, Italy; Definitors General, the Very Rev. FF. Paulinus of Palma, Italy; Zeno of Ufering, Germany; Antony of Tasson, English Province; Clement of Tersorio, Italy; Angelus of Villava, Spain.

Lourdes, France.—At the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes, there flourishes a fervent community of Tertiaries numbering some twenty men and about two hundred women. In spite of their small number, these zealous followers of the Seraphic Saint manifest a remarkable activity. They not only support a large free circulating library under the patronage of the illustrious Tertiary, Joan of Arc, but they have also introduced a special devotion to the Sacred Heart. From January

till October of the past year, the members of this Tertiary community spent not less than 2,700 hours in silent prayers before an image of the Sacred Heart. They have likewise founded an altar society, and many poor churches have been the recipients of valuable gifts of linen, candles, artificial flowers, and other church ornaments.

Corsica.—For the propagation and proper government of the Third Order, the Franciscan Fathers of the Corsican province have for the last two years published a monthly bulletin entitled "La Nacelle de S. Francois". Every month it is distributed gratis to the friends and benefactors of the friars. Its purpose is to awaken an interest in the Third Order and to preserve the memory of the friars among the inhabitants of the island.

Switzerland.—Of the four million Catholics in Switzerland, 38,000 belong to the Third Order. In the dioceses of Lausanne and Geneva, the Tertiaries are especially well organized. This is owing in great part to the fact that once a year the priests of the dioceses, all of whom are members of the Third Order, gather in the Seminary to hear lectures and to discuss the best and most practical means of directing and promoting the Third Order.

Louvain, Belgium.—In 1909, the Flemish students of the University of Louvain organized a branch of the Third Order. Last year, the French students followed their good example. At the monthly meeting, the directors, who are Franciscan Fathers of the city, give an explanation of the Rule, while one of the students delivers a lecture on the meaning and scope of the Third Order. The French branch, at present, numbers more than two hundred members.

Austria.—His Eminence Cardinal

Dr. Piffl, Archbishop of Vienna, Austria manifests a special interest in the Third Order. On every occasion, His Grace earnestly recommends the Third Order to the faithful of his diocese, and in the Seminary, special lectures on the Third Order are delivered to the students. His Grace has also offered to perform the ceremonies at the next solemn investment of new members.

Innsbruck, Tyrol.—On April 26, thirty members of the local Third Order branch celebrated their golden jubilee as children of St. Francis.

Belgium.—The Third Order fraternity at Wodecfl, Hainaut, is one of the oldest in Belgium. This year it will celebrate the 110th anniversary of its foundation.

Kopenhagen, Denmark.—The Redemptorist Fathers of Kopenhagen have organized a branch of the Third Order of St. Francis in the city. The fraternity is flourishing, and bids fair to become a stronghold of Catholic faith. The Tertiaries are all converts to the true faith. Baron Luetzow and Joannes Joergensen, the celebrated professor and author, are members of the branch. Besides the regular monthly meeting, an opportunity is given to the Tertiaries five times a year of making a spiritual retreat. During the winter months, special social meetings are held, where lectures on St. Francis and his Order are delivered.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—The Rev. Fr. Prosper Viaud, O.F.M., Vice-Custos of the Holy Land, has been nominated a member of the Academy of France. This singular distinction has been conferred upon him in recognition of his able and untiring efforts for the reconstruction and preservation of the various sanctuaries in the Holy Land, which for the past three hundred years have been in charge of the Order

of Friars Minor.

Balkan States.—A year ago, the Franciscan Fathers of the province of Croatia and Slavonia decided to organize a literary society. At a meeting held in Ljubliana, a constitution for the new society was drawn up and presented to the six provinces for approbation. On December 31, a special committee composed of a Father of each of the provinces met at Mostar in Herzegovina. Here the literary society was formally organized. It purposes the regular publication of religious and scientific books. The former Review "Serafinski Perivoj" (The Seraphic Garden) was replaced by the "Naso Misao" (Our Thoughts), which will be the official organ of the new society. The Committee of Directors comprises a Father from each of the six provinces. Eminent lay professors of the University of Zagreb will devote their talents and learning to the important undertaking.

Hakkaido, Japan.—The Franciscan Friars, who are zealously preaching the word of God in northern Japan, intend to erect a school on the island of Hakkaido. They have requested the Franciscan Sisters of Mercy to take charge of the school. With the consent of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Osnabrueck, Germany, in whose diocese they have their mother house, the good Sisters readily acceded to the request. This month, four of the community will depart for their new and promising field of labor.

Indianapolis, Ind.—On Sunday, May 24, thirty new members were received into the Third Order, and three novices made their profession. The services were conducted by the Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's Seraphic College, Teutopolis, Illinois. He was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Andrew, O.F.M. and the Rev. Fr. Gaudentius, O.F.M. as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev.

Fr. Philip Neri, Director of the Third Order acted as master of ceremonies. The Rev. Fr. Roger preached in English and in German. In well chosen words, he defined the Rule of the Third Order, and exhorted all present to join the ranks of St. Francis. He likewise extended to all the members words of encouragement, and urged them to remain faithful to their obligations as Tertiaries. After benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, the papal blessing was given.

Quincy, Ill.—On Sunday, May 24, the regular meeting of the Third Order was held with special solemnities. Eighty-six Tertiaries pronounced their profession. The Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., officiated assisted by the Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order fraternity, and by Rev. Fr. Elzear, O.F.M., as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev. Fr. Ephrem, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. With his usual eloquence and enthusiasm, the Rev. Fr Timothy addressed the members of the Third Order, pointing out to them the qualities of a true and fervent Tertiary of St. Francis. The celebration seems to have aroused a new interest in the Third Order among the parishioners. Several have asked to join at the next regular meeting.

Mr. Ernest Morphy, a Tertiary, died at St. Mary's Hospital this city at the advanced age of seventy-five years. He was a well educated man and achieved much good for the Catholic Church in Illinois, especially in Quincy.

Los Angeles, Cal.—At the last regular meeting, forty-nine new members were received into the Third Order. The promoters were very active in the various parishes of the city. After the regular meeting on the third Sunday in May, twenty-four novices made their profession, and a very satisfactory collection was taken up for a sick and needy

member. The members were urged very strongly to solicit good candidates and new subscribers to the *Franciscan Herald*

San Francisco, Cal.—The Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M. has received a letter from the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order authorizing his return to the missionfields of China. Fr. Juniper had already spent six years as Chinese missionary when last year he was forced to return to his native land on account of ill health. He will labor in the Vicariate of Hunan, in southern China. The date of his departure is not yet been set.

Washington, D. C.—The Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., Professor of Medieval History in the Catholic University at Washington, attended the commemoration of the seventh Centenary of the birth of Roger Bacon, which was held last month at Oxford. Fr. Paschal will represent the Order of Friars Minor, of which Roger Bacon was a member, and will act as delegate of the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order.—

On May 17, the Tertiaries of Baltimore and vicinity held their annual pilgrimage to the Franciscan monastery of Mt. St. Sepulchre in Washington, D. C. More than seven hundred persons, Tertiaries and their friends, took part in the pilgrimage. Arriving at the terminal of the Brookland car line, the pilgrims marched in procession to the monastery, where they were welcomed by the superior, the Rev. Godfrey Hunt, O.F.M. Solemn High Mass was then celebrated by the Rev. Anacleto Cornelissen with the Rev. Aurelius Borkowski as deacon and the Rev. David Ramos as sub-deacon. After High Mass, the pilgrims proceeded to the chapel of St. Francis in the woods. In the afternoon, they visited the reproductions of the historic shrines of the Holy Land and of Europe, for which the

monastery of Mt. St. Sepulchre is famous. At 3:30 o'clock complin was sung and a sermon delivered by the Rev. Bernadino Ybald of St. Mary's of the Angels, Assisi, Italy. Thereupon, Benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament. A procession to the Grotto of Lourdes brought the celebration to a worthy close.

Jersey City, N. J.—This month, St. Francis Hospital, this city, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. With the exception of St. Mary's Hospital in Hoboken, St. Francis is the oldest institution of its kind in the state. It was founded in 1864 by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. During the first year of its history, twenty-five patients were treated. In 1913, the number aggregated 7,848. A feature of the institution is the dispensary, to which more than 5,000 persons come every year for treatment. Last year the expenses of the hospital amounted to only \$38,123, which the authorities consider a triumph of economy and efficiency.

Columbia University, N. Y.—The 70th anniversary of the birth of Roger Bacon, Franciscan theologian, philosopher, and scientist of the thirteenth century, will be celebrated next fall by Columbia University with exercises commemorative of the man of whom it has been said that he stood out like a modern in the midst of the Middle Ages. The date set is November 4, and a committee headed by President Butler, with Dean F. J. E. Woodbridge and Profs. James Henry Robinson, D. E. Smith, and W. P. Montague as the other members, is now at work on the plans. Under the seal of the University, and with Professor Robinson as editor, there will be published a volume in which a number of authorities will deal with the more striking features of

the culture of Bacon's time. Perhaps the most unusual part of the celebration will be a pageant of the culture of the thirteenth century. In this, the Crusaders, the troubadours, and the medieval industries will all appear, a feudal court with all its ceremony will be presented, and the friars and medieval students will celebrate Bacon's theological and academic fame. Dante will speak an epilogue from the streets of Florence. The pageant will be introduced by several scenes showing the phases of earlier cultures which formed the background of the century. Here the Church Fathers, Justinian and codifiers of the law, the famous Caliph of Bagdad and his physicians, and Charles the Great and the scholar, Alcuin, will appear after a prologue by the great Moorish thinker, Averroes. Several hundred actors are expected to take part in the pageant. To give the occasion an historic setting, the audience will be expected to wear medieval costumes. Plans for the pageant are in the hands of a committee composed of J. J. Coss, Prof. John Erskine and Prof. Jane Fales.

Cleveland, O.—At the last regular meeting of the Third Order, the members solemnly dedicated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On June 11, after the monthly instruction of the novices, the officers and promoters of the Third Order held a special meeting to nominate candidates for the election which will take place next month. It was also decided to have hundred holy Masses said for the members of the Third Order, fifty for the living and fifty for the deceased. In the near future, a number of new promoters of the Third Order will be appointed.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the meeting of the English-speaking branch of the Third Order in May, fifty-five persons received

the cord and scapular, and entered on their year of probation.

The novena in honor of St. Antony was well attended. Every Tuesday about 2,000 persons received Holy Communion, and made their visit to the shrine of St. Antony. On Saturday, June 13, the feast of St. Antony, a solemn High Mass was sung at 9 a. m. by the Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M. The Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., delivered an English and a German sermon on the occasion.

Phoenix, Ariz., St. John's Mission.—On May 28, the children of St. John's Mission School held their annual commencement exercises. The good Sisters of St. Joseph who are in charge of the school, had prepared the following program for the occasion:

Saluting the Flag.....	Large Girls
Parish School Song.....	Large Girls
Address.....	Isabel Kisto
Bruce and the Spider.....	Jose Miguel
How Girls Study.....	Small Girls
Boys' Sermon.....	Small Boys
Buying Eggs (Dialog).....	Large Girls
Mill May Song.....	Small Girls
Welcome.....	Baby Girls
Getting Acquainted.....	Small Boys
Gathering Flowers in May (Song).....	Large Girls
Woodman Spare That Tree.....	Andres Manhold
Boot Blacks.....	Baby Boys
At the Photographer's (Dialog).....	Large Girls
The Little Light.....	Clement Vacoche
Lily Drill.....	Baby Girls
Watch Over Us.....	Large Girls
Good-by.....	Large Girls

The children rendered their several parts exceptionally well, and fully deserved the hearty applause that followed each number. The address of Isabel Kisto, one of the Indian schoolgirls, we bring in full, because it is her own work, and clearly shows what competent teachers by prudence and patience can accomplish with the Indian children.

Dear Fathers, Brothers,
and Sisters:

We bid you welcome, and assure you that we feel very happy to give you this little entertainment before we take our departure for our homes. We are only young girls, and, though we are going to try our best, it is very possible we will

not succeed in everything, and therefore we ask you to excuse our little mistakes. I also take this opportunity to thank you, dear Fathers and teachers, for all you have done for us in the years that we have spent in this dear school. What the future has in store for us, we do not know. But your beautiful instructions and good example will surely spur us on to lead good and virtuous lives. We shall never forget what you have done for us, and we shall always think of you with feelings of gratitude and affection. To my school-mates I will say: Persevere, no matter how hard it may seem sometimes to remain good. Our efforts will surely be crowned with success. Again we thank you, dear Fathers and teachers, and we promise you that we will try very hard to live so as to be an honor to you and to dear St. John's School. To good Doctor Sims I will also say in the name of all my school-mates: We are very grateful for what you have done for us in the past year. We all thank you very much.

The simplicity and sincerity with which the child spoke these words of gratitude and affection, struck a tender chord in the hearts of those for whom they were meant.

After the program, the Rev. Fr. Justin, O.F.M., Superior of St. John's Mission, addressed the children. He thanked them for the entertainment and told them that during the past year their behavior and diligence had been a source of joy and consolation to him and their teachers; that he hoped they would keep their promises, and upon their return from vacation continue to advance in virtue and in knowledge.

On the following day, May 29, the children were treated to lemonade, cakes and candy; two days later, on Pentecost Sunday, they departed to spend their vacation at home.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

AS in previous years, the students faithfully observed the nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony. After their evening studies, they assembled in the college chapel, and recommended their intentions and those of their friends and benefactors to the powerful intercession of the Saint.

On Thursday, June 11; the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with imposing solemnities. At 8.30 o'clock, the Rev. Fr. Rector celebrated a solemn High Mass, assisted by the Rev. FF. Celestin and Juvenal, as deacon and sub-deacon. After holy Mass, procession with the blessed Sacrament was held on the college campus, which had been beautifully decorated by the students.

On the feast of St. Antony, the Tertiary students held their regular meeting. Two novices made their profession, and ten new members were received into the Order.

On June 7, the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin met to elect new officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: Joseph Kola, Prefect; Joseph Johantges, First Assistant; Herbert Wagner, Second Assistant; Lawrence Vonder Haar, Secretary and Treasurer; William Wemhoff, Instructor of Candidates; Andrew Kiemen, Henry Martcie, Robert Limacher, Consultors; Alphonse Fochtman, Librarian; Aurelius Brumleve, Sacristan; Raymond Wilhelmi, Organist.

June 18 and 20 were days of strenuous labor for the students; for, on these days, the written examinations were held. On Sunday, June 21, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Benedict, O.F.M., arrived at the college to preside at

the oral examinations, which were held on Monday and Tuesday. Tuesday evening, the faculty and student body assembled in the dramatic hall for the usual commencement exercises. The following program was rendered on the occasion:

Jolly Robbers (Overture).....	F. von Suppe
College Orchestra	
Limpy Tim (Poem).....	Rev. T. Harley
Stephen Dippel	
Soldiers' Chorus (Faust).....	Gounod
College Choir	
Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice"	
.....	Shakespeare
I. Collegiate Class	
Valse Brillante (Piano).....	Chopin
H. Martcie	
Farewell Address.....	Andrew Kiemen
Die Beiden Grenadiere.....	Schumann
College Choir and Orchestra	
Address and Distribution of Testimonials	
Operatic Medley.....	Rev. Fr. Rector
Walston	

On Wednesday morning, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college chapel, in thanksgiving for the many blessings which God had bestowed upon the institution and its inmates during the past year. On the same morning, the students bade farewell to their Alma Mater, and departed for home.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English branch of Third Order:

Abigail Murphy, Sister Elizabeth;
Catherine Cunningham, Sister
Frances;

Mary A. Kelley, Sister Agnes;
James Fitzgerald, Brother Fran-
cis;

Bridget Fitzgerald, Sister Mar-
garet;

Catherine Noonan, Sister Francis;
Mary Dawan, a novice.

Quincy, Ill., St. Mary's Hospital:
Ernest Morphy, Brother Francis.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:
Christina Gorris, Sister Joanna;
Margaret Freidmann, Sister
Clara;

H. J. Craft, Sister Frances.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

JULY, 1914.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	W.	St. Theobald, C.
2	Th.	Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. (G. A.)
3	F.	St. Juliana, V.
4	S.	St. Theodore, Bp. C.—St. Bertha, Abbess.
5	S.	5th Sunday after Pentecost. —Feast of the Most Precious Blood.— St. Antony M. Zaccaria, C. Gospel: The Justice of the Pharisees, Matt. V, 20-24
6	M.	Octave of the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul.
7	T.	St. Lawrence of Brindisi, O. M. Cap., C. (P. I.)
8	W.	St. Elizabeth of Portugal, 3d Order, W. (P. I.)
9	Th.	St. Nicholas and Companions, 1st Order, MM. (P. I.)
10	F.	The Seven Brothers and their Mother, MM.
11	S.	St. Veronica, 2d Order, V. (P. I.)—St. Pius I, P. M.
12	S.	6th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. John Walbert, Ab. C.—St. Nabor and Felix, MM. Gospel: Jesus feeds the Multitude. Mark VIII, 1-9.
13	M.	St. Anaclete, P. M.
14	T.	St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor. (P. I.)
15	W.	Bl. Angelina, 3d Order, W.—St. Henry, Emperor of Germany.
16	Th.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
17	F.	St. Alexis, C.
18	S.	Bl. Simon of Lypnica, 1st Order, C.
19	S.	7th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. John, 1st Order, C. Gospel: The false prophets. Matt. VII, 15-21.
20	M.	St. Jerome, C.—St. Margaret, V. M.
21	T.	Octave of St. Bonaventure.—St. Praxedes, V.
22	W.	St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
23	Th.	St. Apollinaris, Bp. M.
24	F.	St. Francis Solano, 1st Order, Apostle of South America. (P. I.)
25	S.	St. James the Greater, Apostle.
26	S.	8th Sunday after Pentecost. —Dedication of all Franciscan churches. —(P. I.) Gospel: The parable of the unjust steward. Luke XVI, 1-9.
27	M.	Office of St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.
28	T.	SS. Nazarius and Celsus, MM.
29	W.	St. Martha, V.—St. Felix and Comp., MM.
30	Th.	St. Camillus of Lellis, C., Patron of Hospitals.
31	F.	St. Ignatius of Loyola, C., Founder of the Society of Jesus.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order. Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1914.

NO 8.

TO THE HOLY GHOST

SPIRIT supreme, Thou Fruit of love divine,
The Father's and the Son's eternal Breath,
Thy saving grace within my soul enshrine,
So dearly ransomed by the Savior's death.

Illuminate Thou, O Fount of grace and light,
My darksome path to Heaven's fair domain;
And should I falter 'neath a starless night,
Then send a ray to cheer me on again.

Ocean of love, pour out a glowing zeal
For virtue's prize into my fickle heart;
Let naught of earth my soul's affection steal,
For higher joys a longing keen impart.

Fetter my soul to God, O Spirit Thou,
In whose embrace my Savior breathed His last;
That free from sin and faithful to my vow,
I may retrieve the failings of the past.

When night draws on, and in the weary west
The sun descends into the eternal sea,
Summon me home, Spirit of peace and rest,
To share in joy the fruits of Calvary.

Beholding then the Father's glorious face,
Ecstatic in my Savior's greeting kiss,
Thy name, Dispenser of redemption's grace,
My soul will anthem in eternal bliss.

F. B., O.F.M.



ST. CLARE OF ASSISI

FOUNDER OF THE SECOND ORDER

AUGUST 12

AT the time when God called St. Francis of Assisi to bring about a renewal of the Christian spirit in the hearts of the children of the church, many of whom "bent all their energies in frenzied quest of honors and of wealth, or passed their lives in luxury and lust," and used their power to oppress the poor and weak, he also raised up a woman who was to assist materially in this spiritual renewal by her life of poverty, penance, and seclusion. This woman was St. Clare of Assisi, who, as tradition tells us, was the daughter of Favorino Scifi, Count of Sasto-Rosso, and of Bl. Ortolano, of the noble family of Fiumi. Born at Assisi on July 16, 1194, she began from her earliest years to practice those virtues whose brilliancy will ever call forth the admiration of God-fearing souls. Already as a child, she was remarkable for her love of the poor and for her tender piety. It was her delight to hear others speak of the love and mercy of the Savior and of the virtues and power of his Blessed Mother, and hence she began early by the practice of self-denial and mortification to detach her heart from earthly things and to "seek the things that are above."

As she advanced in age, her severity towards herself increased. She wore a haircloth under her

costly garments, fasted frequently, and, as much as circumstances permitted, took no part in the distracting amusements of the world. She had a particular devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and spent many hours in prayer before the tabernacle. Endowed as she was with great gifts of mind, with great personal beauty and a charming disposition, her hand was eagerly sought in marriage by several suitors; but Clare, to the displeasure of her family, rejected them all, declaring that she wished to belong to God alone.

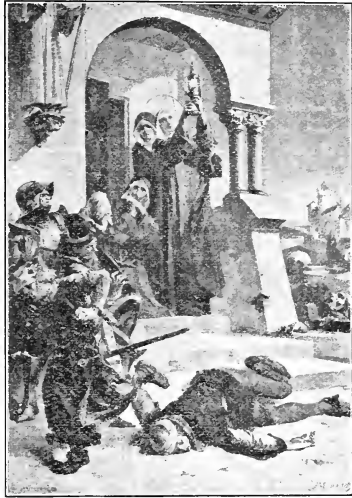
In 1212, St. Francis came to Assisi to preach the Lenten sermons in the church of St. George. His burning words, and especially the example of his poor and mortified life, greatly moved the heart of Clare. She saw in the Saint a perfect model of virtue, and felt an irresistible longing to follow him in the imitation of the poor Christ. Accompanied by a pious matron, she went to St. Francis and begged him for instructions and advice. He spoke to her of the vanity of the world, the shortness of life, and of the happiness of following Christ, that she at once determined to renounce the world and "live after the manner of the Gospel!" St. Francis, foreseeing that Clare would be for many of her sex a guide to religious perfection, prom-

ised to assist her, and appointed Palm Sunday as the day on which she should come to him.

On Palm Sunday, which in that year fell on March 18, Clare dressed in her most sumptuous garments, attended the solemn services at the cathedral together with the members of her family. All approached the altar rail to receive a branch of palm, but Clare remained in her place as if rapt in a dream. The bishop, seeing this, came down from the sanctuary and placed the palm in her hand. During the night of the same day, the Saint secretly left the house of her father, and accompanied by her aunt Bianca and another companion, hastened to the little church of St. Mary of the Angels, the Porziuncola, where St. Francis and his brethren met her with lighted tapers in their hands. Leading her to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, they solemnly invoked the Holy Ghost. Thereupon Clara laid aside her rich apparel, and St. Francis, having cut off her hair, clothed her in a rough tunic and a thick veil. Thus did the Saint courageously consecrate herself to the service of God and begin a life of poverty and penance that was to attract so many pious and generous souls.

Great was the anger and indignation of Clare's family and friends when they heard of the step she had taken. They hastened to the convent of the Benedictine nuns of St. Paul, where St. Francis had placed her, and did their utmost to induce her to give up her pious resolve. But the Saint remained steadfast. She had but one answer to their entreaties, reproaches, and attempts to drag her home by force: she declared that she had been called by God to his service, and that she would have no other spouse of her soul.

After some time, she was joined by her sister Agnes and several



St. Clare of Assisi

other pious ladies. They were then established by St. Francis in a rude dwelling near the church of St. Damian, situated outside the city of Assisi. Thus was founded the first community of the Order of Poor Ladies, or of the Poor Clares, as this second Order of St. Francis came to be called. Clare, much against her will, was appointed abbess, an office which she held for forty-one years. Soon many, desirous of religious perfection, came to the humble convent of St. Damian to embrace the austere life practiced by the Poor Ladies; among them were Clare's mother, and Beatrice, a younger sister.

What shall we say of the holy life of Clare and her community in the quiet of the convent? They had been called by Almighty God to be an example to a proud, avaricious, and pleasure-seeking world, and well did they live up to their calling. The community of St. Damian, and later on the communities in the

cities of Europe, became so many sanctuaries of every virtue,—sanctuaries that attracted thousands of souls seeking to live solely in God and for God, and that called down innumerable blessings on the world. Clare was for all her spiritual daughters a shining model of penance, humility, charity, patience, and of almost constant union with God in prayer. Her love of absolute poverty was second only to that of St. Francis. For love of our Savior, the Saint not only gave up all her possessions, not only joyfully suffered want and privations, but also wished that her Order should possess no income, but should depend entirely on the charity of the faithful. In her love for penance, and in order to atone for the sensuality and licentiousness of so many Christians, the Saint practiced the greatest austerities, using every means to mortify her senses and desires. These austerities, however, did not make her morose and stern; her countenance always reflected the greatest kindness and a holy cheerfulness that is not to be found in the children of the world. Her patience during her long and painful illness was heroic. Far from showing the least impatience, she rejoiced in suffering for Christ, declaring that since she had tasted the bitterness of the passions of Christ, she had never found any pain or sickness that could afflict her. Prayer was her spiritual comfort and strength, and she seemed scarcely ever to turn her thoughts away from God. Her love of our Divine Savior in the Blessed Sacrament and in his bitter passion knew no bounds,—a love that was rewarded in a most singular manner.

In the year 1240, an army of Saracens, mercenary troops of the Emperor Frederick II, marched upon

Assisi. They attacked the convent of St. Damian, and began to scale its walls. Terror stricken the Sisters hastened to their holy abess. Clare, calmly rising from her sickbed, and taking the ciborium from the little chapel adjoining her cell, proceeded to face the invaders at an open window against which they had already placed a ladder. It is related that, as she raised the Blessed Sacrament on high, the soldiers who were about to enter the monastery fell backward as if dazzled, and the others who were ready to follow them then took flight. It is with reference to this incident that St. Clare is generally represented in art bearing a ciborium.

At length, after many years of painful sufferings, Clare felt her end approaching. She received the last Sacraments with the greatest devotion, and calling her spiritual daughters to her bedside, comforted them, and exhorted them to be faithful in the observance of holy poverty and in the practice of all religious virtues, and peacefully passed to her heavenly reward on August 11, 1253. She was buried the following day, on which the Church keeps her festival. Pope Innocent IV, with his court, came to Assisi for the Saint's funeral, which partook rather of the nature of a triumphal procession. Clare was canonized by Alexander IV on September 26, 1255. Her body was, in 1260, transferred from the chapel of St. George to a new church built in her honor, and buried under its high altar, far out of sight and reach. After having remained hidden for six centuries, and after much search had been made, the Saint's tomb was found in 1850, to the great joy of the Assisians and of the children of St. Francis.

Fr. Silas, O. F. M.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

18. LUCHESIUS AND BONADONNA

"It is better therefore that two should be together, than one; for they have the advantage of their society." (Ecl. IV, 9)

IN daily life it is a blessing to have a faithful friend. This is even more true in spiritual life, when one is striving for perfection. A true friend is then a blessing indeed. One's hidden faults are more easily detected and recognized by one's friend. Self-love succeeds only too well in overlooking and excusing our faults, or even in believing them to be mere traits of character. Besides, the mutual encouragement which friendship affords is of great value.

This great "advantage of society" was enjoyed by Luchsius and Bonadonna. The latter was converted to better sentiments by the multiplication of the breads mentioned in the preceding chapter. She and her husband now vied with each other in the practice of Christian charity. Our Tertiary could therefore give full vent to his charitable disposition. We see him, in consequence, going from village to village, from city to city, collecting alms for the poor and the sick. He does not hesitate to visit the places where he has formerly lived as a man of the world. What a contrast! Formerly a shrewd business man, now a Tertiary, poor in the things of the world, but rich in virtue! Scorn and ridicule were heaped upon him; but he rejoiced therein, as did the Apostles, of

whom it is written: "And they indeed went from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." (Act. Ap. V, 41) May these be the sentiments of every member of the seraphic family.

Luchsius showed a predilection for the sick. He visited them, and waited on them with the greatest kindness. As far as circumstances permitted, he brought them to his own home, where they were cared for by Bonadonna. If his home afforded no more room, he carried them to the hospital, and provided for them by the labor of his hands or by begging from house to house.

And what were the motives of his charity? The words of the good Samaritan who, as St. Augustine says, came into the world to cure mankind, which was suffering from a grievous malady, — those words of the Judge of the living and the dead, which have given the impulse to the building of hospitals and have brought to them men and women to nurse the afflicted: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of them my least brethren, you did it to me." (Matth. XXV, 40)

While thus leading an active life, our Tertiary did not neglect the contemplative. His labors in behalf of the sick were joined with prayer, since he beheld in the suffering not a fellow man, but our

Lord Jesus Christ. When Luchesi-
sius returned to his home weary
and fatigued, he allowed himself a
short repose, and then betook him-
self to prayer and contemplation.
Therein consisted his recreation.—
And now, dear reader, is the time
of prayer also a recreation for you?
Are your prescribed prayers an
agreeable duty, or rather a heavy
burden?

Luchesi-
sius reached a high degree
of contemplation by chastising his
body to "bring it into subjection."
(I Cor. IX, 27) The mortification
of the senses is necessary if one
wishes to make progress in prayer.
It was in prayer that Luchesi-
sius found the strength to bear crosses
and sufferings patiently, and to pre-
serve evenness of mind in times of
adversity. No matter how painful
these were, he was wont to say,
"Blessed be my Lord Jesus Christ,
who has suffered much more for
me. Blessed be his most holy
Mother and glorious St. Francis.
For love of them I am willing to
endure even more." It would lead
too far to decribe the virtuous life
of our hero; let what has been said
suffice.

Luchesi-
sius had spent many years
in the faithful service of the Lord;
he had exhausted his strength in
works of charity, and he felt that

his end was near. His wife fell
sick. When she had received the
last sacraments, Luchesi-
sius thus spoke to her, "My dear sister, you
know that we have faithfully
served the Lord. It is therefore
permitted to ask him for the favor
of entering into glory together.
Tarry a while. I also wish to re-
ceive the last sacraments and then
to go to heaven with you." His
desire was fulfilled. Scarcely had
his wife passed to her heavenly re-
ward, when Luchesi-
sius fell grievously ill. After receiving the last
sacraments, he raised his eyes and
hands towards heaven, and
breathed forth his soul. Thus died
the first Tertiary. Truly, an edi-
fying death.

We all desire to die such a death.
Well, then, let us live as Luchesi-
sius lived. Let our labors always be
joined with prayer; let us always
bear sufferings and trials with
patience, and courageously take up
the struggle against our evil in-
clinations, so that, at the end of
our lives, we may be able to say
with St. Paul, "I have fought the
good fight, I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith. As
to the rest, there is laid up for me
a crown of justice, which the Lord
the just judge will render to me in
that day." (II Tim. IV, 7, 8.)

THE THIRD ORDER AND SOCIAL REFORM

By Fr. F. H., O.F.M.

II. The Christian Family

THE cultivation of the family-
life according to Christian
ideals is one of the most im-
portant means of combating the
evils of the present day. Rev. Al-
bert M. Weis, O. P., in his treatise
on the "Social Question" writes,
"The real school for the social

virtues is the family. From its de-
cline and corruption spring by far
the most of our social evils
the cure for these evils must come
again from the family; a reform of
society is impossible without a re-
form of the family." St. Francis
the great social reformer was well
aware of this, and his plan of re-
form was, by means of the Third

Order, to place family-life again on a firm religious basis, and thereby to overcome the many evils and vices which to-day are gnawing at the vitals of the family and of society.

The first of these evils is surely religious indifference and materialism. To be religious, the members of a family must be punctual and conscientious in fulfilling their duties, and must speak with reverence of religious things. The very first chapter of the Rule of the Third Order demands this of all its members. In fact, it is a necessary qualification for reception into the Order. "It is forbidden to receive any one as a member unless he be exact in the practice of the Catholic religion, and of tried obedience to the Roman Church and the Apostolic See."

But the mere outward respect for religion is not enough. The family itself must be a house of God, an *ecclesia domestica*, "a church in their house," as St. Paul calls it. Our churches are places of prayer. In the homes also prayers must be said, and pious practices held in common. This the Rule likewise demands: "They will never sit down to the table nor rise from it without first devoutly and gratefully invoking God. In their home life let them study to lead others by their example, to promote pious practices and all that is good." The honor of the Third Order demands that the members not only observe pious practices but also lead an exemplary and God-fearing life. The family is their destined field of labor, the scene of their activity. Deeply-rooted piety should permeate the whole family; for, that alone can exert a lasting influence on others. "A good example," says Dr. Foerster, "is as a religious picture on the way-side;

every one greets and reveres it."

Another evil of the times is the dishonoring of the family. "The domestic circle is the cradle of the nation; if that be degenerate, this must shortly totter to ruin. Destroy the home and you take away from the ordinary man the strongest inducement to self-sacrifice and persistent energy; for in the home a man learns to forget himself in those he loves; in their presence he unfolds his simpler and noble self." (Fr. Cuthbert, *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*.) Now the stability of the family depends in the first place on conjugal fidelity, and filial piety. Both of these are fostered in a special manner by the Third Order. Through their profession in the Third Order, the single members become real religious, with this difference that, according to the will of the Founder, they are to lead a God-fearing life not in cloistered solitude, but openly before all the world. Judging their condition from the standpoint, that they are co-religious, the wife will show all the more honor and respect to her husband, and he to her; their confidence and love will be increased. The bond of matrimony uniting them will be strengthened, and in such a family, there will be no need of marriage reform, because the mutual love, forbearance, and confidence, are bound to bring forth fruit in due time, as the tree planted on the water's edge.

The children, knowing that their parents are consecrated to God, and that they therefore enjoy the special protection of God, will honor and revere them all the more. My parents belong to God, they will say, and therefore I must obey them, love them, and be careful not to offend them. Parents and children will be closely united, will assist one another to bear their crosses. Surely of such a family

will be said as of the first Christians, "See how they love one another." This union and harmony brought on by the Third Order will enable them to find in their homes and families the joy and consolation, which they would vainly seek elsewhere. Thus the Third Order encourages conjugal fidelity and filial devotion. It teaches the parents the true meaning of the marriage bond, it teaches the children obedience and respect for parents and authority in general. Laxity in morals, disobedience, contempt for authority can find no place in a true Tertiary family. Well could therefore the Bl. Cure D'Ars say of the Third Order, "The Third Order of St. Francis will accomplish the moral regeneration of parishes, and will contribute more than anything else to real sanctification."

Yet another evil of our times, and a wide-spread one, is self-indulgence—a morbid craving for amusement and excitement. It has been rightly said, "The world is amusement-mad." Forgetful of the real purpose of their life, many live as if their sole aim were to cater to the fashions, to dress according to the latest styles, no matter at what cost, to eat, drink, and be merry. It were useless to try to prove that such mode of living leads not only to the moral but also to the financial ruin of the family. In combating this evil tendency of the times, the Third Order wields perhaps its greatest influence, and confers the greatest blessing on the family and on society. The second part of the Rule is devoted to regulating the mode of life of the members. "Members of the Third

Order will refrain from excessive cost and elegance in their dress and toilet, and will observe—each according to his state of life—the rule of moderation. They will refrain with the utmost caution from dangerous stage-plays and dances, and from all revelry. They will be frugal in eating and drinking. Let them never take an oath except in case of necessity. Let them not use indecent language nor utter vulgar jokes." These are not merely good counsels intended to incite the members to fervor, but they are precepts. Although they do not bind under sin, they still impose an obligation and a responsibility, and the transgression of these rules may entail expulsion from the Order. It would lead us too far to explain these rules singly. Suffice it to say that the Third Order does by no means forbid all enjoyment but only such as is forbidden by the law of God.

This then is the influence of the Third Order on family-life. That this influence is not merely imaginary, is sufficiently proved by the history of the Third Order. It can hold up for our admiration and imitation wonderful examples of saintly families, true copies of the holy model at Nazareth. The first members of the Third Order, Bl. Luchesius and his spouse Bonadonna were known for their exemplary family life. Then there is St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, St. Elizabeth of Portugal, St. Frances of Rome, St. Louis, St. Elzear and Bl. Delphina, all models for every family. The biographies of these Saints and Blessed should be found in every Tertiary family.



RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

(Foreword)

Fiction cannot be more stirring than the following narrative of Father Villa. The author, a Spanish Franciscan, once in the missions of South America and later a missionary in China, penned in Latin a simple recital of his experiences in South America. A friend and fellow-missioner in China succeeded in obtaining from the guileless father the possession of that narrative, which is published here for the first time. The simple style, simple at times to bluntness, is not the least charm in the recital, which aimed only at sincere statements. Much in the narrative has a bearing on our day. It is interesting to associate the persecution of the Church and religious in those days with like conditions in our day. It is interesting to see modern scenes and sights in the rawness of their primitiveness. It is interesting to compare certain adventures, much talked of lately, with others in the same region; for it is one thing to undertake an expedition accompanied by sympathetic friends and surrounded by the conveniences which a fortune will procure even in a desert, and another thing to face a wild country and a wild people, supported only by the courage which the love of God and man inspire. Finally, it is inspiring to be brought heart to heart with one of the noblest characters of the nineteenth century, the Catholic hero and martyr, president of Ecuador, Garcia Moreno.

1. A Call to the Wilds

At the college (in Spain) where I spent my youth and studied philosophy and theology, we had as teacher an ex-Carmelite, whose endeavor was, to instil into our youthful hearts a horror for the corruption of the world coupled with a great love of God and His holy Church, and to inspire us with the highest ideals so that most of us determined to consecrate ourselves entirely to Jesus Christ. But we did not know how to carry out our resolution. While I hesitated, uncertain what course to take, a Franciscan friar one day came to our school. He wore a rude habit and was to us more or less an object of wonderment, to some even of ridicule, for we had never yet seen a monk. He hailed from a very wealthy family of Barcelona, and he spoke to us with such en-

thusiasm of the religious life and of the Franciscan missions in South America, that most of the students resolved to devote themselves to the missions in those parts.

I spoke of my intention to my parents. Although it grieved them deeply to see me go, they consented; and so I together with many others left for a Franciscan college in Catalonia. Our hearts were filled with joy as we entered that abode of peace. At the college we found several Franciscans who had been driven from their convents in the persecution of Mendizabal in 1835, and had reunited there to lead a life in common. They, together with some students gathered from all parts of Spain, wished to emigrate to the missions of South America.

We remained at the college for three months, and, though we had

not the habit, we observed the rule of our holy seraphic father, Francis. We were seventy-three in all. But only sixty-three of us undertook the voyage, together with three fathers and three professed fratres. The others had not obtained the permission of their parents; at any rate, it was not advisable to send them just then to such distant countries.

2. En Route

We began the journey August 23, 1868, going by rail to Manresa. On the way we sighted from afar the shrine of our Lady of Montserrat, patroness of Catalonia. At Manresa our parents awaited us to take last leave. How bitter was the pain of leave-taking, is more than I can express. In those days the journey to America, especially to South America, was looked upon as hazardous; for a great revolution had just broken out in the state of Peru, and the conviction of all was that we were going to our certain death.

At Manresa we visited the grotto where St. Ignatius is said to have composed his Book of Retreats. Then we went by rail to Saragossa and visited the shrine of our Lady, called St. Pilar, where according to tradition the Blessed Virgin impressed her image upon a stone which is of a substance not found elsewhere in the neighborhood. We commended our journey to this patroness of Spain and consecrated ourselves body and soul to her. On August 28, we went from there straight to Pampelona where the Franciscans had recently located, although they also were not allowed to wear the habit. One of them to'd us, "We dare not wear the habit for fear of the Liberals, who are watching our every move. How different it was formerly! In Spain alone we were 30,000 Franciscans. We had flourishing con-

vents and provinces. Many of us went to the missions of America after we were thoroughly acquainted with the religious life. But you, what will become of you, who know nothing of the religious life and of the thorny path of a missionary."

On the thirtieth of the same month we made for the Spanish frontier. At San Sebastian we learned that Queen Isabella and her son Alfonso were in that same city; they had been forced to flee to France, for even now a revolution was rampant in parts of Spain. The leader of our party was a very quick-witted father and helped us out of many a predicament. Just as we crossed the boundary we were taken prisoner as Carlists and rebels and were not released until after much parleying. At last on September 1, we arrived at Bordeaux where we found a lodging in the college of the Jesuit fathers. They received us very graciously. We sang a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving that our journey thus far had been so fortunate.

We embarked on the steamship St. Nazaire, which was to take us first to the French colony of Martinique. The weather was very stormy the first few days, and all but two of us suffered from seasickness.

3. First Impressions of America

On September 25, we arrived at Martinique. We admired above all the tropic vegetation, the trees, the fruits, the luxurious natural growth; they were so very different from what we had been used to seeing in Spain. But the inhabitants of the island made the strangest impression on us. We were of a mind that they must be related to the devil. Above all we were deeply depressed at the sight of some hundred women, merely

in loin-cloths, bearing coal for the ship. It affected us so that we were too disgusted to eat. Some of us wished to go home. But what convenience had we to do so? Noticing our sadness, our leader asked us the matter, and when we told him we dreaded those black people, he endeavored to quiet us, saying we need have no fear, though their exterior was not engaging, yet they had a good heart and meant well with us.

I cannot say much about the island of Martinique and about the neighboring island, nor about the inhabitants of these parts; for I was only seventeen years of age at the time and gave little thought to such matters.

4. Bygone Days

At the end of September we set sail from Martinique for Colon on the Isthmus of Panama, and went from there by rail to the city of Panama. Panama is a great trading city. The climate is very hot and damp, and so it is a regular fever den. It is doubly dangerous to drink the water there. At that time Msgr. Mosqueda was Bishop of Panama, a saintly man, quite unlike his brother, the Mosqueda, whom Pius IX excommunicated for his attacks upon the Church. The latter Mosqueda, being one day exhorted by his brother to reform and convert, answered, "Brother, you are born to bless, and I to curse and damn; so your admonishings are altogether to no purpose."

We stayed eight days at Panama. Some of us were taken with the fever; but as soon as we reached the main, we began to improve.

October 7, we embarked on a great steamer named Lima. We were steerage passengers, our leader being out of money. During the eight days of our stay on the ship, we were obliged to eat like swine. Our food, half spoilt, was dumped into a trough. There were no spoons or other eating utensils, and we had to delve into the food with our hands. In consequence most of us sickened.

The third day after leaving Panama, we reached the mouth of a river which leads to Guayaquil, the only harbor of Ecuador. Guayaquil is an important trade center, but it is hot there beyond all bounds. We put up for two days at a Franciscan convent. During our sojourn a great fire broke out reducing 182 houses to ashes.

From Guayaquil we steamed to Callao, the port of Lima, and the end of our sea voyage. At Callao we did not fare well at first. They wanted to throw us into the sea; for there was much bitter feeling against the Spanish, and they took us for soldiers intending an attack upon the city. Two years previous, Callao had been bombarded by a Spanish fleet; so they wanted to make short shift with us. We were not left in peace until a decree arrived from the president of the republic, explaining that we were peaceable people and intended merely to enter the Franciscan Order. Then things changed for the better. When the people saw our guide and the other fathers as well as ourselves with the crucifix suspended about our necks, they cheered the holy Faith and Spain for sending them such men.



HER KNIGHT

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

IT was in the olden days when troubadours lilted their songs of beauty and love and chivalry.

In Assisi's town lived a beautiful maiden, Margarita by name. Her hair was of a raven hue, her eyes like stars, her voice as melodious as the nightingale that filled the moonlit night with music.

Many suitors had the lovely Margarita, but Lorenzo was the one who found most favor in her sight. She tortured him, however, with her coquettish ways, and kept him in continual suspense, oftentimes appearing to prefer Antonio, whom in her secret heart she loathed.

Antonio was madly in love with the charming Margarita, and it filled his jealous soul with hatred to perceive Lorenzo laying siege to the girl's affections, and the girl's evident reciprocation at times of Lorenzo's feelings.

"O, one day I shall tell him I shall be his wife," she once remarked to Antonio, "but not yet. Life is too sweet to relinquish its liberties so soon; too many smiling upon me and bowing at my feet for me to give my heart to one alone. Ah! no, there is ample time yet to think of marriage, and it is charming pastime to crush hearts that know no better than to love me," and she laughed a tinkling little laugh, while Antonio's dark face gleamed with a sinister light.

One day Lorenzo told her of his meeting with a rich young man of Assisi, Francis Bernardone by name, and of the merry revel in which he had participated with Francis and his gay companions. They had paraded through the

streets of Assisi with songs and laughter, after a happy feast at which Francis had been crowned king of the revelers.

"You say he is gallant and handsome, this knight of Assisi," Margarita had remarked after listening intently to Lorenzo's account of the night of merry-making. "Would that I might meet this troubadour. Thou hast aroused my woman's curiosity. I would love to see him at my feet, his knightly form bowing in allegiance. Bring him to me, Lorenzo!" and the dark eyes smiled mischievously.

"The son of Bernardone hath not yet been ensnared by the wiles of any woman," Lorenzo said, "he is one methinks thou wouldst find invulnerable to thy charms and heartless witchery."

"And yet thou sayest he is gallant, handsome, a leader of men? Why, such a one is made to love and to be loved! Francis, I shall win thee yet!" she exclaimed, tossing her proud head.

And so it happened that Margarita began to cast about in her mind how she should meet the knightly Francis. Lorenzo would not bring him to her—this she well knew, and Lorenzo had boasted that even her entrancing wiles would prove as naught if directed to the heart of this gay young troubadour. When had she met the knight who failed to become her willing slave, or had not left his heart captive at her feet! Francis must be won! The citadel of his heart must be stormed, and like the others he would be easy of capture.

One soft moonlit evening, Margarita walked by the lake, her

thoughts, as were their wont of late, dwelling on Lorenzo's words regarding his friend, young Bernardone. Should she ever see him, and how might it be brought about? Filled with musings she walked along, a creature of surpassing loveliness in the moonlight that fell around her, enhancing the delicacy of the soft, white draperies clinging to her graceful form.

Suddenly she noticed the figure of a man approaching. Her heart beat quickly. Perhaps it was the object of her longings! But her hopes were dispelled when she recognized Antonio.

He was soon at her side. "Ah! Margarita," he spoke in soft, caressing tones, while the girl's face took on a displeased expression. "I am glad to find thee wandering here in the entrancing moonbeams by thyself, for 'tis seldom I can snatch a few words or smiles from thee, Lorenzo doth so completely usurp the throne."

Margarita plainly showed her repugnance, and turned to retrace her steps. Antonio endeavored to take her hand, but she snatched it away. "Carissima, treat me not so," he exclaimed angrily, seizing her roughly by the arms, "how dost thou dare repulse me, thou who didst smile on me but yesterday!" His face was livid with anger, and the expression of fury in his eyes caused the girl to cry out in alarm.

In answer to her cry, a dark figure suddenly sprang forward, a strong arm grasped Antonio and sent him reeling, while Margarita faint from emotion and fear leaned against the marble railing.

It was a handsome, graceful young man who stood before her, his eyes blazing as he surveyed the cringing form of Antonio slinking away. Turning to the trembling girl he said in soft, musical tones, "Wilt thou permit me to conduct

thee to thy home, Signorina?" The girl nodded assent, and walked by the side of her rescuer until the gateway of her home was reached.

"How can I thank thee for coming to my aid? I can not express the gratitude I feel toward thee," she said softly gazing with ill-concealed admiration at the handsome face of the gallant youth.

The young man's earnest eyes bent kindly on her. "Say but a prayer for me," he answered smiling, "and I shall be well repaid." And bowing gallantly he disappeared in the moonlight.

Margarita wended her way up the path toward the house, her mind beset with tumultuous emotions. "O that must be he at last, Francis Bernardone," she whispered as she turned the latch of the door.

For days afterward, Margarita could hear naught but the musical ring a certain voice, see naught but of a slender, graceful figure, a face, dark and handsome, with a mingled expression of sweetness and gravity, the eyes soft and tender. How different was he from any of the youths she had ever beheld. There was in that personality something lofty and noble and commanding respect. Here at last was one whom she could truly love, and he—ah! would it be as Lorenzo had said—would he remain unmoved? This was the thought that tortured her soul by night and day.

Lorenzo listened to her recital of the events of that memorable night, as he sat beside her one evening. "That was Bernardone's son," he answered, when she had finished her glowing description of her gallant rescuer.

Her eyes shone with pleasure. "I thought it was he," she exclaimed, "ah, there is a prince among men, ay, and there is that

about him that commands reverence."

* * *

Margarita exhibited a marked distaste for the attentions of her suitors since the night that the much talked of Francis had crossed her path, and the thought that haunted her incessantly was, how was she to meet him again? For meet him, she must, ay, she would go out and seek him, if need be, seek him and cast herself at his feet.

Margarita was walking through her garden one evening plucking some beautiful roses, and softly humming the snatches of a song. Where was her knight? she thought to herself. If he would only come by, how she would fly to him, and press these lovely blossoms into his hands, and of course he would smile upon her with that wonderful smile that had filled her soul with strange delight on that memorable evening.

Just then there was borne to her ears the sound of laughter and singing. Nearer and nearer the voices came, and running to the garden wall Margarita leaned over, listening intently. Then a gay company of young men richly dressed came into view, and at the head of the merry throng there walked straight and graceful her rescuer, her knight.

Reaching the spot where Margarita was standing clasping her flowers, he stopped, and doffing his cap, bowed low. With a smile on her lips, Margarita extended the flowers toward him saying, "Wilt accept, my lord, a slight token of gratitude from one thou hast befriended?"

"I thank thee, Signorina" spoke the young man in soft, gentle accents, "and with thy leave I shall place them at the feet of our Lady."

"It shall greatly please me,

Signor," the girl faltered in tremulous tones.

Another charming smile, a courtly bow, and then on he led his company once more, the troubadour songs ringing out on the listening air as they proceeded on their way.

The next day found Margarita wandering through a shady wood on the outskirts of the town. "I must seek out my knight," was the burden of her thoughts; "they say he wanders much through the forest paths, delighting in Nature's charms; here I may perchance meet him once more."

She had sat down to rest when suddenly she beheld her troubadour approaching, his eyes bent to the ground in a meditative mood. Her heart throbbed wildly, her face became pale with intense emotion as he drew near. At last they were to meet and converse—the longed for opportunity was to be gained. Rising to her feet as he approached she smiled with pleasurable anticipation, and the young man at once recognizing her, smiled in return. He greeted her gallantly, and so profound was her pleasure and admiration that she was at a loss for words.

Then the young man spoke, "Art thou not afraid, Signorina, to wander so far from home and in this dense wood?"

Margarita could restrain her feelings no longer. "Francis Bernardone," she said in tremulous tones while her face blushed, "I shall tell thee all. I came here to meet thee. No, listen, I pray thee," she begged, as the young man made a movement as if to pass on. "I must speak, else my heart will break with its burden. All my young life I have sought pleasure and love and worldly delights. Riches have been showered upon me, suitors have knelt at

my feet, but naught, naught, has ever satisfied me. I have never truly loved. But thee, Francis Bernardone, thee alone of all men I could really love and reverence. Thou art not as the rest of men," she cried passionately.

"Sobbing uncontrollably, she threw herself at Francis's feet. He looked at her kindly and pityingly. "Signorina," he said gently, "I, too, have sought for happiness and worldly pleasures and pursuits, but in the end, have found them naught but worthless husks. God hath flashed his illuminating grace into my soul, and I see now that out of Him there is no peace nor happiness. My heart, my soul, my life shall be henceforth given to Him alone, and the constant cry of my soul shall be: 'Too late have I known thee, too late have I loved

thee, my God and my all.' Little sister," he went on, "look not to the things of earth nor to the love of creatures for true happiness. Let Christ be the true Knight of thy soul. His love shall never fail. He has a right to thy heart. Let him in, and thou shall find peace."

* * *

In a convent cell amid the Umbrian hills, among a company of young ladies of noble lineage who have yielded their hearts to the divine Lover of souls, may be seen a beautiful young nun whom her spiritual sisters call the angel of the community. When kneeling in prayer, she is as one transported to a vision of God, and as she kisses her crucifix, one can tell that her heart is nailed to the feet of the divine Victim. Margarita has found her Knight.

RESIGNATION

For Franciscan Herald

When Thou, O Lord, didst leave Thy throne on high
 And stoop to earth, poor fettered man to free
 From Satan's loathsome, shameful slavery,
 By choosing willingly for him to die;
 Whilst from Thy Heart one sob, one painful sigh
 Could have reunited him with his dear God,
 'Twas at Thy Father's will, His merest nod
 Thou chose this wretched creature thus to buy.
 On then, sweet Lord, teach me that noblest art
 Of bending in all things my will to Thine;
 Keep far from me the thought of serving mine
 Own sinful self. Help me, O God, to grow
 Wholly resigned to Thine own Will and know
 They serve Thee best who serve with ready heart.

John Clark.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TERTIARY LIBRARIES

We have had occasion from time to time to call the attention of our Tertiary readers to the necessity of combating the evils of the irreligious and immoral press of to-day and of supporting the Catholic press. We have likewise suggested various ways and means by which this might be done. Whether any of the fraternities have acted on our suggestions, has not come to our knowledge. The fact, however, that so little is heard about Tertiary press activity, leads us to believe that many of our Tertiaries know little or care little about the Catholic press apostolate. Their conduct in this matter stands in marked contrast to that of their brethren and sisters overseas.

Besides combating the evil press in a direct manner, the Tertiaries of various European countries are very active in establishing or assisting Catholic popular libraries. Thus in Thiene, Italy, the members of the Third Order have the management of a Catholic free library, which numbers 3,000 volumes. The library of Lendinaria, which was called to life but a few months since, already contains 1,500 books. Similar institutions exist also in Germany. Burghausen, Salzburg, Metz, and many other cities boast of well-stocked libraries. It must be remembered that all these libraries have been founded by Tertiaries, not for the exclusive use of Tertiaries, but for the general public.

Thus it will be seen that the Third Order in other countries is keenly alive to the importance of disseminating good literature. The members have surely caught the meaning of the Holy Father's mandate: "It is prescribed that they not only read what is written in defence of their religion, but work to have such writings spread among the people." Why is it that our Tertiaries show so little interest in a matter that so vitally concerns the spiritual life of their neighbor? To instruct the ignorant is a spiritual work of mercy, and no work of mercy is foreign to the scope of the Third Order. In the larger cities where Tertiaries have libraries of their own, they would do well to give others besides Tertiaries free access thereto. In smaller towns where there is not a sufficient number of members to establish a Tertiary library, they should co-operate with their Reverend Pastors and the parishioners to found a parish library, and from time to time to contribute to its support.

ENCOURAGING VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

During the month of August, many a Catholic boy will be called upon to make his choice of a state of life. For the first time, he will be brought face to face with the truth: "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." For every boy who realizes this, the choice of a state must be a question of great moment. Such indeed it ought to be for every boy, for, upon the right choice of a vocation will depend to a great extent his temporal and eternal welfare. Of the many thousands of boys who have lately completed their elementary education, by far the greater number are without doubt destined to earn their bread

in the sweat of their brow. But there are hundreds of others who feel in their inmost hearts that they are born for something higher. They hear a still small voice telling them that they are called to serve God and their fellow men in the sacred ministry.

Outside the true Church of Christ, the dearth of candidates for the ministry is a subject of frequent discussion, and it is quite generally conceded that the reason for this falling off is to be sought in the sacrifices involved. Even in the Catholic Church, the complaint is not less frequently heard that though the harvest is white, the laborers are few. Thank God, however, the reason for the fewness of candidates for the holy priesthood is to be sought, not in the lack of self-sacrifice, but in the want of encouragement.

Want of encouragement has kept far more from embracing the sacerdotal state than the fear of the sacrifices which the priesthood involves. This encouragement must come in the majority of cases, not from the priest, but from the parents. For, it often happens that even when the boy feels in his heart the desire for the priesthood, his natural reverence for the priest prevents his broaching this desire even to his confessor. It is rather in the quiet of the home, in some sacred moment of confidence to his mother, that the boy first makes known in trembling accents his heart's desire, and it is in the home and from his parents that he should receive encouragement. They are called upon in most cases to say the first and the last word about their boy's vocation. To them it is given to foster the divine germ or to stamp it out forever. A word from them may either make or mar his career. Alas, instead of helpful guidance and advice, how often does he receive a stinging rebuke from those to whom the thought of having a son a priest should be their highest ambition, to whom God consigns the first duty of watching over his chosen one—and another laborer is lost to the vineyard of Christ.

LEST WE FORGET

We should like to call the attention of our readers to an omission in the Catholic Directory for 1914, lest those of our benefactors who consult the Directory receive a false impression, and withhold their alms from our Indian missionaries in Arizona. On page 788, mention is made of only one Indian mission, San Xavier Del Bac. The fact of the matter is, however, that the Franciscan Fathers attend not less than eighteen other missions, besides twenty-four stations. Following are the missions:

In Pima County: Lourdes, with a school of forty pupils; Topawa, with a school of fifty pupils; San Miguel, with a school of thirty pupils; Gavulik, San Jose, Cababi, Gue Komalik, Sild Nakya, Comobabi, Coyote, Covered Well, Quijotoa, Ajo, Sonoyta. In Pinal County: Chuhechu, Wahewa Va, Chiipo. In Maricopa County: Gila Bend, Indian Reservation.

The names of the stations are: Ban Dak, Standing Bluff, Indian Oasis, Komalk, Chuulk, Vamuri, Burro Pond, Tecolote, San Antonio, Poso Blanco, Pisinemo Villages, Huhuldi Villages, Noria, San Luis, Santa Cruz, Iron Pump, Jack Rabbit, Kwahate, Siv-Wafya, Mui Mafya, Aanagam, and Brownell.

For the information of our readers we should like to add that these missions are wholly dependent on the alms of generous benefactors. Even in those places where the Fathers maintain schools, the Government has done nothing for the education and support of the Indian children, nor is the present administration likely to enter upon a more liberal policy. The consequence is that the missionaries are seriously handicapped in their work of education by a lack of funds, the more so since sectarian and Government schools are everywhere springing up like mushrooms. It is for this reason that thousands of Indian children are yearly lost to the Church, and the pity of it is that their ancestors were all instructed in the Catholic faith by the old Spanish padres before the days of the Mexican secularization.

AN IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT

In our April issue, we had occasion to call attention to an Indian appropriation bill which as drafted by the sub-committee of which the Honorable (?) John Hall Stephens of Texas is chairman, would have eliminated a number of Sisters from the Government Indian Schools. The bill provided that no part of the appropriation should be paid to any employee in the Indian school service who had not passed the Civil Service examination. Since the Sisters had not passed such examination, the provision would have automatically ousted them from the schools.

The clause was carefully worded, and when the bill came up in the House of Representatives, a number of Catholic Representatives were caught off their guard, and it was passed by a slight majority. The Senate, however, promptly struck out the objectionable clause. After the return of the bill to the House, Mr. Stephens tenaciously insisted on the insertion of the provision. In the discussion which ensued, the gentleman from Texas was put on the grill by a number of his Catholic colleagues. When he saw the House was fully aware of the significance of the odious provision, he was willing to beat a hasty retreat, and mildly suggested "that it would be advisable to let the matter go to conference, so that the language might be perfected and obviate the troubles that have been suggested." But he was halted by that able strategist, minority leader Mann of Illinois, who, by the way is not a Catholic.

Addressing the House he said: "Mr. Chairman, let us have no misunderstanding as to the effect of this amendment. The design and effect of the amendment is to send out of the Indian school service certain teachers who are now in that service. The amendment is very skillfully drawn by some one—I do not know who—and we have not been able to ascertain who originated this language. It provides that no money can be paid to any employee in the Indian school service who does not hold a certificate showing that such employee has passed the necessary examination required by the Civil Service Commission for such position. The moment this bill becomes a law these people have to go out of the service, because there is no money appropriated which can be paid to them.

"This bill has never been in conference, and we who are opposed to

the provision know perfectly well that if it goes to conference that it will remain in the bill."

On the motion of Mr. Stafford of Wisconsin, who likewise assisted in the defeat of this bit of bigoted legislation, the bill was passed as amended by the Senate by a majority of forty-one out of fifty-nine votes, much to the chagrin of one John Hall Stephens.

EX-PRESIDENT ON MENDACIOUS SPOUTERS

A stinging rebuke was lately administered to a certain Rev. J. A. Smith who, at the assembly of the Presbyterian church, lately held in Kansas City, made the startling declaration that, "an edict of the Pope was found on the body of Major Butt, who died on the Titanic, commanding all Catholics to vote for a candidate other than Woodrow Wilson in the presidential elections." This statement brought to the notice of Mr. Taft by Mr. C. F. Leppert, of South Omaha, elicited the following rejoinder from the ex-President:

"Pointe-au-Pic, Canada, July 1.—My Dear Sir: I have your letter of June 25. The statement made by the South Presbyterian Church and by Dr. J. A. Smith is utterly unfounded. Major Butt was my aide, was ill and went abroad on account of his health. He had no official relation to any one. He went to Rome because Mr. Millet, his roommate, was going there as a director in the American Art School in Rome, to which \$1,000,000 had been given, and he was returning with Mr. Millet. I believe he visited the Vatican, as he did other places of interest. The statement that an edict from the Pope was found upon Major Butt's person is utterly unfounded, for the reason that his body was never found, nor were any of his effects. In other words, the statement is false from beginning to end, and I wonder that a church or a minister of a church, who ought to be careful in giving currency to statements of any character without the slightest foundation, should be responsible for this.

"You are at liberty to make such use of this letter as you choose. Sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Commenting on the incident, *The True Voice* says:

"The letter of Mr. Taft will have little effect upon the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Murfreesboro, or those of his kind who simply "know" things against the Catholic church. They are not troubled about giving proofs for their wild charges, nor are they disturbed by refutation of them. But the large body of American citizenship can judge of the recklessness of the charges made in church assemblies by the character of Rev. Smith's statement. We would not go so far as to say that these mendacious spouters are intentional liars. They are simply incapable of telling the sober truth in anything that concerns the Catholic church. Without question they accept every charge, no matter how absurd, that may be whispered against her. Then they get up in their assemblies and solemnly assure a surprised world that they "know" the charges to be true. Thus it comes that nobody any longer places any reliance upon the average preacher's charges against Catholics or their church. His reckless mendacity in such matters is well known."



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XVII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

IN 1709 Rt. Rev. Dionisio Rezino, Auxiliary to the Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, visited St Augustine, and on June 26, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a multitude of persons of all classes. He was to stay in Florida, but returned to Cuba, and died there September 12, 1711.

Nuestra Senora de Leche (Our Lady of the Milk) at Nombre de Dios, outside the city walls to the north, where on September 8, 1565, the first holy Sacrifice had been offered up, and which had been used as a chapel for the Indian converts of the vicinity, next experienced the hatred of English sectarian bigotry. Colonel Palmer in 1827 led a raiding party of Georgians into Florida down to the very gates of St. Augustine. Not being able to take the city, his men plundered the chapel at Nombre de Dios, carried off the vestments, sacred vessels, votive offerings, and everything else of value. One of the soldiers took the figure of the Infant Jesus from the arms of the statue of our Lady, and brought it to Colonel Palmer. That officer rebuked his men for taking the figure from the chapel, and said they would in time suffer for their act. Strangely enough, he failed to take his own counsel, and instead of restoring the figure of the Divine

Child to its place, he threw it away from him to the ground. For this he himself brought on the punishment announced to his soldiers; for it is said that Colonel Palmer, eight years later, was killed on the very spot whither he had thrown the little figure of his Divine Savior.

As for the Indian converts, in the war with the Carolinas the once numerous and peaceful bands of native Christians were all but exterminated. Only three hundred survived, and these retired to the shelter of the guns of the fort at St. Augustine. The cowed shepherds bereft of their sheep thereupon turned their attention to tribes which had hitherto manifested little disposition to be influenced by missionaries. In 1726, the zealous Fathers had made such progress among the Yamassees of Eastern Georgia and South Carolina that three missions could be established among them, each with a palmetto church and a dwelling for the missionary. Two of these were dedicated in honor of San Antonio, the third in honor of San Diego. Three villages of the Yguasa nation, chiefly composed of old converts, were dedicated respectively in honor of Santa Catalina (St. Catherine), Our Lady of Guadalupe, and San Jose. The church buildings were constructed of boards. Nombre de

Dios, a Chiluca town of old Christians, had a church of stone. Santa Fe, a Timuquam village, San Luis, an Apalache settlement, and San Antonio, a Caspulla town, San Antonio among the Costas, and a third San Antonio in the Apalache country, were other Christian Indian stations. Each of the six stations had its Franciscan missionary.

Besides these a mission among the Macapiras and another in the Praya deserves mention. Mission San Juan in the Apalache province was established for all who joined it from the Apalache and the Yamassee nations. On the whole, the Fathers in Florida could still report more than one thousand Christian Indians in their charge about the year 1726. The Confraternity of Our Lady of Soledad at St. Augustine deserved well for defraying the expenses of maintaining services at the church of St. Mark on the Apalache River, a place fortified in 1718 for the protection of the convert Indians of that region.

On Santa Rosa Island, near Pensacola, a fortification was thrown up, and a chapel erected attended by Fr. Manuel de Hoaliso. When in 1719 Pensacola was invested by the French under Bienville, and capt-

ured, Fr. Jose Usache and Fr. Jose del Castillo, Franciscans and chaplains, were taken to Havana. Finding that they could not hold the place, the French set fire to the fort and town. Not even the church was spared; the vestments and sacred vessels were carried away. When the site was restored to Spain, Pensacola was rebuilt in a new locality near the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island. Some years later the city was moved to its present site, and Santa Rosa Island abandoned. No trace even of the church or settlement exists.

A report of March 3, 1738, says that eight Indian towns existed near St. Augustine, each of which had a missionary of its own, who like the converts lived in a poor hut, attending a chapel but little better. These Indian villages were: Nombre de Dios at Macariz with forty-three souls; Nuestra Senora de la Asuncion at Palicia with forty-eight souls; San Antonio de la Costa with twenty-three; Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe at Tolomato with twenty-nine; Nuestra Senora del Rosario at Lo Punta with fifty-one; Santo Domingo de Chiquito with fifty-five and San Nicolas de Casapullas with seventy-one souls.

CATHOLIC CHIPPEWA CONGRESS

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

THE first meeting of the Catholic Chippewa Indians of northwestern Minnesota opened on the evening of Tuesday, July 7, 1914, at Cass Lake, Minnesota. About 250-300 Indians, mostly fullbloods, assembled there to discuss matters appertaining chiefly to their spiritual welfare and to organize a society somewhat after the manner of that of the Sioux.

No doubt many Chippewas of Wis-

consin would have come to this meeting had they been specially invited and had they realized that the congress was not to be a mere local affair, but to comprise all the Catholic Chippewa people of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Canada. The present meeting was rather of a tentative character, held to ascertain how such meetings might be arranged on a larger scale. As it was, many Indians did not attend

this first Chippewa Congress, especially those of White Earth, Leech Lake, and Cloquet, because their missionary pastors who were then making their annual retreat, could not attend.

Much good would certainly be done among our Catholic Indians if, from time to time, at some central place, at a good distance from saloons, if possible, large meetings of these good people could be held. Such meetings are productive of much good among our whites, and if properly held under the supervision of their missionaries, they would certainly be of much spiritual benefit to the Indians. They serve to strengthen them in their holy faith and to make them feel that they too belong to the household of the Catholic Church in this country. There are about twenty millions of Indians and mixed bloods in North and South America, many of whom are still living in paganism. Hence, we should favor any movement tending to promote the conversion and salvation of these people. While striving to help them to advance in material prosperity, we should above all endeavor to make them staunch Christians. As Champlain, the founder of Quebec, said, "The salvation of a single human soul is more important than the conquest of an empire." The poor Indian has an immortal soul; let us help him save it.

On Tuesday evening, July 7, the opening sermon in Chippewa was preached by the writer, who expressed his great joy at seeing so many Catholic Indians assemble, not for amusement but to discuss various matters concerning their spiritual and temporal welfare. He said that the greatest gift of God to man is the holy faith: that this gift is infinitely more to be prized than all the gold and silver and wealth of this earth, more than all its

pleasures and honors, since all these would soon pass away, whereas their holy faith, if they lived up to it, would bring everlasting happiness. He, thereupon, exhorted the Indians always to remain faithful to their holy faith, and pointed out briefly what they should do to preserve this priceless gift for themselves and their children.

Solemn High Mass was sung each day at 9 A. M., and the deliberations and exercises of the day were closed with sermon and benediction.

Three Chippewa discourses were given each day, the first at the six o'clock Mass, the second after High Mass, and the last in the evening before benediction. On Thursday and Friday, solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Philip G. Gordon, our newly ordained Chippewa Indian priest, who is now stationed at Hayward, Wisconsin, but who intends to labor among his countrymen in Wisconsin. Let us hope that he will convert great numbers of his people and, besides, give us a series of learned works on Indian literature, especially a comprehensive dictionary and grammar of the Chippewa language and also a learned glossary comparing this language with European and Asiatic tongues.

On Friday, July 10, the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth, Minnesota, confirmed about 150 whites and Indians, the latter mostly full-blood adults (79), one of whom was a venerable centenarian, whose English name is Joseph Smith. Before Confirmation, Bishop McGolrick preached on the necessity of the sacramental grace of Confirmation in these days of persecution, when wicked, unscrupulous, fanatical men are doing their utmost to vilify the Catholic Church, its priests and religious, and to spread sectarian hate, distrust, and ill-will. He told of men of the

"Menace" stripe going from store to store in Duluth asking the proprietors to dismiss their Catholic employees and threatening to withhold from them their patronage in case of non-compliance. The Bishop's sermon was ably interpreted into Chippewa by Father Thomas Borgerding, O.S.B., of Red Lake, Minnesota.

Daily meetings were held on the camping grounds outside of town, where the heat was somewhat tempered by the cool breeze. On Thursday evening, the eve of Confirmation, four Fathers heard the confessions of the Chippewas.

At the first public meeting, a temporary chairman and secretary were chosen. Under the able leadership of Father Borgerding, these officials fulfilled their duties to the satisfaction of all.

The question was broached of resuscitating the "Anishinabe Enamiad", a little Indian magazine which died a sudden death a few years ago. Father Borgerding stated that he had written to several Indian missionaries asking them to assume the editorship of the Chippewa paper, but all had declined on the plea of old age or over-work. The writer then rose, and most earnestly urged the good Father to take upon himself the task of editing the Indian paper, promising to send him articles for publication. The good Father seemed inclined to undertake the work, but stated that he must first consult his Rev. Abbot. Let us hope that the necessary permission will be given, and that we may soon see the "Christian Indian" raised from the dead. A paper in the vernacular would do much good among the many Chippewas in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Canada. The Ob-

late Fathers and also the Jesuits of Canada have published several very useful works in the Chippewa language, which goes to show that there must be many who can read works printed in that language.

We give the title of some: "Instructions en Sauteurs sur toute la Doctrine Catholique", "L'Ame Penitente", and "Epitres et Evangelies en Sauteurs" by the Rev. C. J. Camper, O.M.I.; "Widjindiwini-Masinaigan", a manual of devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart, by a Jesuit Father.

On Sunday afternoon, the new local and general officers of the society were chosen, and the place of the next general meeting was designated. Proper rules approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Corbett of Crookston, Minnesota, to whose diocese Father Thomas Borgerding, O.S.B., and Father Felix Nellis, O.S.B., belong, were printed, thoroughly discussed by the Indians and their pastors, and finally adopted.

Let us hope that this first Catholic Chippewa Congress will be fruitful in good results for the spiritual and temporal betterment of our Catholic Indians and that at their next meeting still greater numbers will attend.

Besides the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGolrick, the following Fathers were present, namely, Rev. Thomas Borgerding, O.S.B., and Rev. Felix Nellis, O.S.B., Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.F.M., Rev. S. Frydrychowicz, Rev. Philip Gordon, and Rev. Father R. du Moulin.

The sincerest thanks of the Rev. Fathers are hereby given to Rev. S. Frydrychowicz, for his generous treatment of them during the Chippewa Congress.



NELLIE SCOTT'S TRIUMPH

CONTINUED

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

GOOD Nellie was no more. Her soul had taken its flight to God, and her earthly remains rested by the lake-side, close to the house of her parents. How often did they not visit the grave of their dear child, and mourn in solitude the loss of their beloved daughter! I called on them at times to console them in their grief, and to speak to them of the beauty of religion and the happiness it had procured for their Nellie. They always received me kindly, and listened attentively while I explained the mysteries of our holy faith. When some years later, Susan and Willie desired to be baptized, they had their parents' consent. The latter, however, instead of following the example of their children, as we might expect, remained steadfast in their pagan belief.

Years passed by, and it seemed the good seed had fallen on barren ground. Yet, how often does it happen that the seed of the Gospel, though apparently wasted and dead, suddenly sprouts, grows, and brings forth fruit in good time? Just so did it happen in the case of the Scotts. The mother fell dangerously ill, opened her heart to the grace of God, received Baptism, and died happily in God's holy Church. Now, so I flattered myself, Mr. Scott also will be easily won, he will follow in the footsteps of wife and children. These were my thoughts, but not those of Joseph Scott. He proved to be a rather stubborn pagan. Many a time did I call on him and speak to him of religion; I loved the poor old man, pitied him, and tried all means to gain him over.

One day, when I said holy Mass in the "Old Village Church," but

one person assisted. It was our dear Uibaiash, Joe Scott. Like the publican in the temple, he had taken a seat near the door in the rear of the church. I preached a sermon, but, sorry to say, did not convert the poor "publican." When I told our Fathers in Ashland of my large congregation, Father Desire remarked jokingly, "Yes, you preached to a big congregation, to only one man, and he was deaf." Indeed, poor Uibaiash was, if not literally, at least figuratively, deaf to my call to enter the true fold.

For fifteen years I had wandered in search of the lost sheep, but all in vain. When on one occasion I had instructed our Indian on the Sacrament of Baptism, his only response was:

"I do not understand."

I repeated my instructions and then asked:

"Now, what did you not understand?"

He answered, "Oh, it is not that. I understood what you said concerning Baptism; something else is not plain to me."

"And what is that," I asked.

"See here," he said, "I walk all day long. Tired, weak, and hungry I come to an Indian wigwam in the evening. The Indians there ask me, 'Uibaiash, where are you going?' I tell them. They say, 'No, you must not go any farther, you must stay here.' Well, I stay. Indians prepare a bed for me. I get something to eat. We smoke, chat, feel happy, go to bed, and sleep well. Next morning, I rise, eat again, start for home and say nothing. That's the way the Indians do. But now see here. I come to a white man's house. They look hard at me. They say, 'You

are an Indian. We can not keep you.' Or they ask, 'Have you any money? No money, no stay.' That's the way the white people do. So I am afraid to be with them when I die."

"Oh, Uibaiash," said I, "you paint the white people too black. I am a white man, and I have always been good to the Indians. Many a time I took them into my house, gave them food to eat, and

than one. Can we blame them if they are suspicious and afraid of the pale-face? The Indian's nature, owing to lack of training, differs greatly from that of his white brother. The red man is naturally timid and shy, used to his Indian blanket, and fond of the Indian dance and drum. He has been reared in the smoky wigwam, fed on Indian rice, has listened to Indian stories. Can we judge him



Indian Log House With Sacrificial Pole

clothes to wear, and other white people have done the same. Therefore, do not be afraid of the white people, do not hesitate to join the white man's religion."

Dear reader, you may smile at the queer notions of the poor Indian. Yet, I say, do not judge him too severely. Indians have been abused by the whites, they have been snubbed and rubbed in more ways

harshly if he does not at once adopt the white man's way of thinking, and believing, if he is "afraid to be with the white man when he dies?"

Mr. Scott never had a strong constitution, and in the last ten years consumption had taken hold of him. Slowly his life was ebbing away at the home of John Lynch, his brother-in-law. He had recourse to all kinds of Indian and patent medi-

cines, paid occasional visits to the physician on the Reservation, but all in vain. Day by day his condition grew worse. I redoubled my solicitude for the sick man. On Sunday morning, after holy Mass, I had again directed my steps to the home of my dear friend, when, coming near the house, I saw to my surprise and consternation, a sacrificial pole (pagidjigewatick) fastened to the front of the building. On the pole, hung a white deer hide upon which was painted in vermilion red the figure of a man with outstretched arms. To the top of the pole was fastened a bunch of green cedar, and to the hide was appended a little sack of tobacco. This sacrificial pole was set up in order to obtain from the spirits the recovery of the sick man. Who had set it up? The mystery was solved as soon as I stepped into the house. There sat the most prominent Indians of the Reservation, who were supposed to cure all kinds of diseases by their pagan incantations. Heavy clouds of smoke darkened the room. I made bold to address this august assembly, but apprehending trouble, I soon left the house. Such things, I said to myself, will only harden the sick man in his pagan superstition. What was to be done? The current of thought in my brain ran fast and strong. There was only one way out of the difficulty, that pole must come down. Acting upon this thought, I directed the Catholic daughter of Mr. Scott to take down the superstitious emblem without delay.

On the next day, I called again to see whether my orders had been carried out. But to my surprise, the pole was still standing with its flag waving merrily in the air. I was vexed, and that sorely. That thing must come down. When leaving the house, after a short visit, I stopped at the mysterious

pole, looked at it for a moment, then grabbed it, pulled and jerked at it until it toppled and fell. I tore off the flag, hastily thrust it into my pocket, and marched away triumphantly. For all that, my heart beat violently as I called at the residence of one of my parishioners. It seems the lady of the house noticed that I had been up to some mischief, for she asked immediately:

"Father, did you pull down that pole?"

"I did."

"Really? Well, well," was her only comment.

When I told the Fathers at home of my bold deed at Lac du Flambeau, they shook their heads and said:

"Now you may prepare for death. The Indians will scalp you."

Well, I had to face the music, and bear the consequences of my risky deed. To win a martyr's crown could hardly be expected. Yet, I began to feel misgivings as to the prudence of my hasty act. Was it wise to let my indignation get the better of me? Would not the Indians be provoked? But why should I fret after having prayed fervently at holy Mass that God might enlighten and guide me in this matter?

Two weeks later, I made my regular visit to Lac du Flambeau. At supper Charles Gauthier smilingly remarked:

"Father, you had a nice time when you were here last."

I knew at what he hinted, but asked, "How?"

"Pulling down that pole," he said "but John Lynch told me if you had not pulled it down, he would have done so."

This news surprised me. Before I returned to Ashland after my three days' stay, I resolved to call again on my old friend Joe. When Mrs. Ben Gauthier heard of my intention she said:

"Oh Father, don't go there."

"Why not?" I asked.

"We are afraid that something may happen to you," she replied, "old Joe is awfully mad, he called you—, and was hunting all over for you two weeks ago, but you had already returned to Ashland."

"Never mind," said I, "I will see Joe. Things will turn out alright." With these words I went to meet my fate.

The pole was down; no flag was to be seen. I entered the house. Mr. Scott approached. Was he "mad", armed with an Indian scalping-knife? No; he advanced toward me with extended hand, and after a hearty handshaking, we both took a seat, and enjoyed a pleasant chat. I assured my friend that I had the best of intentions, and had always entertained the sincerest love for him and his family. He answered that he likewise felt for me the deepest love and the highest esteem.

"Father," said he, "never again will I call a priest a bad name." That was all the scalping I received, and we parted as good friends. Arriving at Gauthier's I was asked:

"Father, how did you fare?"

"Very well," said I.

"Did he do anything?"

"No," I replied.

"Oh we were so afraid; we prayed to the Sacred Heart to protect you."

Yes, indeed, the Sacred Heart had protected me. All praise and thanks be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

When, two weeks later, I called again at the home of Mr. Lynch, I

noticed that my dear friend was very feeble, and that his end could not be far off. I spoke to him of religion, telling him that through it alone we can obtain peace in the hour of death and eternal joy in Heaven. I described as best I could the happiness that this religion had brought his dear wife and beloved children, who now were waiting for him and inviting him to join their company.

"This is the last time I can call on you," said I, for to-morrow I must go home. Bojo, Uibaiash!"

Next morning, at ten o'clock, there was a knock on the door of the rectory. John Lynch, the son-in-law of Mr. Scott, was there.

"Hello, John, what's the news?" I asked.

"Good news," he replied, "the old man wants you to come at once."

This I did. Hurrying to the bedside of my dying Indian friend, I baptized and anointed him, and, as I thought this to be my last visit, gave him his first and last holy Communion. When I came to Lac du Flambeau again, my dear Mr. Joseph Scott was no more. A few days previous he had breathed his last. I had the happiness, however, of laying him to his final rest at the side of his wife and children. I felt happy at the thought that the soul of the poor old Indian had taken its flight to Heaven, there to spend a blissful eternity with his red and white companions. Joe Scott had not feared to die in the religion of the white man, because it is the religion that brings men of all colors and races to their one eternal home.



THE ROGER BACON COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD

With full academic pomp the statue of Roger Bacon was unveiled on Wednesday last in the Natural History Museum of the University of Oxford. The statue by Mr. Hope Pinker represents the Franciscan friar in the habit of his Order holding in his hands a mathematical sphere. The artist has depicted the friar above all else as a mathematical genius; it is the mathematician's head and gaze that looks down from the niche in the Museum. It is due to Mr. Hope Pinker to say that the statue is an inspired work of art; suggesting at once the peculiar genius and the romance of the great Franciscan.

PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE

Sir Archibald Geikie, Past-President of the Royal Society, in the presence of a distinguished company, unveiled the statue and presented it on behalf of the Committee of the Commemoration to the University. Roger Bacon, he said, was one of the most distinguished as well as one of the most mysterious men that science has produced. He gave his life to combat the ignorance and intolerance of his time, he ignored the convention of the "Schoolmen" in realizing that progress in science was impossible until it was put on a sound basis of inductive study. He suffered for his ideal, he was placed under strict ecclesiastical supervision and forbidden to publish. Many of his works are to-day unpublished. It had been growing on them for some time that Roger Bacon had never been given his due and a fund had been raised for erecting a statue to him in his old university and for the publication of his works. The first part of their aim had been accomplished, and he had much pleasure in presenting the statue to the Chancellor of the University.

LORD CURZON'S REPLY

Lord Curzon in reply said that no one could be found more suitable to unveil a statue to a great scientist than Sir Archibald Geikie, one of the most eminent men of science of our times. The statue to Roger Bacon was the tardy reparation of a long neglect. They were filling by its erection, by reviving the memory of Roger Bacon and publishing his works, a gap in the history of science that had been too long unfilled. It was a debt they owed to him and to science, otherwise they were all rather weary of centenaries, they were too numerous nowadays. Roger Bacon who was in his day looked upon as a dangerous impostor, suspected, calumniated, imprisoned, was in reality one of the most universal geniuses which the world has ever produced. He foreshadowed, if not actually foresaw, all the most notable appliances of modern days. His range of study and of writing included theology, medicine, mathematics, botany, chemistry, moral and political philosophy. But the debt that the world owes to him is in that he was the father of experimental science; it was he who based its methods on induction. In conclusion he said he could hardly, for obvious reasons, congratulate the sculptor on a striking likeness but he could and did congratulate him on a most forcible presentation of his subject. He was proud in the name of the University to accept it amongst her treasures.

THE FRANCISCAN ADDRESS

Addresses were then presented by professor Ward on behalf of the University of Cambridge, and by Father David, O.F.M., on behalf of his Order. Father David's address was as follows:—

I deem it a great honour to have been sent from Rome as delegate representing the General of the Order of Friars Minor on this occasion, the celebration of the seventh centenary of the birth of that famous Franciscan Friar, Roger Bacon. I beg to thank you in the name of the General, in my own name, and on the part of the entire Order for your gracious invitation. The General appointed me delegate, as I had been one of the successors for some years, in the government of the Order, of St. Bonaventure and of Jerome of Ascoli, whose dealings with Roger Bacon as his Superiors are so well known. There is a further reason drawn by the General from the fact that I had been the successor here in England of Agnellus of Pisa and of Adam Marsh, of Jennings, and of Davenport, who are connected with this great University. Therefore my presence here is not an innovation but a resurrection. I have gladly come all the way from Rome to take my humble share in this celebration in honour of a great Franciscan, a great scientist, philosopher, and theologian, a great Oxonian and a great Englishman.

Apart from a few notable exceptions, Roger Bacon found little sympathy in his day. Even Pope Clement IV, notwithstanding the confidence he placed in him, could give him little help. Nobody was to blame. Roger Bacon had a clearer vision than his contemporaries of the eventual evolution of human knowledge and of the method to be adopted. History has almost completely vindicated him.

His language was at times unduly strong and occasionally unjustifiable, but he was leading a forelorn hope and fighting against tremendous odds. His deep convictions impelled him to speak out frankly and even fiercely. He may have thought he had a precedent in the

great St. Jerome. He remained loyal to his Order, loyal to sound spiritualistic philosophy, to revelation, to the Church, and to its venerable head.

There are few occurrences in history more heart-touching than his grand and tender resignation and his deep and sincere piety in so many untoward circumstances and in the humiliation of defeat. He had seen the vision of the connection, of the relations of interdependence of all the main departments of human knowledge from the empirical sciences to metaphysics and theology. He failed to see quite as clearly that it would take centuries to realize his vision. The process is still going on and the end is not yet, but in my humble opinion we are approaching more rapidly than ever before in a wider and truer sense than many imagine the realization of Friar Bacon's vision.

His discoveries and prophecies in regard to empirical sciences have been frequently and ably written about. So have his views on the text of the Latin Vulgate and on various other subjects. But there is one important matter which would seem to have been slurred over; that is the marvelous foresight he showed concerning the bearing of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions on Biblical exegesis. I merely mentioned this. The remarks he makes on the subject are to be found in the Vatican codex of the *Opus Majus*.

I hail with enthusiasm the proposal of bringing out a complete edition of his works—published and unpublished—and I promise the heartiest co-operation on part of the Order to which I belong.

I cannot bring these few general remarks to a close without again expressing the gratification and pleasure which I experience in taking part in this remarkable celebration in honour of the humble Fran-

ciscan Friar who stands out so prominently among those who have thoroughly realized in their knowledge and in their lives the noble and soul-inspiring motto of this great and time-honoured seat of learning—*Dominus illuminatio mea*.

With a Latin Oration delivered by Mr. A. D. Godley, M. A., the ceremony concluded.

Amongst those present were, besides the Chancellor of the University, Lord Curzon; the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Strong; Sir Archibald Geikie, Mgr. Rattie (delegate of the Vatican Library), Father David Fleming, O.F.M., and Father Pascal Robinson, O.F.M., (representing the Friars Minor), Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (representing the Capuchin Friars Minor), Prof. Sir James Ward (representing Cambridge), M. Piraret (representing the University of Paris), Le Comte d' Haussouville (representing the French Academy), Prof. Eugene Smith, from Columbia Uni-

versity; Sir William Osler, Prof. Poulton and the other members of the Oxford Faculty of Science; Mr. Falconer Madan, Bodley's Librarian; Professors Stewart (Professor of Moral Philosophy), R. A. L. Poole, Esq. (Keeper of the Archives), and many other Professors and graduate members of the University. Amongst other visitors were the Very Rev. Father Peter Hickey O.F.M. (Provincial), Father Albert, O.F.S.C., Vicar Provincial; Father Osmond Cooney, O.F.M., Father Jose Maria, O.S.F.C. (from Spain), Father Edwin, O.S.F.C. (University College, Cork); Father Alexius, O.S.F.C. (Franciscan College, Cowley), Fathers Alfred, George, and Gilbert, O.S.F.C. (Franciscan House of Studies, Oxford.) Father David Fleming on behalf of the Minister General of the Friars Minor and Prof. James Ward on behalf of Cambridge University presented addresses.—*The Tablet*.

LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS

By W. Thornton Parker, M. D., *Tertiary*

IN the cold month of January, 1868, I received an invitation from an officer friend, Lieutenant ———, to visit him at the frontier station, Fort Cedar Point, Colo. The message was brought to Denver by a non-commissioned officer, who, with two or three soldiers, would return to the fort in a few hours. The necessary preparations were quickly made, and we were soon en route southward. We traveled in a western wagon drawn by two mules.

The first night we expected to sleep under cover of some house, and the next night we must find our camp on the ground in the open prairie. We started in cold

weather, and when we reached our camping place a dreary snow storm had commenced. We formed a camp as rapidly as possible, building a huge fire, and by good luck finding an old wagon-box, we propped that up against the wind. Our simple meal finished, we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, and were soon fast asleep. The snow covered us pretty well before morning, but we awoke refreshed and hungry, and without having suffered from the cold. The storm had ceased, and we started forth to complete our journey. What tonic can equal the glorious, invigorating atmosphere of Colorado?

Toward evening the rough out-buildings and tents of the fort came into view, and we were heartily welcomed at the "mess" by our friends. With the exception of a few "dug-outs" or holes in the ground, the command was quartered in canvas houses—tents spread over a light wooden framework. The houses had one door, with a window in it to give light; of course they were very cold, but well ventilated, and with plenty of fur rugs and wraps, and the little stove well filled, one could make himself quite comfortable. Under canvas in Colorado in Summer is delightful, but in January and February there are some drawbacks. Twelve miles away from the post was a mail station, where twice in the week we could get "home letters." That little, rough mail station seemed a very important place to us—"the connecting link." We regarded it with great interest, as one would delight in an oasis on the desert!

Life at a frontier post is not very exciting, and after a while it becomes monotonous, but every little incident is made as much of as possible, and all contribute to the general well-being of the garrison. The menu of the officers' mess had been quite simple, but some time before my arrival a party of emigrants passed by the post with a lame cow, which they offered for sale, and this valuable creature became the prize and the pride of the officers' mess. At considerable expense a bag of Indian meal had been procured from the settlement, and when I reached Fort C. the mess was luxuriating in mush and milk for supper every evening. How delicious it tasted; hot and wholesome, a feast for the gods it seemed to us who were used tohardtack and army bacon, with coffee without cream, as we called our morning drink. Indeed, we

seldom had condensed milk for it, but now here was a real, live, milch cow, and good, pure milk, better than most can get from the milkman in the midst of civilization nowadays. You can imagine what a treat this was for us. Sometimes we enjoyed a roast of antelope, but it was not so easy to shoot these pretty creatures as one might think; even forty-five years ago they gave the hunter plenty of hard work.

We started out, my friend and I, one afternoon to try for some antelope meat for the mess. By hard work and careful hunting we each had a shot at some beautiful creatures. My friend's shot proved better than mine, and while he started off after his wounded antelope I sought for another chance. The antelope escaped, and when I returned to join my companion I could not find him. I started in what I thought was the direction of the post, but began to lose my bearings, and at last came to the conclusion that I was, indeed, lost on the plains. Night was coming on rapidly. I tried to find some familiar landmark from the highest ground I could reach, but all was strange and bewildering, and the sense of being lost and in danger came over me. I dared not wander further lest I should increase the distance between myself and friend.

I examined my carbine and counted my cartridges. I had seven shots left, none too many for one in my position. The Indians roamed up and down through this section all winter, and although they were theoretically at peace, my chances for fair treatment were very slim indeed. I should probably have been murdered for the sake of my carbine and clothing if not for my poor scalp. All these thoughts intruded themselves, besides visions of wild beasts. Then

I began to feel cold and hungry, and to my dismay I discovered that I had not one solitary match left.

The loneliness and the darkness increased. I began to search for some hiding place to shelter me until morning, and I ventured to run towards a little hollow. I was feeling very lonely, and I tried not to remember the stories of men lost on the plains, but they would come up before my mind. I felt certain that my only safety was to be very self-possessed and brave. I might be quite near the post, and when Lieut. Q. returned he would surely send out searching parties. Oh, if I only had a match I would build a fire to guide them; it was getting so dark I feared they could not find me. I debated whether or not I should part with one of my precious shots, and I decided that I would climb to the top of the little rise of ground and fire my evening gun. I could not get material together sufficiently dry to fire with the shot from my carbine.

Slowly I climbed the little hill, and praying God to send me relief, I fired my carbine in the air. Like an answer from heaven came a low boom from the distance. I must have imagined it, I thought, it is the mocking echo of my carbine; but it did sound like a cannon. Boom came the gladdening sound again, and straining my eyes over the horizon I saw—oh, what a joyful sight to me—a bright light, a fire. How can it be in that direction, just the opposite from what I believed the post to be in. Boom came the gun again, and with a happy, thankful heart I ran fast enough to rival an antelope toward the light, the "star of hope" to me. In a short time I saw figures approaching; they were soldiers searching for me, sent by our kind commanding officer. I was saved.

It was hard to keep back the

tears of joy and gratitude, but it was dark, and I pretended to take matters very coolly. I feared, too, that I might be well blamed for the trouble I had given, and the story of the lost boy came to my mind. On reaching the post, however, I found all glad to see me safely back again and the delicious mush and milk was waiting, to which I did full justice with a grateful heart.

So much for antelope hunting. A much safer sport was poisoning wolves which we accomplished in the following manner: The great "loafer wolves," or "gray wolves" as they are commonly known, roamed about the post every night. They were not only annoying by their howling, but they were most accomplished thieves. Their hides were then worth \$1.00 skinned or 75 cents on the dead animal. The wolves roamed generally near the corral. We planted a post in the ground, and high up out of reach of the wolves we tied a large and tempting bone, on which we left considerable meat. Pieces of meat from three to four inches long we cut nearly in half, and in the slit thus fashioned we placed a good quantity of strychnine. We scattered many of these pieces on the ground not far from the post from which the bone was hanging. We made these preparations at sun down.

During the night the wolves would come, and finding the poisoned meat devour it greedily until it was all gone. Then scenting the meat and bone on the post, they would sit down and deliberate how that was to be obtained. They were too hungry to leave such a tempting morsel, and it was hard for them to believe that it could not be gotten by patience. While waiting the poison would begin to operate, and with a howl the wolves would start off in pain, only

to run a short distance to fall dead. In the morning we would find their bodies, frozen stiff, not many yards from the post. If we did not use this method of retaining them until the poison acted upon them fatally they might run off a mile or more before death, and give us some trouble in hunting up their bodies. The sport proved quite profitable, although strychnine was very expensive at that time at Fort C.

One day our mail-rider, who went once a week to the stage station, 12 miles away, was taken sick, and I volunteered to go in his place, and received the commanding officer's permission. I started with my mail-bag in the morning, mounted on an excellent mule, and reached the station in time for dinner. After getting the return mail I rode off for the post again. It was a clear, mild afternoon in February, and my mule started off briskly for home. We had made more than half the distance when, upon riding down into a little hollow, my mule suddenly stopped and appeared to be in terror. I urged her onward, but she would not move. All at once it occurred to me that mules have a dread of Indians, and can smell them for some distance. This, then, must be the cause of my mule's alarm. There were Indians in ambush ahead, and being in ambush, they meant me no good.

I hastily unslung and brought my carbine to a ready, and urged my frightened mule back to the rising ground. In less time than it takes to write this I heard a noise in the bushes and out sprang, not some painted warriors, as my frightened senses supposed would appear, but some antelope, which bounded away and soon were out of range before I could recover from my fright. They had evidently been caught napping, something that rarely happens to an antelope. My mule recognized them as soon as I did and looked rather ashamed, for frightening me in that rough way. But I was glad to forgive her, and happier still to reach the fort safely at last, where I gave up my precious mail-bag to cheer the hearts of the garrison with news of loved ones far away.

My visit, like all other pleasures, had an end, and I parted from my kind friends with great regret. Civilization has advanced so rapidly that probably no vestige of the old frontier fortified camp remains to-day. The garrison has been scattered in every direction, and it is hardly possible that these lines will ever reach the eyes of any of those who contributed so much of kindness and hospitality to the writer. It will be a long time, indeed, before I forget my adventures in old Colorado!

AN HEROIC SON OF ST. FRANCIS

During the Turkish-Italian War, a young Franciscan, Fr. Charles Masangoni, O.F.M., then a corporal in the army, owing to the inexorable law of the Italian conscription, agreed to go to Tripoli in place of another corporal, on condition that the latter would never again blaspheme. One day during the campaign, while the superior officer was absent, reconnoitering, the Bedouins took the Italian camp by surprise, and it devolved upon the young Franciscan to direct the defence. This he did with such valor and presence of mind that the enemy was routed, abandoned the camp, and fled, and the Italian government rewarded his military bravery with a medal of honor.—*Franciscan Annals of India*



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The preliminaries for the beatification of Sister Mary—Celine of the Presentation, a Poor Clare of the convent at Talence, near Bordeaux, France, have been brought to a successful issue. There is great rejoicing among the many friends of the Poor Clares, and the admirers of the venerable servant of God are in great hopes of seeing her raised to the honor of our altars.—

Twenty Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary recently left Rome for the foreign missions in China, India, Asia Minor, the Congo, and Natal. The missionary band comprised not only many French and Italian nuns, but also Spanish, Dutch, North and South American Sisters, as well as two Chinese Sisters, who have finished their training at the convent in Rome, and are now going back as missionaries to their native land.—

Of the seven students who recently were successful in the difficult examination for the Licentiate of Sacred Scripture at the Biblical Institute in Rome, two were tie for the highest honors. They were the Rev. J. Simon, an alumnus of the Josephinum, and the Rev. Fr. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., a member of the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart. We are also glad to record that the Rev. Fr. Liberatus Presser, O.F.M., of the same province, has successfully finished his three years' course of Canon Law at the International Franciscan College in Rome. He will return from Europe this month. He has been assigned

as professor to St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Illinois.—

The cause of the canonization of the Blessed Vianney, Cure of Ars, who was a zealous and fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, has been opened by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is said that the Holy Father intends to name the great Servant of God, patron and protector of the pastors of the world.

Viterbo, Italy.—The venerable church connected with the convent of the Poor Clares at Viterbo is being restored and renovated. It will take about 350,000 francs to carry out the plans as they have been adopted. One of the chapels of the church contains the body of the youthful Tertiary, St. Rose of Viterbo, who died in 1252, at the age of seventeen. The body is still flexible and intact by the ravages of time.

Anzano-Ceneda, Italy.—The Tertiaries of this city are employing a very ingenious means of making the Third Order of St. Francis better known and appreciated. They have founded a society for such children as have not yet reached the age required for entering the Third Order. The statutes of the new society require the children to be at least ten years of age. At all the public functions in church, they wear a beautiful medal, bearing on one side the image of St. Francis, and that of the Immaculate Conception on the other. Once a month, they approach the Holy Table in common, and receive special and appropriate instructions on

St. Francis and the Third Order. They are expected to recite every day three Our Fathers and Hail Marys in honor of St. Francis and the Salve Regina in honor of the Immaculate Conception. When they reach the age of fourteen, they are received into the Third Order, provided their conduct as members of the children's society has been up to the standard and they now wish to become members of the Third Order. Till now, about twenty children have been enrolled in the new society, and they are happy to belong in some way at least to the great family of St. Francis.

Vienna, Austria.—The steamship company of the German Lloyd has made the necessary arrangements with the Franciscan Sisters of Vienna to furnish each of the company's steamships with two Sisters of the Order, whose sole duty it will be to care for the immigrant women and children. The first experiment was made last June. Sisters Maria and Josepha arrived in New York on board the *Barbarossa*, having fulfilled the duties of their strange position to the satisfaction of all. They made the entire trip in the steerage with the immigrants. The steamship company has assured the Superiors of the Sisters at Vienna that during the trip over the ocean the Sisters will be treated as members of the steamer's official family. When ashore in New York, they will reside in the Franciscan mother house; similar arrangements have been made for their stay in Bremen, Holland.

Lyon, France.—His Eminence Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyon, entered the Tertiary ranks of St. Francis many years ago.

Paris, France.—Joannes Joergensen, whose name is well known in Tertiary circles here and abroad,

has accepted the offer to hold a number of conferences on Italian Mystic in the Catholic Institute of Paris. The first of these conferences will be devoted to St. Francis of Assisi. In a later conference the learned Tertiary will delineate another Franciscan figure, the Blessed Angela of Foligno.—

During the year 1913, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary manifested a remarkable activity. The congregation sent two Sisters to the United States, three to Canada, thirty-one to China, three to Japan, one to Mongolia, two to Manchuria, fifteen to the Congo, six to Peru, one to Chile, three to the Philippine Islands, ten to Morocco, and nineteen to Asia Minor. Besides, they have founded seven new houses, viz., in Atimonau, Philippine Islands, in Shanghai, China, in Magnesia, Asia Minor, in Akbes, Lybia, in Meknes, Morocco, in Basoka, Upper Congo, and in Cuzco, Peru. The blessing of God is surely resting upon this zealous congregation of Sisters.—

The decorating of the Franciscan chapel at Montmatre in Paris, erected by the members of the Third Order, has been entrusted to two artists, both of whom are Tertiaries. They are now working at the altar, which is a beautiful piece of workmanship.

Dorsten, Germany.—According to a recent census taken up in the various convents of the Franciscans of the Saxonia province, the number of Tertiaries under the jurisdiction of the province aggregates more than 25,800.

Metz, Germany.—From June 19 to 22, the Franciscan Fathers of the convent in Metz were favored with a visit of the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor. He prolonged his stay in order to be present at a meeting of all the Tertiaries of the city, to whom he addressed words of con-

gratulation and encouragement.

Munich, Bavaria.—The elevation of the Most Rev. F. Bettinger, archbishop of Munich, to the dignity of Cardinal was a source of joy to the members of the Third Order. His Eminence has been a Tertiary for a number of years. At the first Tertiary Congress of Bavaria, held in 1912, he presided, and delivered an inspiring address to the congressists.

Molokai, Hawaiian Islands.—The superior of the Franciscan Sisters in charge of the lepers' hospital is an American nun. When a request was made for Sisters to take charge of the leper colony of the island, the response came from the Sisters of St. Francis in Syracuse, New York. Since 1883, they have been doing wonderful work for the afflicted people of the island.

China.—According to the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger*, there are throughout China a thousand shrines and chapels dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. In the province of Chefoo, where the Franciscan Fathers are working for the conversion of the Chinese, it is contemplated to erect a church under the title of Mary Help of Christians. The church will be looked upon as a monument commemorating the fact, that despite the revolution and general disorder, the various chapels of the province remained intact.

Aleppo, Syria.—The Franciscan college in Aleppo is the oldest of its kind in Syria. It was founded in the year 1859. Fourteen Franciscan Fathers and seven lay Professors form the college faculty. The study plan provides for a full classical and commercial course. The efficiency of the various courses is attested by the fact that most of the alumni of the institution are now holding important and responsible positions in politics and business.

Chillicothe, Mo.—On Sunday, June 28, the Franciscan Fathers for the last time conducted divine services in St. Columban's Church, Chillicothe, Missouri. It is with deep regret and sorrow that the devoted parishioners see the Fathers depart. One of the parishioners and a subscriber to the *Franciscan Herald* has sent us the following for publication:

"For more than thirty-five years Chillicothe has been privileged to have the Franciscans in its midst. In 1878, at the solicitation of the Rev. Bishop Hogan, they took charge of St. Columban's Church in Chillicothe, and from there extended their work not only through Livingstone County, but even as far as Brunswick in Chariton County establishing and maintaining regular missions at Utica, Breckenridge, Leopolis, and Brunswick.

"The beneficial influence of their presence and labor infused new life and ideals into the scattered members of the faith; induced newcomers to settle here, on account of the facilities offered to practice their religion, and also attracted many converts to the Church.

"Among the pioneer missionaries who furthered the cause of religion among our people, the names of Fathers Francis, John, Patrick, Theodore, Victor, Arsenius, Heribert, Alexander, Lawrence, and many others will forever illumine the pages of Catholic history in Livingstone and Chariton Counties, names that will ever be cherished in the hearts of the faithful.

"In our present agreeable surroundings and religious institutions, that offer every inducement and facility to practice our faith, we are apt to forget the labors, hardships, and wants, the anguish of mind and body that frequently beset these apostolic men, who built up what we now enjoy.

"St. Columban's Church in its

style and structure, its beauty and cathedral-like splendor and the new magnificent parochial school will ever tell of Franciscan labor, thrift, energy, and zeal for the honor of God and the welfare of the Church.

"Now when we enter the beautiful church, we miss the cowed friar, the humble son of St. Francis, although every statue, every painting, nay the very stones call him to mind.

"On July 1, 1914, according to agreement between the Rt. Rev. Burke and the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial of the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, St. Columban's with all its missions in the diocese of St. Joseph passed from the Franciscans to the Secular Clergy. The Rev. Father Schaefer, formerly of Carrollton, Missouri, has been assigned as the new pastor. May God grant that the future of St. Columban's be as prosperous as the past has been."

St. Louis, Mo.—From July 3 to 8, the semi-annual congress of the Sacred Heart Province was held in West Park, Ohio. The following are some of the principal changes made among the Fathers in the various convents and residences of the province. Rev. FF. Maurice and John Joseph were transferred to St. Louis, Mo. Rev. FF. Joachim and Berthold to Teutopolis, Ill. Rev. Fr. Timothy to Cleveland, O. Rev. FF. Francis Haase and Matthew to Chicago, Ill. Rev. Fr. Victorin to Columbus, Neb. Rev. Fr. Columban to St. Bernard, Neb. Rev. Fr. Odilo to Harbor Springs, Mich. Rev. Fr. Mark to Humphrey, Neb. Rev. FF. Joseph D. and Charles to Nashville, Tenn. Rev. Fr. Dominic to San Luis Rey, Cal.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church. At the meeting of the English branch of the Third Order on the third Sunday in June, thirty-four novices made their profession. A

special meeting of the officers was called on Tuesday afternoon, June 30. At this meeting the Rev. Director expressed his wish that some means and ways be found, by which the Tertiaries might become more acquainted with one another. It was proposed for this purpose to give every year one or two socials for Tertiaries exclusively. Moreover, the question of adopting an emblem was discussed, and the wish was expressed by the Rev. Director, that the habit which Tertiaries use as a shroud in death, would be more in keeping with the old traditions. At a later meeting this topic will again be discussed and resolutions adopted.—

The feast of Porziuncola, August 2, will be celebrated this year on Sunday. The necessary conditions to gain the plenary indulgence are: Confession, Communion, and a visit to St. Peter's Church, where prayers are to be said for the intention of the Holy Father, the Pope. Confessions may be made on July 30, and Holy Communion received on August 1. The plenary indulgence may be gained from Saturday August 1, at noon until Sunday August 2, at midnight, whenever the visit to the church is made.

Joliet, Ill.,—The Rev. Fr. Edward O. Lunney, O.F.M., whose name as a regular contributor is known to the readers of the *Franciscan Herald*, is at present in California preparing for his departure for China. Together with the Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order in San Francisco, he will in the near future set sail for China. The Rev. Fathers will teach English in two Chinese Catholic Seminaries. Previous to his new appointment, Father Edward had been chaplain of the State Penitentiary in Joliet, where he had labored with great success for the religious and moral uplift of the inmates. These as well as the State officials

regret his departure. It is with pleasure we subjoin the loving tribute, which has been recently paid to Father Edward. It appeared in the *Joliet Prison Post*, a monthly published by the Board of Commissioners of the State Penitentiary.

No day rolls by but what the kindly voice
With fervent ring awakes some hidden chord;
Brings home some truth, or marks that path of
choice
To burdened hearts all new and unexplored.

And were they asked the secrets of his art.
None would presume to read that quiet face,
But make reply that deep within his heart
The love divine has found a dwelling place.

Reform her triumphs soon may contemplate:
The word of Law shall pardon and parole;
The finished term can outward swing the gate,
But God's good man has touched the throbbing
soul!

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—On July 2, the feast of the Visitation of the B.V.M., the retreat of the Franciscan Sisters of St. Antony's Hospital came to a close. The Rev. Fr. Henry, O.F.M., of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Illinois, had conducted the retreat. On the morning of the feast day, the solemn ceremonies of the investment and profession took place. A number of the Rev. Clergy, as also many acquaintances and friends of the Sisters thronged the beautiful and spacious chapel. The solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. H. Huckestein. The Rev. Fr. Vitus, O.F.M., assisted as deacon, and the Rev. A. Kunsch, of Quincy, Illinois, as sub-deacon. The Rev. Fr. Henry, O.F.M., preached in German, and the Rev. O. Siesener in English. Twelve young ladies received the religious habit, and ten novices were admitted to their holy profession.

Indianapolis, Ind.—On Sunday, June 28, the Church of the Sacred Heart, this city, was the scene of joyful festivities. The Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, O. F. M., a son of the parish, celebrated his first holy Mass. At 9:15 he was conducted in solemn procession to the church. The Rt. Rev. J. Alerding, Bishop

of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who is an uncle of the neo-presbyter and who the day before had raised him to the dignity of the holy priesthood, assisted at the first holy Mass in cappa magna. The Rev. Fr. Andrew, O.F.M., pastor of the parish, assisted Fr. Bonaventure as arch-priest, while the Rev. FF. Mark and Philip, O.F.M., acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The students of the parish attending St. Joseph's Seraphic College, Teutopolis, Illinois, filled the offices of master of ceremonies, acolytes, and censer bearer. After Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a very masterful and appropriate sermon. He congratulated the newly ordained priest and the parish, and spoke in glowing terms of St. Francis and his Order, showing what an honor and grace it is to be a son of the great Saint of Assisi.

Beach Grove, Ind.—The Sisters of St. Francis, whose mother house is in Lafayette, Indiana, have erected a new hospital in Beach Grove. On Sunday, July 5, the solemn ceremonies of dedication were performed by the Rt. Rev. B. Chartrand, Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis, Indiana. The site of the new building was thronged with visitors, who had come in great numbers to witness the celebration. After the usual ceremonies of dedication, the Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke very eloquently on Christian charity, emphasizing especially organized charity as found in the Catholic Church. The Governor of Indiana was the last to speak. After portraying the social side of charity, he turned to the work of the Sisters of St. Francis. He praised them for their untiring zeal and energy in hospital work, and wished them success in their new undertaking. The new hospital is under the patronage of St. Antony.

Little Falls, Minn.—The annual retreat of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception closed Monday morning, June 22. Six postulants received the habit of the Order, while four novices pronounced their religious profession. The beautifully decorated chapel was thronged with many acquaintances and friends of the Sisters. The impressive ceremonies were performed by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Nagl, V. G. The Rev. Francis Haase, O. F. M., who had conducted the retreat for the Sisters, preached the sermon.

Washington, D. C.—The Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Professor of Medieval History, at the Catholic University of Washington, has been recently made Doctor of Sacred Theology by His Holiness Pope Pius X.

San Francisco, Cal.—The short but successful regime of the Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O. F. M., as Director of the Third Order at St. Boniface's, has drawn to a close. In the near future he will return to China, where, as we chronicled in our last issue, he has already spent six years as missionary. On July 5, Father Juniper presided for the last time over the general meeting of the Tertiaries of St. Boniface Church; the day was also the tenth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. The meeting was well attended. On the following morning, the Tertiaries showed their esteem and affection for the Rev. Director by attending in a body at the seven o'clock Mass and offering up Holy Communion according to his intention. The recent entertainment for the benefit of the Tertiary library netted somewhat over \$500.00, so that there are at present \$872.00 at our disposal for the library. Several new members have been recently received.

Sacramento, Cal.—At the regular meeting of the Third Order in St. Francis Church, on June 7, a large number of candidates received the Tertiary scapular and chord. Many novices were admitted to their holy profession. Interest and enthusiasm for the Third Order of St. Francis is steadily increasing among the members of our branch.

San Juan Capistrano, Cal.—On the grounds of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, a beautiful and imposing monument is to be erected to the memory of Padre Junipero Serra, the Spanish Franciscan, who founded the missions in California. The Mission of San Juan Capistrano was founded by him in the year 1776. The monument will represent Padre Junipero directing the attention of an Indian boy to the cross at his side. Mr. Van Rensselaer of San Francisco, to whom the work has been entrusted, is using as his guide the authoritative copper engraving of the venerable padre, found by the Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., at the college of San Fernando, Mexico. From this Franciscan College of missionaries Padre Junipero set out with his companions to evangelize the aborigines of California. In this way the monument to be erected will not only perpetuate the work of the zealous missionary and pioneer, but will even bear his facial appearance.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English branch of Third Order:
Margaret Ryan, Sister Agnes;
Mary Wear, Sister Teresa;
German brance of Third Order:
Josephine Shello, Sister Catherine;
Catherine Becker, Sister Veronica.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:
Ellen Sutton, Sister Clara;
Margaret Tyie, Sister Colette.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.

AUGUST, 1914.

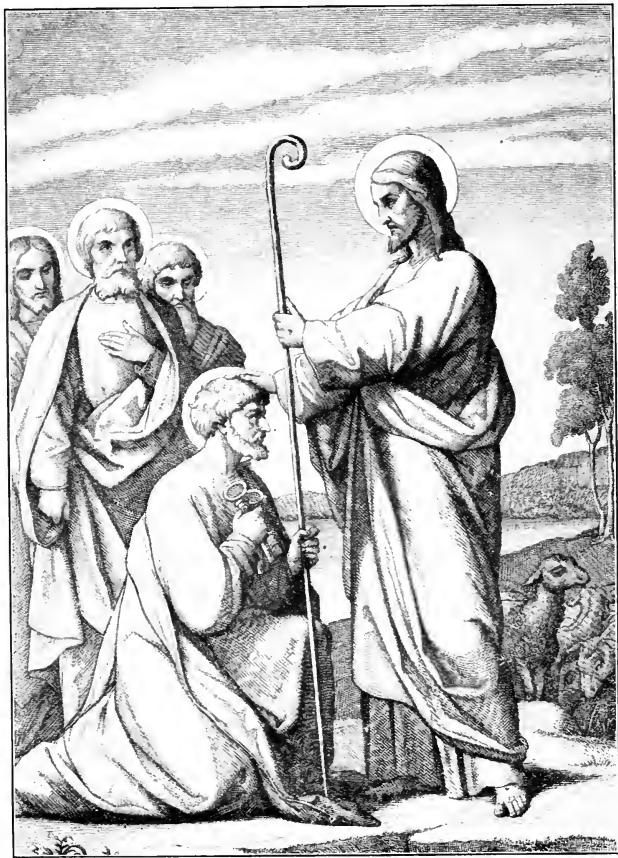
DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	St. Peter's Chains.
2	S.	9th Sunday after Pentecost. —Dedication of St. Mary of the Angels at Assisi. Gospel: Jesus weeps over Jerusalem. Luke XIX, 41-47.
3	M.	St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bp. C., Founder of the Redemptorists.
4	T.	St. Dominic, C., Founder of the Dominicans. (P. I.)
5	W.	Our Lady of the Snow.—Bl. Cichus, 1st Ord., C.
6	Th.	Transfiguration of our Lord. (P. I.)—St. Sixtus, M.
7	F.	St. Cajetan, C., Founder of the Theatines.
8	S.	St. Cyriac and Companions, MM.
9	S.	10th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. John of Alverna, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke XVIII, 9-14.
10	M.	St. Lawrence, M.
11	T.	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM.—St. Philomena, V.
12	W.	St. Clare of Assisi, V., Foundress of the Order of Poor Clares. (G. A., P. I.)
13	Th.	Bl. Peter, 1st Ord., C.—SS. Hippolytus and Cassian, MM.
14	F.	Vigil of the Assumption. —Bl. Sanctes, 1st Ord., C.
15	S.	Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. —(G. A., P. I.)
16	S.	11th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin, C.—St. Roch, 3rd Ord., C. (P. I.) Gospel: Jesus cures the dumb man. Mark VII, 31-37.
17	M.	Octave of St. Lawrence.
18	T.	St. Helen, W., Empress.
19	W.	St. Louis of Toulouse, 1st Ord., Bp. (P. I.)
20	Th.	St. Bernard, Abbot.
21	F.	St. Jane of Chantal, W., Foundress of the Visitation Order.
22	S.	Octave of the Assumption.—SS. Timothy and Companions, MM.
23	S.	12th Sunday after Pentecost. —Feast of the Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin. (G. A., P. I.)—St. Philip Benitus, C. Gospel: The Good Samaritan. Luke X, 23-27.
24	M.	St. Bartholomew, Ap.
25	T.	St. Louis, King, Patron of the Third Order. (G. A., P. I.)
26	W.	St. Hyacinth, C.—St. Zephyrin, P. M.
27	Th.	St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.
28	F.	St. Augustine, Bp., D.
29	S.	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.—St. Sabina, M.
30	S.	13th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Rose of Lima, V. Gospel: The Cure of the Lepers. Luke, XVII, 11-19.
31	M.	St. RaymonJ, C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.

Confession to gain the Porziuncola Indulgence may be made from July 30 on, Holy Communion must be received on August 1 or 2.





"THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH"

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NO. 9.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST

Thy glory, Spouse of Heavens King,
We chant with filial pride
Loving and loyal to thee we cling,
And safe in thee confide.

The prince of darkness vengeful rose
To smirch thy glorious name—
In vain his threats, his frantic blows;
He fled in fear and shame.

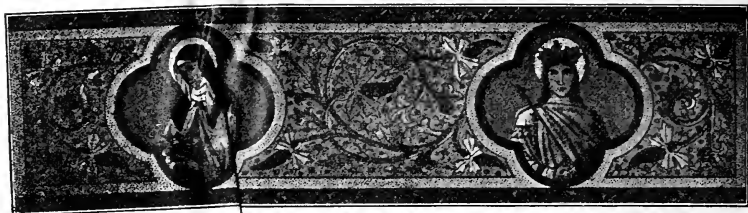
Undimmed thy crown, secure thy throne,
Thy brow and vesture fit;
Thy charm and power all nations own,
And bless thy saving gift.

Rule on, O Queen, supreme and free!
Though hell thy throne assail,
The God of Battles vowed against thee
Hell's gates shall not prevail.

Shall ne'er prevail; for he of light
Will aid thee in the fight
Rule on, and guide us through the night
To Heaven's eternal light.

Thy glory, Spouse of Heavens King,
We chant with filial pride;
Loving and loyal to thee we cling,
And safe in thee confide.

F. B., O. F. M.



ST. ELZEAR OF SABRAN

OF THE THIRD ORDER

SEPTEMBER 27

WEALTH, power, and a high social position in life are connected with dangers that threaten the life of the soul. For they expose man to sins of pride, avarice, sensuality and injustice. But when they are joined with a fervent love of God and man, they serve in a singular manner to show the beauty and nobility of the service of God and enable their possessors to exert a most beneficial influence on the fellow men. This truth is exemplified in the lives of many saints and pious Christians of wealth and distinction. Among them we find St. Elzear of Sabran, Baron of Souis and Count of Ariano, one of the greatest ornaments of the Third Order.

Elzear was born of the illustrious family of Sabran at Anse in Provence, France, in 1288. His mother was distinguished by piety and love for the poor and she was known far and was "the good countess." After the birth of her son, she took him in her arms, and offered him to God, with the prayer that he might live in innocence rather than live guilty of mortal sin. This early prayer of the pious mother did remain unheard. From his early years, Elzear gave proofs of piety and virtue. All admired his docility, modesty, kindness, e-

nimity, and charity toward the poor.

Placed under the guidance of his uncle, William of Sabran, abbot of St. Victor, at Marseilles, he advanced in wisdom and knowledge and in the practices of spiritual life. He mortified his senses so severely that the prudent abbot thought it necessary to check his fervor lest the extraordinary austerities injure his health.

Acceding to the wish of Charles II, King of Sicily and Count of Provence, Elzear married Delphine of the house of Glandeves, distinguished no less by her holy life than by her noble birth. Delphine consented to the marriage only in obedience to the will of her family, as it had been her desire to consecrate herself entirely to the service of God. Elzear was filled with admiration of her heroic virtues, and he readily granted her request to live in virginity. Nothing could be more beautiful than the love and harmony that existed between them, and the holy emulation with which they vied with each other in the practice of every Christian virtue.

At the age of twenty-three, Elzear inherited his father's honors and estates. Far from allowing himself to be influenced by pride or inordinate attachment to the things of the world, he looked upon his possessions and power as instruments placed into his hands for the

advancement of religion, the support of justice, and the welfare of his subjects, especially the poor and oppressed. His thoughts and aspirations were directed to heavenly things. He recited almost every day the office of the Church, and often spent many hours of the night on his knees in prayer, during which he was favored with raptures and heavenly graces. He received Holy Communion almost daily. He often visited the hospitals, and waited on the sick with the tenderest charity. The lepers were the object of his special solicitude, he frequently cleansed and dressed their loathsome sores with his own hands. This heroic charity was so pleasing to God that at the prayers of the Saint several lepers were cured of the dreadful malady. By his prayers, the Saint also obtained the cure of his godchild, the son of Count Gri-moard; he also foretold that the child would one day hold the highest office in the Church. This prophecy was verified: for, the child later ascended the papal throne as Urban V.

Nothing could disturb the Saint's peace of mind. The greatest insults failed to arouse in him feelings of irritation or resentment. When, in 1309, he came to Italy to take possession of the county of Ariano, in the kingdom of Naples, he found the people in open revolt. For three years they refused to acknowledge him as their lord. Elzear was advised to use severe means to



St. Elzear and Bl. Delphine

force the people to submit to his rule; but he steadfastly refused, and by charity and kindness so completely overcame the rebellious spirit of his subjects, that they ever after loved and honored him as their father. Among the papers which his father left, the Saint found some letters of a certain officer under his command, filled with outrageous calumnies against him, and persuading his father to disinherit

him. When urged to punish the writer of these letters, Elzear declared that Christ commands us not to revenge but to forgive injuries, and to overcome the venom of hatred by charity; that therefore he would destroy those letters, and never make mention of them. He did so, and when this officer came to his chamber to wait upon him, he affectionately embraced him, made him a rich present, and gained his affection to such an extent that the officer became one of his most devoted subjects. In like manner, on other occasions, he suppressed informations of injuries which others had done him that he might spare the parties the confusion of knowing that he had received intelligence of them.

On his return to Provence, Elzear and Delphine, desirous of uniting themselves more closely to God, entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and publicly pronounced the vow of chastity, which Elzear had till then kept unviolated without a vow, though Delphine had before made a secret vow. They now gave themselves up even with greater fervor to the practice of prayer, self-denial, and charity, thus becoming shining models of virtue for all members of the Third Order.

In 1317, Elzear was called to the court of Naples to become tutor of the son of King Robert, and by his patience and kindness, and the example of his holy life so conquered the proud and intractable spirit of the prince that the latter became a generous and virtuous ruler. Appointed prime minister during the regency of the prince, Elzear was

the protector and advocate of the poor and the oppressed. He performed his many and arduous duties with the greatest diligence and disinterestedness. He refused rich presents that were offered him to gain his good will, and administered justice without any regard to the wealth or rank of the parties involved. Fearless and incorruptible in the enforcement of law and order, the Saint was also fearless on the field of battle. It was due mainly to his valor and skill, that the Emperor Henry VII, who had invaded the kingdom of Naples, was defeated and forced to sue for peace.

In 1323, Elzear was sent to Paris by the King of Naples, to bring about a marriage between the king's heir and a princess of the house of Valois. The negotiations were successful, but the Saint was seized with a fatal illness. With the greatest calmness, he prepared for death. During his sickness, he confessed almost every day, though he is said never to have offended God by a mortal sin, and received Holy Communion with all the fervor of his God-loving soul.

He did not cease to thank God for all his favors, and to express his confidence in his goodness and mercy, until he peacefully expired on September 27, 1323. His body, clothed in the Franciscan habit, was buried in the church of the Minor Conventuals at Apt. Many miracles occurred at his tomb, and steps were taken for his canonization. The decree of canonization was signed by his godchild Urban V. but published by Gregory XI.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

PERSECUTION OF THE THIRD ORDER

20. THE CAUSE

"Because you are not of the world, . . . therefore the world hateth you" (John XV, 19).

IN his last discourse to his disciples, our Divine Savior said to them, "If you had been of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, the world hateth you." (John XV, 19). That is, if the followers of Christ would conform to the views, language, and conduct of the world, it would consider them as its own and love them; but since they, like their divine Master, stood opposed to the world, it hated them.

If, therefore, the members of the Order of Penance prove to be true disciples of Christ, they will draw upon themselves the hatred of the world. As a matter of fact, the Brothers and Sisters of Penance came into conflict with the world from the very beginning of their institute. What greater contrast could there be, than between a man of the world of the thirteenth century and a Brother of Penance; between a worldly-minded dame of that time and a zealous Sister of the Third Order!

The words of St. Gregory may be aptly applied to the society of those days: "The worldly-minded man wishes to retain his own, and to rob what belongs to others, if he can, and if he can not, he covets it."

Then appeared a man, insignificant indeed in the opinion of the world, of whom, however, it can be said: "The whole world is gone after him" (John XII, 19). Rich and poor, great and lowly, princes and beggars, all vie with one another in their eagerness to listen to the words of this extraordinary man. And who is this man? It is none other than the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

Filled with the spirit of the Gospel, he teaches men not to attach their hearts to the things of the world. "Trust not in iniquity," he cries out, "and covet not robberies: if riches abound, set not your heart upon them" (Ps. LXI, 11). He enjoins on his followers that they desire to possess nothing under heaven, and that they be content with poverty. Of the members of the Third Order, he requires poverty in spirit—that they attach not their hearts to earthly things.

At the time of St. Francis, luxury and extravagance had reached their height. Drinking bouts and sumptuous banquets were the order of the day. In dress and ornament there reigned a dangerous excess. The beggar in his poor ragged clothes was an object of loathing. Saddest of all was the lot of the poor when they fell ill; they were then often left to their fate.

St. Francis demanded that the Brothers and Sisters of Penance

live in a manner consistent with their name. He gave them a humble garment, and wished them to observe moderation in all things. The poor and the sick were to be the object for their tenderest solicitude.

And what abuses were not to be found in society! The wealthy landlord cared little for the poor tenants who was forced to toil for a mere pittance. And what was worse, the wealthy man thought it beneath his dignity to associate with the poor. For he believed that there existed between himself and the poor a gulf that made every friendly intercourse impossible.

Against these views, St. Francis opposed the teachings of our Divine Savior. The superior should be a loving and solicitous father, the inferior an obedient child. Human society should reflect the image of a well-regulated family. In his Orders, there is no distinction between the rich and the poor, between the great and the lowly. His followers are to be a society of brothers, to whom can be applied the words of the Psalmist: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity" (Ps. CXXXII, I). Hence we see the members of the Third Order dwelling together in unity and charity. Kings and beggars, princes and laborers, the lady of the castle and the peasant's wife, the princes of the Church and the lowliest ecclesiastics,—all form a society of brothers.

To obtain a high position in public life, has at all times been the aim of the man of the world. It was especially so in the thirteenth century, since such a position was

generally a source of wealth.

St. Francis, therefore, advises his followers who live in the world not to accept public offices. This advice he based on the words of St. Paul: "No man being a soldier to God, entangleth himself with secular business; that he may please him to whom he hath engaged himself (II Tim. II, 4). The Tertiary has engaged himself to Jesus Christ in Baptism, and has sworn fidelity to him; as a member of the Third Order, he has renewed this vow at his profession. He must, therefore, avoid everything that might become a stumbling-block in spiritual life. In the thirteenth century, in consequence of the prevailing condition, the holding of public offices was often such a stumbling-block, and caused men to "entangle themselves with secular business."

Yet we find Tertiaries holding high offices ever since the time of St. Francis. We need but mention Bartholomew, Advocate of the Roman Curia, Munald of Perugia, St. Louis, and St. Ferdinand. He who is called to an office, should not stubbornly refuse it, but accept it in all humility. He who holds an office, should conscientiously fulfill his duties, go into solitude from time to time, and meditate on the words of Christ: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

It was inevitable that those who accepted this radical reform would come into conflict with the world and incur its hatred. And hence, the words of our Savior must be a source of consolation to every Tertiary: "Because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, the world hateth you."



ST. FRANCIS'S IDEALS OF SOCIAL REFORM

Extracts from a Lecture by the Rt. Rev. Edw. J. Hanna, D. D.

IN studying the spirit of St. Francis, and how it avails for our needs in the twentieth century, we must study the man, we must study his ideals of reform. What were Francis' ideals of reform?

I think it is clear that Francis' success as a reformer was due in large measure to personal qualities. His kindly heart, his great enthusiasm for his ideal, his holiness, patriotism—he was verily an Italian, his power of making religion popular. But all this would have been as naught had the truths he preached not been adapted to the needs of his hearers, not acceptable to them; for no true reform can rest on enthusiasm alone. This was the story of the reforms in Francis' time: this has been the story of all reforms from the beginning; and because Francis brought to his reform a something that not only satisfied the needs, but also the aspirations of the multitude, did his reform impress not only Italy but the world.

Reform of the Individual

Did Francis have an elaborate social program for the betterment of men and conditions? Like Christ, he aimed directly at a spiritual ideal; like Christ, he aimed first and foremost at the moral betterment of the individual, and in doing this he accomplished a marvelous change.

The reform of the individual ever includes purging out the dross of sin and building the new edifice of virtue. For Francis sin was the only real evil, the parent evil of all else that was wrong in human life. If sin could be pardoned, and the disorder left by sin in the faculties and soul of man remedied, and the likeness of Christ gradually

brought into relief, Francis felt that all would be well.

Surely this was wisdom, for permanent reform must come from the reform of the individual, and law and institutions begotten of law rarely rise beyond the aspirations of the individual. Francis, therefore, revealed God to the sinner, God's mercy and love and pardon. Francis taught man his greatness in Christ and in God and in so doing he gave man a new viewpoint and this new viewpoint became the real potent factor in the reform that was moral, social and political.

The Right Beginning

This position of Francis made his reform indeed unique, for the social reformers of Francis' time, and indeed of all times, have ever begun by attacking principles and institutions. Francis indeed saw the abuses which existed in society, the shortcomings of the men who had consecrated themselves to God in religion; but he attacked neither Church nor State. To the Church he showed himself as a child, and to the existing conditions between the classes in society he opposed his ideals of life as exemplified in the lives of the brothers of the First and Third Order.

Francis turned the hearts of his brethren to the lowly, suffering Christ.

He taught them the great value of purity, of self-renunciation, of charity. He taught them the dignity of labor, the priceless value of poverty, the independence which must come to the man of lowly heart, who has given up all things; and his wondrous doctrine, drew after him so many followers that the world stared in amazement, and they in turn, filled with his spirit

and the spirit of Christ, literally regenerated the people around them.

The Third Order

The wisdom of St. Francis shines out still more in the creating of the so-called "Third Order." All men are not called to the highest perfection, all men cannot literally leave all things for Christ's sake, and still all men must follow in the Master's footsteps.

One can imagine how the rule of the Third Order, which brought together Christians of every walk of life, gave men a new vision; one can imagine how Francis became indeed the darling of the poor, into whose lives he entered by his compelling love. Did Francis really understand the feelings of the poor, ground to the earth by the rich and the powerful? Did he see how the higher classes abused their privileges? Verily, and by bringing rich and poor, noble and serf, king and peasant into his wondrous Third Order he did more to reform society, and to create a veritable social revolution than all the proclaimed reformers of his age.

The saint loved above all things peace, "the peace of God that passeth understanding." Loving peace and wishing it to be the heart of his crusade, he saw that the mightiest obstacle was the feudal system, which made baron, yea and bishop, war-lords which led men into perpetual struggle for petty ascendancy, which brought in its wake tyranny and injustice. Strange as it may seem, St. Francis' Third Order helped powerfully to sound the death knell of the feudal system.

Rich vs. Poor

The unjust and unequal distribution of wealth has been the cause of much social evil in the past, yea in our own time. Francis, filled with the spirit of Christ, re-

cognized in riches a danger, yea even an evil, and he had ever ringing in his ears the words "How hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God"; had ever before him the Christ who, born on the wayside, living the life of the poor, had not "whereon to lay his head." To those who were rich he gave the invitation to sell all and to follow Christ, and to them he promised real independence, the peace which the world cannot give. When he found that only a few could reach his ideal, then he enrolled them into the Third Order with the hope that living in union with the poor, taking a part in their common life, realizing the ideals of religion, they would help their needy brethren and put less store on the things that must pass away.

Unlike the modern reformer who seeks to breed discontent among the poor, Francis taught them that poverty rightly assumed was indeed the better part, that true happiness consisted in having the things which were really worth while, and he taught them that the things of real worth were within the reach of the poor, even more than within the grasp of the wealthy; for happiness, in Francis' code, consists in union with God through humble prayer, in power over self, which comes largely from self-renunciation, in freedom of soul, which riches bring not, and in power to enjoy the best things of nature and life, the beautiful earth, the sky, the air, the peace and the love of a humble home.

Duty of Cooperation

Another blessing that came with the Third Order was the duty of co-operation, the duty of solidarity. The guilds were indeed powerful in the days of Francis, but they brought together only men of the same trade and co-operation. Between the different guilds rivalries

were sharp and often harmful to the best interest of the laborers. The Third Order united all men, rich and poor, not only the members of one trade, but of all trades. Not only the members of one city, or of one province, but it banded together whole nations and from this great union of men of every kind and of every clime there went forth a spirit not only united against wrong, oppression and cruelty, but a point of view that made many of the social evils that vexed men impossible. Christ had said "Love one another as I have loved you," and Francis and his friars sent to all men this message: "Love one another—if you love one another there can be no social conflict. Love one another and the world will be reformed. It will again become the world of God, in which charity reigns, and with charity harmony and order."

Francis and We

Was Francis for his own day alone, or has he a message for our day and our generation? I think his message is for us. I think his compelling personality charms us. I think his viewpoint ought to be ours, and I feel that the so-called Franciscan revival has prepared the hearts, yea and the minds of men for the acceptance of Francis' message to the world. True we have a different environment than that of Italy in the thirteenth century; true we have vexatious problems unknown in the days of Francis; true finally, of faith and supernatural insight, which are necessary for an understanding of Francis, we have only a small measure; and still in how many ways are the burning questions we seek to solve the very questions that confronted the Saint of Assisi.

The Problems

Really after all there is very lit-

tle new in the world. In the Middle Ages there was indeed a sharp distinction between the classes, between king and peasant, baron and serf, but are we not living in a sort of benevolent feudalism, in which the great capitalist is the over-lord, with his many retainers, and the workingman almost wholly in his power? Is there not oppression in many places today, oppression as wicked as ever exercised by master over slave? Are we less democratic than the burghers who rose in their might in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries? Are we more free from social vice than were the men of the thirteenth century—yea was not their very immorality more healthy than ours?

The Remedies

What then seemingly would be Francis' attitude toward the world of today with its momentous struggle, with its problems so hard for solution? Francis first of all would consider our whole problem a religious problem, and consequently would look for solution to the doctrine of Christ as taught by the living Church.

Not only was the problem to Francis a religious problem, but he looked first to the reform of the individual. He wanted first of all men, men with vision, men with virtue, men of faith, men of strength, men of peace, men of kindly love, men of justice, men with a high standard of values, men, in a word, of high moral type; and through the inspiration caught of Christ, and through the established means of grace, he prepared men to do their work in the world, and in reforming the individual he did more to reform the injustice of his times than all the social re-ers of his own or other centuries.

Francis would not try to break down the present order of things or create a social revolution. As

Christ passed through the world of business not without sympathy, so did Francis. He felt that the evil lay largely in the individuals who misused their wealth and their power, and to them he brought the new viewpoint of peace through love. He united the struggling poor in a powerful association, and the union brought strength against the evil under which they were living.

The Ideal

Have we exhausted all the ways of reform in our social and economic system? If our men could be trained to higher ideals of justice, if they could be touched by Christ and right, if they could get Francis' standard of values, what a power they would be in their labor societies against all kinds of injustice! And if the unions of labor men could be made national, yea even worldwide, after the ideal of the great Third Order, this would be in accord with the spirit of Francis, and if, still more marvellous, master and man, laborer and employer could be joined in a great federation for the common good, the scheme would be perfect, complete. The social problem, as we view it, is largely both with capitalists and laborers one of selfishness, greed, cupidity, and until the individual is touched by a kindlier light

and feels the pulses of higher sentiment, programs will accomplish only a small part of the good they strive to perpetuate. This, too, is the sentiment of the greatest of modern social leaders, Leo XIII.

Contrasts and Conclusion

Is the idea of Francis merely a historical memory, and does it still have power to stimulate our age? Human he was, democratic, brother of men; but our democracy strives only for the things Francis thought not even worth consideration. Yearning he was to stop social injustice, but our sociology aims at destroying one order and upbuilding another, while Francis aspiring to no revolution sought the perfection of the individual, and made his crusade fundamentally a religious, a spiritual one. Joy and peace were ever in his soul; sadness and unrest mark our days. I fear we are of the world and Francis of the world was not; and yet the world loved and does love him in its strange, blundering way, but while the world blunders and seeks after things of little worth, there are some, yea many, who love and understand. And under the guidance of our gentle Mother they may yet influence our society, and show unto men that Francis still lives and conquers!



RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

5. In the College at Lima

That night we reached the convent at Lima, where we were heartily welcomed by the inmates, among whom we found several relatives and acquaintances. It happened to be Friday, a fast day for the religious. But we (students)* were ravenously hungry, and stole all the bread intended for the community. When the religious entered the refectory, and found that we had taken everything, they took it in very bad part. But the director of our expedition apologized for us, and recounted all we had been obliged to endure on the ship.

After we had rested three days, it was decided to which place each of us should be assigned. There were at that date three colleges in Peru: Lima, Ocopa, and Cuzco. We all would have liked to remain at Lima, although the climate was far from healthy. Still there were about forty religious at Lima, and all were very kind and good to us. Above all Fr. Joseph Masia, the guardian, to whom I shall recur in the course of the narrative, was very well-disposed toward us. With eleven other students and two fathers, it was my lot to remain at the college of Lima.

Our parting was very sad; for in the course of our journey, we had become very much attached to one another. I entered the novitiate on October 22, 1868. With me there were fourteen Europeans and two Peruvians of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. We were delighted that the director of our expedition to America, Fr. Bernadin Gonzalez, was made our master of novices; for we esteemed this relig-

ious very highly, not merely because he had been so solicitous about us on the journey, but also because of his general excellent qualities.

6. More about his New Home and Life

The founding of these colleges (of the Franciscans in Peru) was undertaken by the Franciscans exiled from Spain. If it was a sad thing for Spain to lose those zealous religious, it was a boon for other regions, that were prepared to receive God's word. Many of those friars devoted themselves to the revival of the Order in South America; others went abroad to open new missions. Among them all we must mention Father Areso, who died in the odor of sanctity, and erected the province of St. Louis in France,—a province which has been the mother of so many missionaries. Many of those who went to the missions, among them the celebrated Father Gual and our Father Guardian, Joseph Masia, had founded mission colleges, not only in Peru, but also in other countries of South America. The college at Lima was founded in 1855 by Father Gual. When we arrived, it numbered one hundred members. St. Francis Solano once tarried at our convent. The college is beyond the city limits, at the farthest end of the park. It is very convenient for a meditative life, as the world's strife does not penetrate so far.

Nothing extraordinary happened in the course of my novitiate. But one thing caused us no little surprise, namely, that the scorpions of these parts do not sting. When we first entered our little cells, we

* All Parentheses the Translator's.

found many of these dangerous creatures, and fled in fear and terror to our novice-master to tell him the cause of our alarm. But he replied that we had nothing to fear, for the scorpions did not sting; neither did he want us to kill them, as they were acting in constant obedience to St. Francis Solano, who had enjoined on them nevermore to molest anybody. However that may be, we often found that they might crawl about on our beds and in every nook and corner, and never was any of us stung by them. We could toy with them or take them into our hands, and they never did us any harm.

While I was in the novitiate, a provincial chapter was held. Our novice-master was made guardian, and Fr. Joseph Masia was made novice-master, while Fr. Leonard Cortez was elected provincial. The results could not have been better; they were just as everybody wished them. With the exception of two novices, who thought they could not endure the hardships of mission life, we were allowed to make our profession.

7. Into the Heart of the Andes

While engaged in the study of theology, we heard that Garcia Moreno had called for Franciscan missionaries for his dearly beloved republic of Ecuador. Fr. Guardian ordered that a novena be held in honor of St. Solano, for a happy choice of subjects. The definitorium (provincial council) chose four fathers and two fratres (clerics), one of whom was I, and likewise eight students, who had recently come from Spain to enter the novitiate.

After making a spiritual retreat, we embarked on a ship which was to take us to the harbor of Guayaquil mentioned above. We were met there by the deputies of the President and also by a father from

the convent at Quito. This father was to provide for our transport over the mountains, particularly also for beasts of burden. At that time there were as yet no wagon roads, and we suffered much on those dreadful routes. We were everywhere well received, for the President had sent deputies to every place with the injunction to provide well for us. The path, especially through the Andes, was just then particularly bad on account of the constant showers that had recently fallen. In places, the water was up to the horses' girths. Quite often we had to dismount and clamber upon the backs of natives, who by reason of their exudation had the odor of a dead dog. More than once we fell from our horses and had the laugh on each other as we scrambled out of the swampy water. Each one could provide for himself only; there were plenty there to serve us, but there was no way of anyone helping anybody else.

What we endured in those days from Guayaquil to Quito, is hard to describe. However, we felt amply repayed by the joy of the people at our coming. In the lowlands, the climate was unbearably hot, and in the mountains extremely cold. But God's providence watched over us, and we sustained no harm worth mentioning.

8. In the Presence of a Giant

We were still a two days' journey from the capital, Quito, when a detachment of soldiers arrived to act as an escort to us. They were sent by the President, Garcia Moreno, who was eagerly awaiting our arrival. The nearer we came to the capital, the friendlier was our reception by the people, especially in the hamlets that lay along our road, twenty of which we passed on our way. Everywhere refreshments were served to us. The people had

a way of greeting which was very peculiar and edifying. As soon as they would catch sight of us, they would bow deeply and say, "Let us adore our Lord Jesus Christ", to which we would answer, "Amen" or repeat the entire greeting.

At a distance of three hours from the city, an official reception took place. The President had sent his Minister of Public Worship, and the Archbishop, one of his canons with several other priests, who were joined by the guardian of the convent of St. Didacus. At that convent, we were to continue our studies, and the students were to enter the novitiate.

On the second day after our arrival at Quito, the President himself came to welcome us. His whole appearance made a deep impression on us. He was above the average height. His eyes were keen and penetrating and seemed as if they meant to gaze into our very hearts. At first, we did not dare so much as to speak, so overwhelmed were we by his presence. But he questioned us very affably about one thing and another, and seemed to take great interest in us. Gradually we grew more confident, and began to tell him all that had happened to us on the journey. Our confidence grew still more when we saw him in the refectory seated at the table with us and not wishing anything special for himself. From the very first he had roundly forbidden any special consideration.

To all the brethren he spoke with unusual sociability, but scarcely a word of politics. He said he wished to rest from his usual routine and recreate himself in our midst. He used to say, "If I were not prevented, I would very gladly exchange the presidency for your plain habit."

In the course of my narrative, I shall have frequent opportunities of speaking of the President.

9. Heroes and Saints

The college of St. Didacus lies at the foot of the mountain range, about a half hour's walk from Quito. Formerly, this convent served as a retreat, that is, a place to which the friars would repair for a time to lead a contemplative life. Likewise, it served for popular retreats conducted by the brethren of the Order. Here my confrater and I, with three other clerics who had arrived from New Granada or Columbia, continued our studies in theology under the direction of Fr. Antonani. Fr. Antonani was unusually well versed in philosophic studies. He had acted as chaplain to Don Carlos when the latter took the field against the reigning family of Spain.

Garcia Moreno had fixed upon him as his confessor, and often we had to accompany him to the palace of the President. At such times, we learnt many a thing that is scarcely public to this day. Usually, the President himself came to the convent on Saturday afternoon to make his confession; for that reason class did not begin on Saturday afternoons till four o'clock. Time and again, we had the pleasure of announcing the President, while he waited in the sacristy for his confessor. He received holy Communion nearly every day, not at the convent, for that was too far away, but at the cathedral, or at the Jesuits' church, which was not far from his palace. He received the holy sacraments with unusual fervor, and our lector (professor of theology) often referred us to his virtuous example, telling us to follow in his footsteps. When he came to spend a feast day at the college, we were always delighted; for we could speak freely with him, and often he took our part against the master of discipline.

About this time, Fr. Joseph Ma-

sia, who had been appointed commissary the year before, came to the college on a canonical visit. I can not say how delighted I was at this visit of my former guardian and novice-master. I revealed to him my fears and misgivings regarding Holy Orders, which I was soon to receive; but he told me only to be obedient and to prepare well for the important step. Fr. Commissary was revered as a saint, and Garcia Moreno received him with the highest marks of respect. His zeal and piety brought about many conversions in Peru and Ecuador, and I was told by hardened sinners

that it was impossible to hear two sermons by him without feeling driven to a better life. Many a time he had to speak in the open air, as there was no church large enough to contain his hearers. If any failed to hear him, it was those who did not want to amend. I asked a few of those who remained away why they did not go to hear Fr. Masia, and they told me frankly it was because they would have to reform radically and renounce their wicked ways. Garcia Moreno wished to propose Fr. Masia for a bishopric; but the venerable religious would have no post of honor.

To be continued.)

EXAMPLE TELLS

A young man was received into the Church several years ago, on being interrogated as to what had influenced him to place himself under instruction, he related that he once roomed with a Catholic young man who never failed to say some prayers morning and evening and to go to Mass on Sundays. Nothing could induce him to neglect his religion. "I often twitted him on his 'scruples', as I called them, and many a time urged him to take Sunday trips with me. But he invariably declined always good-naturedly unless he could attend church. I used to pretend to be annoyed, though in reality I was edified; and finally I made up my mind to become a Catholic myself. The complete history of my conversion to the Church!" Yet another convert, when asked by what books or by whose preaching he had been influenced to join the Church, replied: "By no books nor by any one's preaching. I was converted by my wife's practicing."

It is an indisputable fact that, as a wise person has observed, "example is the most inspiring discourse that can possibly be preached."—*Ave Maria*

PIUS X, A TRUE SON OF ST. FRANCIS

It may not be generally known to our readers that the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X, was a Franciscan Tertiary, and now that he is passed to his eternal reward, it will not be amiss briefly to trace his connection with the Franciscan Order and to enumerate a few incidents of his life which show him to have been a true follower of St. Francis.

Pope Pius X was a member of the Third Order since the year 1870. He was admitted into the Order by the Rev. Honoratus Bindoni in the cathedral of Treviso. As pastor of Salzano, Joseph Sarto directed the Third Order of the parish and left it in a blooming condition.

As Bishop of Mantua, he regularly took part in the meetings, often spoke to the Tertiaries, and after the meeting he was ever ready to grant an audience to any one seeking help or advice. This example of their bishop induced many of the younger clergy to be enrolled in the Third Order.

As Patriarch of Venice, he adhered closely to the Rule of the Third Order; in his pastoral letters, he often referred to it, and at times he invited some eloquent orator to preach on it. In 1896, a Tertiary Congress was held in his palace at Venice, and he himself was one of the principal speakers. Accompanied by 2,000 Venetians he made a pilgrimage to Assisi in 1896 to visit the tomb of St. Francis and the other places dear to the heart of every Tertiary.

As soon as he was elected Pope, he assumed the protectorate of the Friars Minor, and during his reign, he often warmly advocated the Third Order. At an audience granted to Professor Salvator Licitra, director of the Third Order at Ragusa, he spoke the memorable words: "I bless the Third Order which is very dear to me." When in 1904, he received the Roman Tertiaries in audience, he gave vent to his feelings, and extolled St. Francis and his Third Order in eloquent terms. As Pope, he raised four Tertiaries to the honor of the altar. They are, Blessed John B. Vianney, Cure D'Ars, Blessed Vivaldus of Ayo, Blessed Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, and the Tertiary priest Bartolus.

The many edifying deeds of true virtue, which His Holiness performed as a poor, barefoot boy in Riesi, as a model student in Padua, as a zealous pastor in Salzano, as a true-hearted bishop in Mantua, as a beloved Patriarch in Venice, and, finally as Vicar of Christ in Rome,—all this is ample proof that Pius X was a worthy son of the humble Saint of Assisi.

Among other good qualities, the late Holy Father possessed genuine piety, deep humility, and true charity.

Joseph Sarto received a thorough Christian training from his poor but virtuous parents. His saintly mother knew not how to read nor write, she could not even sign her own name when she was married, but she knew the value of leading a life pleasing to God. She had a deep love for God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. She received Holy Communion quite frequently, and made many a visit to the shrine of Cendrole, dedicated to our Blessed Lady. Her pious example, no doubt, had a salutary effect on all her children, and, especially on Joseph. When Joseph Sarto became bishop, he well remembered the good influence which the piety of his mother made upon him. He wrote at that time; "Man's character is formed in youth. The heart of a child is like a plot of new ground; it will take in good or bad seed and yield fruit accord-

ingly. If the training and teaching is good, the child will almost invariably be good also."

Whenever Joseph Sarto visited his home in later years, as seminarian or priest or bishop or cardinal, he was sure to retrace his steps to the little chapel at Cendrole. As pope he proved his devotion to the Mother of God, when in 1904 the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated. He granted many favors and indulgences on this occasion, and himself composed a beautiful prayer to the spotless Mother of Christ.

Pius X has also given evidence of his piety by his love and zeal for the Blessed Eucharist. He issued several decrees concerning the august Sacrament of the Altar with the object of bringing the people of all classes and conditions of life nearer to our Eucharistic Lord. Frequent Communion and the Communion of the innocent children have made a great change in the Church of Christ, and it was the piety of the Holy Father that gave the impetus.

The piety of Pius X was deep and solid; the same may be said of his humility. Although Joseph Sarto was specially gifted in mind and body, he never boasted or made a show of himself. When the Cardinals met in conclave, in 1903, to elect a successor to Leo XIII, the choice fell on Joseph Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice. "Who is Joseph Sarto?" the people asked one another. "Whence does he hail?" Cardinal Sarto, a child of the people, a hard-working, unassuming priest, a bishop who had restored order quietly but effectively, a patriarch of Venice, whose conduct with his diocesans and the civil authorities was marked by kindness and moderation,—this quiet, modest, and humble man was to occupy the highest office in the Church. Cardinal Sarto was taken by surprise and by fear when he noticed that the votes were fast coming in his favor. With tears in his eyes, he most earnestly besought the Cardinals to choose another. "Almighty God knows it," he said, "that I am not worthy of the high office, and not capable of filling it." When the Cardinals insisted on his election, the humble man accepted the heavy burden, putting all his trust in the Lord.

Pius X was comparatively poor as Pope, and the reason for this was, because he had so great a charity for the poor and the distressed. The people knew his love and pity for them, and they made good use of his weak point. While acting as pastor in Salzano, he was very closely watched by the poor. If a wealthy family had a child baptized, or if some rich person had died, the poor parishioners would wait at the church-door for their generous pastor, and he would not divide the special stipend with them, no, he would give them the last farthing. The only thing that seemed to grieve the holy priest, was his frequent inability to help the poor. Once he had purchased a supply of wood for the winter. His poor parishioners soon appeared in great numbers to beg a few pieces, and they did their work so well that in a few days not a stick of wood remained. When Patriarch of Venice, Joseph Sarto received a salary of 23,000 liras, and though that was hardly enough to cover his expenses, still the poor would receive a good portion of it. A high personage once presented the Patriarch with a gold watch but that, too, soon disappeared. Sarto made a present of it to a man who was in need while he himself continued to carry his old nickel-plated time-piece. Two of his sisters had charge of the household, and they found it necessary to keep his laundry and other articles under lock and key, or he would have given everything to the poor.

Many other edifying stories are related of the piety, the humility, and the charity of the late Holy Father, but these will suffice to show that he was a true son of St. Francis of Assisi, a worthy member of the Third Order. May the remembrance of his virtues linger long in the memory of every Tertiary, and may they send up fervent and frequent prayers to the throne of God for the repose of the soul of their illustrious Brother in St. Francis.

SERRA

In dreams he saw a wondrous land afar,
Where blue skies smiled, so like the skies of Spain;
A magic shore where summer was enthroned,
Where every day and every night is fair.
In vision saw the forests towering high,
Where roamed the savage children of the wild;
Their souls enshrouded by the shades of death,
With none to break to them the Bread of Life.
And ever through his dreams they seemed to call,
His poor, benighted brothers far away;
Their suppliant voices begged him come to them,
Across the billows of the sunset sea.
At last he came, a messenger of peace,
With cross upraised he journeyed far and near,
'Neath skies so like his well-loved skies of Spain.
Into the fold he brought the sheep long strayed
Without a shepherd, and they loved him well,
Those children of the forest; trustingly
They called him "Father", and in him they saw
An image of the Christ who died for them.
Serra! the world to-day hath need of thee,
For lust of gold and pride and powerful sway,
And blind self-worship numbs the souls of men.
The world doth prate about the great and wise,
But such as thou alone can point the way
Of wisdom and true greatness. Love of God
And love of fellow men thy being filled
And wheresoe'er on earth men's souls are stirred,
By hero deeds of love and sacrifice,
Thy name shall be remembered and revered.
And brown-robed Knight of God, thy name shall live,
While time shall last, and through eternal years.

Catherine Maria Hayes, Tertiary

EDITORIAL COMMENT

MAY HE REST IN PEACE

On August 20, there occurred an event that plunged the whole Catholic world into the deepest mourning. On that day, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X, passed to his eternal reward. The news of his death coming at a time when the Church and the world at large seemed most in need of his services, was a painful surprise.

This is not the place to recount the labors of his pontificate. Suffice it to say that his comparatively short reign of eleven years will go down in history as one of the most successful and glorious in the long line of Sovereign Pontiffs. True to his motto, "to restore all things in Christ", he devoted himself with untiring zeal to the task of promoting the spiritual life of the Church by restoring and fostering Christian ideals and principles, and to this end, he inaugurated reforms the most far-reaching and beneficial.

Simple and democratic in his ways, kind and sympathetic of nature, resolute and firm of character, a man of principle and duty, of disinterested aims and lofty ideals, he commanded the love and confidence of his children and the respect, if not the homage, of all the world. Well might it be said of him:

"He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue."

The Franciscan Order has lost in him a kind protector and most illustrious member. A fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, he was not only himself thoroughly imbued with the Franciscan spirit, but he strove to preserve this precious heirloom to the Church in all its pristine beauty and purity.

All in all, he was a man after the heart of God. Shall we ever see his like again?

TRUE REFORM

Elsewhere in this issue, we present to our readers an excerpt from an admirable lecture of the Rt. Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Bishop Auxiliary of San Francisco on "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century". It reveals the thorough student of the Franciscan movement and enthusiastic admirer of St. Francis and his ideals.

Would that our so-called social reformers—so untiring in the framing of social and political programs—were imbued with ideals such as animated the endeavors of St. Francis and his ardent disciples. At least all Tertiaries, especially the men—may their number increase daily!—ought to be well acquainted in theory and practice with St. Francis's ideal of reform, which may be summarized in these words of a modern writer: "In Francis's ideal there was the reform of society by the reform of the individual; the reform of the individual by the observance of the rules of the Third Order, which rules after all were simply the principles laid down by Christ and applied to the circumstances of the time. The rich sympathizing with the poor, charitable toward them; the poor not only resigned to their condition, but even happy in it, because they could, with poverty, possess the better things of life; masters just, yea and humane; work-

men conscientious and satisfied, the authorities, the officials, respecting the rights of God, of Church, of conscience, and the subject ever listening to the voice of authority. These were the means employed by Francis which were to bring peace among individuals, families, social classes, nations, Church and State, and which were to make the world the ideal Christian society, everything cooperating in the eternal and temporal welfare of men."

THE THIRD ORDER AND THE CATHOLIC LAY APOSTOLATE

Much has been said and written of late on the subject of the Catholic lay apostolate. By this term is meant the cooperation of the Catholic laity with the clergy in their efforts to establish the reign of Christ in the hearts of men. That this cooperation of the laity is not merely desirable but even necessary, has long been an admitted truth, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that Catholic men and women are everywhere taking a lively interest in the movement.

We are sorry to say, however, that the Third Order in this country is apparently standing aloof, though, strange as it may seem, the lay apostolate forms an essential part of its program. For, what else do the words of the Rule signify: "Let them study to lead others by their example, to promote pious practices and all that is good"? If they have any meaning at all, it is this, that by their example, Tertiaries should lead and encourage others in performing works of piety, charity, and religion.

That this was the conception of Tertiaries in former days, is indubitably attested by the history of the Order. If it is true—and history says it is—that in the Middle Ages the Third Order exerted a renovating influence on society, and contributed materially to the revival of practical Christianity; if it is true that the Sovereign Pontiffs lauded the Third Order as a bulwark of the Church, and hailed its members as the "new Maccabees" who were ever ready to defend the rights of the Church and the privileges of the Papacy; if it is true that they went about doing good wherever they could, healing discords, consoling the sick, relieving the poor, succoring the oppressed, protecting widows and orphans, in fine, resisting "man's inhumanity to man" and rendering the strife for existence less acute: then, surely, those Tertiaries must have been convinced that they had a mission to fulfill as lay apostles—and they set about their work courageously.

The needs of the Church and of mankind in general were hardly more pressing in those days than they are at the present time. These needs point out to us the will of God; they reveal the line of action along which all faithful children of the Church should assist her in her manifold mission. What hopes she places on the Third Order in particular, she has publicly proclaimed to the world through the mouth of Leo XIII and Pius X. Shall these hopes be confounded? This will depend on the stand the Third Order takes on the question of the lay apostolate. That the Third Order is the best school for lay apostles, that it contains forces which, if set in motion, will contribute more than any other organization in the Church to the successful carrying out of the Church's program of social reform, there is, in our mind, not the least doubt.

If in a parish there exists an association of hundred resolute men or hundred self-sacrificing women who voluntarily oblige themselves to receive the sacraments regularly, yes frequently, to settle disputes, to com-

bat the evil press, to avoid luxury and display, to eschew dangerous amusements, to contribute according to their means to the relief of those in need, etc., is it possible that such thoroughly Catholic men and women should have no influence on their surroundings? Moreover, the catholicity of the Third Order, its world-encompassing organization lends to the single fraternities a power and a prestige such as mere local societies can never enjoy. Thus the Third Order may be made a breakwater against the rising tide of the irreligious tendencies of the day, if only the constituted leaders of the fraternities are mindful of the true scope of the Third Order, and regard it as something more than a mere pious association whose members daily recite twelve "Our Fathers", and meet monthly to hear a sermon and to say a few prayers in common. Surely, St. Francis had an altogether different aim in founding his Third Order. He wished to gather in it self-conscious Christians, men and women who have the courage of their convictions, who are in earnest about leading a life according to the maxims of the Gospel, and who are willing to bring sacrifices therefor. Herein lies the secret of the power of the Third Order, and it is everywhere revealed where Tertiaries walk in the footsteps of their holy founder whose motto was: "Not to live for one's self alone, but to profit others."

HAS CHRISTIANITY COLLAPSED?

We are confronted to-day by events that most of us, a few weeks ago, should have thought utterly impossible—the rulers of the European states have cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. It is but natural for us, who are fortunately far removed from the scene of the dreadful conflict, to indulge in speculation on the causes that led up to these events. German ambition, English greed, French hatred, Austrian vindictiveness, Russian and Servian intrigue have been in turn assigned as causes by men of various sympathies.

Now comes the Rev. G. Monroe Royce, Rector of St. Thomas P. E. Church, New Windsor-on-Hudson, with a brand-new reason for the European war. In a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, he boldly fixes the blame for the great world war on the Christian Church.

"One has a right to expect", he says, "that after nineteen hundred years of civilization calling itself Christian, the church and her ministers should have influence enough, power—downright moral and spiritual power—enough to prevent the savage, the brute instincts of mankind dominating not only kings and other rulers, but the whole body of people composing the nations of Europe. This much we have a right to insist upon, and if the combined influence of all organized Christianity cannot bring about such a result, then it is, I think, perfectly fair to conclude that the church machinery has broken down; that it does not do what it professes to do, and is not worthy the support it is receiving."

By the terms "organized Christianity" and "church machinery" he would have us understand "popes, patriarchs, bishops, ministers and churches all combined." And he concludes his lengthy epistle with the exhortation: "Let us tell these popes, patriarchs, bishops, churches, and missionary societies that if they cannot prevent such direful carnage, such a universal outrage upon humanity, we refuse to contribute one penny to their support. The stock exchanges throughout the world have frankly confessed their inability to deal with the situation, and have

closed their doors. If the churches possessed the same candor, they would do likewise."

Alas for "organized Christianity" and "church machinery"! They have been weighed in the scales of public opinion and found wanting. And now they are to go out of business forever! We wonder whether, in the Rev. Royce's opinion, the P. E. Church is part of "organized Christianity", and whether he considers himself a cog in the wheels of "church machinery". If so, then he may have already closed the door of his church, and gone a-begging. We have a lurking suspicion, however, that he is waiting for the popes and the patriarchs and the bishops to set the example. For, after all, he may not be so sure of the strength of his argument: Organized Christianity, i.e. the Church, should have prevented the war; now, it has not done so: therefore, it has collapsed.

It may be that the Church was not obliged to prevent the war, for it is not her business to prevent all physical evils. Every war is a terrible physical evil, but not every war is a moral evil. Every unjust war is a moral evil, but not every war is unjust—and what churchman will dare to say with absolute certainty that the conflict in which the European nations are engaged, deplorable though it be, is unjust?

Then again, it may be that the Church has not been able to prevent the war. The nations may have long since repudiated the gospel of peace and charity she has preached to them from the beginning. It may be, too, that the Church has no voice in the parliaments of Europe, nay not even in the celebrated peace conferences; for, has it not happened that the powers of Europe turned away from the doors of the peace temple at the Hague the representative of the Prince of Peace, and was not the last exhortation of this same representative a plea for peace?

Finally, the reverend gentleman may know that wars will be waged to the end of the world, for has not Christ foretold that it will so happen, and has he ascribed the cause to "organized Christianity.?"

Let us abhor war; let us deplore the terrible calamity that has befallen the European peoples; let us pray for a speedy cessation of hostilities; but, above all, let us be reasonable.

NOTICE

In the near future, we intend to publish in book form the **Little Catechism of the Third Order** which was published serially in the columns of the HERALD some time ago. The booklet should prove a decided help to burdened Directors as it may be used both in instructing novices and in making propaganda for the Third Order. It is our object to get out an attractive yet cheap edition. Single copies with cardboard cover will probably cost not more than five cents. The price, of course, will be materially lower on orders of hundred or more. All those desiring copies should communicate with the editor as soon as possible.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(FLORIDA)

XVIII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

AN important and most fortunate event for Florida was the appointment of the Spanish Franciscan Fr. Francisco de San Buenaventura Martinez, Tejada Diez de Velasco as auxiliary to the Bishop of Santiago, Cuba. He had been lector of philosophy and theology, and later guardian of the monastery in his native city, Seville. After his consecration, he proceeded to St. Augustine in 1735. He appears to have made a visitation of the territory, though we have no reports on his activity outside the city. On his arrival, he found the population of St. Augustine to consist of 1509 souls. According to the testimony of the governor, Bishop Tejada's zeal brought on a transformation, in that the people were aroused to frequent the sacraments and practice piety. He also conducted a school, which was the only one in Florida, the English in their fanaticism having destroyed the missions in the districts.

It was while active at St. Augustine that Governor James Oglethorpe of Georgia with 2000 troops, including savage warriors, and a fleet of eleven ships laid siege to the town and fort in 1740. The Spanish governor Monteano was requested to surrender, but he bravely refused, and held off the enemy until relief came, and finally com-

pelled Oglethorpe to withdraw. During this trying period, when the people were on the verge of starvation, it was Bishop Tejada who kept up the courage of his suffering flock.

Having labored for ten years in Florida, Bishop Tejada was, in 1745, transferred to the See of Yucatan. From there in 1752, he was promoted to the wealthy and populous diocese of Guadalajara, the largest city, next to the capital, in Mexico. After a most saintly life, he there died in the odor of sanctity, on December 20, 1760.

A successor to Bishop Tejada arrived at St. Augustine in the person of the auxiliary, Rt. Rev. Pedro Ponce y Carrasco, who resided there from 1751 till 1755. During 1762-1763, Bishop Pedro Agustin Morell de Santa Cruz of Santiago de Cuba, exiled by the English when the latter captured Havana, labored most zealously among the Floridans in and around the city of St. Augustine. He conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on six hundred and thirty-nine persons. Of the Indian settlements little was left, however. In 1753, in four small stations close by, only one hundred of the neophytes continued in charge of the Church. The others, who once in the territory numbered 30,000, had disappeared.

In order to recover the Pearl of the Antilles, Spain on February 10,

1763, ceded Florida to the English, and Bishop Morell returned to Cuba. Most of the Spanish inhabitants remained in the territory, but soon the arbitrary and rapacious conduct of the first British commander led to a general emigration. In direct violation of the treaty, the Bishop's house, Shea relates, was seized for the use of the British troops, and extensive barracks were erected on the old foundations, with lumber imported from New York. A general destruction was inaugurated. Of the suburbs of St. Augustine no trace was left, save the little church in the Indian town north of the city, Nuestra Senora de la Leche, and this was converted into a hospital. The steeple of the Franciscan church stood like a monument of the sacrilegious work, and the parish church was soon little more than a ruin.

"At the time the Spaniards left the town, 1763," says one historian, "all the gardens were well stocked with fruit trees, such as figs, guavas, plantain, pomegranates, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddock, bergamot, China and Seville oranges; the potherbs, though suspended in their vegetation, were seldom destroyed by cold."

In June, 1784, in fulfillment of the treaty between England and Spain, Florida, after twenty years of British occupation, was again ceded to the Spanish crown. This time the English residents left the country, and went to the Bahamas, Jamaica, or the United States, though a few remained.

In 1819, finding the possessions in Florida utterly worthless for the Spanish treasury, nay, a heavy expense, the King of Spain at last agreed to transfer the whole territory to the United States for five million dollars. Accordingly, on July 10, 1821, the standard of Spain, which had been raised over St. Augustine by Menendez two hundred

and fifty-six years before, was lowered, and the Stars and Stripes rose, let us hope, never to be replaced by any other flag.

Long before that date, however, finding their occupation as Indian missionaries gone with the disappearance of the natives, the Franciscans had retired, or the places of those who had died at their post had not been refilled. In the absence of official reports, it is impossible even to guess the number of Franciscans who labored in Florida either as Indian missionaries or as assistants to the parish priests. The six Baptismal Records, which date from June 25, 1594, when the first Spanish child was entered, down to December 16, 1763, which closes with the raising of the English flag, contain the names of thirty-three Franciscan Fathers, who officiated at the parish church, sometimes as acting pastors. On the return of the Spaniards in 1783, two sets of registers were arranged, one for the whites and one for the negroes and mulattoes. The priests in charge, were Rev. Thomas Hassett, pastor and Rev. Michael O'Reilly, assistant. The first entry in the *Libro de los Blancos* is dated October 8, 1784. The first in the *Libro de los Negros y Mulattos* bears the date of August, 1, 1784. Hitherto all entries had been made in Spanish. Rev. Hassett began to write them in Latin in excellent order, until the year 1788, when Rt. Rev. Cyrillo de Barcelona, Auxiliary Bishop of Cuba, came over to make the canonical visitation. On finding the entries in Latin, he forbade the sensible innovation to be continued, and thereafter all entries were again made in Spanish as was the case in Mexico, and other countries under Spanish dominion. His note to that effect in the books is dated September 17, 1788.

(The End)

NEW JOURNEYS AMONG THE PAPAGOS

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

THOUGH it is but a short time since, that I reported to the *Herald* on a rather long journey through the land of the Papagos, I wish nevertheless to report on a new tour, partly for the reason that it was longer than the last one and led into new and as yet unvisited regions; partly also for the reason that every new trip is mark-

sary it is that they again and again help us by means of the spiritual alms of prayer and the material alms of pecuniary contributions, if we are to achieve anything in our mission field under the present circumstances, where our opponents have such large sums of money at their disposal.

The journey began in Tshuchut-



Papago Girls after Mass

ed with new experiences. It is only through the communications of the missionaries that the kind readers and the benefactors of our Indian missions are acquainted with our successes and also our frequent failures, and our various needs. And as with the missionary prayer and work ought to go hand in hand, thus also should the readers through the communications of the former be clearly shown how neces-

sho, where, thanks to the assistance of generous benefactors, there is now a neat little church in the middle of the village. As companion this time I had a Kwahadk Indian named John Pablo. The first place we went to was Waiawaaa, where there are over five thousand adobes ready, so that the erection of a church can perhaps be begun yet this year. The church will probably be placed under the patron-

age of St. Louis, the patron of the Third Order. Of course, when building a church, things do not always pass off so smoothly. Especially the medicine men, who feel more and more that their power over their clansmen is thereby broken, and also many elderly persons, who find it hard to abandon old customs and vices that have grown dear to them, frequently do their utmost to prevent the erection of a church. Recently just when I came into the village, there was a large gathering of these folk, who had assembled in large numbers from the neighboring villages. Some Catholics having apprised me of the fact, I bade them accompany me, and we went straightway into the meeting-house, where, as was but natural, we found some very astonished faces. Well, I took a seat quietly in the midst of them, and having given them ample time to scrutinize me from head to foot, began to speak of God etc., until evening came. When I had finished, one after the other departed without saying a word, mounted their horses, and rode away. Later when it had grown dark, one of them came to me and said, "You spoke well, and we liked it; but there was one bad man there, and we're afraid of him; that is why we said nothing."

From here we went once more into the mountains of Silvasia, and then to Kwahadk. On Thursday, we arrived at Komalik, one of the larger villages, where I will build a school as soon as possible. On the following morning, accordingly, I had a large meeting for this purpose, after having held a similar one on the previous evening. This is the only place where I ever saw the women take part in such a meeting, and the reason therefore is no doubt the fact, that strange to say the "medicine man" in this village is an old woman. When all were

seated, and I had proposed my plans, the latter immediately began to speak in a manner that would have done honor to a suffragette. "As the men at this place do not know much," she said, "and as you are also ignorant of what is right and what is not right, I will speak." And she continued to speak in such a manner that my catechist afterwards remarked. "She spoke like a man." There was one old man who spoke especially against the school, because we wanted to do away with the ancient Indian religion, and establish a new one in its place. I asked him, what the real difference was between them and us, since they had from time immemorial revered the cross and sacred images (in contradistinction to the Protestants) as we do too. "I will tell you that," he rejoined; "our religion consists in drinking, dancing, and celebrating festivals." Most of them were, notwithstanding, willing enough to let us build in order that their children might learn something at home. Only in the previous week, —so they told me—a youth of this place had returned from a government school in California, sick with consumption, a disease that carries off from 80 to 90 per cent of the Papagos, and died on the following day. Before his death he had said "It is well that the young folks learn something; but don't send them far away, otherwise we shall all die." I had the pleasure here of baptizing a man who was sick abed with consumption.

From here our journey led once more into the mountains to Juepo, and after a strenuous ride, we reached Tjiovak, on Saturday evening. When we came to the first well, an Indian met us, and told us that the Presbyterians—a white Preacher and four Pima preachers—had arrived just before us and camped by the second well.

As it was late in the evening, we could not have the rosary devotion; but we stayed over Sunday and our friends, the Presbyterians, did too. At the Mass in the morning, our little church was filled beyond its capacity; and in the evening likewise, when I held a meeting in order to build a school. At the service of the five preachers, on the same evening, there were, as an Indian told me, three persons present. Still it will not do for us to be over-

lamentations of the women, and a man who was conversing with us said, "Now he is dead." The people, in their ignorance, had not even considered it necessary to tell me at once that there was a young man there at the point of death. But I hastened immediately and baptized him conditionally (since many theologians are of the opinion that life is not entirely gone as soon as a person breathes his last). On the following morning, we journeyed into



Papago Girls Carrying Water

confident. Our opponents are flush with money, slow but untiring in their efforts, and wherever they gain a foothold, they erect fine and durable buildings.

On Monday morning, we took leave of the good people of Tjiovak, and then proceeded westward over rough mountain roads. In the afternoon we reached Stoa Wafia, where we encountered a multitude of people. We had been there but a short time, when we heard the

the valley, and by nightfall arrived at Kouwoo, but found very few people there, as the pond was almost dried out. So we set out again early in the morning of the following day for the mountains, and in the evening, we arrived at Tshuk. Here we found that the little church had been struck by lightning, and it stood there a sorrowful ruin. True, there was not much lost. We helped ourselves as best we could.

At noon of the following day, we

came to San Antonio by good roads, which a mining company once built at a great expense around the mountains, but which are now used only by Indians. San Antonio is a little village situated on the declivity of a hill amid a thicket of Sahuaro cactus. Here we rested an hour, and filled our water vessels, which are called canteens here. It was late when we arrived at Quijatoa in order, as last year, to take part in the St. Cruz festival. There were pretty many people there already, and the preparations were under way. The church was decorated, the and dancing floor was strewn with finely sifted sand and ashes, for the leading dancer dances with bare feet. On the next day, the first wagons arrived from the various villages. Every time a wagon with a holy picture came, a procession was formed, and amid prayers and Spanish songs, the image was borne into the church. There is little to report regarding the particulars of the feast; it passed off in the same manner as described last year. I stayed here four days, and on Tuesday arrived again at Tshuk.

On the following day we pursued our journey westward under a burning sun through a broad valley, and in the evening we were at Tanaka. The people were all very much grieved over the death of a young Indian, who had been killed the day before by a wild horse. He had been trying to catch the latter by means of a rope, but was thrown down so violently that he died shortly after. We remained here and in the next place for some time, and arrived on Friday at the Ajo mine. There was little to be done here, as the company had suspended work for a time, after making more than a million dollars, and the miners, mostly Mexicans, had re-crossed the boundary. Yet the work will soon be taken up anew, and the

Ajo will doubtless become one of the largest copper mines in Arizona. I was told, that there is metal enough on the surface to be worked for fifteen years, and explorations made by drilling to the depth of over a thousand feet have shown no diminution of the ore. This will also be helpful to religion; for most of the miners will probably come from Louaea, where all religious life is languishing, chiefly in consequence of the revolution; and here they will probably soon have regular religious services.

As Ajo is not far (33 miles) from the boundary, and the people of Somoita—a village on the other side of the boundary—had asked me to pay them a visit, I determined to avail myself of the present opportunity to do so. On the Mexican side, we were reminded of troublous times by the sight of the grave of a letter-carrier, whom an Apache had killed with a spear. Thanks to the Somoita River, Somoita is a regular oasis in the desert. The population consists of over a hundred Mexicans and about as many Papagos who live farther down along the river, and easily make a living here.

There used to be an old mission here, San Marcello; but it did not long endure; the Papagos set fire to it, and drove out the Padres. The ruins are conspicuous even to-day; a foot beneath the debris, lies the burnt roof, and under this there are human remains. Since that time Somoita has never had any priests; only very seldom the priest comes from Altar over 140 miles away; so that it is no wonder that religious life is languishing there, that children two years old have not yet been baptized, and that only a few have been married according to the rites of the Church. The people were very good to me; they soon had a

room prepared and decorated with beautiful flowers. In the evening, we recited the rosary, and the next morning many women attended holy Mass; for the men of northern Mexico seem to have entirely given up going to church. It is a great misfortune that there is no law in Mexico forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor to Indians. All that the Papagos here seem to live for is to secure enough money through the labor of their squaws

to get drunk with mescal—an alcoholic drink distilled by the Mexicans and sold at a great profit to the Indians. The Mexicans themselves are not much better. On the American side, I baptized a few children. Unfortunately, I could not administer any other sacraments or bless any marriages, as many asked me to do. We tarried here three days, and the people asked me to come again soon.

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES IN CANADA, 1615-1625

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

Samuel Champlain laid the foundation of French power in Canada by founding Quebec in 1708, one year after the English landed in Jamestown, Virginia, and began their first settlement on American soil. Champlain's trading post—for that was all Quebec was for many years—was first inhabited only by French fur-traders, partly single men, partly married, but who had left their families in France. Later we shall see who were the first permanent settlers with families.

Canada was first discovered by French Bretons in 1504. Ever since that time, they came over to fish on the banks of New Foundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to barter with the Indians.

In 1506, Captain Jean Denys, from Honfleur, France, visited Canada, but all he brought back was fish and the geographical charts he had made of the newly discovered country.

In 1523, Jean Varazen explored the eastern coast of America from Florida to Cape Breton, and took possession of the country in the name of Francis I, King of France.

Jacques Cartier visited the coun-

try twice, the first time in 1524, and the second time ten years later. For a whole century, no attempt was made to colonize the country, by forming permanent settlements.

In 1604, just one hundred years after the first discovery of the country, Sieur de Monts, having obtained from Henry VI, king of France, a patent of land, which was to extend from 40 to 46 degrees north latitude, at first attempted to form a settlement among the Indians called in the *Relations* of 1611 "Eteminquois", near the little island of St. Croix. There many of his people died, and in the following year 1605, he moved to Port Royal, in Nova Scotia, where he stayed only two years. The whole enterprise was a failure. All that remained were two empty buildings or trading posts, one at St Croix and the other at Port Royal. The survivors of this expedition returned to France toward the end of February.

In 1610, Sieur de Petrincoart embarked for Canada in February, and arrived at Port Royal about the beginning of June. He called together a large number of Indians and had twenty-four or twenty-five of them baptized, without previous instruction, on June 24, by a secu-

lar priest with the name of Messire Josse Flesche, called the Patriarch. He then sent an account of these Baptisms to France, requesting help for the incipient colony. It was then determined to send two Jesuit Fathers to Canada, namely, Ene-mond Masse and Pierre Biard, of Lyons.

They left on January 26, 1612, and, after a voyage of four months, landed at a place called Campseau, about twenty-six leagues from Port Royal. On their journey, they met with Champlain, who was on his way to Quebec. The two Fathers then went to Port Royal, where they arrived on June 22, of the same year. They took great pains to learn the language of the Indians but found it exceedingly difficult, since it was entirely different from any European tongue. They baptized a few dying children and one adult Indian, by the name of Memberton. Having labored at Port Royal and the surrounding country as also in northeastern Maine for about two years, 1611-1613, they resolved to begin a new settlement at St. Saviour on Mount Desert Island, near the mouth of the Kenebec. It is this mission and the reconnoitering expedition of Father Biard, which furnished the ground for the three hundredth anniversary celebration in 1913, of the beginning of Indian Missions in Maine.

Two other Jesuits had lately arrived there from France, Father Quatin and Gilbert du Thet. At St. Saviour, however, they were suddenly attacked by Argall, a notorious buccaneer, from Jamestown, Virginia. As the French were wholly unprepared, they were easily defeated by the English. The Fathers were taken prisoners with the rest, Gilbert du Thet dying the next day from a wound he had received during the engagement. Also two young men were drowned, namely LeMoine and Neveu. Their bodies

were afterwards found, and received a Christian burial. The Fathers were first taken to Jamestown and then to England, whence finally they were allowed to pass over to France.

Sieur Houel, secretary of the king of France, who had very much at heart the spiritual welfare of the French traders and pagan Indians in Canada, proposed to some members of the fur company, in France, to take more interest in the spiritual well-being of those poor people and not merely to barter with them for furs. They agreed to his proposal. They furthermore asked him to assist them to procure such religious for the work as would be best suited for that purpose, *and least expensive to the Company*. Remembering what services the Franciscans had rendered to religion in Mexico and South America, the associates of this Company determined to seek Franciscan friars for the work of christianizing the poor natives of Canada, or New France, as it was more commonly called at a later time.

They, therefore, applied to the Rev. Fr. Chapoin, Provincial of the Recollects of the Province of St. Denis, to obtain from him some priests of his Order for this necessary and glorious work. The good father Provincial gladly acceded to their request, and appointed the following Fathers for the Canadian mission: Rev. Denis Jamet, who was to be the Commissary of the Canadian mission, Rev. Jean Dolbeau, assistant and successor, in case the Rev. Commissary should die, Rev. Joseph LeCaron, and Rev. Pacifique du Plessis. These were the first four Recollect Fathers to pass over to Canada to labor there for the conversion of the Indians.

The next step was to apply to the Holy See for the necessary faculties. The Holy Father, Paul V, applauded their zeal, and wrote to the

Papal Nuncio at the Court of France, and from him the Fathers received verbal permission to pass over to Canada and labor there for the conversion of the natives. The document containing their faculties is given in full by Sagard, the Recollect historian. It was executed and signed by the Most Illustrious Nuncio Apostolic, Guydo Bentivole, and dated Paris, March 20, 1618. Sagard in his *Histoire du Canada* also gives in full the royal permission for the projected mission, issued by "Louis, by the grace of God, king of France and Navarre." In this royal rescript, the king orders the Viceroy of Canada, Sieur Champlain and all the government officials to provide for the support of the Fathers. He likewise gives permission to "our devout and cherished petitioner, the Father Provincial of the Province of St. Denis in France, Religious of the Strict Observance,

commonly called Recollects to send to the country of Canada members of the Order, to preach the holy Gospel, and to lead to the holy faith the souls of the inhabitants of this country." He allows them to dwell in that country and to build there as many monasteries as they shall deem necessary; all monasteries and religious to be under the obedience of the Father Provincial of the Province of St. Denis, in France and under no other. The Provincial alone shall be allowed to send thither as many Recollect Fathers as he may think proper, and the king forbids all government officials and captains of vessels to allow any other Recollects to embark for that country, except those under the obedience of the Provincial of the Province of St. Denis. Moreover he orders the Viceroy of Canada to provide for the support of the Fathers.

(To be continued)

CONVERT CHINESE GIRL

Katherine Wong Him, a Chinese convert of San Francisco and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, introduced the "Good Friday observance" on board the "Siberia," the vessel thought to be lost in the recent storms on the Pacific. Miss Wong Him, with her father, Dr. Wong Him, was a passenger on the "Siberia."

A letter was lately received by a friend of the young lady, written at sea on Good Friday. It tells how the Good Friday movement reached even out to the broad Pacific. Miss Wong Him wrote:

I am planning with another lady what to do from one to three. I suggested that instead of taking lunch we read the "Mental Sufferings of Our Lord" by Cardinal Newman, recite the Rosary of the Seven Dolors and say the prayers for the Way of the Cross. "You have this thing started," the lady said to me, "and you must carry it through." The passengers will join. I must bring this letter to a close. It is almost time. So I must get my thoughts together for meditation. I shall also pray for the dear ones I left behind me in dear old California—the land of my birth. — *The Western World*.

THE SCHOOL OF GOD

By Alice Hammond, Tertiary

NELLIE Hamilton, a little girl of some eight years, lived in a palatial home in the mountains of Mayo, Ireland. Nellie's mother, a cold-hearted woman, who had no feeling of pity for the unfortunate poor about her, and who thought only of her own pleasures, often neglected her only child, and left her alone in the castle with the servants. Hon. James Hamilton often chided his cold-hearted wife for her want of feeling for the unfortunate.

Nellie accidentally made the acquaintance of Betty, a black-eyed, curly-headed little girl, who solicited alms from her. The children took a fancy to each other. Nellie told Betty that she lived in the great house in the mountains. Betty told Nell that she lived in a hovel in the town. From that day on, the poor little girl would wander into the mountain district to get one peep at golden-haired Nell.

One morning, the red-breasted robins were hopping about the little beggar girl, who tossed them crumbs. Nell went to the high iron fence, and with interest watched the robins as they flew hither and thither looking for the crumbs tossed by the little girl.

Nellie enquired of Betty how she tamed the robins.

"By kindness," spoke the child.

"Will kindness tame everything?" enquired Nell.

"Most everything except the old woman I live with," replied Betty. "She sends me to beg, and whips me when no one gives me anything to bring home."

"Will she let you keep the things you bring home?" asked Nell.

"Oh no!" replied Betty, "she sells them for drink."

"I will give you something, but

you must not give it to the old woman nor let her see it."

Nell removed a small gold bracelet from her wrist, and showed Betty how pretty it was, with three little gold hearts and "Nell" engraved in it. Betty was overcome with joy, and kissed Nell through the iron bars of the fence. As Nell clasped it on Betty's arm, she said, "Keep this in remembrance of me, Betty."

Every day for some weeks the two children met at the fence. Nell fed with her own little hands her hungry companion. The nurses, fearing the vengeance of the mother, told of the meeting of the children, and Nellie was forbidden to play on the lawn for fear she would come in contact with the beggar girl.

A heavy mist was hanging over the mountains as Betty, wondering at Nell's long absence, went to their meeting-place at the fence. But Nell was not there to welcome the little tired girl who, although wet, cold, and hungry, longed to get a peep at Nell. She sat beside the great iron fence, warming her chilled little fingers in her mouth, —waiting—waiting.

It was already growing dark when Betty started down the trail. She lost her way, and wandered for some hours, each moment becoming more nervous and frightened. Instead of going toward the village, she turned into the densest part of the forest. Hunger and fatigue overcame her, and seeing a great tree with wide-spreading branches, as if inviting her tired little frame to rest beneath its protecting arms, she entered the hollow space within the tree. Taking out of her little ragged dress a treasured pair of rosary beads Nell had given her,

she knelt on some wet moss, while the curtain of night was falling on mountain and valley.

Betty prayed to the Blessed Mother:

"Queen of Heaven, guard and guide me,

Save my soul from dark despair,

In thy tender bosom hide me,"

Take me, Mother, to thy care."

So sang the child, lost in the dark mountains. Crying she kissed the little crucifix on the rosary and crouched close within the hollow trunk. The great tree spread its kindly branches over the little wanderer as if in benediction.

The lodge-keeper returning home with his dogs, was bewildered to hear an angelic voice sing out of the dense thicket and black fog. The keeper stood, removed his hat and listened with emotion as the heavenly voice rose and fell "Queen of Heaven, guard and guide me," sang the child.

The dogs stopped, stirred, and looked at their master, as if they also heard a call from Heaven "In thy tender bosom hide me," continued the child. With wild yelps, the dogs started in the direction of the call, closely followed by their master.

When again the child sang, "Take me, Mother, to thy care," she was surrounded by a pack of hounds who barked loudly and fiercely. Betty frightened at the dogs, sent up a pitiful cry, which was answered by the keeper. He reached the place of hiding, and taking the child gently in his arms, he carried her to the lodge some distance off.

* * *
Lord and Lady Vance of Tyrone, Ireland, grieved for the loss of their infant daughter. Seven long years had passed since her disappearance.

One night in cold, bleak December, the child lay asleep, guarded by the trusted nurses, while the

family was at home in the castle. The outer gates were locked, and an immense stone wall surrounded the enclosure, making entry or escape quite difficult. Yet, the child disappeared.

Years passed away. Lady Vance, broken in health, lay paralyzed. The attendants moved noiselessly about the room, as she lay back among the pillows, seldom speaking to any one. Every day the doctor reported the condition of his patient, which grew more and more unfavorable. The face on the pillow, haggard and wan, very little resembled that of the beautiful Lady Vance of but a few short years ago.

A damp, thick fog enveloped the castle grounds in its slimy embrace. At nightfall its reeking folds gathered themselves from the ground, and a noiseless drizzle came suddenly down. An owl, that perched on the topmost branch of a high tree, screamed loud and long. A bat flew through the open window, dashed against the ceiling of Lady Vance's room, and darted out. At times, she would fall into a doze, and awaken with a start, while perspiration broke in beads on her forehead.

Lord Vance, seated in his study, was startled by hearing his name called harshly. A vagrant woman stood before him, palsied and feeble, crippled and unkempt—one of those rare persons who can hover on the verge of dissolution for years, and still live on.

"Lord Vance, Lord Vance," screeched the old woman, "do you want your child?"

The words froze his heart. His dark face was suddenly overspread with a strange pallor. He stood motionless, and seemed to suspend his breath. His eyes darted quickly about. Seeing he was about to summon help, the old woman raised her hand as if to command silence. Then she tossed him a small bundle of clothes tied in a dirty home-

spun handkerchief, and said with a devilish sneer:

"Do you want back your child, sir?—You think I am crazy, Lord Vance. Well, I have had my revenge. Kill me now if you wish. You have killed my husband and child, so you might as well finish your work by killing me. I was the village blacksmith's wife. You turned him out when ill to die of exposure. My only child met with the same fate, and as I kneeled beside their common grave, I swore vengeance on your head. Half demented, I sneaked about your castle grounds, and finding a fissure in the wall, I crept into the castle, and stole your child. She is lost, dead, I suppose of exposure in the mountains of Mayo."

All this while, Lord Vance had not uttered a single word, so startled and horrified had he been at the strange appearance of the besotted beggar woman and the recital of her gruesome tale. He stood there, his eyes fixed on the bundle the woman had thrown to him. When finally it dawned on him that the woman's story might be true, he rushed to the door, and summoned the servants. At his command they seized the woman, and locked her securely in a room of the castle.

Lord Vance was personally a kind and well-meaning man. But trusting too much in his agents, he had taken no active part in protecting his tenants against their extortions and cruelties. Thus it happened that the blacksmith and his family had been ejected from their home without Lord Vance's knowledge.

* * *

Lord Vance, after taking leave of his invalid wife, started off for Mayo with an escort of soldiers from the nearby barracks. Reaching an inn, they put up for the night. It had rained persistently all day, and now, at night, the wind blew in

furious gusts against the windows.

Lord Vance tramped steadily up and down the floor of his room, from wall to wall and back again. It was not a cheerful room, having but one strip of carpet, a chair or two, a table, a bedstead, and one dim tallow candle, flickering in a vain struggle to give anything better than a sickly light, and even that was afflicted at intervals with violent convulsions. His black despair, like the evil tempter, rose before him. To think that his poor child was lying dead, perhaps, in the mountains, for want of shelter, when his hounds were housed and blanketed. To think of a descendant of the proud Vance family reared by a wretch of a woman, a street beggar. The thought was too much for him. Why not put an end forever to all these troubles, this night, while in a condition of exhaustion, weary of life and its ceaseless struggle? Had he ever done the world any good? No. The future was dark, the present a labyrinth of care and suffering, from which there was but one escape. So he had been arguing with himself all evening, and, in his growing excitement, he paced the floor with quick and nervous tread. Suddenly he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon a little crucifix that hung above the bed. He gazed at it intently for a few minutes; then he sank upon his knees, and striking his breast he said, "Thy ways, O Lord, are not our ways. Have mercy on me, a poor sinner."

Early next morning, the party headed by Lord Vance continued their search. The morning was cold and dreary. In the twilight, dark clouds could be seen careering madly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon, was finally lifted, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery,

as did the whole firmament. The roads appeared washed and gravelly; every ditch ran with yellow water; every rivulet and stream dashed its hoarse murmur in their ears; every blast was cold and violent, sometimes driving them to a standstill, and again when a turn in the road would bring it on their backs, whirling them along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At last, the party turned into a long lane that struggled through trees and shrubs, and was very much overgrown with weeds, and so completely overshadowed as to enjoy but a kind of twilight. Wild vines, brambles and briars caught the clothes of the travelers as they passed. At the end of the lane, they saw a little moss-covered house, the game lodge of Sir Robert Hamilton.

Lord Vance approached, and rapped heavily with the end of his whip on the oaken door. An old lady appeared, dressed in a suit of faded brocade, which rustled with agitation; for, in spite of her bravado, she was somewhat perplexed at the presence of so many unexpected guests. The soldiers were given quarters, and the horses were fed and sheltered.

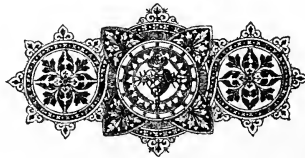
Lord Vance stood by an open fireplace. His face was pale and wan. He possessed beauty, but it was saddened by care and exhaustion. His was a look of one accustomed to trouble, but of one whom trouble could not cast down nor subdue, for there was still the predominating air of proud, unconquerable re-

solution. Powerful, dark, and stern he looked as the light of the fireplace played about his deeply marked face and sinewy form.

The lodge-keeper's wife entered the room where he stood and invited him to partake of some food. But before she had time to finish her invitation, her husband entered, recognized the lord, and enquired what had taken him out in such weather and with an escort of soldiers. Lord Vance explained he was looking for his lost child. Before he had finished speaking, the old lady took him by the arm, and, half dragging half leading him into the adjoining room, pointed to a little couch on which a curly-haired child lay sleeping. He stood looking at the child for a moment. But he had not much time for thought; for the child, awakened by the noise in the room, sprang like a frightened fawn to the housekeeper's arms. As she fled, her black curls were tossed back from her face, and a purple birth mark on her neck was exposed to view. Lord Vance trembled with excitement as he noticed the little mark that proved she was his child.

Opening a window, the lord called loudly to the soldiers below in their quarters that the child was found. In a moment, the little courtyard resounded with loud hurrahs, and soon the quiet road was alive again with the tread of horses' feet as Lord Vance and his party started back to Tyrone with their prize.

(To be continued)





FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Rt. Rev. A. Bahlmann, O.F.M., Bishop of Santarem, Brazil, recently had an audience with the Holy Father. His Holiness manifested a lively interest in the Franciscan missions in Brazil; he praised the Fathers and the Sisters for their dauntless and untiring efforts in behalf of these missions, which are in a most flourishing condition and bid fair to become strongholds of Catholicity. Before leaving, the Rt. Rev. Bishop introduced the Rev. F. Bede Kleinschmidt, O.F.M., to the Holy Father. Fr. Bede is publishing a valuable work on the Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi. The Holy Father encouraged him in the undertaking, and listened intently to the interesting information concerning this sanctuary, which is under his own direct jurisdiction.—

Previous to his entering the Order, the Most Rev. Fr. Venantius, Minister General of the Capuchins, was a distinguished barrister attached to the Court of Appeals in Paris, France. It was here, too, that he pursued his law studies. President Poincaré, the present head of the French Republic, was one of his fellow-students.—

There has been published in Italian the life of the Venerable Sister Mary Magdalene, the foundress of the Order of Poor Clares in the United States. She was of noble extraction and was known in the world as Countess Bentivoglio. She died as abbess of the Poor Clares in Evansville, Indiana. The Rev. Fr. Boniface Bragatini, O.F.M., is translating her life into English.

Florence, Italy.—The Rev. Fr. Guido Afani, O.F.M., director of the national observatory in Florence, recently experimented with a new apparatus, which, he claims, will receive the Hertzian waves in spite of any obstacle. In a number of successful experiments, he showed that nothing is capable of intercepting these waves. At first he placed his apparatus outside of the Cathedral of Florence, and received messages sent from within the cathedral although doors and windows were closed. Afterwards he locked himself in a room, and, with like success, communicated with persons outside.

London, England.—This month, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are sending one hundred and thirty-six Sisters of their congregation to the foreign missions.

Limerick, Ireland.—The present year is the centenary of the final withdrawal of the Franciscans from Askeaton Abbey, Limerick; the event was recently commemorated by a solemn pilgrimage, in which thousands of Tertiaries from Munster took part. A few months ago, the old abbey bell was discovered on opening a grave. The precious relic was given over to the Franciscans. After a lapse of a hundred years, it found its old place again in the belfry of the abbey church, and will henceforth call the faithful to divine service.

Madrid, Spain.—At the last meeting of the Royal Academy, the Rev. Fr. Juan R. de Legisima, O.F.M., the celebrated Franciscan historian of Spain, was unanimously elected

a member of this learned body of men. Fr. Juan, although still young, has shown his ability in many and learned works, among which the *Heroes and Martyrs of Galicia* and *The War of the Independence of Galicia* have received universal attention in Spain, and opened for their author the way to a number of historical and literary societies. Fr. Juan has also always been a fervent advocate of the Third Order, and the success of the recent National Tertiary Congress of Spain was in no small degree due to the zeal and untiring efforts of this worthy son of St. Francis.

China.—The French and Belgian governments have decorated the Rev. Fr. Natal Gubbels, O.F.M., missionary in Hupeh, for the noble and timely sacrifices he brought in behalf of the wounded and dying during the recent siege of the city of Han-Kow. A similar token of appreciation had been conferred upon the heroic friar by the Chinese Republic.—

The authorities of the Chinese Republic appreciate what the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are doing for the sick and afflicted of the country. They gave public evidence of this lately by permitting the nuns to visit the prisons as often and whenever they pleased, and to care for the spiritual and bodily welfare of the inmates.—

“The state of affairs in the new Republic of China is still unsettled,” writes the Rt. Rev. Bishop Landi, O.F.M., of the Apostolic Vicariate of Western Hupeh. “The revolutionists are unrelenting in their plottings against the present government. In all the provinces, a number of them have been taken captive and immediately beheaded; but the danger of a general uprising is not yet over. The notorious Telang, known as the “White Wolf”, after evacuating Laohokow, devastated a great part of the provin-

ces of Shansi and Kansu. Some days ago, there was great excitement in our town. “White Wolf” with about 5,000 brigands returned from Shansi, and camped only a three days’ journey from Laohokow. But a military force from Siong-yang came to our rescue; there are about 1,600 soldiers here now, so that we have nothing to fear.

“Twice so far the heathens in our midst have held solemn festivities in memory of the soldiers who fell in the recent defence of our city. On April 10, they captured nine of “White Wolf’s” followers. They beheaded them on the spot, and offered the heads in sacrifice at the graves of their fallen soldiers. To make the sacrifice complete, they butchered six hogs, and after offering them up to their gods, feasted on them. At the same time, they disemboweled the corpses of the beheaded robbers, tore out the heart and the liver, and devoured them. In this way, they satisfy their hatred against them and at the same time, as they believe, acquire great bravery. These barbarous festivities were again enacted on May 26.”—

Tsinanfou, the episcopal city of the Rt. Rev. Giesen, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Northern Shantung, has at present 500,000 inhabitants. It is called the Lyons of China, as it is the center of the silk industries.—

Uganda, Africa.—The Franciscan Sisters, in charge of the African missions in Uganda, are soliciting alms for the hospital, which they intend to erect in the mission. Their mother house is St. Mary’s Abbey, Mill Hill, England.—

The Rev. Fr. Paschal, O.M.Cap., has been named prefect apostolic of the newly created prefecture of Djibouti, Somaliland, Eastern Africa.

Kovington, Ky.—The new St. Elizabeth’s Hospital in charge of the

Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis was recently opened to the public. Fifteen thousand people showed their appreciation of the Sisters' good work by visiting the beautiful structure on the day of its opening. The hospital can provide for 270 adults and 60 children. The four-story building covers a city block and costs \$500,000. Twenty-five doctors are on the hospital staff.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Rev. Fr. Juniper, O.F.M., who departs this month for the Chinese missions, was recently made the recipient of a valuable gift. The Hunan Club of the city presented him with a victrola and records, which he is to take with him to the distant mission field of China, as a token of their love and esteem for him. The instrument will surely be a source of great joy to the missionary and his poor charges, and a continual reminder of the loyalty and devotedness of their many Catholic friends in the Golden West.

Monterey, Cal.—Based upon 21 years of research work preparatory to writing a true history of the California Missions, Father R. M. Mestres has produced "Fray Junipero," a beautiful play dealing with the early lives of the Spanish pioneers in this State.

The play will be presented by parishioners of San Carlos Church of Monterey, of which Father Mestres is the rector, on the evenings of August 27, 28, and 29, and it will be followed by a religious pilgrimage from the landing place of Serra here to Carmel Mission on the next day.

All of the kindness, the love and compassion displayed by the Franciscan monk toward the neophytes is brought out in the lines of Father Mestres' play and the historical occurrences of the time are utilized as a basis for the work.

Monterey is an ideal place for the presentation of this production.

The two missions around which so much of the early history of California is woven or located on the peninsula, and the touch of realism so often lacking in most amateur plays will be emphasized in Father Mestres' arrangement.

Letters are to be sent all the Catholic parishes in the State of California and a large attendance is expected. Last year the play was given three presentations and the people begged for a fourth. The success of the undertaking is already assured and the cast is hard at work.

The title role will be taken by John P. Harkins. Mr. Harkins has played important parts in many of Monterey's pageant dramas and is eminently fitted for the role assigned to him. The character of Lieutenant General Pedro Fages will be portrayed by John P. Dougherty and that of Don Gaspar de Portola by Charles A. Kiernan.—*The Monitor.*

Callicoon, N. Y.—The Franciscan Fathers of the Holy Name Province recently held an intermediate chapter at St. Joseph's College in Callicoon, New York.

Paterson, N. J.—On July 28, very impressive ceremonies took place in the church of St. Bonaventure, Paterson, New Jersey. Fourteen postulants were received into the Order of Friars Minor, while nine novices pronounced their religious vows. The Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Anselm, O.F.M., performed the ceremonies.—

The Rev. Fr. Benedict, O.F.M., professor of Moral Theology at St. Bonaventure's Monastery, will be the principal speaker at the convention of the State Federation of the German Catholic Societies which will be held in the city on September 6 and 7.

Quebec, Canada.—A student of theology in Quebec, Canada, writes: "Holy religion and piety are in a

flourishing condition here. The large attendance at holy Mass, be it ever so early in the morning, the frequent holy Commnions are very edifying. During the day you may very often witness people, not only civilians but also city and State officials, who visit the Blessed Sacrament and go the Way of the Cross. The number of zealous Tertiaries is great. Here in Quebec, there are two large branches of Tertiaries: one at our Franciscan church, the other has a spacious church of its own. In Montreal, too, there is a large number of French, English, and Irish Tertiaries. Their large church is not able to contain them, and they are forced to hold their meetings in two divisions. It is said that there is hardly a parish without Tertiaries."

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The feast of Porziuncola was celebrated with great solemnity. Besides the five Fathers stationed at St. Peter's, three others assisted in the confessionals. At 9 o'clock, solemn High Mass was sung by Father Superior, the Rev. Fr. Henry, O.F.M.; he was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Leopold, O.F.M., as deacon and the Rev. Fr. Didymus, O.F.M., as subdeacon. The former also preached, both in English and in German. Great crowds visited the church during the entire day. At 7:30 p. m., the litany of the holy name was sung and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament given. Some of the solicitors of the *Franciscan Herald* were very active; they obtained fifty-eight subscriptions on the feast of Porziuncola.

Cleveland, O.—During the month of September, a retreat will be given to the German-speaking members of the Third Order. The Rev. Fr. Christopher of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Illinois, will conduct the retreat. It will last one week, beginning Monday

evening, September 14, at 8 p. m. On the following Sunday, September 20, all Tertiaries will receive Holy Communion. The solemn close of the retreat will be at 3 p. m. of the same day, when a mass meeting of the combined German and English fraternities will be held. According to indications, the retreat will be very well attended. Not only Tertiaries but also others are cordially invited.

Nashville, Tenn.—The Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart arrived here on July 29, to take charge of the Assumption Parish, one of the largest in the diocese. The Rev. Fr. Joseph D. Erkens, O.F.M., has been appointed pastor; the Rev. Fr. Charles O.F.M. is his assistant and at the same time chaplain of St. Cecilia Academy. On their arrival, the Fathers received a very hearty welcome from a number of the parishioners, who came in automobiles to conduct them to their new home.

Memphis, Tenn.—The last regular meeting of the Third Order was well attended. A very eloquent instruction was given by the Rev. Fr. Basil, O.F.M., the newly appointed director. The Tertiaries listened with marked attention and appreciation. Expressions of sincere regret were heard on all sides on account of the removal of the Rev. Fr. Peter, O.F.M., to Joliet, Illinois, where he succeeded the Rev. Fr. Edward, O.F.M., as chaplain of the State Penitentiary. Father Peter had won a warm place in the hearts of the Tertiaries of Memphis, having proved himself a zealous director and sincere friend to all.

Quincy, Ill.—The officers of the Third Order have collected over one hundred dollars for the Tertiary library, which, considering the hard times, is a very appreciable sum. Arrangements are under way to make a pilgrimage to the chapel of

Our Lady of Sorrows in St. Antony's Parish, six miles west of Quincy.

Burt Lake, Mich.—On June 26, Sophia Shawananaquot, an Indian woman, died at the Indian village of Burt Lake. She had reached the advanced age of 104 years. She was a very pious and God-fearing woman, and frequently received the holy sacraments. The last years of her life she was completely blind.

Mount Airy, O.—Last month, the annual chapter of the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of St. John Baptist was held in the friary at Mount Airy, Ohio. At this chapter, the Rev. John Forest McGee, O.F.M., was appointed editor of *St. Antony's Messenger* and of *St. Francisus Bote*, two monthlies published by the Fathers of the province. The *Franciscan Herald* wishes the new editor success.

Spokane, Wash.—The Poor Clares have founded a convent of their Order in Spokane, Washington. The Ven. Mother Leopold and Sister Rose arrived last month. They have rented a house where they will reside until the convent, now in the course of construction, is finished.

THANKSGIVINGS

A reader in Cleveland, Ohio, wishes publicly to express her thanks to St. Antony for a number of favors he has obtained for her. She writes: "Several years ago, I made the novena in honor of St. Antony that my daughter who had left home on account of differences in the family and had been gone almost four years, might return. She returned this year, and made the novena with me.—My husband who had not been to Mass nor to the sacraments for a year made his Easter duty and also a mission which was going on in our parish church at that time. This was the

first mission he had attended in over twenty-five years.—Also, property which we had been anxious to sell, and which had caused us a great many difficulties, we sold at a good price a short time ago. For these and many other favors which were granted me through the pious intercession of St. Antony, I am sincerely thankful, and ask you kindly to publish them in your columns."

Another reader in the same city writes: "I have received from St. Antony many favors, which I should like you to publish in order to increase the devotion to this great Saint. Among the favors received are the following: Through his intercession I obtained a good position, which I have held through many difficulties.—Also, a sister who we thought was threatened with tuberculosis was preserved from the dread malady by his intercession."

OBITUARY

Jordan, Minn., Franciscan Convent:
Rel. Brother Alphonse Mueller,
O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English branch of Third Order:

Mary A. Stack, Sister Mary Joseph,

James Riordan, Brother Antony,
Nellie Kane, Sister Bridget,
Hannah Steward, a novice.

German Branch of Third Order:
George Blatter, Brother Louis:
St. Augustine's Church:

William Haase, Brother Peter
Baptist.

Anna Mattes, Sister Agnes,
Antony Lux, Brother Peter Baptist.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:
Elisabeth Clay, Sister Elisabeth,
Mary Diekers, Sister Frances,
Elizabeth Hinters, Sister Clare.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:
Mary Mahony, Sister Agnes.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

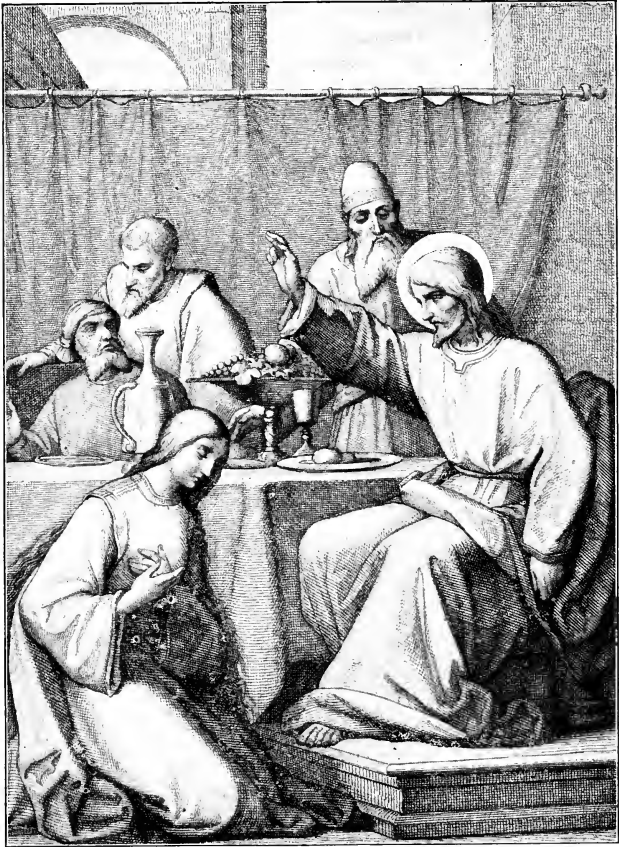
DEDICATED TO THE
HOLY ANGELS.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	T.	Bl. Isabella, 2d Ord., V. (P. I.)—St. Giles, Abbot.
2	W.	St. Stephen, C., King of Hungary.
3	Th.	Bl. John and Peter, 1st Ord., MM.
4	F.	St. Rose of Viterbo, 2d Ord., V. (P. I.)—St. Rosalie.
5	S.	Bl. Gentil, 1st Ord., M.
6	S.	14th Sunday after Pentecost —SS. Cyril and Methodius, CC. Gospel: The Mammon of Iniquity. Matt. VI, 24-33.
7	M.	St. Lawrence, Bp. C.
8	T.	Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (P. I., G. A.)
9	W.	Bl. Seraphina, 2d Ord., W.
10	Th.	St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.
11	F.	Bl. Bonaventure, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
12	S.	Feast of the Holy Name of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
13	S.	15th Sunday after Pentecost —Bl. Apollinaris and Comp., 1st and 3d Ord., MM. Gospel: The Widow of Naim. Luke VII, 11-16.
14	M.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15	T.	Octave of the Feast of the Nativity.
16	W.	(Ember Day) SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM.
17	Th.	Feast of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis. (G. A., P. I.)
18	F.	(Ember Day) St. Joseph of Cupertino, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
19	S.	(Ember Day) St. January and Comp., MM.
20	S.	16th Sunday after Pentecost —Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin. (P. I.)—St. Eustace and Comp., MM. Gospel: Jesus Heals the Dropsical Man. Luke XIV, 1-11.
21	M.	St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.
22	T.	St. Maurice and Comp. MM.—St. Thomas, Bp. C.
23	W.	Finding of the Body of St. Clare.—St. Thecla, V. M.
24	Th.	St. Pacificus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
25	F.	Our Lady of Mercy.
26	S.	Bl. Lucy, 3d Ord., V.
27	S.	17th Sunday after Pentecost —St. Elzear, 3d Ord., C. (P. I.) Gospel: First and Greatest Commandment. Matt. XXII, 35-46.
28	M.	Bl. Bernardine of Feltre, 1st Ord., C.
29	T.	St. Michael, Archangel. (P. I.)
30	W.	St. Jerome, C. D.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.





"FORGIVENESS OF SINS"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1914.

NO 10.

AT MERCY'S THRONE

TOO long a slave of Satan's thrall,
She flees to Mercy's throne,
Repentant heeds the Master's call
His love once more to own.

One kindly word to lay her fears—
O Lord, wilt Thou refuse?—
She sighs, and lo! a flood of tears
Her Savior's feet bedews.

She dries them with her hair, and heals
With ointment sweet their pain,
While peace into her bosom steals,
Her tears were not in vain.

"Much is forgiven her, whose soul
Love's choicest blossom bore, —
Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole,
Arise, and sin no more!"

The chains are rent, with joyous bound,
Her heart to freedom leaps;
At Jesus' feet where peace she found,
The watch of love she keeps.

F. B., O.F.M.



ST. JOHN CAPISTRAN

OF THE FIRST ORDER

OCTOBER 23

ST. John Capistran was one of the great saints raised up by God in the fifteenth century to combat irreligion and immorality prevailing in various countries of Europe. Born at Capistrano, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1385, he received an excellent elementary education, at the completion of which he was sent to the University of Perugia. There he studied civil and canon law with such success, that even his professors did not think it beneath their dignity to ask his advice in difficult questions.

After leaving the university, John was promoted to various civil and military posts until, in 1412, he was made governor of Perugia by the king of Naples. By his vigorous and just administration, he secured peace and prosperity to the people, who had suffered much from the effects of war and the depredations of brigands, and gained for himself the favor and confidence of the king in the highest degree. But at a time when favors and honors were heaped upon him, and the prospects of a brilliant future were brightest, God, who had destined him for higher things, called him to his service by a misfortune which put a stop to his prosperity, and clearly showed him the fickleness and emptiness of the things of this world.

In 1416, a quarrel broke out between the city of Perugia and the

family of Malatesta. John was sent to arrange terms of peace, but was treacherously seized, loaded with chains, and cast into a dungeon. Abandoned by all, even by the king, he began to reflect seriously on the vanity of the world. A severe struggle arose in his soul, and he hesitated to come to a definite resolve. Heaven came to his assistance. St. Francis appeared to him in a dream and bade him enter the Franciscan Order. John, whose heart still clung to the honors and riches of the world, found this command hard, but overcoming himself he answered courageously, "I have never thought of embracing such a life, but since God wills it, I will obey." Having obtained his liberty at the price of a large ransom, he distributed his possessions among the poor, and went to the convent of the Franciscans near Perugia, and begged for admission into the Order.

After giving proof of the sincerity of his conversion by an act of great humility and contempt of the world, he received the habit on October 4, 1416. From the very day of his entrance into the Order, John strove to die to himself and to the world. He was most exact in the performance of even the smallest duties of religious life, and gave himself up with the greatest zeal to prayer and to the practice of mortification. His humility and

obedience were put to the severest tests by his pious and prudent superior, but nothing could shake his resolve to become a true son of St. Francis. He drew his courage and strength from prayer, especially the constant meditation on the Passion of Christ and a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Saint made his profession in 1417, and then he began the study of theology. His progress in the sacred sciences was so rapid that it was ascribed to divine intervention; St. Bernardine of Siena, his teacher, declared, "John learns while sleeping what others could only do by working day and night."

On account of his great learning and holy life, John, after his ordination to the priesthood in 1420, was commissioned to preach, but his apostolic career did not begin until 1425. It would be impossible to describe fully the wonderful fruits of his labors. He was the greatest missionary of his day, and the influence which he exercised on men of every class, the impression which his very appearance wrought on his hearers, and the transformation brought about in the lives of men by his preaching were marvelous. He first preached against the immorality and irreligion prevailing in Italy. "The word of God," says one of his companions, "was living and mighty in him; he proclaimed the kingdom of God to all, the Lord working with him and confirming his words with signs that followed. Cities and towns were put into commotion on his arrival; the people came together in crowds to hear him preach. Often there were twenty thousand, thirty thousand, sometimes over one hundred thousand persons present at his sermons." His burning words and his holy life wrought wonderful conver-



St. John Capistran

sions; the most hardened sinners gave up their evil practices, and many heretics returned to the allegiance of the Church.

The last five years of the Saint's life were devoted to missionary labors in Germany, Bohemia, Moravia, Transylvania, and Poland. Everywhere he was received as a messenger from Heaven; the people flocked from all sides to hear his words, and to bring to him the sick that he might cure them. "The progress of the Saint through Germany," his companion tells us, "was marked by miracles, numerous cures, and the raising of several dead persons to life. He brought

back to God countless sinners, Jews, schismatics, and heretics, known as Hussites. Public morals were everywhere reformed." The Saint, who together with St. Bernardine and others labored much for the regeneration of the Order of Friars Minor, founded convents of the Order wherever he went, and himself clothed with the Franciscan habit hundreds of young men whom his preaching and example had drawn from the world.

While John was thus engaged in missionary labors, a danger arose that threatened entire Christian Europe. Mohammed II had, in 1453, taken Constantinople, and now advanced against Hungary and Austria with the intention of subjecting these countries and the rest of Europe to Mohammedanism. He was already marching upon Belgrade. In this great danger, Pope Calixtus III called upon our Saint to preach a crusade against the Turks. Though he was now seventy years of age, and emaciated by labors and penance, John passed through Germany and Hungary and strove to infuse into the hearts of the princes and people the enthusiasm for the honor of God and the welfare of the Church which filled his heart. Few of the princes heeded his appeals, and the army which he succeeded in bringing together seemed entirely unfit to be led against the mighty forces of the infidel. But nothing could daunt the courage of our Saint. He hurriedly led the bands which he had collected to Belgrade to reinforce the army of Hunyady, who had been named commander of the Christian forces. An army of several hundred thousand Turks lay encamped before the city, and Hunyady despaired of being able to cope with so numerous and so well-disciplined a force. But John Capistran, full of confidence in the name of Jesus which

he had given the crusaders as a war cry, and carrying aloft the banner of the Holy Name, urged the soldiers on in their attack on the enemy, and thus was gained the great victory which saved Hungary and the rest of Christian Europe from the yoke of Mohammedanism.

This glorious victory, gained on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen in 1456, was to be the crowning point in the labors of the Saint. A short time after, he fell sick and died in the Franciscan convent at Illok, in Hungary, on October 23. Glorified by many miracles, he was canonized by Pope Alexander VIII; the Bull of canonization was published by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1724.

REFLECTION

St. John Capistran followed the call of God to leave the world though it was most repugnant to his natural inclinations. He opened his heart to the grace of God, overcame pride and self-will, and thus not only made daily progress in virtue and holiness, but also became the instrument for the salvation of others. We also must open our hearts to the grace of God, and resolutely bring the sacrifices which he demands of us,—resolutely turn away from everything that is a hindrance in his service, or even endangers our eternal salvation. The half-hearted Christian, who hesitates between the service of God and that of the world, who murmurs at the sacrifices which a truly Christian life demands of him, deprives himself of many graces and consolations, easily grows cold and indifferent in the performance of his duties, and exposes himself to the danger of falling a victim to his vile passions and evil inclinations.—Fr. Silas, O.F.M.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cup.)

PERSECUTION OF THE THIRD ORDER

21. THE CAUSE (CONTINUED)

“He is grievous unto us, even to behold: for his life is not like other men’s; and his ways are very different.” (Wisd. II, 15.)

As we have seen in the preceding chapter, the spirit of the Third Order itself was an occasion for the persecution of the Tertiaries; for, to them may be applied the words of Holy Scripture: “their ways are very different.” This difference was brought out more strongly by two precepts of the Rule. In order to understand this, we shall have to consider carefully the political conditions of that time.

The Christian world was divided into two camps: the one aggressive the other on the defensive. They were known as the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The latter had for their emblem a white rose or a red lily and supported the cause of the Emperor. The Guelphs had as emblem an eagle, tearing to pieces a blue dragon with a red lily on its head. They fought for the cause of the Pope. The least provocation sufficed to bring these two parties into bloody conflict. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that everybody carried weapons.

And now the gentle Saint of Assisi appears on the scene, and effects a wonderful change in existing conditions. He sets about to combat the great evil of his time, civil war. What means does he use? In the third chapter of his

Rule, he says: “Into what-so-ever house they may enter let them first say: Peace to be this house”; and: “The Lord give thee peace.” This is to be a constant admonition to preserve peace. To his followers in the world, the brothers of the Order of Penance, he also gave a command, the fulfillment of which would help to abolish civil strife and eventually effect a lasting peace. This command, although it frequently caused the Tertiaries to be molested and persecuted, was of the greatest importance for those turbulent times. And what was this command? “They shall not carry weapons, except for the defence of the Church, of the Catholic faith, of their country, or with the permission of their superiors.” To carry weapons in order to attack others, to be revenged, or to despoil others of their property, was strictly forbidden to the Tertiaries; they were, however, not forbidden to take part in a just war. Thus we see St. Louis, a prominent member of the Third Order, carrying on war, and Tertiaries were often among the best and bravest soldiers.

But in the aforesaid command, there is a clause of particular importance. Tertiaries may bear arms “for the defence of the Church.” This, naturally, brought the members of the Third Order into the party of the Pope, thus add-

ing to its power and influence. We can now understand the words of Peter de Vigneis writing at that time to his master Frederick II: "The Friars Minor have risen up against us in great anger."

The sons of St. Francis preached penance, and inculcated reverence for the Roman Court. The Tertiaries put their teaching into practice, and were always ready to defend the rights of the Church. This, of course, brought upon them the hatred of the world,—a hatred that was increased by another wise regulation of St. Francis. He forbade his followers to take an oath except when the preservation of peace, their faith, contracts, or the honor and good name of their neighbor required it. Accordingly, Tertiaries were not allowed to take the so-called "oath of obedience." This was an oath demanded by rulers and officials of their subjects, by which the latter obliged themselves to take up arms at any time and for whatever purpose they were asked to do so.

If, in our day, a Tertiary enters the army and takes the oath to defend the flag of his country, he is far from committing a wrong. But his oath is something altogether different from the "oath of obedience" demanded at the time of St. Francis. It served quite another purpose. For that reason, Terti-

aries refused to take it, and, consequently, lost favor with the mighty of the world. If, for instance, a Ghibelline official demanded of his subjects the "oath of obedience," those who belonged to the Third Order would refuse to take it on the plea that they could not take up arms, except in defence of their holy faith and of the Roman Church. This, of course, was a severe blow to the official, especially as the recusants thereby also declared their adherence to the party of the Pope. We can imagine how, to use the words of Holy Writ, the mighty of the earth came together and spoke: "He is grievous unto us, even to behold: for his life is not like other men's, and his ways are very different." The sight of him is troublesome, for his conduct reminds us of the vanity of all earthly things. His life contrasts so strongly with ours, and brings to view our sins. His ways are different from our ways, for he follows the path of penance and virtue. For that reason, we will molest and persecute him.

Dear Tertiaries, if you are persecuted in anyway, remember that even the first members of the Third Order suffered persecution. Remember the words of our Savior: "The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." (John XV, 20).



THE THIRD ORDER AND SOCIAL REFORM

By Fr. F. H., O.F.M.

III. THE APOSTOLATE OF THE THIRD ORDER

GREAT are the needs of present-day society, but equally great is the confidence placed by the late Tertiary Popes in the Third Order for alleviating these needs. And happy we are to say that the Third Order is able to meet these expectations. It possesses powers, which if they are not left fallow, can do much towards solving the social question. Fr. Heribert Holzapfel, O.F.M. in his *History of the Franciscan Order* writes: "Imagine a hundred resolute men or a hundred generous women in a parish, who of their own accord have pledged themselves to receive the sacraments monthly, to live in peace with all, to banish all dangerous reading from their homes, to shun luxury, to keep aloof from questionable dances and plays, to contribute, each according to his means, towards charity, and to influence their neighbors to do the same—surely such a band of noble Christians must be a great help to the pastor,

his trusted auxiliaries, on whom he can rely. The catholicity of the Third Order, its spread over the whole world adds to this power and influence. Thus, the Third Order may be made a bulwark against the anti-religious tendencies of the times, and it can prove beyond doubt that religion is a potent factor in social life, if only the directors are conscious of their whole duty, and do not consider the Third Order a mere confraternity of pious souls." St. Francis never intended it for that. He rather wished to unite determined Catholics who, in their private and their public life, aim to be typical children of the Church in whose coming and going we may see the practical realization of the teachings and commands of the Church, who aim to be apostles and, with the zeal, self-sacrifice and perseverance of the Apostles of old, to work, as far as lies in their power, for the religious, moral, and social uplift of mankind.

1. INFLUENCE OF THE THIRD ORDER ON RELIGIOUS LIFE

The Third Order is primarily, though not exclusively, a religious Order. The cultivation of religion and of the spiritual life is its main purpose. "The tendency of religious people at present", says Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., "is to develop social ideals at the expense of a knowledge of God and the spiritual life. 'To serve one's neighbor is to serve God.' Now that is a danger the Catholic cannot too carefully guard against. Hence the man who would fulfill his vocation as a Catholic and an apostle of Christ amongst his fellow men must be one who gives some part of his day to sincere and devout prayer, who is

alive to the tremendous mysteries of the altar, who values the Sacraments of the Church, and who is accustomed to look out on the events of life with an eye of faith and with trust in the providence of God." For this reason, did St. Francis make religion the foundation and pledge of his Order, and for this reason, does the Third Order insist that its members be good practical Catholics and as such spread a love for religion and for the Church among their neighbors.

The Tertiaries are admonished, therefore, both by the example of their Founder, and by their holy Rule to be faithful, obedient chil-

dren of the Church, to love and venerate the priests, above all the pastors, to be ready to defend them and to take their part at any time. St. Francis's respect for the sacred priesthood is well known, and this same respect he demands of his followers. "They are pastors," he was wont to say, "and they have been divinely appointed to bring into existence and to administer the sacraments. This double power entitles them to our homage. For my part, if I met at the same time an angel from heaven and a poor priest, it would be the priest whose hands I would first kiss" (Le Monnier). By showing respect and confidence in their pastors, the Tertiaries perform a twofold mission, they silently remind the priest of the holiness and zeal demanded of him, and they exalt and strengthen his position among the people. We can readily understand, how beneficial such conduct must be to a parish.

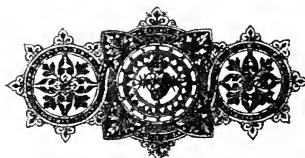
⊥ The spiritual nourishment of a parish, the one necessary means to preserve a parish from the enervating spirit of indifference, is the reception of the sacraments. Here it is the Tertiary again that takes the lead, and by his good example, induces others to receive the sacraments frequently, thereby strengthening the members of the parish in their faith and preserving them from the debasing spirit of the times.

The parish church is the spiritual

home of the people; its condition is in a way a criterion of the condition of the parish. Is the church well-kept, in a condition befitting the dwelling-place of God, then all will judge the parish to be in a good condition. By their holy Rule, the Tertiaries are commanded to care for the maintenance and embellishment of the house of God. "They will contribute—each according to his means—to a common fund, from which provision may be made for the dignity of divine worship." By assisting daily at holy Mass and regularly at the other devotions, they are to give a good example. All this must undoubtedly have a deep and lasting effect on the spiritual life of a parish, and we can easily understand why so many priests introduce the Third Order into their parishes, and why such social reformers as the late Popes Leo XIII and Pius X should plead for the spread of the Third Order.

Their greatest influence on the religious life in a parish, the Tertiaries exert by the apostolate of prayer. The daily prayer of the Order is indeed a prayer of propitiation and petition. It appeases the just wrath of God; it calls down the grace of God upon the members of the Church in their various needs; it obtains the help and blessing of God for the pastors and their flocks. Happy, therefore, the parish that can boast of a branch of the Third Order.

(To be continued)



RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

10. Politics and Piety.

While carrying on the visitation, Fr. Masia conducted a retreat for the clergy, over fifty priests being present, whose later labors were singularly blessed. Following the retreat, I made my solemn vows in the hands of Fr. Commissary, and then began my immediate preparations for Holy Orders.

When Garcia Moreno heard that on the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, we were to celebrate our first holy Mass, he came in person, and begged Fr. Commissary for the honor of being sponsor for us. For his sake, Fr. Commissary dispensed with the statues that newly-ordained priests should have no sponsors. At first, it was understood that we were to say our first holy Mass together; but that the President would be enabled to assist at all three holy Masses, Fr. Guardian arranged that they should be said on successive days. I sang High Mass on the feast of St. Mark, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. One can scarcely find words to say with what devotion the President assisted at the holy Masses. Personally I was so abashed to see the President kneeling before me as my Mass-server that I scarcely knew where I was or what I was about. When holy Mass was over, he kissed my hands and remained kneeling for several minutes, shedding tears of devotion.

During the three days of the celebration, he remained at the convent with us so as to be able to assist more readily at the High Mass. All the expenses incurred for the church and the table, he himself insisted on paying, and in those three days, we had such a plenty as was

perhaps never before witnessed in that ancient cloister. He had some very costly vestments made at his own expense, and made us a present of them as a lasting remembrance. Also, he gave each a watch. I treasure mine to this day almost as I would a relic.

How elevating it was for us to be seated with two saintly men, Moreno and Masia, and to be at table with them. Of course, we had no idea that the former would in two years be obliged to lay down his life for his faith. Yet, even at that time, his virtues were beyond human praise.

11. Politics and Principles.

Here I wish to record a few facts which show more than anything else the character of Moreno's faith and courage. One day, I was at the palace with his confessor, and we recalled, with great satisfaction, that of all nations the Republic of Ecuador alone had discountenanced the robbery of the Papal States, and solemnly protested against it. He replied eagerly, "Now I can die contented, for we have done our duty as true Catholics, and have done our part to comfort the Holy Father in his many tribulations." Fr. Antonani rejoined, "It is indeed a credit to you; but I fear the Italian government is little pleased with this public demonstration. It is not at all impossible that a hostile fleet will be sent to avenge it." "I do not fear them," returned the President, decidedly. "With my 10,000 soldiers I would then go down to Guayaquil and wait for them, block the entrance to the harbor with every available ship, and devote their fleet to ruin." Then

he added, "I hope to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, that they will reward us for what we have done!"

In matters political, he was altogether independent, and would not allow anybody to meddle with his affairs. If there was a question of right and justice, especially a theological question, he would sometimes ask for advice. "I am no theologian", he would say, "and it is not my province to determine these matters;" and then he would most conscientiously act upon the judicious counsel of his spiritual adviser. Once he had a heated encounter with his wife, whom, for all that, he loved tenderly. She had come to plead for the life of a condemned man. "Go to the kitchen", exclaimed the President in high anger, "and bother about your own affairs, and keep away from things that do not concern you."

On another occasion, something happened that will give the best estimate of his presence of mind and power of will, while it reveals in him a fatherly charity. I was implicated in the matter and I can speak as an eye-witness.

12. A Heart and a Will.

A certain Italian, a very able musician, had come to Quito. Everybody took him for an honest, upright man. He gave every evidence of friendship for the Franciscans, and often came with his band to enhance our church festivities, never taking any money for his trouble. But strangely enough, he never received the sacraments. The fathers often urged him to go to confession; but he gave them fair words, and that was all. Now, one day he fell very ill. His friends again pressed him to receive, but in vain. He would feed them with hopes, and do nothing to the purpose. Finally, he declared to one of his friends that he could not

take his advice as he was a Freemason!

Moreno also heard of the matter and came to the deathbed of the sick man, pleading heartily with him to reconcile himself with God. He told him to have no fear of the threats and intrigues of the Masons, for he was the President and was not afraid to rout their schemes. At length, the sick man agreed to do everything, if only he knew how. "Just tell me to whom you would like to confess", said the President, "and I will bring him to you." "In that case," said the sick man, "I should like to see the guardian of St. Didacus. I will make my confession to him". Without a moment's hesitation, the President set out afoot for our convent and called Fr. Guardian. As it is a rule of our brethren to have a companion when going abroad, Fr. Guardian summoned me to accompany him.

On the way to the place, Fr. Guardian remarked to the President, "I understand that the sick man is a Freemason, and I fear there will be a trap set for us when we enter the room." "Never fear," said the President. "I am with you, and if you come to your death, I will die with you." The father suggested it might be better to put a guard of soldiers on the premises before we entered the house. But the President would not hear of it, saying, "Confession is a delicate matter, and I have promised the sick man to keep everything secret." At the time I knew little or nothing of Masonic intrigue, but although I was thoroughly alarmed, I could do nothing but follow in silence.

Arriving at the house, we found the door locked. Moreno gave orders to open it instantly. Thereupon, we passed through a long, dark corridor, at the end of which we again came to a door that was

locked. We called, pulled the doorbell,—all to no purpose. The President grew impatient. "We will use force", said he, "and break down the door." So we bent our weight against the door. However, as soon as this was noticed within, the door was opened.

13. The Courage of Righteousness.

The President had not taken two steps forward, when a masked man, revolver in hand, sprang at him from the dark recess of the room, clutched the President's arm and said, "One more step, and you're a dead man!" With marvelous dexterity the President seized the assassin's gun arm, causing his seven-shooter to discharge into the air. Then he took hold of the fellow, and with a giant's strength flung him three paces away to the floor. You may imagine what a spell of terror I was in. But the President, just as if nothing had happened, invited us to follow him to the sick-man, after which all went well.

We entered the room together, finding the patient very much agitated at the scuffling and the shots, which he had heard. But when the President and Fr. Guardian spoke to him of confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin, he declared his only wish was to make a good confession and to die at peace with God. The President and I withdrew, and prayed for him as we waited outside the door. Here the President's aid, who had heard of the attack on his life, came rushing in to help in the defence.

After the sick man's confession, Fr. Guardian called us to act as witnesses of his abjuration. He was a thirty-third degree Mason, and had come to Ecuador to found new lodges, but was forestalled in this by Moreno's watchfulness. After the abjuration which was published on the death of the patient, Moreno turned over to Fr.

Guardian the sick man's Masonic insignia together with certain secret writings. The patient could not find words enough to thank the President for his devoted love and care.

Moreno now had soldiers to guard the house and Sisters to nurse the sick man. Two days later, the patient died, kissing the crucifix he had constantly embraced with deep fervor since his confession. His funeral was very solemn, the President defraying the expenses. Plainly, God had wished to reward the generosity of the deceased; for he had given liberal alms and, as said above, he was a generous friend to the Franciscans.

A few days after, Fr. Guardian asked Moreno, why he had insisted on exposing his life which was so necessary to the country to such danger. He answered that he had considered it advisable to conceal the sick man's confession at any hazard; and besides, he had promised the man not to broach his conversion until after his death.

Another time he was warned to be more careful of his safety, as the Freemasons intended to do away with him. "I know that sooner or later I shall die at the hands of the Masons. But, I am not alarmed at that; to die at their hands is to die for God."

14. Days of Horror

After my ordination to the holy priesthood,—to be exact, on the feast of the Assumption, 1874,—there was a great earthquake in and about Quito, in which more than three hundred people perished. The town of Ibarra was entirely destroyed, 20,000 persons perishing with it. It is about 200 kilometers (about 125 miles) from Quito to Ibarra, and it was there I did my first pastoral work. On receiving the news of the catastrophe, Moreno had applied for several fathers to

hurry to the scene, and, as far as possible to save both body and soul of the unfortunates who were buried in the ruins. We hurried thither immediately, five fathers including Fr. Masia himself. A troop of soldiers went with us.

It was night when we arrived at Ibarra, and straightway we set to work. Of the survivors of the disaster, no one seemed to care for the victims, not even for their own parents. They groveled in the ruins for buried treasures, and if they came upon a luckless victim in their search, they left him to his fate.

The missionaries, clothed in the stole and bearing the holy oils, were everywhere on the scene. The misery we beheld on that terrible day! The soldiers set to work to bury the dead. I myself gave the last sacraments to fifty-three dying persons. It was a wonder that

many of them had a vestige of life left in them. At length, seeing the great number of corpses lying about, we, too, had to help to bury them, for the odor of decay was tainting the air. In places, it seemed as if the earth had overwhelmed the houses, or as if the houses had dropped into fresh-born chasms. A lake began to form on the site of the town; so the new city of Ibarra was reared in the vicinity, where, however, it is constantly visited by earthquakes, an account of its nearness to the volcanoes, Cayamba and Cotopaxi.

After three days of strenuous exertion, during which we had scarcely been able to sleep or eat, we returned home to Quito. There was enough to tell of all the sad sights we had seen. We had no idea of how many we had rescued; there were surely more than three hundred.

(To be continued)

SAVED BY THE ANGELUS

The following beautiful instance of a providential escape from death occurred some years ago in Austria. Two brothers, aged nine and four years respectively, were playing, towards midday, at a brook close to a mill. The smaller brother happened to fall into the water. Immediately, the older boy, well aware of the danger, jumped into the stream, which though at that place shallow enough, flowed rapidly towards the mill only twenty paces off. The little fellow was in the greatest danger of being carried away by the current, and if not saved there and then, would certainly be torn to pieces by the great mill. The larger boy aided by the swift current, was lucky enough to get hold of his brother, but, as it seemed, only to die with him. Clinging desperately to each other, they were carried with increasing rapidity to the big revolving wheel, and no one seemed to hear their shouts and cries for help. Nearer they came and death seemed certain, when behold, the great wheel suddenly stopped—the angelus was ringing—and bare-headed and praying, the good miller appeared at the door. Seeing the two drowning children, he hurried to their rescue.—A minute's delay in responding to the angelic summons to prayer would have meant death to the little boys.

Always be regular and faithful in your religious practices, as you do not know with what special graces and favors God will reward your fidelity.

TWO SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

For Franciscan Herald

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

TWO bright-faced little girls were on their way home from school, chatting happily. "We'll make our visit, won't we, Ursula?" said one as the church came in view.

"Of course we will", answered the other. "Agnes, wouldn't our Lord feel awful bad if we'd pass by and not go in to talk to him?"

"Deed he would", answered Agnes with a serious look in her big brown eyes, "but we'll never treat him that way, will we?"

"Never, as long as we live!" solemnly answered Ursula, as they mounted the stone steps and entered the church.

They knelt for a few minutes at the altar rail, their hands clasped, their eyes fixed on the tabernacle door, while they poured out their innocent childish hearts to the silent Dweller there.

Rising and genuflecting, they went to kneel for a few minutes at the Blessed Mother's altar, and concluded their devotions by again kneeling to whisper a short prayer at a side altar on which stood a large statue of St. Francis of Assisi.

Agnes was the first to speak as they came down the steps. "I do think St. Francis is the nicest saint—don't you Ursula?—specially since Sister's been telling us those dear little stories about how he talked to the birds, and called them his little sisters."

"O yes, don't I though! And say, Agnes, wouldn't it be just lovely for you and me to be little sisters of Saint Francis, too?" queried Ursula clapping her hands delightedly.

"Don't you know what I mean?" she asked as her companion looked rather puzzled. "Why I mean that

we can be Sisters when we grow up—real Sisters like the ones that teach us—and wear a nice brown habit and a veil and—"

"Yes, and have a long rosary hanging at our side," put in Agnes catching some of Ursula's enthusiasm.

"O say, Agnes," exclaimed her companion, her eyes shining, "we'll do it, won't we? We'll surely be Sisters when we're big. Now say, you won't back out, will you?"

"O, indeed I won't!" Agnes answered emphatically, "it would be just lovely to be Sisters of Saint Francis—and say, Ursula, we'll tell Sister Alphonsus about it to-morrow, and see what she'll say!"

"O, she'll just be too glad for anything, I know," Ursula assured her companion.

The two children proceeded on their homeward way talking in a happy strain of the vocation they had decided to embrace "when they were big" and old enough to wear a religious dress.

Their homes stood side by side. "Wasn't that a nice little story Sister told about the wolf Saint Francis tamed?" Agnes called out as Ursula crossed the lawn toward her house.

"O wasn't it a dear little story! But still, I wouldn't like to have a wolf follow me around, 'cause I'm even afraid of dogs. But if I was good like Saint Francis I guess I wouldn't be afraid of anything. O well, we'll be good when we're Sisters, won't we?" and Ursula laughed happily as she ran up the steps.

Every morning, the two little friends walked to school together, and together they made their daily

visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and since they had quite decided upon their future vocation, this was the theme upon which they discoursed most frequently.

As time went on, Ursula and Agnes began to sing in the choir at the Mass the Academy pupils attended, and much admiration was expressed when the two girls frequently sang duets. Their voices were singularly beautiful, and there was especially one fine "O Salutaris" which they sang at Benediction, and which called forth much praise from all who heard it.

One evening after Benediction, as the two girls came down the choir stairway into the vestibule, a richly dressed woman among the congregation that was filing out, accosted them, and enthusiastically praised the singing she had just heard. "My dear young ladies," she exclaimed, "your singing is beautiful, marvelous. Cultivate your voices, and you will one day be singing before crowned heads."

"Ah! but how much greater a privilege it is to be allowed to sing in the presence of the King of kings!" Ursula answered sweetly.

* * *

The desire so early formed in the childish minds to consecrate their lives to God, had taken firm root with the years, and shortly after their graduation day, the two friends left for the novitiate, to become at last "little sisters of Saint Francis," as Ursula had prophesied long ago.

Happily and peacefully the days skipped by in their convent home, which they dearly loved. Before many months had passed, Agnes and Ursula, to their great happiness, were clothed in the long coveted religious dress, the soft white veil of the novice enhancing the youthful sweetness of their happy faces.

Agnes was delighted when she learned that her name was to be Sister Francis, while Ursula felt

that, in receiving the name of Sister Dolorosa, the Blessed Mother had singularly favored her.

As in youthful days gone by, the two friends often sang together in the convent chapel. Very frequently visitors attended Benediction on Sunday afternoons, and when the beautiful strains of the "O Salutaris" rang out with the soprano and contralto voices superbly blended, the souls of the listeners were deeply stirred.

"Who are those exquisite singers?" was the question often asked.

One day during recreation, their Superior told the two young Sisters that they should feel very grateful to God for the great gift He had bestowed on them, because by this talent they might accomplish much good for souls.

Then she related how a few days before a woman had come to her with tears of joy in her eyes, telling how her brother long strayed from the fold had been brought back to his religious duties by listening to the soul-stirring voices that sang at Benediction.

The two frevent novices were deeply impressed at the Superior's story. "O Sister," Ursula had said to her friend when they were talking it over together afterwards, "isn't God good to place us here where there is no aim or thought but that of pleasing and serving Him. Here our voices shall be always employed to honor Him, while perhaps if we had remained in the world exposed to temptations and dangers, we might have used our talent to dishonor Him."

As time went on, however Ursula fancied she noticed a change come over her friend. She seemed listless and depressed, and the happy, light-hearted ways were gone.

Once when they were alone together at recreation, she ventured to seek the reason for the change

in her friend's attitude, and enquired whether she were ill. Then Agnes unburdened her heart to Ursula, telling her that she was no longer happy in the religious life, that she was certain she had made a serious mistake in entering the convent, and that she would have to leave.

Ursula threw her arms tenderly around Agnes who was weeping bitterly. "Sister dear, it is a temptation, I know. Think of how we have always wanted to be Sisters—little Sisters of Saint Francis,—and now, would you desert our dear Lord, and Saint Francis too, whose name you have received? Dear Sister, pray hard and indeed I'll pray, too, that you may not make a false step; for, O, I feel certain you will deeply regret it some day if you give up the happy, peaceful convent life."

But Agnes's mind had been made up, and entirely futile were the entreaties and exhortations of her devoted friend Ursula and of the other members of the community.

One day, through a mist of tears, Sister Dolorosa watched the friend of her childhood pass through the convent doors and out into the world that a few months before they had so gladly left.

* * *

It was rather difficult for Agnes to adapt herself to the old life again after the quiet well-regulated existence within convent walls, and sometimes she had misgivings as to whether she had acted wisely in renouncing the religious life.

Her fervor and devotion had grown cold, and the religious practices once so much loved and faithfully observed, were now distasteful to her. True, she went to the sacraments monthly, but this was

stingy, ungracious conduct compared with the generous fervor of the girlhood days when she and Ursula knelt daily to receive the Bread of Angels.

She began to seek eagerly after dissipations and pleasures, and at the various social functions she attended, her wonderful contralto voice was much talked of and praised. But she never went back to the choir where she and Ursula had so often sung together the praises of the Eucharistic King, and filled hearts with love and devotion. She could not endure to return there now, for memories of a holy, happy past would reproach and haunt her.

One evening, a lady invited Agnes to meet some friends who were visiting at her home. This lady, Mrs. Barker, was very anxious that Agnes should be present to charm the guests with her singing.

Among the friends invited to the social gathering, was a young man, Richard Weston, by name, who was manager of a high-class vaudeville theater in the city.

Agnes sang several songs, and her listeners were greatly charmed. When the opportunity presented itself, the young man told Agnes that she possessed the most wonderful voice he had ever heard, that he had been trying to secure a good soloist for his theatre, and that the management would pay her a magnificent salary should she accept the position he was offering her.

Before the evening was over, Agnes had been engaged as the leading lady of the Empress theater, and was feeling profoundly happy at what she termed a stroke of good luck. The following day, she was to appear for the afternoon rehearsal.

To be continued



THE SCHOOL OF GOD

CONCLUDED

By Alice Hammond, Tertiary

While Lord Vance was anxiously seeking his lost child in the mountains of Mayo, Lady Vance passed a troubled night at Tyrone. Hope fought against hope in her bosom. Was her long lost child yet alive, or had she perished miserably in the mountain fastnesses, devoured, perhaps, by wild beasts? If she was alive, would they ever be able to find her? What if the old woman's whole story were but the fabrication of a mind diseased by drink?

Thus she passed the long and dreary night, her paralyzed limbs aching with pain, her soul racked with a thousand fears. At last, just as dawn was breaking, she fell into a sweet slumber, from which she was soon awakened, however, by the sound of joyful voices without. The door of her room opened, and Lord Vance entered, leading by the hand what appeared to be a little peasant girl. Startled at the strange sight, Lady Vance raised herself from the pillows as well as her feeble strength would allow, and ordered the blinds opened that she might see more plainly.

"Is this our—?"

She could not finish the sentence. The shock was too great, and she fell back exhausted into the arms of her nurse. Stooping, Lord Vance kissed her troubled brow, and drawing the little girl near, placed her in her mother's arms as he gently whispered:

"Yes dear, it is our own little Mary, whom the good God has at last given back to us."

"God be praised! Now I can die in peace," she replied, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks.

News of the joyful reunion soon reached the ears of good Father

Peter in the Franciscan convent, who hurried to the castle to offer his congratulations and to participate in their happiness. The whole story was told over and over again, little Mary dwelling especially on the one ray of sunshine that had brightened the dark path of her young life—little Nellie in the big house in the mountains, and she showed with childish pride the golden bracelet that Nellie had given her as a remembrance.

"Was Nellie the only one who was good to you, my child?" asked the priest.

"No Father, when I used to beg, some people were kind to me and even old Granny was good sometimes when I got sick. And now she is so sick herself. Can't you do something for her?"

"Yes, Mary dear, we will help Granny all we can. Come, let us go to her at once."

Lord Vance led the way to the room where the poor old creature was. Opening the door, they saw her lying on the floor moaning piteously.

"God bless you, my good woman," said the priest kindly, "why do you weep so bitterly?"

The poor wretch raised her wild eyes to the priest and cried, gesticulating furiously:

"Why do you come here to torment me and call me good? I'm not good, I'm wicked, I'm lost! Away! away!" and with this she began to rave as one demented.

Father Peter judged it prudent to retire for the present, but he returned again the next morning. He learned that she had refused to take food or drink of any kind, and found her lying on the floor in the same position as the day before,

quite limp and exhausted. Approaching her softly, he said in his gentlest tones;

"How are you to-day, Granny dear?"

She opened her bloodshot eyes and stared at him as if to pierce his very soul. But all she saw was gentleness and love, mercy and compassion. Grace and sin began struggling in her soul for the mastery. The trained eye of the man of God noticed the struggle, and breathing a fervent prayer for light and help, he began to speak of the love and mercy of God even towards the greatest sinner.

"Though thy sins be as red as scarlet and as numerous as the sands on the seashore, repent and they will be forgiven thee."

Breathlessly did she listen to him as he told of the God-Man, who had come to seek and to save what was lost. He spoke of the prodigal son and of the loving reception accorded him by his father. He pictured Magdalen at the feet of the Redeemer, the good thief on the cross.

"Great were their sins, but they repented and are now Saints in Heaven. Do not despair, therefore, but turn your eyes to our dear Lord on the cross. Behold what He suffers to free your soul from sin."

Thus he spoke long and earnestly. The words fell like drops of soothing oil on the troubled waters of her soul, her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with emotion and contrition, she exclaimed:

"O Father, I have sinned! Mercy, pardon!"

Elated with his success, the good priest assisted her to make her confession, and the Angels of God rejoiced in Heaven that another lost sheep had been brought back to the fold.

At peace with God and with her fellow men, old Granny tried all in her power to retrieve the past, but

her days were numbered. Her life's strength had already been sapped by drink and crime, and a few days after her conversion, death claimed her as his own. Little Mary, overjoyed at the change, that had taken place in her once so cruel Granny, attended her continually and soothed her last moments with cheery words and unfeigned childish love.

"Betty, child, can you ever forgive me?" whispered the old woman, as the death rattle sounded in her throat.

"Yes, Granny dear, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart," the little child answered, and lovingly kissed the haggard features, fast growing cold in death.

"God-bless-you," and with these words Granny's soul, purified in the fires of tribulation, took its flight into eternity. She was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband and child in the village churchyard, where Mary kept sweet flowers on her grave.

* * *

Many years have passed since then. Lady Vance, having died about a year after recovering her lost child, Mary was sent abroad to be educated. She is now Lady Dudley, the happy mother of three bright children. The eldest, little Nell, as she is called, was named after Mary's childhood friend, Nellie Hamilton. How glad Nellie would be, thought Lady Dudley, to know that Betty, the beggar, was now happy and prosperous. Had her fortunes perhaps also undergone a change? Was she, who was then the only child of wealthy parents, now tasting the bitter cup of adversity and poverty? The thought gave her no rest, and she determined, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, to journey to Mayo, and seek her old friend.

At last, the long desired occasion came. It was a beautiful day in

June when she arrived again at Mayo, and she soon found the old familiar path that led to little Nell's beautiful home in the mountains. But what was her surprise to find the grand old mansion deserted and fast going to ruin. The stately trees wild and decaying; the lawn, once so beautiful, now little better than a common; the little lake, once filled with sporting gold fish, now thick with weeds and water plants. The hedges, too, were wild and overgrown with briars, the gates broken—the whole place a picture of past grandeur. Lady Mary contemplated the scene for some time with a heart filled with sadness and dark forebodings. She was suddenly awakened from her reveries by the dismal hoot of an owl in the old castle tower, and shuddering she left the place and retraced her steps to the village. Here she visited the lonely churchyard hoping yet dreading to find there some trace of her old friend. Here, too, all was dreary and cheerless. The old stone church stood sentinel among the marble slabs. Lady Dudley was about to leave when her eye was arrested by a poor wooden cross in a deserted corner. She stooped to read the inscription, roughly hewn in the wood. It read, "To the Memory of the Hon. James and Lady Hamilton. R. I. P."

A chill came over her as she read. Hon. James Hamilton and his lady buried in paupers' graves! No, it could not be! She read again and again. Yes, it must be they—Nellie's parents. But where was Nell? "My fears were but too true!" she sobbed. "My God, help me to find her."

Just then the setting sun pierced the dark bank of clouds and a ray of light fell upon the old church tower gilding its cross with a heavenly brightness, while a voice within her whispered, "Hope!"

On enquiring at the inn, Lady Mary learned that the Hon. James Hamilton having lost his entire fortune owing to the frivolous extravagance of his wife, and both having died soon after, little Nell was left homeless and penniless to gain a livelihood as best she could. She left Mayo shortly after the death of her parents, and was never heard of since.

On the following morning, Lady Dudley returned home with a heavy heart, and, to her great dismay, learned that in her absence her darling Nell had met with an accident and was under the care of Sr. Agnes from the neighboring hospital. Fortunately the case proved less serious than was at first supposed, and Nellie was soon able to limp about supported by her crutch and her loving nurse. Three days after Lady Dudley's return from Mayo, was little Nell's fourth birthday. In honor of the occasion, she was permitted to wear the little bracelet her mother had received years before from Nellie Hamilton. With childish glee, she hurried to show the trinket to Sr. Agnes.

"Where did you get the pretty bracelet, my darling?" enquired the nurse.

"Oh, 'tis Mama's, and I can only wear it on big days like to-day, 'cause Mama got it from little Nell in the mountains."

Just at this moment Lady Dudley appeared and Sr. Agnes begged permission to examine the bracelet. It was a plain band of gold, surmounted by three little hearts, the middle one inscribed "Nell." Tears filled the eyes of the good nun as she said:

"Is this your bracelet, Lady Dudley, may I ask?"

"Why yes, Sister Agnes, and it is very dear to me. I received it when I was a child from one who alone befriended me in those dark and lone-

some days when I was know as
 Betty the Beggar."
 "And I," said Sister Agnes, with

unconcealed emotion, "am little
 Nellie of the mountains. We have
 both been in the School of God!"

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

(For Franciscan Herald)

O holy Father Francis, plead
 For all who love thy name;
 And kindly aid in time of need
 Thy sons, who have a claim;
 And keep them humble, pure and kind,
 As worthy sons of thine;
 That Jesus Christ may always find
 With them a home and shrine.

O holy Father Francis, guide
 Thy children from above;
 And banish every thought of pride
 Which would destroy their love.
 The watchmen of the Holy Land,—
 The heroes of the Cross;
 As guardians they noble stand,
 Fearing nor death nor loss.

O holy Father Francis, guard
 And shield from stains of sin
 Thy faithful children, their reward
 God's grace the crown to win.
 That constant in the time of strife,
 They bravely watch and pray;
 And come to thee at close of life,
 To live with God for aye

Bro. Th. F. Kelly, S. J.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A HAPPY COINCIDENCE

No matter to what side one's sympathies may lean in the titanic war now waging in Europe, one can not but approve the efforts of President Wilson to bring about peace. So much havoc and misery has already been wrought that every Christian heart must long to see the war ended as soon as possible. Realizing the impression that would be made on the warring nations by proclaiming a day of universal supplication for peace from all God-fearing persons in this country, the President has designated Sunday, the fourth day of October, as a day on which the nation should supplicate Almighty God to "vouchsafe His children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness, nor true friendship, nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world".

Whatever one may think of the propriety of this act of the chief executive, one can not but be struck at the fact that the proclamation was issued on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and that the day set aside for universal supplication is the day on which the Church at large celebrates the feast of the Holy Rosary, and the Franciscan Order in particular, that of its holy Founder St. Francis.

Is this a mere coincidence, a pure accident? We think not. More than once, in the history of nations, the Mother of the Prince of Peace has proved also the Mother of Good Counsel and the Help of Christians. Is it probable that, in the present grave crisis, she will forsake the peoples who invoke her as their Queen and Patroness? Will she not be all the more inclined to lend her aid if it is invoked by millions of her faithful children in this country?

Again, the day appointed by the President as a day of prayer for peace, is the feast of St. Francis, who, when he walked on earth, yearned to unite all men in the love of God and of their neighbor, and who strained every nerve to remove social strife as well as the causes thereof. Will he now look down with an indifferent eye on the nations torn by discord, or will he not rather second the efforts of those who are praying and working for "healing peace"?

The duty of Tertiaries in this matter is clear. Their Rule obliges them "whenever they can do so, to settle quarrels" not only among individuals but also nations. They may not be able, as in former times, to prevent war by refusing to carry arms. But they have a more powerful means at their disposal in prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." If the European nations, contrary to expectations, should soon sue for peace, who knows but that this happy turn of events will have to be ascribed not to the guns of the combatants but to the prayers of those whose sympathies have been roused in behalf of their suffering fellow men. Therefore, on the feast of our common Mother, the Queen of the Holy Rosary, and of our holy Father St. Francis, the lover and promoter of peace, let us all unite our petitions to Almighty God not for the success of the arms of this or that nation, but for lasting peace and concord among all Christian nations. No matter how

"Far is the time, remote from human sight,

When war and discord on the earth shall cease,

Yet every prayer for universal peace,

Avails the blessed time to expedite."

DRAWING GOOD OUT OF EVIL

One of our foreign exchanges, *the Franciscan Annals*, edited by the Capuchin Fathers in England, calls attention to a cause of the European war which we are apt very easily to ignore or, at least, to make light of. It is not our province to indulge in speculations as to the material causes that led to the great upheaval, but studying the matter from the Christian point of view, we can but agree with the following statement of our esteemed contemporary.

"War is undoubtedly a scourge—a scourge wielded by the hand of an angered God—to punish nations. The pride and ambition, the irreligion and immorality, the contempt of God, the selfishness and pleasure-seeking, the greed, hatred, and strife of our civilized modern States, have for a long time now been crying to heaven for vengeance. Modern States have studiously left out of count God and His all-ruling Providence, or deliberately flung defiance at Him. The Church has been quietly ignored in the councils of Europe. The day of vengeance has dawned, and who knows but in the counsels of God this terrible calamity may be but the means of bringing all men to the feet of Christ, Whom they have in their folly and pride despised and rejected! God, we may be sure, has permitted this awful catastrophe to teach men a lesson; and in his own good time, and in a way exceeding wonderful, He will draw good out of evil."

For the Christian, there is not less comfort than truth in this quotation. For, surely, if the terrible calamity that has befallen the fair countries of Europe, serves to bring the inhabitants again to the feet of Christ, then every Christian will have reason to rejoice that God, in his wisdom, has been able to effect a transformation, the like of which even the most sanguine would not have dreamt of at the present day.

RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

From an article contributed to *The Catholic Educational Review* on "Religious as Teachers" by John C. Tracy, we cull the following:

"The very best teachers are none too good for our Catholic schools. To secure the best secular teachers would require an outlay for salaries that the ordinary parish could ill afford. Happily, the generous parishioners who erect and equip their parochial schools are met half way by religious Brothers and Sisters, who, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, voluntarily undertake to teach in exchange for the merest pittance of plainest raiment and most frugal fare. For a salary next to nothing, religious actuated by the pure love of God, give themselves to the work of their classrooms with a fulness of soul which silver and gold cannot purchase and which fame and applause cannot requite."

Catholic parents who are prone to complain of the heavy drain on their pocket books that the support of the parochial school demands, would do well to ponder these lines. Do these parents realize the debt they owe to the religious Brothers and Sisters who have in hand the education of their children? Are they aware of the fact that the secular education their children receive in the parochial schools is just as thorough and complete as that imparted in the public schools, and, what is more, that the religious teachers who before entering the convent had the brightest prospects of a brilliant career in the world, are now actually

underpaid for their professional services? It is a trite saying that one good turn deserves another. If these pious men and women have sacrificed all to devote themselves unreservedly to God in the education of Catholic youth, then Catholic parents should cheerfully contribute to their support, for, after all, they are human and need the means of sustenance.

THE MEXICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

There is not the slightest doubt in our mind that the Mexican policy of the United States has proved unjust to Mexico. It kept us out of war, and that is good; but it put in power, over the border, a gang of miscreants and desperados, whose deeds of violence and injustice have caused a tremor of misgiving even in complacent Washington. We wonder what appeal the bandit Villa and the revolutionist Carranza (who, by the way, has been for years the leader of Mexican Freemasonry), and their methods of government make to the gentle administration to whom at the moment the destiny of our own Republic is entrusted? Obviously, the Carranza government is set upon the extermination of religion,—which of course, means the Catholic religion. How far shall this impious movement be abetted? If Catholics in this country had half the influence which their enemies fear they have, sufficient pressure should long since have been brought to bear on proper officials to prevent the outrages that have become so familiar. Perhaps we are not supine,—perhaps only we are engrossed with other things. At any rate, it behooves us now to have a concern for the well-being of our Catholic neighbors in Mexico, and use what means are in our power to render that concern effective.—*The Ave Maria*.

WE HAVE THE POPE.

The Pope dies in his mortal part, but the Papacy does not. Almost before the beloved Pius X. has had time to become finally cold in death his successor has been called upon to step into the vacancy and assume the command of the imperishable Bark of Peter. The voice of the horror-stricken Catholic world will acclaim the entrance of the venerable Cardinal Della Chiesa upon the scene as the chosen successor of the martyr of the world-war, the tear-choked Pius, as a new force for world peace, even by millions of those who are not of the Catholic fold. The time is auspicious surely for the entrance on the horrid scene of one who though not of the old "voice potential," in the temporal sense must still prove to be a mighty power in the moral one. We are at a period most dismal—such a time as that adumbrated in the malediction of the dying Plantagenet tyrant:

Let one spirit of the first-born, Cain,
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart
 being set on bloody actions,
The rude scene may end
And darkness be the burier of the
 dead.

The celerity with which he was chosen reflects the sentiment of the assembled prelates that the time was not one for delay in filling the vacant Chair of Peter. The eyes of all humanity were wistfully bent on that vacant Chair, and the fact of so speedy a solution of its occupancy having taken place will afford immense relief to all.

The need of going to press hastily prevents any lengthened editorial reference to the election of our new pontiff, who has chosen the title of Benedict—Benedict, a glorious auspicious name, when taken in connection with his own family name, Della Chiesa—Benedict XV. May he be as successful as the most renowned of his name-sakes in the Pontificate in stilling the waves of turmoil and recalling the distracted world to the blessed paths of peace in Christ!—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

AN IGNOBLE EXCEPTION

Commenting on the fact that all the European states, even those that are engaged in the great war now going on, France is the only state that did not send condolences on the death of Pius X, the Roman correspondent of *The Pilot* says:

“That is a sad story to tell of this great Catholic nation, which was through the centuries so distinguished for its fidelity to the faith and its devotion to the Pope. One can measure by this fact what the attitude of the present government of France towards the Catholic Church is likely to be when the present war is over, and it resumes its policy of persecution”.

WILL THEY?

Bishop Schrembs' recent pamphlet, “Give Us a Hearing,” is a vigorous and forcible defence of the Catholic position. In dealing with the professional bigots, the Bishop lays aside “kid gloves,” and pays his respects to them with a German frankness that will meet with the approval of the Catholic rank and file everywhere throughout the United States. Wasting honied words on bigoted charlatans is a profitless pastime. What the United States needs most, just now, is libel legislation that will reach this campaign of filth and calumny indulged in by quite a few bigoted periodicals. The latter constitute a severe commentary upon Protestant enlightenment, and show conclusively that a large percentage of non-Catholics are still disposed to swallow discredited fables. And now our United States friends are getting a few eye-openers on the subject of Protestant toleration.—*Catholic Register*.

NOTICE

The Catechism of the Third Order will appear probably in the middle of this month. As we shall have only limited number of copies printed, we should like to advise directors and members of the Third Order to place their orders soon. Double thick paper or cardboard, single copies, 5 cents; 100 copies \$3.50. Cloth bound, single copies, 15 cents; one dozen \$1.50



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

I

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

Although organized missionary activity in Texas did not begin until about the close of the seventeenth century, this territory was traversed by Catholic pioneers long before that period, long before non-Catholic adventures appeared anywhere on the American Continent. If the readers of the *Franciscan Herald* will turn to the issue of May, 1913, they will find that Cabeza de Vaca with three companions of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition, after spending six years on Texan soil, and enduring the hardships of enslavement by savage Indians, made their way westward across the whole southwestern border of the present State of Texas, entered northern Chihuahua, and finally reached Culiacan, Sinaloa, on May 1, 1536. It is not improbable that Fr. Juan Jaurez, the Franciscan commissary, and the Franciscan missionaries, who accompanied Narvaez, were like Cabeza de Vaca, cast on the southeastern shore of Texas and perished there.

In 1542, Moscoso led the survivors of the De Soto expedition into Texas near the northeastern corner, westward or southwestward to a point in the upper Brazos River, and back across the Red River. (*) Other expeditions, even missionary attempts from Mexico in the forepart of the seventeenth century

might be mentioned, but they are more properly treated in connection with El Paso district and New Mexico. Besides, there is no intention of presenting a complete history, but only a sketch of the missions and missionaries in the central and eastern district of the largest State in our fair Union.

Here, as in Florida, the messengers of the Gospel were Friars Minor and Spaniards; and here, as in Florida, these heralds of Christ were often sorely hampered by the conditions created in the Spanish dominions through the subjection of the Church to the whims of royalty and royal ministers which they were pleased to style "Union" of the Church with the State. That, in spite of such drawbacks, the missionaries could Christianize Mexico, whole South America, and the Philippine Islands, demonstrates extraordinary assistance from on High, as well as sagacity and zeal in those whom Divine Providence selected to spread the doctrines of salvation.

As in the case of Florida, after the reign of Philip II, so in Texas, the Spanish kings and their ministers rarely, if ever, took any decisive action purely for the sake of religion, or even chiefly for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen peoples. Politics deter-

* See *Franciscan Herald*, June 1913.

mined any important move that favored Religion. So fear of being preceded by some foreign power occasioned the activity in behalf of Texas, which urgent appeals from zealous missionaries had failed to arouse.

It is gratifying to note that, of late years, in Texas a remarkable taste for historical research, a veritable hunger for the facts of history, has been awakened, equaled only by a like critical demand for the truth in California. This augurs well for the honor of Mother Church. The Church will only gain by the revelations; for, the discoverers, pioneers, heroes in temporal as well as in the religious field, belong to her. True, there were some who reflected no credit upon her, any more than upon themselves; but, it was because they abandoned her guidance, and yielded to influences hostile to her. For the misdeeds of such unworthy sons, Mother Church, therefore, can not be held responsible. The good a man does, he performs in virtue of his good principles, in the case of the Catholics, always derived from his religion and inculcated by a divine institution, the Catholic Church. To her, then, and ultimately to Christ, her Founder, the credit is due for the good intent and the good effort and its success. On the other hand the evil a Catholic does, is the consequence of his departing from the principles of his religion, and therefore altogether due to himself, and he alone must be blamed.

Non-Catholic investigators have at last begun to see the justice of this simple reasoning. They are making the requisite distinction, and the result is an honest and just presentation of historical facts. *Pecadillos*, or petty faults in man, are no longer taken in account, because they do not influence a work, and because they are inseparable

from human individuals, and therefore to be found in the investigators themselves. Historians now endeavor to bring out the facts and whatever prompted or seriously influenced such facts for good or bad. If *pecados* occur, not once, but often enough to demonstrate a purpose or character or cause or effect, then such *pecados* are dwelt upon; but the individual alone takes the blame, not his religion or denomination, unless a close connection between the two can be established.

Honest investigators have discovered, some with more or less chagrin according to the extent and degree of their prejudices, that, notably in the history of the Great Southwest, Catholic faith, prompted all the good effected or aimed at; and that the evil was in every case due to the individuals, secular or ecclesiastic, who acted in opposition to the principles of their Faith and their Church. The consequences in some cases have been startling. Even with those, who from their childhood had been drilled into the belief that the Catholic Church is the embodiment of everything wicked, deep-seated prejudice gave way to a certain degree of veneration for the Institution that could produce such wonderful effects through its missionaries with such little means, in the face of most disheartening obstacles, and among savages. Such men of thought and honesty of purpose, having studied the situation, could never be induced to join the defamers of the Church. From them we may, consequently, hope for correct statements on questions of fact, though they will not always be able to enter into the spirit of the missionaries.

As an illustration, I may cite the case of a book-reviewer of the San Francisco *Chronicle* who lately published a "Life" of Fr. Serra, the

revered Father of Christianity and civilization in California. This reviewer, apparently not in a hostile spirit, persistently applies the obnoxious epithet "fanatic" to Fr. Serra on the question of religion and monastic practices. With such critics ardor, fervor, zeal, sincerity, and absolute unselfishness signify nothing more than fanaticism. So little do they know of the true spirit of Christianity.

Another case in point is that of a lady at the head of the reference department in one of the largest public libraries of California who, perhaps, more than any other knows the literature of California, especially of the missions. Some years ago, she acknowledged to the writer: "Father, I did not understand the mission history until I became a Catholic." It was the light of Faith that enabled her to penetrate the motives of the missionaries and the meaning of it all, and brought into clear view what she had not detected before. Not till then did the glorious history of the missions become intelligible, whereas before it had appeared an insoluble puzzle.

The standard authorities of the Texas Missions are Fathers Isidro Espinosa⁽¹⁾ and Juan Dominigo Arriovita,⁽²⁾ both members of the Franciscan Missionary College of Santa Cruz, Queretaro. Both had labored among the Indians of Texas, and they can therefore, be relied on for whatever statements they were pleased to transmit to posterity. Unfortunately, both wrote for edification rather than with a view to exact information on all points that interest the critical historian.

Hence it is that dates, the exact location of a mission, minute reports on the successes of missionary efforts, etc. are lacking.

Happily all the personal letters and duplicates of the original reports etc., from which both Fathers compiled their edifying narrative, have been preserved at the Apostolic College of Santa Cruz, where I saw them in 1905, but had neither time nor means to investigate. Fortunately however, an enthusiast on Texas history, Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, Professor of American History at the University of California, formerly of the Texas University, Austin, with his likewise enthusiastic pupils, notably Professor William E. Dunn of the Texas University, and Miss Anne E. Hughes, author of *The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement in the El Paso District*, had the documents of that monastery copied, and is bringing out the exact account in detail, though, of course, only from a secular point of view. From this new school of American historians, begun by Bandelier, Lummis, Hodge, and others, we may expect fair treatment of the Fathers and their missions. That much paves the way for the Catholic historian, who with the limitations usually forced on him, such as want of means, assistance, encouragement, etc. could not collect, much less digest the huge mass of material accumulated in the various archives of Spain and Mexico. I shall avail myself of the discoveries of the gentlemen named wherever necessary, with due regard for the rights of authorship, albeit nothing more than a clear sketch is intended.

(1) Author of the "Cronica Apostolica y Seraphica", folio, 662 pages, Mexico, 1746.

(2) Author of the "Cronica Apostolica y Serafica", (Segunda Parte, or Continuation of Fr. Espinosa's volume), folio, 630 pages. Mexico, 1792.

A SICK CALL IN THE DESERT

By Fr. Gerard, O.F.M.

WHILE visiting one of the Indian villages some weeks ago, I was informed that, in the next village, about five miles distant, an elderly woman was seriously ill. I had visited her during the preceding week, and as the afternoon was already far spent, and I was expected that evening at another village fifteen miles away, I determined to attend to this sick call the next day.

On the following morning, after having joined in marriage a young Indian couple, I took the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, and set out on my journey. I made the twenty mile trip on horseback instead of with the wagon, as I feared that my other horse, which is far past his teens, would give out on the way. Having reached the village, I found that the woman who had been reported sick, was much improved and not at all in danger of death. Such occurrences are not uncommon to an Indian missionary in the desert. All messages are wireless here, that is, they are sent on horseback or lugged on a wagon, thus giving the patient ample time to recover. My hurried trip now seemed to have been in vain. But our Eucharistic Lord did not wish to be taken back to the tabernacle. He had prepared for Himself a more suitable abode, the precious soul of a dying heathen child. As I was about to return home, I remembered to have heard of a pagan child in the village, who was very sick. Her whole family were heathens, and I hesitated at first to go, as these pagan Indians entertain the most superstitious fear and aversion for a Catholic priest. Putting my trust in God, however, and recommending the family to the Blessed Virgin and to the Poor Souls, I

walked toward the hut. The father of the sick girl was standing at the door as I approached. He was a tall, thin man, and to all appearances he belonged to the half-starved type, that live from hand to mouth. Sorrow was deeply traced on his swarthy features and his whole appearance bespoke misery and want.

I greeted him kindly, and he immediately began to speak about his poor sick child, and invited me to go in and visit her. On receiving so unexpected a reception, my heart leaped for joy, and I silently thanked God for so fortunate a beginning. The home, if home it could be called, was, indeed, a most humble dwelling, typical of the old Indian manner of living. These hemispherical huts are built of brush and are covered with mud. As they have no windows, the light enters through the door, which is just high and wide enough for one person to enter crawling on hands and feet. They are very well adapted to keep out the cold during the winter months, but in summer they become varitable "sweat-boxes" and most suitable incubators for disease germs. A smoking wood-fire is generally burning in the middle of the hut, filling the upper vaulted portion with dense smoke, whose only escape is the low door. The inmates lie or squat on the floor to avoid the smoke. One can stand erect only in the middle of the hut. Hence, one can readily imagine how easily a clean white surplice is soiled, if the priest happens to forget where he is, and bumps his head and shoulders against the ceiling, covered, as it is, with the smoke of years. In homes, such as these, one never finds a table or chair. The bare ground serves the purpose of both just as well. Thus

the missionary is often at a loss to find a suitable place for the Blessed Sacrament. Fruit boxes, however, can generally be found lying about and when covered with a clean linen cloth form a marked contrast to the squalid surroundings. The reverence we pay to the Blessed Sacrament and the beauty of the Church's ceremonies at the sick bed never fail to make a deep impression on those who look on, especially if they are heathens.

It was into just such a dwelling I crawled and pulled my sick-call out-

few more days to live. A hectic flush on her pale cheeks told of the consuming fever within, and the deep and vehement coughing, that forced the tears from her eyes, was pitiful to hear. When I knelt down beside her, she smiled, saying in an almost inaudible voice that she was very glad I had come. I began to speak on indifferent topics, and finally adverted to her sickness. Then I broached the real purpose of my visit. When I told her that I had come to help her prepare for eternity, so that if the Great Spirit



Indian Dwellings in Arizona

fit after me. To the right, on the ground, lay the poor sick child. She was lying on an old quilt, while a sheet, made of flour-sacks, served as a coverlet. She was a pretty child of about thirteen years, with large, bright eyes and had a most lovable and sweet disposition. Tuberculosis—the Indian's most dread disease—had laid his grim hand on the little victim, and I could see at a glance that she had at most but a

would call her to Himself, she would be well prepared to meet Him, her face beamed with joy. This was quite contrary to what I had expected. She seemed entirely resigned to her sad fate, and wanted me to prepare her at once. This proved to be an easy matter, as she had attended a public boarding-school for some years and spoke English fairly well. I was very much surprised at the attention.

with which she listened to my explanations. When I felt satisfied that she sufficiently understood the necessary truths, I administered the holy sacrament of Baptism. She then received her first holy Communion as Viaticum, after which her little body was anointed with the holy oils. Before leaving, I enrolled her in the confraternity of Mt. Carmel, thus placing her under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin.

Four days later, I heard that her father had brought his entire family to a neighboring village. He did this because the sickness of his daughter had taken on a very serious turn. I was just preparing to pay them a visit, when I saw the father of the girl coming towards me. He approached with tears in his eyes, and I readily surmised the reason for his visit. He began to speak, but, overcome by grief, could not complete the sentence. He shook his head, raised his tear-filled eyes to Heaven, and letting his head sink on his bosom, sobbed aloud. I took him by the hand, pressed it warmly, and consoled him as best I could. The consolation which our holy Faith holds out to us Catholics, appealed even to him, a heathen. After his grief had somewhat subsided, he told me that his dear little daughter had died during the previous night, and that they now wished to lay her to rest.

That the Indians in these parts consign their dead so soon to the grave, may seem rather strange. It is, however the custom among these tribes. If a person dies during the night, he is buried

on the following afternoon; if during the forenoon, the body is generally interred during the afternoon. This is owing, no doubt, to the excessive heat and to the lack of proper accommodations for the care of the dead. The old Indians usually interred their dead together with all their belongings, such as blankets, clothes, shoes, hats, etc. Then they would cover the spot with the timbers and brush of the sheds or storehouses of the deceased. The dwelling-house of the departed person was generally burned,—surely an excellent hygienic precaution. This manner of burial, however, has now been entirely discarded. The graves are about six feet deep, and are covered by a sandy mound. The belongings of the departed, however, are still buried with him, and his house is usually burned. The graves of Catholic Indians are marked with a plain wooden cross.

To return to our story. The father of the dead child had already brought the body to the old cemetery, where formerly all were buried irrespective of creed. He said, he knew that his daughter ought to be interred in the Catholic cemetery on the hill, but asked permission to lay her alongside of her relatives. I gave the desired permission, as I thought prudence demanded it. There lies our little Christian maiden in her cross-crowned grave, while round about her are the timber-covered resting places of her heathen ancestors. May she prove a guardian angel to the village and to her people, as she already seems to be for her parents, who have promised to embrace the Catholic Faith.



FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES IN CANADA, 1615-1625

CONTINUED

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

THE four Franciscan Fathers destined for the Canadian mission, embarked at Honfleur, France, on April 24, 1615, and arrived at Tadoussac, Canada, on May 25. Father Dolbeau after staying a day or two at Tadoussac, departed for Quebec in the first boat that set sail for that port; the others followed him about five or six days later.

The Fathers immediately began to build a small convent and chapel at Quebec, where Father Dolbeau said the first Mass on June 25 of the same year—1615. The twenty-fifth of June, 1615, can thus be set down as the first day on which holy Mass was said at Quebec.

Sagard, the Franciscan historian, when relating this fact, remarks, "All France is boiling over with Religious and Beneficiaries and secular priests, but only few trouble themselves about the salvation of unbelievers and pagans. Even if one-half of the religious and priests were sent to Canada there would be enough left in France."

Father Dolbeau, full of zeal for the conversion of the Indians, betook himself to the Montagnais on December 2, intending to spend the winter with them, in their wigwags, in order to learn their language and to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity. He held out, however, only two months. He was almost blinded by the smoke in their lodges, and was forced to return to the convent in Quebec.

Speaking of the hardships of missionary life among the Indians, Pere le Jeune, S.J. (*Relations* of 1634) mentions four: the cold, the heat, the smoke and last, but not least, the dogs.

Regarding the smoke, he says,

"As for the smoke, I tell you it's a martyrdom. It killed me, it made me weep incessantly, although I had neither pain nor sadness of heart. At times, it threw us all who were in the wigwag on the ground, and we had to hold our mouth close to the ground to be able to breathe. We had, so to speak, to eat the ground in order not to drink the smoke. Sometimes, I passed several hours in this position with my mouth close to the ground, especially when it was freezing hard or snowing. Our throat, nose, and eyes were tormented with stifling smoke, and many a time I thought I would get blind."

Father Joseph le Caron, another Franciscan Father, burning with a desire to convert the poor Indians, went with some of them who had come to Quebec to traffic, to the Huron country in 1615. He was the first missionary priest that gazed on the waters of Lake Huron. The journey to that distant country was one of unspeakable hardships and misery; for, he was obliged day after day to paddle the canoe all the way with his dusky companions. Being entirely unaccustomed to that kind of work, his hands were soon covered with blisters, but he endured all patiently for the love of God, in the hope of saving some poor souls.

Arriving at the Huron village, he was heartily welcomed by the Indians. But as his modesty was shocked by the sights he continually beheld in their wigwags, where they herded together like animals, men, women, boys, girls, children,—and starving, snarling, fighting dogs—he prevailed on them to put up a cabin for him at a short distance outside the village. Thith-

er they came, from time to time, to visit their pale-faced brother, listened to his instructions and he in turn would visit them in their birch-bark cabins to learn their language and to impart to them some rudimentary knowledge of religion. He even went to visit the Tobacco nation, but there he was badly treated and soon obliged to return to his former habitation, because the medicine-men of that tribe had turned the people against him. These men everywhere oppose Christianity. They are a compound of superstition, knavery, and deviltry, cunning, proud, and arrogant.

Father Joseph le Caron stayed a year with the Hurons, but it seems he made no converts. He succeeded, however, in acquiring some knowledge of the Huron language, and in making some of them favorably disposed toward Christianity. He sowed the seed and prepared the ground for those who were to come after him. In the spring of 1616, he went to Quebec with some of the returned Indians, who went there to exchange their furs for European commodities, guns, knives, tomahawks, kettles, blankets, etc.

Having spent a year in the Huron country and thus acquainted himself with the needs of the Indian mission, he determined to cross the Atlantic in order to report to the associates of the Company the state of things in Canada and obtain from them pecuniary assistance. He left the Huron village on May 20, 1616, and arrived at Three Rivers on July 1, where he found Father Dolbeau, who had come there in one of the boats of the merchant vessels that had lately arrived at Quebec from France.

After their mutual and joyful congratulations at this unexpected meeting, Father Dolbeau informed his companion that he had buried with all the ceremonies of the Church a Frenchman by the name

of Michael Colin. Sagard expressly states that this is the first instance of Christian burial in the country. This remark applies, of course, to Quebec, not to Acadia (Nova Scotia) where the Jesuit Brother DuThet had been buried with all the ceremonies of the Church, at St. Saviour (now in the State of Maine) by Father Biard, S. J. in 1613.

On July 11, two Fathers went to Quebec whence, on the 20th of the month, Father Joseph le Caron accompanied by Father Denis Jamet left for Tadoussac. Thence they set out for France in one of the large vessels. Under a favorable wind, they made the voyage across the Atlantic in less than seven weeks.

Sagard remarks that on the 15th of the same month, the holy Sacrament of Extreme Unction was given for the first time in Canada to a woman by the name of Marguerite Vienne, who arrived with her husband in Canada that same year, but soon after landing, fell sick and died in the night of July 19. She was buried towards evening with the usual ceremonies of the Church. This was the first white woman that came to Canada.

Having arrived at Paris, Father Joseph le Caron went to see the associates of the Company to report to them on the state of Christianity in Canada. They were glad to see him and to hear him. They thanked him for his labors and declared to him their appreciation of the Fathers and their work—and that was all. They gave no substantial help to the struggling mission. Those gentlemen thought more of beaver skins than of immortal souls. Very much displeased with the outcome of his efforts, Father Joseph returned to Canada in company with Father Paul Huet.

They sailed from Honfleur in the ship of Captain Morel, a man from

Dieppe, on March 11, 1617. When the ship came to the New Foundland banks, it was surrounded by immense fields of floating ice-bergs. There seemed to be no hope of escaping death, and the Catholics on board the vessel asked the Fathers to hear their confessions and to prepare them for what they thought was sure death.

On board the ship was the first white family that settled in Canada, namely Sieur Hebert with his wife, two daughters, and a young

son. This poor family in their great need implored the benediction and prayers of the Fathers to save them from the danger of death. For upwards of fifty days they floated along with the interminable fields of ice surrounding the ship on all sides. At Quebec, prayers had already been said for them as being dead and at the bottom of the sea. But God designed to deliver them, and they arrived safe at Tadoussac on June 14' after a voyage of ninety-two days.

(To be continued)

"The name Quebec is from the Indian word *Kepek*, or *Kepek*-being shut; *kipaw*-it is shut. The Indians of the Gulf of St. Lawrence yet call it *Kepek* or *Kepek*. In fact, in that place, the river looks shut up by Diamond Cape when going up, and by the Orleans island, when coming down." Lacombe's Chippewa Dictionary—The Chippewa root-syllable for *Kepek* is *gibak*, and refers to obstructing, shutting, stopping.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF AUSTRIA'S AGED RULER

After the Emperor Francis Joseph had recovered from his long illness and had even been restored to his favorite cigars, he conferred a high distinction on his Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Kerzel. Dr. Kerzel has attended him now for thirteen years. He succeeded Baron Winderhofer, who died in 1901. Dr. Kerzel was then an army doctor, and was recommended to the Emperor by Count Paar, one of his adjutants general, but the Emperor first wanted to have an interview with him, and made an appointment for ten o'clock one morning. The time came and there was no doctor, Francis Joseph grew impatient. At eleven Dr. Kerzel came in.

"I asked you to come at ten," said the emperor ungraciously, "and now I have something else to attend to."

The doctor was rather taken aback, but replied calmly, "I had to be this morning at the military hospital to perform an operation which could not wait. It was a matter of life and death."

"Who was the patient, for whose sake you have kept me waiting?" asked the emperor.

"I don't know his name, your majesty, but it was a common soldier."

Francis Joseph did not say a word, rose from his seat, walked up to the doctor, took both his hands, and pressed them warmly.

On the following day Dr. Kerzel was gazetted as the successor of Baron Winderhofer.—The Pittsburg Observer.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—In the Dominican Church of Our Lady Sopra Minerva, the feast of St. Dominic was solemnly celebrated. The Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor celebrated the Mass and His Eminence Cardinal Cassetta distributed Holy Communion.—

His Eminence Cardinal della Volpe who, during the late interregnum, ruled the Church, is a Franciscan Tertiary.—

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has taken up the cause of the beatification of the venerable servant of God, Joseph Mary of Palermo of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin. He was born of pious parents in the year 1864 but his boyhood was turbulent and undisciplined. Even the death of his excellent mother did not turn his mind to piety and study, so that he had to be dismissed from the college of St. Roche, where his father had placed him. This last mishap, however, set the young student thinking. He mended his evil ways, devoted himself with all diligence to his books, and began to lead a life of virtue. Feeling himself called to the sacred ministry, he, at the age of seventeen, entered the ecclesiastical seminary, and, four years later, on the advice of his confessor, joined the Capuchin Order. All who came in touch with the young novice, were struck with awe at the zeal he manifested in the service of God, and at the fervor with which he practiced every virtue. But they were not to enjoy his company long. During his novitiate, a serious malady seized him and in January,

1886, he passed to his eternal reward. The fame of his heroic virtues has spread far and wide. Soon after his demise, the first researches and enquiries regarding his life were made, and on May 13, 1914, Pope Pius X, of blessed memory, signed the decree for the introduction of the cause of his beatification.

Lille, France.—With great joy we learn that the King of Belgium has bestowed the Cross of the Order of Leopold upon the Rev. Fr. Firmin, O.F.M. For forty-seven years, the Reverend Friar has been laboring for the spiritual, moral, and social uplift of his fellow-citizens.

Paris, France.—The lodging houses founded, supported, and directed by the Tertiaries of Paris, are achieving much good in behalf of the women and young girls of the city. To be admitted into these institutions, the applicants must present a recommendation and must promise strictly to follow the regulations of the house and seek work. In obtaining employment, they are assisted by a free bureau of information.

Teutopolis, Ill.—The Ven. Brother Augustine Zeitz, O.F.M., died at St. Joseph's Seraphic College, Teutopolis, Illinois, on Thursday morning, September 3. He was born of distinguished Protestant parents at Balbiryshkin in the diocese of Sejny, Poland, on December 1, 1828. Highly gifted intellectually, he received a liberal education, and even took a course in philosophy, theology and medicine. After his conver-

sion to the Catholic faith, disowned by his aristocratic family, he entered the Franciscan Order as a simple lay brother on August 28, 1861, and made his solemn religious profession on May 4, 1866. The Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order sent him, in 1874, to the United States to lay the foundation for a Polish Franciscan province, and empowered him to preach. Upon his arrival in this country, he proceeded to a Polish settlement in Pennsylvania, and after untold hardships succeeded in establishing several Polish parishes. His efforts, however, to erect a convent proved vain. Dejected, he returned to Europe, and took up his abode in the Franciscan convent at Przemysl, Galicia. But Providence had still a great work in store for him. In 1884, he again received orders to return to the United States. This time he went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he made the acquaintance of a wealthy and kind gentleman, who made the zealous Brother a donation of eighty acres of land, where to build a church and convent. This tract of land is the present site of Pulaski, Wisconsin. With the aid of a few Polish families, Brother Augustine began to clear the land and erect the necessary buildings. Every other Sunday, a priest came to the settlement to read holy Mass. On these occasions, as formerly in Pennsylvania, Brother Augustine would preach the sermon to the assembled faithful. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Katzer of Green Bay was so favorably impressed with the great learning, zeal, and solid piety of the venerable Brother that he proposed to ordain him priest. The humble man, however, firmly refused to permit this, saying that he wished to live and die as a lay brother. In 1887, when the convent was at least to some extent habitable, he wrote to the most Rev. Fr. General to send him

several priests and to permit them to receive candidates into the Order. When the Fathers arrived, Brother Augustine immediately resigned his office as superior of the mission and was content henceforth to serve the convent as porter. In 1894, he was transferred to St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill. During the last few years of his life he became quite bent with age. Still he was ever bright and cheerful, and up to the day before his death, to the great edification of all present, he could be seen tottering to the Communion rail, supported by one of the Brothers. The funeral took place Saturday, September 5, from the College chapel. The Rev. Fr. Rector celebrated the solemn Requiem, assisted by the Rev. FF. Celestine and Juvenal as deacon and subdeacon. The corpse was then carried in procession and interred in the vault in the novitiate garden. The Franciscan Commissariat of Pulaski mourns in him its Founder and Father, and the Seraphic Order one of its most faithful members. R.I.P.

Quincy, Ill.—“St. Francis in the World”, a three act religious drama, will be given by the male members of the Third Order, at St. Francis' Hall, on Sunday, October 4, the Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., will conduct the performance.—

On Sunday Sept. 20, about 300 people, mostly members of the Third Order, went on a pilgrimage to the chapel of our Lady of Dolours in St. Antony's parish, near Quincy. At about a mile from the church, the procession was formed, and was met by the entire parish of St. Antony. Singing and praying the procession wended its way to the beautifully decorated chapel of our Lady of Sorrows, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10:15 a. m. The Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, O.F.M., Rector of St. Francis College, was celebrant, assisted by

the Rev. FF. Leo as deacon, Damian as subdeacon, and Adjutus as master of ceremonies. The assembled faithful assisted at the divine services kneeling in the open air. A temporary pulpit had been erected under a spreading tree and FF. Damian and Leo delivered eloquent sermons in German and English respectively. After the High Mass, the pilgrims partook of their lunch, and enjoyed a friendly chat with their country hosts. At 2:30 p. m. there was solemn devotion in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners; whereupon, the pilgrims returned to their homes, fully convinced that the day had been a most happy one replete with many graces. All are now joyfully looking forward to the next pilgrimage, and hoping it will be made an annual event.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church—At the meeting of the English branch of the Third Order in August, twenty-four new members were received. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on Wednesday, September 23, at 7 a. m., for our late Holy Father Pope Pius X. On this occasion, many Tertiaries offered Holy Communion for the repose of his soul. The German branch of the Third Order will have a retreat of one week beginning with the fourth Sunday in September and ending with Sunday, October 4, the feast of our holy Father St. Francis. The Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., of Cleveland, Ohio, will preach the sermons.

St. Augustine's Church.—A successful retreat was given to the Tertiaries of St. Augustine's parish. The exercises of the retreat opened Tuesday, Sept. 15, and closed Sunday, Sept. 20. The principal object of the retreat was to awaken a still greater interest for the Third Order among the members of the parish. Special invitations had been sent out in goodly number, also to non-

Tertiaries to offer them an opportunity to learn the nature and scope of this great and wide-spread Order. The Rev. P. Francis Haase, O.F.M., conducted the retreat. He was greatly edified not only at the large number that assembled daily in the spacious parish church to take part in the spiritual exercises, but also with the marked attention with which his lectures were listened to. The congregational singing must be mentioned as an important feature of the retreat. Daily two lectures were given. The subjects, treated, were the following: The Third Order of St. Francis a real and a great Order; the obligations of Tertiaries small; the privileges and blessings exceedingly great; the mission of the Order for the needs of our present times; the duties of the children of St. Francis towards the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist and toward the Blessed Virgin Mary.—At the last meeting forty-five new members were admitted into the Third Order, and three made their profession. At this meeting, \$25 were collected for the war-victims in Europe, \$20 for the Indian missions, and \$20 for the needy students. A sewing circle will be organized by the Tertiaries for the relief of the poor. After the meeting papal Benediction was given. The present flourishing condition of our branch of Tertiaries and its ever increasing membership prove conclusively that the Third Order of St. Francis will ever be a bulwark for St. Augustine's parish.

Pulaski, Wis.—Plans have been accepted for the erection of a large addition to St. Bonaventure's College, which is in charge of the Franciscans located here.

Rensselaer, N. Y. The quadrennial convention of the Franciscan Order of Minors Conventual held in the Franciscan Convent in Rensselaer, N. Y., August 5, was presided over by the Most Rev. Dominic Tavani,

of Rome, Italy, Vicar-General of the Order. The Very Rev. Leo Greulich, who makes his residence at St. Francis' Convent, Syracuse, N. Y., was unanimously re-elected Minister-Provincial of the Order in the United States. The other officers elected were: Secretary, the Rev. Aloysius Fish, Cairo, O.; definitor for the Eastern province, the Rev. Stephen Moras, Hoboken, N. J.; definitor for the Western province, the Rev. Otto Reichtenwald, Grand Rapids, Mich.; custos for the Eastern province, the Rev. Norbert Scheid, Albany, N. Y.; custos for the Western province, the Rev. Nicholas Donohue, Terre Haute, Ind.

Oldenburg, Ind.—Rev. Fr. Louis Havenbeck, O.F.M., commemorated his sacerdotal golden jubilee in the church of the Holy Family, Oldenburg, Ind., on Sept. 10. At 9 o'clock the venerable jubilarian, at the express desire of his superiors, celebrated a solemn mass of thanksgiving in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, D. D., and the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor, Joseph Chartrand, D. D., the Very Rev. FF. Eugene Buttermann, O.F.M., Benedict Schmidt, O.F.M., and Anselm Kennedy, O.F.M., a large number of his brethren from far and near, and a great concourse of the faithful.

The jubilee sermon preached by Bishop Chartrand was an eloquent and sublime discourse on the sacredness and loftiness of the Catholic priesthood and on the love and veneration paid it by the Catholic people.

Whilst Fr. Louis has held nearly every office of honor and trust in the Province of St. John the Baptist (Cincinnati), he is especially known, and will be long and gratefully remembered, as an instructor of the Seraphic youth, in which capacity he has spent about forty-five years. In spite of his age,

Fr. Louis is still hale and hearty and is actively engaged in teaching canon law in the convent at Oldenburg. May the touching conclusion of the Bishop's sermon: *Mane Nobiscum!* Stay with us! be verified for a long time to come, in the present case. *Ad multos annos!*

Boston, Mass.—On Monday, August 31, a magnificent new hospital, St. Elizabeth's, at Brighton, opened its doors for the reception of its first patients. It owes its existence to the zeal of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, and is in the charge of the Sisters of St. Francis. The great building which is of the monastic type is of brick and cement construction with red tile roof. It is three stories in height, the main building being 225 feet in length, with two wings, each 60 feet long. There are about 95 rooms in the building, which is strictly fire-proof. The entire equipment is modern to the last detail, and St. Elizabeth's easily ranks among the world's best.

Mescalero, N. M.—A new mission, Mescalero, New Mexico, has lately been intrusted to the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province. The following letter from its first pastor, the Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Ortiz, O.F.M., will no doubt be interesting to the readers of the *Franciscan Herald*. He writes: "On Sunday afternoon, I left San Xavier for Mescalero agency. This is a very beautiful place with a neatly furnished chapel. The Indians, Mescalero Apaches, are glad that they will now have a priest among them. Even the Fort Still Apaches, who are all claimed by the Protestants, showed themselves friendly. The superintendent and employees are also very kind. I go about the agency, where practically everybody is non-Catholic, attired in my habit. At present, I am staying with a private family.

But as soon as possible, I intend to put up a tent or two near the chapel which is at some distance from the agency. There is now nothing there but the chapel. Eventually, I hope to build an adobe addition to the chapel which will serve as my residence. One thing that is sorely needed is a good bell to call the scattered Indians to divine services. But we are confident that with the help of our kind benefactors we will soon be able to procure one. Some Indian families live in the vicinity of the chapel, while others live as far as twenty miles away. In the winter, so they tell me, the Indians usually gather around the agency. This will save me many a cold trip. The following incident will show how well even the Protestant Fort Sill Apaches are disposed towards me. One very intelligent and courteous Apache, Mr. Aicy, offered to board and lodge me whenever I visit their village, adding that he also had a large barn, where I could leave my horse. Another Fort Sill, a Catholic, when he saw me coming in my habit, exclaimed, "That is a man of God!" meaning to express, I suppose, his idea of the difference between a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister. There will be some opposition, no doubt, on the part of the Protestants here who are very bigoted, and receive a large salary for their work in behalf of the Indians. But, I will not interfere with their work, and thus I hope to be able to maintain peace and gain the good will of all."

San Francisco, Cal.—The Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Kenny, O.F.M., has succeeded the Rev. Fr. Juniper, O.F.M., as director of the English speaking branch of the Third Order. On September 6, twenty-eight postulants were received into the novitiate and twelve made their profession. The Father Director opened a series of discourses on the nature,

the object, and the privileges of the Third Order. Special stress was laid on what the speaker called the "domestic blessings" of the Third Order.

San Diego, Cal.—The Rev. Joseph T. Nunan, V.F., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San Diego, died June 27, 1913. He was born March 27, 1870, and was in the twenty-first year of his priesthood at the time of his death. He was a most zealous priest, and he labored especially for the spread of the Third Order of St. Francis. The bereaved Tertiaries of San Diego request their many brothers and sisters in religion to be mindful of their deceased Rev. Director in their prayers.

Los Angeles, Cal.—At the last regular meeting of the Third Order of St. Joseph's parish, Los Angeles, thirty-five novices made their profession, and forty-eight new members were invested with the habit and chord of the Third Order. A special mission for the Tertiaries will be held in the near future.

San Xavier del Bac, Ariz.—An amusing incident happened some time ago to the Rev. Fr. Tiburtius, O. F.M., with whom the readers of the *Franciscan Herald* are well acquainted. Attired in his civil clothes—he usually travels in his Franciscan habit—he entered an Indian village where he was not very well known. The good Catholic Indians mistook him for a Protestant minister come to rob them of their faith, and without much ceremony drove him out of the village.

San Miguel, Ariz.—A number of unwelcome visitors from Poso Verde, Sonora, across the Mexican border, were found to have housed in the Rev. Fr. Bonaventure's home during his absence from the mission. They stole all his eatables, nearly ruined his oil stove, tore some pictures, and left after caus-

ing general confusion. This is an experience for which all the missionaries may be prepared, when they return to their lonely missions after a several weeks' absence.—Beginning with August 10, the feast of St. Lawrence, Father Bonaventure, O. F. M., at the earnest request of the people of San Lorenzo, held a very successful mission at this station.—At present the same Rev. Father is busy directing the building of a school at Kobabi. The foundations have been completed, but the work is progressing slowly owing to the frequent and heavy thunderstorms. About a month ago, one of his most faithful children was struck dead by lightning. Just the night before, Father Bonaventure was on the point of leaving for another station when some unforeseen occurrence kept him there. As he would read Mass the following morning, he considered it advisable to give the children an opportunity of receiving Holy Communion. Among the communicants was the little unfortunate Indian, or rather fortunate, for he met his death towards noon just a few hours after receiving.

St. Michael, Ariz.—The Rev. Anselm Weber, O. F. M., has been in Washington, D. C., the past few weeks fighting the cause of the Navajo Indians of whom he has had charge these fifteen years. For some time, certain parties have been advocating the allotting of part of the Navajo reservation to the Indians and the consigning of the remainder to the public lands of the country. That the Reverend Missionary is perfectly right in opposing this iniquitous scheme, is evident from an article in the *Outlook* of October 18, 1913 from the pen of Ex-President Roosevelt. He writes: "Among those at the Snake dance was Father Weber of the Franciscans, who had done much good work on the Navajo Reservation. Father Weber has attained great influence with the Navajos because of his work for their practical betterment. Like every competent judge I met, he strongly protested against opening or cutting down the Navajo Reservation. I heartily agree with him. Such an act would be a cruel wrong, and would benefit only a few wealthy cattle and sheepmen."

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

On September 8, the lonely corridors, halls, and play-grounds of St. Joseph's began to resound again with the mirthful shouts and joyous greetings of old and new pupils. The formal opening of the fifty-third scholastic year took place the next morning with solemn High Mass celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Rector, assisted by the Rev. FF. Juvenal and Peter Nolascus. One hundred and nineteen students, of whom thirty-six are new aspirants, registered. Regular class work was begun on Thursday, Sept. 11.

On Saturday and Sunday following, the boys were very busy organizing the three base-ball teams, several tennis clubs, the St. Joseph Athletic Club, and the St. Bernadine Literary Circle. The Third Order and the Bl. Virgin's Sodality were also re-organized and cordially invited the new students to join their ranks.

This year a sixth class has been added to the curriculum of the college. Since 1907, this class had been taught after the novitiate. Three new members have been added to the faculty, the Rev. FF.

Joseph C. Meyer, Peter N. Nolan, and Thomas A Rust.

Gratitude compels us to chronicle that several benefactors have shown themselves very generous to the needy boys of our institution. One benefactress has sent a sum of money sufficient to carry a student through the entire course of his studies. Another has sent her annual contribution for one student, while one benefactor kindly remembered the institution in his will. We must likewise gratefully acknowledge that several cases of books have been presented to our library and a number of rare coins donated to the college museum.

On September 16, a solemn Requiem was sung for the repose of a deceased benefactor and all the boys received Holy Communion, offering it up in grateful remembrance of him. The month's mind of Pope Pius X, the once glorious protector of our Order, was solemnly held in the college chapel on September 19, the Rev. Fr. Celestine officiating, assisted by the Rev. FF. Giles and Peter as deacon and sub-deacon.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The new scholastic year opened on August 19. A solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Rector to invoke the blessing of the Holy Spirit's grace and light upon the work of 1914-1915. The enrollment showed 57 students, distributed among six classes. Sunday, the student body attended the solemn ceremony of holy profession at the Old Mission. Five novices, who completed their year of trial at the monastery, were admitted to the vows. They are Fr. Gregory Wollenschlager, Fr. John Chrysoptom Clark, Fr. Sebastian Eiche, Fr. Raphael Friederich, and Fr. Daniel Mc Namara. In the evening of the happy day, the newly

professed paid a visit to their old Alma Mater, where they enjoyed a congenial chat with their former college fellows.

Fr. Francis Werhand, O.F.M., is again in charge of the Third Order Order of St. Francis. The other societies have not yet been re-organized.



OBITUARY

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College:

Rel. Brother Augustine Zeitz, O. F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church;
English branch of Third Order:

Bridget Ryan, Sister Frances,
Catherine Murray, Sister Frances,
Mary Riordan, Sister Elizabeth,
Sarah Curley, Sister Louise.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Lawrence Thomas, Brother Peter.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:

May Green, Sister Margaret.

San Diego, Cal., St. Joseph's Church:

The Very Rev. Joseph T. Nunan,
V. F.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:

Josephine Brandt, Sister Flizabeth.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

OCTOBER, 1914.

DEDICATED TO THE
QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Th.	Bl. Louise, 3d Ord., W.—St. Remigius, Bp.
2	F.	Holy Guardian Angels. (P. I.)
3	S.	Vigil of the feast of St. Francis.—Translation of the body of St. Clare.
4	S.	18th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Francis of Assisi, C., Founder of the Three Orders and Patriarch of the Poor. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Jesus Cures the Man Sick of Palsy. Matt. IX, 1-8.
5	M.	Office of the Holy Rosary.—Bl. John, 1st Ord., C.
6	T.	St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds, 3d Ord., V. (P. I.)
7	W.	St. Henry, Emperor of Germany, C.
8	Th.	St. Bridget of Sweden, W.
9	F.	St. Denis and Companions, M. M.
10	S.	St. Francis Borgia, C., S. J.
11	S.	19th Sunday after Pentecost. —Octave of the feast of St. Francis. Gospel: Parable of the Marriage Feast. Matt. XXII, 1-14.
12	M.	St. Seraphin, C. (P. I.)
13	T.	SS. Daniel and Companions, 1st Ord., MM. (P. I.)
14	W.	St. Callistus, M.
15	Th.	St. Teresa, V.
16	F.	St. Wenceslaus, M.
17	S.	St. Hedwig, W.—Bl. Margaret Mary Alacoque.
18	S.	20th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Luke, Evangelist. Gospel: Healing of the Ruler's Son. John IV, 48-53.
19	M.	St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
20	T.	St. John Cantius, C.
21	W.	St. Ursula and Comp., VV. MM.
22	Th.	Bl. Ladislaus, 1st Ord., C.
23	F.	St. John Capistran, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
24	S.	St. Edward the Confessor, King of England.
25	S.	21st Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Francis of Calderola, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: The King's Account. Matt. XVIII, 23-35.
26	M.	St. Linus, Pope and M.
27	T.	St. Bruno, C., Founder of the Carthusians.
28	W.	SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
29	Th.	Bl. Paula of Mantua, 2d Ord., V.
30	F.	Bl. Theophilus a Curte, 1st Ord., M.
31	S.	Vigil of the Feast of All Saints.—Bl. Thomas, 1st Ord., C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"RESURRECTION OF THE BODY"

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. II.

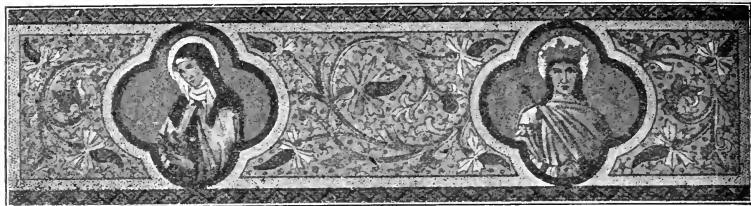
NOVEMBER, 1914.

NO 11.

ON THE FIELD OF GOD

STAY, Christian soldier! 'Tis the field of God,
Where battle clouds no longer veil the day;
Where willow lorn and pensive cypress nod
A welcome sad to somber Autumn's sway.
Who erstwhile wrestled with the wily foe,
Are folded now in loving sleep's embrace;
For-get-me-nots and stalwart asters glow
Mid evergreen upon their resting-place.
They are not dead; the battle's gloom and noise
Have only ceased to thrill them with alarm.
Bravely they struggled till their Leader's voice
Called them aside to rest their weary arm.
In peace they sleep beneath the standard fair
That in the fray so often urged them on—
Their beacon light when thunders rode the air;
It now forebodes the beaming burst of Dawn.
Hopeful they bide the Angel's clarion call
That soon will echo from empyreal skies;
As gorgeous morning rends the sable pall,
They, too, in glory from the grave will rise.
O Day of days! What hosts of splendor throng
Around the Cross that paid for their release;
On wings of gladness, hark! their triumph song
Is borne aloft unto the Land of Peace!

F. B., O. F. M.



ST. DIDACUS

OF THE FIRST ORDER

NOVEMBER 12

ST. Didacus was born towards the end of the fourteenth century at San Nicolao del Puerto, in the diocese of Seville, in Spain. His poor, but pious parents endeavored to instill into his heart sentiments of piety and virtue, and they had the consolation of seeing their efforts crowned with success. At an early age, Didacus showed love of solitude and prayer, and, as soon as his age permitted, he placed himself under the guidance of a holy priest who led the life of a hermit in the neighborhood. Together with his master, the Saint gave himself up to the practice of contemplation and great austerities, while, to avoid the danger of idleness, and to procure the daily necessities, he devoted his moments of leisure to the cultivation of a small garden and to other manual labors. Many, indeed, were the graces bestowed on him in this life of solitude and prayer, and great was his progress in the love of God and every other virtue.

But amid the consolations of his intimate communion with God, Didacus longed for a more perfect mode of life. He began to feel an ardent desire to join the Order of St. Francis, and, after some time, betook himself to Arizafa, near Cordova, where the Friars Minor had a convent, and begged for admission into the Order. His petition was granted, and he was ad-

mitted as a lay brother. Didacus now joyfully and courageously strove, with all the ardor of his God-loving soul, to become even more intimately united with God by the practice of every religious virtue. His obedience was perfect; a mere wish of his superiors sufficed to make him joyfully undertake the most arduous and disagreeable labors. His austerities were extraordinary. In his love of holy poverty, he was a model for all. His life was a continual prayer. It would be impossible to describe his tender devotion to the Holy Eucharist, to the Passion of our Lord, and to his Blessed Mother. He was often honored with ecstasies, during which he received supernatural knowledge of the mysteries of faith. Learned theologians sometimes came to consult the humble lay brother on the most difficult questions of theology, and went away amazed at the depth and clearness of his answers. In prayer, he also acquired that great confidence in God, which filled him with a holy indifference in all circumstances of life, and caused him to expect all things from the goodness and mercy of Divine Providence,—a confidence that was sometimes rewarded in a wonderful manner. Prayer was also the source of the great love of the neighbor that filled his heart with compassion for the poor and the sick, and that caused his

ardent desire to labor for the conversion of sinners and unbelievers.

God glorified his servant by many extraordinary favors and miracles. One day, at the time the Saint was living in Seville, the son of a poor woman, who earned her living by baking bread, committed some fault, and full of fear of being punished, hid himself in an oven, where he fell fast asleep. The next morning, the mother not aware of this, prepared the oven for baking. The flames awoke the child, and he at once began to scream and to call his mother. Beside herself with terror and grief, the mother ran through the streets weeping and imploring all those whom she met to save her child. Didacus, happening to pass by, and hearing the cause of her grief, comforted her, and persuaded her to go to the church and invoke the aid of the Blessed Virgin. He with his companion, then went to the woman's house and called to the child in the Name of the Lord, — and the spectators beheld the child come forth from the flames without the least trace of a burn.

In 1445, the Saint, with several companions, was sent to the Canary Islands, and, though but a lay brother, was appointed guardian of the convent of the friars in the island of Fortaventura. The superiors believed themselves justified in making an exception to the ordinary rule, not to raise a lay brother to the office of superior, on account of his great sanctity and enlightened prudence. Didacus, forced to submit, governed the community with holy wisdom, and, by word and example, effected much for the maintainance and growth of religious fervor among



St. Didacus

his brethren, and for the evangelization of the barbarous people of the island. Burning with a desire for the martyr's crown, he bore all difficulties and privations with invincible courage, and zealously labored for the conversion of the pagans, many of whom he brought to the faith of Christ.

After four years thus spent for the salvation of souls, the Saint was recalled by his superiors, and sent to Rome to be present at the canonization of St. Bernardine of

Siena, in 1450. Here he found nearly four thousand Friars Minor, who had come to the Eternal City at the invitation of their superiors to assist at the great solemnities. Many of the brethren fell sick, either from the effects of the journey, which at the time was always made on foot, or from the effects of the climate, so that a large infirmary had to be opened in the convent of Ara Coeli. The Saint's charity for the sick could not long remain unnoticed, and the care of the infirmary was entrusted to him. He at once joyfully accepted the charge, and with untiring zeal sacrificed himself for the welfare of the sick brethren. God signally rewarded his charity. In spite of the scarcity of food which then prevailed in Rome, the Saint was always able to provide his sick with the necessaries. He cured many by anointing them with the oil of a lamp which burnt before the image of the Blessed Virgin, or by making the sign of the cross over them.

On his return to Spain, Didacus retired first to the convent of Alcala. Here he spent the last years of his life, diffusing far and wide the odor of sanctity, so that his name became famous throughout the whole of Spain.

When he fell ill, and felt his end approaching, he begged for an old, worn-out habit, that he might die as a true son of St. Francis, the great lover of poverty. Fixing his eyes on the crucifix, Didacus breathed forth his soul on November 12, 1463, with the words: "Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood, Laden with so sweet a load."

He was buried in the church of the Franciscans at Alcala. The many miracles occurring at his tomb, induced Pope Sixtus V to canonize him, in 1588.

REFLECTION

The life of St. Didacus vividly calls to our minds the words of St. Paul: "See your vocation, brethren, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; but the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong" (I. Cor. 1, 26, 27). Though he was poor and insignificant in the eyes of the world, the Saint is now great in the kingdom of heaven. He served the Lord in humility, in patience, and self-denial, striving in all things to gain his love and favor, and God has exalted him and bestowed upon him an honor and glory that surpasses all human understanding. The humble lay brother shall shine forth to the end of time as of one of the champions of God who, by heroic struggle, overcame self and the sinful world, and gave glorious testimony to the whole world of the power, mercy, and goodness of God. How does he not confound the great and mighty of the world, who place their trust in their learning, riches, and power; who forgetful of their Creator, seek themselves in all things, and refuse to submit their minds and hearts to the world of God! True happiness, true greatness does not consist in worldly wisdom, riches, and honors, but in the possession of "the things that are above." God, however, bestows the joys and happiness of heaven only upon those who, though they have accomplished great things, are small and weak in their own estimation. For "every one that exalteth himself, shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted." (Luc. XIV, 11.)





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Cumillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

PERSECUTION OF THE THIRD ORDER

21. THE CAUSE (CONTINUED)

22. The Outbreak of the Persecution

“Let us lie in wait for the just.” (Wisd. 11, 12).

The foregoing chapter explained how the Tertiaries brought on themselves the hatred of the world. It did not take long for the gathering storm of persecution to break over their heads. “Let us lie in wait for the just,” their enemies seemed to say, “let us make use of the first opportunity to persecute this new order, and thereby prevent its growth.”

It was in Faenza near Rimini. The mayor of the town demanded of his subjects the “oath of obedience.” Many took the oath as usual. But there was a class of men, among them highly respected citizens, wearing a peculiar garb, a simple grey habit, who rose up and declared, “We are not allowed to take an oath except when the honor of God or the good of our neighbor demands.” The mayor could hardly credit his ears, and thinking that he had misunderstood, again demanded the oath of obedience. But the answer was the same: “We cannot take the oath.”

The mayor was amazed. “Why not?” he demanded authoritatively.

“We are members of the Order of Penance,” they answered, “and our Rule forbids us to take the oath.”

“What kind of order is this?” he

asked?”

“It is an order founded by the renowned Francis of Assisi, and many there are that belong to it.”

“But an order that forbids obedience to civil authority can not be a good order,” remonstrated the mayor.

“Our order, styled the Order of Penance, is a holy order,” one of the brethren courageously replied. “It was founded by a most holy man, and its object also is most holy.”

“There can be no holiness, without obedience,” argued the mayor. “Show your holiness, therefore, by taking the oath and being obedient to the state.”

“We can not,” was the simple reply.

“What, you still refuse? What will you do when I call my subjects to arms?” the mayor angrily rejoined.

“We can carry arms only in defence of our holy Faith, of the Church, and of our own property.”

“Then you must belong to the hated Guelphs, to the papal party.”

“That we do not deny. Under all circumstances we will defend the Roman Church, especially since our founder commands us to be obedient children of the Church.”

“And you refuse to submit to civil authority?”

“No; on the contrary, we gladly obey civil authority, and fulfill

our obligation as citizens, but we must obey God and Holy Church more than men."

"For the last time I command you to take the oath of obedience, and to take up arms," said the mayor, seeing that further argument was useless.

"It is not allowed," was the short but determined answer of the Brethren of Penance.

"You shall pay dearly for this," shouted the enraged official, "I will force you to do both."

Thus ended this singular interview. The Tertiaries were then subjected to all manner of annoyances and abuse, so much so that they sent a petition to Pope Honorius III through Cardinal Hugoline for protection. The Pope espoused the cause of the Brethren, and sent a letter to the Bishop of Rimini, Bonaventure Trissino, in which he commanded the bishop to reprimand the officials who molested the Tertiaries, and, if necessary, to restrain them with the threat of papal censures. From that time on, the Brethren of Penance enjoyed peace in the diocese of Rimini. In other places, however, where the Tertiaries lived up to their Rule, they met with opposition, and the more the Third Order spread, the greater the opposition became.

It was the leader of the Ghibellines, especially, that caused trouble

by continually insisting on the oath of obedience. This was, of course, in keeping with the idea of Frederick II and his chancellor, Peter de Vigna. The party of the Emperor was naturally much weakened by the wonderful growth of the Third Order, whereas on the other hand the party of the Pope waxed strong. Where the Ghibellines were in power, the Tertiaries were made to suffer in many ways. Special taxes were levied on them, and they were forbidden to distribute their goods among the poor. Many even were driven from their homes. Cardinal Hugoline having in the meantime become Pope under the name of Gregory IX, came to the aid of the persecuted brethren. He sent a letter to all the archbishops and bishops, commanded them in unequivocal terms to protect the Tertiaries from molestation and to punish with the severest penalties those acting contrary to these orders.

Dear children of St. Francis, when reading of the sufferings of the first Tertiaries, do not fail to take note of the undaunted courage of your brethren in overcoming opposition and in faithfully observing the Rule in spite of obstacles. Follow their glorious example, and if you at times are persecuted or molested, be brave and faithful; follow in their footsteps, and show yourselves in every way worthy of them.



THE THIRD ORDER AND SOCIAL REFORM

By Fr. F. H., O.F.M.

III. THE APOSTOLATE OF THE THIRD ORDER

2. INFLUENCE OF THE THIRD ORDER ON MORAL LIFE

And old Franciscan historian writes: "St. Francis of Assisi and his followers have by their good example and heroic virtues, in the midst of a depraved and luxurious society, awakened in millions of souls a love for poverty, simplicity, and unselfishness, thereby conferring invaluable services on the moral life of the nations."

Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in his work, *Catholic Ideals in Social Life*, describes the influence of the Third Order on the moral life of the nations very graphically. "The Franciscan movement", he says, "was a great social reformation; it led men forward to heaven by making the way on earth straighter and more like unto heaven. It dealt not with abstract principles, but with the actual facts of the world. It did not preach the Gospel from monastic stalls, nor with the aloofness of one looking on from afar off, but it dwelt amongst the people and grappled with the evils of the system under which the people lived, the civic feuds, the intense selfishness, the luxuriousness, the effeminacy of the Thirteenth Century. . . . To the hatreds, injustices and luxury of the time it opposed a body of men and women animated by the spirit of Christian Brotherhood and Christian simplicity. This was the real significance of the Third Order; it was a social reform founded upon an awakening of the people's conscience to the evils of the age in which they lived." Our present age has its own wrongs and injustices, and against these the Tertiaries of today must battle if they are to be of any real value to the Church. They

must put on the mantle of Blessed Luchesius, the first Tertiary, and like him preach to all the worth and necessity of the moral virtues.

The very first paragraph of the Rule demands of the candidates that they be of a peace-loving disposition. To be so, they must be humble, and humility is a moral virtue, necessary for the peace of the community and the world at large. It need not surprise us, therefore, that Saint Francis demands of his followers the practice of true humility and forbearance.

Also obedience and submission to lawful authority are taught to the world, and put into practice by the Third Order. Without this virtue, peace, contentment, and progress are an impossibility, and the history of the great Franciscan movement tells us that as soon as Saint Francis began to preach his doctrine of obedience and submissiveness, so soon did many wars and feuds then rampant cease, and a period of peace and contentment set in.

Speaking of the justice demanded of the Tertiaries in their dealings with their neighbors, Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., again writes: "Saint Francis in his day did not find it impossible to supplant the civic feud by Christian fellowship; why should it be impossible in these days to supplant commercial selfishness by the self-same spirit of Christian fellowship? Is it too much to ask Franciscan Tertiaries to pledge themselves to strive after justice in dealing with their neighbor's weakness or necessity, to consider before they demand cheap goods, whether such goods can be sold cheaply without decreasing the fair

wage of the laborer, to pay a human wage * when they hire labor and give a just return in labor for wages received? If Franciscan Tertiaries would set themselves to oppose by their example the commercial sin of the age, truly they would show themselves the standard-bearers of that Christian Brotherhood of which Saint Francis dreamed, and for which he prayed."

The Tertiaries are commanded by their Rule to make use of temporal goods only in so far as it is necessary for the attainment of those which are eternal. "Members of the Third Order will refrain from excessive cost and elegance in adornment and dress, and will observe—each according to his state of life—the rule of moderation. They will refrain with the utmost caution from dangerous stage-plays and dances, and from all revelry. They will be frugal in eating and drinking." What a blow does this paragraph of the Rule give to the present craze for shameful fashions, for insane dancing and degrading intemperance and gluttony. Well could Dr. Lang, therefore, say at the Second Austrian Tertiary Congress: "The Order is not, as is so often said, an attempt at the solution of the social question, the Third Order is the solution."

There is one more moral virtue that the Third Order inculcates up-

on the world, namely the heavenly virtue of purity. The Third Order fosters this angelic virtue by removing from its members the occasions of this sin, by holding up to the eyes of the young the noble example of so many youths and maidens, who renounced all to follow the spotless Lamb; by reminding the married members of the saintly example of Saint Louis, who described the triple devotion of his life as "God, France and Margaret", and of the dear Saint Elizabeth, whose affection for her husband was no less romantic than inspiring. The many Saints of the Third Order are conclusive proof of the influence of the Third Order on chastity and conjugal fidelity.

This, then, is the influence of the Third Order on moral life, to teach humility, obedience, justice, temperance and purity. The work is, indeed, great but imperative. No Tertiary can remain asleep at his post. The least that can be expected of him is to mold his life upon the principles of the Gospel and to resist the world when it preaches another doctrine. Only when the members of the Third Order, each in his sphere, try to raise the moral standard of their parish, will the wish of the Popes be fulfilled, namely to renew the world in Christ and through Christ by the Third Order.

* Pope Leo XIII describes a "human wage" as that which allows a man and his family to live in reasonable comfort.



RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VLLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

15. Days of Horror. (Continued)

Earthquakes are frequent in Ecuador; there are several volcanoes in constant action. From our college we could easily see Chimborazo, Cayamba and Cotopaxi. Time and again, we noticed flames looming up from their craters, and again their subterranean mutterings would be so strong that we could not sleep in peace. At such times, we did not dare to sleep indoors, but lay down in the yard; the people removed to the streets. In 1877, there was an earthquake, the like of which was not in the memory of any man living. The evening before the outbreak there were repeated tremors that boded a new catastrophe. On rising the next morning, we found the sky completely overcast with the ashes that rose steadily from the crater of Mount Cayamba. The quaking gradually grew more violent; the people in the streets and public places began to scream and weep and pray. Yet the shower of ashes grew more and more dense; when the time came to recite Sext and None,* we had to light our lamps. Before None was completed, we were forced to leave off reciting, since from sheer terror we did not know what we were saying. Father Guardian gave orders for each one to continue as he pleased, meanwhile to seek a place of refuge.

When the bell rang at noon for dinner, nobody appeared. We did nothing but call to God for mercy. No one remained in the house, not even the sick, as they all feared to find a grave in the general ruin. The darkness from the rain of ashes

still increased, till we hardly recognized our whereabouts. Not until eight in the evening, was there any change for the better; then the quakings also began to weaken.

In the course of the day, an immense crowd of people gathered about the convent. All clamored to go to confession, and yet nobody dared to enter the church, as it was in constant danger of collapsing. I do not think the end of the world can be more terrible than that truly fearful day, the particulars of which are vividly present to my mind even to this moment after a lapse of twenty-eight years.

Toward evening, we four priests, bearing lighted torches and singing the litany of All Saints, began to make our way to the city, which, as stated above, was a half hour's walk distant. Coming to the first public place, I made an effort to preach, but the uproar amid the masses was so wild that I could not speak. All wanted to go to confession; but how could they? We exhorted them to make an act of contrition, and then Father Guardian gave absolution in general. But they would not be satisfied; they insisted on going to confession, and all night long we staid in the plaza hearing confessions. They crowded each other for the next chance; some called out their worst sins from afar, hoping the sooner to get absolution. All regard for public opinion disappeared; even ladies of the highest society screamed their sins aloud over the plaza. In the meantime, ever and again, came the dull thunder of the volcano, followed each time by

* Portions of the Divine Office usually recited about noon.

renewed shrieks of terror. It is estimated that we four Fathers, assisted by a number of others, heard over 10,000 confessions that night.

Toward six in the morning, the quakes ceased, and with them the outpour of lava and ashes. We could breathe easily again. Followed by a countless host of people, we returned to the convent, and celebrated a solemn Mass of thanksgiving. One of the fathers admonished the people never to reveal the sins they had overheard that night; but the admonition was scarcely needed, as every one had had so much to do with himself during the time that he could not think of anything else.

The earthquake and eruption had cost the lives of 4000 people. Many houses had been crushed, many others nearer the volcano had been buried under the cinders. The immense snowfields, that had constantly covered the three above-mentioned peaks, had melted from the fierce heat of the flames and ashes, causing extensive floods. This water was boiling hot and devastated everything for miles about. One man, whose sense of humor had not been altogether cowed by the disaster, declared to me that four days after the quake he had found a rock hot enough to light his pipe with.

16. Home Missions.

A year after my ordination to the priesthood, almost coincident with the great earthquake, I was possessed by the desire to go to the missions among the heathens and cannibals.

The Franciscan colleges in Peru and Ecuador were under obligations to support the missions on the upper Amazon and Ucayale. But owing to a scarcity of missionaries no one had thus far been sent to those fields from Ecuador. So I ap-

proached Fr. Masia, who at that time was Commissary General and Visitor, and obtained from him leave to enter on those missions; first, however, I was to assist in giving home missions to prepare myself for my future labors. Archbishop Ignatius Checa, the prelate who was later on poisoned at Holy Mass, as I shall relate in its place, would each year give us a list of the cities and towns in which we were to conduct the missions.

There were fifteen missions in my first year. Fr. Masia himself wished to conduct these missions, and we young recruits were very glad of it; for no one could have initiated us so competently as this excellent man in the important and arduous task of home missions. Early in the morning, after Holy Mass I would give a catechetical instruction; toward noon, another father spoke on apologetic subjects; in the evening, Fr. Masia gave the special instruction for the various states of life. Many a time he had to preach in the open air on account of the number of his hearers. His delivery was plain and unaffected; but there was so much unction in his words that it was inconceivable how any one could hear him and not mend his ways. It is impossible to state the number of conversions that his missions effected. The example of his holy life drew his hearers toward virtue with an irresistible force.

He left no means untried to gain souls. Once a certain populous locality would not receive the missionaries sent by the archbishop. But Fr. Masia, after a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, merely ordered us to follow his lead. Laden with a great cross, he appeared in the streets and plazas, and began to preach. Among other things, he said that if the people refused to accept the missionaries, most certainly an earthquake

would soon destroy the entire place. Scarcely had he finished the words, when the ground shook slightly from the force of a quake. The people, thereupon, came running in terror, promised to do all we said, and followed us to church. Their conversion was general and thorough, and for years the fruits of the mission continued.

17. Memorable Leave-takings.

After this series of missions, Fr. Masia had to return to Peru to continue his canonical visitation. So I and another father, who shared my aspirations, begged him insistently for leave to accompany him thither; for, to go to the missions of the interior, we had to travel by way of Peru, where the prefect of the missions, Fr. Ignatius Lans, was awaiting us. Fr. Commissary gladly agreed to our request.

Before our departure, we visited President Moreno to bid him goodbye. Fr. Masia remonstrated with the President for having proposed him to Pope Pius IX for the bishopric of Loques, representing to Moreno that the laws of Ecuador countenanced only native-born bishops; he advanced many other reasons which his humility prompted. But the President declared that he had taken council with his cabinet regarding the first point, and that he was making this exception with their consent; regarding his unworthiness, however, the Holy Father would know best how to solve his misgivings. We learnt on this occasion that Fr. Masia had made three attempts, all in vain, to escape the dignity. At last, in the event of his being forced to accept the bishopric, he had made three conditions: That he be allowed to lead the life of a religious; that another convent of Franciscans be erected in his diocese with his episcopal residence hard by; that he be allowed to make unstinted use of

his brother-religious in the administration of the diocese. To all these conditions the Pope immediately agreed, upon the request of Moreno.

For fully two hours these great minds remained in conversation, just as if they foresaw that it was the last time they should meet and converse on earth. The President also addressed a few words to us. In the midst of the conversation he turned to us and said:

"You are going abroad to preach the gospel to heathen nations, leaving me here on guard to prevent the downfall of the Faith. Stand fast in persecution. Let each of us so labor as we shall be able to answer for before God. While the cannibals may devour you, I may have to die here for my steadfastness in clinging to the Catholic Faith."

We left the President, and went to see Archbishop Ignatius Checa, who had ordained me. Him also we were to see for the last time, as both soon fell victims of their fidelity to God and their Holy Faith.

18. Unwonted Travels.

In the year 1878, we left Quito, first for Guayaquil, where we had to embark for Lima. There were four missionaries: Fr. Commissary Masia, Fr. Francis Blancafort, Fr. Ortiz, and I. Fr. Blancafort acted as secretary to Fr. Commissary while Fr. Ortiz was destined with me for the heathen missions.

Leaving Quito for Guayaquil, we went first by wagon to Tinaco, over a fearful road. Up and down we went across the Andes. At Tinaco, where we had recently conducted a mission, we were received very hospitably. From this city on we rode on muleback, for it was impossible to proceed in a wagon. In consequence of the rainy season, all the roads were slushy. In some places the path was washed out to

such an extent that we passed yawning precipices at the imminent risk of our lives. We were ten days on the road. The surprise was that none of us had come to any harm, whereas we found on our road the carcasses of many beasts of burden that had either stuck fast in the mire or had fallen headlong from the cliff.

In Guayaquil, we spent a week at the convent with leisure enough to see the town. The latter differs in no way from other cities of the tropics, unless it be by its moral depravity. For all the corrupt elements of Peru and Ecuador flow together at Guayaquil as if it were a city of refuge for all manner of crimes and criminals. We boarded the same ship here that had given us passage from Panama to Guayaquil some years before. After an uneventful voyage of four days, we disembarked at Callao, the port of Lima. Here Fr. Commissary found awaiting him the bulls of his appointment to the episcopal see of Loques. Everything he had requested, was granted him. Eight fathers accompanied him to his see, where he arrived a month before the assassination of Garcia Moreno.

Fr. Ignatius Lans, Prefect of the Ucayale missions also was present at Lima, and was very glad to see us.

19. From Lima to the Frontier

One month later, we quit Lima, and made straight for Ocopa, where the great College of Missionaries was located. We went first by railroad, which is supposed to be the highest in the world. For three days, we continued our upward course to the highest passes of the Andes. Yarma, the terminus of the railroad, was the center for the exchange of goods between Europeans and Indians.

At Yarma, we mounted burros for the rest of the journey to Ocopa,

where we arrived three days later. The convent is very favorably situated for the convenience of both veteran and recruit missionaries. Here we had to learn the Quichua language. This language gave us a great deal of trouble on account of its many gutterals; but there was nothing else to do but to learn it, as it is in common use among both the Christian and heathen Indians, as well as among the traders. The missionaries are highly esteemed by the Indians of the frontier, who are very simple and docile.

After a month's stay at Ocopa, during which we tried to acquire a stock of the most ordinary expressions in Quichua, we prepared for the last stage of our journey to the frontier. There were four of us: Fr. Prefect (Lans), Fr. Ortiz, a lay brother named Didacus Fulco, who had come with me from Spain, and I. Three days after leaving Ocopa, we arrived at Guanoco. Everywhere along the route we had been well received, for the Franciscans have charge of the entire region.

20. Stirring Scenes at Guanoco

Guanoco is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, most of them being full-blood Indians and very good people, as they have little to do with Europeans. The Bishop of the city asked us to conduct a mission. There were many conversions, as there had not been a mission for many years. The people were very attentive to the sermons, and at times there were such outbursts of weeping that we could not proceed. In fact, they performed such acts of penance as we are wont to find only in the lives of great saints. Some penitents for instance came to confession with a crown of thorns on their head, having pressed it in so deeply that the points protruded at the brow, and drops of blood mingled with their tears of contri-

tion. The fruits of the mission lasted for many years. We had erected several confraternities, among them the Third Order and the Confraternity of the Rosary, knowing from experience how effectively these fraternities secure lasting results of a mission.

During the mission, we learnt of the death of President Moreno. At first, no one would believe it, as similar reports had often been spread but never confirmed. This time however, the rumor proved too true. Although Guanoco is a fifteen days' journey from Ecuador, the people here were deeply touched. They wept for him as for their own father, and draped their houses with black crape in token of mourning. The bishop ordered a

solemn memorial service, at which one of our fathers preached the sermon. I shall refrain from detailing the causes of Moreno's tragic death; for all the papers and many biographies have brought the full account. I wish only to say that Rayo, the first assassin, had long harbored a glowing hatred against the President, because the latter would not allow him to go to Vapo, on account of the scandal and injustice he had formerly been guilty of at that place. Later, I visited the vicinity Vapo, and could well understand what induced Moreno to refuse him the passage. The Freemasons, who knew him to be a desperate, reckless character, hired him as the Jews hired their Judas.

POPE PIUS X

For Franciscan Herald

A heart all world-embracing in its love
 Of mankind; all were brothers loved in Christ,
 With whom his soul's desire was to dwell,
 In sweet accord and lasting harmony.
 The great white shepherd of his flock world-wide,
 Who lead the sheep, the tender lambs of God,
 'Mid pastures fair where living waters flow
 From out the Eucharistic Heart of Christ.
 How shrank the gentle humble soul of him,
 The awful trust from Heaven to assume,—
 The Keeper of the keys, the Vicar called
 Of the Almighty Lord of earth and Heaven.
 And sons and daughters of Assisi's Saint,
 Proudly may hail him brother; for his soul
 Rejoiced in that he was a follower
 Of the sweet champion of poverty.
 Imbued with all his virtues—charity,
 Humility, and love of God and man,
 True son was he of Umbria's knightly saint.
 Pontiff beloved! thy splendid life shall shine,
 A beacon 'mid obscuring mists of sin;
 And men shall walk up to the mount of God,
 By treading in the way thy feet have trod.

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

TWO SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

For Franciscan Herald

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

THE first appearance of Miss Agnes Lawton, contralto soloist at the Empress theater was a phenomenal success, so the newspapers announced the morning after.

As the curtain went down, and the audience cheered wildly for the beautiful young singer to appear again, Richard Weston rushed in behind the scenes, and seizing Agnes's hand in a cordial grasp, exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight:

"Miss Lawton, you were simply superb! We'll be turning the crowds away every night after this. Why, do you know, you're a wonder!"

Agnes was very happy at the splendid ovation she had received, and the genuine praise bestowed upon her by the manager, Mr. Weston. To add to the pleasures of that first evening at the theater, Richard Weston insisted on taking her home in his automobile, and when Agnes ran up the steps of her home, her arms filled with beautiful flowers presented by some one in the admiring audience, she felt that she was the happiest girl in all the world.

As her manager had predicted, crowds were turned away every night, once the fame of the new contralto had gone abroad, and the Empress became the mecca of all theater-goers. Letters came occasionally from the little friend in the cloister, assuring Agnes that she was constantly remembered in the prayers of Sister Dolorosa. At first, the tender, loving messages were answered by Agnes, but after the dazzling triumphs she had won, they were left unheeded and forgotten.

One day, Agnes was hurrying along the street, her mind filled with thoughts of the splendid career that now lay open before her. The familiar outlines of the church—her church and Ursula's—came into view. She was not thinking of entering to make a visit, but all of a sudden, like an echo from a happy, innocent past, a childish voice seemed to say to her:

"O Agnes, how sad our Lord must feel to see people pass by without coming in to talk to Him, when He's just living here 'cause He loves us and wants to be near us."

Almost unconsciously Agnes found herself going up the steps and through the swinging doors. She slipped into a near by pew. Far ahead of her, in the restful gloom, burned the ever faithful sanctuary light. But no whispered loving words passed her lips, no petition for forgiveness and strength, both of which she sadly needed. Her eyes wandered over to the Blessed Mother's altar, then to where the statue of Saint Francis stood. Her name had once been Sister Francis. Did not the gentle eyes of the saint seem to rebuke her?—Well, she must hurry on or be late for rehearsal. Rising and genuflecting hastily, she passed out of the church and down the street.

That night brought another triumph to the fair young singer. Encore after encore was given, and bouquets of flowers were showered at her feet as she stood on the stage bowing and smiling to her charmed audience.

It deeply grieved Agnes's parents, as time went on, to note their daughter's growing disregard for her religious duties. Not infre-

quently after a Saturday night performance and a late supper in the company of Richard Weston, Agnes would plead a headache and extreme fatigue as an excuse for remaining away from Mass. Then in the evening, when her mother would gently try to coax her to come to Benediction, her answer was that Mr. Weston was going to call. For the theatrical manager had now become a frequent visitor at the Lawton home, a fact far from pleasing to Agnes's parents; since they saw in Richard Weston, despite his handsome face and charming manners, a selfish, worldly man.

Early in the fall, Agnes announced that she and Mr. Weston were to be married. He had at once protested when the girl spoke of having a priest perform the ceremony, and although Agnes felt sad to think that her good old pastor could not give her his blessing on her wedding day, she yielded to the wishes of the man of her choice. Richard's sister, a worldly, fashionable woman, made all the arrangements for the wedding, which took place in the garden just at sunset. A clergyman from one of the wealthy city churches performed the ceremony.

Agnes tried to force herself to think that she was perfectly happy in the grand new home her husband had built for her. Every comfort and luxury was bestowed on her, and Weston was genuinely proud of the beauty and accomplishments of his young wife. She continued to sing as before, and, as before, her audience went wild with delight and admiration at the sight of the graceful, girlish figure, with the sweet innocent face and lustrous dark eyes, who seemed to sing as no other had ever sung. Yet sometimes, in the midst of her song, there would rise up out of the sea of faces before her a vision of a dim,

quiet chapel, with an altar gleaming with flickering lights and myriad blossoms, and redolent with perfume of incense. In the choir loft, two white veiled young novices fixed adoring eyes on their Eucharistic Lord, enshrined in the golden monstrance, as their voices rang out sweetly, clearly, and throbbing with faith and love:

"O salutaris hostia,

Quae coeli pandis ostium."

Then the deafening applause and smiling upturned faces would call her back again to the present—back to undreamed-of triumphs, praise, and adulation. And if there remained a lingering shadow of regret because of the vision memory had conjured up, every vestige vanished when she looked into the smiling, admiring eyes of her husband.

One evening, Richard Weston informed his wife that he would take her to the theater rather early, as he had an appointment with a friend in town, assuring her that he would be back at the Empress in time to hear her sing. So, after dinner, Agnes slipped on one of her simple but beautiful gowns, her only ornament being an elegant necklace of pearls given to her by her husband on her wedding day.

"My little wife looks amazingly charming to-night," he remarked as he drew her arm through his, and led her to the waiting automobile.

At the theater that evening, Agnes sat in her dressing room. It was almost time for her to sing, and she was wondering why Richard had not yet come. Suddenly the door opened, and her husband entered. One glance at his flushed face, and she knew that he had been drinking. He closed the door, and crossing the room unsteadily, leaned heavily on the little dressing table.

"See here, Agnes"—he spoke

thickly—"let's have none of those encores and bouquets and all that sort of thing to-night. Just sing your song, and be done with it. Time to go on," he added, pulling out his watch. Agnes had sunk into a chair, her face a deathly pallor.

"O, I can't sing, I can't," she moaned, clasping her hands in despair.

"But you'll have to. That's all about it," he answered roughly.

As one in a dream, Agnes rose and went to the door. A few minutes later, she stood pale and trembling in the glare of the footlights. Everything seemed strange and unreal. She began to sing, but she knew it did not sound like her voice. How could she sing, how could she smile with such a weight on her heart! An encore followed her song, but she knew the people were looking wonderingly at one another, and applauded rather out of habit than because of the pleasure she had given them.

"What ailed you anyway?" demanded Richard as the curtain fell, and Agnes gladly sought the refuge of her dressing room. "Of all the attempts at singing I ever heard, that was the worst!"

"O let me go home," was all Agnes could say, as she hurriedly put on her wraps. All the way, Richard scolded and abused the well-nigh heart-broken girl for what he termed the rankest failure it had ever been his lot to witness. For the remainder of the week Agnes was ill and miserable, which did not serve to lessen her husband's ugly humor. He was angry and humiliated on account of her wretched singing, although he knew he himself was to blame for it, and now her inability to appear again and "make good" as he said, added to his chagrin and ill-temper.

Meanwhile, he frequently came home under the influence of liquor,

and for Agnes life was becoming almost intolerable. When things had gone on in this way for a month, during which time Agnes had not felt able to return to the stage, a letter came one day for Richard from the owner of the Empress theater. It expressed dissatisfaction at the way in which the theater was being managed, and ended by stating that the services if Mr. Weston were no longer desired.

This intelligence served to bring Richard to his senses, and he went to see the company with the view of convincing them that his services were indispensable, but they refused to consider the matter. Finding himself out of a position, he happened to remember that he had a theatrical friend in a western town, who might be able to do something for him. He wrote at once, stating his case, and received a favorable reply. If he could come at once, there was a lucrative position awaiting him.

A week later found Richard Weston and his wife on the train speeding westward. Through a mist of tears Agnes watched the familiar scenes of her childhood pass hurriedly by as she sat gazing from the train. She had gone to say farewell to her parents, from whom she had been almost estranged since her unhappy marriage. She did not reveal the real state of affairs, but her mother suspected that she was far from happy.

For a time, things went pleasantly enough in their new western home. Richard had contritely begged Agnes to forgive his past unkindness, and had carefully refrained from drinking. Besides, he had an excellent position. Then when a little daughter came to their home, Agnes felt as if the past unhappy days were all a dream. After a while, the question arose in her mind: would Richard allow the baby to be baptized? He had been very

kind and devoted of late, and perhaps he would gladly grant her desire. So she timidly broached the subject one day, only to be met with an emphatic refusal. He thought she had done, he said, with all such superstition long ago.

A few months later, the baby became quite sick, and Agnes was greatly worried lest it should die without Baptism. Many a time, from the street car window, she had seen a church spire surmounted by a cross, and knew it was of the Faith she had discarded. So, one afternoon when Richard was away, and would likely be detained for some time, she carefully wrapped up the baby, and stole out of the house toward the church. It did not take her long to find it, and calling at the rectory, she found a priest, who came at once, and administered Baptism to the infant. Ursula, the name of her girlhood friend, was what the baby was named.

In great haste, Agnes returned home only to find that her husband had already preceded her. He looked at her angrily as she came in.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "But I needn't ask—you've taken the baby down to the church and had it baptized. Isn't that so?"

Pale with fear, Agnes sank into a chair, and unwound the scarf from the baby's head.

"O Richard," she pleaded, "the baby isn't a bit well, and if anything should happen—and—and—the little thing not baptized. O, it would break my heart!"

Richard stormed like a mad man. A great consolation it was to possess such a wife as his, he declared. She was always trying to frustrate and thwart his designs, and was sly and crafty as well.

Thereafter the life of poor Agnes was far from peaceful, and since his frightful outbreak of violent

temper Richard had gone back to his habit of drinking, often remaining away from home until far into the night. The baby was the poor neglected wife's only solace. One stormy night in December, she sat rocking Ursula to sleep in her arms before the cheerful fire that burned in the grate. The baby was now two years old, a healthy, happy, playful little maid, who was very dear to her mother's sorely tried heart, the one ray of sunshine in a life out of which the sun seemed to have fled. Agnes was thinking over happy bygone days as she sat holding the now sleeping Ursula clasped to her breast. She fancied she could see herself as a child going off to school with Ursula, her former chum and playmate. They were climbing the stone steps of the dear old church to make their daily loving visit to the divine Prisoner, to promise Him they would always be faithful. What a long time since she had knelt beneath the little sanctuary lamp.—O for that feeling of peace and security she knew in those dear dead days. She recalled the happy day when she and her companion joined the Third Order of Saint Francis, and the still happier day when they donned the garb of his daughters in religion. And her name once was Sister Francis—the name of the Seraphic Saint she and Ursula had loved so well. Was it really true that she had once been called by that name? Then the hymns she and Sister Dolorosa used to sing together in those happy days. It was now a long, long time since she had sung anything. Since that terrible night at the theater she had no desire to sing again. Almost unconsciously she began in her rich contralto voice, but softly so as not to awaken the baby:

"O salutaris hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium."

Tears were coursing down her cheeks as she finished the last stan-

za. The baby in her arms stirred uneasily. Rising, she softly carried the sleeping child to its little bed, and as she placed the tangled golden head on the pillow she whispered fervently:

"My darling, God grant you may grow to be like the sweet soul whose name you bear, and may He preserve you from the infidelity your poor mother has been guilty of."

Outdoors the storm raged furiously. Glancing at the clock, Agnes was amazed to find that it was past four. Was it possible that she sat all through the night before the fire without noticing how the time was passing!

Then a great fear came over her. What was detaining Richard? He had never been out so long before. A premonition that something terrible had happened seized her. She

hurried to the window and looked out anxiously into the wild storm. The pale moon, partly hidden by black warring clouds, cast a weird light over the bleak wintry landscape. Suddenly, she heard the sound of an approaching automobile. It stopped in front of the house, and Agnes could hear a confused murmur of voices. With beating heart she rushed to the door, and opened it just as a group of men bore the lifeless body of Richard Weston up the steps of his home. He had been drinking heavily, they explained, and gambling with several of his boon companions, and in an altercation over the cards, Richard was shot, the wound proving instantly fatal.

Agnes gave a piteous cry of anguish as she looked at the ashen face of her dead husband, and fell unconscious to the floor.

(To be continued.)

A SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

One source of German confidence is the renewed religious spirit that has awakened throughout the Empire. "Now go to the church," the Kaiser told them from the balcony of his palace, "and on your knees ask the Almighty to grant us victory." A day was set aside for public penance and prayer; it was religiously observed. Many of those who shortly before had officially severed their connections with the Christian churches returned to their religious allegiance. Almost countless was the number of those who frequented the sacraments before leaving for the front. One instance: In a military train from Leipzig to Berlin an officer sees a Catholic priest. "How do you do, father? Many of my men have gone to confession these days. I myself am a Catholic but I have not practiced my faith for years. But I'll tend to my religious duties before the battle." "Make your peace with your God at once, lieutenant, while you have the chance." "But I cannot kneel down before all these passengers." "You needn't; just sit beside me here." So while the train was slowly moving along the officer and the priest sat side by side with a large newspaper held open before them, and while they were apparently reading the paper together, the confession was made—a soldier's confession—and absolution was given; perhaps it was his last confession!—"An American Refugee" in "America."

THE WORLD TO EUROPE

(For *Franciscan Herald*)

O, tell me not that she is dead,
The solace of my care-fraught days—
Fair Peace, whose smile's benignant rays
Their light on my dominions shed.

Say not to me her sun hath set
And Terror in her place doth reign.
O Europe! what have you to gain
By such disaster?—Shame, regret

Forever at your heart will gnaw
If mute indeed my gentle Peace;
The pangs they cause will never cease,
By God's inexorable law.

Until, O little ones! behind
That eclipse grand of grandest might
Ephem'ral power fades from sight,
And compacts may no more be signed.

Desist! Desist! To savage lands
Leave war—more noble far to save
Our Shield of Nations from the grave
Than bearing palms in blood-stained hands.

O rulers! Famine will not stalk
Within your walls. Have ye no care
For those who must that burden bear
If ye the foes of warfare balk?

Have ye no care for those that lie
In dissolution's icy clutch?
Do hearts bereaved your own not touch?
Do ye the Judge of all defy?

Who hath Omnipotence withstood?
Resist no longer lest ye fall.
Fame, power, conquest—what are all
If they cement not brotherhood?

K. C.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE MESSAGE OF THE POVERELLO

It is gratifying to note that a number of our esteemed exchanges did not allow the feast of St. Francis of Assisi to pass without some mention of the gentle Saint and his message to the world.

Under the title of "A Saint and Social Reformer" the *Catholic Bulletin*, in its issue of October 10, brings a lengthy appreciation of the Saint, from the pen of the Rev. Elliot Ross, C.S.P. It is a lucid exposition of St. Francis's gospel of social reform, and is well worth pondering by all who are engaged in social activity. Certainly, the social evils of to-day are too deep-seated to be cured by the quack nostrums advocated by certain self-constituted leaders and mouthpieces of the people. If they would hearken to the message of the Poverello, perhaps their dreams of reform, wild though they be, would come nearer to realization than they can ever hope to bring them by mere legislation. There are some things that will not be legislated out of the world, and sin, which is but another name for wrong living, is one of them. It is precisely in wrong living that many, if not all, social evils of the day have their root. Hence, to eradicate these evils, a change of life and morals must be effected. This is the principle on which St. Francis worked in inaugurating the great reform of the Middle Ages, and it is this principle that is frequently lost sight of, if not positively ignored, by many modern reformers. True reform, however, like charity, begins at home. Before trying to set society right, therefore, social reformers would do well to reform their own inner selves. This is what St. Francis did, hence the power of his message.

To quote from the article of the learned Paulist: "What was the secret moving force of Francis? How was it that a man crazy enough to prefer poverty to riches, who was fool enough to be a real Christian, could stamp out a frightful plague that had afflicted Europe for centuries; could lead thousands to imitate his insane despising of material wealth, could undermine the political theory on which the fabric of whole European statecraft was reared; and could do all this without incurring ecclesiastical censure?"

"What, then, was his secret? It was loving union with God, it was long mediation before the crucifix that culminated in the stigmatization of his own body; it was the giving his life that he might gain all; it was that he went into the desert before preaching in the city. And so once more, retirement and the spirit of prayer were justified unto generations to come—were justified, even, as the best of preparations for the most fruitful social activity."

"HAVE PITY ON ME"

The month of November which pious custom has set aside for the relief of the poor souls, calls to mind the Church's consoling doctrine on Purgatory. The doctrine of an intermediate state after death between heaven and hell, flows naturally from our knowledge of the attributes of God. On the one hand, his infinite sanctity will not allow anything defiled to enter heaven. Hence, no soul tainted with even the slightest stain of sin, can be admitted to eternal bliss. On the other hand, his inexora-

ble justice demands that every offence against his divine law be punished according to the guilt of the offender. Now, there are many souls that die in the friendship of God, and yet are not wholly purged from sin and guilt. Shall these souls be deprived forever of the Beatific Vision, and be made to suffer the same pangs as those who have departed this life in open and obstinate rebellion against God? Our whole being recoils from the thought. Our minds and hearts alike demand a state of punishment from which these souls, after having atoned for their sins, shall be freed, and admitted into the joys of Paradise.

What doctrine could be more consoling to the living as well as the dead, and at the same time more in accord with our own sense of justice? It is difficult to understand why the so-called reformers should have discarded this tenet even if it were not explicitly contained in Holy Writ. The well-instructed Catholic will know, however, that his own Bible tells him, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." We have it on divine authority, therefore, that there is such a place as Purgatory, where the souls of the just are temporarily detained to cancel the debt of their sins; moreover, that it is in our power to relieve and to liberate these souls by our prayers and good works.

Our own interest as well as theirs, demand that we assist them by the means at our disposal. "Devotion to the dead," says Pere Felix, "is not merely an exercise of faith, the fulfillment of a duty of charity, it also adds a grace to life and a consolation to sorrow." And Holy Scripture tells us that "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." But, "Judgment without mercy to him that hath not done mercy."

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN FRANCE

On the day after our peace Sunday, according to a press report, all the newspapers of Paris printed a news dispatch announcing that prayers for peace had been said throughout the United States on the day set aside by the President. Commenting on the incident, the *Gaulois*, which is a paper with anything but clerical tendencies, regrets that the example has not been followed by France, but at the same time it expresses the sanguine expectation that this may yet be done.

"It lifts the hope," says the *Gaulois*, "that our republic will one day follow the example of the United States, which we so often imitate, and not fear to show itself as religious, faithful, and confident in God as the most ancient monarchies in Europe."

For all we know, the *Gaulois* may yet prove to be a Balaam among the prophets. Already before the war there were unmistakable signs of a great religious revival in France, and if we may credit the stories of fugitives, the war has fanned the smoldering embers of faith and piety into bright flames.

But, however, encouraging these signs may be, it is vain to hope that France will again take her place among the Catholic nations as the eldest daughter of the Church until she removes the shackles she has with sacrilegious hands placed on the Church, and rids herself of the infidel ministers who, even in this dark hour, are too proud to bend their knees in humble supplication before the throne of the Almighty.

GOVERNOR GLYNN ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Catholic Governor of New York has written a letter to the editor of the *Reform Bulletin* of Albany, denying emphatically a statement credited to him in that journal, to-wit: "If I ever get to a place of influence in this State I shall do everything in my power to see that the parochial schools of this State get their share of the public money. It is an outrage that we Catholics must support the public schools." In his letter, the Governor takes a very firm and decided stand on the question of public and parochial education, and unhesitatingly announces himself a loyal supporter of the former. The letter is too long to be quoted in full; a few excerpts, however, will serve to show his attitude.

"I deny absolutely, unqualifiedly, and with all the emphasis that words can give that I ever expressed the sentiment quoted. . . . I never believed in the doctrine which it expresses. . . . If elected Governor I will oppose any legislation in that direction. . . . I was educated in the public schools, and the public-school system of this country has no more earnest, grateful, or uncompromising friend than I am—nor has it a more loyal supporter. . . . If I were called upon to name the one institution above all others which is the choicest product of liberty—the fairest and most valued fruit of freedom, I would unhesitatingly name the public-school system of the United States. It is the great bulwark of our liberties. It represents democracy in its highest and best form—because there we find the democracy of education."

We do not doubt the Governor's sincerity, and we readily take his word for it that he never expressed the sentiment attributed to him, and "never believed in the doctrine which it expresses." What he will do if elected Governor, need not worry the Catholic voters of New York, since it is by no means certain that he will be returned to his present exalted office. That he, the child of Catholic parents, was educated in the public schools, is clearly not his fault. That he is a friend and supporter of the public schools, is a matter of his own choice, and may be part of his public duties. But, that he should be so ardent an advocate and admirer of the public-school system as to refer to it as "the choicest product of liberty," "the fairest and most valued fruit of freedom," "the great bulwark of our liberties," representative of "democracy in the highest and best form," must be a matter of keen regret to his many Catholic friends. Does the Governor mean to imply that the parochial school is the product of hierarchical despotism or the fruit of intellectual slavery, that it is a menace to the liberties of our country or an enemy of what is highest and best in democracy?

IS THE THIRD ORDER DEAD?

The question has been often asked why the Third Order in this country is not so popular and so active as in other countries. The answer is: it is not so popular here as elsewhere, because it is not so active; and it is not so active, because it is not so popular. In other words, if the Third Order showed more life and activity, it would enjoy more favor and esteem with the clergy and the laity; and if it enjoyed more popularity, it could develop a more efficient activity.

Is the Third Order, therefore, dead? Far from it. For, if growth

is a sign of life, then the Third Order in this country is very much alive. The gain in members, especially in the larger cities of the country, has been truly marvelous, so much so that it is exciting surprise and admiration even in Europe. The activity of these Third Order branches, though not so vigorous and comprehensive as that of European branches, is nevertheless increasing from year to year, and gradually making itself felt. And with this increase in activity will surely come an increase in prestige and popularity. Let us not repine because the Third Order in this country has not yet succeeded in converting the masses to Franciscan ideals; but, let us rather give it time to work its way into the hearts of the people. An order so democratic as is the Third Order in its rule and traditions and membership, is bound, sooner or later, to appeal to American Catholics, and eventually to exert a powerful influence on American Catholicity.

In the hopeful meantime, let the Directors continue the arduous work of building up the Order by perfecting its organization and increasing its membership and extending the scope of its activity; let the Tertiaries live up to the precepts of their rule, and take a lively interest in whatever pertains to the Order. Then the words of our Lord may yet be verified in them: "Fear not, little flock, for it has pleased your Father to give you a kingdom."

As a supplement to the foregoing article, we cull the following from the San Francisco *Monitor*, edited by Mr. Chas. Phillips, who is himself a zealous and enthusiastic Tertiary of St. Francis:

"The observance of the Feast of St. Francis next Sunday offers an excellent opportunity for reminding the Catholics of this city of St. Francis of the great advantages opened to them in the Third Order, that remarkable organization of the laity which gives men and women in the world all the blessings and indulgences enjoyed by those living the religious life. For the Third Order is a true order in the fullest meaning of the term, and has been defined as such by the Supreme Pontiff. As the Catholic Encyclopedia points out, "Third Orders are distinguished from confraternities, in as much as the former follow a general rule of life." This important point should be kept in mind by the laity. It is a great privilege to be a member of a religious order; and this is exactly what a Tertiary is. In a city named for the Seraphic Founder, the Third Order of St. Francis ought to flourish. It already has a very large membership—but nothing to what it should have."

The "Catechism of the Third Order" is just off the press, and is now for sale at this office. We shall leave it to others to point out the merits (if any) and defects of the booklet, but we may be pardoned for saying that we think it will not be a disappointment to those who have been interested in its publication. The "Catechism" is designed for the use of the rank and file of the Third Order, and its purpose is primarily instructive. The author has tried to explain every detail of the Rule of the Third Order with due regard to the limitations which the nature and form of the book imposed on him. The "Catechism" sells at five cents a copy, postpaid; and at \$3.50 per hundred copies, net. Clothbound copies sell at fifteen cents apiece, and at \$1.50 per dozen.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS (TEXAS)

II

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

Let us begin by explaining the origin and meaning of the name Texas. "The testimony of sources", says Dr. H. E. Bolton "warrants the conclusion that before the coming of the Spaniards the word Texas had a wide currency among the tribes of eastern Texas: that its usual meaning was 'friends'; and that it was used by the tribes about the early mission, at least, (to whom especially it later became attached as a group name,) to designate a large number of tribes who were customarily allied against the Apaches. While the name Texas, as used by the tribes in the eastern portion of the State, was thus evidently a broad and indefinite term applied to many and unrelated tribes occupying a wide area, it is clear that the native group name for most of the tribes about the Neches and Angelina valleys was Hasinai, or Asinai," whom the French writers mention as "Cenis."

All this agrees with Fr. Francisco Casanas de Jesus Maria, who, after a residence of a year and three months at the Mission of San Francisco de los Tejas, had this to say of the name Tejas. "I observe that the name Texias includes all the friendly nations; this name is common to them all, though the language may be different. The friendly nations, which by another

name are called Texias are as follows." He then mentions twenty tribes, which with the nine tribes of the Asinai constitute the Tejas Nations. (*)

Texas was claimed by Spain, and Spanish missionaries were eager to announce the truths of salvation to the numerous heathen tribes that roved over the territory; but, as usual, it required the incentive of a menace from foreign invasion before the royal government would go to the expense of sending an expedition to the country and allowing missions to be established among the natives. This threatened danger came with the efforts of the French to found a colony on the Texas coast. In 1684, the Sieur de La Salle returned from Canada bringing encouraging reports of the lands he had explored. Flushed with grand projects for new conquests, he proposed to King Louis XIV a scheme which would deprive Spain of a large part of her territorial possessions. The beginning was to be made with a settlement near the mouth of the Mississippi River. The French King seems to have been willing enough to strike a blow at Spain by assailing her American interests, for, on April 14, 1684, La Salle received his commission to conquer and govern the portion of North America which extended

*Quoted from R. C. Clark's "Beginning of Texas", in the "Texas Historical Quarterly", January 1912. Various items in the present sketch are likewise taken from Clark.

from Fort Saint Louis on the Illinois River to New Biscay.

This turn of things will, doubtless, appear strange to Catholics. Was not the Spanish ruler a Catholic, "The Most Catholic King", as his official title runs? Did not the French monarch claim to be a Catholic, "The Most Christian King", as his title goes? How then, could the latter without provocation antagonize the other with a view to seize territory? Evidently, the French ruler, in this case, did not first and above all seek the Kingdom of God and His Justice, nor the glory of God and the spread of the Gospel. When reading the history of European kingdoms and empires, one frequently encounters such anomalies, especially since the wretched upheaval in the sixteenth century, which produced the devil's copy of Christianity, as Father Faber styles Protestantism. Kings and princes have emancipated themselves from God. His laws interfered with their selfish plans. In turn, we need not wonder, that nations have emancipated themselves from kings and rulers, frequently with no other result than to be tyrannized by men who recognize no other law than self-interest. In order to bring people and politicians to their senses, Almighty God will have to resume the direct exercise of His authority which the Israelites rejected for the purpose of having a king. That was long ago; and since then puny creatures have tried everything, and have not yet discovered a way to be content and happy without God's rule. However, this is a digression from the subject.

Having received his commission, La Salle was authorized to enlist soldiers, sad to say, from the rabble of Paris. For the transportation of this ill-sorted company, consisting of about two hundred and eighty people—seamen, soldiers, artisans,

women and children—the leader secured four vessels: the *Joli*, a ship of the French navy, the store-ship *Aimable*, the frigate *Belle*, and the *St. Francis*. On July 24, 1684, the expedition sailed from the port of Rochelle, and eight months later, about the middle of February, 1685, having missed the mouth of the Mississippi, passed through the narrow channel between Matagorda Peninsula and Matagorda Island into Matagorda Bay, or Bay St. Louis, as the French called it.

When all had landed, La Salle for the first time revealed the object of the enterprise. Several priests had been deceived into accompanying the expedition. Among them were three Franciscan Fathers: Fr. Zenobius Membre, who had previously accompanied La Salle to Illinois and then down the Mississippi River; Fr. Anastasius Douay, and Fr. Maximus Le Clerq. In addition, three Sulpitian Fathers had joined the company: Rev. John Cavalier, brother of La Salle; Rev. Chefdeville and Rev. D'Esmansville. When the latter learned the real purpose of the undertaking, he declared he would return to France. He had come, he said, to war against demons, not against Christians, i. e. Spaniards. True to his word, he sailed away in the *Joli*, which had orders to return on reaching the destination of the emigrants.

Only the *Aimable* and the *Belle* had reached Matagorda Bay with the *Joli*, for the *St. Francis* had been captured in September by Spanish cruisers off the Island of Santo Domingo. This incident had an important bearing on subsequent events, since it was from the prisoners thus taken that the Spaniards first learnt of the intention of La Salle to found a settlement on the Gulf coast. Alarmed by this news, the viceroy of Mexico at last permitted some Franciscan friars to

enter Texas, as will be related in the proper place.

Meanwhile La Salle moved his company several miles inland up the Garcitas River, about five miles from its mouth, according to Dr. Bolton, and there established Fort St. Louis. From this point, according to Shea's "Colonial History", he made excursions and succeeded in forming an alliance with Ceniz or Asinai Indians. Tired of waiting for supplies and fearing capture by the Spaniards, the leader set out from the fort with a party, intending to reach the Mississippi and to return with such forces as he could gather. At the fort, he left about twenty persons—to this number sickness, accidents, and misfortunes had reduced the company of two hundred and more people. With the survivors

remained Fathers Membre and Le Clerq, and the Sulpitian Rev. Chevdeville. On his march, La Salle was accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Cavalier, and Fr. Anastasius Douay. La Salle three times endeavored to cross the Mississippi to obtain relief; but he was finally murdered by one of his own men. Fr. Douay and Rev. Cavalier reached a French post on the Arkansas River, and then succeeded in making their way to Canada and France.

How long the party at the fort remained there, is not known; but nearly all were finally massacred by savages. A Spanish expedition, sent out to break up the French settlement, found only charred ruins and the unburied remains of the unfortunate remnant of La Salle's great force.

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES IN CANADA, 1615-1625

CONTINUED

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

FATHER Joseph le Caron, who had just returned to Tadoussac from his unsuccessful trip to France, in the interests of the new colony, started for Quebec on the first shallop that set sail, to acquaint the people there of their safe arrival. Father Paul Huet, who had come with le Caron from France, remained for some time at Tadoussac and said Mass there in a temporary chapel made of green boughs. During the Mass, two men armed with green branches were kept constantly busy driving off the mosquitos. Without their assistance, it would have been impossible for

the priest to say Mass. This was the first time Mass was celebrated at Tadoussac. In honor of the event, Captain Morel ordered the cannons to be fired. At midday, a banquet was held, to which all the Catholic fur-traders were invited. The celebration was brought to a close in the afternoon by the solemn chanting of the Vespers. This primitive little chapel, constructed though it was of boughs, remained standing for about five years. It had been sanctified by the sacramental presence of our divine Lord, and on this account, was ever held in reverent esteem by the people.

After Captain Morel had transacted his business at Tadoussac, he set sail for Quebec. Here he found the colonists, who numbered in all only about fifty or sixty souls, and were in the greatest distress for want of food. Unhappily, his arrival did not mend matters much, as he was entirely unprepared for such an emergency. Many of the men fell sick from starvation, while others suffered from a kind of malaria, which is common to newly opened countries. The famine was due to the carelessness of the colonists themselves, for they had neglected to till the soil, depending for their provisions on the ships that annually came from France. Their whole attention was bent on securing furs. The English and Spanish colonists, on the other hand, pursued a different policy. They always took domestic animals and all kinds of seeds with them, and could thus begin farming as soon as they landed.

To add to the misfortunes of Quebec, a band of 800 Indians assembled at Three Rivers, intending to destroy the colony entirely. Some of their number, the Montagnais, had murdered several Frenchmen in the preceding April, and now they wanted to annihilate the entire settlement before the colonists had a chance to avenge the murder. The plot, however, was luckily discovered in time, and the baffled Indians came to Quebec and implored pardon for the crime. This was nobly granted, and the colonists even shared their provisions with the Indians, who were likewise dying of hunger.

The winter of 1617-18 was a time of great misery. In spring, a flotilla arrived from France under the command of Sieur Grave, but, as usual, with scarcely any provisions for the colony. In their great distress, Father Paul Huet told his fellow religious to pray fervently for the arrival of Sieur du Pont,

and he himself offered up a holy Mass for this intention. Their prayers were not in vain. A few days later, to the great joy of all, du Pont arrived with a large vessel well stocked with provisions. Up to this time, as Sagard puts it, "there had been plenty of crosses and hardships in the colony, but little bread."

Father Dolbeau, thinking he might have better success with the fur company than Father le Caron, now crossed the Atlantic to obtain assistance for the new mission. His efforts, however, also proved futile. The fur company wanted furs and money, and cared nothing for the conversion of the Indians and the spiritual welfare of the colonists. True, they always made fine promises to the missionaries, but never carried them out. Father Dolbeau, perceiving that he could effect nothing with the company, returned to Canada with a heavy heart. He was accompanied by Brother Modeste Guines, O.F.M. Owing to lack of means, all the Fathers were compelled to remain at Quebec, where they ministered to the spiritual needs of the colonists, and instructed the Indians that remained near the settlement. It was about this time that Father le Caron assisted at the first Catholic marriage in Canada. The contracting parties were Etienne (Stephen) Jonquest from Normandy, France, and Ann Hebert, eldest daughter of Sieur Hebert. The Hebert family was treated very badly by the officials of the Company, as they did not want settlers to open up the country. What they wanted were the so-called "voyageurs", or bush-runners, to gather up the furs, and therefore they discouraged families as much as they could from settling in the colony. After some time, however, new officers of the fur company adopted a different policy,

with so much success that within a few years other settlements were founded, notably at Three Rivers, Montreal, and Beaufre.

When Sieur du Pont returned to France, Fathers Paul Huet and Pacifique du Plessis accompanied him in hopes of at last obtaining assistance from the hard-hearted directors of the fur company. Their attempt proved as ineffectual as those of their colleagues, and they returned to Quebec in 1618, together with a new missionary, Pere Guillaume Poulin.

On July 29, 1618, Father Dolbeau published a solemn jubilee at Quebec, which was a source of great spiritual consolation to the poor people. Father le Caron, who had spent a year among the Hurons (1615-1616), at Lake Huron, now desired to go among the Montagnais to learn their language, which was entirely different from that of the Hurons. He was accompanied by a French youth who also wished to learn Montagnais to be able to act as interpreter for the French traders. They both suffered terrible hardships, freezing and starving almost to death, or suffocating from the smoke in the miserable wigwams. Since the poor missionary had absolutely no earthly recompense to expect for his sacrifices, the great love he bore to the Indians, steeped in the vices of heathenism, can not be sufficiently admired. For it was this love that induced him to abandon the quiet and peaceful convent in his native land for the horrors of a missionary career in a savage country to gain immortal souls for Christ.

Father Joseph le Caron lived, while among the Montagnais, with a kind-hearted Indian named Jomin (grape). During his stay, the wife of the Indian gave birth to a child. The happy father named his boy Pere Joseph, saying to the missionary:

"I love you more than the other

Frenchmen and therefore I want him to be called after you. When he is grown up I will give him to you to stay with you and to be dressed like you, for I do not want him to marry but to live just as you do."

This incident shows in what esteem the good missionary was held by the Indians, and what a favorable impression his pure and self-sacrificing life made upon the dwellers of the forest. On March 11, 1619, the holy missionary returned to his brethren in Quebec. But a few months after his return, the brave missionary band lost its first member. For on August 23, 1619, Pacifique du Plessis passed to his well merited reward, dying a most edifying death at Quebec. He was a man remarkable for his great charity to the poor, especially to the poor Indians, who lost in him a kind father and a true friend.

As the Vicar-General of Pontoise and Sieur Houel, secretary of the king had promised to help the missionaries in their distress, the latter began to collect materials to build a monastery, Notre Dame des Anges (Our Lady of the Angels) at Quebec. The corner stone was laid by Pere Dolbeau June 3, 1620. The monastery was a two story building 34 by 22 feet. The great riches of the Fathers at this time consisted of a donkey, a mule, a few pigs, chickens, and a little garden, that supplied their table with vegetables. Surely this humble and poverty-stricken community of Friars Minor in the wilds of a strange country was a pleasing sight in the eyes of their holy Father St. Francis, who never rejoiced more than when he and his brethren had to feel the privations of poverty.

The colonists, disgusted at last with the manner in which they were treated by the fur company, with Samuel Champlain at their head drew up a petition to the

French king, Louis XIII, in behalf of the colony. The document is given in full in Sagard's History of Canada. It was drawn up on August 18, 1621, and describes in extenso the deplorable state of the colony. The petition was signed by the principle men of the place: Pere le Caron, Hebert, Gilbert Courseron, Boule, Pierre Roye, le Tardiff, I. C. Groux, T. Desportes, and Nicolas Creffier. The following is a summary of the petition:

1. That all Huguenots be excluded from the colony;
2. That a boarding school be founded capable of lodging and supporting about fifty Indian children. The cost of maintaining the school was estimated at fifty ecus per child;
3. That a regular judiciary be established to make legal enactments, with full power to punish evil-doers and to provide for public safety;
4. That a large fort be erected at Quebec and be garrisoned for six years with 500 men, and that a small fort be built at Tadoussac to protect the ships that usually landed there;
5. That sufficient ammunition be

furnished for both forts and that Champlain be placed -in supreme command of the colony and receive a salary suitable to his position, as his salary of 200 ecus was deemed altogether insufficient.

The home government, however, did not aid the colonists as it should have done to put them on a secure footing, with the result that a few years later Quebec was taken by the English.

In 1622, the Recollect Franciscans held a provincial chapter at St. Denis, Paris. On this occasion, the Rev. Fr. Guillaume Galleran was appointed Commissary for Canada with the Rev. Fr. Irenee Piat as his assistant. The two Fathers embarked for Canada about the middle of May, 1622. During the voyage, they baptized a dying Indian, who had been in France for some years, and who was returning again to his own people. He died shortly before the ship landed at Tadoussac. The captain of the vessel gave some presents to the relatives of the deceased to console them and to gain their good will. Within the next few years, several other Indians were also baptized, among them Pere Joseph, the son of Jomin.

A BLASPHEMER PUNISHED

In Myslowitz, Poland, the following sad incident took place. It was Friday, March 20, 1891. A Catholic day laborer demanded that his wife should serve meat at the noon-day meal. She naturally refused at first, but as he repeated his demand and even threatened her if she did not comply with his wishes, the frightened woman prepared meat, and placed it on the table. Before seating himself, the unhappy man took an apron and hung it over the Crucifix, that was hanging on the wall, saying as he did so, "Now I can eat in peace. I have covered the eyes of the Lord and He cannot see me eating meat on Friday." With this he sat down and partook of his meal. On the following morning, as he did not rise at the usual hour, his wife went to awaken him. "I will get up as soon as day breaks", he answered angrily, "it is yet quite dark." The good woman did not know what to make of this answer, for the day had already dawned and the morning sun was shining brightly. She soon learned, however, to her great dismay, that the sun would never again shine for him, for during the night the wretched blasphemer had suddenly lost his eyesight.

CHARITY IS TRUE AFFECTION

By Fr. S., O.F.M.

IT was in the year 1793, while the Revolution prevailed in France.

The mellow rays of a summer sunset, streaming through the heavy bars of a cell in a prison of Aurey, fell in a golden shower on a slender figure kneeling on the floor. The fine-cut features of the prisoner and the costliness of his attire left no doubt that he belonged to the nobility—a victim of the Reign of Terror. It was Count Hyacinth of St. Florent, who had been brought as a prisoner to Aurey after the crushing defeat of the Royalists at Quiberon, to await there the pleasure of the bloodthirsty tyrants.

As he knelt on the cold, damp pavement, his face lifted up to Heaven in fervent prayer, he saw some one approach the barred window of his cell.

"Hermanie!" he cried, springing to his feet, "how could you so endanger your safety as to come here again so soon? Do you not know the penalty for speaking with the prisoners?"

"Only too well do I know", answered the girl sweetly, "but to-day is our joint birthday, and I just could not bear to stay away."

"It is just like you, sister, you were ever so thoughtful of me. I was praying for our dear departed parents. God rest their souls in peace.—There now, do not begin to cry. You know they always said that your thoughts and feelings were mine, and mine yours. So, be of good cheer, sister, or I shall become sorrowful like you."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the clang of iron doors and the rattling of keys announced the approach of the prison guard.

"Farewell, my dearest sister," he whispered hurriedly, "go now and do not forget to pray for me."

As the poor girl, with breaking

heart and streaming eyes, turned away from the cold, bleak walls of the prison, the door of the cell swung open, and in stalked the gaunt and grim-faced gaoler, a noted leader of the revolutionary forces.

"I have been told, my dear Count," he began confidentially and with a great effort to be pleasant, "that to-day is your nineteenth birthday, and I have come to offer my congratulations. One so young and strong as you can look forward to a long life."

"Hardly", answered the prisoner sadly. "In these turbulent times, the youngest has no guarantee for even so much as a single day."

"I see you are melancholy to-day" replied the turnkey not unkindly, his rough heart touched by the plight of his noble prisoner. "Come, and have supper with me this evening, and forget your troubles at least on your birthday."

The unexpected kindness of the gaoler surprised Hyacinth, and it was not without grave misgivings that he followed him through the long, dark passages to the dining hall. A sumptuous banquet had been prepared, and all tried to be merry and sociable. When the last course had been served, the turnkey rose, and with a noticeable quiver in his voice addressed his guest with the words:

"It pains me, noble Count, to inform you that you have to-day fallen under the decree of the Assembly of France, ordering all Royalists who have reached the age of nineteen to be executed at once.

These words fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. In vain did Hyacinth plead for time to prepare for death. The order was inexorable, and the newest victim of the Revolution was at once hurried off to the place of execution. The pale

light of the moon glimmered through the trees in front of the prison as Count Hyacinth stepped forth, accompanied by a guard of soldiers. Spurning the proffered blindfold and recommending his soul to God, with a firm tread he took his last stand. The soldiers raised their guns—when suddenly a dark figure darted like a phantom across the courtyard, and in a moment the arms of a girl were flung about the victim's neck.

"Fire, you murderers!" she cried with a voice that rang out loud and clear in the deathly stillness of the night. "Fire, and let the day, that gave life to us both, be also the day of our death!"

The guard was thunderstruck. Hyacinth, however, gently loosened her hold as he softly said:

"Leave me, Hermanie; it is better that you live to pray for my soul when I am in eternity."

As a soldier led the heroic girl aside, Count Hyacinth shouted with a loud voice:

"Fire!" It was his last word.

* * *

Fifteen years had passed since the death of the Count of St. Florent. The days of terror no longer reigned in France, but the memory of those days of death was still fresh in the minds of many. Hermanie, once so blithe and cheerful, had grown prematurely old. Her rosy cheeks had paled, her eyes had lost their luster, her voice its mellow ring. Day and night she was haunted by the grim specter of her murdered brother; day and night the word "Fire!" continually rang in her ears. Thus she was returning one day—it was the fifteenth anniversary of her brother's death—from the old prison, whither she had gone to mourn. She walked pensively along rapt in deep meditation. So absorbed was she in her grief that she did not notice the approach of the venerable Cure.

"Still so sad, my child?" he queried kindly. "Have you not felt the consolation of our Blessed Savior's words: 'Blessed are the sorrowful, for they shall be comforted?'"

A quick blush rose to her pallid cheek as she replied:

"This is not the first time, Father, that you have admonished me to seek consolation in prayer and in the practise of religion. But I tell you now for the first time that these things afford me no solace. How can I pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' when I have not forgiven and never will forgive those, who fifteen years ago to-day so cruelly murdered my brother?"

"Hush! my poor child," admonished the good priest gently, "your grief is bewildering your mind. Think of our Lord on the Cross, praying for his enemies."

"I can not Father. He was God, and I am but a poor, heart-broken woman."

"True, my dear Hermanie, but with the help of his grace you can do as he did."

"Impossible! The thorn of hatred has entered too deeply into my heart ever again to be withdrawn."

"Oh my daughter," cautioned the Cure earnestly, "do not give way to despair! I will recommend you to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Their help has often availed, when human help has failed."

With these words he gave her his blessing, and went his way.

That night Hermanie stood at her window looking out into the darkness. She thought of that awful night fifteen years ago when, hidden in the deep shadows of the prison, she had watched her brother with his pale, drawn face walk so calmly and firmly to his death. She heard his last words: "Hermanie, it is better that you live to pray for my soul when I am in eternity." She

heard the volley of muskets that deprived her of all that was near and dear to her. When lo! She passed her hand over her eyes. Was she dreaming? No, the stroke of the hall clock assured her that she was fully awake. Yet there, before her stood her brother as beautiful as he was on the day of his death.

"Hyacinth!" she exclaimed with trembling voice, "what brings you here?"

"I have come to complain that my dearly beloved sister had forgotten me," was the solemn answer.

"Forgotten you? Good God, brother! Have I not relinquished all the joys and pleasures of life that every moment I might think of you?"

"Your tears, dear sister were of no avail to me. What I needed was your prayers. I, too, had my faults on earth, and it was God's holy will that your prayers alone should free me from the indescribable pains of Purgatory. I have now waited fifteen long years for your prayers, but not a single one have you uttered. Even now I should not have been allowed to appear to you, had not someone this evening for the first time offered up a prayer in my behalf. If you wish to show your love for me, Hermanie, pluck out those bitter sentiments of revenge you have so long cherished in your heart; forgive my slayers; and then pray for me."

Hermanie trembling with fear and remorse, buried her face in her hands and amid tears she exclaimed:

"Forgive me, brother, for treating you so cruelly, imagining the while to cherish your memory!"

When she raised tear-stained face, the vision had vanished. The remainder of the night was spent in fervent prayer. At the first sound of the Angelus bell, she hurried to the church, and with sentiments of true sorrow for her sins, cast herself at the feet of the old Cure, and confessed her guilt. Those who lingered in the church after holy Mass, saw her kneeling at the altar of our Lady of Sorrows, and heard her continually repeat with a voice filled with deepest emotion:

"Father forgive them, for they knew not what they did! Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace!"

From that day, Hermanie was a changed woman. Her heart, no longer over-shadowed by senseless grief and passion, began to expand in the sunshine of spiritual joy and consolation. Unlike her sorrow, which she had jealously kept to herself, she sought to communicate her joy by helping the poor and needy in their divers afflictions of soul and body. The only reward she ever asked was a prayer for the soul of her brother in Purgatory. When at last, after years of penance, she lay on her death-bed calmly was awaiting the end, she heard to exclaim:

"I see Hyacinth again, now coming in the splendor of Heaven to lead my soul to God!" With these words she expired.

Brother and sister were re-united in the bonds of celestial love, of which their earthly affection was but a faint and failing shadow.





FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—We have it on good authority that our present Supreme Pontiff, Pope Benedict XV, like his two predecessors of glorious memory, is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. For many years, he was Prefect of the Tertiary Sacerdotal Fraternity in Rome, which was founded by the late Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto. Despite his various and grave duties as secretary of Cardinal Rompolla, Della Chiesa was always present at the monthly meeting of the fraternity, and would often himself preach the usual sermon. His love for the Franciscan Order is well known and many of his personal friends are directors of Tertiary fraternities.

Bayonne, France.—The diocese of Bayonne, in France, may well be styled a Franciscan diocese not only on account of the great number of its regular and secular Tertiaries, but especially because 600 of its 900 priests, are members of the Third Order. These Reverend Tertiaries are grouped together in bands of one hundred members. Each band has its spiritual director and officers. Every three months, a conference is held, at which the Rev. Director holds a suitable discourse on the spirit of St. Francis with special reference to pastoral duties. Thereupon, one of the members preaches a sermon on some Franciscan subject, after which they pass some time in private meditation and in the examen of conscience. The conference closes with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After partak-

ing of a common meal, the Reverend Tertiaries return to their parishes spiritually refreshed and filled with new zeal for the salvation of souls.

Madrid, Spain.—In Madrid, the Vicar-General of the Franciscan Order for Spain, has recently received into the Third Order Don Juan Vasquez de Mella, Academician and Deputy of the Spanish Chamber. Don Juan is a learned historian and the most renowned orator in Spain; indeed, both his eloquence and his talents have won praise and acknowledgment from even the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church. The cord which Don Juan wore during the ceremony of investment, belonged to Madame Elizabeth, the holy sister of King Louis XVI of France. This valued souvenir was preserved at Frohsdorff, by Don Jaime, Duke of Madrid, the head of all the branches of the House of Bourbon, and by him presented to Don Juan.

China.—Three Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, Mother Gabriel and Sisters Genevieve and Eveline, have received a medal from the Society of the Red Cross. This distinction is conferred on such only as have distinguished themselves in a special manner by heroic sacrifices in the service of wounded soldiers. During the recent revolution that overthrew the empire of Tsing, the Hospital of St. Sebastian, which is in charge of the Sisters, harbored and cared for a large number of wounded and disabled soldiers. A similar zeal in behalf of their fel-

lowmen was manifested by the Sisters three years ago when a terrible pestilence ravaged the city of Chefoo.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Very Reverend Provincial, Fr. Benedict, O.F.M., left St. Louis on October 5, to visit the principal convents in the Far West. He expects to return early in November.

The new St. Louis cathedral was solemnly dedicated Sunday, October 18. Six bishops and over three hundred priests and clerics took part in the ceremony. The spacious edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, it being estimated that about 8000 persons composed the first audience. The pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. J. J. Hennessy, of Wichita, Kansas, and His Grace, Archbishop Glennon himself preached the dedicatory sermon. In the evening, solemn pontifical Vespers were sung. Archbishop Glennon was the celebrant and all the sacred ministers were Franciscan Fathers and clerics from St. Antony's Monastery. The Rev. Fr. Hugoline acted as assistant priest, FF. Martin and Josaphat as deacon and subdeacon respectively, Fr. Conradin as master of ceremonies, and FF. John Nepomucene, Xavier, Ludger and Bonaventure as pluvialistae. The offices of chanter, acolyte, thurifer and candle-bearer were all filled by Franciscan clerics. The Vespers were sung alternately by the clerics and the St. Antony's choir, and were strictly liturgical throughout. The Knights of Columbus attended the services in a body, and the cathedral was again filled to overflowing.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—

The retreat given to the German members of the Third Order was attended by a large number of Tertiaries. It closed on Sunday, October 4, the feast of St. Francis. On the second Sunday in October, at the regular meeting of the German Ter-

tiaries, eighty-seven postulants were received into the novitiate of the Third Order. The English-speaking Tertiaries received the Papal blessing at their regular meeting on the third Sunday of October.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The spiritual exercises conducted for the German-speaking Tertiaries and for the German laity, at St. Joseph's Church under the auspices of the Third Order, toward the close of September, was a decided success. Night after night, a large audience listened with edifying devotion to the sermons preached by the Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., of St. Peter's, Chicago, who conducted the retreat. One sermon was preached daily, namely at 8 P. M. Towards the close of the exercises, the Tertiaries were exhorted to receive Holy Communion on the following Friday morning. On this occasion a Requiem was sung for the repose of the soul of the late Pius X, who was himself a most devout Tertiary. On the following Sunday, a mass meeting of the German and English branches of the Third Order took place at 3 P. M. At this meeting, ninety-two candidates were solemnly invested with the Tertiary habit by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, assisted by the Rev. FF. John as deacon, and Gerard as subdeacon, and Hilarion as master of ceremonies. At this reception, the newly elected officers of the Third Order assisted for the first time.

Watsonville, Cal.—The Rev. Fr. Quirinus Stuecker, O.F.M., of St. Francis's Orphanage, Watsonville, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, September 22. The corpse was removed to Watsonville, Thursday, September 24, where the Rev. Fr. Felix, O.F.M., assisted by the Rev. FF. Pius and Aloysius, celebrated the solemn Requiem. Father Quirinus was born at Bielefeld, Westphalia, August 6, 1851, and entered the Order of Fri-

ars Minor at the age of twenty-one. On June 22, 1879, he was ordained priest and soon after his ordination was sent to California, where he labored chiefly in San Francisco, having been attached to both the Franciscan churches in that city. Father Quirinus was a man of sterling character, a humble religious, and a zealous priest, and his death is a source of sorrow to his many friends and acquaintances. R.I.P.

The St. Francis Orphanage at Watsonville was the scene of a beautiful and impressive ceremony on October 4. For half a century the Ven. Brother Dionysius has labored quietly and faithfully as a son of St. Francis, and the observance of the fiftieth year of his religious investment was a fitting tribute to his humble and holy life. The solemn jubilee Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Peter, O.F.M., pastor of St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, with the Rev. FF. Leonard, O.F.M., curate of St. Francis's, Sacramento, as deacon and Felix, O.F.M., assistant director of the Orphanage, as subdeacon. The church was beautifully decorated with the papal colors and laurel wreaths entwined with flowers, while the excellent singing by the orphan boys' choir under the direction of the well known and gifted musician and band-master, the Rev. Fr. Florian, O.F.M., put all present in a festive mood. An eloquent sermon preached by Father Leonard, was listened to with marked attention by the large congregation assembled for the festivity. In the afternoon, a fine musical and dramatic program was given in the parish hall in honor of the Ven. Jubilarian. The famous Orphan Boys' Band, that lately achieved such brilliant success in competition with other juvenile bands of California, played several selections, and a three-act drama, "Francesco Carrara," was very

well staged under the direction of Professor T. B. O'Keefe. In the evening, the celebration was brought to a triumphant close with a unique display of fireworks that attracted many from all the country about. The "Franciscan Herald" extends to the Ven. Jubilarian its heartiest congratulations, and wishes him God's best blessings.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—On October 4, the feast of our holy Father Saint Francis, the Venerable Brother Placidus Dehm, O.F.M., celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious investment at the Old Mission, Santa Barbara, California. The Rev. Fr. Guardian Theodore Arentz, O.F.M., of the Old Mission was delegated by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial to preside at the ceremony. The Rev. Fr. Theophilus, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, celebrated the solemn High Mass assisted by the Rev. FF. Linus, O.F.M., Rector of St. Antony's College as deacon, Dominic, O.F.M., Pastor of Mission San Luis Rey, as subdeacon, and Turibius, O.F.M., of the Old Mission, as master of ceremonies. The Rev. FF. Engelbert, O.F.M., of St. Antony's College, and Philemon, O.F.M., Superior of St. Turibius Mission at Lakeport, Cal., acted as assistants to the Venerable Brother Jubilarian. The eloquent and impressive jubilee sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. Morrissey, S. J., of Santa Barbara, while the singing for the occasion was very well rendered by the student-choir of St. Antony's College under the able direction of their organist, the Rev. Fr. Francis, O.F.M.

The Ven. Jubilarian was born at Deidesheim, Bavaria, November 11, 1834, of good Catholic parents. When about twenty years of age, he emigrated to New Orleans. The voyage, which was very stormy, lasted fully three months. After

arriving in this country, he went to Waterloo, Ill., where two of his brothers were living. He found employment at Madonnaville with a good Catholic family, and remained there for about nine years. While here, he became acquainted with the Rev. Fr. Capistran, O.F.M., and other Franciscans and finally decided to become a Franciscan himself. Accordingly, on July 4, 1864, in the Church of St. Antony, St. Louis, Mo., he received the holy habit of St. Francis from the hands of the Rev. Fr. Servatius, and was given the name of Brother Placidus. He was then transferred to Teutopolis, Ill., where he remained until 1877, when he was sent to Mount St. Mary's, Wien, Mo. In 1885, he accompanied the Rev. FF. Ferdinand and Victor and the Ven. Brothers Beatus and Hugolinus to California to the newly organized Franciscan Commissariat, where he labored humbly and faithfully for fully twenty-one years at St. Turibius Mission, in Lake County. In 1908, worn out by constant work and old age, he was removed to the Old Mission at Santa Barbara, where his health has much improved. Since the death of old Brother Hugolinus, the well known cicerone of the Old Mission, Brother Placidus has charge of the Mission cemetery, one of the most picturesque graveyards in the country. The Venerable Jubilarian has always been known and loved as a devout, humble, and obedient religious. The "*Franciscan Herald*" joins with his many friends in wishing him a hearty "ad multos annos".

San Francisco, Cal.—The regular monthly meeting of the Third Order was held in St. Boniface Church on Sunday, October 4. The director, the Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Kenny, O.F.M., delivered a very touching discourse on the Seraphic Saint of Assisi, whereupon, twenty-five postulants were invested with the Ter-

tiary habit and twenty-three novices were professed.—

On request of His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most Reverend Father General of the Friars Minor sent the Rev. Fr. Andrew Azzopardi, O.F.M., of Malta, to attend to the spiritual wants of his countrymen in that city. Father Andrew arrived in the latter part of August, and immediately set to work. On Sunday, September 27, he held the first services for the Maltese at St. Boniface's, on which occasion seventy approached the Sacraments. The congregation consists mostly of young men of excellent character, and the outlook at present is very bright.—

On September 26, the Rev. FF. Edward O. Lunney, O.F.M., and Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., set sail for China on the S. S. Manchuria. A great throng gathered at the pier to bid them Godspeed. They both will be engaged as professors of English in two Chinese Franciscan seminaries, and they were sent to China at the special request of the Most Rev. Father General. The two fathers are very well fitted for their new position as both are excellent linguists, and the success that crowned their labors in other fields, will no doubt accompany them to the Far East. Father Juniper has already spent six years in China but in an altogether different part of the country, so that he will be obliged to learn an entirely new Chinese dialect. The many friends of both priests deeply regret their departure, and follow them with prayers and good wishes.

Indianapolis, Ind.—On Sunday October 4, the corner stone of the new parochial school building of the Sacred Heart parish was laid with great solemnity. At 10.30 A. M., pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, coadjutor bishop of Indiana-

polis. The sacred ministers were: the Rev. Fr. Andrew, O.F.M., pastor of the Sacred Heart parish, assistant priest, the Rev. Fr. Bucker and Fr. Fulgens, O.F.M., deacons of honor, Fr. Philip Neri and Gaudens deacon and subdeacon, and the Rev. Fr. Gavisk master of ceremonies. The Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., rector of St. Joseph's Seraphic College, preached the sermon. In the afternoon, the ceremony proper took place. An imposing procession composed of more than 800 school children of the parish and a large number on the local clergy, passed through the surging thousands that occupied every available foot of ground of the spacious parish premises, to the new building. The Rt. Rev. Bishop then delivered an eloquent address, in which he proved the necessity of a good Christian education by showing that man is made for God and belongs to God every moment of his life; hence, God can not possibly be excluded from the school-room without sinning against the natural law, which demands the most intimate union between the Creator and his creature. A grand banquet in the parish hall closed the festivity.

Chaska, Minn.—The State Federation of Catholic German Societies of Minnesota held its annual convention at the Guardian Angels' Church, Chaska, on September 27, 28, 29, 30. The first celebration of this kind—the so-called "Katholiken-Tag"—took place at Chaska just twenty-five years ago, likewise under the auspices of the Franciscan Fathers, who have always shown themselves strong supporters of the Federation. This year's convention was one of the most successful ever held. Besides the 344 official delegates, it is estimated that over 7,000 visitors attended the the exercises on the opening day. More than fifty members of the secular clergy were present, among

them the Right Rev. Bishop Trobec of St. Cloud, Minn., the Monsignor Alois Plut of Shakopee, and M. Wurst of Wabasha, and several representatives of the Benedictines, Jesuits, and Franciscans. The principal speakers were the following: The Rev. Fr. Germain, O.F.M., pastor of the Guardian Angels' Church, the Rev. Werner Schneppenheimer, O.S.B., of St. Paul: "The Care of our Youth", the Rev. James Dlein of Sleepy Eye: "The Church and Progress", the Rev. A. Hartmann, S.J. of Mankato: "The Lay Apostolate", the Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., of Dubuque: "Back to Christ" and "The Necessity of Workingmen's Unions", Mr. F. P. Kenkel, editor of the "Amerika" and director of the Central Bureau of St. Louis, Mr. Joseph Matt, editor of "Der Wanderer" of St. Paul, Mr. Paul Ahles, President of the Minnesota Federation, and Mr. J. M. Aretz of Chaska, President of the convention. The grand parade held on the afternoon of the first day, was a demonstration that will not soon be forgotten. There were 1950 members of the Federation in the ranks, not including the members of the ten bands that took part in the parade. The visitors and delegates left Chaska filled with genuine enthusiasm for Church, home, and country and firmly determined to put into immediate practice the sound principles so eloquently and earnestly inculcated at the convention.

Kansas City, Mo.—In East Bottoms, Mo., the Reverend Fr. Samuel O.F.M., announced that a branch of the Third Order was to be erected in the local parish, and within a few days he received no less than five hundred applications for admission. And yet we still hear it asserted at times that the Third Order is old-fashioned, unpopular, and not suited to our much vaunted twentieth century civilization.

Allegany, N. Y.—A movement has been set on foot by the faculty and the alumni of St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, to raise the sum of \$100,000 to defray the expense attending the erection of a large new addition to the college. The new building will be modern in every respect, and will be devoted to technical and scientific branches of study, which are to be added to the curriculum of the college. The building will take the form of a memorial to the late president of the college, Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Butler, O.F.M., who for nearly half a century was identified with the upbuilding of St. Bonaventure's. When the new building is completed, St. Bonaventure's will take its place in the front rank of American colleges.

Peekskill, N. Y.—Mother M. Elizabeth, provincial superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis in this country, died quite unexpectedly of heart trouble on October 7, while on a visit to St. Joseph's Villa. The funeral took place at Peekskill, on Saturday, October 10. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Bishop-elect Hayes, assisted by the Rev. Remy LaFort, D.D., chaplain of the convent, the Rev. D. Morley and the Rev. T. J. Kellett. Among the clergy who

filled the sanctuary, were the Right Rev. John Edwards, the Right Rev. Albert Lings, the Very Rev. James N. Connolly, the Very Rev. Anselm Kennedy, O.F.M., the Rev. Francis Koch, O.F.M., and a number of others. Mother M. Elizabeth, in the world Margaret Foley, was born in Ireland, September 5, 1848. At the age of nineteen, she entered the Order of the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis in New York City. Her wonderful qualities were soon recognized, and, in 1882, at the early age of thirty-four years, the office of Mother Provincial was urged upon her, much against her will. From that day till the moment of her death, she filled this office of responsibility, and by the remarkable force of her wisdom and genius, the handful of missionary nuns has grown into a large and powerful community of zealous workers administering to thousands of the needy. Mother M. Elizabeth was a model religious, a most kind-hearted mother and a woman of great administrative ability. She was dearly loved and respected by the large community of Sisters and by the thousands of men, women, and children who owe to this unassuming daughter of St. Francis all that life holds for them of faith and hope.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

The college chapel is undergoing a thorough renovation. The work is being done by Mr. Derleth of Indianapolis, Indiana. Meanwhile services are being held in the dramatic hall.

October 13, the picnic day, for which one hundred and seventeen students had so anxiously waited,

finally arrived, but the weather was so disagreeable that the outing had to be postponed. On the following Thursday, the weather promised to be more favorable, and the boys marched out into the neighboring woods in high glee. They were just in the midst of their games and frolics when shortly after dinner a drizzling rain set in, and all were compelled to return home.

The celebration was continued, however, in the spacious college gymnasium until nine o'clock in the evening. In spite of the bad weather, the picnic was according to all, a pronounced success.

On October 14, owing to the absence of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, the Rev. Fr. Definitor Roger, Rector of the college, received the simple vows of Fr. Callistus Bajfus, O.F.M., and also invested Brother Antony, O.F.M., with the Tertiary habit. The students were present at the ceremony, and afterwards enjoyed a repast in the refectory of the novitiate monastery and a visit with the young clerics.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

September, the first full month of the school year, was naturally crowded with interesting happenings. After getting well into the old routine the students began to reorganize the different societies, religious, literary, and athletic. The members of the Third Order of St. Francis were the first to meet. Fr. Francis S. Werhand is the director. All the officers of last year were re-elected.

The following are the new officers of the St. Antony's Literary Circle: John Walsh, president; George Glaser, vice president; Leslie Tariel, secretary.

On September 12, the Rev. Rector organized a junior literary circle, which was placed under the patronage of St. Louis. The following officers were elected: Fred Schunk, president; John Bold, vice president; Edward Poetzel, secretary.

The Saint's day of our beloved Father Rector, September 23, was a day of special rejoicing. The celebration began with a solemn High Mass in the college chapel, after which a reception was ten-

dered to the Rector in the dramatic hall. The program included vocal and instrumental selections, recitations, offering of a spiritual bouquet, and a congratulatory address by Jas. Goggin. On the following day, we enjoyed a picnic at beautiful Hope Ranch Beach. It was the best outing we had for many a day. A new feature were the many different races and games in which all the boys heartily joined.

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 27, sixteen new members were received into the college branch of the People's Eucharistic League.



OBITUARY

Watsonville, Cal., St. Francis Orphan Asylum:

The Rev. Fr. Quirinus Stuecker, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English branch of the Third Order:
Alice Markey, Sister Elizabeth,
Mary Stack, Sister Anna.

German branch of the Third Order:

John Fick, Brother Louis,
Anna Renner, Sister Veronica.

St. Augustine's Church:

Henry Haarth, Brother Bonaventure,
Eva Feulner, Sister Colette.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

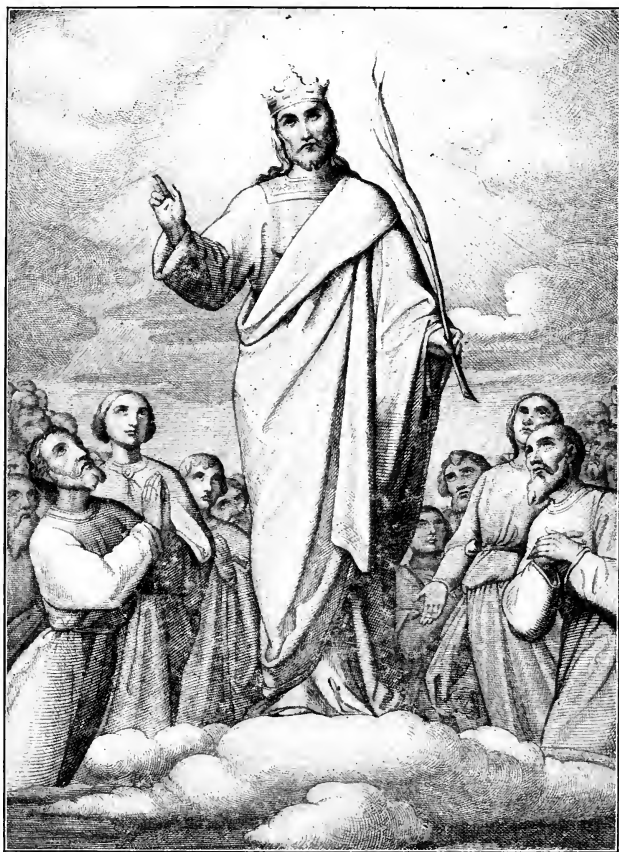
DEDICATED TO THE
POOR SOULS.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	22nd Sunday after Pentecost. —Feast of All Saints (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: The Coin of the Tribute. Matt. XXII, 15-21.
2	M.	All Souls Day.
3	T.	St. Hubert, Bp.
4	W.	St. Charles Borromeo, Bp., C.—SS. Vitalis & Comp., MM.
5	Th.	Bl. Raynerius, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Helen, 2nd Ord., V.
6	F.	Bl. Felicia, 2nd Ord., V.
7	S.	Bl. Bernadine, 1st Ord., C.
8	S.	23rd Sunday after Pentecost. —Octave of All Saints. Gospel: The Ruler's Daughter. Matt. IX, 18-26.
9	M.	Dedication of the Basilica of the Most Holy Redeemer.
10	T.	St. Andrew Avelline, C.—SS. Tryphon & Comp., MM.
11	W.	St. Martin of Tours, Bp. C.—St. Mennas, M.
12	Th.	St. Didacus, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. John, 3rd Ord., C. (P. I.)
13	F.	St. Martin, P. M.
14	S.	Bl. Gabriel, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Nicholas Tavilei, 1st Ord., M.
15	S.	24th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Gertrude, Abbess, V. Gospel: Parable of the Mustard Seed. Matt. XIII, 31-35.
16	M.	St. Agnes of Assisi, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)
17	T.	Bl. Salome, 2nd Ord., V.
18	W.	Dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.
19	Th.	St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Patroness of the Third Order (P. I.)
20	F.	St. Felix of Valois, C.
21	S.	Presentation of the Blessed Virgin (G. A.)
22	S.	25th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Cecilia, V. M. Gospel: The Abomination of Desolation, Matt. XXIV, 15-35.
23	M.	St. Clement, P. M.—St. Felicitas, W. M.
24	T.	St. John of the Cross, C.—St. Chrysogonus, M.
25	W.	St. Catherine, V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
26	Th.	St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
27	F.	Bl. Delphine, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)
28	S.	St. James of the Marches, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
29	S.	1st Sunday of Advent. —All Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis (P. I.) Gospel: The Foretelling the Destruction of the World. Luke XXI, 25-33. Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception begins.
30	M.	St. Andrew, Apostle.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



"LIFE EVERLASTING"

Franciscan Herald

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VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1914.

NO 12.

THE REALMS OF BLISS

ENTHRONED in glory the Savior reigns
O'er boundless realms of light.
He views triumphant the vast domains,
And smiling wakes to blissful strains
The choirs in robes of white.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
The joy of Heaven's free,
Nor hath to heart of man occurred
What raptures in that gladdening word:
Ye blessed, come to me!

Beyond the scene of strife and care
They hail their mighty King—
No clouds to hide their vision fair,
No thunders to rend the peaceful air
And whelm the song they sing.

The Lord of power divine for aye
In Sion's happy spheres
Holds ever new, unchanging sway.
For thousand years are as a day,
A day as thousand years.

O Haven of endless splendor and glee,
Home of the ransomed race!
Through tears I lift my gaze to thee—
Ah, were I over the storm-swept sea
And safe in God's embrace!

F. B., O. F. M.



BL. HUMILIS OF BISIGNANO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

DECEMBER 5

THIS great servant of God was born at Bisignano, in Calabria, Italy, in 1582. He received in Baptism the name of Luke Antony. From his earliest childhood, he gave signs of the great love of God and heavenly things which filled his heart, so that it became evident to all that he was called to a high degree of sanctity. He accepted with perfect submission the instructions and counsels of his pious parents, who strove to train him in all the practices of a Christian life. Prayer was his delight, so much so that, to satisfy the desire of his innocent soul to commune with God in prayer and the contemplation of heavenly things, he kept aloof from the noisy games of his companions, and devoted to pious practices all his spare moments. He daily assisted at Mass, and approached the Holy Table every Sunday with the greatest devotion. When working in the fields or tending sheep, he would frequently kneel before a cross which he had constructed, and meditate on the sufferings of our Divine Savior.

When he had reached his eighteenth year, the servant of God began to reflect seriously on what state of life he should embrace in order to serve God more perfectly and thus ensure his eternal salvation. He redoubled his prayers and austerities, and invoked the inter-

cession of the saints, especially of the Blessed Virgin, whom he loved with filial devotion. Feeling that he was called by Almighty God to serve him in the Order of St. Francis as a lay brother, he strove in every way to make himself worthy of so great a grace. For several reasons, he was obliged to defer his entrance into the Order for nine years; but during this period, the pious youth adapted his mode of life to the rule which he was to embrace, and by his piety and austerities, drew down upon himself signal graces and favors of God. Frequently when meditating on heavenly things, he was honored with visions and ecstasies.

At length, all obstacles were removed, and Luke was clothed with the habit of the Friars Minor in the convent at Bisignano, on September 1, 1609, and received the name of Humilis. Full of joy and gratitude toward God, who had called him to his special service, he now gave himself up to the practice of the religious virtues with such fervor that he was soon looked upon as a finished pattern of perfection not only by his fellow novices, but also by those who had already advanced in spiritual life. His fervor in prayer, mortification, and other pious practices increased from day to day, especially after his profession in 1610. Amid his daily occupa-

tions, some of which brought him into contact with the world, his thoughts were always directed to God, so intimate and so constant was his union with him. His obedience was so perfect that he seemed to have no will of his own. In the practice of holy poverty, he was a faithful follower of the Seraphic Father. His holy life, and the miracles which God wrought through him, caused all to honor and venerate him as a saint and to long to enjoy his company and conversation. For the humble brother was filled with heavenly wisdom so that the most learned men frequently came to ask his advice in spiritual matters. The fame of his sanctity reached Rome, and the Sovereign Pontiffs Gregory XV and Urban VIII summoned him to the Eternal City, and took pleasure in conversing with him. But amid all these honors shown him from all sides, the servant of God remained truly humble. Far from feeling any pleasure in honor and praise, he was greatly distressed by them, as he looked upon himself as the worst of sinners.

Ill-health finally compelled Humilis to leave Rome and to return to his own country. He bore the severe pains of his sickness with invincible patience. His desire "to be dissolved and be with Christ" was increased by frequent visions and extraordinary favors of God so that he was heard frequently to cry out, "To paradise! To paradise!" The holy longing of his soul was at length satisfied on November 26, 1637. The miracles by which God glorified him during his life and after his death, having been verified by Pope Pius IX, Leo XIII enrolled

him among the Blessed on January 29, 1882.

REFLECTION

We should learn of Bl. Humilis to be humble of heart. Many think they are humble, because they sometimes speak disparagingly of themselves, and confess their weakness and sinfulness. But they give way to feelings of indignation and resentment when others call their attention to their faults. Such persons are evidently not truly humble. Others, again, imagine they possess humility, if they refuse honors or perform labors that are lowly in the eyes of men; but in their hearts they wish others to admire and praise them. These persons are deceiving themselves; for true humility consists in a holy contempt of one's self, in the acknowledgment that in the eyes of God we are poor, wretched creatures, full of weakness and sin. "Remember what you were," says St. Bernard, "remember what you are, and what you will be." God has created you out of nothing; what you are, you are through the grace and mercy of God; your body will one day return to dust and ashes, while your soul will appear before the dread judgment seat of God to give an account of all the graces and talents entrusted to it. These thoughts must lead us to seek only the honor and glory of God in all our actions, especially if they draw upon us the attention and praise of men, for they remind us that we are but stewards making use of the gifts which the Lord has entrusted to us, and of which he will one day demand a strict account.

Fr. Silas, O.F.M.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

23. PAPAL PROTECTION

"Have confidence, I have overcome the world" (John XVI, 33.)

In his last discourse to his disciples, our Divine Savior said, "In the world you shall have distress," adding the consoling words: "Have confidence, I have overcome the world." Conflicts await you; but have confidence, you will gain the victory. These words were verified also in the members of the Third Order. They had to undergo many and divers tribulations, but theirs was to be the victory, and that in a peculiar and unexpected way.

Gregory IX, as we have seen, had sent a letter to all archbishops and bishops of Italy, commanding them to protect the Tertiaries from all molestations, but it did not have the desired effect. Accordingly, the Tertiaries again appealed to their kind patron on the papal throne. Gregory IX, thereupon, granted the Brothers and Sisters of Penance extraordinary privileges. In his letter *Detestanda*, of March 30, 1228, he writes: "You have petitioned us to grant that you be free from the obligation of taking an oath, except for peace, for the faith, or as witnesses, and that you be not taxed more than other citizens. You ask, moreover, for permission freely to distribute your goods among the poor as you see fit, and that you be not made to suffer injustice on account of the wrong-doings and crimes of your fellow citizens. We have observed that, since you have entered upon

the way of Christian perfection, you are molested by the followers of the world, because you are opposed to their evil ways. Relying on your piety, we grant your petition by virtue of this writing. We wish to warn you, however, not to abuse these privileges, but to use them in a proper and praiseworthy manner. We would withdraw them, if they would lead to abuse."

The Pope found it necessary to dispense the Tertiaries in part from obedience to secular authority. There was no other way to preserve the just rights of the Brothers and Sisters of Penance.

But, in spite of all this, the members of the Third Order were not left unmolested. According to the laws of those times, any one could, if he wished, retire into solitude and lead the life of a hermit. But the Tertiaries were denied this privilege, and those who had gone into retirement, were forced to return to the world. For this reason, Pope Gregory IX again wrote to the bishops of Italy, informing them that the Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Penance should not be forced to leave the solitude which they had sought by divine inspiration. In 1251, Pope Innocent IV sent orders to the Council of Bologna, forbidding any one to force the Brothers of Penance to military service. He even took the part of a single Tertiary. A certain Munaldo had resolved to embrace the life of the Brothers of Penance,

but the authorities of Perugia tried to prevent him. The Pope, thereupon, sent the following letter in the interest of Munaldo:

INNOCENT IV

Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God,
To Our Beloved Sons, the Mayor and Council of Perugia,
Greeting and Apostolic Blessing.

Our beloved son and citizen of Perugia, Munaldo, has informed Us that he has left the noisy occupations of the world in order to embrace the life of the Brothers of Penance. He wishes to serve in quiet peace Him who died upon the cross. Extending to him our good will, We encourage him in his praiseworthy desire.

We have, therefore, thought it good to beg, to admonish, and by means of the present writing, to command the authorities of your city, that, out of respect for the Apostolic See and Us, you refrain from burdening the said Munaldo with public duties and offices, so that he may serve in peace Him, to whom he has wholly consecrated himself.

Given at Lyon, on the fourth day of November, 1249, in the seventh year of Our Pontificate."

The storm, however, would not be calmed. The more zealously the Tertiaries lived according to the spirit of the Order of Penance, the greater was the opposition between them and the world. The Third Order spread more and more, and the real reason why the secular authorities molested and persecuted its members remained. Hence, later Popes also felt obliged to protect the Tertiaries and to renew and extend their privileges.

In the year 1294, Pope Celestine V, sent a letter to the Brothers of

Penance in Aquileia, in which he writes in part: "We have heard that you are suffering under many vexations and hardships. You are willing to pay the public taxes that are demanded of the citizens of Aquileia and vicinity. Despising the vanities of the world, you meditate zealously on the last things of man, and perform works of penance with humble and contrite hearts. In order that you may be the more fit for the service of God by being freed from the burdens of the world, We are willing to grant your request. Hence, in order that you may fulfill with full liberty those duties which are required of you, you shall not be bound to render feudal service, or to take upon yourself labors and burdens which are imposed upon men living in the world, if they are detrimental to the spirit of devotion. As long as you are willing to appear before an ecclesiastical judge in your civil and personal difficulties, you shall not be obliged to appear before a secular judge, if thereby the spirit of devotion would be weakened."

This was, indeed, a great privilege, called forth by constant persecution.

In considering the foregoing, who does not call to mind the words of St. Augustine: "It seemed better to God to turn evil into good, than to hinder evil entirely." God permitted the persecution of the Third Order for its own good.

How often does not something similar happen to us. Crosses and sufferings come upon us; a great misfortune overtakes us. Let us but open our eyes and consider the supposed evil in its true light. We would then not so easily lose courage, but strive to derive advantage from every suffering and misfortune.



THE THIRD ORDER AND SOCIAL REFORM

By Fr. F. H., O.F.M.

III. THE APOSTOLATE OF THE THIRD ORDER

3. INFLUENCE OF THE THIRD ORDER ON SOCIAL LIFE

THE Tertiary who devotes himself exclusively to his own sanctification, and is unmindful of the spiritual or corporal needs of his neighbor, deserves neither the honorable name of Christian nor that of Tertiary. "It is a tradition of the Order," writes Father Timothy, O.M.Cap., "to devote oneself to the service of the poor, the sick, the suffering. That is the most beautiful and precious legacy bequeathed to us by our ancestors, the most brilliant gem in our possession." There is hardly a page in the annals of the Third Order that does not speak of the poor, the lepers, the weak, the suffering. Not a step can we take without meeting heroic deeds of love and mercy. The spirit of the Third Order is one of love. If the Third Order is to fulfill the mission prescribed by its holy Founder and by Popes Leo XIII and Pius X, the members must vie with one another in performing the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The practice of this part of the apostolate will naturally and necessarily at first be of a private nature, exercised by the individual Tertiaries. It is a silent but steady work carried on at home and in the circle of one's friends, and consists in giving a good example by the most conscientious fulfilling of one's duties. Much good can be accomplished by the members in this way. They can, for instance, advise the erring, reprove unseemly conduct and words, dispel false opinions, sever perilous acquaintances, banish dangerous books and pictures from the home, check the rash, succor the poor and needy, visit the sick, and

perform numerous other acts of charity which their time and means may permit. Luchesius, the first Tertiary, nobly pointed the way, and left an inspiring example to his fellow Tertiaries. He went great distances to seek out the poor and to deliver them from their misery. At times, he was seen returning with two or three of God's poor, carrying the weakest on his back and leading the others by the hand.

He even went to help the scattered and forsaken inhabitants of the unhealthy marshes of Sicily, and gave them medical assistance. Above all, he prayed for his fellow men, and instructed them in their holy religion.

But it is chiefly the united, organized apostolate of charity in the Third Order that St. Francis and the Popes demand of the Tertiaries. In the past centuries, the Third Order admirably fulfilled this mission. To be brief, we find numerous hospitals, asylums, and other charitable institutions spread all over Italy, France, Spain, and Germany that owe their existence to enthusiastic Tertiaries, such as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Louis of France, St. Ferdinand of Castile, St. Roche, and many others, so that in this respect the Third Order was a forerunner of the great apostles of charity in later years, namely, St. Vincent de Paul, St. John of God, and St. Camillus of Lellis. The Venerable Don Bosco, the apostle of the street waifs, was also a member of the Third Order. The so-called Montes Pietatis, or public pawnshops and banks established by members of the First Order of St. Francis to

protect the poor from the insatiable greed of unscrupulous usurers, were placed under the care of the Tertiaries, and did untold good. In fact, Tertiaries were so active in every kind of charitable enterprise, that it seemed, as one writer expresses it, as if the era of love of the first Christians had reappeared on earth.

In our own day, we notice hopeful signs of a revival of this spirit of charity among the Tertiaries. Thus, in Europe we have clubs of educated Tertiaries, who in union with the pastor instruct poor children, and prepare them for the reception of the sacraments. Some Tertiaries are engaged in helping the young, especially young men studying for the priesthood; others again succor the aged, the sick, the poor, the working class; others make it a point to furnish poor parishes with the necessary articles for divine worship; others have established employment bureaus, especially for the benefit of deserving girls and other worthy persons. A new field of organized charity that has found favor with the Tertiaries and is productive of the best results, is the so-called "Protectorate". Its aim is to assist in every possible way unescorted girls and women when travelling. The Tertiaries assigned for this work wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin pendent from a yellow ribbon. One branch of the "Protectorate" can boast of having protected and assisted over 30,000 girls and women in one year.

Thus are the Tertiaries of Europe, South America, and Canada engaged in the apostolate of charity, in their efforts to realize the lofty purpose of the Third Order—the happy solution of the social problem.

A pertinent question to be asked now is: What have the Tertiaries of the United States so far achieved in this line? The answer is, that, although we find numerous examples of deeds of charity exercised

by individual Tertiaries, organized charity is still a desideratum. Do we, perhaps, lack the means necessary for such an undertaking, or has the spirit of indifference towards the needy that possesses so many of our fellow citizens also found its way into the hearts of the Tertiaries, so that they are content to work out their own salvation and leave others to the care of themselves?

The occasions of practicing charity are plentiful, indeed. "Think," says a writer in the *Ave Maria*, "of the hosts of neglected ignorant or ill-instructed children in danger of being lost to the Church; the number of unfortunate, exposed, suffering, tempted, friendless persons in need of help and encouragement that could be so easily given; the sick in hospitals to whom a friendly visit would be as a ray of hope; the orphaned children whose sad lot so few compassionate, whose little hearts are hungry for some one's affection; those languishing in prison, who long for a kind word, to whom some good reading would be a blessing and a joy."

Let the Tertiaries, therefore, in this country emulate the glorious example set them by their brethern in other lands; let them aid their suffering fellow men wherever and whenever they can, that all may know that the Third Order has a great mission to fulfill not merely for the individual but for society at large.

To conclude, the lay apostolate of the Third Order may be thus summed up: "The activity of the Tertiaries consists in a series of good works of piety and charity, that are really not prescribed by the Rule, but that are in perfect accordance with the tradition of the Order, the spirit of the Rule, and the oft expressed wish of the Church. These works are partly purely religious, that is, for the immediate honor of

God; partly works of charity especially such as serve the local conditions and needs." Thus writes the editor of a widely read Tertiary weekly. It is, therefore, the duty

of all Tertiaries to work for the religious, moral, and social uplift of mankind. Only then are they true children of St. Francis, the great social reformer.

A DUTIFUL SON

Nowadays, when liberty is being extolled on every street corner and men, especially the youth, are trying to throw off the irksome shackles of authority, it is refreshing to find here and there young men and women of sterling worth, who have learnt that true liberty is not license but humble submission to lawful authority. Such children are the pride and comfort of their parents and the future hope of Church and State. The following incident illustrates the case in point.

In Wuerttemberg, Germany, a young man of eighteen whose parents were poor, was hired by a rich man to work on his farm. Overjoyed at the prospect of earning something, he set earnestly to work, to the great satisfaction of his employer. The little pay he received for his toil, was regularly sent to his parents. One day, as he was busy plowing in the field, a friend came, and asked him whether he had heard the bad news from home. The young man replied in the negative. He was then informed that during the previous night, the only cow his poor parents possessed had suddenly died. This was, indeed, a great blow for the young man, as he knew that the cow had been almost the sole source of sustenance for his aged parents. What was now to be done? His filial piety and quick wit soon came to his assistance. Politely thanking his friend for the information, he continued his plowing until dusk. After his frugal supper, he begged the good farmer to sell him one of his many cows. "Indeed, I have no money wherewith to pay," he said, "but in lieu of money I will work for you gratis for a whole year." The farmer was very much surprised at this proposal, and at once agreed to the novel plan. That same night the young peasant took the cow home, and placed it in the stable of his parents, without their being aware of it. Great was their joy the following morning on finding the animal in its stall.

The young man faithfully kept his agreement. At the end of the year, his employer, who had greatly admired the self-sacrificing spirit and thorough honesty of the young peasant, made him a handsome present, and raised his wages considerably. This enabled the young man to lay aside a portion of his monthly earnings, and within ten years he succeeded in paying the entire mortgage on the old homestead. His name became a byword in the neighborhood for economy and every manly virtue, and parents were wont to point him out to their sons and daughters as an example to be imitated



RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART II.

1. Off for the Interior

We remained at Guanoco over a month. It was not a useless stay, for we spent it conducting missions as well as retreats for the religious of both sexes. In the month of November, we set out on our journey inland, —I do not remember on what date.

It was impossible to use any mounts on the road from Guanoco to the missions; the roads were so wretched as to be almost impassable afoot. At more dangerous places, we clambered on the backs of natives, which at first was far from pleasant as their exudation caused us retchings and nausea. But there was nothing else to do, unless we wished to drop down by the way as morsels for wild animals. After six days of very toilsome traveling, we reached a village that was built in European fashion. It was an Irish colony, almost all the residents being Catholics; also their parish priest was a countryman of theirs. They received us very hospitably. It was interesting to note the racial change they had undergone here in the course of a few years. At this spot, the climate is very mild, and almost all fruits, European and tropical, thrive very well.

At this time, there were no roads overland, and a passage by water was no little matter, especially as we had to pass the haunts of cannibal tribes; nowadays, of course, trading routes have been established. We hired a bark of very singular proportions, measuring fifteen meters in length and one and one half meter in breadth (that is about fifty by five feet). It was manned by twelve native oarsmen,

who were Catholics and who had been sent from the mission of Ucajali to meet us. They made a good impression on us, and seemed to be very much attached to the padres. They were armed with bows and arrows as a precaution in case of attack; we had also a gun, which was intended both as a means of defence and as a food purveyor. Seeing the gun, the natives wished to know whether we could use it to any purpose. I immediately went about to convince them, taking a monkey as my target. But as the gun did not carry far enough, they conceived no high opinion of us or of our gun. I tried my luck a second and a third time, and succeeded at length in hitting a sparrow on the wing. This promptly raised us in their estimation, and they were overjoyed to have such a marksman to defend them against the savages.

2. New Sensations, Pleasant and Other

The river down which we were sailing was the Mayo. At first it was extremely rapid, as we were still in the mountains, and the oarsmen had to summon up all their skill. Three days on the river brought us safely to a spot where fruit abounded, chiefly bananas, pineapples, and sugarcane. There we left our boat, and settled down in a little hut to rest. Fr. Prefect, who had gathered a rich experience in those parts, piloted us through the boundless forest, finally leading us out on a spur of the Cordilleras, from which he showed us the tremendous Pampas di Sacramento, so called for having been discovered by a Franciscan on Corpus Christi day. Never before or since have I

come upon a spot which commanded so charming a view. An incredibly luxurious growth everywhere met our gaze, while many streams slipt serpent-like aslant the plain to join the Amazon. Noticing our rapture, Fr. Prefect said, "See there, that is your field! So many souls within its bounds long for salvation, and many a missionary has there given his life to God!" Slowly we wended our way back to our hut, endeavoring to give expression to the sentiments that filled our souls.

Our native escort had meanwhile prepared our lunch. The first thing they served was a monkey roasted in ashes and so badly done that we could not eat it even though we were extremely hungry. Fr. Prefect remarked, "A man that can eat monkey flesh, will be able to eat other things served hereabouts; but anyone that does not want to eat it, must make up his mind to fast till doomsday". Nevertheless, we could not be persuaded to begin, at least none of the recruits; we thought he was merely making fun of us. However, seeing Fr. Prefect and another Father, who had come with us from Guanoco, set to in earnest, we gradually mustered up sufficient courage, and succeeded in gulping down a few morsels.

3. In Perils in the Wilderness

After resting for two days, we again boarded our craft, and continued drifting down the Mayo. The Mayo is a tributary to the Ucayali river. We observed many such tributaries, among them the Apurimac and the Bocartembo, which latter comes down from Serosal. The Mayo is navigable to a site called Caloo, where Fr. Caloo founded a wayside station for traveling missionaries. After journeying for two days, we reached a spot that seemed to be inhabited. On disembarking, we really did come upon several men, but they were stark

naked. Fr. Prefect, who was acquainted with the nature of the tribe, gave them some presents as they did not seem friendly to us. He gave them some red cloth, a few knives and corals, but these things by no means satisfied them. Still we had nothing else to give them. Fr. Prefect signaled to us to work our way unnoticed back to the boat, giving us to understand that it was dangerous, not to say fatal, to remain any longer, seeing we could not give them what they desired. Reaching our craft, we asked Fr. Lans why he had not preached to them. But he replied, "These Indians are a thoroughly corrupt lot, and it would be impossible to do anything with them in the face of the depraved morals they have taken from European merchants". That was the first practical lesson in missionary life.

For some time after this episode, we kept sailing along in painful silence, and when one of us asked the reason for keeping so close, Fr. Prefect returned in a low voice, "Be as quiet as possible. Along these shores live the Vampires, one of the most dangerous Indian tribes here." During all that day and part of the following night, we maintained the same noiseless procedure, always on the alert for a hostile attack.

The vegetation in these parts is so extremely luxurious that I do not think its counterpart could be found in the world. Among other things, there were trees with trunks so thick that ten men could scarcely encircle them. To find a way through the forest is very difficult on account of the many vines and fallen giant trees. Fruits of a dozen kinds abound, but if one is not acquainted with them, he had better be careful, and let some animal sample them before he indulges his palate. I remember to have plucked a fruit of a very inviting

appearance; but I had scarcely taken the least bit of it when I was seized with such convulsions of the stomach that I thought I was dying. Fr. Prefect gave me an antidote that relieved me instantly. The good Father took occasion to warn me never to taste any unknown fruit until I had proved its wholesomeness on animals—the monkeys, for instance. It is wonderful to see these monkeys test fruit. Once I observed a monkey take such a fruit from us, break it, rub the parts against each other, examine it from all sides, then put his tongue to it, finally eating just the least bit, until he noticed there was no danger.

4. At the Ucayali Center

We were eight days sailing down the Mayo, when we reached the Ucayali river, so called from its great windings at this place. The watershed of the Ucayali is very abrupt in places, and at its confluence with the Amazon, I believe it is even vaster than the latter. At that period, large steamers did not venture up the river.

We had to sail four days down the Ucayali before we reached the mission center. The place was known as Cochiboya, and was the main residence of the Franciscans of the Ucayali. The greater part of the inhabitants led by a Father from the center, came to welcome us. They had brought fresh provisions, and escorted us, after we had refreshed ourselves, to their settlement, dancing and playing their instruments all the way. Everybody showed great joy at our arrival. Some of the people spoke Spanish, but most of them spoke only Quichua, which we also were gradually beginning to understand. There were about two hundred inhabitants, chiefly Christians. The temperature was hot and moist,

and in consequence, there was much fever.

The routine at the residence was much the same as in any Franciscan convent. We gave all our time and energy toward learning Quichua; but half a year had not elapsed before we felt an ungovernable desire to go among the savages. Not far from our center, were the haunts of the Cumibus and Cachibos, who were very depraved and very hard to convert. Veteran missionaries had labored hard among them, but in vain. I, too, wished to try it; but they spoke a dialect which I did not understand. Only a few of them spoke Quichua, and they were very wicked, seeking only to steal the missionary's belongings. So I returned without any result, except the loss of nearly all my things and the Baptism of two babies in danger of death. The experience taught me that the only feasible plan was to follow the methods of the older missionaries so as not to lose my time or even my life.

5. First Expedition

After a year's lapse, Fr. Prefect wished to make an expedition into the interior. His aim was to convert a tribe known as the Miranos; he had heard from a neophyte that that tribe possessed excellent traits of mind and temperament. Seeing that I was very anxious to accompany him, he chose me as his companion. It was in 1877 that we set out; I am not sure what month.

When everything was in readiness, and the day of our departure arrived, there was great sorrow among our Christians, who felt certain that we were going to our death. We took with us a complete stock of necessaries, not forgetting our bodily needs. There was especially a kind of root with a taste similar to that of the potato, with which we were well sup-

plied. This root was ground into meal and put up in boxes; it is very nourishing and together with bananas forms the staple food of the missionaries. Bread is out of the question for him.

To tell the truth, we did not exactly know the way to our destination; we knew only from the report of the neophyte that we had to travel eastward, then through extensive forests and through the haunts of several hostile tribes. We first went up the Ucayali for two days, and then took our way along a small stream until we reached a community of Christians named Cayaria. The Christians, about one hundred in all, were very good, especially their chief, who welcomed us heartily, the more so as he had not seen a priest for two years.

Here we had to provide ourselves with guides for the onward tramp. Since the Christians, however, feared to accompany us on account of the savage tribes, there was nothing to do but to cast lots to see who would accompany us. We then rested a day; whereupon, we continued our course up the stream. Our escort kept up a constant clamor to scare the cannibals from afar.

As long as the guides did not see them, they were quite brave; but no sooner would they catch sight of them, then just those whose talk was the bravest, would be the fleetest to escape. It troubled them very little that the padres were thus left in the lurch.

In two small canoes or dugouts we plied our way upstream to a spot where we found a few men from the tribe of the Moranos. Fr. Prefect intended to convert them and to use them as interpreters and guides. They were slaves of an Indian who, though baptized, lived like a heathen and, perhaps, a little worse. He understood Quichua very well, and so we could converse with him on religious truths. But it was useless as he was a votary of every vice, especially of avarice and lust. Seeing it was a waste of time with him, we asked him at least to allow some of his men to accompany us. He placed four men at our service. They were totally naked. Fr. Prefect reproached the chief, baptized as he was, for not clothing his people. But he returned rather fiercely. "What business is that of yours? I have no clothes, and for them it is better to have none."

A GOOD DAUGHTER

The young woman, who after her school days are over, does not have to go out to work, still is bound to be of use. She should not be a drone. She should not eat the bread of idleness. She should be ashamed to be a drag on her parents.

She can help her mother in a thousand ways in the care of the home. She can be a loving companion to her father. She can do many little things for the comfort of her brothers and sisters.

A sweet, affectionate, helpful daughter in a home is a treasure for her parents. They are consoled by the return she makes for the care they have lavished on her, for all that she has cost them in watchfulness and labor. They bless God for having given her to them. She is a blessing to the home.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

TWO SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

CONCLUDED

For Franciscan Herald

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

IT was a pale, sad-eyed little woman who went out to seek employment some weeks after her husband's funeral. Through a friend at home she had heard some months previous of the death of her parents, but even had they been living, she would have been loath to return and to face old scenes and friends again.

It was a weary search, and the sweet, girlish face clad in the deep mourning veil excited sympathy wherever she applied. At last she was successful in securing a position in a factory.

The hours were long, the work laborious, and the end of each day found Agnes almost too weary and worn out to find her way home. Besides, a troublesome cough had seized her, and at times she felt exceedingly ill. Notwithstanding all this, she struggled on bravely.

Little Ursula was left in the care of a kind neighbor who always insisted on Agnes's staying to supper when she came home from work.

"I want you to have something nice and hot, dearie, without having to stop and cook it yourself, for I can see you're just about tuckered out, poor child," the kind-hearted Mrs. Mills would say.

There came a day when Agnes had to leave the factory and her unfinished work; for, she was too weak to stand the strain any longer. The foreman kindly assured her that they would gladly take her back whenever she felt able to resume her work.

For two weeks, Agnes was confined to her bed, and Mrs. Mills tenderly nursed her day and night. A doctor was called and he confided to Mrs. Mills that the patient could

not live very much longer. Agnes, however, improved as the days passed by, and gained in strength until she was able to sit in the garden in the warm sunshine, and even to take long walks in the fresh air.

"Why, Mrs. Mills, I'll be able to go back to work in a week or two," Agnes exclaimed one day when she was helping her good friend with some of the light housework.

Mrs. Mills mentally decided that the doctor "didn't know what he was talking about" when he had said the patient could not live long. "I'll tell him so the next time he shows his face around here, too," she soliloquized.

On that afternoon, the weather was delightful; Agnes decided to take a little walk in the soft, balmy air. She started off in a direction she had never taken before, and after walking along leisurely for some time, found that she was approaching a church. How much it looked like the old church at home, she thought to herself. She might step in for a little while, for she was beginning to feel rather tired. In a few minutes she found herself in the soft, quiet gloom of the sacred edifice. Something impelled her to walk up to the altar, and genuflecting for the first time in many years she slipped into one of the first pews.

There, in the sanctuary gleamed the little ruby light that told her that He was still there faithful, patient, waiting—yes, waiting for her to come back. She knew He had not changed. He had not abandoned her; no, it was she who had been unfaithful. Then her eyes wandered over to a side altar. There stood the brown-robed, gentle Saint

Francis. Why, it was a Franciscan church into which she had wandered! She could almost imagine herself at home again. A sob escaped her.

"O Saint Francis, pity your child," she whispered. She bowed her head low over her clasped hands, and there beneath the sanctuary lamp, she uttered the first real prayer that had passed her lips for many a long, weary year.

"My Jesus, take me back, I'm so lonely, so weary, so sinful!" she cried as tears of sorrow fell through her emaciated fingers.

The sacristy door opened, and a Franciscan Father came down the aisle, and entered a confessional. Then for the first time, Agnes noticed that there were a number of people in the church waiting near the confessionals. She began to wonder whether the morrow were some feast day, and then it occurred to her that it would be the feast of Saint Francis.

Surely, the seraphic Saint was calling her back to God. Here was an opportunity of casting off the burden of her sins, and of beginning life anew. After a fervent preparation, she went into the confessional, and as she heard once again the words of absolution, a wave of peace and love and gratitude swept over her soul. She was reunited to her God, and all was well again.

Mrs. Mills noticed the look of peace and happiness on the young woman's face, and decided that the walk had certainly done her good. Agnes and little Ursula were still staying with Mrs. Mills, for that good woman had insisted on having Agnes where she could "keep an eye on her" until she was perfectly well.

Agnes had decided to go to the seven o'clock Mass on the feast of St. Francis, so she informed Mrs. Mills of her intention. The latter

looked surprised.

"Didn't think you wuz a Catholic", she commented.

"Well, I've not been a faithful one", Agnes answered with evident sorrow, "but I'm going to begin all over again. My religion is too great a treasure to ignore, as I've done in the past."

"That's right, dearie," agreed Mrs. Mills, bustling around the stove, "its nice to have a church to run to sometimes. You just go on off in the morning, and I'll look after the baby."

Early next morning, Agnes arose with a feeling of peace and light-heartedness quite new to her. She was going to Mass once more and to Holy Communion. This accounted for the change. On the way to church, she thought how happy she would be when little Ursula would be big enough to go to church with her. While going up the steps, she was seized with a strange feeling of dizziness, and began to cough violently. But the paroxysm soon passed, and she went into the church, taking a seat close to the altar. How good it was to be at home again after the long, long exile.

Another attack of faintness overcame her on her way home after Mass, and after drinking the coffee Mrs. Mills had ready on her return, Agnes decided that she would lie down for a while. Around her thin fingers were entwined her beads, that had been discarded so many years. As she lay there, she reviewed over and over again the happy events of the morning—Mass and Holy Communion, while her lips moved continually in grateful prayer.

That afternoon, Mrs. Mills seated beside the bed where Agnes lay, was busily engaged in mending. Suddenly she exclaimed as she glanced out of the window,

"If there don't go two Sisters by.

Honey, wouldn't you like to have them come, and talk to you for a little bit? Let me go call them," she advised, rising and laying aside her sewing.

Agnes's face brightened. "O I'd love to see them, but I wouldn't like to encroach upon their time."

Hardly waiting for Agnes to consent, Mrs. Mills was out on the sidewalk waiting for the nuns who were coming up the street. Noticing the good woman's eager look, they stopped and smiled pleasantly.

"I beg your pardon, Sisters," began Mrs. Mills addressing the older of the two, "but there's a little sick woman in the house—a Cathlick, too,—and if you'd have time to stop a minute—I know she'd love to see you."

The Sisters assured her they would have time to make a short visit, and then followed Mrs. Mills to the house. Little Ursula had followed Mrs. Mills out to the porch, and stood on the top steps gazing wonderingly as the Sisters approached. The younger nun stopped and patted the golden head.

"How do you do, dear? What is your name?" she asked.

"Urs'la," lisped the little girl, lifting her deep blue eyes to the nun's face. The Sister smiled.

"So you are Ursula," she answered, "well isn't that lovely."

The little tot put her hand trustingly in that of the Sister, and drew her toward the door, saying,

"Come, see my mamma."

Agnes looked up in glad expectancy as the two Franciscan nuns preceded by Mrs. Mills entered the room. She gazed intently at the younger Sister whom her little girl was drawing toward the bedside. Then a cry of joy broke from her lips.

"Ursula!"

The Sister rushed toward her with extended arms.

"Agnes darling, is it you?" The

long separated friends clasped each other in fond embrace.

Sister Dolorosa sat for several hours at the bedside with her friend's wasted hand clasped in hers, and listened to the recital of Agnes's life story since they had parted. She wept at the pathetic tale, but her heart overflowed with thankfulness when Agnes told her how she had come back to God and to the Church.

"Good St. Francis has been watching over you all these years," Sister Dolorosa said, "and see how he has united us on his own feast day. Isn't it remarkable that I should have been sent to this city only last September? I am certain that our holy Father St. Francis has arranged this meeting. But now I want to see that dear little baby you named for me," she added rising.

Going to the door she called little Ursula who with the other Sister and Mrs. Mills were sitting on the porch. Little Ursula ran at once to Sister Dolorosa who took her up in her arms, and resumed her place at the bedside, the other nun and Mrs. Mills following her to the room.

After a time the poor patient exhausted by the excitement, fell into a light slumber. But only for a few minutes. Then the large, dark eyes opened.

"Ursula," she said feebly, and the sister bent closer to catch the words, "do you remember—the beautiful 'O salutaris'—we used—to sing? O I'd love—to hear—it once more.—Couldn't you sing it—for me?"

Deeply moved, but controlling her feelings with an effort, Sister Dolorosa began in her clear, sweet soprano:

"O salutaris hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium."

As the last words of the hymn died away, Agnes again opened her eyes.

"O it was beautiful.—It seemed—as if I were—with you again—at Benediction," came the broken words. "O it's been—so long—since I received—the dear Lord's blessing—."

A violent coughing spell set in, which was followed by a severe hemorrhage. Her limp form fell back into the pillows, and her tired eyes closed again. For the last time they opened, and with a smile she looked at the young nun still holding her darling child in her arms.

"Ursula," she whispered. "take care—of—baby—"

Then she peacefully breathed her

last.

Good Mrs. Mills begged that she might be allowed to keep the little orphan girl, and Sister Dolorosa acceded to her request. The Sister often came to see little Ursula, who when old enough began to attend their school.

It was when she had grown to be a sweet, fair-haired maiden of seventeen that one day she went to her teacher, Sister Dolorosa, and confided to her the desire of her heart—to join the community of the Sisters.

"I want to take mother's place," she whispered softly.

The End

A BRAVE-HEARTED ZULU BOY

A South African newspaper narrates the following anecdote: Wenceslaus, a typical hot-tempered Zulu, had made his first confession. On the following day, during the recreation hour, one of the missionary priests found him seated on a bench, near the playground, surrounded by a crowd of young boys with whom he quietly conversed, while the school-mates of his own age were enjoying a football game. "Undoubtedly an act of mortification which he has imposed on himself", thought the missionary. He was surprised on the second and third day, however, to find seated there the same boy who was otherwise accustomed to act as self-chosen leader in all games. The Father asked him why he sat on the bench instead of taking part in the game of his classmates. Having been told to join in the frolic and laughter of his companions, he obeyed, but his sadness and reluctance at hearing such a command were unmistakable. At the sound of the bell announcing the end of recreation, he instantly and even joyfully directed his steps towards the school. After the last class that day, Wenceslaus went to the room of the missionary. He knocked gently and, having received the customary invitation, entered and walked up to the writing desk. "Father," he said, "you taught us in Catechism instruction to avoid the proximate occasion of sin. Now, I am so irritable that in almost every football game I become angry at my companions, and strike them unmercifully. That is sinful, and I am determined to shun sin. Hence, I must avoid the playground which is for me a proximate occasion of sin." The missionary then told the boy how to convert the proximate occasion into a remote one, giving him directions how to conduct himself at playing football in future, at the same time adding the command to inform him as often as he had struck any of his companions. Wenceslaus promised to do so, but not once had he an occasion to fulfill his promise. Though he did not entirely overcome his irascible nature, he nevertheless made marked progress in self-control. Such determination on the part of a young Christian Zulu is well deserving of our imitation.

SYMBOLISM OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

Christmas is preeminently a feast of joy, of innocent, childlike joy. It seems as if the blessing announced by angel lips on the first Christmas morning: "Peace on earth to men of good will," descends anew each year on this blissful day, into this vale of tears, bringing peace and happiness in its wake.

In our churches, we delight in having vividly represented to our eyes the cause of all this joy: the birth scene of the God-Man in the lowly stable at Bethlehem. Art and devotion vie with each other in making this scene as natural and attractive as possible. We seem to see in the figure of the infant lying there on a pallet of coarse straw, exposed to the inclemency of the elements, the Savior himself, Him whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, the infinite God of majesty and power, lying there in the crib in all the charming helplessness of childhood. At the sight of such humiliation, our cold, proud hearts grow warm and soft, and we, too, at least in spirit and sentiments, become again as children. We listen again with the same eager interest as in the days long past to the simple though sublimely beautiful narrative of the Christmas Gospel; we feel our hearts thrill again at the sound of the Christmas carols with the selfsame indescribable joy experienced in our childhood days.

Then, too, in our homes we have a charm, a feature of decoration altogether peculiar to the feast of Christmas—it is the Christmas tree. Brilliant with lights, sparkling with gold and silver tinsel, laden with trinkets and toys, fruits and confections of countless hues and

shapes, it appears like a bit of fairyland come to add the luster of its ethereal brightness to the happiest day of the year.

We know that the beautiful custom of erecting the Christmas crib sprang from the childlike heart of the Seraph of Assisi, but what is the origin of the Christmas tree?

Writers do not exactly agree in answering this question; and we may, therefore, safely say that the Christmas tree, like every other tree, simply grew. The tiny seed, that fell on the rich legendary soil of pagan Europe long before the Christian era, grew slowly through the centuries, bringing forth a twig here and a blossom there, until in our own day the Christmas tree stands before us in all the stately beauty of maturity.

Owing to the fact that the Christmas tree dates back presumably to pagan times, there are some persons who take umbrage at the great progress this custom is making among Catholics. But why should they repine? Can not Holy Church take a current custom and without depriving it of its usual delightful features, make it subservient to God and religion? If we but pause a moment, we can easily detect a deep Christian symbolism in the Christmas tree, which is intimately connected with the beautiful feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Savior.

The symbolical meaning of the Christmas tree to which I refer, is based on the well known words of the Prophet Isaias: "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root" (Is. XI, 1). This prophecy, according to Catholic exegetes, especially St. Jerome, saw

its long expected and ardently desired fulfillment in the lowly stable of Bethlehem, when Mary, sprung from the royal root of Jesse, brought forth Jesus, the fairest and most beautiful flower of our earth. She, the stainless, the immaculate, alone of the trees of our terrestrial garden was found worthy to bud forth the Savior. Yes, Mary is the cedar of chastity, the blossoming rod of Aaron, the heavenly palm from which we poor famished children of Eve are to pluck the life-giving fruits of the Redemption.

Now what more beautiful and significant symbol of this truth can we find than the Christmas tree? In the chastely beautiful and stately evergreen, that loves to grow in stony and secluded places, we behold a fitting symbol of the royal yet humble, retiring Virgin of Nazareth. And as the evergreen naturally can never bear edible fruit, yet when converted into a Christmas tree becomes prolific as no other tree; so also Mary owing to the special intervention of Heaven became the most fruitful of the daughters of Eve, bringing forth as she did the infinite God, thus coming in very truth Eve, that is the mother of all the living. The Christmas tree, itself, therefore, is a symbol of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The lighted candles, that appear to sprout forth from its branches, symbolize our Savior and, indeed, most appropriately. For St. John the Evangelist, recounting the august mystery of the Incarnation, says of him, "He was the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (Jo. 1,9); and even before his birth, He was heralded by the holy priest Zachary as "the Orient from on high", who would "enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death" (Lk. I, 78-79). We all know of the wonderful light

that appeared on that first Christmas night over the hills of Bethlehem, and converted the darkness into noonday splendor. Yes, He who was destined by his Heavenly Father to become the Light of the world, attracted by the brightness of a heretofore unknown star, the Wise Men from the East and brought them in humble adoration to his feet, thus verifying beyond all doubt the words of the aged Simeon that he who was born of Mary was a "Light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel" (Lk. II, 32). Considering all this, how fittingly is not this truth symbolized by the burning candles of the Christmas tree on the anniversary of the coming into this world of this Sun of Justice?

A third truth typified by the Christmas tree is the fact that, as many of the holy Fathers teach, all the fruits of the Redemption are distributed to us through the hands of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. When the Eternal Word of God wished to carry out the divine plan of the Incarnation, he sent the Archangel Gabriel to obtain the consent of her, whom he had chosen as the human instrument for the execution of this ineffable mystery of love and mercy to fallen mankind. And upon this her consent, says the eloquent eulogist of Mary, St. Bernard, awaited in breathless suspense not only the heavenly messenger, St. Gabriel, but also the most adorable Trinity, the countless hosts of celestial spirits, the holy souls of the departed in Limbo, yes, heaven and earth, he declares, lay as it were, at her feet—for upon her answer hung the weal or woe of the world. She spoke the longed-for word, "Fiat mihi—Be it done unto me according to thy word," and the Heavenly Father in the excess of his love gave up his only begotten Son for

our salvation—the greatest gift of God to man. Accordingly, if the greatest gift of God to mankind was made dependent on the Virgin Mary, can we be surprised that likewise all other gifts and graces merited by the Redeemer should have been placed at her disposal? True, they are not hers by natural right nor even by merit, but they have been entrusted to her by Jesus, her divine Son, who seated on the arms of his Mother, as on his throne of mercy, wishes to grant us graces and blessings solely through her.

This truth is very happily illustrated in the Christmas tree by the numerous ornaments and gifts with which its branches are hung. As they are not natural fruits of the evergreen, or indeed, if taken collectively, of any tree, so, too, are the fruits of the Redemption not Mary's by right of nature but they have been given to her gratuitously by her Son, Jesus Christ. And just as the smaller members of the family circle receive more liberally of the gifts and sweets from the

Christmas tree on account of their innocent simplicity, so may we also confidently hope to obtain from our good Mother in Heaven a more generous portion of the treasures confided to her care, if we approach her with pure, childlike hearts.

Considered in the light of these symbolical explanations, the Christmas tree becomes an object of interest for the old as well as for the young, and adds a hallowed charm to the already happy feast. Viewed in this manner, it also becomes distinctively Catholic; and hence far from repudiating it, we ought rather to cherish a custom so replete with holy and wholesome thoughts. By doing this and by adhering faithfully to the custom as it has been handed down to us, we shall succeed in converting an otherwise superstitious custom or meaningless though pretty feature of the Christmas decorations into a most excellent means for directing our minds and hearts during this holy season to the Father of Lights from whom comes every good and perfect gift.

"GOD WITH US" OR "WE WITH GOD"

No man with humor or humility can state with positive assurance "God is with me." Evidently, then, the rulers of Europe either never possessed these qualities or else they have pigeonholed them during the press of more important business.

Once there was a ruler who owned both these traits. He also happened to be great. During a war that was carried on under his leadership a clergyman came to call upon him. Said the clergyman:

"We can but hope that during this awful conflict the Lord is on our side."

"I hope nothing of the sort," answered the ruler.

"What," gasped the clergyman, "you do not wish to have the Lord on our side?"

"No, I don't," answered the head of a nation; "but I do most earnestly pray that we are on the Lord's."

That man was our own President Lincoln.—*The New World*.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE COMING OF THE LORD

The holy season of Advent, the time of preparation for the coming of the Lord, has already begun. The four weeks preceding the feast of Christmas have been set aside to commemorate the long centuries of painful yet patient waiting during which the Jews of old were to prepare for the coming of the Messias. In the early Christian centuries, the time of Advent was a season of severe penance. At present, it has to a great extent lost this character owing to the milder discipline that now prevails in the Church. But it goes without saying that it is still the wish of the Church that her children should prepare the way of the Lord. She exhorts them in the words of the Precursor: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

In olden times, when a king passed through his country, it was customary for the inhabitants to prepare the ways along which he traveled, in the manner indicated by St. John. Christ, the King of kings, is about to come into his own again, to hold triumphant entry into our hearts on Christmas day, and we owe it to him to prepare the way for him. What then must we do to prepare our hearts for his coming?

"Every valley shall be filled," answers the Church. The "valleys" that prevent us from profiting by the coming of the Lord, are our worldly-mindedness, our excessive solicitude for temporal things and the resulting carelessness in regard to eternal things, our neglect of the great and only necessary occupation, the salvation of our souls, our inordinate desires for sensual pleasures; in fine, everything that draws our hearts from the love and service of God.

"Every mountain and hill shall be brought low," that is, our pride, self-conceit, and ambition must be curbed. It was pride that prevented the Jews from acknowledging in the humble Savior the long-looked-for Messias, and from profiting by his lessons; and unless we are truly humble of heart, we can not hope to profit by the graces of God, for he resists the proud, but to the humble he gives his grace.

"The crooked shall be made straight." The crooked ways that obstruct the coming of our Savior, are our insincerity in the service of God, our faithlessness in keeping our promises and good resolutions, our duplicity in our dealings with others.

"The rough ways shall be made plain." The obstacles here indicated are our want of mortification, our want of patience under trials and in our intercourse with our neighbor, our want of readiness to forgive offences.

Thus, then, we must prepare for the coming of the Lord if we wish to enjoy a full measure of Christmas joy and to profit by the graces and blessings he has in store for us. Let us begin at once; for, the task is great and the time short. We may not finish the task in four short weeks, yet, we shall not be wholly unprepared. At all events, we may be assured that the measure of grace and joy we shall receive on Christmas day, will be in proportion to the endeavors we make to prepare our hearts for the coming of the Lord.

CHRISTMAS JOY, TRUE AND FALSE

The hallowed season of Christmas is, perhaps, the most joyous of the year. The glad tidings of the Nativity of our Lord invariably strike a responsive chord in the hearts of both the young and the old, and fill them with a joy, proper only to this time of the year. "Dearly beloved," cries out St. Leo, "a Savior is this day born to us; let us rejoice; can there be room for sorrow on the birth-day of life?"

But, there are two kinds of joy: a true joy and a false joy. The one springs from the consideration of the spiritual benefits that come to us from the birth of Christ; the other arises from the sensual gratifications that so often desecrate this holy season. Is it not a sad truth that many Christians make the blessed Christmas tide a time of intemperance and excess, of ostentation and vanity, of rioting and dissipation? Theirs is not a true joy; for, this can never arise from the indulgence in the pleasures of sense.

True Christmas joy has its seat in the soul, and is born of the consideration of the beautiful truths that cluster about this happy feast. "Glorify to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will," this is the keynote of true Christmas joy. The thought that by the birth of Christ God was to be adequately glorified by his own divine Son, and through him to be reconciled to the fallen human race, this thought is the only real ground for our Christmas rejoicings, and it is this consideration that should be uppermost in the minds of all true Christians, of all true adorers of the Christ-Child.

THE TRUE CAUSES OF THE WAR

The Holy Father has lately issued an encyclical in which he urges the nations now at war to put an end to the fratricidal strife, so that the dawn of a new pontificate may be likewise the dawn of blessed peace throughout the world. He attributes the present war to four causes—namely, lack of mutual and sincere love among men, contempt of authority, injustice on the part of one class of people against the other, and the consideration of material welfare as the sole object of human activity.

That these causes have operated in bringing on the terrible catastrophe now transacting before the eyes of a horrified world, there can be no doubt. For, no one who has been in touch with the spirit of our age, can have failed to see that the time was ripe for just such a conflict as is now raging in the fair countries of Europe. Statesmen, philosophers, and peace advocates of greater and lesser note have arisen from time to time, in the last few months, to air their views on the causes of the war. But none has yet succeeded in giving so full and clear an answer to the question at issue as did the Holy Father. The reason is, because they lack the visual power to sweep the distance and to penetrate the surface of things. Their "dim horizon is bounded by a span." From his exalted position as Vicar of Christ and Father of all Christendom, the Supreme Pontiff commands a view of things that lie beyond. From his watchtower on the Vatican, he views all things with an impartial and penetrating eye. It is this circumstance that lends especial weight to his utterances even when they are not infallible pronouncements.

Whether, in the present instance, his words will carry any weight with those for whom they are immediately intended, remains to be seen.

Certainly, the world would heave a sigh of relief if the European rulers would for the nonce listen to the voice of him who, standing above party and nationality, seeks only the welfare of mankind and the glory of God.

A SAD, SAD TALE

A statistical study of Cook County divorces by County Clerk Sweitzer, reveals the appalling fact that of 2660 marriages contracted in the county, 482 ended in divorce before the lapse of a year. To be accurate, the divorce rate for newly-weds has been 18.12 per cent for a term of six months.

Mr. Sweitzer attributes this heavy divorce rate in the first year of married life to hasty and improvident marriages of couples who fail to realize the duties and responsibilities of matrimony, who are led by their passions and their fancies rather than by their sober judgement.

There are many who may be inclined to question the accuracy of statistics, but not many will be found to impugn the correctness of Mr. Sweitzer's statements on the causes that lead so many to seek legal relief after so short a duration of the marital relations.

But it is difficult to say who is responsible for this large number of divorces, whether the disaffected couples or their parents or the divorce courts. Certainly, if these young couples had been taught forbearance, obedience, and self-restraint from their earliest youth; if their parents had implanted in their hearts the seeds of religion and morality, and had taught them to look upon the marriage contract as something sacred and indissoluble; if they had kept a watchful eye on their sons and daughters, and taken the trouble to inform themselves of their company and whereabouts; if the law itself were not so ready to grant divorces for the slightest reasons: there might still be many to whom the saying would apply:

"Grief still treads on the heels of pleasure;

Married in haste, they may repent at leisure." But we venture to say that most suits for divorce, separate maintenance, or annulment of marriage would never be filed; and the divorce mills, instead of working over time in grinding out decrees, would soon be forced out of business.

"UPON THIS ROCK"

"Is it any wonder that believing Protestant ministers preach to empty benches and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land in the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation?"

"While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy going about in the dark, feeling for some solid biblical foundation stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old Church stands firm, as it has done for ages; it has never repudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion, the Virgin birth and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. We must, therefore, admire this great religious body (the Catholic Church) for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity and so-called new thought, and to be today a lasting defense of the fundamental truths of the Gospel of Christ."—*New York Sun*.

Are you interested in the spread of the Third Order? Have you any friends whom you wish to become members of the Order? Why not instruct them on the nature and the object of this institution? Why not make them a Christmas present of a cloth-bound volume of the "Catechism of the Third Order"? This is a booklet lately published by the editor that contains a full explanation of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis in its minutest details. The price of cloth-bound copies is fifteen cents; cardboard and paper covers sell at five cents. Direct your orders to this office.

The rapid sale of the "Catechism of the Third Order of St. Francis" has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Only a relatively small number of the first edition of 10,000 copies remains to be disposed of. The author wishes to express his cordial thanks for the kind treatment that has been accorded the booklet, and hopes than it will do some little good to Franciscan Tertiaries.

We should like to ask some of our subscribers kindly to cast a glance at the address on the envelope that holds this copy of the *Herald*. Dec. 1914 below the name means that the subscription expires with this month. Dec. 1913 means that the subscription is overdue. Subscribers who are arrears, and wish to have the sending of copies discontinued, should not only notify us of their wish, but also enclose the amount they owe us. A magazine with so limited a number of subscribers as ours necessarily is, can ill afford to have numbers of its subscribers in arrears or to send out copies gratis for a whole year only to receive word that the *Herald*, is no longer desired.

Elsewhere in this issue, we publish a number of letters written to us by our subscribers. In so doing, we have no desire of letting others blow our trumpet for us. We do so merely to let our Tertiaries know that their magazine is well thought of by their Brothers and Sisters far and near. We have other letters of the same import on file. But it is impossible for us to publish them all. We hope those of our readers who have taken the trouble to send us words of good cheer and who do not find their communications in print, will not feel slighted. We are grateful to them all, and we shall continue to put forth our best endeavors to please all.

Indexes to the second volume of *Franciscan Herald* may be had gratis on request.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

III

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

ALARMED that the French had presumed to encroach upon a territory claimed by Spain, as indicated in the preceding chapter, Viceroy Marquez de Laguna of Mexico, in 1686, had the northern Gulf coast searched for the whereabouts of the enemy; but no sign of a foreign invasion could be discovered. Likewise, Viceroy Conde de Monclova, in 1687, despatched two brigantines to the shore of Texas, but, although fragments of a wrecked vessel were found, Fort St. Louis, several miles up the Garcitas River, escaped their scrutiny. Land expeditions also were led out from Coahuila under Captain Alonso de Leon, and crossed the Rio Grande; but their efforts were not crowned with success until the year 1689. In that year, Captain Leon, with nearly one hundred men set out from the presidio of Coahuila to make his fourth attempt. This time he was accompanied by Fr. Damian Mazanet of the Franciscan Province of Jalisco, who kept a diary of the expedition.

Fr. Mazanet's observations were related in his "Carta" to Don Carlos de Siguenza y Gongora, a noted author and editor of his time. The "Carta" was reproduced in fac-simile, April, 1899, in *The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, where it covers twen-

ty-six and one-third pages. The translation by Miss Lilia M. Casis extends from page 281 to page 312 of the same issue. The translator, however, appears to be unacquainted with Catholic terms. That would account for the many inaccuracies and incongruities. For instance, Fr. Mazanet, in speaking of the friars in Texas, with one or two exceptions, uses the term *religioso*. This Miss Casis invariably renders into English by "priests". Yet, lay brothers figure in Texas history from the beginning. Spanish is so thoroughly Catholic a language that non-Catholics are liable to perpetrate the most remarkable errors, unless they consult educated Catholics whenever a Catholic subject is treated. What, for instance, will the ordinary Catholic Mexican or Spaniard think of the intelligence of a noted professor of Spanish at a well-known public high school in the West, who soberly translated *La Fiesta de la Impresion de las Llagas de Nuestro Padre San Francisco* by *The Feast of the Squeezing-out of the Sores of our holy Father St. Francis!* Fortunately for the publisher of the work, the manuscript was submitted to me before publication.

Fr. Mazanet is the founder of the Texas missions. Many of his letters, written by himself, and still plainly legible after more than

two hundred years, are in my possession. Hence we need not depend on second-hand authority for the facts concerning the establishment of the missions. For the present, we shall follow Fr. Mazanet into Texas and down to the Gulf of Mexico in search of La Salle's Fort St. Louis. As this French settlement was the immediate occasion for the founding of the first mission, it is well to secure the facts concerning the discovery of the locality of La Salle's Fort directly from the discoverers.

"We left Coahuila on the 26th of March, 1689," Fr. Damian Mazanet writes in his "Carta", "and went as far as the Rio del Norte, which in this province of Coahuila is called the Rio Grande. We traveled on toward the northeast and at times east-north-east, until we reached the Rio de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. The Indian (guide) replied (to a question) that the village (of the French) was about fifteen leagues distant from the river. On the morning of the next day, Captain Alonso de Leon asked me what we should do in order to ascertain the number of Frenchmen and the condition of things in their village. With regard to this, there were various opinions, mine being that, since we had with us the Quems Indian, who was well acquainted with the country, we should all have a Mass sung in honor of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe that very morning, at the very place in which we were; also, that when we should succeed in reaching the dwellings of the French, we should have another Mass celebrated in honor of St. Antony of Padua. All consented very readily to this, and soon, at about nine o'clock in the

morning, the Mass in honor of the Virgin was sung."

"After traveling some four leagues, the rear-guard saw an Indian come out of a dense wood, and called to him; whereupon, he came toward them. He said that, as to the people living farther on, they used to inhabit houses which no longer existed, for, two moons previous, the Indians of the coast had killed all but a few boys, whom they had carried off. We went with this Indian to his village, and reached it at about three o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as the Indians became aware of our presence, they made for the woods. The Indian who served as our guide, himself entered the wood, and called to the others that they should have no fear. Some of them, and among these was their chief, came out and embraced us, saying 'Techas! Techas!' which means 'friends! friends!' One of those who came out first, was a tall young man about twenty years old, who wore a cloak of a Recollect friar (1). Recognizing it as the mantle of a friar, we took it from him, and gave him a blanket. That night we slept in the neighborhood of the Indian village. At eight in the evening, some Indians come to the place where we were, one of them dressed after the fashion of the French."

"We started the next morning (2), and three leagues off we found the village of the French (3) on the bank of the stream, as I had been told by the two Indians. We arrived at about eleven in the forenoon, and found six houses, not very large, built of poles plastered with mud, and roofed over with buffalo hides, another large build-

(1) "un manto de fraile Recolecto," Franciscan friar of the Recollect Reform Pope Leo XIII did away with the appellation which had obtained in France, Belgium, and Northern Germany.

(2) Apparently April 30. Fr. Mazanet rarely gives dates.

(3) La Salle's Fort.

ing where pigs were kept, and a wooden fort made from the hulk of a wrecked vessel. The fort had one lower room which was used as a chapel for saying Mass, and three other rooms below. Above the three rooms, was an upper story serving as a store house, wherein we found six loads of iron, not counting scattered pieces and some steel, also eight small guns and three swivels made of iron, the largest pieces being made for a charge of about six pounds of shot. The pieces and one swivel were buried, and Captain Alonso carried off two of the swivels. There was a great lot of shattered weapons, broken by the Indians—firelocks, carabines, cutlasses—but they had not left the cannon, only one being found. We found two unburied bodies which I interred, setting up a cross over the grave. There were also found some torn books and a number of dead pigs."

"On the next day (probably May 2), we set out on our return trip to the Guadalupe River. Through that day and night, I tried my utmost to show all possible consideration to the chief (of an Indian village), giving him two horses and the blanket in which I used to sleep, for I had nothing else which I could give him. I exhorted him through an interpreter that his people should become Christians, and bring into their land priests who would baptize them, because otherwise they could not save their souls, adding that, if he wished, I would go to his country. The chief at once replied that he would take me there cheerfully. I told him that I should go to bring other religious like myself, and that in the coming year, at the time of the sowing of corn, I should be there. The chief was much pleased, and I still more at seeing the harvest to be gathered among so many souls as are in those regions that know not God."

"Thus upon the banks of the Guadalupe River," says Clarke p. 183, January, 1902), "the Texas Mission was conceived. The missionary Fathers of Mexico already had their eyes turned with zeal longing towards this nation of superior savages; but events hitherto had not been favorable to the establishment of a permanent mission among them. Now by the chance cooperation of temporal circumstances an opportunity was to be offered that held a promise of success for the efforts of the priests."

"The next day," Fr. Mazanet continues, "was the feast of the Holy Cross, May 3. After holy Mass, the chief of the Texas Indians left for his home, and we set out for this place. We arrived at the presidio of Coahuila on May 15. Captain Alonso de Leon at once sent the two (captured) Frenchmen—the one named Juan Archebepe (L'Archeveque) of Bayonne, the other, Santiago Grollete—from Coahuila to Mexico with Captain Francisco Martinez. His Excellency, the Conde de Galve (viceroys of Mexico), had the Frenchmen provided with suitable clothes and then despatched to Spain in the same year, 1689. All this news did not fail to create excitement and to give satisfaction not only to His Excellency, but also to other men of note in Mexico. Several meetings were held in order to consider measures for keeping the Frenchmen from gaining control of these regions, and for introducing missionaries of religious orders into that country."

Considerable doubt has prevailed heretofore with regard to the exact location of La Salle's Fort St. Louis. "This question is debatable no longer," says Dr. Bolton in the *Austin American*, July 19, 1914, "for it is settled once for all by newly discovered records which are corroborated by archeological

and topographical investigation . . . It is exactly where Cardenas's (*) map shows La Salle's settlement, on the west bank of the Garcitas River, about five miles

above its mouth, and on the highest point of the cliff-like bank of that stream." With the aid of Cardenas's map, Dr. Bolton identified the site on July 4 of this year.

(*) Manuel Joseph de Cardenas, as master of fortification and map-making, had accompanied another expedition to Fort St. Louis in 1690.

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES IN CANADA, 1615-1625

CONTINUED

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

THE Recollect Franciscans in Canada seeing that they were too few and too destitute to accomplish anything of importance in the vast missionary field they had to evangelize, determined to call upon the Jesuit Fathers to come to their assistance. Sagard remarks: "Of all the Religious we chose the Jesuits, who being persons of great influence, could do much for the poor Indians, to whom one must necessarily give something if one wants to attract them. For to say that you have not wherewith to nourish and support them, is equivalent to saying that they will admire you, but only very few will follow you."

One day, while Fr. Irenaeus, O. F. M., was in the office of Monseigneur le Duc de Vantadour, Father Noirot, S. J., happened to come in. Father Irenaeus spoke to him of the Canadian missions, and proposed to have the Jesuits take part in the Canadian apostolate. Father Noirot was most agreeably surprised at this suggestion, and remarked that the Society of Jesus would be under eternal obligations to the Franciscans for this kind offer. Some of the Fathers then called on Sagard to ask him for the loan of his manuscripts on the Huron missions; but he told them that they were not yet in proper shape to pass out of his hands.

The first step now was to arrange matters with Monseigneur de Vantadour and the Canadian fur company regarding the support of the new missionaries. By some oversight, the day for this meeting had not been properly determined, and thus none of the Franciscan Fathers were present when these matters were discussed by the officers of the fur company, Vantadour, and the Jesuits. The latter immediately went to Dieppe where they met the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche Daillon, who was accompanied by an Indian youth. This young man had spent five years in France, and he was now about to return to Canada to act as interpreter for the Franciscan missionaries.

Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, the Jesuit Fathers Charles Lallemand and John de Breboeuf embarked with the Franciscan Father de la Roche Daillon for Canada, where they arrived after a comparatively short and prosperous voyage toward the end of June 1625. The missionaries were most cordially welcomed by the people of Quebec, but at once a grave difficulty presented itself. There had been no arrangements made in France as to where the two Jesuit missionaries were to reside, whether in the village of Quebec or at the Fort. Indeed, there was talk

among the colonists of sending them back to France on the very vessel on which they had arrived.

At this critical juncture, the Franciscans came to the rescue. They kindly offered to lodge the Jesuits at their monastery, small though it was, until they were able to build a home for themselves. They actually ceded one half of their monastery to the two missionaries and also a part of their garden, which was well protected from marauding Indians by a strong palisade. The Jesuit Fathers availed themselves of this generous offer, and lived with the Franciscans for two years and a half. They also received materials to build an addition to their half of the monastery, and in 1627 the Franciscan Fathers gave them much of the material necessary for their new house.

Sagard gives a letter of Father Charles Lallemand, S.J., dated Quebec July 23, 1625, to Samuel Champlain, founder and governor of Quebec, in which he speaks of the tragic death of Pere Nicholas Viel, O.F.M., who together with an Indian boy, was thrown overboard and drowned by his Huron companions near Montreal in 1625. The place where this occurred was named "Sault au Recollect." Sagard speaking of the occurrence says: "The death of poor Father Nicholas was a very sad loss to the colony, and it was equally regretted by the Indians and by the French. He was a man who joined extensive knowledge with deep humility, uprightness of character with amiable conversation, and he would certainly have rendered great service to the mission had a longer life been granted him." At the time of his cruel death, the good priest was on his way from the Huron country to Quebec to meet his fellow religious and to bring the two Jesuit missionaries to the shores of Lake Huron,

there to labor with them at the conversion of the Indians in that region.

In another letter written by Father Lallemand to the Father Provincial of the Recollect Franciscans in France, he thanks him for the kind and generous treatment the Jesuits had received at the hands of the Franciscans at Quebec.

Toward the end of August 1625, Pere Joseph le Caron, the pioneer priest of the Huron mission, embarked for France in hopes that he might at last succeed in securing substantial aid for the Canadian missions from the fur company as they had now received three new missionaries; namely, Fathers Lallemand and Breboeuf of the Society of Jesus and Father de la Roche, O.F.M., and with assistance could now begin their missionary labors on a more extensive scale. Soft words and empty compliments was all he received. The fur company cared naught for the souls of the heathen Indians as long as their conversion did not materially increase the number of costly pelts imported from the colony. With them it was, as it unhappily still is with many living in our own day, a question of money first, last, and all the time, and Pere le Caron was obliged to return to Canada as penniless as he had come. He was accompanied by Pere Gervase Mohier, O.F.M., and arrived at Tadoussac on June 23, 1626. It seems it was in this same year that the Jesuit Fathers Noirot, Noue, and Masse came to Canada; whereas in 1627 the Recollect Franciscans Daniel Boursier and Francis Binuille joined their brethren in Quebec.

In the summer of 1625, Father Joseph de la Roche, O.F.M., and Father John de Breboeuf, S.J., left Quebec for the Huron mission. When they arrived at Three Rivers, and learned the particulars of Father Nicholas's death, they

deemed it prudent not to venture into the Huron country as yet, since the Hurons were much aroused against the French and would most probably murder also their new missionaries. They, accordingly, returned to Quebec. In the following year, on October 18, accompanied by Father Noue, S.J., the two missionaries again set out on their apostolic journey. Fathers Breboeuf and Noue went to Lake Huron while Father de la Roche repaired to the country of the so-called Neutrals, they being at peace with the Hurons and the Iroquois, who were always at war with each other. The land of the Neutrals lay at some distance south of Lake Erie.

From a letter of Father de la Roche, as given in Sagard's history, we learn some particulars of his labors and sufferings among the Neutrals. At first, he was well treated by them, but after some time a number of Hurons, ill-disposed toward the French in general and toward the missionary in particular, began to spread absurd reports among the Neutrals to arouse distrust in their minds toward the noble priest. They claimed that he was a magician and a wicked medicine man, who would poison the air and the land, and that he had already poisoned several Indians, and had set fire to their villages. They asserted that he had murdered several children by his magic arts, and emphasized the fact that the missionary being a Frenchman was of necessity to be mistrusted and feared. The most ridiculous things were told of the French, for instance, that they

were a very rude and melancholy people who ate snakes and other poisonous animals and even thunder. Thus deceived, the Neutrals began to hate the French, and one of them knocked the missionary down, and another Indian seized a tomahawk to split his head. Fortunately, he missed the mark, and the Father's life was saved. But they robbed him of his inkstand, paper, breviary, and sack in which he carried his few belongings. Later however, they returned the stolen articles to the missionary, dreading to keep the wicked magician's "medicine" lest it should harm them.

The report of the shameful treatment undergone by the poor priest at the hands of the Neutrals came to the ears of Fathers Breboeuf and Noue in the Huron country, and they immediately sent a Frenchman named Grenol to bring Father de la Roche to them. This was done; and it is from the Huron village Troanchain that he wrote an account of his sufferings to his fellow religious in Quebec.

Considering this state of affairs, we need not wonder that little progress was made in converting the Indians. The Fathers had a very imperfect knowledge of the Indian languages spoken in these parts, and hence were not able to refute the absurd lies told of them and to gain the favor of the natives. On the other hand, the Indians who had more than once been abused and maltreated by the colonists, were only too ready to believe the worst things of the French and the missionaries.

(To be continued)



FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AT SACATON FLATS, ARIZONA

By Fr. Gerard, O.F.M.

THE patronal feast of St. Michael the Archangel was celebrated this year by the Pima Indians at Sacaton Flats, on the Sunday preceding the feast. This day was chosen, because more Indians are able to participate in the festivities when they are held on a Sunday, than when they occur during the week. As all Catholic Indian festivals, this, too, proved a most joyous occasion. The preparations began on the Friday morning before the feast. About thirty young Indians arrayed as typical cowboys, began the search for the doomed festive steer that roamed the brush near the village. It was a huge animal of the Texas type which for years had enjoyed its freedom in the thick mosquito brush, and naturally was very wild and formidable. The Indians decided on this one as it was a constant menace to the fields round about, and had already done much damage to the cornfields in its frequent raids.

The undertaking was not without danger. The boys, who were all on horseback, after scouring the thicket for several hours, at length sighted their prize, and then attempted to drive it out into the open. But in vain. After a hot chase, one of the boys succeeded in lassoing the bull, and the next moment three ropes held the infuriated animal. While it was trying to gore one of the ponies, a rope snapped. The young Indian quickly dropped from his saddle to regain his lasso. But in an instant, the steer was upon him and with its long horns almost pinned the poor boy to a tree, when his companions succeeded in pulling it away by sheer force. Then they tied it securely to a tree

until the next morning; for the Indian knows full well that it is not good to butcher an animal when it is in a rage, on account of the bad effect this frenzied condition has on the meat.

The exciting chase was the talk of the villages for several days after. The boy who had almost lost his life, is not a Catholic. He was, therefore, not present at the feast on the following Sunday. So our Catholic chief, John Kelly of Sacaton, generously sent him a choice piece of the meat in recognition of his daring, admonishing him at the same time to be more careful in the future.

On the eve of the celebration, quite a large number of the Indians who live in the more distant villages, had already arrived. Among them were the chiefs of five villages: John Kelly of Sacaton and Sacaton Flats, Anton of Gila Crossing, Ramon Jackson of Casa Blanca, Nicholas of Sweetwater, and Juan Jose of Blackwater. These five had arranged a meeting for that evening or rather night; for, these meetings often last till the small hours of morning. Also the more progressive and respectable members of the various tribes are permitted to take part in these councils. We may very well term these annual gatherings on the patronal feast, Catholic Indian conventions. For, on these occasions, the status of the different Catholic villages is thoroughly discussed; the sad or even scandalous occurrences of the past year are investigated, and measures proposed and adopted to guard against the recurrence of these and similar cases in the future. Even the negligent chief is publicly reprimanded for his carelessness or

want of manly courage in repressing abuses.

The Pima Indian is eloquent by nature, and on special occasions like these he is doubly so. He can almost induce a person to espouse his cause by the mere nobility of his bearing and the inimitable gracefulness of his gestures. After having been present at these meetings, one can easily imagine what masterpieces of eloquence their war speeches must have been when they disputed the sovereignty of the

the worldly-minded and godless to tears. Truly, the seed of the divine Sower has here fallen on good soil, and it is bringing forth fruit a hundredfold.

The sum total of the resolutions passed at these meetings, is to stand fast in faith, in spite of difficulties and opposition. The chiefs, each in turn, declare that they intend to watch over their people and to be to them a light and a guide through their good example. And thanks to God, these declarations



St. John's Boarding School, Arizona.

western plains with the thieving and murderous Apaches.

The theme of their discourses, however, is now of a far different nature. Like the Prophets of old, the chiefs place before the eyes of their people the numberless blessings of God, comparing their present knowledge of our holy Faith and their present mode of divine worship with that of twenty years since. Of this greatest of blessings, the gift of the true Faith, they speak very frequently and in a manner that might move even

are not idle words; for, we have Indian men and women, and especially chiefs, on the reservations who live most exemplary and even saintly lives. They are men without blemish, rebuking by the purity of their morals many on the reservation whose skin is of a whiter hue, and who lay claim to an eminently higher civilization, but whose conduct is far from perfect.

But I have been digressing. Sunday morning, the festive day, dawned bright. About thirty-three Indians prepared to receive Holy

Communion. To assist them in their preparation, I gave them a short instruction on the most Precious Blood of our Lord, after which they approached the holy table with marked devotion. Their thanksgiving finished, they went to breakfast.

The various families sat about their camp fires near their wagons, and their happy chatting and merry laughter attested to the fact that they were eating their poor rations with no little relish.

The church, especially the altar, had been very prettily decorated with willow branches and artificial red and white chrysanthemums. High Mass began at half past ten o'clock. The choir was composed of the grown-up boys and girls of the different villages. Despite the fact that they had merely the words without the notes before them, they sang the Asperges and the entire Mass, as they had learned them years before at St. John's boarding school, in a faultless and quite artistic manner.

My instruction at Mass was on the patron of the church, St. Michael the Archangel. I thought it appropriate to remind my swarthy audience of the blessings God had so lovingly showered down on them during the past thirteen years, as before this time a priest had hardly ever visited them. Formerly, they knew nothing of the true religion, whereas now there are seven priests: four among the Papagos, their kinsmen, and three among their tribe, administering to their spiritual needs. Thirteen years since, they had no Catholic school, now they have one large boarding school, at which two hundred and forty of their own children are taught and trained to live noble Christian lives by two worthy priests, one lay brother, and seven self-sacrificing Sisters of St. Joseph. Besides this, God has blessed them with two, and the Papagos with sev-

en day schools, where the seeds of a devout Christian life are implanted in the tender hearts of their children by male teachers of their own tribe. Yes, even on the following day, September 28, a new day school was to be opened at Sacaton Flats for the children under ten years, who are too young to be sent to the boarding schools, and yet can not be left running about like young broncos. For anyone but slightly acquainted with the light-heartedness of children at this tender age and the many temptations to which their innocence is exposed, must concede that it is folly to leave them entirely to themselves untaught, untrained, and uncared for.

The eagerness with which these little ones listen to the truths of holy religion, is surprising, and the rapidity with which the majority of of them learn, is far more astonishing, especially when one remembers that the children of the desert must acquire the knowledge of many things through the medium of a language not their own, namely, English.

This new school at Sacaton Flats is conducted on a similar plan as the one at Santa Anna, and like the latter has a full-blooded Pima as teacher. He is a young married man named Santiago J. Juan, who received his education partly at St. John's boarding school at Gila Crossing, and partly at St. Boniface's Banning, California, under the kind Father Hahn. At the opening of this school, seventeen children registered, and this number is steadily increasing.

It is hardly necessary to remark that these schools have been made possible and can be maintained only by the alms of our benefactors. If you, therefore, kind reader, have been blessed by God with goods of this world and feel inclined by some small charity to further a cause so

dear to the divine Friend of children, you may rest assured that the devout prayers of these dusky little ones, the least of His brethern, will pierce the clouds, and call down benedictions on you and yours.

To continue my narrative. Immediately after Mass, dinner was served, and this, especially to an Indian's mind and stomach, is a most important part of these festivities. As usual, too, this part of the feast had its many earnest sympathizers; for every hungry stomach received its fill of meat and bread and coffee, besides stewed or canned fruits.

Dinner was hardly over when another blessing was sent them by their good Father in Heaven—it began to rain. Rain is always most welcome in the desert, and, although on this occasion it put an end to the feast and the games, not a murmur was heard. The Indian had gone to Mass and Benediction, had been sated with an excellent dinner—what more could he wish

for? So, amid jokes and laughter, one family after another climbed into their wagons, and waving a cheery farewell to their priest and friends of the other villages, drove off to their distant homes forty-five and more miles away. The boys and young men on horseback soon followed their elders, and Sacaton Flats again resumed its wonted appearance of a "deserted village".

The Indian always looks forward to these feasts with great delight, not only because he is certain to receive again what we should call a "square meal", but also because such feasts are joyful reunions of families and old friends. The missionary, too, rejoices on these occasions; for he knows that the faith is thus grounded more firmly in the hearts of his charges, whose lively, childlike faith encourages those to be more faithful who live in the village districts and who are often astonishingly indifferent or even wickedly bigoted, in matters of religion.

DYING SOLDIER-PRIEST GIVES ABSOLUTION

In the waiting room of the great railway terminus in Paris, wounded soldiers were laid out on straw, waiting to be taken to the hospital. Eight of them were badly hurt, and some were evidently not long for this world.

One of them seemed to be very uneasy. A nurse went up to him and offered to arrange his bandage, but he said: "I want a confessor very badly."

"Is there a priest here?" asked the nurse.

Just then another soldier lying mortally wounded plucked the nurse by the sleeve. "Madam," he said, "I am a priest. I can give him absolution. Carry me to him."

The nurse hesitated. The second soldier was suffering from the effects of a horrible shell wound, and the least movement gave him excruciating pain. But again the feeble voice said: "You are of the faith, and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?" and the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his comrade. But the effort was vain: he had to be carried.

The confession did not take long, and the strength of the soldier-priest was ebbing rapidly away. When the time came to give absolution he made a signal to the nurse. "Help me to make the sign," he said.

The nurse held up his arm while this was being done. Death followed quickly for the priest and his penitent. They died hand in hand, while the nurse and the ambulance men fell on their knees on either side of them.—*London Daily Chronicle.*



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—On September 21, at five o'clock in the evening, the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, graciously granted audience to our Most Reverend Father General and the Very Reverend Fathers of the General Curia at Rome. It pleased His Holiness to receive Father General first in private audience, after which the remaining Fathers were admitted to his presence." It gives me great pleasure," His Holiness remarked among other things, "to receive the homage and reverence of the sons of St Francis tendered me in their name by the Most Reverend Successor of the Seraphic Patriarch. And this pleasure is augmented more and more by the thought that I, too, belong to the Franciscan Family and am one of your brethren. For in the year 1882, I received the habit of the Third Order in the fraternity of Ara Coeli, and later made my profession as Tertiary in the hands of your brother from France, Fr. Julius Maynadie of the Sacred Heart, who at that time labored much to spread the Third Order." He then begged the assembled Fathers to be especially mindful of him as one of their number in their prayers, and promised in turn ever to have the Order of Friars Minor under his special care. As an earnest of his good will, he bestowed the apostolic benediction on all present and on the entire Order. Hereupon, the Most Reverend Father General knelt humbly at his feet saying, "And I promise Your Holiness obedience and reverence as our holy Father St. Francis himself

promised and wished that all his successors should promise". The Holy Father again imparted his blessing; whereupon, the Fathers left his presence, rejoicing exceedingly over the cordial reception His Holiness had granted them. —

On the same evening, the Most Reverend Minister General of the Capuchin Friars together with the Very Reverend Definitors General, O.M. Cap., were also received in audience by His Holiness. In the course of a gracious reply to the Father General's address, the Holy Father attributed his own early inclination towards the ecclesiastical state to his venerated Capuchin uncle. He, moreover, bore testimony to the great good which the Capuchins effected in Bologna during his period as Archbishop there. — *Franciscan Annals.* —

Cardinal Giustini has been appointed by Pope Benedict XV Cardinal Protector of the Order of Friars Minor. The last two persons to hold this office were Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X. —

On Thursday November 5, the Requiem Mass in the Sistine Chapel for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo XIII, which had been postponed from July, was celebrated by Cardinal Falconio, O.F.M. His Holiness, Benedict XV, pronounced the absolution. —

Cardinal Falconio has been appointed a member of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation. —

Two members of the Seraphic Order have lately received due recognition for their scientific and

literary works. The Society of History and Archaeology in the Baltic Provinces, Riga, Russia, has nominated the Reverend Fr. Leonard Lemmens, of the German Franciscan Province of the Most Holy Cross, honorary member of the society, on account of his valuable investigations and historical researches concerning the Franciscan convents in those parts. Father Pio Scribanti, O.F.M., was decorated with the golden medal by the Academy of Progress, Paris.

Albenga, Italy.—The Most Reverend Fr. Pacificus of Seggiano, ex-General of the Capuchins, has been appointed Bishop of Albenga. His office as preacher of the apostolic palace, which he has held a number of years, has been conferred upon the Reverend Fr. Lucas, O.M. Cap., of the Venetian Capuchin Province.

Aquila, Italy.—The Church of Saint Bernadine of Siena which harbors the precious relics of its holy patron, has again been entrusted to the care of the Franciscan Fathers. On August 8, 1911, an official of the city and leader of the Freemasons proceeded to the convent under guard, and ordered the three residing Fathers to leave the convent and church without further delay, although it had been in their charge for almost five hundred years. The case was brought to court, and after three years of litigation, right finally prevailed over might.

Brussels, Belgium.—The minister of State, M. Helleputte, is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. For the last thirty years he has occupied a chair at the University of Louvain, and since 1889, he has been a member of the House of Representatives. At a recent public celebration commemorative of the silver jubilee of his political career, he spoke with great enthusiasm on the Third Order. Among other things he said: "If any one

should ask me, which of all the citizens of the country have the greatest need of the Third Order, I should answer: The man engaged in politics".

Belgium.—One of our brethren in Saint Francis, the Belgian musician and composer, Henry Van den Abeele, on whom the journals of music have lavished words of praise, has won a grand triumph at two international congresses of musicians, held in Genoa and Lyons. At the latter congress, he won the first prize among 238 contestants. A true son of St. Francis, he has devoted his extraordinary talents in great part to Franciscan lore. Among his best musical productions are those written in honor of his Seraphic Father Saint Francis. He is the author of an exquisite violin solo, entitled "The Poverty of St. Francis." Lately, he published five new songs for Tertiaries.

Fulda, Germany.—The Reverend Fr. Theophilus Witzel, O.F.M., professor of theology in the monastery of Frauenberg, Fulda, was adorned with the iron cross in recognition of the bravery he displayed as army chaplain in assisting the wounded and dying soldiers on the field of battle in Eastern Europe. The same honor was conferred at the front in Western Europe on his pupil, the Venerable Fr. Floribert Assman, O.F.M., who had taken a prominent part in twelve engagements and was a model of daring and every other soldierly virtue to his companions. His superiors have also elevated him to the rank of subaltern.—

On July 24, four Fathers of the Franciscan Province of St. Elizabeth, Fulda, boarded the steamship Luetzow at Naples bound for the mission in northern Japan. This mission was inaugurated by the Franciscans of the Fulda province in 1907, and they already have eight stations. Four Franciscan Sisters

from Thuine near Freien in Hanover, have joined the Fathers, and the prospects for the new mission are very bright.

Semlin, Hungary.—When the city of Semlin was deserted lately by most non-combatants at the approach of the enemy, the Reverend Fr. Solanus Mikovic, O.F.M., remained faithfully at his post. As he was saying holy Mass one morning a shell struck the church and exploded directly in front of the altar. The heroic priest was instantly killed.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Very Reverend Provincial, Fr. Benedict, O.F.M., set sail from Boston for Rome on the steamship Cretic on Saturday November 21. During his absence the Very Reverend Custos, Fr. Leonard, O.F.M., will act as his vicar in the government of the Province.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The feast of St. Elizabeth, patroness of the Third Order, was celebrated by both the English and the German-speaking Tertiaries. The former had a High Mass at 7 o'clock, during which many Tertiaries received Holy Communion. The German Tertiaries had High Mass at 8 o'clock. After each Mass, General Absolution was given.—

The Forty Hours' devotion will be held in St. Peter's Church on December 6, 7, and 8. The hour of adoration for the German members of the Third Order will be from 3 to 4 o'clock each day, while the English-speaking Tertiaries will have their special devotions from 4 to 5 o'clock.

St. Augustine's Church.—On November 8, three Brothers and five Sisters of the local fraternity celebrated their silver jubilee as members of the Third Order. A large number of Tertiaries had assembled for the occasion. The Reverend Fr. Francis, O.F.M., Director, preached an appropriate sermon and then presented each jubilarian with a beautiful cross as a souvenir. Here-

upon, six new members were admitted to the novitiate. The meeting closed with the Te Deum, in which all present heartily joined.

Cleveland, Ohio.—At the regular meeting of the English-speaking branch of the Third Order, held in the month of November, forty-five novices made their holy profession, and thirty-two new members were received. In spite of a cold November rain that poured down all day, the meeting was well attended. The next reception will take place in January. The retreat for the German-speaking Tertiaries caused much enthusiasm for the Third Order among the members and they are now very active in securing new members for the local fraternity. The library for both the German and the English-speaking Tertiaries was opened on October 1. It comprises some six hundred volumes, but it is so well patronized that the shelves are almost empty. There are no charges connected with the use of the library. No person may take more than two books at one time, nor are books to be retained longer than one month unless they be re-registered. To prevent the loss of books, the use of the library is restricted to Tertiaries, and they are kindly requested to comply with the few rules deemed necessary to preserve order.

Quincy, Ill.—A retreat for both branches of the Third Order was given at St. Francis Solanus Church from November 8 till 15, and was very well attended throughout the week. All the sermons were preached by the energetic director of the two fraternities, Fr. Leo, O. F.M. Each morning after the 5 o'clock Mass, a German sermon was preached, and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, an English lecture was held, followed by Benediction. The grand closing services were held Sunday night, November 15. They consisted of sermon, papal benedic-

tion, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and reception of new members.—

St. Francis Solanus College can now boast of having the first wireless telegraph apparatus of any considerable moment in Quincy. The instruments were built according to the plans and specifications of the Rev. Fr. Adrian, O.F.M., professor of physical science at the institution, by the J. J. Arnold Co. of New York, and represent the best in their line that brains, modern machinery, and money can furnish. One will be able to hear Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha, St. Louis, Arlington, and Key West. The trans-Atlantic and trans-Continental stations are now easily heard at night. A special course of instruction in "wireless" operation will be inaugurated in the near future. Aside from this primary purpose, the instruments will be used to illustrate the principles of wave telegraphy to the students of natural philosophy, and to regulate the clocks of the college by government time from Arlington, Va.

San Francisco, Cal.—A triduum in preparation for the patronal feast of Tertiaries, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, was preached at St. Boniface's Church by the Reverend Director, Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M. At the last regular meeting of the Third Order held November 1, fifteen novices were professed and twenty-five new members were received into the novitiate.

Ashland, Wis.—The Reverend Fr. Bede, O.F.M., pastor of St. Agnes's Church, Ashland, is making active propaganda for the Third Order in his parish, and his efforts are meeting with remarkable success. At the last three meetings of the local branch of Tertiaries, one hundred and twenty-seven candidates were invested with the Tertiary habit.

Tucson, Ariz.—There is a flourishing Tertiary fraternity in the cathed-

ral parish of Tucson. The members wear their Third Order scapular publicly when they receive Holy Communion in a body.—

On October 18, the Right Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation at the Old Mission parish to forty-three persons, thirty-six of whom were Indians.

San Xavier del Bac, Ariz.—The Indian mission at San Xavier will be the happy possessor of a neat little crib this year. A poor but energetic woman heard of the desired crib, and immediately set about soliciting alms for this purpose among her friends. Within three weeks, she was able to send the pastor of the mission a post office order for \$21.00. The Infant Jesus will surely bless this good woman's Christmas.

Sacaton, Ariz.—To those who were interested in the article, "A Sick Call in the Desert" (October 1914) it will certainly be good news to hear that the good mother of the little Indian maiden who died in her baptismal innocence, has also been regenerated in the saving waters of Baptism together with her three youngest children. The poor woman has likewise been attacked with tuberculosis, and is lying at death's door. When Fr. Gerard, O.F.M., asked her what name he should give her youngest child, she replied at once, "Francisco". One of the bystanders objected to this name on the ground that one of her children who had already died had been called by this same name, and that she should, therefore, choose another name. The dying Indian mother, however, replied with the decision of the mother of John the Baptist, "Francisco is his name; for by this name the Father here called him a few days after he was born." The father of the girl and her two older brothers are to be instructed soon, and will then be baptized.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for subscription to *Franciscan Herald*. We are very glad to have it in our home, and we always look forward with pleasure to its arrival. Wishing you much success, I remain with greetings,

Yours most respectfully,
G. A. Gissy, M. D.
St. Louis, Mo.

*** The *Franciscan Herald* is steadily improving and is very interesting.

Yours sincerely,
W. Thornton Parker, M. D.
Northampton, Mass.

I enclose post office order for renewal of my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. It gives me pleasure to have my name on your mailing list, and it is also a source of gratification to me to tell you of the great benefit, mental and spiritual, I have derived from reading your admirable magazine. Long may it prosper.

Very sincerely,
Mary W. Gray,
Normandy, Mo.

*** I wish the *Franciscan Herald* the widest circulation, long life, and the best success.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) John Molitor,
Newton, Ill.

*** I find the *Franciscan Herald* both interesting and edifying reading, and herewith enclose my subscription for another twelvemonth. Proficit!

Yours faithfully in Christ,
(Rev.) Joseph Specht, S. J.
Garden River, Ont.

I take pleasure in enclosing \$1.00 in payment for renewed subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. We enjoy the *Herald* very much, and find it more interesting with each number, and wish you every success.

Respectfully yours,
John Ternus,
Cornlea, Nebr.

I am glad to receive the *Franciscan Herald*, as I always take a lively interest in the Franciscans, who so kindly instructed me in St. Joseph's College. May the *Franciscan Herald* always prosper!

Sincerely yours in Christ,
(Rev.) Francis S. Berhorst,
Muskegon, Mich.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. The more we read the *Herald*, the more we think of it.

Yours respectfully,
Antony Eisenmenger,
Humphrey, Nebr.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal of subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*, which I am pleased to receive each month. It has very beautiful religious stories, and is certainly a good Christian guide. I remain in Christ,

Very truly yours,
Catherine Beyer,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I received your little magazine, and like it very much. I read almost everything in it. The little stories, descriptions, and news items are interesting reading matter, especially to one, who like myself, is so well acquainted with many of the names that occur. I enclose \$1.00 for subscription and will put your name on my mailing list. *** Wishing you every success for the *Herald*, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
(Rev.) F. Tecklenburg,
Editor The Diocesan Messenger,
Belleville, Ill.

Will you kindly send me the last number of the *Franciscan Herald*? It has not yet arrived, and I do not like to miss any of the numbers, as the reading matter of the *Herald* is so good. Trusting the missing number will be sent as soon as possible, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Peter Foley,
Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing \$1.00 in renewal of my subscription to your worthy publication. Wishing you success and God's blessing in your noble efforts, I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,
George F. Voss,
St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for renewal of subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. I think it is a splendid Franciscan magazine. I read everything in it, and enjoy it very much, being a member of the Third Order.

Very respectfully,
Katherine F. Noonan,
Colorado Springs, Col.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. I want to tell you that I think this a very profitable investment; for, besides supporting a good cause, it keeps me well posted on the events of the Franciscan Order.

I am respectfully,
Henry M. Balter,
Chicago, Ill.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

ON All Saints' Day, the students were exceedingly glad again to assist at divine services in the college chapel, which, after its thorough cleaning and repainting, has regained its former beauty. St. Joseph's chapel is, indeed, a devout place of adoration and an ideal college chapel.

On All Souls' Day, impressive services were held both in the morning and in the evening. All day long the inmates of the house made their visits to the chapel to gain the plenary indulgences granted for this day by the late Holy Father Pius X in behalf of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

At the beginning of November, Father Rector as usual published the predicates for conduct for the past month. He then announced the contest in Latin essay writing for December 15. All Latin classes are busily preparing for the competition.

With November 15 the first quarter of the scholastic year closed. The following students received the highest average in their respective classes: VI Class: Joseph Kola, 95.57; V Class: Aurelius Brumleve, 92.11; IV Class: Henry Pinger, 92.25; III Class: Antony Kriech, 96; II Class: William Wernsing, 94.29; I Class: Jerome Reisch, 97.78.

A very kind benefactress, Mrs. Lynch of Chicago, has remembered the College in her charity by donating a sum of money sufficient to cover the board and tuition of one boy throughout his entire course of studies.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

During the month of October, the student-body assembled daily in the college chapel for the devotions of the Most Holy Rosary.

On October 27, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial paid the college a visit, and generously granted us a holiday.

The two Literary Circles held their regular meetings, and the programs rendered were both interesting and instructive. Critical comment was abundant and to the point.

The boys have been hard at work on their Latin prize essay. The contest will take place in the beginning of December.

Since the opening of the scholastic year, quite a large number of boys have been received into the Third Order, and the novices of last year have been professed.

OBITUARY

Chaska, Minn., Guardian Angels' Church:

The Rev. Fr. Rufinus Moehle, O. F. M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church: English branch of the Third Order:

Helen M. Long, Sister Elizabeth, Johanna Berigan, Sister Antonia, Susanna Lussion, Sister Maria, Catherine Hand, Sister Agnes, Thomas H. Carew, a novice.

German branch of the Third Order: Catherine Mecki, Sister Mary.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church;

Mary Garrity, Sister Frances, Winifreda Cox, Sister Anna, Susanna Aingworth, Sister Elizabeth, James Ross, Brother Bonaventure,

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:

Sophia Dietrich, Sister Clara, Frank Durand, Brother Peter Alcantara.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Bor-gias Church:

Magdalena Isele, Sister Michelina.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
INFANT JESUS

DECEMBER, 1914.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	T.	Office of All Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis.
2	W.	St. Bibiana, V. M.—Commemoration of All the Deceased of the Three Orders of St. Francis. (P. I.)
3	Th.	St. Francis Xavier, C.
4	F.	St. Peter Chrysologus, C. D.—St. Barbara, V. M.
5	S.	Bl. Humilis, 1st Ord., C.
6	S.	2nd Sunday of Advent. —St. Nicholas, Bp. C. Gospel: John Sends his Disciples to Christ. Matt. XI, 2-10.
7	M.	St. Ambrose, Bp. C. D.—Vigil and Fast for Tertiaries.
8	T.	Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., Patroness of the Franciscan Order. (G. A., P. I.)
9	W.	St. Silvester, Abbot.—Bl. Jane of Signa, 3rd Ord., V.
10	Th.	Translation of the House of Loretto.
11	F.	St. Damasus, P. M.
12	S.	Finding of the Body of St. Francis. (P. I.)
13	S.	3rd Sunday of Advent. —St. Lucy, V. M. Gospel: John Bears Witness to Christ. John I, 19-28.
14	M.	St. Gregory, the Wonderworker, Bp. C.
15	T.	Octave of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M.
16	W.	Ember Day.—St. Eusebius, Bp. C.—St. Alice, Empress. Novena for Christmas begins.
17	Th.	Bl. Margaret, 2nd Ord., V.
18	F.	Ember Day.—Expectation of the B. V. M.
19	S.	Ember Day.—Bl. Conrad of Ophya, 1st Ord., C.
20	S.	4th Sunday of Advent. —St. Josaphat, Bp. M. Gospel: St. John's Mission and Preaching. Luke III, 1-6.
21	M.	St. Thomas, Apostle.
22	T.	Bl. Hugolinus, 3rd Ord., C.
23	W.	Bl. Nicholas Factor, 1st Ord., C.—St. Victoria, V. M.
24	Th.	Vigil of Christmas.—SS. Adam and Eve. (P. I.)
25	F.	Christmas.—Nativity of our Lord. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Birth of Christ. Luke II, 1-14.
26	S.	St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
27	S.	Sunday within the Octave of Christmas. —St. John the Evangelist. Gospel: The Prophecy of Simeon. Luke II, 33-40.
28	M.	Holy Innocents.
29	T.	St. Thomas of Canterbury, M.
30	W.	St. David, King and Prophet.—St. Sabinus, Bp. C.
31	Th.	St. Silvester, Bp. C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.

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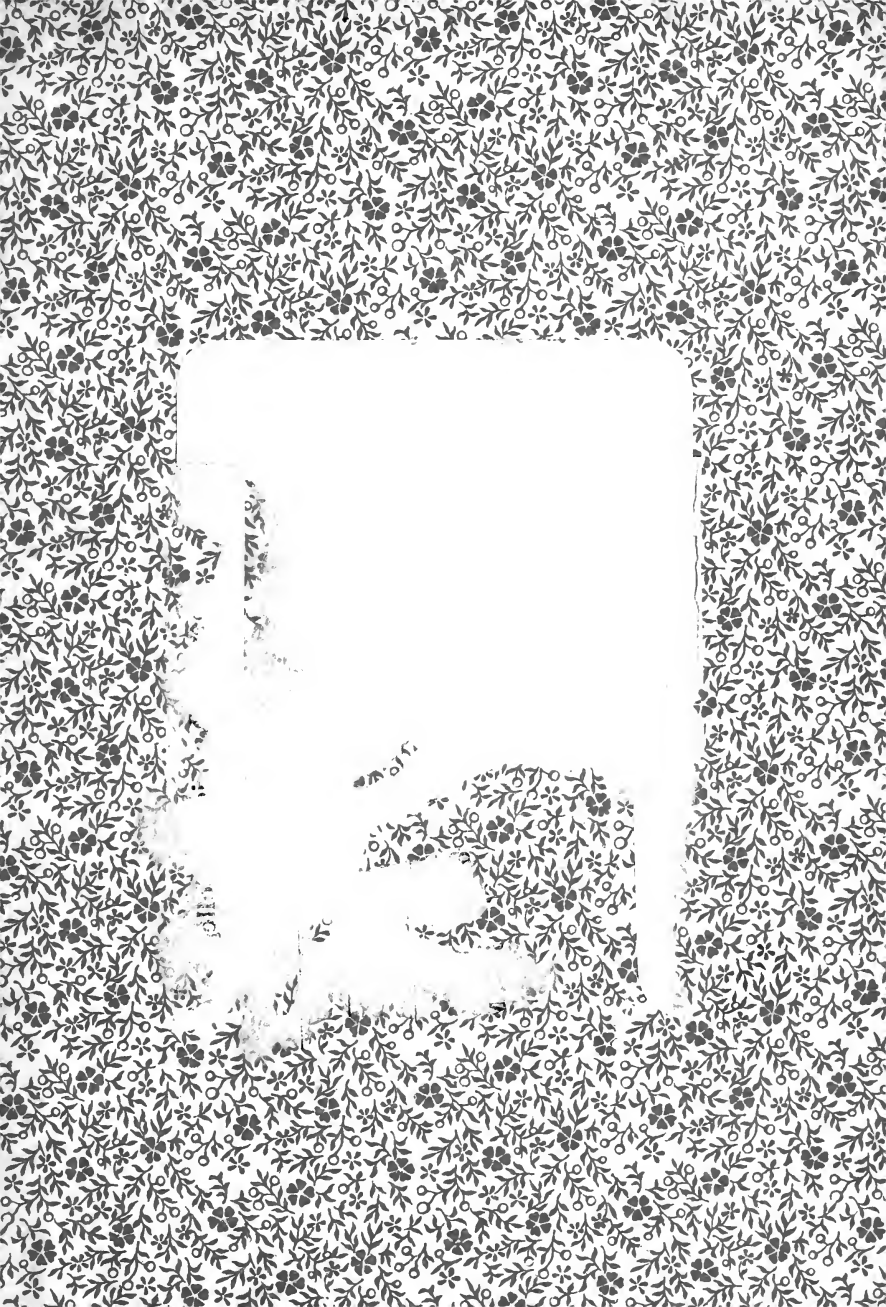
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