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Franciscan Herald

A Monthly Magazine

Edited and Published in the Interest of the Third Order
and of the Franciscan Missions

— By The —

Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province

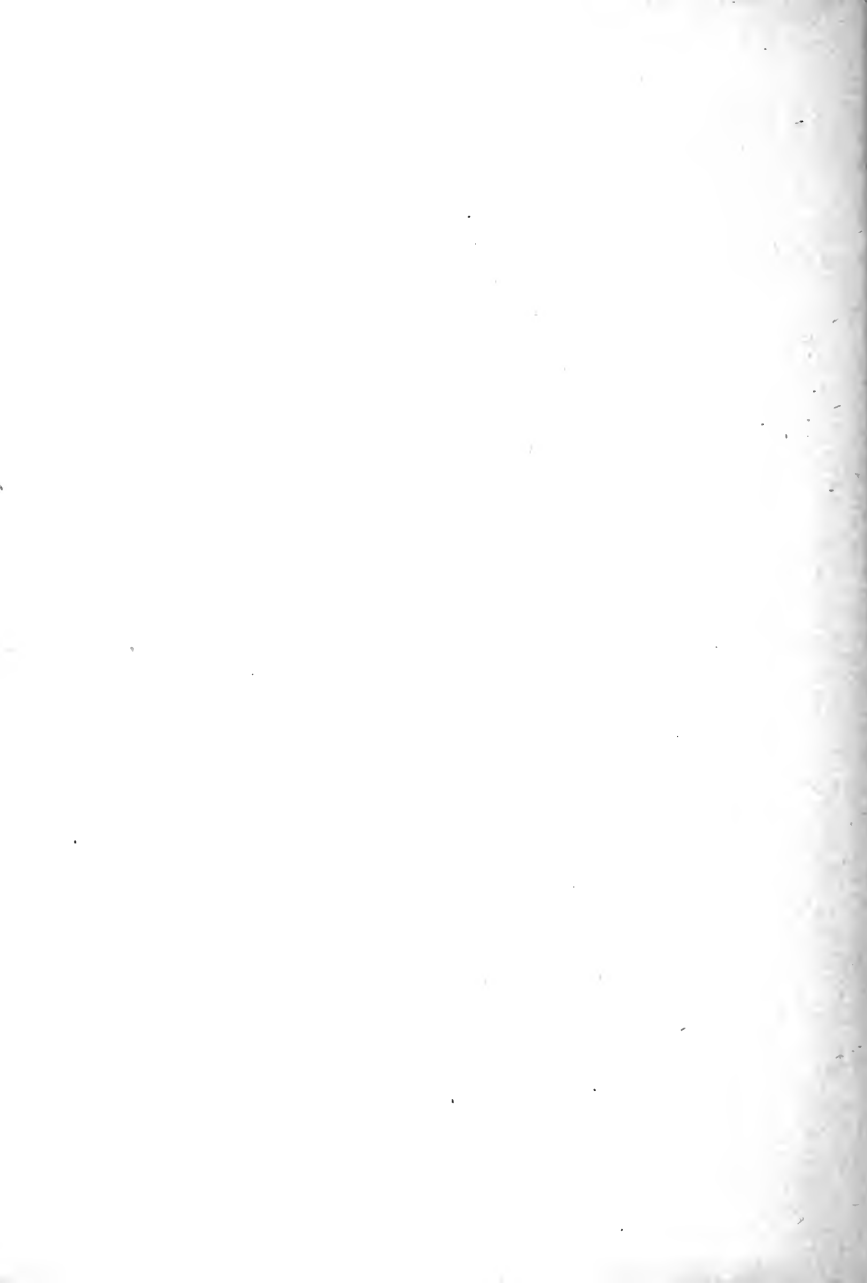


Volume V
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Franciscan Herald

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. V.

JANUARY, 1917.

NO. 1

Our Frontispiece

THE present issue of *Franciscan Herald* introduces to its readers a new series of frontispieces. The title of this set of pictures is "The Triumph of Christ," and the name of the artist is Joseph von Fuehrich of the romantic school. His object is to portray the triumph of Christ in the members of his mystic body, known as the Church or the congregation of the faithful. For originality and grandeur of conception, for felicity and vigor of execution, for delicacy and richness of finish, these pictures are altogether unique, and we have no doubt our readers will be delighted with them. There may be some, however, who desire a word of explanation as an aid to a better understanding of the central theme and of the single subjects. To this end, we shall accompany each picture with a few explanatory remarks, doctrinal rather than critical in tone.

The first picture of the series recalls to us the age of the Patriarchs. Indeed, for the beginnings of the Church of Christ we must go back to the very origin of the human race, to our first parents. Very fittingly they are made to lead the grand triumphal march, because they were the first to obtain redemption from their sin by their faith in the Redeemer. This faith was transmitted by them to their children and by them to the succeeding generations of the pre-Christian era. It shone forth above all in the just men of the Old Testament such as Abel, Noe, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Some of these pious men were chosen by God to prefigure in their own lives the life of the Redeemer, to be living images, as it were, of that divine prototype. The innocent Abel was murdered by his own brother, and his blood cried to God for vengeance. Christ who was innocence itself was slain by his own people, and his blood cried to heaven for forgiveness. Noe built the ark, which served as a refuge for all those who were privileged to enter it before the great flood. Christ founded his Church, wherein all may find salvation from the universal deluge of corruption. Melchisedech, "a priest of the most high God," offered bread and wine. Christ, the divine High Priest, changed bread and wine into his own body and blood, and commanded the same to be done to the end of time in commemoration of the sacrifice of the cross. Isaac carried the wood for the sacrifice of which he himself was to be the victim. Christ, too, was made to carry the wood of the cross on which he sacrificed himself for the redemption of a sinful world.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To all our contributors, solicitors, subscribers, friends, and benefactors we most cordially wish a happy New Year.

A happy New Year! The phrase contains much food for thought. For one thing, it may be well for us to consider that our happiness depends to a great extent, if not altogether, on ourselves, on our conception of this great boon and of the causes and conditions thereof. Happiness may be defined as a state of well-being characterized by an absence of wants and desires. From this definition it follows that we can be perfectly happy, not on earth, because we shall always have some temporal want or desire that can not be satisfied, but in heaven, where all the exigencies of our nature will be fulfilled. It follows also that the measure of our earthly happiness is in an inverse ratio to the number of our wants and desires. The fewer our wishes, the greater our happiness. The saints of God were the happiest of mortals, because they had few, if any, desires beyond their all-consuming desire to serve and please God. They sought first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all other things were added unto them. How much happier we should be if we carried out our Savior's injunction as literally as they.



A WORD WITH OUR READERS

Many of our readers, no doubt, are complaining of the high cost of living. Indeed, they have reason to complain, and with all our hearts we sympathize with them, because we are in the same boat. For, what the higher cost of living means to them, that the higher cost of publishing imports to us—bigger bills and smaller returns.

It is not our purpose to weary our readers with a wail of woe over our difficulties in making ends meet. Neither have we any wish to bore them with plaintive cries of grief at our inability to make the desired improvements in the *Herald* or the contemplated increase in the number of its pages. Still less is it our intention to tire them with a tearful tale about the failure of our plan to build a mission chapel during the coming year for the poor Indians in Arizona. Least of all do we mean to shock them by announcing an increase in our subscription price. Perish the thought! Whatever else we may or may not be, we are game.

Hence, we solemnly pledge ourselves to fight to the last, no matter how fearful the odds, against any increase in the price of our magazine. We shall continue to sell the same article at the same price, in spite of the fact that there are others—*nomina sunt odiosa*—that are selling their wares at an increased price. We make this pledge, because we rely, not on our strength and resources, but on the loyalty and the assistance of our esteemed allies, the solicitors and friends of the *Herald*. Without their continued favor and aid, we shall most certainly succumb in the unequal combat—yes, we are ready even now to lay down our pens. But so long as our comrades behind the lines stand by us and supply us with the necessaries of warfare, we promise to remain on the firing line.

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We appeal to them, therefore, to remain loyal to the cause of the *Herald* and speedily to send us reinforcements in the shape of new subscriptions. The situation is serious, and it is rapidly becoming desperate. Let our readers, therefore, ask themselves the question what they have done for the cause in the past, and what they intend to do in the future.



AS TO ADVERTISEMENTS

Some of our readers may wish to know why, if the situation is so serious, we do not have recourse to paid advertisements as a source of income. Our answer is, we are on principle opposed to this method of filling our coffers; first, because we wish to avoid even the semblance of commercialism; and second, because advertisements, far from adding to the beauty of a magazine, only detract therefrom. Friends of the *Herald* have repeatedly made us tempting offers in this matter. We have consistently refused to accept them for the reasons mentioned. Far be it from us, however, to reflect in the least on such magazines as carry advertisements. They have their own needs and their own methods, which it is not for us to pass judgment on. We merely wish to state our opinion and we have no doubt most of our readers will concur with us. When we started this magazine, we had no other assets than a firm trust in God and an unshakable confidence in our friends, and we have found these assets more than sufficient to meet all our liabilities. And even if the "worst fall that ever fell" to us, may we not still hope we shall make shift to go without advertisements?



GOOD WORK

Very gratifying reports have come to us of late concerning the growth of the Third Order, especially in the larger cities. In Cleveland, the fraternity of St. Joseph, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Hilarion, has again made a most remarkable record; for, during the past year there have been no fewer than 419 receptions and 544 professions. The three fraternities connected with St. Peter's Church, Chicago, and directed by Rev. FF. Christopher and Ulric have a combined total of 350 receptions and 284 professions for the year.

These figures by far exceed our most sanguine expectations, and give us the most genuine satisfaction. They also prove our contention that the Third Order in this country is rapidly working its way into the hearts of the people. We have often said that the Third Order, to be loved, needs only to be known, and we are more than ever convinced that the chief impediment to its growth in some places is ignorance of its nature and advantages. To us who have observed the marvelous growth of the Third Order in this country during the last decade, it is apparent that the Order has a roseate, a glorious future. May it continue to "increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it."

PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

On the twelfth day of December, the whole world was electrified by the glad tidings that Germany and her allies had made proposals of peace to their enemies. Never before did the world heave such a sigh of relief, because never before had it been plunged into such misery. For of all the horrors within the memory of man the European war is surely the greatest. So general had become the suffering and so universal the longing for peace that it is small wonder all true friends of humanity were thrilled with joy at the news of the proposed cessation of hostilities.

Signs, indeed, had not been wanting that terms of peace would soon be offered by one or the other of the groups of nations engaged in the work of extermination. It had long become apparent to all close observers that the greatest of wars would in the end prove to be also the most futile, that neither combination of powers could hope for a decisive victory, and that the paltriest gain would have to be purchased at the greatest sacrifice of blood and treasure. Germany and her allies were the first to realize the utter futility of continuing the war under such conditions. Hence, they were the first to offer peace.

At this writing, the world is awaiting with bated breath the answer to their proposal. Will the governments of the Entente allies grasp the proffered hand of peace, or will they spurn it and urge their subjects on to further deeds of hate and carnage? Will the people still allow themselves to be led like lambs to the slaughter, or will they turn against their leaders and force them to come to terms? Surely, the time has come when the hoplessness of the struggle ought to be realized by both groups of combatants, and any government that should wish, against its better understanding, to continue the senseless butchery, would deserve to live forever accursed in memory.



A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO ST FRANCIS.

It is not at all uncommon to hear our separated brethren sing the praises of the Little Poor Man of Assisi. On the contrary, it has become quite the vogue with certain leaders of Protestant thought to claim him for their own, and to extol his merits in terms well-nigh extravagant. Though we can not always approve their language, we are far from deprecating the sentiment that prompts it. We are rather in sympathy with the cult of St. Francis, in its broader aspects, outside the Church. For we are convinced that ultimately it must be productive of good. No one can study the life of St. Francis and admire the beauty of his character without being drawn closer to the Church that gave him to the world. Hence, it was with a feeling of gratification that we learnt our Episcopalian friends had determined to erect at the University of Wisconsin a chapel dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. Writing in the *Church Times* of Milwaukee, Rev. M. C. Stone, chaplain of the Episcopalian students of that institution, says among other things:

“From quite unexpected sources one hears St. Francis’s praises sung. So it is that I feel that in choosing the name of St. Francis for the chapel of the University we have done wisely. . . . They all admire him—in fact, the students themselves chose his name for their chapel, and such a name ought to be an inspiration to the worship and work that will center there.”

BL. MATTHEW OF GIRGENTI

OF THE FIRST ORDER

JANUARY 28

BL. Matthew was born of rich and virtuous parents at Girgenti, in Sicily, toward the end of the fourteenth century. Cooperating with the workings of divine grace, he at an early age gave signs of a singular piety. When he was eighteen years of age, he determined to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God. He, therefore, renounced his rich inheritance and took the habit of the Friars Minor Conventual. After his profession, he was sent to Spain, where he completed his course of studies and was ordained priest.

At that time, the fame of St. Bernardine of Siena had spread far and wide. This saint and his disciples had revived the primitive spirit of the Seraphic Order, and by their austere lives and apostolic labors had contributed much to the overthrow of heresy and irreligion, to the reform of abuses in the Church, and to the revival and spread of the spirit of piety among the faithful. Many of them were conspicuous for their great sanctity and the miracles God wrought through them. Attracted by the exalted virtue of these sons of St. Francis, Matthew determined to embrace their mode of life. He was admitted among their number, and he soon gained their esteem by his extraordinary piety and zeal for the maintenance of religious discipline. St. Bernardine, perceiving

the excellent qualities and great virtues of Matthew, chose him as one of his companions on his missionary journeys in Italy. In the school of such a master, Matthew soon became a powerful preacher of the word of God, and effected much for the regeneration of the people.

The great Schism of the West and other disturbances had brought with them many abuses and a great relaxation of morals among the faithful of all classes. Simony, religious indifference, unbelief, and immorality were widespread and were causing the ruin of many immortal souls. The sight of these abuses and scandals deeply grieved the heart of Bl. Matthew, whose only thought was the honor and glory of God and the salvation of his fellow men. He could not look on this spiritual havoc without being filled with grief and compassion for so many souls led astray, and without being moved to labor with all his strength to save them from eternal ruin. In the company of St. Bernardine, he traversed a great part of Italy, everywhere combating false teachings, inveighing against abuses and vices, and arousing the religious fervor of the people. But it was especially in Sicily that he labored with untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. No way was too long or too difficult, no exertion too great, when there was question of furthering the interests of his

divine Master and of leading souls to him. Like St. Bernardine, he took the Holy Name of Jesus as his watchword, and in the power of the Holy Name, his fervent preaching effected wonderful results. Abuses were rooted out, scandals were removed, thousands of sinners were converted, and the practices of piety again flourished. He inspired the people of Sicily with so tender a devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus, that they painted or carved it over the doors of their houses.

Bl. Matthew was also most zealous in introducing into the convents of his Order the perfect observance of the Rule, and so numerous were the friars that wished to carry out his fervent exhortations

that he was commissioned by Popes Martin V and Eugene IV to found new convents. He placed the five convents he founded in Sicily under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and in order not to separate the Holy Name of Jesus from the name of his Blessed Mother, he gave to each convent the title of "St. Mary of Jesus."

At this time, the Bishop of Girgenti died, and the clergy and people of that city, admiring Bl. Matthew's sanctity and administrative ability, wished to have him as their chief pastor. But the humble son of St. Francis shrank at the thought of relinquishing his poor and apostolic mode of life and refused to accept the proffered dignity. Eugene IV, however, at the instance of the King of Aragon, commanded him to submit to the will of God, and Matthew was, accordingly, consecrated Bishop of Girgenti, in 1442.

As soon as he was installed in his see, Matthew began to labor with all energy for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people entrusted to

his charge. His first care was to remove abuses and to restore ecclesiastical discipline. He devoted a great part of the revenues of his bishopric to the relief of the poor. The influence of his energetic administration was soon felt throughout the diocese, and the practices of Christian life began to flourish. But the humility and



Bl. Matthew of Girgenti

his charge. His first care was to remove abuses and to restore ecclesiastical discipline. He devoted a great part of the revenues of his bishopric to the relief of the poor. The influence of his energetic administration was soon felt throughout the diocese, and the practices of Christian life began to flourish. But the humility and

patience of the servant of God were to be put to a severe test by the opposition of dissatisfied men. Exasperated by the zeal and energy of the saintly bishop, several ecclesiastics, who had been guilty of crime, openly attacked him and accused him of badly administering his diocese, and of causing confusion and discord. These charges were even laid before the Pope, and Matthew was compelled to go to Rome to justify himself before Pope Eugene IV. He was indeed declared innocent of the charges brought against him and returned to his diocese, but his efforts to introduce and maintain reforms in ecclesiastical discipline met with such opposition that he entreated the Pope to relieve him of his burden and to permit him to return to the obscure life of a religious. Eugene IV, who held him in high esteem, at first refused to grant his request, but at the repeated entreaties of the holy bishop, he at length accepted his resignation.

Matthew now joyfully returned to a convent at Palermo to spend the remaining years of his life in solitude and prayer. He edified all by his humility, patience, and fervent piety. At length, he fell sick, and after patiently bearing the pains of his last illness, he passed to his heavenly reward on February 7, 1451. He was buried in the church of the Franciscan convent near Palermo. Among the miracles wrought at his funeral, the legend in the breviary relates that, when the procession entered the church and passed before the Blessed Sacrament, the body of the departed servant of God raised itself on the bier and, as if it wished to adore our Lord, joined its hands and bowed its head, and then lay down again. The tomb of Matthew became an object of universal veneration, and it was honored by many miracles. Pope Clement XIII approved the veneration paid this servant of God.

The Gloom and Gleam of Winter

Winter like a mighty conqueror

Has begun his sway.

Sweeping from the earth its beauty

Ruthlessly away.

Stripped the trees are of their foliage,

Gone are the flowers fair;

Even the grass has lost its verdure:

Earth is bleak and bare.

But behold the cheery snowflakes

Coming from the sky!

With a magical maze of motion

Down to the ground they fly.

As with whitest cloud of heaven

Robed the earth now gleams.

As with starry atoms jeweled

Brilliantly it beams.

Through the gloom celestial splendor

Suddenly has shone.—

When we're void of earthly treasures

Heaven sends its own.

—Fr. C., O.F.M.

THIRD ORDER VS. TIME SPIRIT

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

HIS Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, declared on various occasions his firm conviction that the Third Order is the most efficacious remedy against the evils of our day and the best means of bringing the world back to the zealous practice of the Gospel. He even went so far as to say, that he awaited the rebirth of the world and the solution of the social question from the activity of the Third Order.

That these expressions and hopes of the great Tertiary Pontiff are no mere rhetorical exaggerations but are based on facts, the following brief comparison of the principal evils of the times with the remedies offered by the Third Order will prove conclusively.

One of the chief characteristics of our age is the spirit of insubordination or the lack of proper respect for authority, be it civil or religious, especially the antagonism toward the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ, the Pope. Individuals and nations have joined in the cry "Away from Rome!" and the result of this unhappy rebellion against the authority of Christ's Vicar is a world-wide revolt against all authority; so that the very rulers who sowed the wind of rebellion against Rome, now reap the storm of revolt against their own authority.

To counteract this spirit of insubordination, the Third Order insists that its members exhibit the most loyal devotion to the Holy See and

to authority in general. This spirit of loyalty to the Pope is characteristic of the Franciscan Orders, and Pope Pius X declares in his letter, *Tertium Franciscanum Ordinem*, that "care must be taken not to admit persons into the Third Order unless they be of sincere faith and devoted to the Roman Church and the Apostolic See." In the same letter he ordains that Tertiaries "at the opening of their conventions give solemn expression of their devoted obedience, first to the Roman Pontiff, and then to the Ministers General of the Franciscan Order."

It is evident from this, that if the great mass of Tertiaries are imbued with this truly Franciscan spirit of obedience and submission to authority, they will exercise a most salutary and powerful influence on their fellow men with whom they come in contact, and in this manner will gradually restore to authority the throne and scepter of which it has been despoiled.

Another evil, and one that arises from the foregoing, is the inordinate desire to possess and to enjoy the goods and pleasures of this world. Look about and you will see how men strive madly to enjoy the passing pleasures of the present moment; how they seek to crown themselves, as it were, with roses, quite forgetful that these will soon wither leaving their possessors poor and dissatisfied.

"Life is short," they say, "and will

soon vanish like a cloud in the bright firmament without leaving a trace behind; hence let us enjoy it to the full while we can." To eat, to drink, to satisfy every animal passion of the human heart—this is what many seek, this they long for, this they consider the sole purpose of their existence on earth.

To this degrading spirit of inordinate enjoyment, the spirit of penance of the Third Order is diametrically opposed. The Third Order, true to its name,—the Third Order of Penance—while not forbidding its members to enjoy in a reasonable manner the goods and pleasures of the world, nevertheless, vigorously counsels the virtue of self-denial and prudent moderation in the enjoyment of even lawful pleasures, the better to overcome the inborn longing of the human heart for the forbidden fruit of sinful pleasures.

Thus the Rule says: "Members will refrain from excessive cost and elegance in adornment and dress and will observe—each according to his state—the rule of moderation. They will refrain with the utmost caution from dances, and from dangerous stage-plays, and from all revelry. They will be frugal in eating and drinking. Each will fast on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Virgin Mary and of their Father Francis; those will merit great praise who, in addition, either fast on Fridays or abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays."

If the Tertiaries are filled with this spirit of penance, their example will cause the votaries of the world to pause in their wild

orgies, and to reflect on the emptiness of earthly pleasures and on the true peace of the soul that follows in the wake of Christian mortification; and many a poor sinner, sated with vice and crime, will, like St. Augustine, take heart on seeing weak human beings like himself despising the passing pleasures for those that are eternal, and will leave the paths of sin to accompany Christ crucified on the thorny way to Calvary, and thence to heaven.

Insubordination and the inordinate desire for worldly enjoyments naturally beget a very baneful indifference in matters of religion, which is a third evil of our times. This indifference in regard to religious practices has invaded not only the ranks of our separated brethren, but unhappily it is found even among such as call themselves good Catholics.

Daily prayer, attendance at Mass on week-days, frequent reception of the sacraments, daily examen of conscience, reading of books on religion, pious practices at home—all this and much more they consider good enough for children and old persons, but deem it altogether unnecessary for or, perhaps, even unbecoming in a young man or young woman or in one who can boast of enjoying the dignity of mature manhood or womanhood. "To be sure," they say, "this is all very good, but it is not necessary; so why should we bother ourselves about it?" In this way, they soon go from bad to worse in their indifference, until at last they become quite lax in the exercise of their holy

religion.

This pernicious indifference in matters of religion is likewise stemmed by the Third Order. For, the Rule expressly insists on the faithful performance of just such so-called unimportant religious practices mentioned above, well aware of the truth of the words of Holy Writ that "he that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little" (Eccle. xix, 1).

When the heart is filled with a spirit of disobedience and an excessive desire for worldly amusements coupled with a spirit of religious indifference, it is not surprising that it should likewise be given to an inordinate love of self. True, we hear much about "brotherly love", "humanity", "philanthropy", and about the necessity of forgetting oneself in the interests of one's fellow men. But, if we examine the motives underlying this charitable activity of the world, we find in most cases that selfishness is at the bottom of it all. People expect either personal emolument, or at least the praise of men for the good deeds they perform.

How different from this selfish charity and egoism is the wholly disinterested and true Christian charity that is diffused in the hearts of the Tertiaries by the Rule of their Order. Tertiaries are strictly

commanded to perform not only one or the other charitable work, but "it is a law for them to strive to perform all the works of mercy" (Pius X).

Nor are they to expect any other reward for this unbounded charity than that promised by Him, when he said: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret will repay thee" (Matt. v, 3, 4).

Thus the Third Order does not trumpet to the four corners of the globe empty platitudes about humanity, brotherly love, and philanthropy; but, resting on the firm foundation of the Gospel and filled with the Seraphic spirit of love and penance, it goes practically to work to infuse this same spirit into the hearts of all men. For it knows that it is this spirit alone that can hope successfully to cope with and crush the time spirit that holds so many captive in the chains of its slavery.

It was the knowledge of this power of the Third Order to counteract the evil tendencies of our day that induced the great reform Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII, to exclaim, "Oh, that all Christian people would again so zealously enroll themselves in the Third Order, as did the nations of old once flock to St. Francis!"



ARRIVAL OF FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

IT is well known with what zeal and interest non-Catholic historians and sociologists of to-day are studying the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi. Among them, M. Paul Sabatier holds a prominent place. Not many years since, this French rationalist published the results of his researches in a biography of St. Francis. Although giving a new impetus to Franciscan research, this learned work directed non-Catholic enthusiasm for St. Francis into wrong channels, because it is based to a great extent on a false interpretation of the Saint. Viewing him entirely from the standpoint of a Protestant with rationalistic tendencies, Sabatier among other absurdities attributes to him a spirit of opposition toward the Pope and the Church of Rome, and thus in some way makes the Saint a forerunner of Protestantism.

How utterly wrong and unfounded this conception of St. Francis is, Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., has demonstrated in a learned brochure entitled, *The Real St. Francis of Assisi*. "If ever," he says, "there was a man docile and filial in his submission, not only to ecclesiastical authority but to what Manning calls 'the mind of the Church,' that man was St. Francis" (page 69). Indeed, this spirit of unswerving allegiance to the Holy See permeates and characterizes St. Francis's life

and work, and forms one of the chief features and peculiar glories of the great Order that bears his name. And, if to-day the Order of Friars Minor is in so flourishing a condition, it is owing in great part to the fidelity with which the friars have observed the first commandment of their holy Rule.⁽¹⁾

When, in the sixteenth century, the terrific storm of the Protestant Reformation swept over Europe and spent its fury on the Rock of Peter, the sons of St. Francis were essentially fitted out to meet the exigencies of those troublous times. It was their special mission to bear the first brunt of the storm. Nothing could shake their constancy in defending the tenets of Catholic doctrine and in supporting the just claims of the Holy See. Nothing could deter them from instructing the people on the vital questions of the day, and from counteracting in every possible way the corrupting influence of the so-called reformers.

This is eminently true of the Franciscans in England at the time of the great schism. Here the friars were the first to oppose the ungodly policy of a licentious and rebellious king, and consequently the first to feel the smart of his fury and vengeance. When King Henry VIII dared to lay siege to the City of God, the sons of St. Francis were the first to appear on her war-worn battlements and to unfurl in her de-

(1) In the first chapter of the second Rule approved by Pope Honorius III, we read: "Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to the Lord Pope Honorius and to his successors canonically elected and to the Roman Church."

fence the standard of Christian truth and morality; and, even when the shafts of the king's rage utterly dispersed their heroic number, the last word of the friars was an oath of allegiance to Christ and his Vicar on earth.

The story of the English Franciscans during the hundred and fifty years of religious persecution is one of the most glorious in the annals of the Order; and we are confident the readers of *Franciscan Herald* will find this story both edifying and interesting.

But, to realize fully the sad and terrible calamity that befell the English friars during this struggle with the enemies of the Church, it is necessary to know their history prior to the outbreak of the storm. For this reason we shall give a brief account of their arrival on English soil and of their subsequent spread and activity.

Among the first disciples and

companions of St. Francis was Fr. William, an Englishman by birth. He was esteemed by his brethren not only on account of his learning, but also on account of his extraordinary sanctity. He is said to have worked miracles during life and after death. Certain it is that he was imbued with the spirit of his holy Father, and it was very likely

due to the zeal of this English friar that the newly founded Order of St. Francis came to England. (2) During the second general chapter of the Order, which was held on Whit-Sunday, May 26, 1219, at Our Lady of the Angels, or Porziunc'ola, near Assisi, Fr. William petitioned



Bl. Agnellus of Pisa

St. Francis to let also distant England share the blessings of his new foundation. Accordingly, our holy Father directed that Blessed Fr. Agnellus of Pisa, custos of the French Franciscan Province and guardian of the friary in Paris,

(2) According to Fr. Francis a Sancta Clara (Davenport), this Fr. William was a Doctor of Divinity. See Fr. Antony Parkinson: *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans*, London, 1726, I, p. 33.—The *Franciscan Martyrology* on March 7 commemorates: "Blessed William, a man of extraordinary perfection, who for his sanctity and miracles in life and after death was greatly renowned."

undertake the expedition to England. He vested him with the authority of provincial and drew up an obedience which read: "To Brother Agnellus of Pisa of the Tuscan Province of the Order of Minors, Brother Francis of Assisi, Minister General, though unworthy, salutation. By the merit of wholesome obedience, I command thee to go to England and there to exercise the office of Minister Provincial. Farewell."⁽³⁾

Trusting in Divine Providence and fortified with the blessing of his holy Father, Bl. Agnellus with eight brethren set out for the new mission field. Of his eight companions, Fr. Richard of Ingworth was a priest, Fr. Richard of Devonshire a cleric in minor orders and already advanced in years, and Fr. William of Esseby, a youthful but very pious novice; these three according to Eccleston were Englishman by birth; the other five who accompanied Bl. Agnellus were lay brothers; viz., Fr. Henry of Cervise, Fr. Lawrence of Beauvais, Fr. William of Florence, Fr. Melioratus, and Fr. James Ultramontanus.⁽⁴⁾

After staying a few months with their brethren in France, the little band of nine friars continued their journey, and, by the aid of the monks of Fescamp in Normandy, landed at Dover in Kent. The date of their arrival was most probably May 3, 1220.⁽⁵⁾ They spent two days in the Benedictine priory of the Holy Trinity at Canterbury, about ten miles northwest of Dover. It was probably during this brief stay at Canterbury, that Fr. Agnellus proceeded to the royal palace and presented, as was necessary at the time, to King Henry III the credentials which the friars had received from the Pope. The king, who had already heard of St. Francis and of the holy life he and his followers were leading, received the youthful provincial with every token of respect and kindness.⁽⁶⁾ He readily gave the friars permission to settle in Canterbury, where they soon found a home in the Poor Priests' Hospital. The celebrated Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, welcomed the friars to England and was ever after one of their devoted friends

(3) In his *Annales Minorum*, Tomus I, 1625, under the year 1219, p. 232, Fr. Luke Wadding, the famous Franciscan historian, remarks that as a perpetual memorial of the founding of the English Province, the friary of Mount Alverna preserved a picture of Blessed Agnellus of Pisa holding this document in his extended hands. A reproduction of this picture will be found above. Bl. Agnellus died in 1232 (1233) and was enrolled among the Blessed by Pope Leo XIII.

(4) Brewer: *Monumenta Franciscana*: Thomas De Eccleston's *De Adventu Minorum in Angliam*, p. 5 sqq.

(5) The date of their arrival is a matter of much dispute among historians. Eccleston, a Franciscan friar who lived about the year 1340, assigns September 8, 1224. Many English historians like Melind and Wood do the same on his authority. Other reliable historians like Speed, Baker, Parkinson, and Mrs. Hope prefer May 3, 1220, as agreeing with the date assigned by Fr. Luke Wadding, the historian of the Order, and by Matthew Paris, an English monk of the Abbey of St. Albans.

(6) The papal patent which at the suggestion of Cardinal Ugolino, Protector of the Order, St. Francis easily obtained from the Pope, read: "Honorius, Bishop, Servant of the servants of God, to Archbishops, Abbots, Deans, Archdeacons and other prelates of the churches: Whereas our beloved sons, Brother Francis and his companions of the life and institute of Friars Minor, despising the vanities of the world, have made choice of a way of life deservedly approved by the Roman Church, and sowing the seeds of the word of God, are travelling after the example of the Apostles through divers nations: We entreat you all, and exhort you in the Lord and command you, by the Apostolic letters addressed to you, that, whensoever members of said institute bearing these presents shall think fit to come to you, you receive them, as Catholics and true believers; and that, for the honor of God and the respect you owe to Us, you show them favor and courtesy. Given at Rome on the third day of the ides of June, in the third year of Our Pontificate."—Fr. Luke Wadding, Tomus I, 1625, anno 1219, p. 230.

and protectors.⁽⁷⁾ In the following September, this prelate raised Bl. Agnellus to the dignity of the holy priesthood and conferred subdeaconship on Fr. Richard of Devonshire. An interesting incident occurred on the day of ordinations. When, as is still customary, the archdeacon called upon those that were to be ordained, he referred to the two sons of St. Francis with the significant words: "*Accedant fratres de Ordine Apostolorum*—Draw nigh, ye brethren of the Order of the Apostles." For many years after, the friars went by that name in England.⁽⁸⁾ After these ordinations, Bl. Agnellus commissioned Fr. Richard Ingworth to proceed with Fr. Richard of Devonshire and two lay brothers, Fr. Henry and Fr. Melioratus, to London and from there to Oxford, while he with the rest of the friars remained at Canterbury, to begin the erection of their first friary on English soil. Alexander, the master of the Poor Priests' Hospital, where the friars had received their first lodging, presented them with a plot of ground and urged the citizens to contribute toward the building of a friary. The good people responded readily, and soon a neat little friary was ready to receive the sons of St. Francis. From Antony Wood, the Oxford-antiquary, we learn that the friars held this place in the name of the Canterbury Corporation, since their Rule forbade them

to possess anything. In this house, which later was dedicated to St. Francis, the friars lived for upwards of fifty years, laboring for the spiritual welfare of their generous benefactors and educating their boys in the school which adjoined the friary. In 1270, a certain John Diggs, civil official of Canterbury, had the friars take up their abode at Bennewith, an island in the double channel of the river Stour.⁽⁹⁾ In later years, King Henry VII gave this friary to the Franciscan Observants, who inhabited it till the time of its suppression under Henry VIII.

When Fr. Richard Ingworth with his three companions arrived in London, he was welcomed with open arms. The report of their coming had probably preceded them, and the citizens vied with one another in giving the friars a hearty reception. After spending a fortnight with the Dominicans in Holbron,⁽¹⁰⁾ they found a home in a house in Cornhill, which John Travers, Sheriff of London, had procured and fitted out for their use. So greatly were the people edified at the charming simplicity and heroic self-denial of the friars, that they soon had a more spacious and comfortable home to offer them. John Irwin, a prosperous merchant of London and afterwards a lay brother of the Order, presented them with a tract of land in the Shambles of St. Nicholas, where in

(7) It was this learned and zealous prelate who formulated the demands of the bishops and barons of England in the celebrated Magna Carta and on June 15, 1215, laid them before King John for recognition. By this he safeguarded the rights and privileges of the Church and secured freedom of ecclesiastical elections.

(8) Fr. Angelus a S. Francisco (Mason), *Certamen Seraphicum*, Quaracchi, 1885, p. 2.

(9) Parkinson, II, p. 8.

(10) The Dominicans probably had come to England the year before.—Parkinson, I, p. 16.

the space of five years through the charity of the people and of the city officials a church and friary were erected.⁽¹¹⁾

Leaving the two lay brothers in London, Fr. Richard Ingworth and Fr. Richard of Devonshire, about the feasts of All Saints of the same year, 1220, set out for Oxford, where, at the time, King Henry III was holding court. Being strangers in the country, they lost their way. Night was coming on, and they were at a loss where to turn for food and lodging. Finally, they came to a manor-house that belonged to the Benedictines of the abbey of Abbingdon. Here they knocked and were admitted by the porter. But the prior from a rather unworthy motive treated the poor friars harshly and turned them out into the night. One of the monks, however, had compassion on them. He had them called back, brought them refreshments, and led them to a hayloft, where they rested for the night. That night, the good monk had a dreadful dream. He saw how Christ the Judge commanded the inhospitable prior and monks of Abbingdon to be strangled and how he himself found rescue in the fond embrace of St. Francis. He hastened to the prior and found him struggling with death. Now he related his dream to the assembled monks and all were filled with fear. Next morning their fear was redoubled when they went to the barn and found that the friars had gone. The

abbot soon heard of the affair. He went to Oxford some time later and joined the ranks of St. Francis.⁽¹²⁾

After enjoying for two weeks the kind hospitality of the Dominicans, the two friars received from Richard Miller, a wealthy citizen of Oxford, a little house in the parish of St. Ebbe's, between the church and the Watergate. During the ensuing Christmas season, the Provincial Bl. Agnellus visited Oxford and appointed Fr. William of Esseby guardian. In the following summer, the abode of the friars was enlarged. It is said that the king himself broke the ground for the new buildings and that men of high standing in the realm not only helped by their charity but also lent manual assistance, carrying stones and mortar to the masons. The king also ordered the friary to be built as near as possible to the royal palace, that he might easily communicate with the friars.⁽¹³⁾

Such were the humble but bright beginnings of Franciscan life and activity in England. The tiny seeds sown in 1220 at Canterbury, London, and Oxford found congenial soil and struck deep roots. We have yet to see how in a short time they developed into a mighty tree, whose wide-spreading branches sheltered rich and poor, high and low, and whose glorious fruits of sanctity and learning proved in succeeding centuries the glory of the Order and the consolation of the Church.

(11) Parkinson, II, p. 2.

(12) Thus Wood quoted by Parkinson, I, p. 14.

(13) Parkinson, II, p. 24.

ARACOELI AND THE SANTO BAMBINO

ON the summit of the Capitoline Hill in Rome, where once stood a fortress with the temple of the goddess Juno and the temple of Jupiter, there now stands the famous Franciscan church of Aracoeli. It is reached by a splendid marble staircase of one hundred and twentyfour steps, begun in the year 1348 and paid for exclusively from the alms of the faithful. Aracoeli is one of the fifty titular churches of the Cardinal priests. Before his elevation to the rank of Cardinal Bishop, His Eminence Diomede Falconio, one of the most eminent sons of St. Francis of the present day, was Cardinal Priest of Aracoeli.

Among the more than three hundred churches of the Eternal City, Aracoeli, which means "The Altar of Heaven," enjoys no slight pre-eminence both on account of its many shrines and antique treasures as also on account of its dignity. Throughout the centuries up to the year 1870, it was the official church of the Roman people, where the magistrates were wont to attend services in their official capacity, where God's blessing was solemnly invoked on the city, its inhabitants, and enterprises in peace and war, and where the citizens assembled to render thanks to Him for the favors, protection, and aid he had vouchsafed to bestow on them.

Twenty-two marble pillars from the ancient temple of Jupiter and from the Capitol divide the interior of Aracoeli into three naves, which

are surrounded by twenty-one chapels rich in sculpture and paintings. In the left transept, there is a shrine—an altar and a baldachino—in circular form, enclosing the remains of St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great.

This shrine is said to mark the spot, where, according to the pious legend, the Emperor Augustus beheld the wonderful vision that gave rise to the name of the church, Aracoeli. This legend is thus told by a pilgrim of Cologne about the year 1500. One of the ancient sybils saw one day from the fortress on the Capitoline Hill a golden wreath about the sun, wherein was seated a beautiful virgin with a crown on her head, and in her arms an infant of majestic beauty and bearing. The sybil pointed out the strange vision to the Emperor Augustus and told him that this small child was the King of kings and the Lord of heaven and earth. When the Emperor heard this and beheld the marvelous sight, he ordered altar to be built on the spot in honor to the God-Child that had appeared there to him and forbade that thenceforth divine homage be offered to himself.

When the fortress and temple of Juno on the Capitoline Hill were converted into a Christian church is not precisely known; but it is quite generally conceded that this happened during the fifth century. Soon after this event, the temple of Jupiter, that stood just opposite, was burnt to the ground and never

restored. The church was first called *S. Maria de Capitolio*, and also *S. Maria in Aracoe'i*. In course of time, a Benedictine abbey sprang up near the church. Later, the church and abbey were given to the Friars Minor by Pope Innocent IV, and the Ministers General of the Order resided here until 1886, when the friary was demolished by the Italian government to make room for the monument of King Victor Emmanuel I.

The most prized treasure of this venerable church is the world-famed statue of the Infant Jesus, the so-called *Santo Bambino* of Aracoe'i. The *Acta Ordinis Minorum*, of

April 1895, gives the following account of this miraculous image.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a Franciscan lay brother in Palestine carved a beautiful

statue of the Infant Jesus out of the wood of an olive tree that grew in the Garden of Gethsemane. When the statue was finished, the humble brother began to bewail the fact that he had no suitable colors

with which to paint it, and he prayed devoutly to God to provide him with the necessary materials for this purpose. One day, as he entered the room where the wooden statue was kept, he was filled with astonishment and gratitude when he noticed that the wood had miraculously taken on a wonderful flesh color. The news of the miracle soon spread far and wide, and the people came not



Santo Bambino

only from Jerusalem, but also from Bethlehem, Lydda, Arimathea, Joppe, and many other places to venerate the sacred image, and numerous miracles obtained through

this devotion have been recorded.

Some time after, the good brother, who had carved the statue of the Infant Jesus for the Christmas festivities celebrated in the church of Aracoeli, was transferred from the Holy Land to Rome, and he took the already famous image with him to Italy. As he neared the coast of Tuscany, a great storm arose, and the box that contained the statue was carried overboard by the waves. Happily, however, it floated on the water and was gradually borne to the shore near Leghorn.

The Franciscans of the town found the box and had it brought to Rome to the intense joy of the poor brother, who was sorely dejected over his great loss. Here the sacred image was placed in the church of Aracoeli, which marks the spot where Caesar Augustus in the fifty-sixth year of his reign beheld the heavenly Virgin with the Divine Child in her arms, and where in memory of this vision he had erected "The Altar to the First Born of God"—*Aram Primogenito Dei*.

Owing to the great veneration in which this statue of the Infant Jesus is held, the Roman people petitioned the Venerable Chapter of the Vatican to crown it with a golden circlet. The Holy Father, Leo XIII, graciously granted the desired permission on February 10, 1895, and the ceremony of the coronation was carried out with great pomp on May 2, 1896; Cardinal Rompolla officiated, assisted by the Canons of the Vatican Basilica.

The anniversary of this coronation is kept every year with much splendor and amid general rejoicing. The crown of the gold and precious stones that was placed on the head of the statue at that time is valued at 2500 lire (about \$500).

Replicas of the *Santo Bambino* are highly treasured in all parts of the world. Thus at Santiago de Chile there is a special sanctuary erected for the image, and the same festivities that mark the Christmas and Epiphany celebrations at Aracoeli, are also held in this South American city in honor of the Infant Jesus.

The original statue, which is about twenty-one inches high, excluding the crown, is richly dressed, and covered with rings, bracelets, watches, and jewelry of every kind—all votive offerings for favors received at the shrine. These ornaments are valued at 250,000 lire (about \$50,000), and their number is constantly increasing. Up to the year 1870, the *Santo Bambino* was frequently borne to the sick in solemn procession in a special carriage of state escorted by soldiers and crowds of people, cleric and lay. The devotion of the Romans to this miraculous image is remarkable, and the saying is that every Roman, no matter how indifferent he may otherwise be toward religion, will visit the tomb of St. Peter on July 26, and the *Santo Bambino* sometime during the octave Christmas.

The little statue is exposed over the high altar of Aracoeli during the midnight Mass on Christmas,

and is then carried in procession to the crib, which is located in the second chapel from the entrance of the church on the Gospel side. Here it is placed near the life-size statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, that are arrayed in splendid garments of silk and velvet; soldiers remain there on constant guard. Directly opposite the crib, on the Epistle side of the church, a pulpit is built, from which children from four to fourteen years of age, mostly girls, preach in prose and rhyme in the most remarkable manner, attracting vast crowds, that stand about and admire and enthusiastically applaud their efforts. These little preachers continue uninterruptedly all during the day until late at night from Christmas morning until the evening of Epiphany, and there is always a group of ten or twelve of them awaiting their turn to preach.

On the feast of Epiphany, January 6, the Most Reverend Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor sings the solemn High Mass in Aracoeli. During the services the children "preachers" go on with their naive sermons without causing any disturbance, owing to the immense size of the church. In the evening after the solemn chanting of

the Vespers, a procession is formed in which Father General himself carries the *Santo Bambino* and all Rome attends the ceremony. The procession moves three times through the church, which is literally jammed with people: the children are preaching, the people praying, crying, shouting, throwing kisses at the beloved *Bambino*, and otherwise endeavoring to give expression to their joy and devotion.

Leaving the church, the procession proceeds to the esplanade at the summit of the grand marble staircase of one hundred and twenty-four steps, where Father General thrice blesses the city of Rome and the surging crowds, with the sacred image of the Infant Jesus. This is truly an inspiring scene. From fifty to sixty thousand people are gathered in the neighborhood of Aracoeli. In all the windows, on the roofs, below on the steps, in the piazza, in all the streets, wherever one turns, great throngs of men, women, and children meet one's gaze, all gathered to give homage to the miraculous statue of the *Santo Bambino*. A grand display of fireworks brings the unique Christmas celebration to a worthy close. — *Communicated.*



EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

The Lord Jesus took bread

THE DIVINE PRESENCE AND THE HUMBLE APPEARANCE

PASS back, my soul, into the religious world of God's ancient people, and contemplate the holy of holies with the divine Presence resting in ineffable light on the pure golden mercy seat above the ark. How beautiful is the curtain which screens this august Presence from ordinary sight! How precious its material, how rich and holy its adornment of Cherubim in dazzling and beautiful colors!

Consider, my soul, how fitting it was that the veil which concealed that mysterious Presence should be thus costly and magnificent. How unworthy was even all this material beauty to conceal that most holy effulgence which intimated the hidden majesty and attributes of God!

But again contemplate, my soul, the ages in which the Catholic Church is founded and reigns, and behold how thy God stoops all days to a still deeper humiliation for his people in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist. O marvelous humility of the Divine Word, who has veiled his divinity and humanity, under the lowliness of the eucharistic species!

I might have thought that for the eucharistic veil of his majesty he would have chosen some appearance beautiful and precious. But my divine Lord "took bread"—this simple food of man—as the species of his adorable body in the Eucharist. How condescendingly he lays aside his divine glory in this blessed mystery! How sweet is the perfume of his heavenly humility which permeates the garment of the eucharistic species! How could I love to adorn myself with the purple and fine linen of worldly vanity, when I behold how humble is the seeming vesture of the Body of my God in the Holy Eucharist? O my divine Lord, how great is the miracle of thy eucharistic humiliation! Majestically thou hast expressed dimension in uplifted mountain and starry expanse of heaven and fathomless depth of ocean, but how gloriously dost thou reveal the infinite dimensions of thy love divine in so small a species! Splendidly thy power shines forth in the glaring flash of lightning and in the rolling peal of thunder, but how dazzling is the grandeur of thy almightiness which silently and quietly works this marvel of thy abasement in the Mystery of the Altar! Truly, thou art "a hidden God, the Savior" (Is. 45, 15).



THE adorable humility of my divine Lord in the Blessed Eucharist shall be an incentive to me to exalt and to glorify him. Is it not the will of the eternal Father that his incarnate Son should be glorified in and

because of his humiliations? My will, therefore, can not be in accordance with the divine will unless I strive to exalt Jesus there where he is so manifestly humiliated—in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. That I may stir up my soul in this regard let me approach my eucharistic Savior in the spirit of the Seraphic Patriarch saying, “Who art thou, O sweetest God, and who am I, thy worthless servant!” Yes, who art thou, O sweetest Jesus, who comest to me hidden beneath such humble species? Who art thou? Consider here, O my soul,—in spite of thy littleness—the divinity of thy eucharistic Jesus.

His is the majesty and glory of the only-begotten Son of the eternal Father. Forever the almighty Father has the divine nature from himself. But by thinking and contemplating himself from all eternity he begets or brings forth a living and perfect image of himself. This living image is the second person in the Blessed Trinity, the Son, the true and only-begotten Son of the living God.—Him do the Scriptures call “the brilliancy of the eternal light and the unspotted mirror of God’s majesty, and the image of his goodness” (Wisd. 7, 26).—

Of him does the blessed Apostle Paul tell us that “He is the image of the invisible God,” and that “in him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations or principalities or powers: all things were created by him and in him” (Col. 1,13,15). Infinitely exalted above all the choirs of angels, he their Maker, Lord, and King, lives and reigns in union with the Father and the Holy Ghost as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of all things (Apoc. 22,13), God blessed forever (Rom. 9,5).—And as with joy ineffable these blessed spirits see forever the face of the Father who is in heaven (Matt. 18,10), and with unceasing delight desire forever to look upon the Holy Ghost (1 Pet. 1,12), so too do they exult forever in the blissful vision of the ravishing beauty of the eternal Son.—

Such then, O my soul, is the divine greatness, glory, and majesty of thy eucharistic Jesus. And now consider, that this eternal Son of the Most High—true God, begotten of the substance of the Father—the angels’ joy and nourishment divine—does not shrink from thy lowliness and nothingness, but deigns to draw near to thee, to become his creature’s food in Holy Communion. Ah! what an overwhelming mystery of divine condescension!



CONSIDER also the sacred humanity of the eucharistic Savior lifted up into that glory, which he had with the Father before the world was. Is it not the magnificent temple in which the fulness of the God-head dwells? Is not the blessed soul of Jesus, filled with all the treas-

ures of wisdom, knowledge and holiness, the masterpiece of God's creative wisdom and power? What joy and bliss, what honor, power, and glory in the happy portion of this soul that once for our sake became sorrowful unto death!

How pure the sacred body of Jesus formed by the Holy Ghost in the spotless womb of his Virgin-mother! With what exquisite beauty and subtle energy, with what radiant splendor is not his body invested now that it has cast off forever the weakness and lowliness of its earthly condition and put on a glorious immortality!—This glorified body, living forever the blessed life of immortality, it is, that thy Savior gives thee as food and nourishment in the Holy Eucharist!

Perfect God, perfect man is then thy eucharistic Savior. And now consider, my soul, how great the honor and homage is, which Jesus receives as God incarnate from the angels and saints in heaven.—The heavenly Jerusalem resounds forever with the rapturous strains of the new canticle, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive benediction and honor and glory and power forever and ever" (Apoc. 5, 12, 13).

And when Jesus was born in poverty and lowliness on Christmas night, did not a great multitude of the heavenly host descend in joyous haste to sing his praises and exalt him as their eternal Lord and King?—

Consider, too, that at the beginning of his mission and when his passion drew nigh, Jesus was exalted by his eternal Father, whose voice gave solemn testimony, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."—What is all the honor and praise offered by creatures compared with the exaltation Jesus has received from his own eternal Father on earth and still receives sitting at the right hand of his majesty on high? How insufficient will ever be my praise and my exaltation of the eucharistic Savior!

Yet, He who has concealed his glory beneath the humble sacramental veil that we might approach him without fear, will not reject our homage and our praise, if we offer it with reverent devotion, with humble and contrite heart.

Let me then with strong and humble faith ever acknowledge my eucharistic Lord and King before angels and men and with Saint Thomas adoring and wondering joyfully confess: My Lord and my God! My Lord and My God!—Let me never cease to pray with the devout prophet-King of Israel: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!—My soul longeth for thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. I will sing praise to thee in the sight of angels, I will worship in thy holy temple, and I will give glory to thy name" (Ps. 83, 137).



The Holy Name of Jesus

Fair flowery Name! in none but Thee
 And Thy nectareal fragrancy
 Hourly there meets
 A universal synod of all sweets;
 By whom it is defined thus,
 That no perfume
 Forever shall presume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet Name, to Thee.
 Sweet Name! in Thy each syllable,
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell.

Oh, that it were as it was wont to be!
 When thy old friends, of fire all full of Thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
 To persecutions; and, against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers, durst, with brave
 And sober face, march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts above the world they bore Thee.
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee;
 In center of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
 Where rack and torments strove in vain to reach Thee.
 Each wound of their was Thy new morning,
 And reenthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,
 With blush of Thine own blood Thy day adorning;
 It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.

"Welcome, dear, all-adored Name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not Thee;
 "Or, if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas! what will they do
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads,
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of Thy dread Majesty?
 They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore Thee
 Shall then with just confusion bow
 And break before Thee."

—Richard Crashaw,

FR. MATHIAS RECHSTEINER, O.F.M.

By a Confrere

FATHER Eusebio Kino, S. J., Father Francisco Garcès, O. F. M., and Father Mathias—these are the three, whose names will, through time and eternity, be connected with the story of the Papago Missions. Father Kino founded the missions in the last years of the seventeenth century; to honor his patron, St. Francis Xavier, the martyr Fray Garcès brought new life to the languishing missions; and Father Mathias revived the interest in the neglected Papagos in our own times.

Born at Alleghany, Pa., on the eve of Christmas, 1866, and called Lawrence in Baptism, Fr. Mathias spent his early youth in great poverty. He entered the Franciscan novitiate at Teutopolis, Ill., at the age of twenty-one, and he was ordained to the priesthood together with Rev. Fr. Justin Deutsch, O. F. M., whom Divine Providence had also destined for missionary work among the Pima and Papago Indians. It is a remarkable coincidence that the ordination took place on the feast of St. John the Baptist, the Patron of the Pima and Papago Missions.

Soon after his ordination, Fr. Mathias was sent to the Old Mission at Santa Barbara, Cal. When in the following year, the Rev. Fr. Peter Wallischeck, O. F. M., made the humble beginning of St. Antony's Seraphic College at the Old Mission, with twelve students, forty dollars, and an unbounded confidence in St.

Antony, Father Mathias was chosen a member of the faculty. With the exception of one year, during which he was superior and pastor at St. Mary's, Phoenix, he remained at college until the fall of 1905.

It was then that Father Justin, finding it impossible to continue alone and unaided his missionary work among the Pimas of Arizona, most urgently requested an assistant. Father Mathias, although well acquainted with the hardships and difficulties of missionary life in Arizona, volunteered his services.

The headquarters for the Catholic missions among the Pimas are situated in the Indian village of Gila Crossing, some fifteen miles southwest of Phoenix. Here the indefatigable zeal of the Rev. Fr. Justin subsidized principally by his Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and by the Ven. Mother Catherine Drexel, has erected a boarding and day school. Here, too, Father Mathias commenced his apostolic labors for the conversion of the Pimas. Owing to the lack of a residence for the Fathers, he was forced to live in a corner of one of the school buildings. From these humble quarters he would sally forth on his raids for human souls. Soon he was a familiar figure in the settlements along the Salt, Gila, and Santacruz Rivers. While here he baptized some 200 adults, most of them in a healthy condition.

When Father Mathias reached his

new field of labor, there was no grammar or dictionary of the Pima language extant, except a few notes, written by Rev. Fr. Solano Rooney, O.F.M. Thus it was very difficult for the Fathers to learn the language. But with undaunted spirit, he tried to gain a knowledge of the Pima tongue through interpreters. In order to lessen the difficulties for his confrères, he, in his thoughtfulness, committed to writing the knowledge so gained. A complete English-Pima dictionary and an incomplete grammar of the Pima language are the results of his labors.

On account of the great distance of St. John's Mission from the railroad, telegraph, and telephone stations, it was considered advisable that Father Mathias should reside at Phoenix. In October 1908, therefore, the zealous missionary changed his headquarters to St. Mary's, Phoenix.

We have now come to a new epoch in the missionary career of the good Father, during which he laid the foundation for the organized missionary effort among the Pima and Papagos, living in the great desert south of the Southern Pacific Railroad. During the Vekol

Mines' boom, the parish priests from Florence had occasionally administered Baptism to the Indians, whom some zealous Mexican had won for the Catholic faith. But their manifold duties among the Mexicans and Americans prevented these pioneers of Arizona Catholicity from devoting themselves to systematic missionary work among the aborigines.



Rev. Fr. Mathias, O.F.M.

The first visit of Father Mathias to the country south of the Casa Grande took place in April 1908. This was a trip to the village of Cuecuo, about nine miles distant. The people were delighted to see our Padre. Encouraged by their good will, Father Mathias immediately baptized twenty three children. This visit proved fruitful of very good results to the great satisfaction

of the zealous missionary, and to-day the entire village is Catholic.

In October, 1908, Father Mathias proceeded to found other missions in the Papago country. He had learnt at Cuecuo, that the Kwahatk Pimas are a very intelligent people, quick to grasp the truths of our holy Faith, and also most willing to live up to them. After leaving Cuecuo, he went to

Wahewa Va, (commonly called Burr Town by the miners) seventeen miles southwest of Casa Grande. Here he met with a most welcome reception, and laid the foundation for Catholicity by baptizing five children. Kwahatk, a populous village near Jack Rabbit Mine, was the next to receive the blessings of Faith. Nine children and a dying old woman here formed the seed of a future Christian community. Asnagam, near the Vekol Mines, followed next, where thirteen children and a dying man were snatched from the devil's grasp. From these places the Father and his trusted interpreter, John Kelly, a Pima Indian from St. Michael's Mission on the Gila, crossed the mountains to Santa Rosa Ranch, and there at the village of Gox Mue continued their conquest for Christ by baptizing a dying boy and ten other children. The sixth mission was founded at Akoin, where twelve children and two sick persons were regenerated in the waters of holy Baptism; the seventh at the village of Sild Nakya.

Father Mathias now returned to Phoenix in order to prepare for further work among the Papagos. On account of his manifold duties among the Indians along the Gila, and most of all, on account of the lack of a serviceable conveyance he could not penetrate further into the desert than the villages of Cuecuo and Wahewa Va until April of the following year. In that month he set out on his second great trip into the Papago country. His sole companion was his Pima interpreter.

This time he founded new missions at the Copperosity Mine, at Huktam Vonam, at Cyevak (also called Rabaho), at Kam Wafya, at Kahekuk, and at Wooco, at which places sixty-nine children were baptized. From experiences made on his various trips, Father Mathias had come to the conclusion, that a team and wagon were entirely inadequate for continual travel in the desert. Fodder is scarce and water can be had only at the villages and the mines, which at times are separated from each other by a stretch of thirty miles of sandy desert land.

Taught by the example of the U. S. Geological Survey, which in its desert work made use of automobiles, the Reverend Father petitioned his Superiors for a Brush runabout. Since it was evident, that the good Father could not take the proper care of his missions without the runabout, and since the expenses are hardly greater than those of a team, his request was granted. Some one said that had St. Paul lived in our century, he would have edited a newspaper. We may assert with more reason, that had he been missionary in the Arizona desert, he would have had his auto.

It is needless to say that Father Mathias did not keep his machine in the garage. Up and down the Gila, across the Kwahatk Desert, over the Cimaron and the craggy Quijotoa it sped, carrying the messenger of God to the souls ensnared in gross superstition. The sphere of his activity among the missions grew so fast that a few

weeks before his death he could tell the Rt. Reverend Bishop that he needed assistance to build twenty chapels in his new missions.

Besides his work among the Papagos, he gave regular instructions at the Sacaton Government School, and prepared a class of thirty-five for Holy Communion. He also built a neat church at Santan on the Gila. The Pima Indians themselves supplied the necessary means and even furnished the labor. He also completed the large Gothic church at Sacaton Flats, and the smaller church on the Salt River Reservation. He assisted the Reverend Father Coulombe to found a mission for the Papago Indians living near Florence.

But the coarse food of the desert and the unwholesomeness of canned goods were slowly ruining his health. Added to this came his forced irregularity in taking his meals. Frequently he did not take a bite till three in the afternoon, and just as frequently he went without his dinner. After finishing his spiritual labors he would often busy himself with carpentering or cement work till midnight. Things came to a crisis, when after a hurried visit to Cucson he was forced to submit to medical treatment. Although not at all well, he returned to his mission of St. Michael after but a week's rest. But soon he was compelled to return to Phoenix, where his physician strictly forbade him to go on his trips, and urged him to leave Arizona. Thinking a

vacation might help him a little, he went to Prescott, where some of his brother priests had gathered for a few weeks' outing. He spent some three weeks in their company. Then he was called upon to accompany his Provincial, the Very Reverend Benedict Schmidt, O.F.M., to Tucson in order to consult with the Right Reverend Bishop about an organized missionary campaign to win over the Papagos. On July 13, he returned from Tucson. On the 17th he was to submit to an operation.

Having some presentiment of his approaching end, he spent the feast of St. Bonaventure in spiritual exercises. On this occasion he uttered the memorable words, "I have accomplished my purpose, now I must go." But no one shared his fears. The operation was a failure and a second incision was deemed necessary. This was on the 20th, at 5.00 p. m. Before the second operation, he received Extreme Unction from the Rev. Fr. Dominic Gallardo, O.F.M., and the last blessing from his superior, Rev. Fr. Severin Westhoff, O.F.M. "I fear I shall never wake up," these words, addressed to his superior, were his last on earth. He expired while inhaling ether at 5.30 p.m., July 20, 1911. His funeral took place on the feast of St. Francis Solano the greatest of Indian missionaries. The Rt. Rev. Vicar General, P. Timmermans of Tucson officiated at the funeral.

ELAINE

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

AT Beverly Hills they met. Kodak in hand, he was returning from a walk one afternoon when he heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs. Glancing backward he beheld a horse galloping madly toward him. The rider, a young woman, clung desperately to the reins. Stepping quickly to one side, he waited until the runaway tore up, and then seized the reins firmly. The animal plunged violently, throwing the rider to the ground. Still clutching the bridle, Ambrose hastened to the girl who was raising herself to a sitting posture. He anxiously enquired whether she was hurt, and assisted her to rise.

Smilingly she assured her rescuer that she was not hurt in the least. "But 'consid'able shuck up like', as the phrase goes," she answered brightly, brushing the dust from her riding cap which she jauntily adjusted over a mass of wavy auburn hair. She was on her way back to the hotel, she explained. Ambrose told her that was also his destination, and expressed his willingness to lead her horse there if she had no objections. She laughed prettily and answered that he might have the privilege as she had no desire to re-mount.

As they walked along, she learnt that he was junior partner of the firm Powell & Hardesty and she revealed that her name was Elaine Nichols. She had just come in the

night before to have a few week's rest at Beverley Hills Hotel. Riding was her favorite pastime, she went on in her artless manner. This afternoon she was having a delightful ride, when suddenly a squirrel darted across the road. "The silly horse shied and then bolted, and the last scene you have witnessed," she added, "and I'm very grateful for services rendered."

Ambrose responded in knightly fashion, declaring that his aid had been very meager. He was honored indeed to have been on hand to assist, if indeed he had assisted at all. He made some more graceful remarks to the same effect when they parted.

After dinner that evening, Ambrose sauntered out to the veranda. At one end, amid a group of friends, Elaine was seated. Seeing the young man she smiled and beckoned him forward. Not at all reluctant he responded.

Elaine made a humorous allusion to the incident of that afternoon as Ambrose took a seat with the group, made up of guests with whom he was well acquainted. Then Elaine related in a most amusing way the story of the runaway. Everybody, Ambrose included, laughed heartily, and one young man remarked,

"That wouldn't be a bad scene for one of your movie plays, Miss Nichols." Then noting the look of surprised enquiry on the face of

Ambrose, he added, "you know this is Miss Nichols, the moving picture star—you've heard of her."

Ambrose hastened to say that he had frequently heard of Miss Nichols of film-land fame, and chivalrously averred that he enjoyed the added honor in having rescued a star from extinction. Elaine, however, remarked that doubtless Mr. Hardesty would class her among the shooting stars since he had witnessed her sudden and rapid descent from her steed that afternoon.

Ambrose and Elaine became very good friends as the golden days slipped by at Beverley Hills. Most of the younger set were returning to town, and it was but natural that these two who had so many tastes in common should find wholesome pleasure in each other's company.

One morning Ambrose proposed a boat ride on the lake. Elaine hailed this suggestion with enthusiasm, and when later she reappeared in a smart yachting costume, the young man's eyes eloquently spoke the admiration he felt. They had rowed half the distance across the lake, when they noticed that the sky had become overcast. When a low growl of thunder was heard, Ambrose turned to row back. In an incredibly short time the waves were dashing tumultuously, lashed by the fierce gale. Ambrose noticed that his companion had grown very pale, although till then she had betrayed not the least sign of fear. "Another movie scene," she said and smiled bravely.

Then the rain came down in a veritable deluge. Like the can-

nonading of a battle the thunder reverberated almost incessantly, and Elaine could not suppress a slight gasp of alarm as the lightning seemed to cleave the waves like a fiery sword. Buffeted about by the tempest, the boat met the fate that Ambrose had apprehended, leaving the hapless couple struggling in the water. Unable to swim, the young man, after battling desperately sank from view. Fortunately, Elaine was an expert swimmer. Indeed, her skill in this respect had placed her in not a few hazardous scenes before the cinematograph. She managed to seize Ambrose when he reappeared.

"Do as I tell you," she panted, and he obeyed.

It was no easy matter for the girl to battle with the waves and at the same time assist her companion, but she fought her way courageously. After some time of terrible exertion, Elaine felt her strength deserting her. "O—I'm so tired!"—she breathed painfully.

"Save yourself," Ambrose pleaded, as he realized that the situation was growing desperate.

A sob broke from Elaine as she tightened her grasp on her companion. "O no—no—I can't leave you to drown."

Ambrose was a fervent Catholic, and with the first premonition of danger he had sent a silent petition heavenward.

Now he said, "Elaine, we must pray for help. It's our only hope."

Then above the booming of the gale and the hiss of the pitiless rain that stung their faces, Elaine heard

for the first time the invocation: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee—Sweetest Heart of Mary, be my salvation."

As the last word of the "Hail Mary" was uttered they discerned figures on the shore. They had been missed at the hotel, and a rescue party was now launching a boat, which was not so hazardous an undertaking as it would have proved half an hour before, for the fury of the storm had now abated. Elaine managed to sustain her grasp on her helpless companion until the boat reached them, and lost consciousness just as she was lifted from the water.

As the boat reached shore, she opened her eyes and gazed about her. "Is—is—Mr. Hardesty safe?" she asked weakly.

Ambrose bent forward. "Yes—thanks to the bravest little woman I ever knew."

He assisted her out of the boat and led her up the path to the hotel. "Oh, I wasn't—so brave," she smiled in her artless fashion, "I got awfully scared—and then had to faint away at the last."

Mrs. Mason, the wife of the hotel manager, at once took charge of Elaine and insisted on her going to bed at once. To Ambrose she gave the same advice in her motherly way, and said she would call at his door later with a hot drink.

That evening, Ambrose feeling none the worse despite the exciting incident of the forenoon, strolled out on the veranda. The storm had left the air singularly exhilarating, and from behind the distant hills

the silver edge of the moon softly gleamed.

Suddenly the young man was aroused from his pleasant reverie by the appearance of a messenger who handed him a telegram. Tearing open the envelope he read a message from his firm requesting his return as early as possible. That meant his departure by the next train which left within an hour.

He grumbled morosely as he went to prepare for the journey. Then he sought out his friend, Mrs. Mason, and told his tale of woe. He would have to rush off without so much as a word of farewell to the girl who had saved his life. Mrs. Mason smiled at his chagrin, although profuse with her sympathy, and promised to deliver his message and the flowers to Elaine when she awoke.

The first thing Ambrose did on reaching his destination early the following morning, was to write a note to Miss Nichols. An answer came a few days later. She was feeling quite well, and she missed him very much. It was couched in the manner she always employed in speaking—straightforward, simple, without a shade of affectation.

A week later, came a message from Elaine announcing her return on the following day. Ambrose was at the depot when the train rolled in.

For several weeks Ambrose gained not a glimpse of the young actress, for, as she told him, she had to get back to the studio and work furiously for a while. A new play was

to be prepared.

Finally one evening, she sent him an invitation, and eagerly he took his way to the little bungalow where Elaine lived with her maid. He listened with pleasure as she talked of her work, and when she asked whether he would like to see her at the theater the following night, he accepted the invitation with unfeigned delight.

"It's fun to see myself as others see me," Elaine told her companion, as they watched the pictures with keen enjoyment.

Although he did not express his sentiments, Ambrose formed a strong dislike for one of the leading

characters, a man of handsome but sinister countenance who played the rôle of one of Elaine's suitors. He observed, too, that the girl had more to say in praise of the handsome villain than of the other actors.

There was an emotion other than jealousy that prompted the young man to say to himself, "I wonder if she cares for him." It was the fear lest a person of the character there portrayed might exert a baleful influence over the girl seated beside him. Of course, it did not follow, Ambrose reasoned, that the man must in reality resemble the character he portrayed. Yet, he could not help feeling uneasy.

(To be continued)

A BEAUTY HINT

St. Louis IX of France was wont to exercise a continual apostolate by his example; but, when occasion offered, he did not fail to exert the personal effect of a salutary exhortation to incite others to the practice of virtue. Thus it once happened at his court of justice that a lady, whose affair had just been settled, entered the king's chamber, with some other persons, adorned with excessive elegance. She had, according to the vain judgment of the world, been formerly famous for her brilliant beauty. St. Louis, in his devotion to God, desiring to cure her of her vain folly, dismissed all others present except her and his brother Geoffrey, and then spoke to her in this wise: "Madame, I desire to recall to your mind a thing which deeply concerns your salvation. It is said that you were formerly a very fair lady, but what was formerly is now past, as you are aware. You may, therefore, easily see that this beauty was vain and useless, since it has vanished so quickly, just as a flower which has scarcely opened fades and does not endure, and with all your care and diligence you can not cause it to return. Now, therefore, you must provide yourself with another beauty, not of the body, but of the soul, wherewith to please God, our Creator, and make amends for the negligence of your conduct in the time of your vanished beauty." The lady listened humbly to this exhortation, and afterwards corrected herself and adopted habits of greater propriety and modesty.—*William of Chartres.*

A GOLDEN RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

THE Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart, whose motherhouse is connected with St. Joseph's Hospital, in Joliet, Ill., can now look back with gratitude to God on fifty years of heroic activity.

The community was founded by Rev. William Berger at Seelbach, Amt Lahr, Baden, in the year 1866. Recently four of the pioneer Sisters of the Congregation enjoyed the rare privilege of celebrating their own golden jubilee as religious with that of their community. They are: Sr. M. Anastasia, Sr. M. Coletta, Sr. M. Frances, and Sr. M. Bridget.

In May, 1876, Mother M. Anastasia, Sr. M. Barbara, Sr. M. Bridget, and Sr. M. Zita, with four Tertiaries came to this country and settled in Avilla, Ind., in the diocese of Ft. Wayne. They purchased a farm with the assistance of Rev. D. Duemig, pastor of St. Mary's Church in Avilla, and here stood the first motherhouse until 1883, when it was transferred to Joliet. In the summer of 1876, new Sisters came to America, and a number of missions were opened. The Sisters had been invited to Joliet by Rev. Fr. Gerard Becker, O.F.M., at that time pastor of St. John's Church. At first, they nursed the sick in private homes. Old residents of Joliet remember, no doubt, Sr. M. Philippina, Sr. M. Ottilia, and Sr. M. Georgia. The latter is still at her post of duty in St. Joseph's Hospital, having been active there since 1880. When in 1881, Joliet was visited by an epidemic of typhoid fever and two years later by smallpox, the Sisters filled with heroic charity nursed the stricken patients in the pest-house. In recognition of their services, the sum of \$600.00 was given them by the

city. With this and a number of subscriptions by generous citizens, the old academy of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate was purchased and remodeled into a hospital. In 1895, the building was enlarged, and three years ago, a new wing added, which is used as the novitiate. Last year the chapel was renovated in preparation for the jubilee.

At the recent celebrations, Very Rev. Peter Rempe, V. G., of Chicago, officiated at the solemn High Mass, while the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago presided in *cappamagna*. Rev. Fr. Wolfgang, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Theodule, O.F.M., acted as deacon and sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Alexius, O.F.M., chaplain of the hospital with Rev. Drs. Molloy and Hoban were masters of ceremonies. Rev. Fr. Bernard, pastor of St. John's Church, preached the jubilee sermon. After His Grace had crowned the four jubilarians with gilded wreaths, he also delivered a short address. About forty priests and one hundred Sisters were present at the ceremonies. In the course of the afternoon, formal receptions were held in the assembly room. On the following day, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the deceased members of the community. It is deserving of special notice that for thirty-four consecutive years, Mother M. Anastasia, now about eighty-two years of age, guided the destinies of the Congregation. According to the latest statistics, the Sisters number 396 professed, 25 novices, and 8 postulants, and they have charge of 10 hospitals, 9 schools, 1 orphanage, and 2 homes for the aged. *Ad multos annos!*

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—From a recent issue of the *Revista Franciscana* we learn that the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor is greatly interested in the spread of the "St. Antony's Youth," a society whose purpose is to unite Catholic young people under the special protection of this popular Franciscan Saint. In Italy, the society numbers already thirteen centers cooperating with the Third Order for the spiritual welfare of the young. In Bolivia and Chile and on the Island of Cuba, the society is likewise in a flourishing condition. Centers have been established in Havana for the various branches on the Island of Cuba, and in Tarija for those in Bolivia. In recent years, through the efforts of the Spanish Franciscans, the society has spread to Africa, where it is now very popular and has centers in Tanger and in Morocco.—

Relying on a number of foreign Franciscan publications, the *Franciscan Herald* announced in the March issue of last year, that the Venerable Servant of God, Mark of Aviano, had been chosen patron of the military chaplains of Italy. Now we learn from the *Annales Franciscaines* that the Very Rev. Postulator of the Capuchin Order officially announces the report to be entirely unfounded, since the Holy Father has never made such an appointment. The Venerable Mark of Aviano was a member of the Capuchin Order, and his cause of beatification is still pending.—

On October 12, Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Robert Merini, O. M. Cap., Vicar Apostolic of Sofia and Philippopolis in Bulgaria passed to his eternal reward. Since 1884, the esteemed and learned prelate had been labor-

ing for the welfare of the Church in Bulgaria with untiring zeal.—

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has decreed that Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Fiorattini, titular Bishop of Russadir, succeed, as Vicar Apostolic of North Shensi in China, Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Massi, O. F. M., who has been chosen for the vicariate of Central Shensi.

Assisi, Italy.—On August 2, a very unique and highly artistic statue of our holy Father St. Francis was unveiled and blessed in memory of the seventh centenary of the granting of the great Indulgence of Porziuncola. The statue which is of bronze represents St. Francis caressing with one hand a little lamb and with the other imparting to it his blessing. The pedestal is likewise of bronze. Its four sides bear in bas-relief the images of a nightingale, of a lark, of a grass-hopper, and of a raven—four animals that figured so beautifully in the poetic life of the Saint. The expressive features of the statue together with the many flowers, birds, and inscriptions from the Canticle of the Sun—all combine to make the monument a magnificent poem that portrays the seraphic love of the Saint for God and his creatures and at the same time reflects the ideal of angelic innocence, heavenly love, and Franciscan poverty.

North Hupe, China.—Submitting results obtained in his vicariate during the past year, Rt. Rev. Fr. Modestus Evaerts, O. F. M., Vicar Apostolic of North Hupe, says in addition: "On account of the sad war in Europe we are short of men and short of funds in our mission. Nevertheless, in all the preceding years we have never registered so

many Baptisms of adults or so many Communions. With the peace for which we pray so ardently, I trust Divine Providence will give us the schools necessary for the further education of our Christian family."

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the year 1916, 227 persons were received into the English fraternity of the Third Order, 195 novices made their profession, and 58 Tertiaries were called to their eternal reward. The special envelope collection for a scholarship in the Quigley Preparatory Seminary netted \$2,205.35, and the balance, \$294.65, necessary to complete the burse, was added from our Third Order fund. This scholarship will be known as "St. Francis Free Scholarship of the Third Order," and it will be a lasting monument to the generosity and zeal of our Tertiaries. Besides this, the Tertiaries have given large sums to the Chinese missions and to the Indian missions of Arizona. The sum of \$200.00 was given to the Church Extension Society on the same day on which the burse for the free scholarship was presented to the Most. Rev. Archbishop. Special mention must also be made of the generous Tertiary who donated \$500.00 toward the erection of a church for the Indians in memory of her deceased husband. The church will be called St. Maurice Church. The German Tertiaries also have been very active during the past year. In response to an appeal made to them in behalf of the Chinese missions, they collected over \$300.00. Likewise, they gave \$500.00 for a church to be erected in honor of St. Elizabeth among the Indians of Arizona. During the past year, the German fraternity recorded 123 receptions, 89 professions, and 33 deaths.

St. Louis, Mo.—On November 30, after a long and painful illness, Ven. Brother Mark Becker, O.F.M.,

passed to a better life. Born at Proskau, Prussia, in 1841, he was invested in the Third Order at the age of 29, and six years later was admitted into the First Order. In 1881, he made his solemn vows. All who were more closely acquainted with Brother Mark loved and respected him as an exemplary religious, an obliging confrère, a genial companion, in short, a true Franciscan. He worked very hard in his younger days, and the older people of St. Antony's parish will be able to recall how Brother Mark exerted his giant strength when the stone convent wall was erected on Compton Avenue more than twenty years ago. During the last years of his life, the good Brother had much to suffer from dropsy and asthma. He breathed his last in the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, where he had been under medical treatment for the last six months. The solemn exequies were held in St. Antony's Church, on Saturday, December 2. Rev. Fr. Leonard, O.F.M., Guardian of the local friary, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass and also pronounced the last absolution. Rev. Fr. Jasper, O.F.M., Definitor of the Province, accompanied the corpse to the cemetery and there performed the last rites of the Church. R.I.P.

Denver, Colo.—Through the efforts of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz, Ordinary of the diocese of Denver, the Sacred Congregation at Rome is now in possession of authenticated facts concerning the life of Rev. Fr. Leo Heinrichs, O.F.M., who some years since was murdered by an anarchist in the Franciscan church in Denver. All who knew the saintly friar bore ample testimony to his heroic virtue, when the late Bishop summoned them as witnesses to his ecclesiastical court. These documents have now been forwarded to Rome for consideration.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's

Church. — The regular monthly meeting of the Tertiaries, held November 26, showed above all that there is new life in our fraternity, thanks to the efforts of Rev. Fr. Josaphat. O.F.M., the Director. Twenty-three postulants received the cord and scapular, and twenty-six novices made their profession. The assembly in the Tertiary Hall after the meeting presided over by Mr. McCarthy, the General Prefect, was most interesting and encouraging.

On Wednesday, November 26, the second special meeting was held. After the preliminaries, sub-prefects were appointed for all the parishes represented. They with their consultors will conduct private meetings to discuss the various duties incumbent on Tertiaries, as caring for the poor, visiting the sick members, and going to the home of deceased members to say the prescribed prayers. The sub-prefects were instructed henceforth to note down events of the month and hand in a report at the regular special meetings. It was also agreed to have badges made for the sub-prefects of the various parishes so that they may easily be distinguished.

San Diego, Cal. — During the past two years, the Exposition, just come to a close, has proclaimed far and wide the heroic and glorious work of the sons of St. Francis for the Christianization and civilization of the California Indians. On Sunday, November 26, the two hundred and third anniversary of the birth of Fray Junipero Serra, one of the pioneer Franciscan missionaries of California, was again celebrated. The impressive ceremonies were

held on Presidio Hill overlooking the city of San Diego. A beautiful monument erected three years ago marks the site where Fray Junipero once labored and suffered for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians. It has been decided to hold these commemorative exercises every year in honor of the great Franciscan missionary. At the suggestion of the Rev. Mesny, missionary priest of San Diego, steps have now been taken toward the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Padre Louis Jaume, the Franciscan friar who came and labored with Padre Junipero and who, during a revolt of the Indians, laid down his life for the cause of God and humanity.

Washington, D. C. — Sunday, November 19, was Religious Orders' Day at the jubilee that commemorated the 700th anniversary of the founding of the Dominican Order. Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., Definitor of the Sacred Heart Province and Lecturer on Moral Theology at West Park, O., represented Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Samuel Macke, O.F.M., on the memorable occasion. The Jesuit Fathers of Georgetown University officiated at the solemn High Mass that morning, while Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., Professor of Medieval History at the Catholic University, delivered an eloquent discourse on the inner life of the Dominican Order. Four hundred religious, among them Provincial Superiors of all the religious Orders and Congregations, had come or had sent their representatives to be present at the solemn ceremonies.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

November 30 was, indeed, a day

of thanksgiving at the college. After an absence of five months, Rev. Fr. Rector returned from South America, where he had con-

ducted the canonical visitation of the Franciscan Province of St. Antony in Brazil. Tuesday, November 28, the steamship Acre on which Father Rector sailed from Bahia, landed in New York, and the following Thursday we had him again in our midst. Shouts of joyous welcome rent the air when at eleven o'clock that morning he stepped from an automobile, that had brought him to Teutopolis from Effingham. In the afternoon, a formal reception was tendered him in the dramatic hall. Mr. Henry Pinger, the general prefect, offered greetings in the name of the students, while Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, Vice-Rector, welcomed him in the name of the Fathers and Brothers. Then the choir sang "Home, Sweet Home" in four parts, after which Father Rector gave expression to his feelings of joy and thanksgiving in a few well-chosen words.

Later in the afternoon and in the evening, the Shakespeare program, as announced in the last issue of the *Herald*, was rendered by the two highest classes. The reading of the essays on the great poet and the presentation of various scenes from his plays did credit to the performers and to their Rev. Professors. On the following day, a holiday, the various curios that Father Rector had gathered during his sojourn in Brazil and presented to the college museum, where exhibited in the dramatic hall. The skin of a boa constrictor, twenty feet long, especially attracted the attention of the boys.

Since his return, Father Rector has delivered five lectures to the Fathers and the students. The subjects were: "Bahia and Its Surroundings", "Franciscan Missions in Brazil", "Into the Interior of the State of Pernambuco", "Up and Down the Amazon", "The States: Alagoas and Sergipe." The lectures were very interesting and

instructive, and we hope to hear more in the near future.

On December 5, Father Rector made a trip to St. Louis to meet Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. He returned the following evening, just in time to enjoy the visit "St. Nicholas" paid the students in the study-hall.

At the regular meeting of the Tertiary students last May, a mission fund was begun. Ever since, they have worked hard for the missions and have been able recently to send their first contributions as a Christmas gift to the Indians in Arizona; namely, a monsternce, a set of altar cards, a crucifix, a crib, and several articles of clothing.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, fifty students were received into the Sodality.

During the first week of December, Francis Bell, of Chicago, was summoned home to visit his sick father. He returned after a few days with the joyful intelligence that his father's condition had improved. The Fathers and students will unite their prayers for a speedy recovery.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On Friday, December 1, the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Samuel Macke, O.F.M., began his annual visitation of the College. We are all glad to welcome our beloved Provincial who for so many years labored both as Professor and Rector of this institution and who has ever taken such a keen interest in the welfare of St. Francis's.

On December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, sixty boys were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This is one of the largest classes on record and proves the flourishing

condition in which the Sodality is at present. Father Leopold, the moderator, officiated at the ceremonies.

On November 26, the students of the higher classes presented the play "Retribution" to a well filled auditorium. The play was in every way a success, which reflects credit both on the efficient director, Professor MacHugh, and those who participated in it.

We are sorry to chronicle the fact that Brother Novatus, O.F.M. who for many years has acted in the capacity of secretary of the College and who also has charge of the book store, is seriously ill in St. Mary's Hospital, this city.

On November 25, the College football team defeated their ancient rivals, the local High School, on the gridiron. The game ended with the score 6-0 in favor of St. Francis.

After the semi-annual examinations, most of the boys left for their homes, December 15, to spend Christmas with their relatives and friends. All are expected to return on Friday, January 5.

**ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA**

On Thanksgiving Day, our students presented the interesting, three act drama "The Proscribed Heir" for the entertainment of the many friends and benefactors of the college. The play was very well attended and the actors received much well deserved applause for their efforts. The following was the cast of characters:

THE PROSCRIBED HEIR

Alfred D'Anfreville.....	F. Schunk
Charles D'Aspremont.....	J. Rennolds
D'Orfeuill.....	M. Watson
Nieholas.....	J. Bold
Blaise.....	F. Whitty
Catignac.....	J. Butler
Justice of the Peace.....	D. McCarthy
Jasmin.....	M. Weisel
Sergeant.....	N. Dieringer

Recruits, Peasants, Valets, etc.

The college orchestra, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Adrian, O.F.M., rendered the following musical program between acts:

For Love and Honor.....	H. Alberti
Intermezzo Russe.....	Theo. Franke
Calvary.....	Paul Rodney
Our Union Forever.....	Geo. Marsh

The drama was presented under the combined management of Rev. Fr. Aloysius and Rev. Fr. Augustine, both of the college faculty, and they deserve much credit for the success of the undertaking.

The student body numbers at present forty-eight boys, and the prospects for a steady increase during the coming years are very bright.

OBITUARY

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent:

Ven. Bro. Mark Becker, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:

James Burke, Bro. Francis Joseph,

Fannie Long, Sr. Bridget,

Catherine Walsh, Sr. Louise.

St. Louis Fraternity:

Mary Morgan, Sr. Elizabeth,

Catherina O'Toole, Sr. Agnes,

Mathilde Pero, Sr. Agnes,

Sarah McIntyre, Sr. Anne.

German Fraternity:

Margaret Nelles, Sr. Elizabeth,

Johanna Steger, Sr. Veronica,

Anna Pohl, Sr. Frances.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

John Harty, Bro. Francis,

Mary Marquard, Sr. Mathilda,

Teresa Bush, Sr. Agnes,

Jane Early, Sr. Mary,

Margaret Kinkel, Sr. Elizabeth,

Barbara Schoeneman, Sr. Elizabeth,

Louise Matheis, Sr. Clare.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:

M. Garvey, Elizabeth Nies,

Gertrude Doerhoff.

Omaha, Neb., St. Joseph's Church:

Barbara Norris, Sr. Clare.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

Enclosed please find money order for \$1.00 for renewal to *Franciscan Herald*. We enjoy reading the *Herald* very much. With each number it grows more interesting. Yours most respectfully,

Mary L. Hauber,
Wenatchee, Wash.

.....I enjoy reading your well edited magazine and await its coming every month. I would rather deprive myself of something to eat or to wear than give it up. When finished reading it, I give it to the Carmelite Nuns here in the city. They are delighted with the *Herald* and give it much praise.

Sincerely yours,
Katherine White,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed please find my renewal for the coming year. I would feel lost without your most welcome *Herald*.

Cordially Yours,
Peter N. Robichaud,
Welland, Ontario, Canada.

I wish to renew my subscription to *Franciscan Herald* for 1916. I am well pleased with our magazine, which I notice has improved very much since my first subscription. I receive it regularly every month, and pass it on to others so they can also read it.

Very sincerely,
Katherine Sweeney,
Omaha, Nebraska.

.....I am more than pleased with the *Herald*, and would not quit it for anything.

Yours truly,
Louis Flake, Jr.,
Washington, Mo.

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to *Franciscan Herald*It is the most looked for reading matter we get. Wishing you every success, I remain, Very truly yours,

Mrs. J. Kane,
San Francisco, Cal.

....I am very much pleased with the *Herald* and wish to continue my subscription. There are such interesting stories in it that I can not wait until the next number is sent.

Very sincerely yours,
Marie Grill,
Cleveland, Ohio.

....As a convert to the Church of some two years, I am deeply interested in everything that pertains to our beautiful and holy religion, and I am especially de-

voted to St. Francis, and derive great zeal and enthusiasm from being a Tertiary. I read the *Herald* regularly, and find it most instructive and interesting.

Very truly yours,
Grover C. Maclin,
Atlanta, Georgia.

....I can not afford to be without the *Herald*. It is like an old friend and I look forward to its coming. With best wishes, I remain,

Elizabeth Flood,
Tipton, Mo.

Enclosed you will find my renewal for *Franciscan Herald* for the year 1916. I am one of the first subscribers. I enjoy it and hope it will prosper more and more.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Mary A. Leonard,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

I wish to renew my subscription to the *Herald*. I enjoy reading it very much; also give it to some friends of mine to read.

Annie T. Daly,
Malden, Mass.

I take this opportunity to express my joy and special pleasure regarding *Franciscan Herald*. I find it not only most interesting and edifying reading, but also a treat, and something that I look forward to each month with great pleasure. I certainly would not do without it. I wish I could secure more subscribers.

Your humble reader,
C. Pfister,
Cleveland, Ohio.

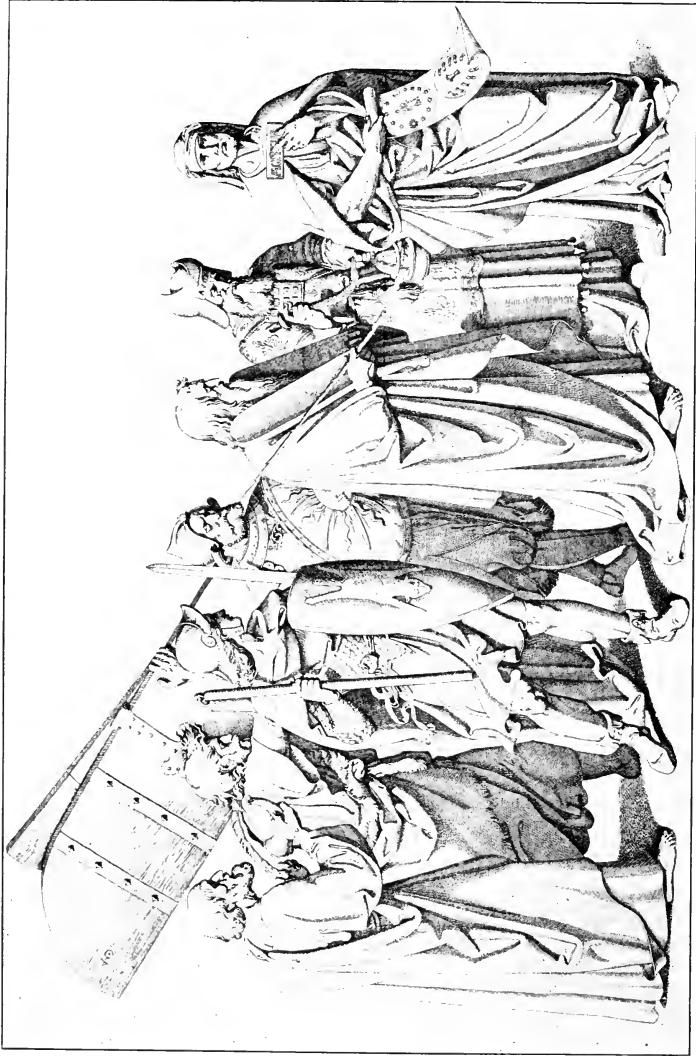
I enjoy the *Franciscan Herald* so much that I would rather go hungry than miss one issue. Please find enclosed \$1.00 for another year's subscription. With prayers that our dear Lord may continue to bless your efforts, I remain,

Your interested Tertiary,
Mrs. A. Faehrmann,
Cleveland, Ohio.

P.S.—I am trying hard to get new subscribers for you, because I consider it a worthy cause.

....We have looked thru the magazines (*Franciscan Herald*), and wish to compliment you on the arrangement and subject matter. We found the short stories both instructive and decidedly interesting.... With best wishes for the continued success of the *Herald*, we are,

Yours very truly,
Gray-Adams Engraving Co.,
By Geo. F. Convy,
St. Louis, Mo.



Samuel

Gideon

Jotham

Hoses

Aaron

Joseph of Egypt

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. V.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

NO. 2

Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

THE second of our series of pictures illustrating the "Triumph of Christ," introduces us to a group of seven men representative of the "Time of the Law." This term is applied to the epoch of history during which the chosen people of God were ruled by wise and holy men, known as lawgivers and judges. It was these men who in those dark and troublous times kept alive the faith in the one true God and the hope in the promised Messias. In them and in their works, Christ was foreshadowed and his life. In them he triumphed signally.

The first ruler of Israel, when that people was still in its infancy, was Joseph of Egypt. His life bears a marked resemblance to that of Christ. Joseph was hated by his brothers and sold by them into captivity. Led as a slave to Egypt, he passed through many tribulations to the highest dignity in the realm, and was surnamed by the king, "the savior of the world." Christ, too, was execrated by his own people and delivered by them into the hands of the Gentiles who inflicted on him the greatest humiliations. But his heavenly Father exalted him by the glorious miracles of the resurrection and the ascension and gave him a name "which is above all names."

Christ came to fulfill the Law with all its types and prophecies, "for the end of the Law is Christ," says St. Paul. On the threshold of the Law stands Moses, the great lawgiver, prophet, and deliverer of his people. But this law was only a figure of a more perfect law, and Moses but a type of a greater one who should come after him, and whose truth should make us free. Aaron, the brother of Moses, was the first of the sons of Levi selected by God "to do the office of priesthood." The Levitical priesthood, however, was to cease with the coming of Christ, who "hath an everlasting priesthood, whereby he is able to save forever them that come to God by him."

Moses was succeeded as leader of his people by Josue. It is significant that he who was to bring the people into the land of promise should have his name changed from Osee to Josue or Jesus, to give us to understand that Moses by his law could only bring the people within sight of the promised inheritance, but that our Savior Jesus was to bring us into it.

Gedeon by his prodigies of valor and Samson by his feats of strength saved their people from the oppression of their enemies and became striking images of the mighty Conqueror over the enemy of our salva-

tion. Samuel, too, the last of those who "judged the children of Israel," prefigured Christ by his sanctity of life, his fidelity in the service of God, his wisdom of counsel and action.

In all these men Christ achieved a glorious triumph. For, as St. Paul points out in his epistle to the Hebrews, it was by faith in God and in his promises, especially of the Messiah, that they "conquered kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises,.....recovered strength from weakness, became valiant in war, put to flight the armies of foreigners."



THE THIRD ORDER AND DANCING

This is a delicate subject. Frankly, we hesitate to launch out on it, because we fear to excite the wrath of some of our saltatory readers. "But, in the end, truth will out," wisely observes Launcelot Gobbo, though he fails to say whether it is truth of a pleasant or an unpleasant nature.

Ergo, the question we have undertaken (with some trepidation, as stated above) to answer is: Must Tertiaries, by virtue of their Rule, abstain from all dances or only from such as are commonly styled "dangerous"? This question has caused no end of discussion among Directors and members of the Third Order. We have been repeatedly asked for an expression of our opinion. Not wishing to decide the matter on our own account, we applied to the General Curia of the Order for an authoritative declaration on the subject. We were informed that it would be useless to submit the question to the Sacred Congregation, because, from the text of the Rule, it is plain that *all* dances are forbidden.

The reference, of course, is to the original Latin text with its authentic Italian version. It is unnecessary to enter into a lengthy textual criticism. Suffice it to say that, while the Latin text at first blush would seem to leave room for doubt, the authorized Italian version admits of no latitude whatever. From this it follows that the translation of chapter II, section 2, of the Rule, as commonly found in English and German Third Order manuals is evidently incorrect, because the epithet "dangerous" must be taken to modify only the word "stage-plays" and not "dances." That is to say, Tertiaries must abstain from *all* dances but only from such stage-plays as are *dangerous*.

A little reflection will convince every unbiassed reader that this is the only tenable interpretation. For, dances, whether scenic or social, are of their nature dangerous to good morals; whereas dramatic performances are only accidentally such. Hence, there is a very good reason for the position in the text of the modifying adjective "dangerous." Moreover, the purpose of the law in question evidently is to place the Tertiaries under a restraint from which other Christians, generally speaking, are free. St. Francis is addressing religious not seculars, whose "hardness of heart" the wise legislator will always take into account. St. Francis wished to institute an "Order of Penance" whose members were to be known as the "Brethren of Penance." They were to lead mortified lives and to eschew all vain amusements. Herein, above all, they were to set the example to the pleasure-loving children of the thirteenth century. It would have been a distressing spectacle indeed for St. Francis to behold his followers tripping it on the light fantastic toe. Will his joy in Heaven be increased at the sight of the dancing Tertiaries of to-day? Are the garb

of penance and the girdle of purity less incompatible with the ball room or the dance hall now than in St. Francis's day?

Circumstances may arise making it necessary for a Tertiary to appear on the dancing floor. In such a case, it will be an easy matter to obtain a dispensation from the Rule, provided, of course, the dances are in themselves inoffensive. Foxtrotting Tertiaries, if such there are, need not and probably will not apply, and the rest could do worse things than ponder the concluding remarks of an article on "The Modern Dance and Health" contributed to *America* recently by Dr. James J. Walsh: "It is a salutary thing for us to 'objectivize' ourselves occasionally and laugh at our absurdities. How ridiculous our generation is with its pretense to knowledge and culture, and its weak yielding to the tyranny of passing 'fads.' What others do, we must do. We are like dumb-driven cattle, blindly following blind leaders. And yet man is man, mainly by his individuality, by his power to think for himself and to do what he personally judges to be right. Why are we Americans dancing morning, noon, and night? He would be a rash man who would hazard even a guess."



NO PEACE IN SIGHT

If the friends of peace and humanity had hoped that Germany's generous offer of conciliation and our President's highminded suggestion of a conference of the belligerent nations were the first faint rays of the rising sun of peace, they were speedily disillusioned. For that transient shimmer vanished all too soon, and darkness intense and impenetrable again covers the face of the earth.

Verily we thought that the Entente Allies would meet the other allies at least half-way, as we could not divine what harm would result from the mere discussion of the preliminaries of peace. At all events, we believed that both sides would be compelled to tell their own people, to tell their opponents, and to tell the world at large what they are really fighting for, and what inducements would lead them to cease fighting. With each side virtually compelled to say what it would give or take, it looked as if the controversy might be brought down to something like an irreducible minimum of differences, for which the world might then proceed to seek honorable adjustments. But the world is as much in the dark as to the real objects of the contending parties as it ever was since the outbreak of hostilities. Hence, it is forced to stand idly by and watch the nations of Europe slowly but surely bleed to death, and all because a few men holding responsible positions in the cabinets of Europe and playing the game for all that is in it, are afraid to show their cards.

We confess we never had a very high opinion of European statecraft and diplomacy. But not until the outbreak of the great war did we have occasion to observe with what little sense the world is ruled in this the most enlightened of all centuries. The European diplomats and statesmen, so-called, saw the war coming and knew that it would spell terrible disaster for the human race. Yet, instead of preventing it, they rather courted it. When they had it on their hands, they blundered on with characteristic ineptitude. And now that they have arrived at the end of their resources, and of their pennyworth of wits, they have not sense enough to let go and allow others to step in and end the conflict.

If all the governing cliques and groups of the warring countries would for a brief space retire to the background and assume a comfortable position, so as to permit the people to select their own arbiters for a common-sense solution of all the outstanding questions of dispute, there would be no occasion for further bloodshed. Nor have we any doubt whom the people would choose supreme arbiter if they were left to themselves. There is only one man on earth that would be acceptable to all parties, because he has the interests of all equally at heart—and that man is the Holy Father. In spite of what designing politicians and pinhead editors have said or done within the last two years and a half to discredit the Pope in the eyes of the world, the common people have common sense enough to know that he sees in the cause of peace something far greater and more valuable to Christendom than the details of commercial, colonial, and imperial rivalry, which constitute the only issues over which ad-dle-pated ministers are squabbling and over-which they will continue to squabble until doomsday unless they lose their breath before that day, which latter contingency, by the way, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.



"GOD BEFRIEND US AS OUR CAUSE IS JUST"

This is the sentiment underlying a batch of pamphlets we have lately received from the British Catholic Information Society. They are entitled "Catholic Monthly Letters" and are addressed by "English Catholics to their Fellow-Catholics." In these letters, English Catholics, or at least so many of them as have been engaged to indite the epistles, will take each department of English Catholic life—political and parliamentary activity, literature, science, social work, and missions—and endeavor "to show to neutral nations, not, of course, that England is a Catholic nation, nor even predominantly Catholic; but that there is a strong and free Catholic life engorging in her, and that the organs in her body, so to say, are adapting themselves to the current of that life and are no longer exhausting and inhibiting it."

If English Catholics, or their self-constituted spokesmen, think they must, even at this late hour, take up the cudgels to defend themselves against the attacks of German Catholics, we shall be the last to hinder them. But, we should think they would be able to use their time and money more profitably than by trying to prove, through monthly letters, what is pretty generally conceded by well-informed Catholics the world over. It is safe to say that American Catholics at least are ready to admit all that the letters intend to prove and even more. Their scope is vast enough, but their purpose is altogether too modest to warrant the expense of publishing them. Besides, we think, they will hardly be read on this side of the Atlantic, because American Catholics, when not actually engaged in sweeping before their own doors, are busy studying the peace reports and praying for their warring brethren elsewhere. Their ears are still ringing with the criminations and recriminations of French and German Catholics and their heads still bowed in shame over that unfortunate verbal war, and while they desire nothing so much as the triumph of justice, they are by no means anxious to see a repetition of that sad affair.

ST. JOSEPH OF LEONESSA

OF THE FIRST ORDER CAPUCHIN

FEBRUARY 4.

THIS great servant of God was born of noble parents at Leonessa, a town in Umbria, Italy, in 1556, and received in Baptism the name of Eufranius. From his earliest years, he was remarkable for his fervor in the practice of prayer and mortification. He delighted in making little altars, before which he would spend hours in prayer. He would also call together his playmates and induce them to pray with him.

After the death of his parents, the saintly boy was entrusted to the care of an uncle, and under his guidance, he applied himself with great success to the study of the languages and sciences. His uncle and other relatives planned a suitable marriage for him, and Eufranius who, on the one hand, desired to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God, and on the other, did not wish to grieve his relatives, called on God for light and strength in his difficulty. His prayer was heard. He fell sick with fever, and on the advice of the physician, returned to his native city, where he soon recovered. Anticipating further attempts of his relatives to hinder him from embracing the religious life, he at once betook himself to a convent of the Capuchins near Assisi, where, at his humble request, he was received into the Order. On this occasion, he was given the name of Joseph.

Once enrolled among the sons of St. Francis, the servant of God strove to live only for heavenly things. His relatives made several attempts to induce him to return to the world, but their flattering promises and threats were of no avail. After completing his novitiate, he took the vows, and thus bound himself irrevocably to his beloved Savior. His fervor in prayer and in the practice of humility, obedience, mortification, and charity was extraordinary. He looked upon himself as the basest of sinners and joyfully accepted insults and humiliations. His bed was the floor, with the trunk of a vine for his pillow. On three days of the week, he usually took no other nourishment than bread and water, and thus he also passed several Lents during the year. Like St. Paul, he chastised his body and brought it into subjection, and prepared his soul for heavenly communications in prayer and contemplation, in which he was almost continually engaged.

After his ordination to the priesthood, Joseph, with two other Fathers and a lay brother, was, in 1587, sent to Constantinople, to minister to the spiritual wants of the Christians held captive there. Burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, the servant of God, on his arrival in this difficult field of labor, at once set out on his errands of

spiritual mercy. He visited the Christian captives, consoled them in affliction, and strengthened in the faith those who were wavering. His kindness and unflinching charity drew the hearts of all to him and crowned his labors with extraordinary success. But the Saint's zeal was not satisfied with this. He also preached the truths of Christianity to the Mohammedans, and he succeeded in bringing back many renegades to the true faith. His zealous preaching aroused the fanaticism of the followers of Mohammed, and he was subjected to insults, harsh treatment, and imprisonment. This, however, did not intimidate or discourage the servant of God;

to suffer for Christ Crucified was his greatest desire. Released from prison at the intervention of the Venetian ambassador, he continued his apostolic labors and even tried to enter the palace of the Sultan to preach the Christian faith before him. He was, however, seized by the guards and condemned to a most cruel death on the gallows.

For three days and nights, the Saint remained hanging on the gibbet, held up by two hooks driven through his right hand and right foot. He suffered indescribable tortures, and his soul, absorbed in God, was only waiting for the moment of deliverance. But after granting him all the merit of martyrdom, God, who had reserved him for further labors, sent his angel to unfasten him, to heal his wounds, and to bid him to return to Italy.

On his return to Italy, the Saint was commissioned by his superiors to preach in the province of Umbria. For twenty years, he passed through the villages and hamlets of the district, everywhere scattering the seed of

the Gospel, frequently preaching as often as seven to ten times a day. By the power of his word, which was often confirmed by miracles, he reconciled enemies, put an end to hatred and discord in towns and parishes, abolished immoral dances and shows, and brought thousands of sinners to repentance. It is impossible to de-



St. Joseph of Leonessa

scribe the charity of his heart toward the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, or the heroic acts to which this charity urged him. During these trying labors, the Saint was almost continually united with God in prayer and exercised himself in acts of the greatest self-denial and mortification. God rewarded his love and zeal with ecstasies, raptures, the gifts of miracles and of prophecy.

To complete his sacrifice, the Saint suffered much during the last years of his life from a painful cancer. He submitted to two operations with the greatest patience and fortitude, repeating the prayer: "Holy Mary, pray for us miserable afflicted sinners," and all the while holding a crucifix in his hand, on which he fixed his eyes. When some one said, before the operation, that he ought to be bound or held, he pointed to the crucifix, saying, "This is the strongest bond; this will hold me unmoved better than

any cords could do." But all remedies applied were unavailing, and the servant of God, after edifying all by an example of patience, resignation, and fervent piety, passed to his heavenly reward on February 4, 1612, in the convent at Amatrice. At the news of his death, the concourse of the people from the neighboring country, who came to venerate his remains, was so great that the friars had to defer the interment for five days. His power with God was shown at once after his death by wonderful signs and miracles. After some time, his body was removed from Amatrice to Leonessa, his native town. His heart still remains incorrupt, emitting a sweet odor. On account of the many miracles that continued to be wrought at his intercession, the servant of God was beatified by Pope Clement XII, on June 22, 1737, and canonized by Pope Benedict XIV, on June 29, 1746.

A CELESTIAL MUSICIAN

When St. Francis was at Rieti for the cure of his eyes, he called one of his companions who had been a lute-player in the world, and said, "Brother, I would have thee secretly borrow a lute, so that by a virtuous song thou mightest give some solace to my brother body, which is full of pains." The brother answered, "Father, I am not a little ashamed to do so, lest men might think that I am tempted by such frivolity." "Let us give it up, then, brother," said Francis. "It is good to give up many things to avoid shocking the opinion of others." The next night, as the holy man was watching and meditating on God, suddenly there sounded a lute of wondrous harmony and sweetest melody. No one was seen, but the music, as it floated hither and thither, marked the movements of the lute-player passing to and fro. At length, fixing his spirit on God, the holy Father enjoyed such sweetness in those melodious strains that he fancied himself transported into the other world.—*Celano*.

SPREAD OF FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE sons of St. Francis who early in the thirteenth century erected their first friaries on English soil were men singularly imbued with the spirit of their holy Founder. Complete detachment from earthly pleasures and comforts combined with a winning and cheerful disposition, made the friars sincere and disinterested lovers of all classes of society and won for them in turn the esteem and confidence of those whose spiritual and temporal welfare they had at heart. From the scanty records that have survived the direful destruction of their convents, we learn that the early English Franciscans were ardent and zealous adherents of Lady Poverty. Their first friaries, erected almost without exception in the poorest and meanest quarters of the cities, were little better than hovels; and even these they refused to possess as their own but had them held by corporations, on whom they wished to be entirely dependent.

Many interesting and edifying anecdotes recorded by the early historians of the Order show how the friars loved and practiced poverty. In London, they had the partitions of the first friary at Cornhill filled out with dried grass. Bl. Agnellus of Pisa, the founder of the English Province, ordered that the walls of the infirmary in Oxford should not much exceed a man's height. Until

the time of Fr. Albert, who became provincial in 1233, this friary had no guest-room. At Shrewsbury, Fr. William of Nottingham, the fourth provincial, commanded the stone walls to be replaced by mud walls.⁽¹⁾ "In all instances," says Brewer, "the poverty of their buildings corresponded with those of the surrounding district: their living and lodging no better than the poorest among whom they settle."⁽²⁾ Penniless they had come to England, and penniless they lived and labored. Unlike the older monastics, they firmly rejected lands and revenues, and depended on the liberality of the people. According to the injunction of their holy Founder, they labored for their daily sustenance; and where this was denied them, which appears to have been very seldom, they humbly went "to the table of the Lord," as St. Francis poetically expressed it, begging from door to door.

This extreme poverty and lack of every comfort of life did not make the friars sullen and inaccessible. On the contrary, as they were poor and unassuming in their habits, so they were ever jovial and winning in their dealings with others. Their very poverty proved a never failing source of merriment and geniality. Numerous incidents might be cited in proof hereof. Thus Eccleston relates that two of the brethren came one day to one of the friaries. Having no refreshments to place

(1) Brewer, *Monumenta Franciscana*: Eccleston, *De Adventu Minorum in Angliam*, p. 9; 34; 18.—

(2) Brewer, loc. cit.: Preface, p. XIX.

before the visitors, the guardian procured a measure of ale on credit. Now, when the jug was passed around, the members of the community indeed put it to their lips, in order not to embarrass their guests; but they did not drink of the contents, because they feared there would be not enough for all. At Oxford, the young friars had to be severely disciplined for laughing out of season. And Fr. Peter of Tewksbury, the fifth English provincial, told a Friar Preacher that bodily health depended on three things; viz., food, sleep, and fun.⁽³⁾ Thus, in spite of privations and hardships, innocent joviality was a peculiar trait of the early English Franciscans.

It was this above all that made them popular in the fullest and best sense of the word. The artisan in his workshop vied with the king on his throne in extending to them a hearty welcome. Rich and poor, high and low, all clamored to have these men of God make their abode with them, and gladly lent them every assistance in erecting their humble homes.

Soon after the arrival of the first Franciscans in Canterbury, London, and Oxford, Fr. Richard of Ingworth and Fr. Richard of Devonshire set out for Northampton. Here they lodged at first in a certain hospital in the parish of St. Giles, until a friary was ready to receive

them.⁽⁴⁾ The first guardian of this place was Fr. Peter Hispanus. Not long after, the friars arrived in Cambridge and took up their abode in an old synagogue that adjoined the city prison. But, as they found the noisy surroundings an obstacle to the proper discharge of their religious exercises, they purchased with the ten marks sent them by the king a plot of ground near by, where the good people erected for their use a little oratory "as a carpenter may build in a day."⁽⁵⁾ Fr. Thomas de Hispania was appointed first guardian at Cambridge.⁽⁶⁾

The next few years saw Franciscan friaries spring up in all parts of England. From the critical and reliable account of Fr. Antony Parkinson, we learn that before the thirteenth century, the sons of St. Francis were dwelling in Litchfield, Southampton, Norwich, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Ware, Coventry, Salisbury, Bury St. Edmunds, Winchester, Lynn, Nottingham, York, and Exeter. During the same century, the English Franciscans went to Ireland, Scotland, and to the English possessions on the continent.⁽⁷⁾ Fr. Richard of Ingworth, who died in 1238, had been provincial vicar of the Irish Province of Ulster. It is probable that, in 1591, this province became independent of the English provincial. About 1231, Fr. John de Kechene, guardian of the London

(3) Brewer: *Eccleston*, p. 8: 20; 64. — (4) The exact date of this foundation is not recorded. According to *Eccleston* (p. 10), it was in the year 1225. Parkinson in *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans* records it under the year 1229 and adds that even before this time, the Earl of Warwick had a Franciscan friary erected at Worcester. — (5) Parkinson, loc. cit., I, p. 16. — (6) From the fact that these two last-mentioned friars were Spaniards and not among the companions of Bl. Agnellus of Pisa, we may conclude that, after the arrival of the first Franciscans in England, others soon followed from the continent. This same fact may also explain the disagreement of historians regarding the exact date of the arrival of the first Franciscans on English soil. — (7) Parkinson, loc. cit., *passim*.

friary, was appointed provincial vicar of the English Franciscans in Scotland. ⁽⁸⁾ Besides, they also had houses in Normandy, Picardy, and Aquitaine, which at the time were English possessions in France. During the administration of Fr. Peter of Tewksbury, who was provincial about the year 1256, the English Franciscans counted forty-nine friaries on English soil, besides those in Ireland, Scotland, and France. ⁽⁹⁾ When St. Bonaventure, in 1260, convoked a general chapter of the Order at Narbonne, the English province comprised seven custodies; viz., London, York, Cambridge, Bristol, Oxford, Newcastle, and Worcester. ⁽¹⁰⁾ Fr. Bartholomew of Pisa enumerates the same seven custodies and brings a list of the sixty houses they comprised. ⁽¹¹⁾ Wadding does the same in his Annals where, under the year 1400, he places side by side three lists of English convents as he found them in three ancient codices. ⁽¹²⁾ The English province assumed such dimensions that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Minister General of the Order was wont to appoint a Commissary General, who in his name should decide matters of importance. ⁽¹³⁾ In later years, this office was usually held by the provincial of the Observants who resided at Greenwich. Finally, "at the time of the dissolution (under

Henry VIII), the Franciscans alone of the Mendicant Orders had ninety convents in England, besides vicariates, residences, and nunneries." ⁽¹⁴⁾

Truly remarkable is the fact that so many persons of exalted station in the English realm, even kings and queens, were instrumental in erecting these Franciscan friaries. Henry III was the founder or benefactor of no less than ten convents. He was seconded by Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, by Dr. Henry Langton, his brother and archdeacon, by Henry Lord Sandwich, and by a certain countess. ⁽¹⁵⁾ Probably in 1233, Margaret, Countess of Leicester, founded a friary in Ware. ⁽¹⁶⁾ At Salisbury, it was the bishop who welcomed the friars and founded their convent. ⁽¹⁷⁾ Edward I, in the third year of his reign, built a spacious friary for them at Cambridge, and, in 1288, another at Libourne in Aquitaine. ⁽¹⁸⁾ According to Dugdale, Queen Eleanor, the first wife of Edward I, was the foundress of a convent in Bedford. ⁽¹⁹⁾ Queen Margaret, his second wife, 1306, donated 2000 marks for erecting the beautiful Franciscan church in London. ⁽²⁰⁾ At York and Lincoln, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, together with his chaplain was their chief benefactor, ⁽²¹⁾ while at Scarborough and Colchester it was Edward II who

(8) *Ibid.*, p. 41; 401; 3; also Brewer: *Eccleston*, p. 32.— (9) Brewer: *Eccleston*, p. 10.— (10) Wadding: *Annales Minorum*, Tom. II, p. 200.— (11) Fr. Bartholomew of Pisa died in 1401. His *De Conformitate* reprinted in the *Anallecta Franciscana* by the Franciscan Fathers in Quaracchi, Vols. IV & V, is a remarkable work, in which the learned and saintly friar depicts the conformity of the life of St. Francis with the life of our blessed Savior. The work is an important source from which historians like Wadding have drawn material bearing on the history of the Order during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.— (12) *Annales Minorum*, Tom. IV, p. 389.— See also P. Dr. Heribert Holzappel, O.F.M.: *Geschichte des Franciscanerrordens*, Freiburg im Breisgau, 1909, p. 163.— (13) Parkinson, *loc. cit.*, I, p. 213.— (14) Hill, *English Monasticism*, London, 1867, p. 410.— (15) Parkinson, *loc. cit.*, II, p. 8.— (16) *Ibid.*, p. 13.— (17) *Ibid.*, p. 14, on the authority of Leland.— (18) *Ibid.*, p. 16 & I, p. 99.— (19) Mrs. Hoop: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, London, 1878, p. 26, on the authority of Dugdale.— (20) Parkinson, *loc. cit.*, II, p. 3.— (21) *Ibid.*, p. 14 and 15.

extended them special favors. Edward II founded or endowed the four houses at Walsingham, Berwick, Greenwich, Maidstone, ⁽²²⁾ and his son, the Black Prince, was chiefly instrumental in building their friary at Coventry. ⁽²³⁾

During the Hundred Years' War and during the War of the Roses, little, it seems, was done toward the erection of new convents. In the latter half of the fifteenth century, however, Edward IV, Henry VI, and Henry VII greatly favored the Observant movement and built a number of new friaries, principally the two at Greenwich and Richmond, which were to play so important a rôle at the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation. In short, we can say that from the day Henry III granted Bl. Agnellus of Pisa permission to settle in Canterbury down to the first years of Henry VIII, the royalty and the nobility of England were the special patrons and benefactors of the sons of St. Francis.

Nothing in the history of the English Franciscans will remain so much a matter of mere conjecture as the number of brothers that constituted the province. Eccleston asserts that thirty-two years after the arrival of the Franciscans in England (i.e. 1252 or 1256), the province numbered 1,242 members. ⁽²⁴⁾ To some extent, the number of convents permits us to form a probable estimate as to the number of friars who inhabited them; and, perhaps it was this that induced

Matthew Paris, who died in 1259, to write regarding the English Franciscans: "All England was soon filled and replenished with these men, and not only the larger towns and cities, but the very villages and hamlets frequented by them." ⁽²⁵⁾ Parkinson says that the Order increased to an incredible number. ⁽²⁶⁾ The same historian brings the names of about 350 English Franciscans, who, during the three centuries preceding the Reformation, distinguished themselves either by their holiness, or by their influence and activity as provincials, bishops, and professors or doctors at Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris. Casually, he mentions groups of friars, when he says, for instance, that, in 1220, "many Englishmen petitioned to be admitted into this Order," and, on the authority of Harpsfield, he again remarks that "many of the Benedictine Monks, of the Augustinian Friars, nay and of the very Carthusians petitioned and were admitted into the Order of St. Francis." ⁽²⁷⁾ Finally, the historian is entirely silent regarding the lay brothers of the province whose reserved and secluded life, as a rule, did not bring them before the public and into the annals of the Order. From all this we may justly infer that the number of English Franciscans must have been very great, and that Brewer has reason to call the movement "an instance of religious organization and propagandism unexampled in the annals of the world." ⁽²⁸⁾

^{*} (22) Mrs. Hope, loc. cit., p. 26, on the authority of Dugdale. — (23) Parkinson, loc. cit., II, p. 33, on the authority of Dugdale. — (24) Brewer; Eccleston, p. 10. — (25) Matthew Paris quoted by Parkinson, loc. cit., I, p. 30. — (26) Parkinson, loc. cit., I, p. 17. — (27) Ibid., p. 18. — (28) Brewer, loc. cit.: Preface, p. XLII.

It is noteworthy that so many Englishmen of rank, wealth, and distinction renounced the world and entered the Order of St. Francis. Before joining the Order, Fr. William had been in the service of the Lord Justiciary of England, Fr. Walter de Burgh and Fr. Richard the Norman had been masters of the university, and Fr. Zatzmestre, a knight of fame. Fr. Matthew Gayton, a powerful esquire, sold his estates and joined the ranks of St. Francis. In 1220, Adam de Marisco and Vincent of Coventry entered the Order and afterwards became the first Franciscan doctors of divinity, the one of Oxford and the other of Cambridge. With them came Henry of Coventry, the brother of Vincent, and William of York, both doctors of the university. In 1230, Robert de Hendred, abbot of the Benedictine monastery at Abington in Berkshire, exchanged the miter and crozier for the lowly garb of St. Francis. His example attracted John de Reading, abbot of the celebrated monastery of the Canons Regular at Osney near Oxford. In 1239, Ralph Maydston, the famous bishop of Hereford, followed in the footsteps of these two prelates and led a retired life in the friary at Gloucester. In 1325, Lord Robert Fitzwater entered the Order, in 1343, Lord Baron Lisle, and probably about the same time, Robert Nigram, a knight. In 1386, Scharshille, and again in 1426, Clop-

ton, both Lord Chief Justices of England, renounced the honors and preferments of the world and joined the ranks of St. Francis. ⁽²⁹⁾

From these well-founded facts, we can conclude that the words of Fr. Bartholomew of Pisa regarding the whole Order of St. Francis apply also to the English province: "The Order was adorned not only by the sanctity, learning, and nobility of the friars, but also, Christ so willing and ordaining, by their large number, wherein they surpassed other orders." ⁽³⁰⁾ Indeed, in the English Franciscan province the prophecy which on one occasion St. Francis made to his despondent brethren was fulfilled: "Be consoled, my beloved ones, and rejoice in the Lord; do not be sad because of the smallness of our number.....I saw a great multitude of men coming to us, and wishing in our holy habit to embrace our manner of life. And behold! even now I have the sound of them in my ears, as they come and go according to the commands of holy Obedience. I see, as it were, the roads full of a great multitude of almost every nation gathering to these parts. The French are coming, the Spaniards are hastening, the English and Germans, the Scots and Irish are running, and a vast number from divers other countries are approaching with the greatest speed." ⁽³¹⁾

(29) Parkinson, loc. cit., I, p. 13; 18; 13: 31; 38; 42; 142; 154; 158; 179; 197.— (30) *Analeto Franciscana*, Vol. IV, p. 351.— (31) *Analeto Minorum*, Vol. I, p. 46.



BARBARA'S VOW

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

MR. and Mrs. Louis White with their three-year old child and housemaid Barbara Wagner, were returning one Sunday evening from a pleasant drive through the shady woods that lay just beyond the city limits, when suddenly the horses became frightened by a large piece of paper blown across the road, and in an instant the surrey was overturned. Barbara and the baby were thrown into a ditch at the wayside. Their fall, however, was broken by a thick growth of weeds and brushwood, and thus they happily escaped with only a few scratches. But Mr. and Mrs. White got entangled under the vehicle and were dragged a considerable distance before a passing policeman succeeded in stopping the runaway team. Tender hands drew their unconscious forms from under the wreckage and bore them gently to a house near by to await the arrival of the ambulance. Although quite beside herself with grief and terror, Barbara possessed presence of mind enough to direct the ambulance to St. Elizabeth's Tertiary Infirmary, as she knew that Fr. Roch, the chaplain, would be there for the evening service, and she was most anxious to secure a priest at the earliest possible moment.

The physicians at first entertained hopes for the recovery of the two patients, but they soon learnt that the injuries sustained by both were beyond human skill.

"I'm not afraid to die," Mrs. White said to Barbara and the attending Sister after receiving the last sacraments, "but what will become of my child? Oh, this thought is worse than death!"

"But, my dear Mrs. White, I'm sure your wealthy relatives will be able to care for your baby boy," replied the Sister, in an effort to console the heart-broken mother.

"Indeed, Sister; but as they are all Protestants and so bitter against us Catholics, I dare not entrust my boy to them. You do not know that my parents disowned me when I became a Catholic and married Mr. White. And as he himself was an orphan, little Louis will be all alone in the world when we are gone, and will never know what it is to have a mother's love and a father's care."

"Oh, Mrs. White," cried Barbara, falling on her knees and taking the dying mother's hand in her own warm grasp, "don't worry about dear little Louis. I'm only a poor, servant girl, but I promise before God and you that I will never leave him until he is old enough to care for himself. Yes, I will try to be a real mother to him and will love him as if he were my own child."

"How good of you, Barbara," answered Mrs. White, moved to the depths of her soul by her maid's unexpected offer. "Now, I can die in peace."

Several days after the double

funeral, Mr. White's last will was read, and Barbara was quite amazed to learn that he had had very little to dispose of. Almost all his youthful savings had been eaten up by his attendance at the law school, and his practice at the bar was just beginning to bring returns, when his life was cut short. After all his obligations had been met, there remained only some two hundred dollars that his son and heir Louis Francis White could call his own. Having been under the impression that the Whites were fairly well-to-do, Barbara began to doubt the wisdom of her promise to the dying mother. When she made it, she was not aware of the fact that it would entail the duty of earning bread and butter for the boy. Now that she had lost her income, how would she be able to support herself and him? Would it not, perhaps, be more advisable to place him under the care of the nuns at St. Anne's Home, who had befriended his orphan father?

No! She had made the solemn promise, and would she now recoil from the difficulties incident to its fulfillment? No, never! God would provide.

"I have considered everything, Father Roch," she replied calmly, when he told her that she was not bound by a promise made in ignorance of the facts; "I'm young and strong and not ashamed to work. Indeed, I feel that God is directing all this to his own special ends, and that he has saved Louis and me almost miraculously from death for reasons known to himself."

"Barbara, you are a good child!" said the priest, marveling greatly that one so young—she was then in her nineteenth year—should bind herself to a life of privation and hard labor out of love for one who really had no claim on her heroic charity. "Yes, you are a good child," he repeated, "and God will reward you."

"Father, you yourself have taught us Tertiaries the spirit of sacrifice," answered the young woman smiling. "I'm simply trying to practice what you preach. Would you please say a prayer that I may persevere?"

* * *

The meager savings of the past years together with the little she had inherited from her parents, enabled Barbara to rent a cottage not far from the Franciscan church, and here she lived with her adopted child, laboring hard from the gray morning till the dusk of evening at her washing and ironing. Fr. Roch recommended her to his more wealthy Tertiaries, and thus she was always well supplied with work. She found time, however, daily to attend early Mass and to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the evening when the day's work was done. Thus between prayer and work the time passed in her endeavor to support the child that Providence had so unexpectedly confided to her care. Louis was her joy and pride. Intelligent beyond his years, the boy soon began to show unmistakable traits of a beautiful character, and his innocent prattle made the hours at the washtub and at the ironing board

pass swiftly and pleasantly. Ever solicitous about the future, Barbara had at once begun to save, and it was by minding the pennies that she was able to deposit dollars in the Tertiaries' savings bank.

The monotony of her daily existence was broken on Sundays by the usual services in the church, and once a month by the meeting of the Third Order, which Barbara never missed. Among the few visitors that found their way to her humble home were Nellie Barton and her brother James. Barbara had known them for years, and it was James who had secured for her her first position as housemaid after the death of her parents. He was a young man of very genial character, clean habits, and above all a practical Catholic. Hence, it was but natural that their childhood friendship should gradually ripen into love. Nevertheless, Barbara was rather taken by surprise when one Sunday afternoon, about five years after Mr. and Mrs. White's death, James made her a formal proposal of marriage. For a while she sat silent, her hands resting in her lap, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"James," she said at last, without looking up, "this is very good of you, and I know that your heart is as true as your words are kind. But, as this is a matter of the greatest importance, I must have some time for reflection. Come again next Sunday, and you shall have my answer."

The following evening, Barbara knelt longer than usual before the tabernacle. Her whole life seemed

to pass before the eyes of her soul, but there was especially one scene that stood out in bold relief against the hazy background of her past. It was the celebration of a First Mass that she had witnessed as a girl. The preacher on that solemn occasion had dwelt most eloquently on the supreme happiness of a mother that can call a priest her son. She recollected how his words had stirred her soul and how she herself had conceived an ardent longing to become one day the mother of a priest.

When God so unexpectedly committed Louis White to her care, she had thought that her wish might be fulfilled in him, for she cherished him as her own child. But Louis never spoke of becoming a priest. On the contrary, he often expressed the desire to become a lawyer like his father. Still, he might yet change his mind, as he was now but nine years of age. She recalled, too, that the priest had said that many a mother had obtained a priestly vocation for her son through prayer and sacrifice. Could she not, perhaps, do the same for Louis?

Then a strange thought struck her. It created a struggle in her soul the like of which she had never experienced before. She bowed her head humbly before her eucharistic Lord and begged for light and strength. At last, she arose from her knees, her heart nourishing a singular resolve, and she repaired to the convent to seek an interview with her spiritual director, good Fr. Roch.

When James Barton called at

Barbara's home on the following Sunday evening, he at once read his doom in her pale features as she opened the door to admit him. He protested his undying love for her and argued his case with an eloquence and an ardor that a weaker will than Barbara's would have succumbed to. But she remained firm in her refusal. They parted friends, yet James was heart-broken.

* * *

The days lengthened into months, the months into years, and each day found Barbara busy at her tub or ironing board, each day found her cheerful and hopeful. Louis was now fifteen years of age, a fine lad, beloved by all. He led his class at school and excelled in all athletic sports and games. Realizing, too, his debt of gratitude to his foster-mother, the boy strove to assist her when and where he could. Nor was he ashamed to draw his little wagon laden with a basket of spotless linen to the homes of her patrons, and to bring back another load of soiled clothes for the next day's work.

Despite Barbara's exterior peace and cheerfulness, her heart was often sad and heavy. For, as time rolled on, she saw no indication that her ardent wish of beholding Louis a priest at the altar would ever be realized. It was his delight, indeed, to serve at holy Mass; but never a word expressive of his desire to enter the sacred state passed his lips. He had now finished his studies in the parochial school, and was about to leave for a course at St. Ives College before taking up the study of law. Barbara had about \$2,000 on

interest, the savings of more than twelve years, and with this money she intended to meet the expenses of Louis's higher education.

One evening,—it was the sixth anniversary of Barbara's memorable struggle in the twilight gloom before the tabernacle,—she and Louis were seated together in their cozy little kitchen, she busy with some sewing and musing on the past, he engaged in reading a book and thinking of the future. Every now and then his eyes wandered from the printed page to where Barbara was seated. Suddenly, he arose and tiptoed softly to her chair. Placing his arm affectionately about her neck, as he was accustomed to do from earliest childhood when he had some special favor to ask, he whispered half-aloud:

"Mother dear."

"What is it, Louis?"

"I—I don't want to be a lawyer," he blurted out finally, blushing deeply; "I—ah—I want to become a priest!"

Barbara's heart leapt for joy. Was her soul's desire to be realized at last and at a time when she had almost given up all hope? Fearing that the boy's wish was a mere passing fancy, she concealed her exultation as best she could, and asked in a tone of surprise:

"But, Louis dear, when did you get this idea?"

"Oh, I've had it a long time, but I was afraid you wouldn't like it, because I thought you wanted me to be a lawyer like father. It came to me all of a sudden about six years ago when serving Mass for Fr.

Roch. Ever since that day the thought has given me no rest, so I decided I'd tell you about it this evening."

"Oh, my darling boy!" Barbara exclaimed, unable to repress the tears of joy that streamed down her cheeks, "you could not give me gréater pleasure than by becoming a priest. This has been my heart's desire all these years, but I did not wish to induce you to enter a state to life to which you had no calling. Surely, God has been directing us both in this affair, and we can never thank him enough for his goodness."

* * *

The years again sped quickly by, and again Barbara knelt before the tabernacle, not in the twilight gloom, but in the splendor of the dazzling morning sun. The altars were gorgeously decorated with

numerous tapers and flowers, while the lofty arches of the church were hung with graceful festoons. In the sanctuary sat a newly ordained priest, Fr. Robert Louis White, clad in sacerdotal vestments and about to offer for the first time to God Almighty the tremendous sacrifice of the Mass. In the pulpit was the familiar figure of Fr. Roch. He spoke with burning eloquence of the wonderful dignity of the Catholic priesthood, of his God-like powers, his sublime duties, his life of sacrifice. The vast audience listened spell-bound to the words that fell from his sacred lips. But Fr. Roch did not reveal what was known only to him and to the simple woman seated in the first pew, that the young priest in the sanctuary owed his sublime vocation to the vow of virginity that she had made in that same church fifteen years before.

OBEDIENCE REWARDED

One night toward the end of his last sickness, the blessed Francis desired to eat some parsley, and humbly asked for it. When the cook was called to bring it, he answered that he could not then gather any in the garden, and said, "I have been picking parsley every day, and have gathered so much that I could scarce find any more even by daylight, and how much less could I distinguish it from other herbs now that it is dark?" "Go, brother," said the holy man, "never mind, and bring the first herbs thou touchest." The brother went into the garden, picked the wild herbs which first came to hand, for he saw nothing, and brought them to the house. The brethren looked at the wild herbs, turned them over carefully, and found among them a tender leafy bit of parsley, of which Francis ate a little, and was greatly comforted.—*Celano*.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

And the Lord Jesus took Bread

THE APPEARANCE A SYMBOL

AS the heavens in their gleaming fulness of stars declare the glory of God, and the visible preaches the invisible God and his works, so at the gate of the true heaven, the holy Mass, the visible speaks of the invisible things and the works of God. My divine Jesus, the same as when he preached the parables, teaches me now by the species of the blessed Eucharist to realize the invisible virtue and overflowing grace of the adorable substance of himself, the living bread, the manna of my soul.

In that appearance I read thy work, O divine Lord, nourishing and supporting my soul unto everlasting life, even as thou thyself hast said, "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven that if any man eat of it he may not die" (John 6,50).

And again, let me consider, O eucharistic Jesus, that the species of thy adorable body presents its parable to the eye of faith; because as the grain from which the bread was made before its eucharistic change, was once sown in the earth and afterwards rose out of it a living plant, so thy blessed body, O divine Lord, was once sown, as it were, in the holy sepulcher and rose out of it in life and beauty in thy glorious resurrection, even as it is written, "I am alive and was dead, I am living forever and ever" (Apoc. 1, 18).

Again, as bread is prepared for our food by the grinding of the mill and the heat of fire, thou, living bread, hast been prepared to become our food in Communion by the ardor of thy divine love and the grinding mill of affliction in thy sacred passion, which has made us know thee to "have compassion on our infirmities" and to be sensible to the full of our need of spiritual sustenance. O marvelous fruit of the afflictions and death of Jesus which have given us a bread of such transcending delight! Truly, "out of the strong has come forth sweetness" (Judges XIV, 14)—"sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."

And how fitting is this appearance of bread to remind me that my divine Lord is the great provider of my soul, which must look to him for its true life as all creatures must; but it should be with more eager desire than they, since its food is so incomparably more excellent. I know all creatures look to thee, O divine provider. *Omnia a te expectant ut des illis escam in tempore*—"All expect of thee that thou give them food in season" (Ps. 103, 27).

What would the sea be without the crystal streams which God sends to it from the hearts of the mountains? What would the flowers be without their showers and sunbeams, and the stars without that effulgence which God placed mysteriously of old in his creature fire, which is "fair and gay and mighty and strong" (Canticle of the Sun)? And what would become of his plant and animal creatures without his provision for their life by the air, the wind, the calm, and the soft, full cloud? Not one creature, indeed, is forgotten by the great provider, who prepares food even for the humble cattle, and makes provision that "the trees of the field shall be filled"—*saturabuntur ligna campi* (Ps. 103, 16).

And as the divine provider supports the life of his lower creatures and the material part of man, so he provides food for man's immortal soul. O soul of man, image of the Almighty, where shalt thou find the food "unto life everlasting"—*ad vitam aeternum*—suitable for thee? Shalt thou find it in the dewy clouds or in the fire of the stars or in the rushing streams or in the earth clad with fruits and harvests and holding jewels and gold in its bosom? Such things may be sustenance for material creatures, but more excellent is thy food than theirs, for more excellent art thou than they.

Wilt thou go through God's creation as the garden bee, gathering the wisdom, the beauty, the perfections of creatures for thy food "unto eternal life?" Wilt thou pierce the clouds and ascend the mountains and traverse the sea or descend even into its azure abyss rich in treasures to seek thy sustenance? In vain wouldst thou take such flights to satisfy thy hunger with the perfections of creatures; for thy food, O immortal spirit, is more excellent still!

The grace of God, his holy doctrine, and the contemplation of him are food convenient for thee, but above all thy divine Lord himself, thy Jesus in the blessed Eucharist. "I am the bread of life.....He that eateth me the same also shall live by me.....He that eateth this bread shall live forever" (John 6, 58, 59).

O soul of man, if the lower creatures expect their material sustenance from the opening hand of the Creator that they may be filled with its goodness, with how much more eager solicitude shouldst thou seek the bread divine, which the exuberant love of thy Savior has provided for thee on every altar of the Catholic Church, that thou mayst be filled with goodness and virtue ineffable!

O happy soul that, filled with the food of all foods—the creature with its Creator—breathes forth its raptures of praise as the head and voice of all earthly creatures in the Song of the Three Young Men in the fiery furnace, *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino; laudate et superexaltate eum in secula!*—"All ye works of the Lord bless the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever!" (Dan. 3, 57).

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

TEXAS

XXVI

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

AFTER one more vain attempt on the presidio of San Antonio and subsequent defeat, the Apaches for a long time dared not repeat their attacks, but, Arricivita remarks, this was not due alone to the repulse sustained. The Apache chief had learned that the missionaries had resolved to set free his captive daughter and all Apache prisoners on condition that the tribe ceased their depredations and lived as peaceful subjects of the king of Spain. The Lipan chief agreed to this and moved his followers to abandon the warfare against the Spaniards, although the Natages, another tribe of Apaches, opposed the resolution. Thus it was that the Lipans to the number of three hundred and fifty quietly retired to their own country.

At the request of the viceroy, Fr. Benito Fernandez de Santa Ana once more reported the situation. In this letter the Father writes that "the Ipandes or Lipans, who are a considerable tribe, had for a long time earnestly asked for the establishment of a mission wherever they might expect to settle down in community; that even though they should not be serious, this was the most suitable time to penetrate to their country; that there was good reason to believe many would

join the missions where they saw their wives and children so well treated even as captives; and that only in the first years the Indians were usually fickle and unstable, so that for that period only an adequate number of guards would be required to insure the proper respect."

"By the latter part of 1748, says Prof. Dunn, ⁽¹⁾ circumstances became unusually favorable for carrying out the mission policy which was so near to Father Santa Ana's heart. The essential factors were the harmony between the priests and Captain Urrutia, who now began to work to the same end, and the Comanche attacks upon the Apaches." To punish the Apaches for their attacks of 1748, and to show that the Spaniards wished to be friends, one hundred and thirty Mission Indians were granted to Captain Urrutia; but the Fathers very earnestly begged the officer to carry on the war more humanely and with a better motive than in past campaigns. Orders were accordingly issued that no Apache should be killed outright save in self-defence, and that from the prisoners taken, one in the name of the missionaries should be immediately sent back to his people with an offer of peace. To emphasize

(1) "Apache Relations in Texas," already quoted.

the good will of the Spaniards in that case, various presents were taken along, which the ambassador was to offer as tokens of missionary affection.

The soldiers and Indian allies set out from San Antonio, on February 2, 1749. They soon came to a small Indian rancharía where they captured three old women and five small children. With these Captain Urrutia returned to San Antonio only to discover that during his absence a great number of Apache warriors had fallen upon Mission San José, killed some cattle, taken much booty, and driven away horses belonging to Mission Concepcion. After delivering the prisoners to the Father of Mission San Antonio, Captain Urrutia with a strong force followed the trail of the savages, overtook them and captured forty-six Indians, mostly women and children, ⁽²⁾ besides one hundred horses. The Apaches had been taken so completely by surprise, and the Spaniards had been so careful to heed the supplications of the missionaries not to kill a savage if it could be avoided that not one Apache was either killed or wounded. The savages themselves were most amazed at the outcome, since they had never before experienced such consideration at the hands of the whites. The only drawback was the refusal of the captain to send a peace agent to the fugitives, as Fr. Mariano de los Dolores, who accompanied the expedition, demanded.

Fr. Mariano now endeavored to

persuade the captives that the missionaries sought only the welfare of the Indians, which could not be brought about unless they gave up the barbarous customs which their greatest enemy, the devil, had foisted on their people so that they might not have the peace and contentment enjoyed at the missions. He then selected one of the women captives, who was said to be a relative of the headchief, to act as messenger of peace in the name of the Fathers. As she had been favorably impressed with the life at the missions, she promised to do her best to win over her people. She pleaded so well that the Lipans resolved to make peace with the Spaniards and to move with their families to the vicinity of the missions. After some time, at the instance of Fr. Benito, all the prisoners were set free. This generous act won the savages completely. One of the chiefs went so far as to propose that mission youths should marry Apache girls and Apache youths should marry mission girls in order to confirm the peace effected. The missionaries, however, foreseeing grave consequences from such sudden mixing of pagan and Christian young people, contrived to frustrate the scheme of the chief without offending his feelings.

Although Fr. Arricivita makes no mention of it, we may take it as a matter of course that some ceremonies accompanied the peace compact. Indeed, Prof. Dunn quotes one author to that effect. A large building had been erected on the

(2) Dunn has thirty men, ninety women, and forty-seven children.

plaza in which to receive the Indians, and on the morning of August 16, 1749, Captain Urrutia with all his troops, the missionaries, and citizens of San Antonio went out to meet the visitors. The chiefs embraced the captain and the missionaries with much affection. All then proceeded to the reception hall where a great feast of beef, corn, squashes, and fruits had been prepared. On the next day, holy Mass was celebrated, after which the formal peace discussion began. On the 18th, the prisoners were released.

Early in the morning of August 19, which was to see the ratification of the peace, the plaza began to fill with an eager throng. On one side were drawn up the soldiers, the missionaries, and colonists, while on the other were the chiefs, their followers, and the released captives. First, a great hole was dug in the center of the plaza, and in this were placed a live horse, a hatchet, a lance, and six arrows.

all instruments of war. Captain Urrutia and the four chiefs, joining hands, danced three times around the hole, the Indians doing the same afterwards with the citizens. (3) Then all retired to their places, until at a given signal all rushed to the hole and rapidly buried the live horse, together with the weapons, thus signifying the end of war. This over, the Indians gave great whoops, and the Spaniards cried three times, Viva el Rey! Long live the King!

This was a memorable day for San Antonio after thirty years of depredations by the savages. The Indians were undoubtedly sincere in their desire for peace this time, and there seems to have been confidence on both sides. "Most rejoiced of all," Dunn concludes the description, "were the missionaries, who saw in this love feast the happy culmination of their labors to effect the peace of the land, and a definite step toward the conversion of the Apaches."

(3) Dunn quotes his authority Cabello as including the missionaries in this dance, but for that statement Cabello doubtless drew upon his imagination.

BROTHER JUNIPER'S PITY FOR THE POOR

Brother Juniper was so moved by pity for the poor that if ever he met anyone who seemed more poorly clad than himself he at once cut off a sleeve, or the hood, or some piece of his tunic; and gave it to the poor man; wherefore the guardian forbade him to give away his tunic or any part of it. One day, meeting a poor man, almost naked, who asked for an alms, Juniper said, "I have nothing to give thee but my tunic, which I am forbidden by my superior to give away. But if thou wilt take it off me I will not resist." So the poor man took the tunic and went his way. When the kindhearted brother returned to the convent he was asked where his tunic was. "A good man took it off my back and went away with it," he replied. — *Analecta Franciscana*.

A COMEDY OF FAILURES

By Fr. Augustine, O.F.M.

PROLOG

THE "comedy" began on September 6, 1916, after the dedication of the new St. Antony's mission at Sacaton, Arizona, and continued for ten days before the curtain fell. The stage embraced a large portion of the mission field of south-western Arizona from Phoenix to the Mexican border, and from Florence to Maricopa. Most of the Franciscan missionaries active in this region played more or less important rôles in the general confusion which may be styled a "Comedy of Failures," but which was anything but comical to the actors themselves.

SCENE I

Late in the afternoon of September 6, two automobiles were speeding along the dusty road from Sacaton to Florence. The occupants were Fathers Nicholas, Vincent, and Antonine together with a few Indian children, who were bound for St. John's Indian School at Komatke. At six o'clock, they arrived at Florence, where they expected to pick up a few more children for the mission school. Here the missionaries registered their first failure, for the children said they were too "seek" to go to school.

Crossing the long bridge over the Gila River at Florence, the Fathers turned their automobiles toward the northwest, but not without apprehension, for darkness was fast

setting in and the roads north of the Santan Mountains were unfamiliar to them. As they sped along, Fathers Nicholas and Vincent, who were in the first car, noticed that Fr. Antonine was no longer following them. They turned about and after some time found him busy repairing a punctured tube. Fr. Nicholas kindly offered his services, and in his hurry he put the patch just beside the wound! Finally, their good "Lizzie" was again able to travel, and they decided to reach Santan yet that evening. Unhappily, they lost their way and were constrained to camp in the open for the night.

The mosquitoes in this section are a veritable plague, and there was no thought of sleep. At dawn, the Fathers found the road to Komatke and arrived at St. John's Mission at about eight o'clock. It was a joyful missionary reunion, for besides Fr. Justin, the superior of St. John's, and the writer, Fr. Bonaventure, missionary among the Papagos in southern Arizona, was also present. The day was spent in discussing mission problems and making plans for the future. What a blessing that the future is veiled from our sight!

SCENE II

The fact that Arizona has joined the ranks of the so-called "Dry" States does not hinder its being extremely wet at times. September 8 was ushered in by a great

bank of lowering clouds that barely succeeded in rolling over the neighboring Estrella Mountains into the Gila valley. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the sky, Fr. Nicholas determined to take Fr. Vincent on his maiden trip to the Gila Bend reservation and introduce him to his new charges there. They left Komatke in Fr. Nicholas's touring car at eight o'clock accompanied by Fr. Bonaventure who

the Fathers thought they could ford it without any trouble. But as soon as their car got into the quicksand, it began to sink, and before they knew it the engine was flooded. To be brief—after an hour and a half of hard work, they finally succeeded with the aid of a team of horses in pulling the automobile across the river. More time was then lost in emptying the cylinders and coaxing "Lizzie" into a running



Gila River at High Water

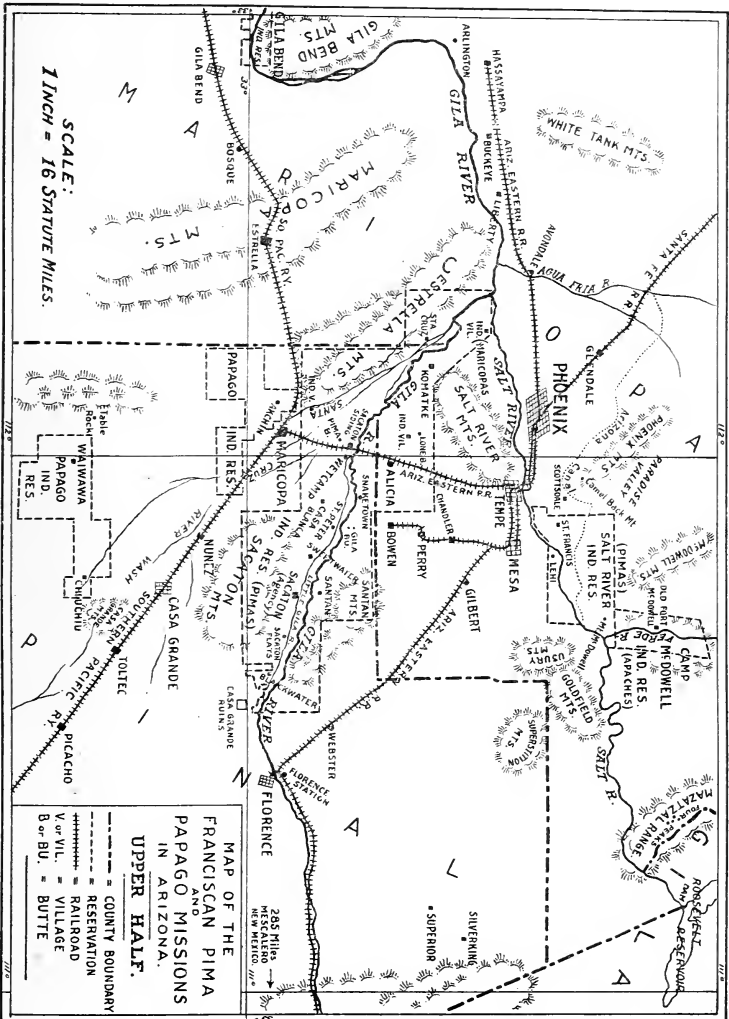
wished to take a train at Gila Bend for Casa Grande.

Soon after their departure, it began to rain heavily. Nothing daunted, they headed for a point on the Gila River above two miles from Komatke, where they intended to cross. The river bed at this place is a half mile wide, although the stream at that time was only about one hundred yards in width. The river looked innocent enough, and

mood, and all the while the rain came down in torrents—and this in a "dry" State!

The Santa Cruz River, which is quite near the Gila at this point, was the next obstacle. The river had been very low during the past days, and the Fathers surmised no difficulty in crossing. But as a result of the heavy downpour, the stream was already ten feet deep. This put a sorry end to the Gila

SCALE:
1 INCH = 16 STATUTE MILES.



Bend trip for that day, and to think that after all their trouble and exertion they had covered only five miles. What next? There was no thought of recrossing the Gila, which also was fast rising, so the automobile was taken to the home of a Catholic Indian near by, where the tired and wet and hungry "Padres" were heartily welcomed.

It was now 2.30 P. M. After refreshing themselves, the three missionaries bade farewell to their kind hosts and their little Ford, and with their shoes in one hand and a heavy satchel in the other, they began their long and tedious tramp through the mud and rain for home. An Indian youth guided them across the treacherous Gila River that was fast becoming impassable, and at last, ten hours after they had set out in high hopes from St. John's Mission, they again crossed its threshold bespattered with mud, drenched to the skin, but in good spirits.

SCENE III

Fr. Vincent was not the only missionary to be disappointed on his maiden trip that memorable September 8. For I met with a similar miscarriage of my plan to visit my missions in Salt Lake and McDowell Reservations. As Fr. Vincent's car was just then standing idle, we decided to use it in preference to the team of mules. Fr. Antonine accompanied me as chauffeur, guide, and companion. After some hesitation on account of the weather, we finally started on our trip at three o'clock, the heavy rain having abated to a steady drizzle.

After passing through Phoenix

we missed the road, and while trying to turn our machine about in the mud to retrace our "steps," we backed into a little ditch, and I had to get out and push. This interesting performance was repeated twice that afternoon. Arriving at a point about two miles southwest of Scottsdale, we were puzzled to see a stream of water some two blocks wide obstructing our path and flowing toward Tempe. We knew of no river in this locality except the Salt, and we were traveling parallel with it. Some passers-by informed us that the new river was merely a freshet, the result of the unusually heavy rain, and they advised us to steer clear of it, since even the daring Indians were afraid to cross it on account of its depth. Nothing remained for us to do but to return to our convent in Phoenix, where we arrived at about seven o'clock. Naturally, we began to wonder how the other Fathers had fared on their Gila Bend expedition, of whose sorry outcome we were still ignorant. The following morning, we returned to St. John's, where we heard and saw all, and found some little comfort in the fact that we had companions in misery and that matters might have been much worse.

SCENE IV

Failure continued to dog our footsteps the following few days. Fr. Bonaventure seemed to be the special object of its wrath. After a tedious journey of four days through the hot and dusty desert, he had arrived, on September 5, at St. John's Mission with two wagon

loads of Papago Indian children from the neighborhood of the Mexican boundary. When his teams had taken a much needed rest, he sent one of them in charge of two Indian boys southward with instructions to await him at Casa Grande. We already know how his plan to catch the train at Gila Bend for Casa Grande had been frustrated on September 8.

Nevertheless, he thought it incumbent on him to meet the boys somehow, since they had neither money nor provisions to take them back to the Papago country. Accordingly, Fr. Bonaventure set out before dawn, on September 9, for Alicia to get the early train there for Casa Grande. He missed it! Finally, after some hours, he took a train that was scheduled to go to Phoenix, but which, on account of the wash-outs, had got no farther than Tempe. The stage took him to Phoenix, and from there he reached Casa Grande by the first available train. Of course, when he arrived there, his Indian boys were nowhere to be found. Taking it for granted that they had started alone for San Solano Mission in the interior of the desert, he took the auto-stage, hoping to overtake them and made anxious enquiries about them from all he met, but to no avail.

At Brownell, some seventy miles southwest of Casa Grande, he was so fortunate as to meet Fr. Tiburtius, his fellow missionary, and together they went to San Solano, about fifteen miles distant. Arrived there, they became much concerned about the safety of the two missing

lads on learning that they had not yet put in their appearance. Fr. Gerard, the superior of San Solano Mission, at once got out his trusty roadster and together with Fr. Bonaventure began a searching expedition through the desert.

SCENE V

In the meantime, Fr. Nicholas was tarrying at Komatke, unable to return to his mission of San Xavier on account of the high water, and all the while his "Tin Lizzie" covered with mud was standing idle on the other side of the Gila. By September 13, however, the waters of the Gila had fallen enough to warrant the attempt of bringing his automobile across the ford. Fathers Nicholas, Vincent, and I, clad in overalls, and accompanied by several of our largest and strongest Indian boys, went to the fatal crossing and examined the ford. In some places the water was still waist-high; nevertheless, we deemed the crossing safe. At last, with the help of a good team and of about a dozen men pushing and pulling, we got the car to the other side of the river. Fr. Nicholas could hardly restrain his joy when he learnt that in spite of mud and rain his car had suffered no material damage and that it responded quite readily with its welcome "chug chug" to the first few turns of the crank.

SCENE VI

But where were those boys for whom Fathers Gerard and Bonaventure were scouring the sandy wastes? Helping Fr. Nicholas to get his car across the Gila! Their presence in this locality came about

thus. Early on the morning of that fatal September 8, they had left Komatke and like their missionaries they had been caught in the rain. At Maricopa their wagon got hopelessly stuck in the mud. Without much ado, they unhitched the horses and leaving the wagon in the middle of the road, they repaired to the home of one of the boys, which happened to be the very place where Fr. Nicholas's automobile was marooned. Thereupon, one of them reported at Komatke and told of their failure to reach Casa Grande.

Knowing that Fr. Bonaventure would become uneasy over their failure to appear at Casa Grande, Fr. Vincent went to meet the boys at Maricopa, where he gave them sufficient money to buy provisions for their long journey south, and then returned to Komatke. Imagine his surprise when he rode into St. John's to meet Fr. Bonaventure, whom he supposed to be in the Papago country. In their search for the two youths, he and Fr. Gerard had gone north as far as St. Peter without, however, finding a trace of them. Here Fr. Bonaventure hired a team—since Fr. Gerard would not risk fording the Gila in his automobile,—and at last on his arrival at St. John's he heard

definite news regarding his long sought boys.

Fr. Gerard's stay at St. Peter's mission was providential; for while there he was summoned to baptize a very sick baby and to administer the last Sacraments to a dying woman, who passed away soon after. This incident—the only consoling one during the long series of disappointments—is proof of the saying that it is, indeed, an ill wind that blows no man good.

Now that the rain ceased to fall, the rivers soon resumed their normal size, and the Fathers were able to go about their usual duties without loss of time.

EPILOG

The last disappointment in this list of blasted hopes and miscarried plans remains to be mentioned. It affects principally the kind readers of *Franciscan Herald*. For, a number of interesting snap-shots of the principal incidents of this "comedy" were completely spoiled! It is a pity, indeed, since they would have presented the situation far more graphically than words can express. Besides, their loss is irreparable, for who would be so cruel as to wish us to react this "Comedy of Failures"?

WHAT A SINNER CAN NOT DO

No one ought to flatter himself with unjust applause for anything that a sinner can do. A sinner can fast, pray, weep, and afflict his flesh. This one thing he can not do—be faithful to his Lord. We should, therefore, glory in this, to render to the Lord his glory, and, serving him faithfully, to ascribe to him whatsoever he gives.—*St. Francis*.

ELAINE

By Catherine M. Hayes, *Tertiary*

(Concluded)

ONE morning a week later, as the young Mr. Hardesty sat looking over the newspaper, he saw something that made his eyes dilate. It was an account of an automobile accident—the result of a “joy ride” on the previous night. Miss Elaine Nichols and Mr. Warren Travers, well-known actors, had been injured. The extent of their injuries was as yet unknown.

Elaine and Warren Travers! He was the fascinating villain, the girl's suitor in the movie-play they had seen that night.

Ambrose felt heart-sick. Was this the sort of company Elaine was keeping? He almost tore the telephone asunder in his impatience to get into communication with the hospital, to which she had been rushed.

Finally, in response to his anxious query came the information that Miss Nichols was not at all seriously injured, only suffering from a slight shock and a few minor bruises. Ambrose breathed more easily after this information, but the name “Warren Travers” loomed before his eyes all through that miserable day. For ten days he failed not to inquire regarding her condition, and at last learnt that Miss Nichols had gone to her home. Then he sent her a message, and she bade him come.

She opened the door in answer to his ring, and he at once noted the pallor of her face and the remorseful

expression in the large gray eyes. After the first greetings, she suddenly burst into tears, “Oh, Mr. Hardesty,” she sobbed, “how you must hate me!”

Ambrose spoke gently, “Have I any reason to hate you, Elaine?”

Controlling her feelings she told the story. Four of her theatrical company had gone to dinner at a hotel on that eventful evening. Warren Travers was one of the party, and when the meal was ended, he proposed a drive on the foothill boulevard.

All of the party favored his suggestion, with the exception of Elaine. She declared her intention of going home, because it was already late. Besides, Warren and the other man in the party had been drinking heavily.

The others however, would not hear of Elaine's intention. So, greatly in opposition to her wishes, she entered the automobile with the others. They rode for several hours; and it was long after midnight when they started homeward. Then suddenly something went wrong, and the car upset.

Ambrose and Elaine had a serious talk together that evening and he learnt of the many dangers connected with a career such as hers. But he realized, too, that the girl had led a life singularly pure and blameless, despite the numerous dangers and temptations on every side. Warren

Travers, it seemed, was very ardent in his attentions to Elaine, and although she half disliked and wholly distrusted him, she confessed that he possessed a certain fascination that made him very popular with his associates. Kindly and sensibly the young man advised Elaine much as he would have counseled a sister, and he elicited from her a promise that, aside from her work at the studio, she would in future avoid the company of those persons who might lead her into evil ways.

As he arose to go, Elaine said:

"I have never had anyone to advise me during my career, Mr. Hardesty. You are very kind to interest yourself in my welfare, and I feel deeply grateful. I shall remember all you told me, too." And as Ambrose looked down into the wistful gray eyes he thought, "Ah! if you were only a Catholic—a child of Mary—all would be well!"

Two weeks elapsed during which Hardesty caught not a glimpse of Elaine. Her work demanded all her time and energy. One day, on his way to business, a glaring poster arrested his attention. It was a striking picture—a beautiful girl in flowing white robes, her eyes turned heavenward. He would have recognized Elaine at once even if the picture had lacked the accompanying announcement that Miss Nichols would appear that night in a superb production—a play of early Christianity. Ambrose experienced a thrill of pleasure as he looked. Elaine as the sweet Christian maiden—ah, this was what he wished her to be, and no picture of the young actress

had ever seemed so lovely as this one.

As he had been joyfully anticipating, a call over the telephone came later in the day. Elaine playfully asked whether she might have the pleasure of Mr. Hardesty's company at the "movies" that evening.

"You bet!" was Ambrose's hearty rejoinder.

"I was sure you'd like this play," Elaine smiled, as Ambrose voiced his admiration of a certain scene when they sat together at the theater that night.

It was an ennobling drama, and Elaine was at her best as Claudia, the daughter of rich, pagan parents. Secretly she befriends the persecuted Christians, and after many stolen visits to their hiding place in the catacombs, finally embraces their religion. A pagan lover, Junius by name, whose affection she does not reciprocate, brings about her subsequent sentence to death. Together Claudia and her Christian lover Paulus standing side by side await death from the ferocious wild beasts. When at last they have sealed their faith with their blood, Junius, suddenly stricken with remorse at having caused the cruel death of the beautiful Claudia, and deeply impressed by the fortitude with which the Christians die, proclaims himself a follower of Christ and meets the same fate as those whom he had betrayed.

The play was full of exquisite scenes, and dramatic thrills, and on the whole the production won unstinted praise from the enthusiastic audience.

Ambrose had noted the absence of Warren Travers in the cast. As they walked home Elaine told him of Travers's dismissal from the company on account of drunkenness and insolence to the manager.

"And I'm so glad he's gone," she added. "He was like an evil genius continually menacing me. He begged me to go to dinner with him shortly before he left. It was so hard to refuse him. He had such an irresistible way always. I'm sure I almost yielded. But I recalled your words of advice, Mr. Hardesty, and do you know, I thought of Claudia, too,—we had had a rehearsal that day. I thought of her so good and sweet, facing death rather than do wrong and I do believe she helped me overcome the temptation."

After a short silence she continued:

"Somehow, this play makes me feel dissatisfied with myself. My life seems so empty. Something seems lacking."

"Elaine," Ambrose said gently, "you need God in your life; that's the whole trouble. Won't you come to church with me sometime—say next Sunday?" he added eagerly. She consented at once.

Ambrose was pleased with the interest Elaine evinced in the services the first day she went to Mass with him. Nor was she content with one visit to his church.

Intently she listened to every word of the sermons and earnestly questioned Ambrose regarding the ceremonies.

"Your religion is very beautiful,"

she remarked once after Ambrose had explained some point of Catholic doctrine. "And do you know, I'm beginning to understand how Claudia could prefer to die rather than renounce Christ."

At last the day dawned for which Ambrose had hoped and prayed—the day Elaine told him of her wish to become a Catholic. Elaine's happiness on her first Communion day was boundless, and with deep emotion she expressed her gratitude to the friend who had done so much to bring this happiness into her life.

It was on this day, so replete with holy joy, that Ambrose asked Elaine to be his wife. Lifting her beautiful eyes to his face she said she had loved him since the moment she had heard him pray as they battled for life in the angry waters of the lake at Beverly Hills.

"You seemed so fine—so manly," she said shyly, "calling on heaven for help. You were so different from most men I ever met."

As the days sped by, Elaine found increasing happiness in her religion, and never did she meet Ambrose without telling him how full and happy her life now was. One evening as they walked home together Elaine was unusually quiet and thoughtful. Ambrose playfully inquired the cause of her meditative mood. He was unprepared for the revelation she made. She wished to become a nun. The Real Presence had been her most cherished devotion since her reception into the Church. The knowledge that one might dwell under the same roof with the King of Heaven—even

wear the ring of his espousals filled her with wondering delight. To be the bride of the Son of God—who would not desire such honor, such happiness? Now any other existence seemed to her inconceivable.

Ambrose listened like one in a dream. What was Elaine saying? Was the greatest happiness of his life to be snatched from him? His voice trembled when he spoke:

"Elaine, you can't mean what you say—do not be hasty—consider it well—"

She interrupted him. "No, Ambrose, I shall not act rashly; for I recognize in this desire a call to the religious life. It is my one desire, but, O Ambrose, it pains me to tell you—"

The young man's heart was heavy, and in the fervor of his love he begged her not to take the step. He could not live without her.

Tenderly she spoke to him. Surely he who had desired and done so much to bring about her conversion, would not now attempt to dissuade

her from following what she considered a call from God.

"Dear Ambrose," she went on gently, "you will always be the well loved brother of my soul. Can I ever forget all you have done and been to me? Often I ponder over what my ultimate fate might have been had you not come into my life. And now that Christ asks for my heart—why, Ambrose, have you yourself not brought this about? Surely, you won't be jealous if He claims my love!"

"Forgive me, Elaine," Ambrose said in faltering tones, "as I hope God will forgive me my selfishness. May he bless you always. To his keeping I resign you, and pray—pray sometimes for me, won't you, Elaine?" And as he said farewell and turned to go, there was that in his face that she ever after remembered—a look of mingled pain and strength and exultation as of one who had fought a mighty struggle and won the victory.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

From the French by Mary C. McLorg, Tertiary

WILLIAM Granry was a model Christian and a worthy son of St. Francis. In his parish and in the fraternity he merited everywhere to be pointed out as an example of zeal and virtue. No one loved the Franciscan Rule more than he; no one excelled him as a man of duty; no one was more eager to love God and to make

God loved.

Wounded seven years before in the affection nearest his heart, he accepted his cross as a Christian, not that his sorrow would ever pass away, the wound in his heart could not become less poignant, but his embittered life turned entirely toward God and exercised a prodigious activity in his service.

Having known our brother in St. Francis especially during the last years of his life, I can attest that his dominant virtue was an all-absorbing zeal for the glory of God, which was continually nourished by a true and profound piety. All the time that the duties of his state of life permitted, he devoted to good works. Being a commercial traveler, he returned home only on Saturdays; but all during the week while traveling across the country, he considered his apostolate for the following Sunday, arranged his plans for combat, thought out the best means to insure the success of his undertakings, prepared his hymns, calculated the employment of his time so that none might be lost, disposed himself to awaken the sometimes slumbering ardor of his companions, all the while fervently invoking the assistance of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The number of Hail Marys he recited during the course of his life is inconceivable. From morning till night, in journeying, as he said himself, he recited the rosary without ceasing.

On returning to Angers, he went at once to seek his confessor. This was his first occupation. Then he set himself to work and labored unceasingly until his departure. How many exhortations he made, what pious devices he had recourse to, how many holes he made in his purse to render the services in his parish church more solemn, the adorers of the most Blessed Sacrament more numerous, the music in the church more devotional, the

reunions of the Third Order more edifying—God alone knows. A true and faithful son of holy Church M. Granry was with all the powers of his soul. Works of charity—not only the more modern activities of the lay apostolate but works purely religious—were his very life. All could count on his affectionate devotedness and most disinterested assistance, and he employed every moment available to spread various publications calculated to nourish piety.

And yet, he had his very marked preferences. The best of his affections and zeal he gave to the most Blessed Sacrament and to St. Francis. He inaugurated, caused to flourish, and kept alive, amid a host of difficulties, the monthly adoration of the men of St. Serge. How he spent himself for this, his beloved Guard of Honor! At the same time he busied himself with the other adorations of his parish, especially with the nocturnal adoration, of which pious confraternity he was president.

As to the Third Order, he tried by all possible means to render it prosperous and fervent; and if it be true that one speaks much of what one loves, it may be affirmed that few children of St. Francis have loved their Third Order so much as he. All that concerned the Franciscan family interested him in the highest degree, and no one would have rejoiced more than he at the happy development which has taken place in the Tertiary fraternity of Angers during the last years.

It would seem that God himself wished to draw special attention to these two great works of our dear brother's life. For He permitted him to fall ill—struck mortally like a soldier faithful to the last—after Holy Communion on the day of the monthly adoration of his parish, and He called him to himself on the very morning of the day whereon the meeting of the Third Order was held.

It was as the prey of terrible sufferings, accepted with holy resignation and without complaint, that M. Granry passed the last weeks of his life on earth. Never did I more clearly recognize that mysterious and inexplicable something of perfect finish which suffering imparts to the Christian soul. Should the passion not be the logical end of us all? Is it not the crowning of each life spent in the justice and the love of God? The disciple is not above the Master; the true glory of the Christian is to resemble as closely as possible Christ Jesus crucified.

M. Granry attained this resemblance. Like our Savior, he ended on the cross of pain a life filled with works of zeal and piety; and it was a striking example for us all to see this man so strong, so ardent, formerly so full of health and vigor, accepting with perfect resignation the unexpected visitation of sickness. But he had finished his labors. Like the conscientious workman, who does not dread his master's visit, he looked death in the face without fear. "I do not fear," he said to me one day; "I

am ready!" And as I encouraged him by recalling his apostolic works, he replied, "Yes, I have done all that I could."

God rewarded his loyal services by sparing him the terrors of the last days. Speaking of the remarkable calm which his features bore, a member of the fraternity observed to me, "He went to death as he went to his adoration, or to his Third Order meeting; just as tranquilly and peacefully."

On Sunday, February 25, at one o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly deprived of his sight. At this moment, one of his children endeavored to console him saying, "My father, offer this great cross to God." "That was done long ago," came the calm reply. And these were his last words; for, in their turn, his lips became paralyzed. Nevertheless, he preserved his clearness of mind, and while the rosary was being recited by his dear ones gathered about his dying bed, he held the beads and let them slip through his fingers without ever making a mistake.

It was thus, while singing in his heart the praises of Mary, that our dear brother in St. Francis, Thomas Aquinas Granry, rendered to God his beautiful soul, filled with the sweet odor of virtue and innumerable merits.

May this brief account of his noble and pious life encourage his brethren in St. Francis to follow in his footsteps.

P. POULIN

in *Annales Franciscaines*.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Sacred Congregation of Rites has published a decree ordaining that legal enquiries be made regarding the heroic virtues of the servant of God, Venerable Sister Mary Diomine, a Capuchin nun of Fagnani, Italy.

Lipa, P. I.—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are in charge of two schools in the diocese of Lipa, P. I., which are recommended by the government. The Sisters are likewise conducting a home for orphans.

Burma, India.—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, who are in care of the Burma leper asylum, have now among their charges two nuns. Through their heroic labor for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the lepers at Kumbakonam, India, these two Sisters have contracted the dreadful malady. Their one consolation is the thought that in the poor lepers they have served God and that an eternal reward is in store for them in a better world.

Nagasaki, Japan.—The Rt. Rev. Vicar Apostolic of Nagasaki, sees dark days ahead for the Catholic missionaries in Japan. On account of the poverty of the people, they find it hard to make ends meet and are even in danger of losing their valuable catechists, because they have not the means to pay them salaries. Another equally serious matter is causing the zealous Bishop great worry. The government of Japan seems determined to insist on the cult of the emperor and of the ancestors. This is a distinct menace to the practice of Christianity, since it obliges the natives to attend at the heathen temples and to take active part in the religious exercises, from which, of course, the Catholics are bound in

conscience to abstain. Even now it is demanded that all children attend these ceremonies. Nagasaki, the largest center of Christianity, will be the first to resist this mandate. But what will be the result of such resistance? This question is weighing heavily on the Bishop and his flock.

Rio Cuarto, Argentina.—On December 12, the Tertiaries of Rio Cuarto celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their flourishing fraternity. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Lucue, auxiliary bishop of Cordoba, officiated at the solemn pontifical High Mass. A source of great joy and consolation to the Tertiaries was a letter received from Pope Benedict XV, in which His Holiness congratulated the zealous fraternity on the good they achieved during the past fifty years, and imparted to them and to their Rev. Fr. Director his apostolic blessing.

Arauco, Chile.—According to a recent report, the Franciscan missions of Arauco in Chile are in a very flourishing condition. In all of the fourteen settlements, the Fathers have opened schools. During the year 1915, the total enrollment was 1,348 children, of whom a good percentage are natives. The hospitals in Nacimiento and Chillán are in charge of Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order. Foreigners as well as natives manifest a great veneration and respect for the Fathers, seeing what sacrifices they are making for the welfare of young and old.

Montreal, Canada.—The Most Rev. Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor has appointed Rev. Fr. Matthew-Mary Daunais, O.F.M., commissary of the Holy Land

for the various dioceses of Canada. His predecessor in this important office was Very Rev. Fr. Frederic Jansoone, O.F.M., who died last August at Montreal in the mother-house of the Franciscans in Canada. The newly appointed commissary will reside in Three Rivers, Canada.

Buenos Aires, Argentina.—Summoned by his superiors of the Franciscan Province of Mexico, Rev. Fr. Ambrose Villalpando, O.F.M., has left this city for Washington, D.C. The distinguished friar received the title of lecturer on sacred theology at the Franciscan International College in Rome. He has been commissioned to teach the Franciscan clerics in the friary at Brookland, D.C.

Petoskey, Mich.—On Saturday evening, December 30, in the local convent, Rev. Fr. Marian Glahn O.F.M., was called to his eternal reward. He was born, in 1855, at Hollungen, Province of Saxony, Germany. Soon after, his parents came to this country and settled at Hagersgrove, Mo. It was here that Rev. Fr. Anselm Mueller, O.F.M., met the little Boniface. Hearing that he wished to become a Franciscan, Fr. Anselm took him to St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., of which he at the time was rector. After obtaining the academic degrees of A. B. and A. M., the promising young man, on September 7, 1877, entered the Order of St. Francis at Teutopolis, Illinois. Having completed the year of novitiate, Fr. Marian made his simple vows on September 8, 1877, and his solemn vows three years later, on September 27. Meanwhile, he had pursued his theological studies in St. Louis, Mo., and on September 30, 1881, he was raised to the holy priesthood.

During the thirty-five years of his priestly career, Fr. Marian was a faithful and energetic laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He was active in various parishes of the

Sacred Heart Province, notably in Chicago, Ill., Petoskey, Mich., Washburn, Wis., and Indianapolis, Ind. At Washburn, he built the first Catholic church and school. The news that last fall a new church was blessed at Fortville, Ind., was a source of great consolation to him in his last days, since it had been he who a few years ago took the first steps toward the erection of this church. Fr. Marian was a true son of St. Francis. Of a sunny disposition, he combined simplicity of manners with childlike piety and sincerity. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was above the ordinary. Even in his last illness, when hardly able to speak, he would use all his efforts to sing popular hymns to the Mother of God. Let us hope that by this time he is enjoying her company in the land of eternal rest and happiness.

The solemn obsequies were held over his remains on Wednesday morning, January 3, at nine o'clock. The Rev. Franciscan Fathers from the friaries at Petoskey and Harbor Springs recited the office of the dead, after which Rev. Fr. Bruno, O.F.M., officiated at the solemn Requiem Mass.—R.I.P.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Convent.—On New Year's morning, at three o'clock, just thirty-three years after his reception into the Franciscan Order, Ven. Br. Francis Pauly, O.F.M., was summoned to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant in the household of the divine Master. Born February 22, 1836, at Hallenberg, Westphalia, Germany, he came to this country as a young man and till the year 1883 worked principally in Cincinnati, O. That year, while visiting his brother, now Rev. Fr. Lawrence, O.F.M., who then was a student at St. Joseph's College in Teutopolis, he conceived a liking for the Franciscan mode of life and asked to spend the rest of his days as a Ter-

tiary Brother. Accordingly, on December 31, 1883, he received the habit of St. Francis and six years later, on November 2, made his profession. During the first eleven years of his religious career, Br. Francis edified the community and the student body of St. Joseph's College by his life of prayer and penance. In 1895, he was transferred to the novitiate convent where, excepting a few months, the saintly Brother spent the remaining twenty-one years of his life. Brother Francis was a man of singular virtue. Going through his daily routine of prayer and work, he made the impression of one who had chosen the Poor Man of Assisi as his model and by utter detachment from the world and a true spirit of humility and self-denial was, indeed, far advanced in the imitation of his glorious model. His long stay in Teutopolis endeared him to the hearts of all who came in contact with him; and the townsfolk will long remember the pious old Brother who was ever ready to do them a good turn. The funeral was held on Wednesday, January 3. After the chanting of the office of the dead, a solemn Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Theodosius, guardian of the local friary, assisted by Rev. FF. Linus and Berard, as deacon and subdeacon. A large number of the faithful were present at the solemn functions. After holy Mass, the remains were taken to the convent vault where after the last absolution they were laid to rest.—R.I.P.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the Christmas holidays, Rev. FF. Julian and Aloysius, of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., assisted the Fathers of St. Peter's Church both in the confessional and in the pulpit. The new crib in the church was a great attraction during the holy season. Almost continually visitors were seen at prayer

before the image of the divine Infant. Many pronounced it the most beautiful crib in the city. Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, conducted two retreats for the Franciscans of the Holy Name Province in New York. Ven. Br. Servulus, who has been sacristan at St. Peter's Church for many years, has asked his superior to be relieved of his duties on account of old age and general debility. The good Brother was one of the first friars who came to St. Peter's in 1875. He has been sacristan here ever since, with the exception of ten years.—

We owe it to the generous German Tertiaries of St. Peter's Church to inform our readers that the alms of their fraternity for the Arizona Indian Missions was \$1000, and not \$500, as we had been misinformed.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.—During the year 1916, thirty-six postulants were received into the Third Order, and seventeen novices made their profession. Two members of our fraternity had the happiness of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their reception into the Order. Nine Tertiaries were called to a better life. At present our branch numbers about 550 members, of whom 450 belong to St. Augustine's parish. Besides lending assistance to a number of needy members, our Tertiaries made about five hundred visits to the sick during the past year. In the month of June, Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., conducted a retreat for our Tertiaries. He received more than \$300 as alms for the Chinese missions. About \$100 were collected for the Franciscan Indian missions in Arizona, and about \$135 for other missions. On Christmas, our Tertiary branch offered \$30 for the parish church of St. Augustine.

Hartwell, Ohio.—On January 5, in the convent of St. Clare, Ven. Sr. Alcantara, O.S.F., passed to her

eternal reward. She attained the ripe old age of seventy-five years, fifty-three of which she devoted to the service of God in the Order of St. Francis. The deceased was a true daughter of the Seraphic Saint. She manifested a singular devotion to the missions, domestic and foreign. The religious community is in possession of many letters from missionaries, in which it is stated that after God the missions owe their subsistence in great part to the love and zeal of Sister Alcantara. A little incident of her life shows how the good Sister was imbued with the humble simplicity of St. Francis. One day she had been out soliciting alms for the poor, when an officer of the law, suspecting her of being an impostor, brought her to the police station. After some questioning, the captain noticed his mistake, begged her pardon, and wished to dismiss her. But before leaving, Sister Alcantara turned to the officers present and said in her simple way, "Surely, these gentlemen will give me something for the time I have lost here." Her request was not in vain. Besides receiving something for her poor from each of the officers, the captain told her that she might call every month at the station and collect alms. This happened years ago; but ever since the Sisters of Hartwell receive their monthly donation at the police station.

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church.—The annual report of the Third Order in St. Stanislaus Church is very encouraging. During the past year a vigorous activity was displayed. Fifty-one postulants were received into our fraternity, while one hundred and three novices made their profession. Three young ladies and one young man embraced the religious state. At present, the branch numbers 448 members. Offerings amounting to

nearly \$900 were devoted mostly to charitable purposes in the city and abroad. The presentation of stereoptican views on the life of St. Francis was in every respect a success. The distribution of Catholic books, papers, and pamphlets was a matter of much interest among our Tertiaries. The little pamphlets which in the course of the year were distributed gratis proved a very successful means of instructing the Tertiaries and of clearing away prejudices against the Third Order. We have reason to hope that in the course of this year, many more members of our parish will enroll themselves among the children of St. Francis in the Third Order.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—During the past year, 124 postulants were received into the Third Order of St. Francis, while 18 novices made their profession. Rev. Fr. Eugene, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order in Joliet, informs us that according to the census taken up last year, the fraternity numbers about 240 members. At present, there are fourteen members who have been Tertiaries twenty-five years and longer. Among those received in the course of the past years the books record Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri, who at the time of his reception was pastor of St. Mary's Church, this city; Very Rev. F. H. Specht, V. G., Rev. Joseph Shorter; and Rev. D. Herd of Troy Grove, Ill. During the year 1916, \$137 were donated by the Third Order to charity, notably to the Chinese and Indian missions. The Holy Childhood Indian School at Harbor Springs, Michigan, received two boxes of clothing for the children. Then, one hundred new volumes were added to the Tertiary library, so that at present, two hundred good books are at the disposal of the Tertiaries

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's

Church.—The Tertiaries of this city made a splendid showing during the past two years, as the following general report attests. The English fraternity records 476 postulants invested and 382 novices professed, while the German fraternity numbers 216 postulants received and 145 novices professed. The charitable activity of our Tertiaries was very commendable. Thus, the alms given at the various meetings of the fraternity amounted to \$3,980; the poor received \$1,925, the missions \$410, poor religious institutions \$242, poor churches \$35, while a number of minor donations were given for other charitable purposes. A large number of religious newspapers and periodicals were distributed among the inmates of public institutions, who were also made

happy by pleasing Christmas gifts from our Tertiaries. Much good was achieved in these institutions and in various Sunday schools by the teaching of catechism, and many needy families were supplied with articles of clothing. In fact, there is hardly a phase of Christian charity in which our Tertiaries did not engage to their own great spiritual advantage and to the edification of their neighbor. Six of our young lady Tertiaries entered the convent, while 185 Tertiaries were called to their eternal reward. The library in our Tertiary Hall is undoubtedly one of the best Tertiary libraries in the country, there being at present 800 volumes in the English section and 200 volumes in the German, and new books are constantly being added.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

For weeks before Christmas, the students of the senior classes had been untiring in their efforts to prepare for a proper celebration of the feast that radiates cheer and happiness on every Christian heart. That they were successful in making their different programs for the holidays worthy of those of former years could be gathered from the unanimous praise of the many visitors who witnessed both the ceremonies in the chapel and the entertainments in the dramatic hall. At the midnight service in the chapel, the choir sang Griesbacher's *Stella Maris* Mass (unison), and on the following morning at the second solemn High Mass they rendered with signal success Rhode's *Missa, Jesu Bone Pastor* (four parts).

On Christmas night the Fathers, students, and visiting relatives and friends gathered about the Christmas tree and greatly enjoyed the

following literary and musical program:

Angels' Refrain.....	A. Geibel
Soprano Solo	
H. Kohlberg, F. Kohlberg, R. Kopeski, O. Thomas	
Violin obligato, H. Pinger	
The Infant Jesus (Recitation).....	Jos. Terstegge
Adeste Fideles (Four part chorus).....	B. Hamma
College Choir	
Home for the Holidays (Recitation).....	R. Patterson
Glory to God in the Highest (Four part chorus).....	Rev. Eastham
Select Choir	
Do They Miss Me at Home (Recitation).....	John Freudinger
The Irishwoman's Letter (Recitation).....	Hy. Aretz
The Wondrous Story (Four part chorus).....	R. M. Stults
Select Choir	
The Young Actor (Recitation).....	Henry Fox
Stille Nacht (Four part chorus).....	F. X. Gruber
Senior Choir	

On the night of St. Stephen's "The Recognition", a four-act drama of the middle ages, was presented with the following cast:

Duke of Spoleto.....	C. Koerber
Ricardo, his squire.....	H. Fox
Prince of Macerato.....	R. Zwiesler
Count of Bartolo.....	F. Kiefer
Antonio, his son.....	C. Eberle
Julio (Antonio).....	P. Eberle
Balthazar, friend of Antonio.....	H. Pinger
Stephano, teacher of Antonio.....	R. Patterson
Leonardo a soldier.....	E. Voss
Gratiano (friends of Antonio).....	A. Kriech
Lorenzo (friends of Antonio).....	H. Aretz
Giacomo, squire of Bartolo.....	J. Dittman
Fabiano, governor of Montefalco.....	A. Limacher
Reginald, officer of Macerato.....	H. Bene
Zucchi, a blacksmith.....	J. Diederich

Beppo	attendants	F. Powers
Alphonso		H. Seiter
Alberto, citizen		E. Reyling
Rafaele, officer of guard		E. Goyke
Soldiers, citizen, attendants		

Between acts, the college orchestra rendered the following musical numbers:

Impassioned Dream Waltz	J. Rosas
La Sorella March	L. Gallini
Christmas Carol	A. Sullivan
Over the Waves Waltz	J. Rosas
With Banners Unfurled March	W. Kretschmer

The next evening and on New Year's night a number of comedies and farces were given, of which "The End of the World," a dramatic composition by several of the students known as the "Mysterious Four," elicited the greatest applause.

On the last three days of the year, the boys made their annual retreat under the direction of Rev. Fr. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., of Joliet, Ill.

On the feast of St. Stephen, twenty students were admitted as novices into the Third Order, and thirteen were professed. During the holidays, the Third Order missionary fund received several donations, and the Tertiary library was presented with several new books.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On Friday, January 5, the students returned to college after enjoying their Christmas vacation at home. Classes were resumed on the following Monday. Upon their return, the boys learnt with sorrow that Fr. John Berchmans Meyer had undergone an operation for appendicitis at the local St. Mary's Hospital. He is recovering rapidly and his return to the college is daily expected.

The first basket-ball game of the season was played on Friday, January 12. The college was opposed by the Quincy Maroons, one of the fastest independent teams in the State. The game ended with the score 27-10 in favor of the Maroons. The college team this year is composed of Captain Luke center, Whalen and Orlet forwards, Dirksen and Lashmet guards. Considering the small amount of practice and the proficiency of the opponents, our boys did very creditable work.

OBITUARY

Petoskey, Mich., St. Francis X. Church:—Rev. Fr. Marian Glahn, O.F.M.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church:—Ven. Bro. Francis Pauly, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—

St. Francis Fraternity: Mary McElherne, Sr. Elizabeth; Bridget Hasset, Sr. Joseph.

St. Louis Fraternity: Elizabeth Kelly, Sr. Mary; Melvina Hamel, Sr. Anne.
German Fraternity: Albertine Schmitz, Sr. Frances; Maria Loacker, Sr. Josepha; Magdalena Bungert, Sr. Colette.

St. Augustine's Church: Catherine Haugh, Sr. Blanche; Dorothea Breyer, Sr. Blanche.

Clifton, Ill.:—Catherine Goyette.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—John Stephen, Bro. Joseph; John Loeffler, Bro. Joseph; Margaret Wilhelmi, Sr. Paula.

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church:—Antonia Lissek; Frances Pilarska; Magdalena Szablewska.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Gertrude Wertmann; Catherine Sweeney; Bridget Merrick; Elizabeth Willebrand; Philomena Haarmann; Catherine Dougherty; Joanna Lillis; Lottie Lewis; Mary O'Connor.

St. Paul, Minn.:—Augusta Kofski, Sr. Elizabeth.

Requiescant in pace



Jonas Malactias Zacharias Amos Joel Micah Ezechiel Daniel Hieremias Iosias Dand

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The third of our series of frontispieces illustrating the "Triumph of Christ," carries us back to the "Age of the Prophets." In their words and in their lives these holy men told of the Messias. He is the burden of David's songs of rapturous joy and of deep sorrow, according as the royal prophet views him either in his exaltation or in his humiliation. He was the theme also of the prophecies of the greater prophets, so-called from the grandeur of their predictions and the greatness of their activity. Though these inspired men give prominence, the one to this and the other to that phase of the Redeemer's character or incident of his life, they all emphasize his divine power and his ultimate triumph. Thus, Isaias says of him: "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God, the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." Jeremias announces: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, and I will raise up to David a just branch, and a king shall reign, and shall be wise; and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth." Ezechial foretells: "I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them even my servant David (i. e. Christ, who is of the house of David): he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd. And I the Lord will be their God: and my servant David the prince in the midst of them." Daniel tells of his wonderful vision in the following words: "I beheld, therefore, in the vision of the night, and lo, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven and he came even to the Ancient of days, and they presented him before him. And he gave him power, and glory, and a kingdom: and all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve him: his power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away: and his kingdom that shall not be destroyed."

Also the minor prophets foretell many details of Christ's life, and, on occasion, they refer to him as the mighty ruler of the new kingdom to be established by him. Micheas, for instance, prophesies: "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel." The prophets Amos and Zachary both tell of the great kingdom, the Church, over which the Messias is to rule. Amos says: "In that day I will raise up the tabernacle of David, that is fallen: and I will close up the breaches of the walls thereof, and repair what was fallen: and I will rebuild it as in the days of old. That they may possess the remnant of Edom, and all

nations, because my name is invoked upon them: saith the Lord that does these things." Zachary announces the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion, shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem: Behold, thy King will come to thee, the just and savior: he is poor, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass. . . . He shall speak peace to the gentiles, and his power shall be from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the end of the earth." As a type of Christ in his resurrection, Jonas is fittingly made to close the line of prophets presented by the artist; for the resurrection is the crowning glory and greatest triumph of the Messias.

Thus was the chosen people of God prepared for the coming of the King of kings and for the great day of his triumph. After all these prophecies, the Israelites looked forward with intense longing to the great day of Jahve, a day, which it deemed one of extraordinary triumph for itself and for its God, a day on which "the remnant of Edom and all nations" should unite to form a single people under the great king, the Son of David.



GOSSIPING TERTIARIES

Many are the passages of Holy Writ bearing on the subject of evil-speaking. "Remove from thee a froward mouth, and let detracting lips be far from thee."—"Detract not one another."—"Thou shalt not be a detractor nor a whisperer among the people."—"Speak evil of no man."—"Thou shalt not calumniate thy neighbor."—"Devise not a lie against thy brother."—"Be not called a whisperer, and be not taken in thy tongue, and confounded."—"Every idle word that men shall speak they shall render an account for it in the day of judgment."—"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."—"If a man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

These and numerous other passages may be cited to prove the necessity of bridling one's tongue. If this necessity exists for every Christian, how much more for every Tertiary. Yet we wot of some who, gaged by St. James's standard, are very far from being perfect men and women. "Being idle," as St. Paul says, "they learn to go about from house to house, and are not only idle but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." Such gossiping Tertiaries are by no means so rare as one might expect. On the contrary, almost every fraternity is cursed with one or more of them—contemptible hypocrites who have donned the garb of penance apparently for no other reason than to ply their trade the more successfully; despicable creatures whose only purpose in life seems to be to "cut men's throats with whisperings,"—to blacken their characters and destroy their happiness by foul aspersions. They are nothing if not critical. No reputation, no virtue is safe from their invidious attacks. Indeed, the more respected, the more virtuous a person is, the more exposed he is to their calumnious strokes. Woe to the poor unfortunate that deviates ever so little from the line of duty or the path of virtue. How they exult over his slip. How ready they are to exaggerate, to impugn, to condemn. With what satisfaction they pull his character to pieces, On occasion, they can "damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer; and without sneering, teach the rest to sneer." No report so evil, they must help spread it; no scandal so infamous, they

must exploit it. In short, they think themselves called to sit in judgment over superiors, equals, and inferiors, because they of all mortals are infallible and impeccable, forsooth.

We have said that such gossiping Tertiaries are to be found in almost every fraternity. They are a detriment and a disgrace to the Order. In many places, they have brought it into utter disrepute. The Order has the right as well as the duty to eject such members as are given to gossiping and backbiting. We have it on the authority of Holy Scripture that "the man accustomed to opprobrious words will never be corrected all the days of his life." Let the councils, therefore, lose no time in carrying out the scriptural injunction to "cast out the scoffer. and contention will go with him (*her*), and quarrels and reproaches shall cease."



THE FAST OF THE SPIRIT

The holy season of Lent has again set in. This is a time that the Tertiaries should regard as peculiarly their own. As members of the Order of Penance they are, indeed, obliged to practice penance all the year round, but never so much as during Lent. No doubt, many Tertiaries will be dispensed from observing the fast prescribed by the Church. Let such, however, remember that they are not dispensed from the fast of the spirit, from the mortification of their sinful sensual appetites. Anyhow, to abstain from food would profit them little if they refrained not from sin. The only reason why the Church has enjoined on us abstinence from lawful things, is that we might learn to deny ourselves in unlawful matters. To subject the body to the spirit, and the spirit to God, that is the object of all penance.

"Dearly beloved," says St. Leo in one of his sermons on this subject, "as we are about to enter on the mystic days piously instituted for the purification of our minds and bodies, let us endeavor to obey the apostolic command and cleanse ourselves from every stain of the flesh and of the spirit; so that, by repressing the conflict raging between our two natures, the mind, which, as being under the guidance of God, ought to dominate the body, may attain to the dignity of its dominion. We shall deserve the reprehension of the infidels, and wicked tongues will find in our vices cause to revile our religion if the morals of those that fast are at variance with the purity of perfect continence. For the essence of fasting does not consist in abstaining from food alone. Indeed, it is useless to deprive the body of food, unless the mind is restrained from sin."



THIRD ORDER ACTIVITY

We had occasion some time ago to commend the efforts of a number of Reverend Directors for the spread of the Third Order. We have since received annual reports from four other flourishing fraternities, connected with St. Antony's Church, St. Louis, Mo., St. Stanislaus Church, Cleveland, O., and St. Boniface Church, San Francisco, Cal. St. Francis Church, Milwaukee, Wis. These four fraternities, under the direction of FF. Josphat, Cyril, Ildephonse O. F. M., and Father Sebastian, O. M. Cap., are rapidly perfecting their organization and widening the sphere of their activity.

We are glad to be able to say a good word for these Directors and their charges. Social activity such as they are developing is the best re-

commendation for the Third Order. The American people are eminently practical. They are impressed not so much by ideals as by results. They will not easily affiliate with a society or lend their support to a movement that promises them no certain returns in this life or in the next. They are generous to a fault when convinced of the worthiness of a cause, but they must be convinced. To prove to our people that the Third Order is not living on past glories only, that its saving and regenerating power is as great at present as it ever was, that it is the one society of which the Church expects the salvation of Christian society—nothing is so well adapted as a comprehensive program of social action. But more of this another time. Regarding the Third Order and social action we have many things “in head that will to hand.”



BOOK REVIEW

Rev. Cyril Buotich, O. F. M., has published in pamphlet form a series of eight lectures on Christian Science lately given by him in St. Boniface Church, San Francisco. Far from being a course of dry-as-dust sermons, these lectures, from the first to the last, are of absorbing interest. This is owing to the fact that the author has something to say and knows how to say it. In other words, he possesses an intimate knowledge of his subject as well as the gift of communicating it to his hearers and readers. One by one, he exposes the follies and absurdities of Christian Science. Ruthlessly he tears off the mask of deception and hypocrisy behind which this fad has sought safety from exposure and ridicule, and reveals to us the hideous skeleton of errors and contradictions by which it is supported. He succeeds in proving beyond cavil, not only that Mrs. Eddy knew how “to varnish nonsense with the charms of sound,” but that her system of religion, in its last analysis is nothing but an attempt to destroy both science and Christianity. Not the least charm of the booklet is its popular style. Though the reasoning throughout is close and cogent, the arguments are presented in a style so clear and vivid and accompanied with such a wealth of illustration that they can not but compel assent. All in all, it is a very readable brochure both for the matter and for the manner of it, and makes a valuable addition to the popular Catholic literature of the day. If placed on the book rack it will, we think, find a ready sale.

Christian Science by Rev. Cyril Buotich, O.F.M., St. Boniface Church, San Francisco, California. Price 15 cents.



Elsewhere in this issue, there appears a brief life sketch of His Eminence Diomede Cardinal Falconio, O.F.M., who departed this life on February 7. His death deprives the Church of one of her most devoted sons and the Franciscan Order of its most illustrious member. It is not for us to write his epitaph. We are pleased to note, however, that the Catholic press of the country in deploring his demise refers to him in terms of the highest praise. To our mind, the greatest encomium that could be bestowed on him is contained in these words of *The Sacred Heart Review* echoed by other Catholic papers:

“Rank and title did not change the humble Franciscan Friar. He remained to the end, the true religious with a mind single to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. His confrères in the Franciscan Order esteemed him for his unfeigned humility and his strict observance of the rules of the monastic life.”

BL. AGNES OF BOHEMIA

OF THE SECOND ORDER

MARCH 2

THIS saintly princess was born at Prague, in Bohemia, about the year 1200. Her father was Ottocar I, King of Bohemia; her mother was Constance, sister of Andrew II, King of Hungary, the father of St. Elizabeth. From her earliest infancy, she appeared to be a child of grace and gave signs of future sanctity.

At the age of three, Agnes was betrothed to the son of the Duke of Silesia. Soon after, she was sent to the monastery of Trebnitz, in Silesia, where she was initiated in the practice of every virtue by St. Hedwig. At this tender age, she showed in her deportment the greatest modesty and recollection. She found her delight in the practices of piety, and when the nuns would go to choir to recite the divine office, the saintly child was wont to follow them into the church, where she prayed with the greatest devotion before the images of our Lord and of his Blessed Mother.

After three years, her betrothed died, and Agnes, at the command of her father, was sent to a convent at Doxan, in Bohemia, to receive an education becoming her rank. Here she made great progress in virtue and perfection. The Holy Ghost himself, as an old chronicler says, was her teacher, and enlightened her with his grace, so that she surpassed all her companions in knowledge and reached a degree of

learning and virtue far above that of one of her age. The vanities and amusements of her companions had no attraction for her, but she found her greatest consolation in visiting the church and in conversing with God in prayer.

When Agnes had spent two years in the convent at Doxan, her father called her to his court. Here she attracted the attention of all by her accomplishments and by the genuine piety which shone forth in her whole conduct, so that she was soon loved and respected by all who came into contact with her. The fame of her virtuous life spread to foreign courts, and reached the ears of the Emperor Frederick II of Germany, who sought her hand for his son Henry. The betrothal was celebrated with much pomp, and Agnes was sent to the court of the Duke of Austria to learn the language and customs of the Germans.

Taught in the school of the Holy Ghost, the young princess took more pains to advance in the science of divine love than in the knowledge and requirements necessary for the rank for which she seemed destined. Amid the splendor and luxuries of the court, she led a life of prayer and self-denial. She spent Advent and Lent in the most rigorous abstinence, partaking of nothing during these times but bread and a little wine. She greatly desired to consecrate herself to God by a life

of virginity, and to this end, she redoubled her prayers and gave abundant alms. Her prayer was heard in an unforeseen manner. The marriage project was deferred, then finally abandoned, and Agnes was free to return to the court of her father.

But fresh trials came to furnish Agnes with occasions of acquiring greater merits. The Emperor Frederick himself, now a widower, asked her hand in marriage, and the young princess was affianced to him against her inclinations and solely by the will of her father. In this new trial, Agnes put all her confidence in God; she had recourse to prayer, and to works of mortification and sought to draw down the special favor of Heaven by charity toward the poor and afflicted. Not only did she spend several hours every evening in prayer, but she frequently rose before daybreak and, accompanied by the most devout of her attendants, secretly went out, barefooted and clothed in a coarse garment, to visit the churches and shrines.

Meanwhile, Agnes found an excuse for deferring her departure to Germany, where the marriage with the Emperor was to be solemnized, and in her ardent desire to belong entirely to God, she wrote to Pope Gregory IX and implored him to

use his sovereign authority to hinder a marriage to which she had not given her consent, since she had chosen the Heavenly Spouse for her bridegroom long before the Emperor's proposal. The Pope, who admired her pious sentiments and approved her resolve, sent a legate to Bohemia to labor in her behalf. The Emperor, when informed of her refusal, was at first irritated; but when he learned the motive which prompted the pious princess, he became calm and freed her from the



Bl. Agnes of Bohemia

engagement. "If she had left me for a mortal man," he declared, "I would have taken vengeance with the sword, but I can not take offence because she prefers the King of Heaven to me."

Now that she was free, the sole thought of Agnes was to live for

God alone in the retirement of the cloister. Providence led her to embrace the life of the Poor Clares. In 1232, the Friars Minor had come to Prague. They were joyfully received by the people, and the King himself built their convent. When Agnes heard from them of the poor and austere life of St. Clare and her daughters, she at once resolved to enroll herself, after their example, under the banner of poverty. She began by selling her jewels and costly garments, the proceeds of which she distributed among the poor. She founded a large hospital in Prague, and endowed it with a revenue large enough to meet the wants of the poor and sick of the city. At the same time, she founded at Prague, a convent for the daughters of St. Clare, under the title of St. Savior, desiring to summon them thither.

As soon as this convent was finished, St. Clare, by orders of Pope Gregory IX, sent five of her Sisters, who became the nucleus of a fervent community. On Pentecost Sunday, in 1236, Agnes, with seven ladies of the highest nobility, was clothed with the habit of the Poor Clares by the Apostolic Nuncio, in the presence of the court and many nobles of the country. In the retirement of the cloister, she was a shining light for all its inmates. Exalted though she was by her birth and the excellent qualities of her mind and heart, she edified all by her deep humility. For a long time, she refused the dignity of abbess. She was finally made to accept it under obedience, but she

soon resigned the title and wished to be known only as the "Elder Sister." It was her delight to perform the most menial services in the cloister, such as sweeping, cleaning the cells, and cooking. Her nights were to a great extent devoted to prayer, and her austerities were so great as to cause her serious illness. The love of Agnes for holy poverty was extraordinary. This virtue shone forth in everything she used: in her dress, her cell, her bed, her food. She refused the income with which the King, her brother, wished to endow the convent, and she obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff, for herself and her Sisters, a brief declaring that they should never be forced to accept any donation contrary to seraphic poverty.

God favored Blessed Agnes with the gift of miracles, prophecy, and insight into the hearts of others. She predicted to her brother the victory he gained over the Duke of Austria. She knew by revelation that her nephew, King Primislas, had been killed in a combat with Rudolph of Habsburg.

The servant of God passed to her eternal reward about the year 1281, after spending over forty years in the faithful practice of every religious virtue. Her funeral was conducted by the General of the Order, Fr. Bonagratia, and her precious remains were placed in the church of the convent which later took the name of St. Agnes. Pope Pius IX approved the veneration which had been shown her from time immemorial.

ACTIVITY OF ENGLISH FRANCISCANS

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

DIVINE Providence had special designs in directing the sons of St. Francis to the shores of England. "Though the Franciscan Order was founded at the close of the Middle Ages, three of its features show that its character was modern. Its motive principle was not faith, which was that of the Middle Ages, but love, which marks the modern spirit. The promise of obedience to the Pope made by St. Francis and succeeding Ministers General was unnecessary at a time when Christ's Vicar was universally obeyed as his representative; and thus it evidently looked forward to a period of schism when this obedience would be made the test of Catholic unity. Finally, the popular organization of the Order anticipated the increasing influence of the popular element in national life, which dates from the thirteenth century and continues to the present day."⁽¹⁾ Indeed, the sons of St. Francis were destined by God to assist in a special manner in guiding the English nation through a period of political and social transition, and to prepare it by word and example for the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Their glorious activity before the advent of Protestantism shows how nobly they acquitted themselves of this task and made good the testimony which, about 1238, Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, bore them in a letter to Pope Gregory

IX: "Your Holiness may be sure that in England inestimable benefits have been produced by the friars: they illuminate the whole land by their preaching and learning."⁽²⁾

When the Franciscans began to live and labor in England, serious and critical problems confronted the State as well as the Church. The crusades had introduced new ideas on society and politics, which gradually undermined the feudal system of the Middle Ages. Especially among the country folk, till then happy and prosperous under the benign influence of the monastic institutions, a spirit of independence and discontent was plainly visible. In the towns whither they fled, their spiritual needs could not be sufficiently provided for by the limited number of secular clergy, while their own inexperience in matters commercial and industrial soon put them at the mercy of the wealthy and selfish merchant class. Add to this the constant clashes between popular rights and royal pretensions, and it is easy to understand how in the towns the lower classes soon fell a prey to poverty, ignorance, and vice, and even began to drift away from the Church.

Here then the sons of St. Francis found an extensive field for action. From their humble friaries, erected in the poorest and meanest districts of the populous towns, they went

(1) Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, (London, 1878), p. 6. — (2) Sandys, in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. I, p. 203.

forth like angels of peace to proclaim their message of love and penance to all, and thus in time bridged over the gulf that lay between the upper and lower classes. We are told that, on Sundays and holydays, they would assist the neighboring parish priests in administering the sacraments, preaching the word of God, and catechizing the children. At other times, they would preach on the open street, where crowds eagerly drank in their words of instruction and consolation. The outcasts of society, who in the suburbs were leading a life of spiritual desolation and bodily squalor, seem to have had a special claim on their loving solicitude. By word and example, they showed the neglected poor how to serve God even in poverty and distress, taught the wealthy the proper use of temporal goods, and exhorted all to live in peace and harmony and in loyal submission to rightful authority. "The effect of such men upon the neglected masses of the population may easily be imagined..... Lessons of patience and endurance fell with greater persuasion and tenderness from lips of men who were living and voluntary examples of what they taught."⁽¹⁾ If in later years, especially at the outbreak of the Reformation, the English nation at large was devoted to the Holy See, it was in great part due to the sons of St. Francis, the fearless defenders of the rights and preroga-

tives of the Vicar of Christ.

History tells us how earnestly the English friars fostered the mystery plays as a means of popular instruction and edification. The famous Coventry cycle of forty-eight plays is their work. On the feast of Corpus Christi, large crowds would gather at Coventry and in the neighboring towns to witness these representations of the Old and New Testament.⁽²⁾ Although information is very meager regarding their activity during the Black Death, the fact that their number was greatly thinned by the terrible plague shows how zealously they must have heeded the call of duty and devotion.⁽³⁾ During the reign of Edward I, when the persecution of the Jews was at its height and a general massacre had been decreed, the friars interceded, and by promising to work for their conversion, obtained from the King a revocation of the decree. In later years, Fr. Nicolas de Lyra (Harper) by his writings and sermons is said to have converted more than six thousand Jews to Christianity.⁽⁴⁾

This heroic and disinterested zeal for the social uplift of the lower and middle classes could not escape the notice of the wealthy and powerful. The activity of the English friars in State and Church affairs is perhaps unexampled in the history of the Order. "Indeed almost numberless are the instances of English Franciscans being employed both at

(1) Brewer: *Monumenta Franciscana*, Preface, p. XVII sqq.— (2) Parkinson: *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans*, (London, 1726), II, p. 34 — "In the year 1483, Richard III visited Coventry to see the plays, and in 1492, they were acted in presence of Henry VII and his queen." Digby: *Mores Catholici*, Vol. I, p. 538.— (3) Gasquet (*Black Death*, p. 132) says: "Of the Franciscans at Winchester and Southampton, only three clerics could be presented for ordination in 1347 and 1348. And before the death of the Bishop which occurred in 1359, only two more were presented."— (4) Parkinson, l. c., pp. 99, 161.

home and abroad.....on public negotiations of the greatest importance." Hardly were they settled in Canterbury, when Henry III appointed Bl. Agnellus of Pisa to his Privy Council. In 1232, when Richard, the earl marshal, was heading a rebellion of the barons against the King, this friar as the King's plenipotentiary treated with the powerful earl and persuaded him to accept the King's proposals of peace and to put an end to the bloody strife. ⁽¹⁾ Fr. Adam de Marisco was on intimate terms with Simon of Montfort and with Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. His letters show what an influence he had on the efforts of these two men for the ecclesiastical and political welfare of the country. ⁽²⁾ It is not improbable that in Franciscan circles those principles of civil liberty first were clearly formulated which had already been laid down in the celebrated Magna Carta, and which in time led to the constitutional monarchy of England. ⁽³⁾ The letters show also how their author encouraged and counselled the Bishop of Lincoln in reforming the clergy of his large diocese. In 1241, after a meeting of the English bishops at Oxford, Franciscan and Dominican friars were sent to France, in order to rouse the people against Emperor Frederic II, and to remonstrate with him for illtreating the Pope. ⁽⁴⁾ "Many other Franciscans," says Parkinson, "were employed in the several expeditions of the English

to the holy wars; they being esteemed the most proper persons for that work, both because they were famous preachers and inured to mortifications and hardships, and likewise disengaged from any interest of this world." ⁽⁵⁾

About the year 1286, Edward I appointed Fr. John de Sanford, who had been chosen for the archbishopric of Dublin, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and later sent him as ambassador to the imperial court. This same king placed such confidence in the loyalty and discretion of Fr. William of Gaynesbury, that, in 1295, he sent him together with Fr. Hugh of Manchester to the King of France to settle some disagreement concerning English territory in Aquitaine. Later, Fr. William was again employed in negotiating a marriage between the heir of the English throne and princess Isabel of France. Repeatedly, in Parkinson's *Antiquities* we find the names of Franciscans whom the kings of England chose as their confessors and advisers.

In 1401, a great disaster befell the friars. It shows how regardless they were of royal favors and how fearless in defending truth and justice. When it was rumored that Richard II, who had been dethroned and murdered, still lived, the friars believed the report and openly espoused the cause of the hapless King. This exasperated the usurper Henry IV of Lancaster. He had several Franciscans cast into prison;

(1) *Ibid.*, pp. 76; 9 and 34. See also *Annales Minorum*, Tom. I, p. 246. — (2) Brewer published these letters in his *Monumenta Franciscana* as he found them in the Cottonian MMS. They are of historical interest and importance, since they throw light on the activity and influence of the early English Franciscans. — (3) Holzappel: *Geschichte des Franziskanerordens*, (Freiburg, 1909), p. 234. — (4) Gasquet: *Henry III and The Church*, (London, 1905), p. 200. — (5) Parkinson, l. c. I, p. 98.

and when Fr. Richard, guardian of Leicester, was asked by an official what he would do if the dead King were really alive, he answered that he would fight for him till death. This bold reply cost him his life. Subsequently, eleven more friars were imprisoned and executed for the same reason. Shortly after, Henry IV learned that the friars had acted in good faith and that they were ready to acknowledge him their king provided Richard were dead. Thereupon, he renewed the charter of the late King, whereby he took "upon himself the protection and defense of the said friars and commanded all his subjects to treat them kindly." (1)

In 1235, and again in 1250, the provincial of the English Franciscans received a letter from the Pope urging the friars to use their influence in behalf of the crusades; and in 1254, Pope Innocent IV appointed two English friars to collect subsidies for the Holy Land. (2) In fact, the Popes no less than the kings repeatedly employed them in this noble cause. How high they stood in the estimation of the Popes and of the English higher clergy, we see from the fact that so many of their number were vested with episcopal dignity and jurisdiction in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Italy. (3) In 1246, Fr. John Anglicus was papal legate in England with full authority over all prelates; a few years later, this same office was held by Fr. John of Kent and by

Fr. Adam de Marisco. In 1441, Henry VI obtained permission from the Pope to have Franciscans reside constantly at his court, and to send them to foreign rulers on important state affairs. During the Exile of the Papacy, Fr. Thomas Travecham and Fr. Walter Cotton were summoned to Avignon by Pope Benedict XII and appointed papal plenipotentiaries. (4)

The English friars were active also in the foreign missions. This is seen from the fact that in 1392, Fr. Roger, an English friar in the Tatar mission, was sent by his vicar to the Pope to solicit help. In 1238, Fr. Adam of Exeter died on his way to the missions among the Saracens. Parkinson mentions two English friars who in the same missions suffered martyrdom for the faith. (5)

When John Wiclif was perverting England by his heretical teaching, the Franciscans of Oxford were among the first to oppose him. Learned theologians assembled at Oxford in 1381, and Fr. John Tyssington, a leading doctor of the university, was foremost in condemning Wiclif's doctrine regarding the Blessed Eucharist. The following year, on May 18, an ecclesiastical court was held at Blackfriars in London. Here again, five Franciscan doctors of Oxford and Cambridge were among the signers of the twenty-four conclusions against the heretic. After the death of Wiclif, Thomas Arundel,

(1) *Ibid.*, p. 98; 125 sqq.; 185, II., p. 17. — (2) *Annales Minorum*, Tom. I, p. 541, Tom. II, p. 90. See also Gasquet, l. c., p. 235. — (3) Parkinson brings the names of at least thirty-five friars who became bishops. — (4) Parkinson, l. c., I, p. 67, 72; 199; 154 sqq. — (5) *Annales Minorum*, Tom IV, p. 292; Parkinson, l. c., I, pp: 190; 39, 41; 148, 154.

Archbishop of Canterbury, held a convocation at St. Paul's in London, and publicly condemned the eighteen heretical propositions which Fr. William Woodford had drawn up from Wiclif's famous Trialogue. Equally zealous in this affair was Fr. Thomas Wolward. Finally, when a second synod was held at St. Paul's, in 1408, to counteract and check the spread of the heresy, Fr. William Butler was chosen to preach before the distinguished assembly. ⁽¹⁾

The activity of the English friars in the field of letters fills another bright page of their history. "The English nation has given to the Franciscan Order a greater number of eminently learned men than all the other nations taken together. Yes, if we consider only the leaders of the Minorite schools, they all with the exception of St. Bonaventure belong to England." ⁽²⁾ Before the year 1254, they had thirty lecturers of theology in their various convent schools. Wood's incomplete catalog registers sixty-seven friars who had been public professors at Oxford before 1350; and according to another catalog, seventy-two had been similarly engaged at Cambridge before the middle of the fifteenth century. ⁽³⁾ They were mostly doctors of divinity, while many of them exerted immense influence as regents and chancellors of the universities. Again, many English friars were summoned to teach at foreign seats of

learning. "Lyons, Paris, and Cologne were indebted for their first professors to the English Franciscans at Oxford. Repeated applications were made from Ireland, Denmark, France, and Germany for English friars." ⁽⁴⁾

Under their influence, sacred theology and philosophy, as well as the liberal arts, were not only greatly promoted, but likewise turned to practical account. Parkinson remarks that many English friars wrote commentaries on Sacred Scripture and on the Master of the Sentences. Brewer finds it remarkable "that the friars, the most ardent upholders of scholastic theology are precisely the men who constitute the most popular preachers of the age." ⁽⁵⁾ The friars were the first to treat medicine and physics empirically; they gave a new impulse to higher mathematics; while, by their zeal and enthusiasm for the classics, they paved the way for the Christian Humanism of the subsequent Renaissance period. ⁽⁶⁾ English friars were also instrumental in founding Baliol College at Oxford, Pembroke College at Cambridge, and a lecture hall at Paris. Probably through their efforts, the art of printing was introduced at Oxford as early as 1463; while, in 1474, the works of Scotus were printed and published for the first time in England. ⁽⁷⁾ "In the thirteenth century," says Digby, "the Dominicans and Franciscans surpassed all their predecessors in zeal

(1) Parkinson l. c. I, passim. — (2) Felder: *Studien im Franziskanerorden*. (Freiburg, 1904), p. 316. — (3) Parkinson, l. c. I, pp. 61, 28, 62. See also *Analecta Franciscana*, Tom. I, p. 270 sqq. — (4) Brewer, l. c., p. LXXXI. — (5) *Ibid.*, p. LI. — (6) Felder, l. c., p. 412. — (7) Parkinson, l. c., I, p. 77 sqq. 208.

for writing and collecting books.”⁽¹⁾ At an early date, the latter had two libraries at Oxford. Many of the volumes had been bequeathed to them by Bishop Robert Grosseteste, while a large number of Greek and Hebrew works had been purchased from the exiled Jews.

Among those who flourished toward the end of the thirteenth century, Ven. John Duns Scotus and Fr. Roger Bacon hold the place of honor. The former, known as the “Subtle Doctor”, is the founder of the Franciscan school of scholasticism. But we chiefly revere him as the “Doctor of Mary”. When the question of Our Lady’s Immaculate Conception was dividing the most learned theologians of the time, it was he who boldly proclaimed and defended this prerogative of the Mother of God—a doctrine which 550 years later was solemnly declared a dogma of the Catholic Church. Fr. Roger Bacon, his contemporary, is styled the father of experimental philosophy. In the natural sciences, he was far in advance of his time, and even at the present day his memory is honored in scientific circles. For some marvelous invention of his, he was accused of witchcraft. After the case had been closely examined in Rome, Pope Innocent publicly exonerated the friar, adding that his “only fault was being wiser and more knowing than others of his time.” Fr. Alexander of Hales, the teacher of St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas, was the first to systematize Catholic theology. Fr. John Wallleys who

taught at Oxford and Paris wrote twenty-two volumes on philosophy and theology. He bears the title “Arbor Vitae—Tree of Life.” Fr. Haymo of Faversham, at the command of Gregory XI, revised the Roman breviary and missal. Fr. Bartholomew Anglicus is the author of the far-famed *De Proprietatibus Rerum*. This work, the first noteworthy encyclopaedia, for three centuries after, exerted a vast influence on popular education. Fr. Richard Middleton wrote an exposition of the Rule of St. Francis. Of the long list of English Franciscans who besides the above-mentioned were men of profound learning, it will suffice to name a few; viz., FF. Henry of Oxford, John Peckham, Adam of York, Ralph Rose, John of London, Hugh of Newcastle, John Canon, Adam of Lincoln, Thomas Eccleston, John Hilton, Nicolas Fackingham, John Lathbery, William Hohns, Robert Colman, William Goddard, Robert Finningham, John Kynnton, and Henry Standish.

Such then was the activity of the English Franciscans prior to the Reformation, as wide-spread and vigorous as it was salutary and providential. “The English Franciscans,” says Parkinson, “were no lazy drones, but active good religious men, and spent their time well, to the edification of their neighbor, as well as for their own improvement. Some of them indeed were wholly taken up in contemplation and prayer, but others in study and in teaching, others in

(1) Digby: *Mores Catholicici*, Vol. IV, p. 139.

preaching and instructing, and assisting the people in both spiritual and corporal works of mercy, others in writing out the labors of their learned brethren and all principally, in the constant exercise of religion and a fervent tendency towards Christian perfection.”⁽¹⁾

(1) Parkinson l. c., Preface, p. V.

“My Beloved is Mine”

O my Jesus, all-holy, divine!
 To Thy Flesh is united my own
 And Thy Blood is commingled with mine,
 And Thy Bone is now part of my bone.

 Does my Faith not assure me 'tis so?
 Has Thy Word not revealed it to me?
 By Thy Presence, Lord, do I not know?—
 Thus believing, I ask not to see.

 Would that I were less sin-stained and weak—
 Could more fitly my Lord entertain!—
 Wouldst Thou then more lovingly speak?
 Wouldst Thou not with me longer remain?

 But how cold my warm'st welcome must seem,
 And how poor the best offering I make,
 In the eyes of a God all-supreme,
 Who has made Himself naught for my sake!

 Ah, Rabboni! too swiftly they fly—
 The sweet moments overflowing with grace,
 When the Bridegroom of Virgins and I
 Are as one in this mystic embrace.

—K. C., Tertiary.

THE LATE MOTHER LEONARDA, O.S.F.

BORN in Westphalia, Germany, in 1851, Mother Leonarda joined the Sisters of St. Francis in Olpe, near her native place, and shortly after her profession, in 1878, came to this country. She went to Lafayette, Indiana, then the only foundation of her Order in the United States. Her superiors early became aware of her exceptional executive ability, and sent her, in July 1884, only six years after her arrival in America, to Cleveland to found a hospital.

Sister Leonarda had made her novitiate in Germany at a time when it was a penal offense to wear a religious garb and her vocation had strengthened on difficulties. But she and her companion, Sister Alexia, were hardly prepared for the poverty and hardships that welcomed their coming to Cleveland. It was through the efforts of the Franciscan Fathers of St. Joseph's Church, especially of Rev. Fr. Kilian Schloesser, O.F.M., that they had agreed to found a hospital in this city, and an old eight-room building that had seen service as a public school, a private residence, and a Poor Clare convent had been secured for the venture.

The two Sisters hardly dared look at each other as their swiftly appraising glances swept from room to room, and they understood at once that the task before them was almost a work of creation and that they were to be pioneers in a far more literal sense than they had

dreamed. But kind benefactors sprang up on every side, and within a month the little hospital was ready for its first patients. With the coming of two more Sisters from Indiana, in September of the same year, the community was formally organized. An amusing incident that occurred in these early days deserves mention. It is the celebrated first and last lawsuit against St. Alexis'.

The Sisters kept a handsome English coach dog which was accustomed to follow the hospital wagon on its rounds. One winter day, as the conveyance stopped in front of the post office, a crowd of newsboys began to tease the poor dog out of patience. It turned on one of them at last, and bit him in the leg. Almost before the Sisters had heard of the incident, suit was brought against them. In great distress, Mother Leonarda went to Bishop Gilmour. "Oh, Bishop, what shall we do?" she asked in great distress. "You must get a lawyer," said he. At the sound of the ominous word, she threw up her hands. "Oh, Bishop," she cried, "I've never been near a lawyer in my life! I - I - -", she stammered in comical despair but the good Bishop drowned her protest in peals of laughter.

The lawyer was secured, subpoenas were served, and the day of the trial came. That was an ordeal harder than coming to a strange city alone and empty-

handed to found a hospital, although Sister Leonarda always laughed heartily in later years when describing the occurrence. "When the case came up, there was a great crowd of witnesses. When any of them said something that I knew was not true, 'He tells a lie!' I cried out, and wondered that everybody laughed. The two lawyers sparred with each other about the boy and the dog and the dog and the boy, and when I went on the stand trembling, they kept on sparring in the cross-questioning. 'Did you have a license for the dog?' a man kept asking me. Luckily I didn't know what the word meant. 'If they'd speak plain English,' I said, while everybody tittered, 'I might be able to understand.' We had tried several times

to send the dog away, it was testified, and the lawyer for the plaintiff came back to this point again and again. He was trying to prove that the dog was vicious. 'If the dog was not vicious,' he kept on asking, 'why did you want to send him away?' Finally I got provoked at his persistence. 'Oh,' I blurted out, 'I didn't want to feed such a great fat dog!' and the case closed in our favor amid general laughter.

Afterwards, when I asked Lawyer White how much we owed him—'Nothing,' said he laughing, 'I've had enough fun out of the case to pay me well.'"

As the days sped on, the little "two-by-four" hospital, as the doctors playfully called it, to meet the constantly increasing demands on its boundless charity, was enlarged by the addition of a wing, which was completed in April 1885. But

the Sisters longed for a "real" hospital built for hospital purposes with all modern conveniences and appointments. This "real" hospital became a reality in 1897, when the first wing of the present imposing structure was solemnly dedicated, on October 4, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann. An incident of greater



Mother Leonarda, O.S.F.

suggestiveness than appears on the surface marked the completion of the exterior of this building.

The architect had drawn a plan for the complete structure, and in his specifications had provided a cross to crown the central arch. This left no cross to top the highest point of the front of the wing. When she noticed the absence of the saving symbol, Sister Leonarda demurred strongly. "A Sisters'

hospital without a cross will be like a rooster without a tail," said she. "Ah, but to have a cross on this wing will spoil the effect of the whole when it is finished," objected the architect, with an eye to the artistic fitness rather than to the religious sentiment. "Yes, but it will be years and years before the rest of the building is touched," held out Sister Leonarda stoutly, "and in the meantime we shall be without a cross at all." The architect was obstinate for the harmony of his design, and the top of the wall was finished and sealed—without a cross. He soon learnt, however, that art can not triumph with impunity over a simple Franciscan nun.

One night, just after the walls were completed, a great storm shook the building to its foundations. In the midst of it, there was a crash and a flash and a thud as of something falling. The next morning, when the Sisters went out to see what damage had been done, they found that the lightning had made a zigzag path through the topmost arch of the front wall of the new building, making a great cleft in the nicely rounded stone molding that topped it. "Do you know the reason why the good Lord struck that particular spot with his lightning?" solemnly asked Sister Leonarda of Mr. Harks later in the day. "It was because you would not put up a cross. Also," she added, with a characteristic mingling of practicality and piety, "I had it insured a few days ago. So you will have money enough to repair the damage and get a cross."

"You shall have your cross, Sister," capitulated the architect, laughing.

As a symbol of the confidence of these good Sisters in divine interposition in their behalf, there hangs in the hospital chapel an old painting of the Madonna. The picture hung formerly in a Franciscan church in Westphalia and was associated with the earliest recollections of Mother Leonarda. Through some strange chance it came into the possession of the Franciscan Fathers in Cleveland, and it was then but a matter of a little earnest pleading and coaxing that it found its way into the hospital chapel. It had hardly been here a year when it met with an accident. It was the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the altar was burdened with many lighted candles. A bit of drapery near the base of the picture was ignited, and before the Sisters knew what had happened, the quick flames had licked their way up the side of the painting which was almost instantly veiled in fire. They ran at once for water and wet sheets, crying despairingly the while, "Our picture, our picture! It is gone!"

The fire department was summoned, but by the time the engine arrived the Sisters had succeeded in extinguishing the blaze. When the smoke cleared away, they hastened to the picture. Every inch of the frame was completely destroyed, but the canvas was firm and whole, not only unharmed but virtually unmarred and unsmoked. Had they not seen it burning? And yet here it was, fresh and untouched. They

dropped on their knees in fear and thankfulness, convinced that they had witnessed a miracle. That was in 1887. The picture hangs to-day on the south wall of the chapel, none the worse for its bath of fire, as any visitor may see.

The same kind Providence that preserved this painting from injury, also kept its protecting hand stretched forth over her who was the very life and guiding spirit of St. Alexis'. Thus it happened in the early days of the hospital when her presence was so necessary to the growing institution, that a patient was received one day who seemed to be suffering from extreme nervousness. His size and strength were so great that he was known as "the big man." He had a habit of gazing morosely into space for hours at a time, and following Sister Leonarda with a sidelong, baleful glance that might have warned more experienced observers. He went out into the garden one morning while the little community was at Mass, and at ten o'clock one of the Sisters came to the superioress to tell her that "the big man" wished to see her in the yard. She was engaged just then, and at eleven o'clock another summons came, more peremptory than the first. Other calls followed, but it was not until after the early dinner hour that Sister Leonarda was able to seek out her recalcitrant patient. She paused in the doorway as she saw him standing in the middle of the garden, one arm in a sling, the other hand thrust in his pocket. She called to him cheerily, and he

started suddenly toward her. Just then her bell rang, and she turned quickly into the house. Almost at the same moment there was a shot, and a bullet whizzed through the door. There was another shot, and another. "The big man" rushed into his room, shooting one patient in bed, and a nurse who tried to stop him, speeding bullets into the wall and the ceiling, and finally beating his own head with the barrel of his empty revolver. If it had not been for the sound of her bell just at the instant when the maniac raised his arm to shoot, nothing could have saved Mother Leonarda's life. "And the wonderful thing about it," she was wont to add musingly, when relating the incident, "is that I've never been able to find out who rang that bell."

"That is the only real fright I've ever had," she continued to relate on one occasion, "although I had a burglar too," and she smiled reminiscently. "One night, one of the Sisters came to me trembling to say that there was a man under a bed in the surgical ward. I hastened there, and sure enough, there was a man's leg protruding from under the foot of the bed. 'Who's this? who's this?' I cried, pulling at the foot with all my might. 'It's my leg,' growled the man in bed, suddenly waking up. 'I just took it off.' Imagine my feelings when I found that I had been tugging away at a wooden leg!"

Mother Leonarda's whole life was one of sublime devotion to the needs of the sick and poor. Yet the thirty-one years of contact

with the world, of wrestling with perplexities, of meeting with persons of all classes and conditions did not affect the simplicity and humility of her character. Hers was a heart filled with simple child-like faith and confidence in an all-good God, and if much was given her during the long years that she stood at the head of St. Alexis' Hospital, it was because she believed and hoped and loved much. It was beautifully said of her: "Where others worry, Sister Leonarda prays. Where others contrive, she trusts. Where others despair, she challenges. And where others fail, she succeeds." Moreover she was gifted with an unquenchable sense of humor, and had the rare grace to take in, in a solution of fun, all the little incongruities, absurdities, and anomalies that enliven human life even under its saddest aspects.

But when the venerable nun returned from Europe, in December 1914, she was sick at heart. She had gone there to visit the home of her childhood in the hope of recovering her shattered health. But she was disappointed. Instead of peace and rest, she found the distressing scenes of war. And although she had been accustomed to seeing the terrible ravages of sickness and crime in the human body during her many years in the hospital, yet the awful sight of wounded soldiers and armed camps of

war produced such a shock on her mind that she never fully recovered from it. She, whose arms were ever outstretched to gather in suffering humanity, regardless of creed, race, or color, and whose heart burned with love for all men, could not contemplate the horrors of the great European conflict without experiencing the greatest commiseration for the nations engaged.

As the days and weeks wore on, her bodily pains increased; but she bore all with unutterable patience and cheerfulness, until at last her pious soul was freed from its earthly bondage and took its flight to a better world on November 9, 1916. All Cleveland mourned her death, and at her funeral persons from every walk in life crowded the spacious St. Joseph's Church to pay her the last earthly tribute. Franciscan to the core of her heart, she had always shown a marked preference for the sick poor, and the tears of sorrow shed at her bier by the poor working men, whom she had so tenderly cared for and nursed back to health, were perhaps the best tribute to her wonderful charity. "Her example," said the Right Rev. John P. Farrelly, Bishop of Cleveland, who officiated at the solemn obsequies and preached an eloquent sermon over the mortal remains of the humble nun, "her example was an inspiration to those about her. Her work will live forever!"

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

And giving thanks

THANKSGIVING

O supreme thanksgiving of the holy Mass in which the eucharistic Victim is our thanksgiving and thanks with us and for us. *Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro*—"Let us give thanks to the Lord our God." Prepare thyself, O my soul, to meetly join with thy divine Lord in this great eucharistic sacrifice which he offers through his anointed priests; prepare thyself, lest, haply, being too much oppressed with the sense of thine own miseries, thou shouldst find thyself out of tune with the spirit of the holy mysteries. My soul, thou art poor and miserable, but let us give thanks to the Lord our God. Thou art, perchance, weighed down with many troubles and anxieties, with many perplexities and fears on account of thy frailties and sins, but let us give thanks. Thou art encompassed with the infirmities of the flesh, and art like a weary pilgrim traveling in this vale of tears, but still let us give thanks. "Let us give thanks to the Lord our God; it is meet and just."

For this purpose let me picture our divine Lord, our great High Priest, with his sacred Heart uplifted in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father at the table become an altar in the upper room of the Cenacle—"And giving thanks, he broke" (Luke 22, 19).

"Giving thanks." O divine Savior, could I but know even in a limited degree the sentiments with which thou didst make that perfect thanksgiving, how confidently would I express them to God, and how far more acceptable they would be than a thousand aspirations that I could frame. But let me at least offer them to the Eternal Father as a closed casket of secret treasure. And, as many instruments which sound feeble when played alone are yet acceptable to the ear when joined in chorus with others, so may my unworthy aspirations of thanksgiving be acceptable to the ear of God when joined with the thanksgiving which my divine Lord makes by his consecrated priests amid the exultation of saints and angels.

In order that this may be so, however, my heart should be attuned beforehand in the stillness of holy contemplation so as to give forth notes in accord with the harmony of that august thanksgiving to the eternal and triune Majesty. To attune my heart for the thanksgiving of the holy Mass, let me contemplate the treasures and fruits of the holy and blessed Passion of my divine Savior and his sacred Heart burning with charity and desires toward us.

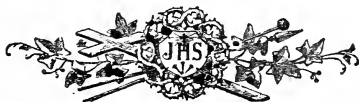
What priceless treasures of pardon and forgiveness, of peace and reconciliation with God after so many transgressions have come to me from

the bloody tree of the Cross! How abundantly the graces of God to enlighten and to console, to heal and to quicken, to encourage and to strengthen in life's great struggle have been flowing unceasingly from the fountain of salvation that was opened on Calvary's dark mount when my Savior bled and died! What sublime lessons of obedience, of meekness and forgiveness, of devotion and charity, of fortitude and perseverance does not the Crucified Savior teach me to smooth the rugged path of virtue that alone leads to heaven's joys!

But whence did all these good things issue if not from the adorable Heart of Jesus, the seat of that sublime charity that delighted to pay the bloody ransom for man's salvation? What fathomless abyss of redeeming mercy and love is not this ever blessed Heart! Who shall be able to comprehend what is the "breath and length and height and depth" of this "charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge" (Ephes. 3, 19)?

Lastly, let me recall how this adorable Heart is living and burning ever with desire to give me not only his choicest gifts and graces purchased at so high a price but even Himself in the blessed mystery of the Eucharist. There my poor, sinful heart may repose upon the Heart of my Redeemer, not outwardly, as St. John's did, but in closer and even holier union, and draw life and grace and immortality from their very fountain head, while my frail, perishable body becomes the temple of God, the tabernacle of my Lord, the abode however humble of my divine Savior. What a sweet privilege of love to a worthless child of earth given so graciously, so bounteously by Him who delights in being forever with the children of men!

Must not the contemplation of all these marvels of love divine fill my heart with gratitude deep and strong, and incite me to send forth the most ardent aspirations of thanksgiving to my Lord and God? Let me, therefore, join with angels and saints to offer the sublime sacrifice of the Eucharist to give thanks to the Lord our God for the multitude of his gifts and the immensity of his bounty. "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready; I will sing and will give praise, with my glory. Arise, psaltery and harp.....I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people, and I will sing unto thee among the nations; for thy mercy is great above the heavens" (Ps. 107, 2-5). I will give thanks to thee, O Lord and Father, who hath blessed us with all blessings in Christ (Ephes. 1, 3). Through Him and with Him I give thanks to thee and praise thy glorious name.



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

TEXAS

XXVII

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

THUS far the Lipan Apaches had given no cause to doubt their sincerity in demanding a mission for their own territory. On various occasions, indeed, they had proved their friendship for the Spaniards when, as Fr. Arricivita remarks, it would have flattered their pride and savage instincts to proceed in a different manner. They, for instance, warned the mission people not to venture out alone from the presidio, because the Julimes had joined the Natages who were on the warpath against the whites on the Rio Grande. This information was soon corroborated in a sad way. A party of eight soldiers, accompanying Fr. Francisco Xavier de Silva of the College of our Lady of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, was attacked and massacred. Troops ordered out to recover the bodies of the slain found that a desperate fight must have taken place, but that the savages had carried away their dead and wounded so that it could not be determined to which tribe the murderers belonged. On closer examination, however, it was discovered that, in their haste to escape, the Indians had overlooked the bodies of two dead warriors, one of whom proved to be a Julime and

the other a Natage Apache.⁽¹⁾

On another occasion a Spaniard had wandered far away from his home. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded by fifteen Lipan Apaches. He regarded himself as lost; but instead of harming him, the Lipans gave him something to eat and placed him on the right road. Similar conduct on the part of all the Lipans showed that they desired to be on good terms with the mission people.

A stronger evidence of their good will Fr. Arricivita saw in their eagerness to hear the divine truths explained while staying in the vicinity of San Antonio. In a comparatively short time, these Lipans had mastered the necessary points of Catholic faith and morals so that the Fathers under other circumstances would have administered the Sacrament of Baptism to their redskin pupils. They were not admitted, however, except when at the point of death. It was argued that these poor savages, despite their sincerity and good will, would ere long return to their desert or mountain rancherías where they would have to continue without priestly supervision and guidance. If white people in such conditions frequently prove disloyal

(1) Fr. Arricivita neglects to state the year of Fr. Silva's violent death. From Bolton's *Texas in the Middle of the Eighteenth Century*, p. 79, we learn that it was 1749.

to their holy faith, what security could the fickle character of the Indian offer for perseverance? Hence it was that only the dying, to the number of sixty adults and children, received Baptism, and all passed away soon after. A few of the Ipanes (Lipans), who previously had abandoned their tribal relations and joined the Mission of San Antonio permanently, also were baptized by Fr. Mariano de los Dolores, after they had passed the time of probation satisfactorily.

At last, the desires of both the missionaries and of the Apaches were to be realized. In June and July, 1753,⁽²⁾ Lieutenant Juan Galvan and Fr. Miguel Aranda, under orders from Viceroy Revilla Gigedo, raised a company at San Antonio and explored the region of the Pedernales in search of a site suitable for a mission. Since this locality did not afford the requisite timber, stone, and water, the expedition passed on to the Rio San Sabá, where a highly desirable location was discovered.

"We went to the San Sabá," Fr. Aranda joyfully reported to Fr. Presidente Benito Fernandez de Santa Ana, "which offered good land, stone, and wood. The Indians received us with marks of great satisfaction, and manifested an eager desire to see themselves in a mission. I wanted to visit a rancharía alone, and therefore asked the lieutenant not to give me an escort, in order to disabuse those

who claimed that the Apaches only feigned peace. That officer consented to the extent that he obliged me to take but one soldier along. I received from the Indians everywhere such proofs of affection as I do not receive even in my own mission. I gave them some tobacco, pinóle (ground corn), and sugar. They were so well pleased that they wanted to load me with their home products, asked me to stay among them and to tarry at least till night before returning to our camp. I met with the same reception at another rancharía where we found fifty-eight Indians with their chief who told me that if I waited two days I should see a great multitude. Here on the same day we constructed a Cross which we bore in procession, meanwhile praising God and his most pure Mother. The natives, too, venerated the Cross; and when they observed that the Spaniards would kiss my hand, they did likewise."⁽³⁾

Notwithstanding that Lieutenant Galvan made a similarly favorable report, and that Fr. Presidente Mariano Francisco de los Dolores emphasized Fr. Aranda's statements in a special letter to the viceroy, there were more exasperating delays and annoying demands for proofs of Apache sincerity. Fr. Mariano had written: "It is certain that these Indians are pacified and that they desire to be converted to Christianity; but, as all are of a roving disposition, slaves to un-

(2) See Bolton's *Eighteenth Century* already quoted, p. 80. Fr. Arricivita again overlooked the dates.

(3) Arricivita, pp. 358-356.

bridled freedom, in order to have them settled and Christianized, there is need of some respect for military arms, without which missions can never be maintained, because at the least dislike of work, or from some other slight motive, they will desert, and then doubtless vent their spite on the missionaries, as has been their custom heretofore."

Fr. Benito de Santa Ana, having in vain for three years at the capital of Mexico urged the founding of missions among the Apaches, at length lost heart and asked permission to retire to his College on account of infirmity. The College superiors then appointed Fr. Francisco Crespo with instructions to continue pressing the matter before the viceroial court.

While Fr. Crespo held the disagreeable position of pleader for the Indians with the unsympathetic politicians at the capital, Fr. Felix Varona, having found that the Lipan Apaches, at all events, had kept the peace for eight long years, started a mission for them at a place called San Roderigo, near the Rio Grande. A brushwood chapel was erected in January 1755, and activities continued until October 4, of the same year, when the Indians ran away in the dead of night. The Fathers laid the blame to lack of military guards. The incident, at

any rate, proved that the missionaries were right in their contention that it would be impossible to Christianize so wild a people unless they were compelled to settle down in one locality, and kept at the mission through some slight military restraint.⁽⁴⁾

This must be tedious reading, notwithstanding that many details have been omitted in order not to weary the reader. So much had to be related in order that it might be clearly seen to what vexations the missionaries had to submit in their efforts to reach and save the souls of the natives under Spanish rule. They were not free to go among the savages without guards; and yet for long periods of time the guards would not be furnished them as long as other demands on the royal treasury were awaiting adjustment, no matter how loudly the souls of the Indians clamored for the right to become Christians. While the case was pending with the politicians and the viceroy at the Mexican capital, to omit further tedious recital of missionary efforts, a gentleman stepped in and offered to pay out of his own pocket all the expenses of establishing a mission among the Apaches if the viceroy would but grant the permit. That cleared away the obstacles, as we shall see in our next installment.

-(4) Arricivita, p. 359-361.

MY LAST VISIT TO ATEMOIE

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

IT was Sunday night a few weeks ago. I sat alone in my little room after the day's work. A fierce storm raged without; the wind howled dismally through the trees, dashing the falling snow wildly hither and thither, heaping up huge drifts against my door and making me virtually a prisoner in my own house. Although I had a brisk fire blazing brightly in my stove, still the cold wintry wind

the two were frequent visitors at my house, begging for old clothes, tobacco, money, and other articles according as their few needs demanded. After his death, some years ago, old blind Atemoie found a loving protector in one of her grandchildren. But she, too, soon passed away, and my old friend was again alone in the world. It was then that blind old Ojinawegijigokwe, a companion in misery, took



Picturesque Lac Courtes Oreilles

found its way into my little room, and I was far from comfortable. But I could not, dared not, complain, when I thought of countless others who were at that moment faring far worse than I, and when I recalled in particular my last visit to dear old Atemoie, living alone in her miserable wigwam on the wind-swept shores of Lac Courtes Oreilles.

While Tabassibines, her good and faithful husband, was still alive,

pity on Atemoie. Ojinawegijigokwe, or Ojinaw, as we shall call her, is a cheerful, sunny old Indian woman in spite of her blindness, and the two made pleasant company for each other, never a quarrel or misunderstanding occurring to mar their friendship. They did not live together, however, for Atemoie preferred to live alone. So Ojinaw and her husband built a wigwam for their blind friend near their

own little shack.

The Indian women of the North are experts at building wigwams. They select long poles from two to three inches thick at the base and plant them securely in the ground in the form of a circle about eight to ten feet in diameter. The tops of the poles are then fastened together forming an arched ceiling. This framework of poles is covered

outlive the frightful cold of the present winter. Accordingly, I resolved to visit her and bring her the last sacraments, since she might die any day. After a drive of five miles, I reached the humble wigwam. Blind Ojinaw was there when I arrived, and she assisted me while I administered the sacred rites.

The wigwam was about eight feet



Atemoie and Tabassibines after a visit to the Missionary

with birch bark to keep out the rain and snow. A hole is left in the roof for the stove-pipe and another hole on one side usually covered with an old sack or a piece of blanket serves as a door.

It was in such a miserable hut that my good friend Atemoie had already spent more than ninety winters. But as she was daily growing more and more feeble, I feared greatly that she would not

wide and seven feet high. In the center stood a small stove with a rusty, rickety chimney that was in imminent danger of toppling down. Beside the stove, on the frozen ground, wrapped in rags and old blankets, lay poor Atemoie sound asleep. Ojinaw awoke her friend and told her that the priest had come to see her. Atemoie raised herself at once, with the assistance of Ojinaw, to welcome me. "Do

you want to go to Confession, Ate-moie?" I asked kindly. "Of course," was the reply; "I will go to Confession." "But did you commit any sins?" I asked again. "What? Commit sin?" she queried in surprise. "How could I, an old woman, commit sin?"

After administering the holy sacraments, I gave her an alms, and asked her why she did not live with Ojinaw, whose wigwam was at least a little more comfortable. "Oh," she replied, "I'd rather stay here by myself, for here I don't bother anyone, and can better attend to my wants." The old Indians are quite accustomed to this manner of living and seem to prefer their weather-beaten wigwams to the most beautiful houses. Yet, what must not a person like Ate-moie, blind, old, and sick unto death, endure in such a hovel. Her only companions, besides Ojinaw, who, however, was not constantly with her, were a dog

and a chicken. When I entered the wigwam, Ojinaw ordered these two faithful friends of the aged woman out with a stern "Ikkogan!" But they did not heed the order and nestled closer to their blind mistress, as if to say, "She has always been good to us; why should we leave her now?"

Bidding Ate-moie good bye, I returned home. But on the following Sunday night, as I sat in my room listening to the cold north wind storming furiously outside, my thoughts constantly reverted to that miserable little wigwam on the shore of Lac Courtes Oreilles where I had left good old Ate-moie bundled up in her rags and blankets. I did not know that God's holy angel had come from heaven the day after my visit and had borne the pure soul of the good old Indian woman from her cold and dreary wigwam to the mansions of celestial bliss.

ST. LOUIS'S TRANSCENDENT CHARITY

The charity of St. Louis IX, the Tertiary King of France, was subject to simple impulses. Such is the beautiful and touching episode of the Compiègne leper, as told by Queen Margaret's confessor. "The pious King was at the Castle of Compiègne on Good Friday; he went barefoot on his usual pilgrimage to the churches of the town, and he went by the common road, followed by his sergeants with money in their hands to serve for the King's alms, and he often took coins from them to give to the poor whom he met, more or less according to their needs. Now, as the pious King was passing along a street in this manner, a leper on the other side of the way, so ill that he could scarcely speak, rang his bell loudly in accordance with the rule, so that the passers-by might keep away, for fear of the contagion of his leprosy. Then the King, thus warned, perceived him and went toward him, for this purpose wading through the cold, muddy water which ran through the middle of the street; he joined the leper, gave alms to him, and kissed his hand. There was a great press of people, and many of those who were near the pious King crossed themselves, and said one to the other, 'Look what the King has done. He has kissed the leper's hand!'"—*M. Sepet.*

A WRONG RIGHTED

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary

HERR Weisbach was annoyed; and the cause of his annoyance lay in the fact that he was late. He was a man who counted the seconds of his day as he counted the sixteenth notes of his music, and to-night he was five minutes later than his proposed time. Hence his bad temper. It was not his fault either. The traffic had delayed him in crossing the streets, that was all.

When the taxicab stopped at the stage entrance to the hall, Herr Weisbach jumped out, hastily gave the chauffeur a bill that was more than enough to pay his fare twice over, and hurriedly entered the building. Pausing for only a moment to remove his overcoat and hat, and at the same time to acknowledge the bow and salutation of the manager, he continued his way to the stage.

This was an important night for Sigmund Weisbach. For many years he had been a struggling musician, but his ability had been recognized at last, and this evening he was to lead the orchestra of the great metropolis. The years of hard work and patient waiting for recognition had passed. He had often demonstrated in small towns the power that was in him, and now his ambition had reached its height.

His anger subsided slightly when he saw the crowd that had come to welcome him. From main floor to gallery, first row to last, every seat was filled, and the crowd waited

in eager expectation. His heart swelled with pride as he walked with head erect to the conductor's stand. With a tap of his baton he controlled that vast audience, and in an instant all was hushed and still; the musicians were in readiness to do his will, and he felt the greatness of his power.

Throughout the first piece the audience listened with rapt attention, missing not a note; and when the closing strains had died away, a great silence reigned for a few seconds. Then like the rush of a mighty wind the applause burst forth. Everyone clapped and shouted wildly, handkerchiefs were waved and there were calls of "bis, bis" from the enthusiasts in the gallery. If Herr Weisbach had felt gratified previously, he was ten times as happy now. This was at last the reward for his labors and his study. The applause of this great assembly of lovers of good music testified to his ability.

He had decided that there should be no repetition or encore of any kind; the five minutes he had lost must be made up somehow. But these people would not be satisfied without an extra number. He had turned in obedience to their wishes when the stage door opened, and the fat little librarian ambled across the stage with a roll of music under his arm. Weisbach knew that the second number on the program was to be a solo by Giusti, the baritone. But the necessary music had been

placed for him; so the presence of the librarian was a mystery to him. With a gesture of impatience, he turned toward him. It appeared he carried a message from the manager.

"Herr Director, Signor Giusti can not sing dis evening. He is zick und can not come. There will be a poy who will blay de violin. I haf de music here mit me."

A boy! What possessed the manager to commit such an outrage? It was bad enough, surely, that there had to be a soloist at all. Had it not been for the inexorable rules of the orchestra, Weisbach would not have had any soloist; the honor would then have been all his own. But a boy! The manager should hear of this!

His thoughts were changed by the appearance of the object of his wrath. As the stage door opened to admit the boy, he hesitated a moment to appear before the people. But he summoned up his courage and advanced to the center of the stage, bowed slightly to Herr Weisbach and to the audience, and waited silently for the orchestra to begin the piece.

Weisbach's anger began to increase again now, and with just cause. This boy was a musician of no small worth, and in a flash the conductor awakened to the fact that his own performance would suffer by comparison. The boy's ability was more manifest with every measure, and this was clearly appreciated by the audience. If the applause after the first number had been great, what was it now after

the boy's performance? Weisbach ground his teeth in his rage. There must be a repetition, too, and that wounded him more. This time the composition was for violin only; the services of the orchestra were unnecessary. Contrary to custom the musicians remained, however, and every chair on the stage was occupied. The people had stood up, in their enthusiasm, and pressed in as closely as possible. Even the ushers and stage assistants had crowded up to hear, and for the nonce order was cast to the winds while this boy held his hearers entranced by the wonderful powers of his violin.

But there was one person in that assembly who failed to hear. Filled with rage Herr Weisbach had taken advantage of his opportunity and slipped away. Who was this boy who had thus suddenly appeared and robbed him of his hard-won honors? And where was the rascal of a manager who had allowed such a thing to happen? The manager was on the stage listening with the others, and there Weisbach would not, dared not, go. But who was the boy? He searched and found a program. He read the name and read again. The paper dropped from his hand and he trembled in fright. "Sigmund Graham!" His own name and—Rita's! He fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Then he saw, as in a vision, the streets of Vienna and a struggling musician in the orchestra there. He saw the apartment where the young man dwelt and the young girl living next door, who had gone

from her home in America to study music abroad. He recalled how the two had first met, how they had studied together, helped each other, become intimate friends and married. Then he followed the young man in his travels from Vienna to Berlin, from Berlin to Paris, from Paris to New York. And he saw, too, a lonely young mother, a broken-hearted, deserted wife, cast off by family and friends, fighting a hard battle against the severest odds in her endeavor to support herself and her and his infant son.

He had striven to forget them, to obliterate from his memory the gross neglect of which he had been guilty, and he thought that he had succeeded. But now at the very moment that his own struggle for fame is at an end, now that his own longed-for goal has been attained, he is forced to see himself eclipsed by the child he had so cruelly abandoned, and that in the very art to which he had devoted the best energies of life. He sees the whole

sad drama of his past career in all its repellent ugliness, his cruel unfaithfulness, his all-absorbing ambition that had smothered the better qualities of his soul. He sees a wrong righted, a just vengeance carried out. It is no longer a vision, it is a reality; and in a voice choked with repentant tears, he cries out, "My son, my son!"

Two hours later, the taxicab was making its return trip. This time it carried three passengers, and Sigmund Weisbach and his Rita, happy again in each other's company, were unable to find words to express their joy. The little "poy mit de violin", however, proud of his newly found father, talked for the three while making plans for the future.

"And we'll have a studio for you and me, won't we daddy?" he exclaimed, clapping his hands gleefully, "and a nice home for mother and—"

"Yes, son, yes; and—a little bit of heaven."

ST. FRANCIS'S KINDNESS TO THE POOR

It happened once that a certain brother had given a sharp answer to a poor man who had asked alms, for he had said to him, "See to it, for perhaps thou art a rich man feigning poverty." When holy Francis, the father of the poor, heard it, he was deeply grieved, and sharply rebuked the brother who had spoken thus, and ordered him to strip himself before the poor man, kiss his feet, and beg his pardon. For he used to say, "He who reviles the poor does a wrong to Christ, who made himself poor in this world for us." Often, therefore, when he found poor people laden with wood or other burdens, he would help them by giving the support of his own shoulders, even though he was very weak. He overflowed with the spirit of charity, pitying not only men who were suffering need, but even the dumb brutes, reptiles, birds, and other creatures with and without sensation. — *Celano.*

CHRISTMAS AT SAN XAVIER

By Fr. Nicholas, O.F.M.

THE joyous feast of Christmas that brings peace and merriment to all the world, has its charms also for the "Awawatam," the simple Christian Indians of the Arizona desert; and, perhaps, they celebrate the holy day far more innocently and devoutly than their white brothers and sisters. The great feast opens at San Xavier Mission with a midnight Mass, which is always followed by the indispensable tamale luncheon. This

service, and the missionary rejoiced exceedingly at the sight of the immense throng of Indians assembled to give homage to the holy Babe of Bethlehem on this cold and windy night. Our Christmas joy was increased on hearing several young men accompanying on the violin, cornet, and trombone, the sweet strains of the *Adeste Fideles* sung by the whole congregation, and on seeing the good people going in single file to the crib after Mass



A White Christmas at San Xavier

custom, handed down to us by the Spaniards of the early days, is religiously kept by the Indians.

This last year, the weather on Christmas eve threatened to mar the great festivity. A terrific storm blew dense clouds of dust in every direction, and the air grew hourly more chill. In spite of all, the Indians, young and old, many of them clad in their primitive fashion with a blanket thrown over their shoulders made their way to the Old Mission for the opening

and gazing with tear-filled eyes at the humble representation of the great mystery of love, the birth of the God-Man at Bethlehem.

After satisfying their devotion, the crowd quit the church, and then partook of the tamales, delicious and hot, that were served outside amid universal merriment. In the meantime, the cold continued to increase, and before long myriads of fairy-like flakes of snow fell from the leaden sky and clothed the desert sands with a garment of

ermine whiteness. Thus we, too, were privileged to witness a "white Christmas" at San Xavier, a rare privilege indeed.

When the morning dawned, groups of tawny colored children with hearts as pure and white as the driven snow, were seen hastening to the church, there to welcome in Holy Communion the great God who had become a child for love of them. And, as the bells again sent forth their joyous invitation to assemble for the last holy Mass, old and young plodded cheerfully through the snow, and the venerable Old Mission once more was filled with devout wor-

shippers. Custom has it, that His Lordship, the Bishop of Tucson, comes to the Mission to celebrate this last Mass for his beloved Indians. This time however, the inclemency of the weather did not permit him to make his intended visit. A few days later, the missionary brought the Bishop the Indians' usual Christmas gift of \$5.00. Graciously accepting the proffered gift, His Lordship smilingly remarked, "Do you see that building over there, Father?" at the same time designating the place with his finger. "That will be a church for the Papagos living near by. I shall put this money into it."

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart?— that we war to the knife?
 God pity us in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
 When a fellow goes down, poor heart-broken brother,
 Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,
 On over the isthmus, down into the side,
 That we give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all at peace on the plain.
 Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
 Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

—Joaquin Miller.

CARDINAL FALCONIO, O. F. M.

The Order of Friars Minor as well as the Church at large has suffered a heavy loss. On February 7, the sad news came from Rome that His Eminence Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O.F.M., had departed this life. A brief sketch of the long and active career of this distinguished Franciscan prelate will, no doubt, interest our readers.

He was born September 20, 1842, at Pescocostanzo, in the Abruzzi, Italy, and in Baptism received the name Angelo. At the age of eighteen, he was invested in the habit of St. Francis in the Province of St. Bernardine and henceforth known as Fr. Diomede. On September 17, 1861, he made his simple profession, and three years later, on October 12, his solemn profession. In 1865, when the Franciscan Province of New York applied to Rome for recruits, Fr. Diomede came to this country. After studying English and teaching the classics for one year at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, New York, he was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Timon, the first Bishop of Buffalo, on January 4, 1866. About this time, the young priest received his naturalization papers, thus becoming a citizen of the United States. Two years after his elevation to the holy priesthood, he was appointed rector of the above-mentioned Franciscan college. In 1871, however, Newfoundland became his field of activity, where, besides being secretary and chancellor of the Bishop, he engaged in parish work as rector of the Cathedral. Eleven years later, the zealous priest returned to his native land, and, in 1889, he was elected Procurator General of the Order of Friars Minor. The zeal and learning he manifested in the Eternal City soon attracted the attention of the

Church dignitaries. Accordingly, on July 11, 1892 he was consecrated Bishop and subsequently entrusted with the joint dioceses of Acheranza and Matera in the province of Potenza, Italy. On September 3, 1899, Pope Leo XIII appointed him Apostolic Delegate to Canada, and three years later, on September 20, transferred him in the same capacity to the United States. He held this important office in our country till 1912, when Pope Pius X recalled him to Rome, and, in recognition of the services he had rendered the Church, raised him to the dignity of Cardinal. Three years ago, Pope Benedict XV promoted him to the rank of Cardinal Bishop, and only last year entrusted him with the office of Prefect of the Congregation for Religious.

From this brief life sketch of the deceased Cardinal, we see how vigorous and wide-spread was his activity for the welfare of the Order of Friars Minor and of the Church at large. During his career as Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C., he enjoyed the respect and esteem of civil as well as ecclesiastical dignitaries, while his labors here in behalf of Catholic thought and enterprise will fill one of the brightest pages of the history of the Catholic Church in this country. To show how this Franciscan prelate loved and esteemed the land of his adoption, we subjoin the message he sent on his arrival in Italy five years ago.

"From across the ocean on the eve of entering the Holy City, it gives me great pleasure again to greet the American people. I shall always carry with me the most pleasing reminiscences of my long sojourn among them. My admiration for them and for their institutions will never diminish. A great future is surely reserved for a nation which, though still in its infancy, already has made such extraordinary progress, rivaling the most ad-

vanced nations of the world. May God continue to shower his choicest blessings upon that land of energy, wealth, progress, and true liberty. To my loved America, blessings and farewell."

Though called by the voice of the Sovereign Pontiffs to the highest positions of honor and trust in the Church, Cardinal Falconio was ever at heart a faithful and devoted son of St. Francis. We know from his own lips how gladly he would have

exchanged his episcopal robes and public career for the lowly Franciscan garb and the quiet seclusion of the convent. Let us hope that by this time he is enjoying the eternal bliss of heaven in the ranks of St. Francis and is making intercession at the throne of the Most High for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the country that was so dear to his heart. R. I. P.

A DYING FRIAR TO HIS SUPERIOR

The following letter was written by a mortally wounded Capuchin friar to his Provincial Superior in Paris shortly before his death on the field of battle. It reveals a heart truly Franciscan, at once heroic and tender.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—This letter conveys to you the dying breath and the last farewell of your child. When you receive it, your poor Friar Marcellus will have passed to a better world. Courageously I bring the sacrifice of my life for the greater glory of our Lord, for the welfare of our beloved France, and for the prosperity of our dear Province. I die happy in the assurance of having been chosen as a holocaust by our good and sweet Savior. Like our Seraphic Father, I turn before dying to my true home, the zealous Province of Paris. It was she that reared me with motherly care and directed my steps on the way of the Cross. Dear Province of Paris, I bless thee with all my heart, and I implore the good Lord to protect thee, to bless thee, and to sanctify thee more and more. Dear Fathers and Brothers in the Lord, and you, Father Provincial, Father Elzearus, Father Raymond, Father Instructor, whose names are deeply engraven in my heart, I thank you for your ever kind and fatherly affection, thanks for those pleasant hours passed in your midst, the memory of which delighted my soul during the trying time of this horrible campaign. The Lord calls me to himself. I leave you only to find you again in the home of eternal bliss. With complete surrender of my whole being, I say as did so many of my glorious ancestors: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Farewell, dear Fathers and Brothers, pray for me since I am but a poor sinner and you know "it is terrible to fall into the hands of the living God." Farewell, my Brethren, I embrace you all for the last time, while waiting for the kiss of Heaven.

Your child,

FR. MARCELLUS, O. M. CAP.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—In keeping with the traditional friendship between the Orders of St. Dominic and of St. Francis, our Most Rev. Fr. General Seraphin Cimino, officiated at the solemn functions which were held, on January 20, over the mortal remains of Most Rev. O. Hyacinth Cormier, ex-Minister General of the Order of Friars Preachers. The Definitor General of the Order of Friars Minor attended the services in a body.—

Most Rev. Fr. Antony M. Grasselli, Titular Archbishop of Larissa, is the oldest member of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual. Recently, he celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He entered the Order in 1849, and he was ordained priest six years later. Some time after, he was sent as missionary to Moldavia, Roumania, was thereupon appointed Apostolic Delegate at Constantinople, and, in 1876, chosen Prefect of Studies of the Propaganda in Rome. Later, he was consecrated Bishop of Viterbo, Italy, and he governed the diocese for seventeen years. Having resigned the bishopric some time ago he is now spending the last days of his active and eventful career in the Conventual friary of S. Giacomo on the banks of the Tiber.

Mendoza, Argentine.—In the near future, a statue will be erected to the memory of Fr. Luis Beltran, O.F.M., who played so important a rôle in the country's war of independence. The statue, the last work of the artist Ferrari, is about thirty feet high, and represents the friar standing in his habit at an anvil. Fr. Luis had been chief of the military arsenal in the service of General San Martin. This explains the singular conception of the monu-

ment as also the fact that the statue has been cast from old cannons in the foundaries of the military arsenal.

Pamplona, Spain.—On January 22, Fr. Angelus M. de Villava, O. M. Cap., was called to his eternal reward. In 1889, when Cardinal Vives y Tuto, O. M. Cap., was elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals, Fr. Angelus, at the summons of his superiors, left the South American missions and went to Rome, where he had been elected Definitor General of the Capuchin Order.

Mylapore, India.—The first missionaries that came to India, according to the *Franciscan Annals of India*, were Franciscans, and the first Catholic church, dedicated to *Nossa Senhora de Luz*—"Our Lady of Light,"—was built by them. These apostolic men sailed from Lisbon on March 9, 1500. They numbered eight, but only five arrived safe at Cochin, on November 26, of the same year, the other three having been slain at Calicut ten days previously. Their landing on the Coromandel coast was accompanied by an extraordinary event. As they were seeking in their caravel for a suitable landing place, suddenly a light beacons from the mainland, and they made toward it, only to find a ruined city on the shore. They moved farther inland, past the remains of the ancient town of Betumah, following the wondrous light until it disappeared in the forest thickness. Deeming the light to have been a sign from above, the pious friars tarried at this place and there built their first sanctuary. The ancient inscription still remains carved in its stones, telling how "Fre Pedro da Atougia, a religious

of the Observance of St. Francis, built this church of Our Lady of Light in the year 1516." At the foot of the altar in the present sacristy is the grave of Fr. Francis a Doloribus, superior of the Order on the Coromandel coast and the last of the Franciscans in Mylapore, who died in 1847. The "Luz Church," as it is commonly called, has at present a congregation of about 600, made up mostly of domestic servants, and there is now not a Catholic living within two miles of the church, the tenants of the surrounding homes being wealthy Brahmans. Two elementary schools are attached to the church, and they have an enrolment of two hundred children. The fourth centenary of the founding of this ancient church was celebrated with great solemnity on August 6, 1916, on the feast of Our Lady of Snow.

China.—The Order of Friars Minor has charge of ten vicariates in China. The last of these was erected, in 1911, by His Holiness Pope Pius X, in the province of Shensi. This vicariate, which is adjacent to Mongolia, covers a very mountainous territory where the climate is cold and where the land for the most part is unfertile. It comprises about 3,000,000 inhabitants. Of this vast number, only 2,300 were Christians when the vicariate was erected. At present, thirteen Catholic missionaries are laboring there under the direction of Rt. Rev. Fr. Celestine Ibanez, O.F.M., who has been appointed vicar apostolic of the new mission field. Owing to the fact of its having been established on the eve of the European war, this newest of the Franciscan missions began its noble work in a poverty which must specially endear it to the heart of St. Francis.

Tun-shin-tu, China.—From the *Revista Franciscana* we learn that, as far as missionary work is concerned, the little town of Tun-shin-

tu has undergone a great change for the better. Fr. Inchaurre, a Franciscan missionary in China, in a letter to his brethren in Spain, dates this change back to the day on which the mortal remains of Fr. Francis Bernat, O.F.M., and of his neophyte, who had been martyred for the faith in 1913, were removed to this town. Before, there was only one Christian family in the town; at present, however, various families and twelve merchants are sincere and practical Catholics. No doubt, the martyred missionary Fr. Francis Bernat has been interceding at the throne of God in behalf of his dear missions in China. The reader will find an account of his martyrdom in *Franciscan Herald*, Vol. I, p. 288.

Wei-hsien, China.—The season of illness in the mission of Wei-hsien, Shantung, means a harvest of souls for the priest. Fr. Irenée Frederic, O.F.M., baptized no less than five hundred infants this autumn, many of whom passed to Paradise almost immediately.

But his Baptisms were not all of this class. The Faith was planted in a dozen villages, and many natives were washed with the regenerating waters. The next thing necessary is to send catechists to these people and have them instructed while their ardor is at its height. Just here comes the rub. There is no money in this poor missionary's purse and he also extends his hand for alms. The catechists, besides teaching catechism, are able to give intelligent care to the sick and perform many good offices. Every corner of the mission world needs a large number of catechists.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—By special request of Most Rev. G. W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, there will be a midday Mass in St. Peter's Church on all weekdays of Lent; a short instruction also will be given. Lenten

services are being held here every Friday evening. Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., is preaching the sermons for the occasion.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—From March 25 to April 1, Rev. Fr. Valerius, O.F.M., of St. Paul, Minnesota, will conduct a spiritual retreat for the German-speaking members of the local Third Order fraternity. There will be a sermon every evening during the week, except Saturday evening. Also non-Tertiaries, especially the men, are kindly invited to attend the exercises, as the sermons will be of general interest. On April 1, Palm Sunday, at 7.30 p. m., solemn profession and reception of German-speaking as well as English-speaking Tertiaries will take place. About 70 novices will make their profession, and it is expected that a good number will present themselves in the course of the month for reception into the Third Order.

Joliet, Ill., St. Joseph's Hospital.—February 13 was a day of joy for the Franciscan Sisters in charge of the local hospital. Five young ladies received the habit of St. Francis, thirty-five made their profession, while eleven had the happiness of taking their final vows. Very Rev. F. A. Rempe, who has just recently been appointed domestic prelate of the Pope, officiated at the solemn function in the chapel of the hospital. Rev. Fr. Ewald, O.F.M., of St. Louis conducted the preparatory retreat for the Sisters.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—At the last general meeting of the Third Order in this city, fifteen applicants received the scapular and cord of St. Francis and eleven novices were admitted to profession. In spite of the inclement weather of the season, the various meetings of the fraternity are well attended, which fact certainly redounds to the praise of the Tertiaries. The roll call now con-

tains the names of forty-eight sub-prefects distributed among the different parishes of the city. These sub-prefects are charged with the duty of reporting at the special meetings on all the Tertiary activities of the preceding month in their district.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—Notwithstanding the severe cold weather and the biting wind that blew a gale all day, a goodly number of Tertiaries from all parts of the city attended the annual meeting and triennial election of the English-speaking fraternity of the Third Order, on February 4. After the prayers prescribed in the ceremonial had been recited in the church, the Tertiaries repaired to the school hall, where the election of officers took place. Then followed the annual meeting in which many interesting and important topics were discussed. Our Rev. Director, Fr. Sebastian Schaff, o.m. cap., made some encouraging remarks expressive of his gratification at the steady increase of attendance at the monthly meetings and of the lively interest shown by the members in the past year, whereupon a report of the work accomplished during the preceeding three years was read. The present standing of this fraternity shows a membership of 275 Tertiaries, of whom 34 are isolated members. During these three years, 92 applicants were invested with the scapular and cord, 72 novices admitted to holy profession, and 11 Tertiaries affiliated with our branch; while 6 Tertiaries entered the religious state, and 20 were claimed by death.

After the reading of the report, a plan for a more thorough organization was adopted, which will be carried out by the officers assigned to each parish district. Of special interest will be the introduction of regular monthly instructions for the novices. These will be so arranged

as to permit an explanation of the entire Rule of the Third Order twice each year, and, although primarily intended for the novices, the professed members and such as wish to learn more about the Order, will always be welcome. The Tertiary library and reading room were, likewise, given considerable attention.

At the close of the business meeting, we again repaired to the Church, where the names of the newly elected officers were published, the solemn Te Deum and the other prescribed prayers were chanted, and, by special permission, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given. The officers for the ensuing three years are the following: For the men: Prefect, Br. Thomas Finnigan; Novice Master, Br. John Carrigan; Secretary, Br. William Powers. For the women: Prefect, Sr. Mary Walsh; Novice Mistress, Sr. Mary Conway; Secretary, Sr. Mary Brady. For the young ladies: Novice Mistress, Sr. Helen Maloney; Secretary, Sr. Marie Wilcewska.—Two days after the election, our worthy Novice Mistress of the past three years, Miss Anna Josephine Sullivan, was called to a better life. R.I.P.

Lafayette, Ind.—On January 19, there passed away Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Hammer, O.F.M., of the Province of St. John the Baptist. The venerable friar attained the age of seventy-five years, fifty-seven of which he devoted to the service of God in the Order of St. Francis. He was one of the first to receive the habit in the Cincinnati province and was ordained priest in 1865. After being active in various parishes of the province, he was sent, in 1882, to Lafayette, and, barring a three years' sojourn in California, he resided here ever since. For years he had been ill with diabetes, which in time deprived him of his sight. The last few years of his

life, Fr. Bonaventure spent in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, this city. For forty years, he was a regular contributor to the *Sendbote*, *St. Franziskus Bote*, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, and *The Sodalist*. His numerous writings on historical, ascetic, and social subjects have done great good among the Catholics of this country. His poetical works combine deep religious sentiment with highly artistic finish. He may in truth be styled the Poet of the Sacred Heart on account of the many poems he composed in honor of the divine Heart of Jesus. His chief literary fame will probably rest on his translation of Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*. It is equal, if not superior, to the original, and till now it has seen 135 editions. His beautiful traits of character can best be summed up by saying that he was a worthy priest of God and a true son of St. Francis.

Very Rev. Fr. Rudolph, O.F.M., Minister Provincial, officiated at the solemn funeral services, which were held on January 23, in St. Boniface Church, this city. A large number of priests, secular and religious, were present to pay their last respects to one who in life enjoyed the love and esteem of all. R.I.P.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—In the past year, the members of the Third Order fraternity have been very active. Following is a review of the good works they performed. All told 550 visits were made to the poor and sick; 468 pieces of clothing, 1750 pieces of literature, and a large number of other useful and necessary articles were distributed. In 146 cases, the Tertiaries visited the homes of deceased members to recite the prescribed prayers, and attended 55 funerals, to say nothing of various other acts of Christian charity. The following donations in money were made: To the Third Order

treasury, \$611; to the missions, \$298; to the poor, \$275; to charitable institutions, \$170; for special charity, \$83.50; various alms, \$40.40.

On January 3, at the councillors' meeting, the triennial election of officers was held with the following result: Prefect, Mr. Charles Hobrecht; Assistant Prefect, Mr. James Hans; First Assistant Prefect, Mr. Antony McManus; Lady Prefect, Mrs. H. Coyne; First Assistant Prefect, Miss S. O'Loughlen; Second Assistant Prefect, Miss C. McManing; Secretary, Miss E. M. Lonergan; Marshall, Mr. Gus Jacobson. The collection taken up at the regular meeting in January was laid to the fund that has been started to procure an automobile for Rev. Fr. Albert, O.F.M., who is laboring among the Indians in Mescalero, New Mexico.

Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.—On January 29, Rt. Rev. H. Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, visited the mission and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of 184 Indians, including 12 adults. On the preceding day, he confirmed at St. Mary's Church, in Phoenix, 47 Indians who are attending the Government Indian School in that city. The new Holy Family Church, which Fr. Vincent, O.F.M., is erecting at Blackwater, Arizona, is under roof. Thanks to a kind benefactor in Chicago, the new edifice will be another beautiful link in the chain of mission churches on the banks of the Gila River. Fr. Vincent likewise sends encouraging news from Wetcamp, Arizona, the Indian village referred to in the December issue (1916) of *Franciscan Herald*, (p. 464). The people of this village have erected a brush chapel, and two brush huts, of which one serves as a residence for the missionary and the other as a garage for his automobile. The Indians are delighted with the regular monthly visits of the missionary,

and the number of attendants at divine services is steadily increasing. The fact that he is called upon to instruct and baptize adults on almost every visit is a special cause for joy. A site for a church has already been obtained. We beg the earnest prayers of our readers, that God may continue to bless this new mission.

Cababi, Arizona, San Solano Mission.—Christmas here was a day of great joy and consolation. The night before, the weather was very stormy, and the next morning the ground was covered with two inches of snow. A white Christmas is something very unusual here in the far South. About ten Indian families were present at the 10 o'clock Mass. In the afternoon, five adults received the Sacrament of Baptism. A special attraction for the Indians was the beautiful crib that Fr. Maximilian and Martin, O.F.M., of San Francisco had presented to the mission. The poor Indians had never seen a crib before; they were so delighted with it, that they sat before it all day and prayed.

The Fathers in these regions have still to fight against the bad influence of the medicine-men. Only recently, one of the missionaries came to a little village and, as usual, rang his bell, to bring the Indians together for prayer. But, alas! no Indian answered the summons. After some time, an old Indian ventured forth. He approached the Father and said the chief had told the people that the priests were not Catholics and that they knew nothing of the sacred books; hence, the Indians would not come to the rosary services. The words of the old man proved only too true. Since the last visit of the missionary, a medicine-man had perverted the minds of the poor Indians, and thus brought to naught all that the Father had done for them.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

The following boys received the highest general average in their studies during the first semester, which closed with the semi-annual examinations on January 25 and 27: III Collegiate: Henry Pinger, 95.88; II Collegiate: Paul Eberle, 95.64; I Collegiate: William Wernsing, 97.80; IV Academic: Jérôme Reisch, 99.38; III Academic: Edwin Reyling, 99.86; II Academic: Joseph Rascher, 95.67.

At the last meeting of the College Third Order fraternity, the secretary, Henry Wellner, read a report covering the activities of our Tertiaries during the past year. The report proved to be so interesting and encouraging that it was unanimously voted to make it an annual event.

The St. Bernardine Literary Circle held elections at the last meeting, with the following result: President, Francis Kiefer; Vice President, Paul Eberle; Secretary, Henry Wellner. At the same meeting sixteen new members were added to the roster.

This is the largest number so far received at one time.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

The student body hailed with delight the return of Brother Cyprian O.F.M., to this institution. Bro. Cyprian was for many years infirmarian here, and it is to take up once more these arduous duties that he returns. His self-sacrificing spirit together with his cheerfulness make him beloved by all the students.

The Varsity Basket-ball squad has given a good account of itself this year. On Friday, January 26, they defeated the Western Illinois Normals of Macomb, Ill., on the local floor. But on Sunday, January 28, they were defeated by the Quincy Maroons, one of the fastest teams of the Central States, at the local Turner Hall. On the same day our Reserves won from Company F., I.N.G. by a wide margin.

The regular bi-monthly meetings of the Literary and Debating Society have been held as usual. The 1st and 2nd Academic classes entertained at the last two meetings.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—

*St. Francis Fraternity:—*Mary O'Connell, Sr. Anne; Margaret Tansey, Sr. Joseph; Mary Herman, Sr. Magdølene; Honora Nolan, Sr. Clare.

*St. Louis Fraternity:—*Anna O'Brien, Sr. Elizabeth; Julia Hurley, Sr. Elizabeth; Mary Walsh, Sr. Anne.

*German Fraternity:—*John Rademacher, Bro. Antony; Mathias Furth, Bro. Henry; Catherine Koch, Sr. Camilla; Elizabeth Flaning, Sr. Clare.

St. Augustine's Church:—Mary Hefler, Sr. Elizabeth.

Chanhassen, Minn., St. Hubert's Church:—Margaret Pauly, Sr. Clare.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:—F. V. Bash, Sr. Agnes; Henrietta Kubis, Sr. Elizabeth; Mary Feran, Sr. Anne; Anna Krabse, Sr. Angela, Mary Lavelle, Sr. Agnes.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church:—Anne Jos. Sullivan.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:—Anna Voelker, Sr. Veronica.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Bridget McSweeney; Mary Bauer.

Requiescant in pace





Delphica Persica Hellenopontica Samica Phrygia Erythraea Aegyptia Ciliciana Cumana Tiburtina

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

At first sight, one is somewhat surprised that, in the representation of Christ's triumphal march, the pagan sibyls should find a place immediately after the Jewish prophets. Yet, the subject of the present picture is wholly in keeping with the general theme of the series. For, not only Israel had its prophets who kept alive the faith in the Messias, but also among the Gentiles ever and anon were heard mysterious voices which though speaking ever so faintly and vaguely, helped to sustain the belief in the Expected of Nations. These voices were commonly thought to emanate from a number of supposedly prophetic women, known as sibyls.

The history of these seeresses, in so far as they have any, has come down to us in a wholly mythical form. Their name and number are still subjects of controversy; yes, their very existence is called in question by some antiquarians. The Christian scholar and writer Lactantius, quoting the Roman author Varro, reckons, ten sibyls, designating them after the places where they are said to have dwelt; namely, the Persian, the Libyan, the Delphian, the Cimmerian, the Erythraean, the Samarian (Samian), the Cumaeae, the Hellespontian, the Phrygian, and the Tiburtine. It seems to have been a peculiar custom of theirs, however, to wander with their sacred books from place to place.

In pagan times these books enjoyed great celebrity. In Rome, the sibylline oracles were jealously guarded in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus and consulted only in times of grave crises. Because of the vogue enjoyed by these heathen oracles and because of the influence they had in shaping the religious views of the period, some Hellenistic Jews residing in Alexandria, during the second century before Christ, composed verses in the same form, attributing them to the sibyls and circulating them among the pagans as a means of diffusing Judaistic doctrines. The same means of propaganda was later borrowed by a number of ill-advised Christians. The utterances of these Christian sibyls form a special department of early ecclesiastical literature and are a mixture of pagan, Jewish, and Christian ingredients. Large collections of these still exist and also bear the name of "Sibylline Books." They treat principally of the creation, the fall of Adam, and the end of the world.

The sibyls were frequently quoted by the early Fathers and Christian writers, and even in the Middle Ages they enjoyed no little authority. As

representatives and embodiments of pagan expectations and presentiments of the Redeemer, they were often placed on a level with the Jewish prophets in Christian art and literature. Thus in the initial stanza of that grandest of Church hymns "Dies irae" by the Franciscan Thomas Celano, the sibyl is mentioned along with David, as foretelling the last day of judgment. Paintings by such great masters as Pinturichio, Michelangelo, and Raphael Santi also represent the sibyls in connection with the prophets, as pointing to the Redeemer. It is this Christian tradition that has led Joseph von Fuehrich to give the sibyls so prominent a place in his "Triumph of Christ."



EASTER THOUGHTS

During the awful hours of Christ's passion, his divinity remained, so to speak, obscured; yet, it was none the less present, and by its presence an infinite value was imparted to his sufferings. It shines forth again in the great and glorious miracle of his resurrection. He that was truly dead, rises, by his own power, as from a trance, puts off his sepulchral bands, pierces the solid rock, and ascends into the day, visible and triumphant. A sudden earthquake announces the wonderful happening; the affrighted guards flee into the city, angels descend in dazzling array, and removing the ponderous stone lay open the empty tomb to the inspection of his anxious followers. "He is risen; he is not here."

Such is the wondrous spectacle of Easter morning; such the glorious triumph of our late suffering Redeemer. And who should not think that this great day at least is exclusively his own; that if he died for us, he should rise again for himself? But no, we have a share in this the greatest of Christ's miracles. We are to rise again with him and on his model.

We shall, indeed, rise with Christ, but only on condition that we die with him; we shall be glorified with him only if we suffer with him. If Christ had "to suffer these things, and so enter into his glory," by what course can we hope to attain to our end? Surely a few pious practices intermingled with the enjoyment of the good things of life, will not suffice. There is no alternative. He who wishes to rise with Christ, must die with Christ. Christ's whole life was a continuous death. The Christian's life should reveal the same contradiction. What is meant by this contradiction, St. Francis of Assisi explains: "Wouldst thou love well? Hate thyself. Wouldst thou live well? Slay thyself. Wouldst thou amass much wealth? Fling the whole world away. Wouldst thou be honored? Despise thyself, and render honor to those that scorn thee and put thee to shame. Wouldst thou possess good? Endure evil all thy life. Seekest thou everlasting rest? Spend thyself in hard toil, and welcome the burdens laid on thee."



THE THIRD ORDER IN COLLEGES

On this subject, two interesting items will be found elsewhere in this issue. The one is a statistical report of the Tertiary fraternity of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, the other an account of the establish-

ment of a branch in the Cathedral College, New York. While introducing the new fraternity, Rev. Fr. Martin, O.M. Cap., said, among other things, that the Third Order is especially adapted to students for the holy priesthood, because it safeguards their vocation and fosters in them the virtues that should above all adorn the priest. That this is no mere gratuitous assertion, may be gathered from the report referred to above. When the Third Order was canonically erected in St. Joseph's College, in 1886, the institution was attended by candidates for the regular and for the secular clergy as well as by commercial students, and it was but natural that the Order should appeal more strongly to the former than to the latter class of students. Be that as it may, of the 173 members professed up to the year 1899, when the college was changed into a school for the candidates of the Franciscan Order, the records show that 152 have become priests, while 15 died some years before their ordination.

Nor are these results at all surprising, since the Third Order is, of its nature, admirably suited to ward off the dangers by which so many a priestly vocation is wrecked, and to prepare the mind and the heart of the young man for his sublime calling. There is no need of arguing this point. Every unbiased educator can convince himself of the truth thereof by a single reading of the Rule of the Order. In Europe at least the ecclesiastical authorities seem to have no doubt as to the propriety or utility of establishing branches of the Third Order in seminaries. The fact of the matter is that in some countries almost every ecclesiastical institution has its own student fraternity. Evidently the heads of these institutions are convinced that if they succeed in making their charges good Tertiaries, they will have little difficulty in making them good priests.

But it is not only the students for the holy priesthood that are enthusiastic over the Third Order in these countries. Also students with other aims in life are proud to belong to it. That they can be easily gained for the Order, is evident from the numbers that ask to be enrolled whenever its object and nature are brought before them in the proper light. To single out only one instance, at the University of Louvain some years since, a law student, M. Prosper Thuysbaert, himself a Tertiary and the son of the distinguished Tertiary of the same name, addressed the members of the literary circle on the social influence of the Third Order. He urged on his hearers the utility of enrolling themselves in the army of St. Francis, emphasizing as motives that the Order fosters among its members fraternal charity, strengthens their faith and morals against the dangers besetting them on all sides, and gives them powerful weapons for combating the enemies of the Church and State. These arguments advanced with skill and eloquence, and supported by the exemplary life of the young lawyer overcame the prejudices of the university students, many of whom followed his lead and became enthusiastic Tertiaries of St. Francis. The fraternity was in a very flourishing condition when the European War began and was taking a leading part in the social activity of the city of Louvain.

We are convinced that the students in our American institutions would take quite as readily to the Third Order as the students of foreign colleges, if the Third Order were brought to their notice. How much better qualified many of our graduates would be to wrestle with the difficult social problems which sooner or later they will be confronted with and in the solution of which they will be called on to take an active part.

BL. JANE OF MAILLE

OF THE THIRD ORDER

APRIL 27

BL. Jane Mary, the daughter of the wealthy Baron of Maillé, was born 1331, in the castle of La Roche, near the town of St. Quentin, in France. She was called Jane in Baptism; and, on account of her great devotion to the Mother of God, she took the name of Mary in Confirmation. As a child, she delighted in saying the Hail Mary and in weaving garlands of flowers to adorn the statue of our Lady.

Under the prudent guidance of a son of St. Francis, who held the position of chaplain of the castle, Jane rapidly advanced in perfection by the practice of self-denial, mortification, prayer, and works of mercy. She made herself an oratory in a retired part of the castle and there prostrate before a crucifix, she spent many hours in fervent converse with God. It was her delight to read the lives of the saints, and incited by their heroic virtues to grow in the spirit of self-sacrifice, she resolved to consecrate her virginity to God.

When Jane was fifteen years of age, her father died, and she was placed under the guardianship of her grandfather, who made it one of his first cares to provide for the future of his ward. He chose as husband for her the virtuous Robert, Baron of Silly. At this news, Jane, desirous of belonging to God alone, was appalled. She redoubled

her prayers and austerities to obtain the help of God in this difficulty. In a heavenly vision she was reassured, however, that the union was pleasing to God, and that her virtue would receive the reward she so ardently desired. The marriage ceremonies were celebrated with great pomp; but the wedding day was turned into a day of mourning, for in the evening, Jane's grandfather departed this life. This sad and unexpected event made a deep impression on all, and induced the young Baron of Silly to yield to the desires of his bride to lead a life of virginity.

This chaste union, which lasted thirteen years, was sanctified by the practice of sublime virtues. The holy couple made it their first care to regulate their household according to the will of God. Only virtuous and God-fearing persons were engaged as servants. Everyone in the castle was bound to fulfill faithfully the duties of religion; games of chance, quarrels, frivolous language, and cursing were strictly prohibited. These wise and pious regulations were enforced by the example of Jane and her husband. The poor always received a hearty welcome, and they never left the castle without being consoled and assisted in their need.

Thus, for about ten years, the virtuous couple had led a truly happy life; for no joy is so pure as that

which springs from virtue. But human life, especially in the case of the saints, is a continual alternation of consolations and trials. God was now about to demand of Bl. Jane a great sacrifice. At that time, the Hundred Years' War was raging in France. The English, after devastating the southern provinces, were advancing toward the center of the kingdom. Summoned by his king, Robert of Silly armed his men and marched out to the defence of his country, and after distinguishing himself by his bravery, fell seriously wounded. He had scarcely recovered from his wounds, when his castle was stormed by the English and he was carried off a prisoner. During this severe trial, Bl. Jane, far from murmuring against Divine Providence, blessed the hand of God which weighed heavily upon her, and came forth from the visitation purified and more detached from earthly things. Through her efforts, her husband was at length restored to liberty, and together they henceforth vied with each other in the performance of works of piety and charity.

After the death of her husband,

in 1362, Bl. Jane was bitterly persecuted by his family, but even when she was cruelly deprived of a large part of her property and obliged to beg for shelter in the cottage of a poor woman, she did not lose her peace of heart, but, like St. Elizabeth, thanked God and deemed herself happy in having no other possessions than Jesus



Bl. Jane Mary Maille

Crucified. With a view of serving God with greater freedom, she went to Tours and took up her abode in a poor lodging near the Church of St. Martin. Here she entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and henceforth always wore the habit outwardly, in spite of the ridicule she met with. She now devoted herself with renewed zeal to works of charity, in which she spent all her time not given to prayer. She visited the poor and the sick, rendered every charitable service to the lepers, and by her prayers and prudent zeal effected the conversion of many who had given themselves up to a life of sin. To these acts of charity, she joined the practice of the greatest self-denial and mortification. She spent the greater part of the night in prayer, sleeping for a short time on the

bare ground. Besides the fasts prescribed by the Church and the Rule of the Third Order, she kept four Lents during the year, and fasted on bread and water on four days of every week. In her love for holy poverty, she divested herself of all her possessions, renounced any property that might eventually devolve on her, and lived on alms.

It might be supposed that the example of so many virtues would have attracted the respect and veneration of men; but God permitted it to be otherwise. Jane was treated as foolish and mad, and persecuted with ridicule and insults to such an extent that she was obliged several times to change her abode. She at length found an asylum in a poor dwelling near the church of the Franciscans in Tours.

In this humble retreat, Bl. Jane was to spend the last twenty-seven years of her life and to exercise a holy influence which was to be felt even at the royal court. She begged her daily bread, practiced the greatest austerities, and spent many hours of the day and night before the tabernacle in contemplation. By her prayers and exhortations, she obtained the conversion of many sinners. She visited the prisoners, provided for their needs, and in many cases procured their release. Needy churches were also the object of her pious solicitude; by her help and example, many

were repaired and provided with the things necessary to celebrate the divine mysteries with due reverence.

In 1395, Bl. Jane visited Paris, where she had several audiences with King Charles VI. The influence of these interviews was soon felt in a number of royal statutes in favor of the people and the prisoners and in the removal of abuses existing at the court.

Her influence was also exercised in a most salutary manner during the Great Schism, which caused so much confusion in the Church of God. Like the other Saints who lived at the time, Bl. Jane not only unceasingly implored God to hasten the end of the scandal which afflicted the Church to the detriment of numerous souls, but she instituted for this purpose processions and public prayers, and as a reward, she received a revelation making known the coming peace of the Church.

After laboring for the honor of God and the salvation of souls by a life of voluntary poverty, humility, mortification, and prayer, Bl. Jane was at length called to her eternal reward. She passed away on March 28, 1414, in the eighty-second year of her age. She was entombed in the church of the Friars Minor at Tours. Pope Pius IX, in 1871, confirmed the veneration shown her from time immemorial.



CALM BEFORE THE STORM

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

SELDOM were political and religious conditions more auspicious anywhere than in England when Henry VIII ascended the throne in 1509. During the reign of his father, Henry VII, the first of the house of Tudor, royal ascendancy had gained a firm hold on the minds and hearts of the English people. Though smarting under the frequent and heavy exactions of the late King, the people at large submitted, when they recalled the horrors of the War of the Roses. Now that the stern King was dead and the State treasury well filled, they pinned their hopes for brighter days on his youthful successor.

Endowed with rare qualities of mind and body, the handsome prince of eighteen summers fully vindicated their most sanguine hopes. Shortly after his accession, he espoused with a dispensation from Rome Catherine of Aragon, the maiden widow of his brother Arthur. The people loved the pious and fair princess; hence the King's choice could only raise him in their esteem. Soon after, he renewed the general pardon his father had granted before his death, and even offered to compensate those who had been wronged during the preceding reign. Also his military success in France and Scotland augured well for the future. In short, politically his reign promised to be an era of peace at home and of prestige abroad; and as far as reli-

gious conditions were concerned, no one in England, least of all the King, ever fancied that within twenty-five years a dreadful upheaval would transpire within the realm.

The assertion often made by non-Catholic historians that on the eve of the Reformation religious life in England was at a very low ebb, conflicts with the latest researches; and to say that the subsequent upheaval was merely the culmination of Lollardism is false. Long before, the heresy of Wiclif had sunk into the grave with the heretic himself. It is true that, as at all times, so also in the beginning of the sixteenth century, there were religious evils that needed curing. But generally speaking, historians agree that the people, instructed and advised by a zealous clergy, cherished and practiced their faith. Gasquet remarks that "religion on the eve of the Reformation was intimately bound up with the whole social life of the people, animating it and penetrating it at every point." That this statement is not overdrawn, is attested by the widely spread devotional literature of the period, while the many churches that rose through the length and breadth of England are ample proof of the people's spirit of sacrifice. All this in turn refutes the oft-repeated charge that the clergy, secular and regular, were corrupt and worldly-minded, and that they had forfeited the respect and confidence

of the people. Already Bl. Thomas More argued that, if religious conditions among the laity were good, corruption among the clergy could not have been so general.⁽¹⁾

The same may be said regarding the belief in the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. Of course, the full import of this doctrine was not so clearly defined as it is to-day. Hence, disputes repeatedly arose between the Church and the State, especially regarding ecclesiastical immunities and exemptions. Still, it is certain, everybody in England knew only one supreme head of the Church, and that was the Pope. The theory of royal supremacy in matters spiritual did not emanate from the convictions of the people, but from the pride and covetousness of the crown.⁽²⁾

As to Henry VIII himself, contemporary evidence clearly shows that in the beginning of his reign he was a dutiful son of the Church, devoutly attached to her doctrine and her practice. His thorough training not only in Christian humanism but also in sacred theology under the direction of Bishop Fisher made him a man of firm religious convictions. It is thought that he was at first destined for the sacred ministry but that this plan was abandoned on the death of his elder brother Arthur. Although Henry was of a gay and chivalrous disposition and delighted in the sports and jousts and other entertainments of the times, there is nothing on record that points to a base and cor-

rupt heart. He seems to have fostered a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In 1505, and again in 1510, he made pilgrimages to Our Lady's shrine at Walsingham. Spelman relates that he walked to this place barefoot from Baseham, a distance of three miles, that he presented the shrine with a precious necklace and that at his own expense he had new windows put in the chapel.⁽³⁾ The fact, too, that he chose to marry the virtuous Catherine and applied to Rome for the necessary dispensation, speaks loudly in his favor.

Whatever his private life may have been, this much is certain, Henry was sincerely attached to the Church and to the Vicar of Christ. During the political troubles between Pope Julius II and the King of France, Henry VIII upheld the rights and prerogatives of the Papacy and openly espoused the cause of the Holy League. When Martin Luther, in 1517, rebelled against the authority and teaching of the Church of Rome, Henry was among the first to raise his voice in solemn protest. As late as 1522, at the instigation of Bl. John Forest, he wrote and published the famous *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum* against the heresy of Luther. When Bl. Thomas More remarked to the King that in the book the Pope's authority had been unduly emphasized, Henry uttered the remarkable words, "We are so much bounden unto the see of Rome that we can not do too much honor unto it.

(1) Gasquet: *The Eve of the Reformation*, (London, 1905,) passim.— (2) Gasquet: *l.c.*, p. 70 sqq.— (3) Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, (London, 1878), p. 26. See also Timbs: *Abbeys.....of England and Wales*, (London), Vol. I, p. 543.

Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we received from that see our crown imperial."⁽¹⁾ In public consistory, Dr. John Clarke, the English ambassador in Rome, presented the King's book to Pope Leo X. To show his gratitude and admiration, the Pope by a special bull bestowed on Henry the coveted title of Defender of the Faith—a title which the English crown carries, though unjustly, to the present day. Later, Pope Clement VII presented Henry VIII with the golden rose for eminent services rendered to the Church.⁽²⁾ Yes, even when about to usurp the spiritual supremacy of the Church, Henry obliged Cranmer at his episcopal consecration to take the usual oath of obedience to the See of Rome.⁽³⁾ In short, it may be said that during the early reign of Henry VIII, the Church still had a firm hold on the intelligence and the affection of the King as well as of the English nation at large.

It was quite natural for one so well-minded toward the Church, to favor also that movement in the Order of St. Francis, which in the course of time had rekindled the primitive zeal for Franciscan ideals of poverty and had given to the Church such ardent promoters of her welfare. To understand and to appreciate fully the heroic zeal of the English friars for truth and morality during the subsequent religious upheaval in England, it will be

necessary to insert a brief account of the Observant reform in the Franciscan Order and of its bearing on the history of the English province. Soon after the death of St. Francis, diversities of opinion and practice arose in the Order regarding the observance of poverty. While a number of brethren supported by influential men in and out of the Order sought to mitigate the severity of the Rule, others advocated and practiced complete renunciation of all temporalities. During the fourteenth century, these differences became more pronounced. Those who following Bl. Paul de Trinci, labored for the reform of the Order, were called Observants, while the others who with papal dispensations held property in common, went by the name of Conventuals. In the next century, the reform movement was greatly furthered by four saintly friars known as the pillars of Observantism; viz., St. Bernardine of Siena, St. John Capistran, St. James della Marca, and Bl. Albert of Sartiano. Through their untiring efforts, the movement rapidly spread over entire Europe, so that on the eve of the Reformation, the Franciscan Order was well-nigh wholly regenerated. In the various provinces, there were 1500 Observant houses, in which, to make a rough estimate, about 30,000 friars observed the primitive poverty and discipline of the Order. Finally in 1517, a definite separation was made by Pope Leo X, so that henceforth

(1) Roper: *Life of Sir Thomas More, Kat.*, (London, 1903), p. 67. William Roper, the author of this work, was the son-in-law of the blessed Tertiary Martyr.—(2) Pastor: *Geschichte der Päpste*, (Freiburg, 1907), Vol. IV, p. 484.—(3) Dodd: *Church History of England*, (Brussels, 1737), Vol. I, p. 71.

there existed two distinct branches of the Order, the Conventuals and the Observants.⁽¹⁾

According to Parkinson, this Observant movement probably reached the English province early in the fifteenth century, and it was gradually adopted by most of the friars. In 1451, St. John Capistran wrote to Henry VI concerning his promise to erect Observant houses in England. At the chapters held in Palencia (1470) and at Bruges (1484), England was reckoned a province of the Observance. The chapter held at Mechlin (1499) unanimously resolved "that the province of England having now a competent number of convents should hereafter have two votes in all general chapters, after the manner of other reformed provinces".⁽²⁾

Although the exact number of Observantine friaries in England is not known,⁽³⁾ Parkinson seems to hold that, after 1517, almost all the convents accepted the reform, since he finds after that year no mention of Conventual chapters or provincials.⁽⁴⁾ Apparently, the reform movement did not at all destroy the unity of the province. Thus in 1498, we see the Observants holding their chapter at the Grey Friars⁽⁵⁾ in London, which was not one of their houses.⁽⁶⁾ We know that at the time of the general suppression of the province, by far the greater

number of its friaries were strictly in keeping with the rule of poverty and depended for their daily subsistence on the charity of the people. All told, there were about eighty convents in England proper. Of these, all, excepting perhaps four, are officially recorded by the royal agents as "not rated," "no valuation," "no rents," "no revenues."⁽⁷⁾ Though differing among themselves in the use of other privileges gradually established by custom, most of the English friars were one in the complete renunciation of temporalities. Hence it was easy for them to join the Observant body. How many did so, will remain, perhaps forever, a matter of conjecture. This much, however, is certain: on the eve of the Reformation, the greater number of English Franciscans were true sons of St. Francis, and with the Carthusians and Bridgetines formed the most zealous and most popular body of religious in England.

During the first year of his reign, Henry VIII, like his father, was the outspoken patron of the English Observants. In a letter to the Pope dated March 12, 1513, he told how he loved and admired the friars for their sincere devotion to poverty, for their heroic spirit of charity and self-denial, and for their untiring zeal in winning souls back to God.⁽⁸⁾ Their friary and church at Greenwich adjoined

(1) Holzappel: *Geschichte des Franciskanerordens*. (Freiburg, 1909), passim. — (2) Parkinson: *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans*, (London, 1726) I, pp. 203; 206, 207, 211. See also *Annales Minorum*, V, p. 106; VI, pp. 112, 709; VII, pp. 176, 407. — (3) Pope Sixtus IV, in 1481, gave certain English nobles a grant to build three friaries for the Observants. Whether and where these friaries were erected, is not known. Later, Henry VII built them three convents; viz., at Greenwich, Newark, Richmond, while he caused those at Canterbury, Newcastle, and Southampton to be given over to them by the Conventuals. Gonzaga says that they had twelve houses. See Parkinson, l.c., I, pp. 207; 216; 212. — (4) Parkinson, l.c., I, p. 220. — (5) In England, the Franciscans went by this name on account of the color of their habit. — (6) Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England*, (London, 1898), p. 14. — (7) Parkinson, l.c., II, passim. — (8) Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892), p. 1, on the authority of Elli's *Original Letters*.

the royal palace, where Henry was born and where during his reign he usually resided. Here with his saintly queen Catherine who was a Franciscan Tertiary, he attended divine services. Another Tertiary, Bl. Thomas More, whose life was so intimately bound up with court affairs, stood very high in his esteem. Fr. Stephen Baron, provincial of the Franciscans, was for nearly ten years confessor to the King, for whose benefit he wrote a book entitled, *On the Government of Princes*. In 1516, when the Franciscans of Palestine had to flee to Cyprus to escape the cruelty of Selim, the youthful King of England wrote to them personally, assuring them that since his tenderest years he had always revered the sons of St. Francis and that henceforth he would send them a yearly alms of 1000 scudi for the maintenance of the Holy Places. Again, in 1521, it was a Franciscan, Fr. John

Kynton, doctor of divinity at Oxford, whom the King engaged to write a defence of Catholic truth against Luther. ⁽¹⁾ These are a few recorded facts that illustrate the King's attitude toward the sons of St. Francis.

Little, therefore, did they surmise that he who in his early reign had been their constant and devoted protector, would later prove their most cruel and unrelenting persecutor. Heretofore, cherished by high and low for strict fidelity in every sphere of action, the English Franciscans had decked the shrine of St. Francis with flowers of sanctity and laurels of learning. Now the time had come for them to gather in also the palms of martyrdom and join the ranks of those "who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Apoc. 7, 14.

(1) Parkinson L.e., I, passim. See also Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum*. (Quaracchi, 1885) p. 203.

The Robin's Spring Song

Cheer up, cheer up, thou wintry sky,
Thy dreary aspect brighten;
Dispel the gloom, the airy space
With golden sunshine lighten.
Show thine own hue
Of lovely blue,
And waken the world to life anew,

Cheer up, cheer up, thou languid earth,
In somber sadness sleeping.
Thy lovely, smiling verdure show
With flowers brightly peeping.
Ye trees so bare,
Your foliage wear,
To surge and sway in the balmy air,

Cheer up, cheer up, ye creatures all,
That roam o'er dewy meadows,
That dwell within the watery depths,
That haunt the forest shadows.
Ye songsters gay,
Sing a merry lay
To brighten the charm of the sunny day.

Cheer up, cheer up, O heart of man,
Cast off thy sluggish sadness;
When nature stirs to happy life
Thou, too, awake to gladness.
In worship prone
Before God's throne
A joyful hymn, O man, intone.

—Fr. C., O.F.M.

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

WHEN John Wentworth married Agnes Ashton, it was universally conceded that a splendid match had been made, and that the young couple entering on the path of conjugal life had a bright and happy future before them. Both were of good families, well educated, and sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to ensure them a comfortable living.

The first five years of their wedded life were years of almost unalloyed bliss. Rich in each other's love, their happiness was increased by the presence of several children sent by Heaven to bind their hearts still more closely together, and the happiest hours of the day were those that John spent with his loved ones at home.

Then there came a change that brought sorrow and misery to this happy home. Desirous of placing his business on a firmer financial basis, Wentworth had entered into partnership with Henry Rice, an old friend of his boyhood days. Unfortunately, Rice, unknown to John, was given to gambling and betting, and, after squandering all his personal funds, he made use of the firm's money, and before Wentworth was aware of the fact, they faced bankruptcy. Brooding excessively over his misfortune and embittered by the base deception of his partner and trusted friend, Wentworth took to drinking, and all the entreaties of his wife and

friends to break with this degrading and pernicious habit availed nothing. John was a changed man. Demon rum seemed to have taken possession of his whole being, and things daily went from bad to worse. In the meantime, Mrs. Wentworth with the assistance of a faithful clerk, reestablished the business on a small scale and succeeded for some years in eking out a precarious living. But this work coupled with the anguish that was constantly gnawing at her heart gradually undermined her strength.

Little did she surmise when she joined the Third Order of St. Francis the year after her marriage and chose that model of wives and mothers, St. Monica, as her special patroness, that she should so soon imitate this saint in her tears and prayers for the conversion of the one dearest to her in the world. The Third Order proved to be her solace and strength in these heavy trials, and her sorrows seemed to unite her more and more to the suffering Savior. Nor did she despair or even complain when God called three of her darling children in quick succession to himself, leaving her but the eldest child, Alfred, then a boy of twelve years.

John Wentworth, instead of perceiving in this bereavement a just punishment of God for the gross neglect of his family, gave himself up more than ever to his passion and even cast his holy religion aside

the more easily to quiet his qualms of conscience. This was the heaviest blow of all for his devoted wife, and her health gave way completely. In this extremity, her husband regained his senses and did all in his power to restore her to health. But it was too late, and Dr. Woodbury told them to prepare for the worst. Fr. Roch was sent for to administer to his faithful Tertiary child the last sacraments. After the priest had gone and left her alone with her husband kneeling at her bedside and bitterly bewailing his shameful neglect, Mrs. Wentworth turned to John and said:

"John dear, I am going to die, and—"

"Oh, Agnes, don't say that, don't!" moaned the distracted man taking her pale, wasted hand and kissing it passionately. "No, I don't want you to die; and I promise never to touch a drop of liquor and never to enter a saloon again, and to go to church regularly. I know how you must hate me, but I swear that I love you, and God knows that I want to lead a different life."

Placing her hand lovingly on his head, Mrs. Wentworth assured her disconsolate husband that far from hating him she loved him most tenderly.

"All these years, John, I have prayed and wept with St. Monica for you, and I trust that my tears and prayers have not been in vain. But it seems that God demands also my life for your conversion."

"No, no, Agnes, he can't demand that from you!" exclaimed John

vehemently, his tears flowing afresh. "Why should you suffer for my sins? And besides, if you die now, I am sure to go to the dogs entirely."

"Now, my dear John, calm yourself," Agnes replied, "for God can take better care of you than I. Let us leave it all to him."

Wentworth's only answer was a flood of tears. That same evening, Agnes passed away, conscious to the last, having frequently renewed the sacrifice of her life for the conversion of her poor husband and for the welfare of her cherished boy Alfred. Fr. Roch was present when the end came, and it was well, for John Wentworth was almost crazed with grief, blaming himself for the premature death of his saintly wife. The words of comfort and admonition falling from the lips of the gentle priest sank deep into the heart of the sorrow-stricken man, and falling on his knees beside the corpse he solemnly renewed in the presence of the priest the promise to amend his ways. True to his word, John hastened to the church on the following evening and sought out Fr. Roch's confessional, where amid tears and groans he made his peace with God.

The funeral was held under the auspices of the Third Order, and those who knew that Mrs. Wentworth had died more of a broken heart than of any specific illness, marvelled at the peaceful expression of the pale, drawn features as she lay in her plain casket, garbed in the full Tertiary habit.

"That's just the way I always imagined St. Elizabeth must have looked when she died," Mrs. Woodbury remarked to her friend Mrs. Adams, as they gazed lovingly at the placid smile that seemed to play about the waxlike lips of their departed Tertiary sister, "and I feel more like praying to her than for her that I may become as good a Tertiary as she was."

Now that his wife was no more, John Wentworth was determined to carry out the resolutions made at her deathbed. Conscious of his own weakness, he carefully avoided those places that had been wont to draw him with irresistible force, and instead of spending his evenings in the bar-room, he now remained at home with Alfred and a maiden sister of his, who had generously agreed to keep house for them. John's relatives greatly rejoiced over this sudden and unexpected change and devoutly hoped that his conversion would be lasting.

It was after nighthall, about a week after his wife's funeral, that Wentworth was returning from a freight depot, where he had gone to look after a shipment of goods. He was just passing a saloon he had formerly patronized, when he was hailed by one of his old friends.

"Hello, Wentworth! Haven't seen you for a long time. Where've you been all week? Why, what's a matter? You look all in."

"What? Your wife died?" he went on, as John told him of his wife's death. "Well, that's too bad, sure, and I'm sorry for you.

But say, let's go in and have a drink. There's nothing like a good straight whiskey for bracing up a feller when his spirits are low."

Wentworth hesitated, remembering his solemn promise never to enter a saloon again, but his friend without more ado took hold of his arm and led him in. There were a number of men standing at the bar or sitting at the tables, and they greeted the newcomers heartily.

When word was passed round that Wentworth had lost his wife, the expressions of sympathy were general and evidently sincere, and John was not a little affected by this unexpected show of pity from these rough men.

"Thank you, boys," he replied, "I certainly appreciate your kindness. Perhaps some of you would like to have a memorial card of her," he went on, drawing a package of cards from his pocket and presenting one to each.

"What's that word mean, Wentworth, after her name, Ter — Ter — ?" questioned Jack Morgan, a Protestant.

"Oh, that's 'Tertiary', and means that she belonged to a Church society called the Third Order," John explained, and he recalled how Agnes had expressly desired that the word Tertiary should be added to her name on her memorial cards.

"Oh, was yer wife one of them Third Orders, too, that're always runnin' to the priest and tellin' em yer sins?" asked Dan Warden in a sneering tone. "My ol' woman is a Third Order, too, an' ef she didn't tell me that she seen you in

church th'orther night confessin' yer sins to that'er Third Order priest. Then she comes along the next day and wants me fer to go to Confession too. Good joke, eh boys, seein' ol' Dan Warden confessin' his sins to a priest! But say, Wenty, did yer ol' woman 'fore she died make yer promise to walk the chalk line and drink nuttin' stronger'n grape juice?"

The maudlin sot had hardly spoken these words, when there was a muttered curse, a flash in the air, and he dropped in a heap to the floor. Wentworth, goaded to fury by the man's contemptuous remarks about his dead wife, had snatched an empty bottle from the bar and hurled it straight at Warden's head.

"He's dead!" said one of the men in a husky voice, bending over Warden's prostrate form.

"Yep, ol' Dan handed in his checks sooner'n he expected," said another with a pitiless laugh.

The bottle had been broken and made a long gash over the man's left temple, and the blood flood freely. The sight of blood brought Wentworth to himself, and availing himself of the general confusion he fled from the awful scene and rushing into an alley near by hid himself in a garbage box. Huddling there in the darkness of the night, with a cold sweat trickling slowly down his brow, he vividly recalled how he had knelt hardly ten days before at the bedside of his dying wife and how he had promised by everything holy never to enter a saloon again. And now that he had broken this promise for the first time, although he had

not tasted a drop of liquor, the punishment for his backsliding had come quickly and with a vengeance.

What was he to do now? If discovered, he would most certainly be hanged for murder or at least sent to prison for life. He must flee, flee to some distant city and there among strangers seek to spend the rest of his days, if not in peace and happiness, at least in comparative security from justice. He heard the tower clock of the city hall strike nine, then ten, then eleven. How slowly the moments dragged on. Each minute seemed an age. Then a shrill whistle announced the early departure of the midnight fast freight for the East. A thought struck him. He would try to steal his way on this train and be far from the city by morning. The railroad was but a short block from his hiding place and he could easily make his way there unnoticed in the dark. Stealthily quitting the box, John slipped through the alley and jumped the train just as it pulled out of the yards. After several days of tramping and riding on freight trains, Wentworth landed at last in New York, a fugitive from justice and an outcast from society.

Under an assumed name, he obtained employment on the wharfs. His former bad habits tried hard to reassert themselves, but the thought of his dying wife and the recollection of the bloody sequel to his first lapse after her death effectually steeled him against all their assaults. Though he was regular now in attending Mass on Sun-

days, an unaccountable fear prevented him from approaching the holy sacraments. Living in constant dread of being arrested and brought to justice, Wentworth aged very rapidly, so that his own relatives would have hardly recognized him. A long white beard, that he permitted to grow, completed his metamorphosis.

Thus he spent twelve long, dreary years far from home, without peace or rest, the awful crime on his conscience weighing his soul down to the very depths of hell. Often he felt impelled to go to court and make a clean breast of it. But fear of the gallows always held him back. Never speaking more than was absolutely necessary, he labored faithfully on the wharfs, and he was known as a good-hearted simpleton, who stolidly resisted all the endeavors of his fellow laborers to draw him out and to have him join in their dissipations.

One morning, it was the nineteenth of March, as John went to work, he began to feel a most intense longing to return to his old home. He strove to shake off the feeling, but it became more pronounced as the hours passed by, and he grew very uneasy. Was this that unaccountable voice that, as he had heard, eventually leads murderers back to the scene of their bloody crimes where they are then detected? Or was it merely a natural inclination to see again the home of his childhood, and the faces of those so dear to him? Evening came and the longing increased. For days he struggled to put the

thought out of his mind, but to no avail. At last, he determined to follow the impulse, confident that even should he meet some former acquaintance, he would not be recognized.

It was on Easter Sunday that Wentworth arrived in his native city. Strolling down the street where he had formerly dwelt, he felt a keen pang of disappointment to find that his house had been torn down to make room for a large flat. With a sinking heart he turned his steps toward his store, almost regretting that he had made the trip.

What sound was that? The chimes of a church near by pealing forth their joyful invitation to the faithful to assemble and adore the newly risen Savior. Wentworth at once recognized them as the bells of his own parish church, and he thought that they had never before sounded so sweetly. Were they welcoming him, the prodigal, back to his home, where at last, he should find pardon and peace? Alas! how often in former years he had turned a deaf ear to their kind invitation. He would do so no longer. He would hasten to the church and seek out the only man to whom he could bare the utter misery of his soul—his former confessor, kind Fr. Roch.

Within a few minutes, Wentworth knelt again in the church where he had spent the happiest hours of his life and where he now seemed to nestle like a child in its mother's fond embrace. On the right of the sanctuary, he saw a beautiful representation of the Holy

Sepulcher with the great stone rolled away from the entrance and a white-robed angel seated thereon and pointing to the figure of the risen Savior. Oh, would that he, too, could roll away the heavy stone of sin from the grave of his heart.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself, as he caught sight of a young priest coming down the middle aisle to sprinkle the faithful with holy water. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. No, he was not dreaming. That face could belong to no one else.

"Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner! My boy a priest and I a murderer!" The old man bowed his venerable white head on his bosom, and great hot tears began to trickle slowly down his furrowed cheeks and then hung like sparkling dewdrops on his snow-white beard, while his soul was rent with conflicting emotions of hope and despair.

During the remainder of the service, Wentworth hardly dared to stir lest he should awaken and find it all a dream. As the congregation filed out of church at the close of Mass, he remained in his seat, bowing his head on the pew before him.

During his sermon, Fr. Roch had noticed the aged stranger in the last pew and seeing him still there after all others had gone, and apparently in distress, he went toward him to assist him if he could.

"What's the matter, my good man? Can I be of any service to you?" he questioned softly, placing his hand on John's shoulder and

bending over him.

Startled by the question, for he had not heard the priest approach, Wentworth raised his head quickly and his frightened stare met the gentle look of the kindly friar. His soul melted at once and grasping the priest's hand with feverish haste he sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Father Roch, for God's sake, help me a poor sinner!"

"But who are you, my good man?"

"John Wentworth!"

"John Wentworth!" ejaculated Fr. Roch astonished beyond all measure. "Thank God that you are not dead as we all thought, and that you have at last come back to us. Oh, this will, indeed, be a joyful Easter for good Fr. Paul, your own boy Alfred."

"Then I was not mistaken? That was really Alfred at the altar?"

"Yes, Alfred said his first holy Mass in this church on March the nineteenth, the feast of St. Joseph, and he is here still on a short vacation."

"Oh, God, my boy a priest and I a murderer!" sobbed the poor old man unable to master his emotion as this thought again presented itself to him.

"A murderer? What do you mean, John?"

"Oh, Father, you know I killed Dan Warden in Barker's saloon. But I didn't mean to do it, God knows I didn't!"

"My dear friend, you are mistaken. You didn't kill Dan Warden. He was merely stunned by the

blow, and the wound he received soon healed."

"Then I'm not a murderer, Father?"

"No, John, no, believe me.

"Oh, thank God! Father, the heavy stone is rolled away from my heart at last. And now I can look my darling boy in the eye and press him to my heart without fear or shame. Oh, Father, take me to him at once."

Five years after his homecoming, John Wentworth followed his saintly wife to the grave, having proved the sincerity of his conversion by the extraordinary zeal and devotion with which he fulfilled all his religious duties. As he lay on his deathbed after being strengthened for the great journey by the last rites of holy Church, he requested Fr. Roch to take the slip of paper that lay under his pillow and to have the obituary notice on his memorial

cards printed as there directed.

"You know, Father," he exclaimed, "I'm convinced that those cards of my beloved Agnes saved me from eternal ruin." For had that unfortunate affair, occasioned by those cards, not taken place in Barker's saloon, God alone knows what would have become of me, since I would most probably have taken to drink again. Oh, it was a terrible lesson, but the good God knows how much I needed it."

The priest took the slip of paper from under the pillow as requested and with unconcealed emotion read the following:

Of your charity

Pray for the soul of the deceased

John Augustine Wentworth, Tertiary
unworthy husband of

Agnes Monica Wentworth, Tertiary,
who by her tears and prayers obtained for
him the grace to amend his sinful ways
and to repair the scandal he had given.

PROMENADE DE LONGCHAMPS

By Leon de Lillo, Tertiary

AMERICAN tourists who have visited Paris will remember the Bois de Boulogne and the celebrated Avenue of the Acacias that leads to the race course of Longchamps. On a beautiful meadow that stretches along the bank of the Seine, one notices to the right an old wind mill covered with ivy, and in the distance the wooden grand stands for the spectators at the races. On the other side of the river, rises a steep hill capped by the important fort of Mont-Valérien. Longchamps, besides be-

ing the favorite race course of Paris, is also the place where the grand reviews of the troops are held, on which occasions the guns of Mont-Valérien fire the salutes.

Until the automobiles ousted the horse-drawn equipages of former days from the fashionable driveways, it was for centuries the custom of the noble ladies of Paris to drive at a slow pace up and down the beautiful Avenue of the Acacias on Good Friday for the sole purpose of making display of their new spring bonnets and dresses.

I will not say that this singular custom had a Franciscan origin, but it had at least a Franciscan pretext, of which present-day Parisians are mostly ignorant.

Long before Longchamps was the scene of exciting horse races and imposing military drills, it was the secluded and quiet home of the daughters of St. Francis of Assisi, known as the Poor Clares, and it was to their chapel that the noble ladies of Paris flocked on Good Friday and incidentally showed off their spring finery on their way there and back. I do not wish to assert that all these good women attended the services on this day in the Poor Clares' chapel in order to make a display of their clothes; but this practice gave rise to the well-known "promenade de Longchamps."

In the thirteenth century, the Bois de Boulogne was a wild forest, quite distant from the noise and bustle of the great city of Paris and the beautiful fields there near the river Seine were a most delightful spot for a country home of the Poor Clares.

Hence, it was here that the Princess Bl. Isabel de Valois founded the royal Abbey of Longchamps. She was the sister of St. Louis IX of France, and, after refusing to marry Conrad the son of the Emperor Frederick II, she left the world to follow the lowly St. Francis of Assisi as a daughter of St. Clare. Finding the original Rule of the Poor Clares too difficult for her companions, many of whom, like herself, were from the highest

nobility, she requested the Pope to mitigate some of its austerities for their benefit. St. Bonaventure, at that time Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, seconded her petition at the Vatican, and Pope Urban IV approved a special Rule for the Abbey of Longchamps, July 27, 1263. Owing to this fact, Bl. Isabel and her companions are usually styled Urbanist Clares.

Mont-Valérien was also from the remotest times a popular place of pilgrimage. St. Genevieve, patroness of Paris, is said to have sanctified this hill by her presence. In 1634, Hubert Charpentier, a priest of the city of Paris, erected a Way of the Cross on the slope of the hill, thus adding another Franciscan feature to the locality. This Way of the Cross, however, like the Abbey itself, is now but a memory of the past. Destroyed during the revolution of 1793, it was rebuilt when the Bourbons returned to power. But when the present fort was erected, in 1841, it was again removed and now nothing remains to tell the tourist of this once famous Via Crucis but the name of Calvary Street which is in the vicinity of the hill. The statues that formed the various stations are now preserved in the gardens of the Church of St. Peter at Montmartre.

And the ivy-covered old wind mill, now serving as a restaurant and an ornament of the park, is the only vestige left to tell of the once flourishing Royal Abbey of the Daughters of St. Clare.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

He Broke

THE REPRESENTATION

“AND giving thanks, he broke.”—In considering how the elements appear parted in consecration and the host afterwards is broken, let me contemplate the wounding of our Lord's sacred body on the cross, the piercing of the nails and spear, the tortures of his passion.

“They have pierced my hands and my feet,” cries the sacred Victim, “there is no whole part in my body, and my heart—that sacred heart—is become like melted wax dissolved with love and sorrow.” O holy and solemn representation of the passion and death of our divine Lord. O sight to draw forth the tears of men and angels, and, if that were possible, of the eternal Father himself!—the adorable hands and feet presented again, in a figure, to the nails of the cross, and the sacred heart to the spear! During the passion of our Savior on Calvary darkness fell, but during its representation on the altar light shines into our souls—the light of the adorable presence of Emmanuel—God-with-us.

Remember, my soul, at these most solemn moments of the holy Mass the anguish of Calvary; remember the cost of thy Redemption; remember that, in that body glorious which really lies on the altar before thee, are the sacred wounds received on the cross for thee. The Living Bread—his hands, his feet, his sacred heart—have been broken for me a sinner, and will not my heart break for him in contrition for my sins, which have crucified the Son of God?

I know that the High and Holy One who gives himself in Communion dwells lovingly with a contrite and humble spirit, and how necessary contrition is for a fruitful Communion. Let me endeavor, therefore, to obtain a contrite heart, for such my divine Savior will not despise.

I know that it is only God who can give me true contrition, but I must do certain things on my part in order to obtain it. It is God who gave water out of the rock at Horeb, but it was first smitten by the rod of Moses. And it was when the adorable body of our Lord was prostrated with his sorrow unto death, and again when it was wounded in his passion, that the precious blood was poured out.

Let me learn from this that it is only through spiritual pain and humiliation true contrition can be obtained. I must pierce my heart with the nails and spear of self-examination and self-accusation; I must affix it to the cross of penance, and attach it by holy contemplation to my cruci-

fied Savior. Thus it will be broken by the grace of God and pour forth a holy fount of contrite tears.

The very rocks of nature were rent on Calvary. Shall my heart be harder than these, O divine Lord, when I contemplate thy sacred passion? The heart of thy Apostle Peter was melted to tears when smitten by thy look of reproach and sorrow. Shall not mine also respond to thy silent and tender reproaches? "Feed me, O Lord, with the bread of tears and give me drink of tears in measure!" (Ps. 79,6).

Listen, my soul, to the last command of thy Jesus as he goes to be lifted up on Calvary, as he comes to be the Victim of the holy Mass: "Weep for yourselves!" Weep, indeed, for my passion, but weep still more for thy sins which have caused my passion. Weep for my afflicting falls under the cross on my way to Calvary, but weep still more for thy repeated falls from virtue. Weep for my loving hands and feet affixed to the cross, but weep still more for thy heart attached to creatures if not to thy sins. Weep, indeed, for my sorrowful death on the cross, but weep still more for thy impatience at thine own cross and rejection of it. Weep for this Victim, indeed, not as for the victim of the crimes of others, but as for one whom thou thyself hast pierced and slain.

Such is the weeping that I have blessed and the mourning that shall be comforted with my love in the heavenly banquet of the altar. With such tears as these approach thy Communion with acts of holy contrition, and thou shalt come thence with joyfulness, enriched with my presence and my graces, and thy very tears of penitence shall be germs of joy eternal. "Going they went and wept casting their seeds. But coming they shall come with joyfulness carrying their sheaves" (Ps. 125,6).

Lauda Sion Salvatorem

Laud, O Sion, thy Salvation,
Laud in songs of exultation
This thy Shepherd and thy King:
All thy might in triumph raising
Praise Him who surpasses praising,
Far beyond thine honoring.

Be our theme of high thanksgiving
Living Bread and source of living
Set to-day before us here:—
Broken at that Supper blessed,
As by every mouth confessed,
For the brethren gathered there.

Laud be lifted, sweet and sounding,
Ringing from an heart abounding,
Rising into jubilee!
Laud in duteous celebration
Of this Table's consecration
For such high solemnity.

—Robert Hugh Benson

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS

By Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M.

MANY Catholics are under the impression that our Federal Government is hostile to the Catholic Indian School. A superficial view of events during the past few years is apt to strengthen them in this opinion. But a careful study of the facts in the case will quickly disabuse them.

Excepting a few lower officials, who lack the necessary experience, the Federal authorities have always shown the greatest respect for the Padres. We may safely state that the officials have ever manifested a marked preference for the views of the Catholic missionaries, on account of their greater experience in Indian affairs and on account of their more unbiased suggestions. We can trace this tendency back to the days of Father De Smet, when our Government first came into close contact with the Catholic missionary. From that time on we notice an ever increasing confidence on the part of our officials in the Padres.

Those readers who have taken interest in Indian affairs, will remember that only recently there was danger of a Navajo revolt, which was averted by Fr. Anselm Weber, O.F.M. It was on the special request of the Government that he went on this mission. Fr. Anselm is recognized by all as the most competent authority on Navajo matters and as the most influential person with this Indian tribe,

and hardly anything of importance is done by our Federal authorities in Navajo affairs without first consulting him.

Among the pueblos of New Mexico, the word of the Catholic missionary carries the greatest weight. Only this year Fr. Fridolin Schuster, O.F.M., went to Washington, D. C., in the interest of his Indians, and his suggestions were immediately acted on. When in January of this year, there was question of opening the Crow Reservation in Montana, the authorities sent for Father Louis Taelmann, S. J., in order to be guided by his views in this delicate matter. In the same month, a Franciscan friar was called from Arizona to the Capital to act as principal counsel in setting aside three million acres of land for the Papago tribe in the southern part of that State.

From all this we must conclude that the Government is far from unfriendly to the Catholic missionary. How then can we account for the opposition to our work, which seems to emanate from Washington? We need not seek far for the originators. They are the missionaries of the Protestant sects, who have become almost insanely jealous of the success of our efforts. Their jealousy has prompted them to invoke certain technicalities in our system of laws, in order to drive the Catholic missionary out of

business. Thus, at first, all Catholic schools among the Indians were supported by the State in consideration of the secular education given to the Indian. Of course, the Protestant schools enjoyed the same privilege. Yet these latter could not secure any great attendance, and for this reason the Protestant bodies first turned their schools over to the Government and then protested against the appropriation of public moneys for sectarian purposes. Thus the Federal authorities were forced, much against their will, to discontinue their assistance of the Catholic Indian schools. The various missionaries tried to arouse Catholic sentiment through the Catholic press, but found the latter indifferent or unwilling to take up the matter, so that no pressure was brought to bear on our legislatures by the Catholic voters.

There were some schools, however, that continued to draw on the United States treasury for their maintenance. These were schools that had a title to governmental support by virtue of treaties made with the Indians. The Protestant missionary bodies, emboldened by the lack of Catholic opposition, again went on the warpath, to combat the paying of these treaty funds to the schools. With one laudable exception, hardly a Catholic paper entered a protest, and the millions of Catholic voters remained in ignorance of the struggle. It is needless to say that the Protestants gained their point by the argument, specious though it is, that the observance of the clauses of the trea-

ty is unconstitutional. Again the Government was forced to turn against its friends.

At present the only Catholic schools still paid by the Government, are those that are supported from tribal funds. In other words, they are schools that, like the large school of the Jesuit Fathers on the Rosebud Agency in South Dakota, are paid by the Indians themselves. Under the present system, however, the Indians themselves have not the administration of their money; consequently, they can not dispose of it without the sanction of the Government. And now an insignificant Protestant missionary organization has protested against this use of the Indians' money for their schools, because, although it is the money of the Indians and is spent with their consent, yet it is not spent *by them but by the Government*. But the Government, they contend, can not spend money for sectarian purposes. Hence, the appropriation by the Government of the Indians' money for their own schools is illegal. The Supreme Court has decided, indeed, that this use of the Indians' money is not unconstitutional; yet so little does this Protestant missionary society fear the twenty million Catholics of this country that for two years it has been strenuously fighting this perfectly legal use of the Indians' own money, and present indications are that it is going to win its fight. I am sure that most Catholics are ignorant of the state of the question, and possibly of the very existence of the controversy.

The Reverend William J. Ketcham has been delegated by the Hierarchy of this country to represent them before the Government in all matters pertaining to the Indians. He is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, a Government Bureau of the highest authority in Indian matters. Father Ketcham himself is a skilled diplomat and stands high in the esteem of the Federal authorities. But he does not receive the support from Catholics that he should. Thus, in spite of his strenuous efforts, it is possible for the opponents of our cause to score so many victories.

The withdrawal of aid from these schools has thrown most of the Indian children back on the Government schools. These latter are supported by public taxes. Thus the inaction of Catholics, especially of the Catholic press, in regard to the Indian mission schools has placed an additional burden of school taxation on our citizens besides depriving the Indian children of the means of securing a Catholic education.

In order to remedy these abuses, the Catholic Indian Bureau has repeatedly appealed to the Catholics of the country, but owing to the apathy of the press, their interest has not been sufficiently aroused. Yet, if every Catholic family would contribute but twenty-five cents a year for the purpose, all our Catho-

lic Indian children could receive a good Catholic education.

Seeing that the Catholics of the country could not be induced to erect Catholic Indian schools for those Indian children that are now unable to receive a Catholic education, Cardinal Gibbons sent an appeal to Catholic men and women urging them to apply for positions in the Indian Department. Had this appeal been heeded, the inroads made on the Catholic Indian children in the Government schools by unscrupulous and illegal proselytism could have been stopped. For, although the regulations of the Office strictly forbid any religious activity among the pupils by the Government employees, yet very much is carried on in secret, because the vast majority of the teachers are not Catholics, and many of them are connected with some Protestant missionary association. But, owing again to the Catholic press that failed to urge the Cardinal's appeal, very few Catholics have entered the civil service with a view to working among the Indians.

Considering all this, it is a wonder that the Catholic missions exist at all. That they have not been annihilated is due to the superhuman efforts of the Catholic missionaries and of their representative at Washington, Rev. Dr. Ketcham, and to the kindness of the Federal authorities.

A Joyful Easter to All Our Readers

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

TEXAS

XXVIII

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

THE cause of the much dis-trusted and long tried Apaches at length found an enthusiastic advocate and generous benefactor in Don Pedro Romero de Terreros, a cousin of Fr. Alonso Giraldo de Terreros of the College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro. This nobleman must have stood high in the esteem of the friars for piety and honesty, since he filled the office of síndico for the Querétaro community.

Don Pedro de Terreros, in 1756, offered to provide all that was necessary for as many Apache missions as could be established with any prospect of success, and to maintain them for a period of three years, at an expense not exceeding \$150,000, under the direction of his cousin Fr. Alonso Giraldo. The generous offer was accepted by the the College of Santa Cruz on condition that the newly founded missionary college of San Fernando de Mexico supplied one-half the number of missionaries required and that the first mission should be in charge of Santa Cruz College, the second in the care of San Fernando, and so on alternately. This proposition was accepted by the Fernandinos, who immediately selected, on their part, Fr. José Santiesteban and Fr. Juan Andrés. The Fathers named by Santa Cruz were Fr.

Joaquín de Baños and Fr. Diego Ximénez. As commissary of this little band that was to Christianize the Apaches in the San Sabá region Fr. Alonso Giraldo de Terreros was appointed by the Commissary General, on September 4, 1756.

Well provided with everything necessary for their prospective habitations and churches, these friars set out from Querétaro and from the capital for their destination. At Saltillo nine Tlascaltecan Indian families were secured for the purpose of instructing the converts the friars expected to make. The missionaries arrived at San Antonio in December, 1756; Colonel Diego Ortíz de Parrilla, the military commander of the expedition, with his troops and train of supplies came on the 22nd. The winter was passed at San Antonio and vicinity in making further preparations. Fourteen hundred head of cattle and seven hundred sheep were secured, but, in order to pasture them, the animals and almost the whole outfit were moved to the San Marcos, whence the garrison, which protected the deserted San Xavier Missions, had been withdrawn. Messengers were then despatched to some Apache rancherías not far from San Antonio urging the Indians to visit the camp and to meet the founders of the new missions.

After about ten days, a number of Apaches, chiefly of the Lipan tribe, led by two chiefs, presented themselves at Mission San Antonio. They excused the absence of their kinsmen, the Natajes, Mescaleros*, Pelones, Come Nopales, and Come Cavallos, on the ground that they lived too far away; but they assured the Colonel that they were anxious to become Christians and subjects of the Spanish king. Parilla, thereupon in the name of his majesty, presented each of the two chiefs with a baton as the mark of their office as judges in their rancherías. According to the invariable custom, a report of the proceedings was next drawn up by Fr. Giraldo and subscribed to by him, his four companions, and Colonel Parrilla. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, presents were distributed by Fathers Mariano Dolores and Alonso Terreros. The Apaches were so well pleased with the treatment accorded them that they remained in the mission for three days. On their departure, all reiterated their willingness to become Christians, and promised to assemble without fail on the San Sabá when the missionaries should be ready to begin their ministrations. Alas for the fickleness of the savage and the malevolence of the enemy of mankind! But we must not anticipate.

The patience of the new missionaries was sorely tried, Fr. Arricivita writes, by the enforced idleness at San Antonio, until, at their urgent entreaties, the military at last set out for the San Sabá country. They started on April 8, 1757, and reached the San Sabá on the 17th of the same month. Thirty-nine soldiers, however, had been left behind on the Rio San Marcos, and they did not arrive until the end of June. The locations were at once examined, and at a council, consisting of the Colonel, the missionaries and the officers, it was decided to establish two missions protected by the presidio, which latter was to be named San Luis de Amarillas. The settlement of the Spaniards was located near the present Menardville, in Menard County, Texas. On the north bank of the river the presidio or garrison was planted. Three miles below, on the south bank, the first mission, that of Santa Cruz, was founded by the Fathers from Querétaro. The erection of the other mission, which was to be in charge of the Fathers from San Fernando College, was postponed until need for it should arise. It was never built, Professor Dunn laconically remarks. The reasons follow.

Not an Indian had thus far been seen. In spite of this, the optimis-

* The Mescalero Apaches, who in our narrative appear for the first time in 1757, are now gathered in a reservation set apart for them by the U.S. Government. It comprises 474,240 acres in the southern part of New Mexico, near Tularosa, Otero County, on the Santa Fe R. R. The population may number about five hundred souls; some are Catholics, and all are favorably disposed toward the Catholic missionaries. For the last three years, the Franciscans have had charge of their spiritual affairs, and the prospects are good for a rich spiritual harvest if Satan's sectarian agents can be kept away; for he has no better assistants to undo Christ's work among the Indians than those same sectaries who forever prate about Christ but neglect his lessons in order to hamper Catholic efforts.

tic Fathers believed the Apaches would be true to their word. When they failed to appear, Fr. Benito Varela of San Antonio, who had some knowledge of the Lipan language, was selected to invite them. He set out early in May by way of the San Marcos, where a party of soldiers still awaited orders. There he learned the reason for the absence of the Apaches from the San Sabá. A few days before, an Indian woman had entered the camp and brought the news that her band had been attacked by three Comanches and four Indians from Mission San Antonio; that an Apache chief together with his wife and children had been killed; and that she herself with two women had been captured, but had escaped with a little girl, who later had been pierced by a bullet. The woman recognized the San Antonio Indians, and she pointed out which of them had shot and killed the Apache chief.

At the same time, the Apache chief Chico with his band arrived at Mission San Antonio. Fr. Mariano de los Dolores upraided him for not joining the mission on the San Sabá as he had promised, and finally ordered him off when Chico refused to explain his presence satisfactorily. Chico then proceeded to the San Sabá to tell Fr. Giraldo that all the Apaches were discontented because some Comanches and some mission Indians had killed the brother of Chief Casa Blanca, another Indian, and two women, besides making prisoners of four of his own relatives. He demanded that the

guilty ones should be delivered to the Apaches to be punished according to Indian custom. Colonel Parrilla spoke very kindly to the enraged Indians, who departed apparently satisfied, though without obtaining their request.

On the third day, a great multitude of Apaches welcomed the Colonel and soldiers with demonstrations of great joy as if they had been lifelong friends. Chief Casa Blanca, who showed signs of mourning for his dead brother, was treated with marked respect, which seemed to soften the resentment of the savage. Furthermore, the Colonel ordered three head of cattle to be given the visiting bands, for food; tobacco and other gifts also were distributed.

The Apaches were next asked to select the sites for their future homes under the supervision of the missionaries, but they replied that it was their desire to defeat the Comanches, their mortal enemies, before settling down in the mission, and for this purpose they wanted the assistance of the soldiers. As soon as they should return, they would accept the religion of the Spaniards. No further satisfaction could be secured, and the Apaches departed, leaving a very disconsolate group of missionaries, who now, like the commander, doubted the sincerity of the Apaches. Only Fr. Terreros seems to have entertained some hope of the ultimate success of the mission. Several of the Fathers prepared to leave for other missions; but Fr. Giraldo refused to depart, and with him remained the two

Fathers from San Fernando. Quite properly the failure to enlist the Apaches at this time was blamed on the cowardly murder of Chief Casa Blanca's relatives, whose death the savages were not permitted to avenge.

It would seem, however, that the true reason why so wild a tribe as the Apaches, or even a less savage band of them like the Lipans, favored the founding of a mission and presidio in their country was to utilize the Spanish forces as allies against the Comanches, by whom they were hard pressed. The Comanches first appeared in the vicinity of San Antonio in 1743. They had already gained an evil reputation in New Mexico for their thieving propensities and relentless cruelties. Looking upon the Spaniards as protectors of the Apaches, the Comanches regarded the whites as enemies of their own tribe, and therefore never entirely ceased to molest the Spaniards during the remaining years of the colonial period.

When the presidio and mission had been established on the San Sabá, the Apaches probably boasted of their new alliance, and this may have induced the northern inland tribes to form a league with the Comanches against both the Apaches and the Spaniards. Intimation of these hostile intentions was obtained by the Apaches in July, 1757, but it was not until March of the following year that the blow was struck, as will be seen later.

Historians will find many details, which in a sketch of this kind it is impractical to include, in the works of Fr. Arricivita, the main authority, and especially in Prof. Dunn's *Apache Relations in Texas*, (Texas Historical Quarterly, vol. xiv); Dunn's *The Apache Mission on the San Saba River*, (Texas Quarterly, vol. xvii); Prof. Bolton's, *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*, (Berkeley, Cal., University, 1915); Shea's *Colonial Days*; Shea's *History of Catholic Missions*; Bancroft's *History of Texas*.

THIRD ORDER PAMPHLETS

Help to spread knowledge about the Third Order and to diffuse Franciscan ideals by distributing among your friends and acquaintances the Third Order pamphlets "Fr. Roch's Smoker" and "Marion's Dream." 100 copies, \$1.50; 500 copies, \$6.25 postpaid to any address. Sample copies free on request.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHARITY

G. C. Maclin, *Tertiary*

“FATHER Young, meet my mother, Mrs. Randall.”

“Mrs. Randall, I have real pleasure in meeting you.”

“Father Young was only recently transferred to our city, mother. He is stationed at St. Antony’s Church as assistant to Father Winters, and he is taking a decided interest in us young fellows and we in him. I know you will be glad to have him call.”

“Edmund has anticipated my wish, Father. We shall be delighted to have you call. We are now on our way home; why not join us in a cup of tea on our veranda?”

“Indeed, I shall have sincere pleasure in spending an hour with you and your son, Mrs. Randall.”

As the trio took their way along the avenue lined with magnolia trees, Father Young noticed the marked comradeship of mother and son. Mrs. Randall was a slight woman. She was dressed entirely in black, which accentuated the whiteness of her hair. Edmund was about twenty years of age, stalwart of physique and cheerful of countenance. A smile played about his lips as he said:

“Father Young, mother is a real daughter of the South, and if you but mention that you are from Massachusetts, she will begin to scold about the ‘Yanks’.”

“Now, Edmund, you are giving Father Young a most adverse impression of southern courtesies,”

said Mrs. Randall playfully, “and he will suspect I have invited him not for tea but for censure. He frequently teases me, Father, because I show warmth in narrating experiences of the war and the dreadful period following the conflict.” continued Mrs. Randall. “When a young girl I saw the flash of the bayonets as Sherman’s troops came over the crest of Kennesaw Mountain, near Atlanta, and I stood by as I saw our comfortable home consumed by flames, the darkies dispersed, and the cattle driven away to supply the needs of the invading army. I carry no foolish sense of injury in my heart, but when I recall the stirring events of the ‘60s I can but live them over, and Edmund has many a laugh as I roundly berate the Yankées.”

Father Young was ushered on to a long piazza bordered with beds of flowers. The porch chairs, with their white linen covers, presented a most inviting appearance and typified the air of quiet gentility that prevailed the home of the Randalls.

“While mother prepares tea, Father, I want to express my regret that I shall have to leave the city at a time when we have the promise of such a cordial acquaintance with you,” Edmund began, as he and Father Young seated themselves.

“Why, I’m very sorry to know you are to leave us. When do you go?”

“I shall leave Thursday evening

for Memphis, where I hope to secure more satisfactory employment."

"Edmund, I fear you are making a mistake in leaving such an exceptional mother. Why not content yourself with more humble employment, if necessary, and remain under her loving guidance and care?"

"I must admit, Father, that for a long time I was quite undecided, but my future seems to demand a change—"

"Proverbially the distant fields are greenest, you know," interjected Father Young, as Mrs. Randall appeared on the porch with the tea.

During the remainder of Father Young's visit, the conversation dwelt on Edmund's departure, which, of course, was uppermost in the minds of both mother and son.

"Be of good cheer, both of you," said the priest, rising to depart. "After all, this world is very small, and I trust that we three shall again have tea on this comfortable porch, when, to speak with St. Francis, our sister jasmine perfumes the air, and our brothers the trees cast their welcome shade over these beds of roses and carnations."

On the following Thursday, after the departure of the train which was carrying her son away, it was with a sad heart indeed that the little white-haired mother returned down the familiar avenue shaded with magnolia trees.

For some months, the letters from Memphis came with great frequency bubbling over with fun and life. In time, however, they contained an undercurrent of dejection

and pessimism, to which the mother replied in her most cheerful vein. At last, however, the letters came weekly, then bi-weekly, and finally only one letter arrived during the course of the month. Then two months rolled around, then three, but there came no response to the letters written by the lonely little mother among the magnolias. Always a woman of the greatest piety, Mrs. Randall buoyed up her spirit with prayer, and during the long months of waiting she possessed an abiding faith that her boy would some day return to the home which he had so dearly loved and which he certainly could not entirely forget.

* * *

The doors of a southern penitentiary swung open late one Saturday afternoon to admit prisoner Number 901. As the guards conferred with one another regarding the new arrival, the prisoner gazed off over the low, red-clay hills which were dotted with green patches of pine trees. In a flash his mind leaped the barrier of space and he pictured an avenue of magnolia tree, a beautiful home surrounded with beds of roses and carnations, and there among the flowers, like their guardian angel, his mother walked with quiet dignity. Vividly he constructed the scene in his mind and almost persuaded himself he could smell the jasmine, or pluck a carnation.

Suddenly the clanging-to of the iron door of his cell roused him from his reverie. Was he dreaming? No, indeed! He was surrounded with steel — steel walls,

steel floors, steel bars in the door. He was a prisoner. Of that there was not the slightest doubt.

The first night that Edmund Randall spent in the penitentiary, he pictured to himself a thousand contingencies by which he might have averted a prison sentence. As his thoughts again turned to his lonely mother, who even then, in the still watches of the night, was probably breathing fervent prayers for his guidance and safety, his soul was filled with a sense of shame and sorrow at his ingratitude toward her.

"Oh, God, what a wretch I've been!" he muttered half aloud.

"Did you speak, bo?" asked his cell mate.

"Ah, I can't sleep, that's all," rejoined Randall gruffly, mortified at his exhibition of weakness.

"The first night is tough, laddie. Count a hundred, five hundred—till you sleep."

But the hundreds and the thousands availed naught. Eventually the gray dawn filtered through the high windows. In time the tramping of guards was heard. Morning—Sunday morning—at last! Ah, there was no need to worry about securing breakfast at some saloon or cheap restaurant; nor was there any appointment to be kept with the "bunch." Instead there was an unimaginable future for fruitless retrospection, as it seemed, and remorseful searching of his mind concerning the untoward circumstances that had placed him within prison walls.

During the course of the morning,

with a rattling of keys, his cell door was opened and a guard announced:

"Number 901, Father Terry."

"Good morning, son," exclaimed Father Terry cheerfully.

Randall, seated on his cot, glanced lazily at his visitor and grumbled a curt "G'mor'n'."

"Young man, this is the prison chaplain, Father Terry, you're talking to, and I would advise you to show a little more respect," warned the guard sharply.

"Beg your pardon, sir, er—a—Father—" Randall blurted out, rising quickly, the tell-tale blush on his once handsome face betraying his early good breeding.

"I didn't come here to plague you, my boy," the priest went on kindly, "but I noticed on your record card you stated you were a Catholic; so I called to see if I could be of any assistance."

"'Were' is quite right, sir—Father, I mean; I used to be a good one, as they say, but I can't claim to be much of anything now. The fact is, I don't care to be. All this talk about religion seems to me to be all rot, and I don't believe a word of it any more. So you needn't trouble yourself at all about my spiritual welfare."

"I'm sorry to hear this young man," replied Father Terry regretfully. "Perhaps, you'll change your opinion some day regarding these matters. Good morning."

With this, the chaplain quit the cell, deeming it more prudent to bide his time.

Left to his thoughts, Randall began to resent bitterly what he con-

sidered this uncalled-for intrusion of the priest.

"Now that the law has a fellow behind lock and bars, these meddling priests think they can come and talk him back to believing in their mummeries."

Contrary to his expectations, however, the prison chaplain did anything but try to force his attentions on the young apostate; he let him severely alone. Days and weeks passed slowly by, and the dreary routine of the prison soon began to tell on Edmund Randall's temper. Would-be pessimist and atheist that he was, he had boasted loudly of his disdain of all religion. But in the awful monotony of his present existence, he needed some diversion if he did not wish to lose his mind. It was especially on the interminable Sundays that he longed for something to help while away the time. With this intention, he began to attend the Protestant service held regularly every Sunday in the prison chapel, but he soon became disgusted with it, finding in it neither entertainment nor religion, but only a sorry mixture of both.

Hearing some of his fellow prisoners praise the Catholic services, Edmund after some deliberation decided to visit the chapel the following Sunday "just for the fun of it," as he said to himself. On entering the chapel, a home-like feeling began to pervade his soul, that was increased by the sight of several Sisters, who reminded him forcibly of his happy childhood days. The services proved to be all that Edmund had heard of them and more.

A quartet from the city sang a number of beautiful hymns during the Mass, and the eloquence of Father Terry fairly surprised Randall. Altogether, he was much pleased and he determined to attend the services regularly after that, not that he thought of going back to the Faith, but merely the better to pass an idle Sunday.

Locked in his cell again after the services in the chapel, Randall could not put the Sisters nor Father Terry out of his mind. The sight of those gentle, self-sacrificing nuns moving so freely among criminals of the deepest dye, and bringing sunshine and joy into their dismal lives, was a revelation to him. They were not there to cow the prisoners into subjection at the point of a rifle, but to win them over by kindness and compassion. Theirs was a different philosophy than he professed to follow and he knew in his heart that their philosophy was charity—religion, the same that he had learned at his mother's knee, but had cast aside for the foolish frothings of the apostle of pessimism. Surely, he had made a serious, perhaps the most serious, mistake in his life when he cast aside Christ for Schopenhauer. Should he now retrace his steps? Then began a struggle for the possession of a human soul. False philosophy, deep-rooted passions, and Satan fought on the one side against truth, grace, and Christ on the other. The battle was long and bitter, and for weeks Edmund did not dare to enter the chapel. At last, he resolved to seek an interview with

Father Terry. The priest received him with true fatherly affection, and soon they were conversing together as if they had known each other for years.

"You see, Father," Randall said, when telling him how he had come to lose his Faith, "a pal of mine used to talk about a guy called Schopenhauer, who was sort o' soured on life; I was too, and I got so crazy-like about pessimism the bunch called me 'Schopey'. And then we used to read a rehash of 'radical evolution' by a Frenchman and talk about freedom of man and about life being spontaneous and exuberant, and all that kind of stuff. Before long the Faith of my childhood seemed like a batch of fairy tales, unworthy of a thinking man, and I threw it overboard."

Then Edmund began to speak, too, of his home and mother, who had done so much for him and whom he had repaid with basest ingratitude. "Father, she is the best woman on earth, and when I get out of here I'll go straight home to her and never leave her again."

In due time, prisoner 901 regularly attended Mass and Sunday School. Father Terry with his knowing heart introduced Edmund to Sister Rose de Lima, who fairly radiated good cheer and optimism, and assigned him to her care and teaching. Each Sunday, after the general lesson, Sister Rose gave special attention to her new pupil and rejoiced to find his character, as well as his English, once more assuming the refinement which obviously they had previously possessed. Both Sister

Rose and Father Terry were elated over Edmund's progress, notwithstanding that he occasionally gave way to deep melancholy, especially when he brooded on the sorrow he had caused his mother.

"Oh, Mr. Randall," Sister Rose said one day as she found him in one of his dejected moods, "I feel like scolding you for these little humors. Think of His suffering and His mortification of spirit. We all have our days of regret, when we have not done our very best, but if we only learn yesterday's lesson which He gave us to learn, we may be sure that tomorrow will see us devoted to His service and eager to do His will."

"But, Sister, I feel so very unworthy. I have gone down so far."

"No matter," continued Sister Rose. "I think more and more that for us, His children, it is the striving that really counts; for, after all, we can not judge of our progress. We can not state definitely the degree we have reached in the scale of virtue, and even if we did know, humility would prevent us from making anything of it. If we but keep our hearts constantly on His purity and goodness, it will inevitably result that we also shall partake of that same purity and that same goodness."

In the succeeding months, the penitentiary had a model prisoner in Number 901, and he wonderfully endeared himself to Father Terry and to the Sisters. But it was Sister Rose who was his inspiration, for her charity seemed limitless. Gradually, however, the months of

confinement began to write their story on the countenance of Edmund Randall. The glow of health faded from his cheeks and the natural robustness of his constitution was visibly undermined. In the far-away gaze of his vision, which more and more possessed him, Sister Rose alone suspected that of which the vision consisted and realized that his heart was bleeding from homesickness.

One Sunday afternoon, he was seized with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Father Terry was speedily summoned to give Extreme Unction, and he in turn sent for Sister Rose. When informed that prisoner 901 was ill, she immediately guessed what was wrong. For, that morning at Mass, she had noted the perceptible heightening of the dread prison pallor in his cheeks and temples. As she journeyed to the prison on the electric car she busied herself in trying to evolve a plan of help for the sick prisoner. After brightening him with her cheerful presence, Sister Rose hastened to Father Terry's prison study and penned this note:

Your Excellency:

In the federal prison lies prisoner Number 901, Edmund Randall, seriously ill with lung fever. Dr. Todd believes Mr. Randall will survive the trip to his home in New Orleans if the way be prepared for his departure at once. To-day, throughout our land, Mother's Day is being observed. Though it is Sunday, would your Excellency graciously extend clemency that a mother's arms might once more fold to her bosom the darling boy whom she so tenderly loves, and with that love and the aid of the sunshine restore his shattered health? His prison record is untarnished

and I am ready to vouch for him that your clemency will not be abused. With the expression of my deepest respect, I remain
Sincerely yours,
Sr. M. Rose de Lima.

Sister Rose hurried her message to the Governor by special messenger, as it was not the first time she had communicated with the chief executive of the state. The Governor was preparing to enter his limousine as the messenger rushed up and tendered the message. It was with no slight emotion he read the note and accepted the white carnation that accompanied it. Without a moment's hesitation he returned to the Mansion House, hurried to his desk and signed the petition for pardon, as requested. Instead of driving to the boulevard, the chauffeur was directed to speed to the prison as fast as the traffic laws would permit, and it was with sincere pleasure that the Governor himself placed the pardon in the hands of Edmund Randall.

* * *

Some months later, as Mrs. Randall and her son strolled arm-in-arm in the garden, among beds of roses and carnations, who should enter the gate but Father Young!

"Ah, my young friend," he exclaimed, "we are waiting for you at our young men's club. And we shall not again permit you to leave us for 'greener pastures'."

"Father, I have no wish ever to stray from home again. I am fast recovering my health, and I shall be with the boys on Sunday."

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Holy See has again honored the Order of Friars Minor by the appointment of Very Rev. Fr. Placidus A. Rey-Lemos, O.F.M., as titular Bishop of Amata and Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Jaén, Spain. The distinguished friar entered the Franciscan Order in the Spanish province of Santiago on June 13, 1892. He soon won the esteem and confidence of his brethren and superiors by his proficiency in theology and philosophy, especially during the eight years in which he was editor of the excellent periodical *El Eco Franciscano*, published monthly by the Franciscans of the Santiago province in Galicia, Spain. Subsequently, Most Rev. Fr. Dionysius Schuler, O.F.M., at the time Minister General of the Order, summoned him to Rome to teach at the International Franciscan College of St. Antony. Here his zeal and learning attracted the attention of the late Pope Pius X, who appointed him Visitor Apostolic of Portugal. Thereupon, the learned friar was engaged as consultor of various Sacred Congregations, while in the Order he held the office of Procurator General. At the time of his elevation to the episcopal dignity, he was Definitor General of the Order for the Spanish provinces. —

The second meeting of the committee of Cardinals and Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites was recently held, in order to subject to a strict examination the miracles proposed for the eventual canonization of Bl. Theophilus de Corte, of the Order of Friars Minor. The report of the committee was favorable. In a short time, the last meeting will be held in presence of the Holy Father, and there is every

reason to hope that the great servant of God will be awarded the honors of the altar in the universal Church.

Bahia, Brazil.—On February 10, Very Rev. Fr. Edward Herberhold, O.F.M., Provincial of the northern Franciscan province of Brazil, returned from the southern part of the country, where he had held the canonical visitation of the Province of the Immaculate Conception and, on January 20, presided at the chapter. He had been absent since November 11. The southern province comprises eighteen houses and is in a flourishing condition. Since the northern province is unable to gain recruits from Germany on account of the war, Fr. Provincial obtained four clerics for the north, who will continue their theological studies and eventually assist his Fathers in their extensive missions. At the chapter held in Curitiba, it was decided to erect a Seraphic College in Rio Negro, Paraná for the candidates of both provinces. The former college in Blumenau, besides being in an unhealthy district, has become too small. Shortly after his return, Fr. Provincial set out for the distant mission among the Mundurucus in the prelatore of Santarem, where a terrific storm had destroyed the houses of the mission. A Father and a lay Brother accompanied him. They will not only administer to the spiritual needs of the poor natives, but will also assist them in restoring the mission.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—On March 4, at the general monthly meeting, our Tertiaries assembled in so great numbers that the church was taxed to its capacity. It was the largest attendance in the memory of our members.

Rev. Fr. Director delivered an eloquent address, in which he portrayed the many advantages and graces offered to the members of the Third Order. Forty postulants received the cord and scapular, and nine novices made their profession. Indications are that an equal, if not a larger, number of postulants will be received into the Order at the next meeting. The year 1917 promises to be a banner year for Tertiary activity among our members. Since the business sphere of our fraternity has of late assumed wider dimensions, three assistant secretaries have been appointed. They are, Miss S. O'Loghlin, Miss Anita Kennedy, and Miss Irene Landry. The members of the Sewing Committee, which was organized at a recent meeting, will shortly begin soliciting cast-off clothes. These they will remodel and distribute among poor members of the fraternity and among the needy in general. —

We are happy to state that the good work of raising a fund to purchase an automobile for Rev. Fr. Albert, O.F.M., missionary among the Mescaleros in New Mexico, has now been accomplished. The zealous Father had just received the car, when an unexpected call came from a mission district forty miles away. An Indian baby that had not yet been baptized was in danger of death. The missionary had previously learned how to handle a car, and immediately he set out for the distant mission and baptized the dying child. Thus all who have contributed toward purchasing the car so necessary in the vast mission fields of the South West, share in the good work of saving this child for heaven.

Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.—Though the Christmas season is over, it may interest the readers of *Franciscan Herald* to hear how the beautiful feast was celebrated

at the Komatke mission. Although the weather was stormy, the large church was filled with devout Indians at the five o'clock solemn High Mass, during which at least three hundred persons received Holy Communion. After Mass, all present filed by the beautiful crib and paid homage to the Infant Savior. Most of the Indians remained at the mission all day, since a "feast" had been prepared for them. In the afternoon, the school children gave a Christmas entertainment. The hearty applause that rewarded the various poems, songs, and drills reached its climax when Santa Claus made his appearance in the person of a little girl who in a high piping voice proceeding from behind a heavy beard, praised the good children and upbraided the naughty ones. A feature of the entertainment was the first appearance of St. John's Band in their khaki uniforms and of the girls' mandolin and guitar club. —

A program rendered for the old people a few days later deserves special mention. Inspired, no doubt, by similar undertakings at St. Peter and Sacaton Flats, some enterprising young men of Komatke spent two weeks preparing for the entertainment, which was held on January 7, in one of the large classrooms of the school. Many people of the village and all our school children managed to crowd into the room. In one corner, stood a paloverde tree decked with presents. The program opened with a march played by the band. Then followed four speeches, three in Pima and one in English, by those in charge of the celebration. Two original sketches, featuring a Papago and a Negro, caused much merriment. The climax was reached, when half a dozen painted and feathered warriors gave an old-time Indian dance, in which the Papago, the Negro, and Santa Claus also

joined. Finally, the presents were distributed. All present greatly enjoyed the little entertainment.

New York City, Cathedral College.

—A most impressive and edifying celebration, the first of its kind in the history of the College, took place on the Feast of the Purification, February 2. It was the reception of 164 students into the Third Order of St. Francis. In a few well chosen words, Very Rev. William F. Hughes, D. D., President of the College, welcomed the Tertiary candidates and thanked Rev. Fr. Martin, O. M. Cap, for gaining so many of the students for the Third Order of St. Francis and organizing a fraternity among them. After remarking that his Eminence Cardinal Farley was greatly pleased to hear that the Third Order would find a place among the future priests of his vast diocese, Dr. Hughes expressed the hope that soon all the students would join the fraternity and one day prove worthy Tertiary priests of the Most High. Thereupon, Fr. Martin thanked His Eminence, the Very Rev. Rector, and the college faculty for their hearty cooperation. Illustrating the words of Holy Mother Church, "Franciscus vir Catholicus et totus Apostolicus", he showed how St. Francis possessed in an eminent degree the priestly virtues; viz., a burning love for Holy Mother Church and an unbounded zeal in Apostolic labors, and how precisely the Third Order is a school where these virtues are imbibed and practiced. To prove this, he referred to the fact that SS. Ignatius of Loyola, Philip Neri, Vincent de Paul, Charles Borromeo, Francis de Sales, Paul of the Cross, Bl. Vianney, Curé of Ars, the four last Popes, and many other dignitaries and priests of the past and the present, were Franciscan Tertiaries imbued with the spirit of St. Francis which qualified them so well for the great works they achieved in behalf of Holy Mother

Church. After these words of instruction and encouragement, the 164 students recited the usual form of petition. Thereupon, Fr. Martin performed the ceremonies of investment, assisted by Dr. Hughes and several older members of the Third Order. The Tertiary blessing and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The singing of "Jesus, My Lord and My God" brought the solemn function to a close.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.

—The many friends of the Very Rev. Fr. Anselm Mueller, O. F. M., will doubtless be glad to hear that he will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his investment in the Order of Friars Minor in the course of this month. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the Very Rev. Jubilarian sincerest wishes for a thrice blessed and joyous day of jubilee.

New Orleans, La.—On Monday evening, March 19, the beautiful ceremony of reception and profession in the Third Order of St. Francis was conducted by Rev. Fr. Solanus, O. F. M., at the monastery of the Poor Clares, this city. Rev. Leander M. Roth, the Director of the fraternity, and Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S. J., Chaplain of the monastery, assisted in the sanctuary. After a stirring address by Fr. Solanus on the many and great advantages to be gained by belonging to the Third Order, two new members received the Tertiary scapular and cord and eight novices were admitted to profession. The ceremony closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.

—The English-speaking fraternities of St. Peter's Church number 176 Tertiaries who are professed members of the Third Order twenty-five years and longer. Of these, twenty-eight will celebrate their silver jubilee during the month of April; the others have already enjoyed this

privilege in the course of the past three years. On the records, we find the names of other Tertiaries who are entitled to the jubilee cross; but we are not able to send them notice since their present address is not known.

Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.—From February 27 to March 6, Rev. Fr. John Ilg, O. F. M., of West Park, Ohio, conducted a retreat for the Sisters of St. Francis Academy. The spiritual exercises closed with the profession of three novices of the community.

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church.—After a visit to New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington in the interests of the Chinese missions, Rev. Fr. Juniper, O. F. M., is again with us for a few weeks' sojourn. The worthy cause he represents and his interesting accounts of the Franciscan missions in far-off China are finding a generous response among the faithful of our parish. The illustrated lecture which Fr. Juniper gave three times within one week in our parish-hall, was greatly appreciated. Especially gratifying is the fact that our Tertiaries were among the most liberal in responding to the missionary's fervent appeal.

Nashville, Tenn.—In the course of last month, Rev. FF. Honoratus and John Joseph, O. F. M., conducted a very successful mission in the Franciscan Church of the Assumption. One of the many fruits of this mission was the reception of sixty postulants into the Third Or-

der, which was reorganized in the parish some fifteen months since. It is noteworthy that so many young people presented themselves for reception into the fraternity. At the first official meeting held March 4, the Tertiaries manifested great enthusiasm, and there is every reason to hope that in time the Third Order of St. Francis will be well represented in Nashville. After the Rev. Director had briefly explained the essentials of the Tertiary Rule, copies of the *Catechism of the Third Order* as well as Tertiary Manuals were distributed. The *Franciscan Herald* was likewise recommended as especially designed to acquaint Tertiaries with Franciscan ideals and activities.

Springfield, Ill., St. John's Hospital.—According to a newspaper report, the Sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of this hospital, were greatly alarmed some time since at receiving an anonymous letter from St. Louis, Missouri, which threatened the motherhouse of the Sisters with destruction, if they failed to lay \$10,000 at a certain place. When, through the efforts of Rev. J. C. Straub, chaplain of the hospital, the premises were closely examined, the walls of the building occupied by the Sisters were found pierced with several holes, which were evidently of recent date and warranted the threat that the building would be dynamited. The authorities have instituted a close watch, but so far no arrests have been made.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

The members of the college fraternity of the Third Order were

agreeably surprised to learn at a recent meeting that, when St. Joseph's College was still a diocesan institution, it could boast of a very flourishing Tertiary fraternity, as

the following statistics gleaned from the records attest.

The Third Order was canonically erected in the college by the Very Rev. Fr. Maurice Klostermann, O.F.M., on March 19, 1886, and it received as its first Rev. Director, the Very Rev. Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., at present Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province. Previous to this, eight young men had received the Third Order scapular and cord, and

151 priests, and 15 clerics; leaving but six who remained lay persons, and these six became prominent members of their respective parishes.

In 1899, the fraternity was disbanded and was not revived until 1908. Since that time, 213 members were professed, and of these 10 have already become priests of the First Order and 55 are pursuing their studies for the priesthood as



Officers of the Third Order 1916-1917

H. Pinger, R. Limacher, H. Wellner, J. Maloney
A. Klotzbucher, J. Martin, Rev. Father Rector, R. Zwiesler, A. Glauber.

they formed the nucleus of the new fraternity, which was destined to enjoy a rapid and healthy growth. Of the 173 members who were professed within the next thirteen years; viz. from 1886 to 1899, one became a bishop, namely the Right Rev. Henry Althoff, Bishop of Bellville, Ill.; 47 became secular priests; 102 became Franciscan priests; one a Jesuit; one a Benedictine; and fifteen died as Franciscan clerics; thus making a grand total of one bishop,

clerics of the First Order. The fraternity numbers at present 69 professed members, 26 novices, and 3 candidates. This is certainly a splendid showing, and our college has every reason to be proud of its Tertiary fraternity. For the past five years, our Rev. Rector, Fr. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., has held the office of Director. The officers for the current year are: Prefect, John Maloney; Secretary, Henry Wellner; Master of Novices, An-

tony Glauber; Librarian, Robert Zwiesler.

Francis Bell of the Second Academic Class was recently summoned home to Chicago to attend the funeral of his father. The bereaved family have our sincere condolence as well as the assurance of our prayers for the deceased.

On March 13, the college celebrated the patronal feast of our Rev. Father Rector in the customary festive manner. At 8 o'clock, Father Rector, assisted by Rev. FF. Peter and Ferdinand as deacon and subdeacon, sang a solemn High Mass. At 10.30 o'clock the following program was rendered in his honor.

Tannhaeuser March.....	R. Wagner
College Orchestra	
Congratulatory Address.....	H. Pinger
Saenger Marsch (Four part chorus).....	R. Musiol
College Choir	
Belshazzar's Feast (Recitation).....	Anonymous
Francis Kohlberg	
The National Game (Humorous Recitation)	
.....	Anonymous
Stephen Dippel	
Youth (Waltz Song—Soprano Solo)	
.....	Gung'l-Gumbert
Select Junior Choir	
The Wonderful Tar Baby Story (Dialect Recitation).....	C. Harris
August Hellstern	
Supposed Speech of an Indian Chief...E. Everett	
Antony Glauber	

Selections from "Happy Hours" (Cornet Solo).....Knight-Ascher
A. Bricks—Accompanist; P. Eberle
Barcarole from "Tales of Hoffman".....Offenbach
College Orchestra

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On March 1, Rev. Fr. Alfred, O.F.M., underwent a serious operation at St. Mary's Hospital. He is on the road to recovery, and his return to college is daily expected.

The members of last year's baseball team met recently for the purpose of electing a new manager and a captain for the ensuing year. The result of the election was that Wm. Whalen, for the last three years the star pitcher of the team, was chosen manager, and Chas. F. Luke, last year's shortstop, was elected captain. On the same day, Henry Dirksen, a guard on last season's basket-ball squad, was elected captain for the next season.

On Friday, March 2, our bowling team defeated the local St. Boniface parish team on the college alleys. On March 11, a return match was bowled at St. Boniface Hall where our heroes were downed for three straight games.

OBITUARY

Oakland, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:—Ven. Bro. Arnold Wilms, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:—Ven. Bro. Gebhard Meinhard, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—

St. Francis Fraternity:—Edward J. Cassin, Bro. Francis; Catherine O'Connell, Sr. Elizabeth; Mary Powers, Sr. Frances.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Bridget Grimes, Sr. Thomas; Jane Shay, Sr. Joseph; Mary Lichter, Sr. Margaret.

German Fraternity:—Anna Bouke, Sr. Ludovica; Anna Baumann, Sr. Elizabeth; Catherine Schmitz, Sr. Veronica; Helen Schwarz, Sr. Frances; Margaret Ott, Sr. Elizabeth.

St. Augustine's Church:—John Bell; Barbara Hestel, Sr. Margaret; Frances Ploger, Sr. Crescentia.

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church:—Stanislaus Skuza; Rosalia Utrata.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—Mary Murphy, Sr. Catherine.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Josephine Salzman; Anna Taphorn; M. F. Meads; Magdalena Keller; Bridget Kent; Mary Stutte.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—Henry Jasper, Bro. Francis Solano; George Perkins, Bro. Benedict.

Requiescant in pace



St. Joseph

Shepherd

Holy Innocents

St. John the Baptist

The Three Wise Men

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

What the Patriarchs longed for, what the Prophets announced, what the heathen oracles confirmed, has become a verity—the fulness of time has arrived, the Desired of all Nations has come. Angels proclaim his arrival to the lowly shepherds: “This day is born to you a Savior who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.” They hasten to the scene and find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Wise men from the East, the firstlings of the Gentiles, come to prostrate themselves before the humble throne of the newborn King of the Jews and to offer him the riches of their land, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Filled with envy and fear and hatred Herod, a usurper on the throne of Juda, sends forth his satellite to seek out and put to death the hated rival. The infant King escapes, but numbers of innocent children fall unresisting victims to the insensate cruelty of the frenzied tyrant, thus becoming the first in the long line of Christian martyrs in whom the faith and the grace of Christ have triumphed over the fury of his enemies.

The years roll by, and Jesus advances in wisdom and age and grace with God and with men. The world is anxiously waiting the day of his manifestation, when lo! there is heard “the voice of one crying in the desert: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths.” It is the voice of the Precursor, than whom, according to the testimony of Christ himself, “there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater.” The people flock in crowds to hear him, and a startling message he has for them: “Do penance: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” Never has Israel seen or heard so great a prophet. So powerful is he in word and deed that the people are ready to accept him as the Christ. But he refers them to one mightier than he the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to loose, and pointing to Jesus he exclaims: “Ecce Agnus Dei—Behold the Lamb of God!”

Very fittingly the artist places the Baptist in the center of the group, on the boundary line, so to speak, between the Old and the New Testament. Thronging about the great martyr-prophet, are the holy Innocents, who also have shed their blood for Christ. The angel and the star in the heavens point to the coming Redeemer, and the Magi and the shepherds reverently adore him. St. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus and the just man by excellence, ends the line of men prominent in the

Old Law for the part they had in heralding the advent of the Savior. The people of Israel are prepared for the manifestation of his glory, the stage of the world is set for his triumphal entry. The fulness of time has come.



TERTIARIES AND THE WAR

The die is cast. The representatives of the people in Congress assembled have declared that a state of war exists between our own beloved country and the Imperial German Government, and the President has appealed to every citizen to support our Government in the hour of of supreme need.

We are not authorized to speak for our Tertiaries in this matter. But knowing them to be not only law-abiding citizens but also exemplary Catholics who have imbibed the love of God and of country with their mothers' milk, with whom patriotism is a strict religious duty and not merely a vague and passing sentiment, we do not hesitate to assert that they will not fail their country in this great crisis. They firmly believe that all lawful authority is from God, and that the civil magistrates would have no power unless it were given them from above. They know that they must submit to authority "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake," because all lawful rulers "are the ministers of God." They have been taught to render "to all men their due." Hence, when required to do so, they will cheerfully, not grudgingly, "pay tribute to whom tribute is due, and custom to whom custom."

Perhaps they will not be found marching through the streets and waving flags to the strains of martial music or shouting themselves hoarse for Old Glory at patriotic rallies—for they are a modest and retiring lot, the Tertiaries of St. Francis—but wherever personal service, unselfish action, and generous, unstinting sacrifice will be demanded, there they will not be found wanting. Their rule of life is one of sacrifice and charity, and they can be depended on to be faithful to that rule, especially when their country calls. As St. Francis has been styled the most saintly of the Italians and the most Italian of the saints, so we claim for our Tertiaries the distinction of being the most Catholic of Americans and the most American of Catholics. Let them prove themselves such not only by loyally supporting the Government, but by cooperating heart and soul with every movement for alleviating the untold misery that this war is bound to have in its wake. In fine, let them make our vaunting true, it shall please us well.



EDUCATION IN MEXICO UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION

This is the subject of a very timely paper by Thomas Quinn Beesley in the current number of *The Catholic Educational Review*. From his observations on the various articles of the new Mexican constitution bearing on education, it is apparent that, if these obnoxious laws are enforced, it will mean the death not only of Catholic, but of all religious instruction. No more diabolical scheme could have been conceived for depriving the Catholic Church of all influence on the national life of Mexico than is contained in the iniquitous document framed by the masonic clique now hold-

ing sway in that unfortunate country. Indeed, as the writer of the article in question points out, they seem to have devoted particular attention to those sections that deal with religion and education. So far superior in legal refinement are these sections to those regulating commerce and industry, so perfect are the subtleties of the former that the latter seem almost crude by contrast. There is no alternative. Under the new code, the Catholic Church in Mexico, so far as its present rulers are concerned, is doomed. For Mexico has a law, and according to that law she must die—die a lingering death of spiritual famine. And lest any aid be brought to her from without, it has been decreed that “to be a minister in Mexico of any religious cult, it is necessary to be a Mexican by birth.”

“Here is the final challenge,” says Thomas Beesley, “and Mexicans ‘by birth’ are answering the challenge in a struggling seminary at San Antonio, Texas. From a ‘lost province’ of Mexico missionaries are returning in little bands to a nation that has lost far more than provinces, that has lost the very Bread by which alone it can hope to live. It is to a desolate country that these missionaries, ‘Mexicans by birth,’ are returning. When peace at last is restored to Mexico, they will have before them the task which confronted the first band of twelve Franciscans in 1524—to establish themselves, and to build or restore the churches and the convents, together with that constant companion of both, the school. Mexico will once more need complete evangelization, if the present code and its authors remain long in authority.”

We sincerely hope, however, that they will be driven out of power and out of Mexico before they have had the satisfaction of seeing their nefarious plan in operation. Now that our country has declared her intention of fighting the cause of democracy against autocracy in the great world-war, is there not reason to hope that she will not sheathe the sword until she has vindicated the right of liberty against tyranny in the country beyond the Rio Grande, and laid by the heels the bandit rulers glutted with the fat of the land and the blood of the inhabitants? Is it too much to expect that in the conference of nations, which sooner or later must be held to establish peace in the world, some plan will be devised to deal effectively with the menace to the south and to make the country in fact what heretofore it has been only in name—a free republic? In the meantime, let us often and fervently repeat the invocation of the Litany: “That Thou vouchsafe to humble the enemies of Holy Church, we beseech Thee to hear us.”



THE MONTH AND THE QUEEN OF MAY

From time to time, holy Mother Church, ever tenderly solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her children, recommends to them devotions specially adapted to the needs and conditions of the times in which they live. This is the case, for instance, with the rosary, with the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and with the so-called May devotion. The practice of setting aside the month of May for the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary is of uncertain origin. It is said that Blessed Henry Suso, who flourished in the fourteenth century, used to consecrate this month to the Blessed Virgin in reparation of the frivolities committed in the spring of the year by the children of the world, and St. Philip Neri was wont to recommend to

his youthful charges special acts of piety in her honor on every day of the month as a means of safeguarding their innocence. It was not until the beginning of the last century, however, that the devotion was popularized, when Pope Pius VII enriched it with indulgences. From that time it spread rapidly over all the Catholic world, until at present, there is hardly a church that has not its May altar.

But why, it may be asked, do we dedicate to the Blessed Virgin a month in which none of her great feasts is celebrated? The reason is not far to seek. Catholic sentiment sees in the natural charms of the month of May a counterpart of the supernatural glories of Mary. The month of May awakens all nature to new life and vigor and beauty. It decks fields and gardens with bright flowers, spreads a rich green over plains and meadows and hillsides, clothes trees and shrubs with verdant foliage and sweet-scented blossoms, scatters the beauties and blessings of nature on all sides. In like manner, our Blessed Lady by giving to the world her divine Son restored its hope of eternal life and of the graces leading thereto. When she uttered the fiat which drew the Son of God from Heaven, she became instrumental in securing for us, in overflowing measure, the graces of redemption, by which our souls are restored to health and life and are clothed with a beauty that far transcends all earthly charms. May is also called the month of flowers. Wood and wold, hill and dale abound in blooms of a thousand hues; all nature has become, as it were, one vast flower garden. Now, as this month excels all others in wealth and beauty of flowers, so Mary surpasses all the saints in fulness of grace and luster of virtue. Her heart was indeed a garden where the flowers of virtue thrived in surpassing beauty and untold profusion. Finally, May is the month of delights, the month in which more than in any other, the senses of man are regaled, as it were, at a sumptuous banquet spread by the bounteous hand of nature. Mary, too, by the purity of her heart, the plenitude of her grace and the splendor of her virtue is the delight of the Blessed Trinity and of all the angels and saints.

These are the reasons why we dedicate to the fairest of God's creatures, the loveliest month of the year. Nothing could be more appropriate; for, as the pious servant of Mary and zealous promoter of the May devotion, Father Lalomia says, "if as an offering we always select the most beautiful, the most pleasing, and the best gift, then nothing is more natural than to set aside the most beautiful of the months as a pleasing gift to Mary."



In our day no cause and no organized group can flourish without a printed periodical. The men and women who are engaged actively in the field of Catholic charity see more clearly every year that this truth applies to their own work. They feel the need of more information concerning methods, tendencies, and results in the province of charity, and more instruction in the underlying principles. Each group needs the encouragement and inspiration that may be obtained from a record of the achievements of other groups; and all need the opportunity to express their opinions, and to profit by the harmony or the clash of discussion. Information, instruction, and discussion are all vitally necessary, and they can be adequately obtained only through the agency of a periodical publication.

—*The Morning Star.*

ST. IVES OF BRITTANY

OF THE THIRD ORDER

MAY 19

ST. Ives, who on account of his great charity was called the Advocate of the Poor, was born at Kermartin, near Tréguier, in Brittany, in the year 1253. His parents, distinguished no less by their virtuous life than by their noble birth, from his earliest years instilled into his innocent heart sentiments of piety and virtue. His mother, especially, strove to turn his thoughts and aspirations to heavenly things and constantly admonished him to live so that he would become a saint. Her earnest words, confirmed by the example of her life, sank so deeply into his heart that, for the rest of his life, they were for him a source of encouragement and strength on the arduous way of virtue and perfection.

When he had completed the study of the elementary branches, Ives was sent, in his fourteenth year, to the University of Paris to take up the study of philosophy and theology, and of civil and canon law. After several years spent in the successful pursuit of knowledge at this celebrated seat of learning, he went to the University of Orleans to finish his course in law under the learned teachers William of Blaye and Peter de la Chapelle. In the midst of these absorbing studies, he was ever faithful to his resolve to become a saint. His aim in all things was the honor and glory of

God. Prayer was his delight, and to it he devoted the morning and a part of the night. He mortified his senses in many ways, abstained from wine, and fasted on bread and water during Lent and Advent, and on many other days of the year. His recreation was to visit and serve the sick in the hospitals, choosing always the most repulsive cases. Thus, while advancing in learning, he also made rapid progress in the science of the saints, and by the example of his holy life edified all who became acquainted with him.

After returning to his home in Brittany, the young man rejected all offers of honor and advancement which the world held out to him, and declared his intention of consecrating himself to the service of God. His wish was to take only the minor orders, to be the lowest of the ministers of the altar. God, however, had other designs in regard to his humble servant, who was destined to become a shining light of the sanctuary. The Bishop of Rennes, well acquainted with the learning and holiness of Ives, appointed him ecclesiastical judge of his diocese. While zealously fulfilling the duties of his important office, Ives redoubled his austerities, his charities, and his studies. The fame of his holy life, and of his justice and impartiality soon spread beyond the limits of the diocese of Rennes and induced the Bishop of

Tréguier to invite him into his diocese and to appoint him his ecclesiastical judge. He also desired him to become a priest. The saint, in his humility, trembled at the very thought of the dignity of the priesthood, but he at length submitted to the wish of his superior and presented himself for ordination. He always approached the altar to offer up the sacrifice of the Mass with sentiments of the liveliest faith and of the deepest humility, and with tears of love.

In fulfilling the duties of his office as judge, the servant of God came to the aid especially of the poor, the widows, and the orphans. He defended the weak and the friendless, and showed no respect of persons, even fearlessly resisting the unjust taxation of the king, which he considered an encroachment on the rights of the Church. He delighted in reconciling enemies, in preventing litigations, and in ending quarrels. Often, when he could not succeed by words, he would take recourse to prayer or offer up the sacrifice of Mass, to remove evils which wounded charity, or to bring about peace among the people, and his

earnest pleadings before the throne of God would bring about the desired effect. It is impossible to relate all the numerous acts of virtue he performed in discharging his delicate and difficult office. Though he was judge, he would frequently make himself the counsel of the poor and weak, defending them in the civil courts, protecting them against wrongs, and paying their costs if they failed, and thus he won his right to the glorious title of "Advocate of the Poor."

In 1285, Ives was appointed pastor of the parish at Trédez, and after some time he gave up his judicial office to devote all his labors to the care of the souls committed to his charge. After eight years, he



St. Ives of Brittany

was removed to Louannec, where he worked till his holy death. Desiring to bind himself to even greater perfection, he, before entering on this charge, joined the Third Order of St. Francis, and with great zeal gave himself up to the practice of prayer, mortification, and voluntary poverty. Every morning, the holy priest went to the altar, shedding tears of devotion. One day, at the Elevation, a

crown of light surrounded the Sacred Host, then rested above the chalice as it was raised for the adoration of the faithful, as if our Lord wished to point out to them the intense faith of the pastor. The Saint's zeal in the pulpit and in the confessional was extraordinary, and by his earnest words, the hardest hearts were often brought to repentance. He would often go into the country and teach the Catechism to the villagers, instruct the laborers, and visit the sick. His charity toward the poor knew no bounds. For the sick poor, the Saint built a hospital near his house. He frequently visited them, consoled them in their sufferings, and rendered them the lowliest services. He sheltered a number of orphans in his own house and placed others with parishioners who taught them trades. God rewarded the charity of his servant by wonderful signs and miracles. On one occasion, Ives received a leper into his house and made him sit at his table. In the middle of the meal the poor man got up and said in an affectionate tone, "The Lord is with you." Suddenly the face of the guest

shone, his garments became white as snow, and the whole house was illumined with a bright light, and then the vision vanished, leaving the Saint full of joy and consolation. On another occasion, God multiplied the bread in his hands, so that he was able to satisfy the hunger of a large number of beggars with a small piece of bread. These miracles caused the fame of the saintly pastor to spread far and wide. But he only humbled himself the more, begging God with tears to create in him a pure and humble heart.

Worn out by incessant toil, and attacked by a violent fever, the Saint felt his end approaching. In his humility, he asked to be placed on a bed of straw, and after receiving the last Sacraments with the tenderest devotion, he turned his eyes toward the crucifix and prayed our Lord to have mercy on him. Thus he gave up his soul to God, on May 19, 1303. His tomb in the cathedral at Tréguier was glorified by many miracles, and he was canonized by Pope Clement VI, in 1347. St. Ives is venerated as the patron of priests, judges, and lawyers.



LOWERING CLOUDS

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

A feeling of joy and satisfaction thrilled the English nation when, on June 3, 1509, the marriage of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon was solemnized at St. Paul's in London, and when three weeks later the royal pair were crowned at Westminster Abbey. Ever since the premature death of his brother Arthur, the high-minded prince had witnessed the constancy and patience of Catherine in suffering,⁽¹⁾ and he was filled with love and esteem for the fair and pious princess. No doubt, he fully shared the happiness of his people when he plighted her his troth and saw her crowned queen of England. The first years of their union were a period of mutual edification coupled with true zeal for the religious and political welfare of the kingdom.

As the years wore on, Henry's attitude toward the saintly queen underwent a sad change. The loose life at court was gradually diverting him from the path of duty. Some historians say that it is doubtful whether he ever was a faithful husband. Be this as it may, his frequent addresses to persons of indifferent morals were sufficient cause for alarm. Yet, he who could and should have warned the heedless King, refrained from doing so on personal as well as on political grounds. Yes, it is even asserted

that Cardinal Wolsey was the first to raise doubts in Henry's mind regarding the validity of his marriage with Catherine.⁽²⁾ Hence, in 1527, when his passion for Anne Boleyn, a lady in the Queen's household, had got the better of him, he openly urged the question of a divorce, feigning scruples regarding the validity of the dispensation he had obtained from Rome to marry Catherine. The case was eventually brought to Rome, and the Pope appointed a special commission to examine it. All during the lengthy and complicated proceedings of this commission, Henry as well as his cringing partisans among the nobility and higher clergy knew fully well that Catherine was the lawful queen, and that his alleged fear of living in illegal wedlock was merely a cloak to hide the foulness of his heart.

This became clear when, seeing that the papal commission would ultimately declare against the divorce, the proud and ruthless King openly defied its authority, repudiated Queen Catherine, and married Anne Boleyn. The sacrilegious ceremonies were performed by Roland Lee, on January 25, 1533, in a private chapel of the royal palace at Whitehall.⁽³⁾ On Saturday, May 10, Cranmer who had shortly before been consecrated archbishop of Canterbury, cited

(1) See Du Boys: *Catherine D'Aragon*, (Paris, 1880) p. 515.—(2) Hope: *The First Divorce of Henry VIII*, (London, 1894) p. 44. On this occasion, Henry said to Wolsey, "Beware of calling in question what has already been decided," at the same time praising Catherine and defending his marriage with her.—(3) For obvious reasons, Burnet, a Protestant historian, has assigned an earlier date, to wit, November 14, 1532, for this sacrilegious ceremony. See Hope, l. c., p. 256.

Queen Catherine for trial to his ecclesiastical court at Dunstable. On her repeated refusal to appear, he declared her "contumacious", and the King dictated the sentence annulling his marriage with her. Thereupon, to the shame and dismay of the English nation, Henry's secret marriage with Anne Boleyn was publicly announced and confirmed, and the ambitious coquette pompously escorted from Greenwich to the Tower for coronation. The attending ceremonies bore the character of a funeral rather than of a public festivity. In a letter dated May 29, 1533, the imperial ambassador Chapuys writes to Charles V, the nephew of Queen Catherine, that the "triumph consisted entirely in the multitude of those who took part in it, but all the people showed themselves as sorry as though it had been a funeral. I am told," he continues, "their indignation increases daily, and that they live in hope your majesty will interfere. On Saturday, the Lady will pass all through London and go to the King's lodging, and on Sunday to Westminster, where the ceremony of coronation will take place."⁽¹⁾

Henry fully aware that his action against Queen Catherine had roused a spirit of discontent among the lower classes, was not slow to discern that the sons of St. Francis had been foremost and loudest in creating it. From the day his marriage became a topic of popular

comment, the friars were decided on their plan of action. Traveling about the country in the discharge of their sacred duties, the Franciscan Observants freely and fearlessly acquainted the people with the true state of affairs, and thus gradually succeeded in molding public opinion against the King's base design.⁽²⁾ Accordingly, the very men who a few years before had stood so high in Henry's favor and esteem, were now the object of his scorn and hatred. This he showed openly for the first time in 1532, when he wrote to Fr. Paul Pissotus, Minister General of the Order, and asked him to depose the Observant Provincial, Bl. John Forest,⁽³⁾ and to appoint Fr. John de la Haye in his stead. Though this measure of the King convinced the friars that their position was now growing critical, it did not intimidate, much less silence them. They were resolved to stand by truth and morality. Hence during the ensuing year, up to the very outbreak of the storm, they publicly defended Queen Catherine.

Naturally, the Observant friary at Greenwich, under the very eyes of the King and his court, became the storm center in the coming conflict. Its inmates were universally loved and respected and the King realized that it was all important to make sure of their sentiments regarding his relations with Anne Boleyn. To this end, Cromwell prevailed on one of the lay Brothers of

(1) Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892), p. 14 from the Vienna Archives.— (2) Fr. Angelus a S. Francisco (Mason): *Certamen Seraphicum*, (Quaracchi, 1885) p. 6.— (3) It is not certain who was Provincial at this time. See Parkinson: *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726) I, p. 227; Stone, l. c., p. 47; Dodd: *Church History of England*, (Brussels, 1737) Vol. I, p. 233, where he says that Bl. John Forest succeeded as Provincial Fr. Stephen Baron, who died in 1520.

this community, Richard Lyst by name, to act as his spy. Through secret correspondence with him, it was soon learned that the friars were staunch adherents of Catherine. As one of the chief agitators against the divorce the informing lay Brother designated the guardian, Fr. William Peyto, a man of deep learning and sterling virtue. He was born at Chesterton in Warwickshire. After completing his education with the Franciscans at Oxford, he renounced the world and joined the Franciscan Order. In view of his learning, the university of Oxford conferred on him the academic degrees and elected him a fellow of Queen's College. Friar Peyto, as he is generally termed by historians, had fully imbibed the spirit of St. Francis, and he was a zealous promoter of the Observant reform. As guardian of the Greenwich friary, and as confessor to princess Mary, the only surviving child of Henry VIII and Catherine, he was in constant touch with the court. His noble heart was filled with bitter anguish at sight of the King denying his better self and listening to the counsels of wicked flatterers and seducers.

On Sunday, May 11, 1533, ⁽¹⁾ the day after Queen Catherine was cited before Cranmer's court, Fr. Peyto had to preach in the Franciscan church at Greenwich. Henry

and his courtiers were to attend the services. Wholly regardless of personal considerations, the fearless guardian determined to make a last strenuous effort for the spiritual welfare of his King and of his country. Gloomy presentiments of some impending calamity were written on every countenance, when Fr. Peyto ascended the pulpit. After relating how King Achab, ⁽²⁾ misguided by the four hundred prophets, insulted and imprisoned the prophet Micheas and soon after died a most terrible death, the bold preacher turned to Henry and continued, "I am that Micheas whom thou wilt hate, because I must tell thee truly that this marriage is unlawful; and I know I shall eat the bread of affliction and drink the water of sorrow, yet because the Lord hath put it into my mouth I must speak it." Then he inveighed most vehemently against the recent marriage with Anne Boleyn and conjuring the King to leave the path of crime and scandal and to hearken to the voice of conscience, he added, "There are many other preachers, yea too many, who preach and persuade thee otherwise, feeding thy folly and frail affections, upon hope of their own worldly promotion, and by that means they betray thy soul, thy honor, and posterity, to obtain fat benefices, to become rich abbots, and get

(1) The following account of Fr. Peyto and Elstow is taken from Stow as quoted by Parkinson, l. c., I, p. 270 sqq. Most historians (Collier, Mason, Dodd, Leon, Du Boys, Gasquet) seem to prefer this account to the one found in Gairdner's *Calendar*. The exact dates, however, can not be determined with certainty. According to Stow, Fr. Elstow publicly opposed Dr. Curwin on Sunday, May 8, 1533, which in a later edition of his works is changed to May 28 of the same year. Now, neither May 8 nor 28 were Sundays in 1533. It seems, therefore, probable that May 8 is a typographical error and should be May 18, which was a Sunday in 1533. Accordingly, Fr. Elstow preached on May 18, and Fr. Peyto on the Sunday preceding, May 11. Cobbet in his *History of the Protestant Reformation in England*, on page 51 (foot-note) regards these figures as probable while the *Annales Minorum* (Quaracchi, 1914), Tom. XI, p. 112, say that Stow must be read with caution (*caute legendum*) when he assigns 1533 as the year in which Fr. Peyto and Elstow openly defied the King.—(2) Third Book of Kings, chap. 22.

episcopal jurisdiction, and other ecclesiastical dignities; these, I say are the four hundred prophets, who, in the spirit of lying, seek to deceive thee: but take good heed, lest thou being deceived, thou find Achab's punishment, which was to have his blood licked up by dogs." Apparently, the King took this public rebuke with good grace. But his fawning courtiers were stung to the quick and their long-nourished hatred of the friars now came to a head.

In the course of the next week, Fr. Peyto left for Canterbury ⁽¹⁾ to attend the provincial chapter, and Henry resolved to make the most of the friar's temporary absence. To undo the effect of the bold friar's sermon he ordered Dr. Curwin, a canon of Hereford, to preach on the following Sunday, May 18, in defense of his marriage with Anne Boleyn. Dr. Curwin, whose pride and ambition had long since seared his conscience, hailed the opportunity of catering to the wishes of his royal master and thus securing his own emolument. Feeling quite safe in the absence of Fr. Peyto, he determined publicly to vent his spleen on him. On the following Sunday, Henry and his court again assembled in the church at Greenwich. Their eyes beamed with joy and triumph, when Dr. Curwin unscrupulously denounced Queen Catherine and in high-flown terms extolled the King for marrying Anne and thus securing the welfare of the kingdom. Thereupon, he began to heap insults on

the absent guardian, calling him a dog, a slanderer, a base and beggarly friar, a plotter, a rebel, a traitor, and finally shouting in boastful defiance, "I speak to thee, Peyto, who makest thyself Micheas, that thou mayst speak evil of kings; but, now thou art not to be found, being fled for fear and shame, as being unable to answer my arguments."

He had failed, however, to reckon with another hero in the Franciscan garb. Great, therefore, was the court's dismay and fury, when in the midst of the boaster's shameless tirade, Fr. John Elstow leaping to his feet exclaimed from the gallery of the church, "Good Sir, you know that Fr. Peyto, as he was commanded, is now gone to a provincial council holden at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again; in the meantime I am here as another Micheas, and I will lay down my life to prove all those things true which he hath taught out of the Holy Scripture; and to this combat I challenge thee, before God and all equal judges, even unto thee Curwin, I say, who art one of the four hundred prophets, into whom the spirit of lying is entered, and seekest by adultery to establish succession, betraying the King into endless perdition, more for thy own vain glory and hope of promotion, than for discharge of thy clogged conscience, and the King's salvation." This was too much for Henry. Again baffled by a simple friar, he became pale with rage. After repeated at-

(1) According to Gairdner's *Calendar* he went to Toulouse.

tempts to silence the undaunted Observant, the King at last sprang to his feet like a madman and with trembling accents demanded that Fr. Elstow hold his peace.

On the following day, Fr. Peyto returned from Canterbury. His heart swelled with paternal pride and joy, when the brethren told him how bravely one of their number had crossed swords with Dr. Curwin and had defended their guardian's good name and the rights of their lawful Queen. With words of sincere gratitude and admiration, he congratulated Fr. Elstow, and at the same time exhorted the other members of the community to follow faithfully the voice of conscience in the hour of trial that he felt was now fast approaching. His presentiments proved only too true. That very day, a messenger summoned FF. Peyto and Elstow before the King and his council.

Rejoicing at the thought of being again allowed to defend the cause of truth and virtue and perhaps even to lay down their lives for it, they forthwith set out for the royal palace. We may picture to ourselves the menacing looks of hatred and vengeance that greeted them on entering the council chamber. Standing defenceless before an enraged King and his bloodthirsty courtiers, they resembled two helpless lambs in the midst of ravenous wolves. But, although their exterior bespoke meekness and humility, the fearless determination written on their faces told their enemies that they were ready to sacrifice and suffer all for conscience's sake.

After a moment of painful silence, the two friars were commanded to give an explanation of their late conduct. Thereupon, Fr. Peyto stepped forward and again rebuked the King for his illicit relations with Anne Boleyn, at the same time predicting that if he persisted in his iniquity, a terrible punishment would be meted out to him by a just and avenging God. Later during the hearing, Henry Bouchier, earl of Essex, exclaimed in a heat of passion that the two friars were traitors to their King and deserved to be put in sacks and thrown alive into the Thames. But the friars only smiled and Fr. Elstow turning to the earl said very quietly, "Threaten these things to rich and dainty folks, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world, for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence; and," he added pleasantly, "with thanks to God, we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go."

Henry saw that it was useless to bandy words with these men of God and he bit his lips in sheer despair. To send the intrepid friars to the block, he feared would cause nation-wide confusion. He knew how the people wholly devoted to Queen Catherine, loved and revered the sons of St. Francis for their heroic zeal in her behalf. It was probably due to this that FF. Peyto and Elstow escaped with their lives. For the present they

were thrown into prison and after some time banished from the country. Both outlived the first storm of persecution under Henry VIII and later returned to England.⁽¹⁾

Thus, FF. Peyto and Elstow were the first to hurl defiance at a king whose unbridled passions were bringing ruin and desolation on the Church in England. "It is impossible," says the Protestant historian Cobbet, "to speak with sufficient admiration of these two men. Ten thousand victories by land or sea would not bespeak such heroism in the winners of these victories as was shown by these friars. If the bishops, or only one fourth of them, had shown equal courage, the tyrant would have stopped in that mad career which was now on the eve of producing so many horrors.

The stand made by these friars was the only instance of bold and open resistance until he had actually got into his murders and robberies."⁽²⁾ Needless to say, their well-meant words of warning did not deter Henry from taking the final step.

The dark clouds of persecution were gathering over England. Soon the fearful storm was to break forth in all its fury and completely to sweep away the flourishing province of English Franciscans. Faithful and fearless to the end in the cause of truth and justice they were to languish in loathsome prisons and die on bloody scaffolds in defence of a dogma that has ever been cherished as one of the principal tenets of the institutes of St. Francis.

(1) Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*. (London, 1878), p. 73.—(2) Cobbet, l. c., p. 52.

FRANCISCA—A STORY OF MEXICO

By Mabel McElliott

FRANCISCA was making an alb for the padre, her scissors click-clicking pleasantly as the triangular bits of cloth fluttered to the piazza floor. The "rancho" house was built in semi-circular fashion, so that from where she sat she could hear Alameda, the Indian cook, clattering with terrific vigor among the pans in the tiled kitchen, and accompanying the din with raucous sounds she probably thought musical. If Francisca had been at all nervous, she

might have flown to the step and implored her to cease, but she merely smiled and went on with her delicate task.

The day was mellow, golden, but exceedingly warm, and Francisca, shading her eyes for a view of the dun road and the foothills beyond, started slightly at sight of a lone figure toiling along in the sun. It was a boy, hatless, who waved to her as he advanced, and sank breathless to the step as she came to meet him.

"Ricardo! I thought you were gone with papa to the mine," she said, taking his small brown hand in her own, and stroking his heated brow with a tenderness almost maternal. Her brother gripped the little fingers tightly. "Francisca mia," he said hurriedly, and with a little gasp of fear, "I was riding far back—a mile perhaps—behind papa and Meester Corland—Conchita was tired, you know, after the drive yesterday, and I was giving her rest. All at once three of the Mesa men from the town came out a little way from the road and stopped me. They were rough men, and when I spoke to them, one cursed at me and said to the others in Spanish, 'Bah! The boy is Americano; he can tell us nothing. Let us go on to the church. We shall have no trouble, as there is never any one about except on Mass days.' Then," the boy continued, looking as if he were about to cry, but checking his tears with manful courage, "they took Conchita away from me, and went on!"

"They didn't hurt you, darling?" the girl asked anxiously, which term of endearment she had caught from their English mother. "No, but Conchita—she was tired, and now they are driving her on—the brutes!" finished Ricardo passionately.

Francisca stood upright, thoughtfully fingering the half finished vestment on her arm.

"What are you going to do, 'Cisca?" he asked. "Never mind, darling. You run to Alameda, and

ask herfor some cool milk and something to eat. I'll be back directly." And picking up her work basket, she hurried into the house. "Will you bring Sanchez around, darling?" she asked her little brother five minutes later, making a trim bundle of the Greek costume she had worn in a tableau at the convent last fiesta, and of the blue scarf that had been her mother's.

"What are you going to do?" he asked again, as she mounted the Mexican pony.

Francisca looked down at him with a sudden rush of tenderness. "You're not to worry, Ricardo," she told him gently. "You see," touching the little medal that glittered at her throat, "with Our Lady's help and a mile start—" and she was gone.

It was all very well to talk about being brave, she thought, her pulses racing with the wind, as the gallant little pony took the shorter path to the chapel through the shady woods. Ah, but God was good, and it was his business she was about, after all. He would see that she reached there in time.

One mile—two—and then, through the trees she could glimpse the white spire of the little church.

"They are not yet here," she whispered triumphantly, reining up at the crude little block, and dismounting. "Now, home, Sanchez!" to the horse. "You must!" as he stood, ears pricked, ill disposed to obey the well loved voice. She stroked, petted, cajoled, and finally, in desperation, struck at him wild-

ly with her little crop. Then Sanchez, sorrowful, dispirited, trotted away among the trees.

Francisca had the key to the sacristy in the pocket of her blue cotton dress. It was very still within. Last Sunday's flowers were drooping in the cheap vases, and the sun was making a glory of the little altar, "This is Thy House, and I will save it for Thee!" said Francisca gravely, as she knelt at the lowest step.

She had not long to wait—barely time to fasten the robe with trembling fingers, and toss the blue veil over her loosened hair. Then—"Ah, my shoes," she almost wept, kicking off the offending and hitherto forgotten articles, and dragging off the stockings with trembling haste.

The pedestal that was to have borne the statue of the Virgin Mother was empty, and Francisca thanked God it was so, although she had often before mourned the shabby loneliness of the niche. She swung herself with an effort to the dizzying height, and had scarcely clasped her hands in the attitude she had observed in the statue at the El Paso convent, when the shaky little porch creaked under the tread of heavy feet, and the brigands thundered through the vestibule, and down the middle

aisle. But they did not advance very far, for a piercing, sweet voice arrested them, dull cowards that they were.

"Would you destroy my Son's House?" came a voice from the niche. Then—as they cowered, white and shaken with terror, she pointed an accusing finger. "Go, and sin no more!" she told them; and they fled, tumbling over one another.

For a long time, Francisca stood there, afraid to change her position lest they return and discover the deception. Shadows deepened in the little church, and twilight came before her father with three of his men found her there. She looked like a very little girl, indeed, and she was half asleep, worn out with excitement, one brown hand tightly clutching the candlestick beside her.

"Francisca mia, but you are brave," Ricardo said to her admiringly that night. "I stayed at home like a little coward; but you saved the church for us all."

Francisca stroked his sleek dark head. "Not for us all," she corrected him gently; "but for God and for Our Lady. But then it was Our Lady who helped me, of course," touching the medal at her throat. "She was with me all the time!"



A COLORED TERTIARY

“**B**EHOLD an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile.” These words of our dear Lord may well be applied to Mr. George Perkins who died in Washington, Mo., on March 2, 1917. His face, indeed, was black, but his soul was white as snow. While speaking with him one never thought of the color of his body. The beautiful whiteness of his soul shone in the kindly light of his eyes, the courtesy of his speech, the correctness of his manner. One day, he was introduced to a strange Father. After he had left, the Father remarked that there was something unusual about George. Being asked what he meant, he replied, “He has such a heavenly look.”

George Perkins was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was dear to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He was a favorite with the children, because he always had a kind word and a winning smile for them. The grown people cherished him for his solid virtue. Known by all for his deep faith and his great reverence for our holy religion, he was a very humble man. He never made a show of his piety and religion. But, he was not ashamed to own up to his religious convictions; nor was he afraid to defend the Catholic Church when oc-



casions offered. George gained a livelihood by working in the gardens and doing other small jobs. Thus he would often be seen on his way to work with his wheelbarrow. When he met a priest, he would at once set down his wheelbarrow, raise his hat respectfully, and say, “Praised be Jesus Christ.” If anyone cast slurs on the Catholic Church or on our holy religion, George was always ready with an answer. On one occasion, for instance, a non-Catholic lady began to criticize the Catholic pastor for decorating and repairing his church. As Judas of old she said to George, “I don’t see any use in throwing away money by fixing up the church that way. The money might have been used much better for some other good purpose.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Perkins replied in his usual quiet way. “You try to have your front room fixed up as fine as you can. You want to have a fit place to entertain your visitors. I don’t see why it should be wrong to fix up the church where our dear Lord himself is our visitor.”

George had a very great love for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Although he had to work hard all day long, he was in church every morning at a quarter past five o’clock and received Holy Commu-

nion even when there was no Mass at that hour. He was there, summer and winter, not only when the weather was fair, but also when it was raining and snowing. One morning, it was cold and rainy. When George rose and prepared to go to church, his good wife expostulated with him, saying that the weather was too bad to go out. "If I were to go out to get a ten-dollar bill," he answered meekly, "you would not ask me to stay at home. And holy Mass is worth far more to me than ten dollars." And to holy Mass he went.

The deceased was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and he knew well how to appreciate this great grace. "Father," he once said, "I just love the Third Order. The longer I belong to it, the better I like it. I can pray so much better since I joined, and I wouldn't give it up for anything." His patron in the Third Order was St. Benedict the Moor. As he knelt with the other Tertiaries the Sunday before his death to say the rosary for the deceased Tertiary, Henry Jaspers, he little dreamed that he himself would be among the dead within six days. On the next day he did not appear at the communion rail. This was unusual. Tuesday morning came, and again he was missing. "That's strange," remarked one of the Fathers, "something must have happened to George." Wednesday the report came that George was sick. Thursday afternoon he received the holy Sacrament of Extreme Unction. By Friday noon he was dying.

Every now and then he was heard to say, "My Jesus mercy!" The Father attending him prayed aloud for him. At times, he would pause in order not to tire the dying man. But George was not to be tired. Again and again he asked the Father to continue to pray. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening, he died. It was the First Friday of the month, the day of the Sacred Heart. George had always worn the badge of the Sacred Heart when he went to Holy Communion. It seems as if our dear Lord wished to reward him for this devotion by taking George to himself on the day consecrated to his Sacred Heart.

George Perkins, who had lived and died as a fervent and practical Tertiary was also buried as a Tertiary, dressed in the large brown habit of St. Francis. As he lay in the coffin, many people, old and young, from all over the city came to his humble home to view his remains. He who had always been so humble and unassuming in life received special marks of honor after death. Solemn funeral services were held for him Monday, March 5, in the presence of a large congregation. After the solemn Requiem High Mass, the altar boys surrounded the casket and accompanied it to the doors of the church. There, in the vestibule the coffin was opened and the school children crowded round to take a last look at the mortal remains of him whom they had so well known and loved as the janitor of their school. May the good God give us many more Tertiaries like George Benedict Perkins. — *Communicated.*

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

“Take ye and eat.”

HOLY COMMUNION

“TAKE ye and eat.”—O words of infinite condescension; O words of heavenly consolation to the hungering soul! “Come to me,” cries the Living Bread, “all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you.” *Panem de coelo praestitisti eis. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.*—Bread from heaven thou hast given them containing in itself every sweetness.

O Living Bread of all sweetness, can it, indeed, be true that I, a poor sinner, may take and eat of thee? Can it be true that there is no flaming sword of justice, no armed cherub between me and the altar of my God, to bar my way to the divine tree of life, lest I eat and live forever? Behold a tree of life again grows on the earth, or rather comes down from heaven; behold it buds forth from the altar with blossoms and fruits, and the commandment of God is no longer, “Drive him forth, lest he take and eat,” but “Compel them to enter. Come to me, eat. O friends, take ye and eat, this is my body delivered for you.”

O wondrous greatness of divine love. In all my degradation and misery I may approach the altar of my God, I may come to the tree of life, I may take and eat at the table of angels where the Bread—the Living Bread—is my God!

Bless the Lord, my soul, who has restored to thee the goodly inheritance in the blessed Church of his own foundation, where the Lord—thy Eucharistic Jesus—is thy portion. O most consoling sacrament of the body of Christ, where the food is the divine Lord himself—the Living Bread—the Bread of God—the Bread which came down and which cometh down from heaven. “I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world” (John 6, 51, 52).

What food is there so good to the soul, so heavenly in its sweetness as the living vivifying Flesh of the immaculate Lamb of God? The manna that fell from heaven to feed God’s people of old had a delicious flavor of sweetness like wafers made with honey. But what is the material sweetness of the manna to the sweetness of the Living Bread tasted in the banquet of the altar? “This most excellent sacrament is the health of the soul and body, the remedy of all spiritual diseases; in which my vices are cured, my passions restrained, temptations overcome or lessened, greater grace infused, incipient virtue increased, faith confirmed, hope strengthened, and charity inflamed and extended.” (Imitation of Christ, Book 4,

Chap. 4).

I know that when the Israelites in the wilderness ate of the manna, many cared¹ not for its sweetness and ate it only of necessity, because they would have died without it, while all the time they longed after earthly foods in preference to the food from heaven. Could I ever thus receive the Living Bread without relish or have no desire for its celestial sweetness? O sad it would be should ever the vitiating pleasures of the world thus impair my spiritual senses. But blessed it is to hunger and thirst after the source of justice in the Blessed Eucharist, for he fills our souls with unspeakable sweetness and consolation. We taste and see how sweet the Lord is, and we are enchanted with his adorable presence.

But let me consider in my eagerness for the Bread of Angels how great and how awful is its sanctity, lest, by any lack of devotion in receiving or carelessness afterwards, I should lose the gifts of spiritual health and consolation which the sacrament bestows. I know that those to whom my divine Lord was delivered in his passion led him away not to a throne but to the cross.

How lamentable if I should come to receive my King with affections still attached to the servitude of corruption and, as it were, crying inwardly, "We will not this one to reign over us. We will have no king but our gratification from creatures." How lamentable if, which God forbid, this adorable Lord, the gift of my Communion, should afterwards be led to the Calvary of my perverted will to be crucified, as it were, again by some grievous sin.

Be merciful, sweet Jesus, though thou hast seen so little fruit from the most heavenly Communion of thy adorable body. Be merciful, O dearest Lord, and bestow a deeper discernment of thee in thy sacrament, and a better use of thy eucharistic graces. Let me take the precious body of my Jesus like Joseph and Nicodemus and lay it in the fine linen of a purified conscience with the fragrant spices of devotion. Let me lay it in a heart new by penance, where no evil affection has found a resting place since it was fashioned by absolution ready for the Lord's body.

If I thus receive my divine Lord in his most holy sacrament, it will, indeed, be a Sabbath of peace when he abides in my breast; and as he left angels in the sepulcher when he departed from it together with the grave clothes which had been worn by his most sacred body, so will he leave angelic inspirations and graces and his spiritual presence in me when he ceases to be in me sacramentally. "Grant, O Lord God, my Savior, that with the frequenting of this mystery, the affection of my devotion may increase." (Imitation of Christ, Book 4, Chap. 4).

REV. ANSELM MUELLER, O.F.M.

AN event unique in the history of the Province of the Sacred Heart took place in Joliet, Ill., on April 19 last, when Rev. Anselm Mueller, O.F.M., celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his investment as a Friar Minor.

Born in Bonn, Germany, on November 22, 1838, he entered the Franciscan Order on April 7, 1857. Some years later, in May 1862, he came to this country, and while pursuing his theological studies, he was appointed a member of the first faculty of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., which threw open its doors to students for the first time on September 16, 1862. On December 19 of the same year, the young professor was ordained priest, and continued to teach his classes at the college until the end of the term, during the summer of 1863, when he was transferred as rector to St.

Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill. That his superiors judged well in placing this youthful priest and professor, who was not yet fully twenty-five years of age, at the head of this institution, is proved by the fact that Fr. Anselm held this office for thirty consecutive years, and that it is owing chiefly to his untiring zeal and remarkable executive ability that the college rose from its humble beginnings to be one of the foremost institutions

of learning in the Central States.

Relinquishing his office as rector to Rev. Nicholas Leonard, O.F.M., in 1892, Fr. Anselm went to Joliet, where he took charge of St. Francis Academy. While there, he was elected one of the Definitors General of the Order, in 1895, and went to Rome to assume his high office. After the union of the various families of the Order of Friars Minor, in 1897, Fr. Anselm was appointed

superior of the Custody of Allegany, N. Y., which post he held for one term. In 1901, he returned to Quincy, to take up again his duties as rector of St. Francis College. It was during his second term as rector, that the college had the happiness of celebrating Fr. Anselm's golden jubilee of investment with extraordinary pomp. Many of the alumni of the college, both clerical and lay, came to Quincy on that occasion,



Rev. Anselm Mueller, O.F.M.

from all parts of the country, to show their appreciation and gratitude to the venerable jubilarian for the blessings they had received in the institution with which he had been so long identified. The weight of years now began to tell on him, and in December 1909, Fr. Anselm begged to be relieved of his charge and sought rest from his unceasing labors in the convent of St. Joseph, Cleveland, Ohio. Here he remained until 1912, when he was transferred

to Joliet, where he still resides, and where he is still active as spiritual director of the Sisters of St. Joseph's Hospital in that city.

Of late, his steadily declining strength has confined the aged Father to the hospital, and it was here that the recent celebration in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of his investment took place. At 10 A. M., on Thursday, April 19, he was conducted to the chapel, where a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, O. F. M., of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, who succeeded Fr. Anselm as rector of St. Francis College, in 1909. He was assisted at the Mass by Rev. FF. Eugene, Theodule, and Alexius, all three of the Franciscan convent in Joliet, as deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. Rev. Fr. Timothy, O. F. M., of St. Joseph's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, at whose first Mass, in 1894, Fr. Anselm

preached the sermon, had the pleasure and the honor of returning the favor by delivering the festive oration on this occasion. In the afternoon, the novices of the religious community in charge of the hospital tendered Fr. Anselm a reception in their auditorium. Several beautiful and appropriate poems and songs formed the program, whereupon the Rev. Jubilarian responded in his well-known, hearty manner, and thanked the good nuns and novices as well as his many friends for making this anniversary day so happy a one for him.

Although the celebration was of a strictly private character, many Sisters of St. Francis Academy and lay friends from Joliet besides a number of neighboring priests gathered at the hospital to pay their respects to Fr. Anselm and to offer him their felicitations on this happy occasion.

A May Song

Rev. Hugh F. Blunt

© little apple blossoms, see, your Queen is coming,

Royally she comes adown the verdant hills of May;

Birds are piping, bees and brooks a festal hymn are humming;

Little blossoms, come ye too, and greet her on her way.

© little apple blossoms, is there need of sadness,

Just because your glory has lasted but a day?

Little innocents of spring, in death, too, may be gladness,

To die of loving at the feet of Mary, Queen of May.

© little apple blossoms, fall in plenteous showers;

She will touch you every one along her royal way.

Ah, my heart, be thou as glad, and spread thy fairest flowers!

Mayhap the very Queen of Heaven will make thy life her May.

—*The Magnificat*

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

TEXAS

XXIX

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

HOSTILITIES between the tribes were not expected before the month of March, 1758, says Fr. Arricivita. Although the Apaches had refused to occupy the mission sites selected for them, the Fathers, nevertheless, went to work erecting the necessary buildings for the proposed mission, which Fr. Giraldo de Terreros, an old experienced missionary, built in the form of a square, according to the usual plan. The mission consisted of a spacious structure of poles supporting a thatched roof, which was used as a church, besides a number of smaller houses, similarly built, that served as dwellings for the missionaries, barracks for the soldiers, and storerooms. The whole group of buildings was surrounded by a stockade with only one gateway secured by bars and protected by two swivel guns. Toward the river, plots of land were laid out and crops planted.

While Fr. Terreros was busy directing the work on the mission, Captain Parrilla* was superintending the construction of the fort on the north side of the river. In accordance with the viceroy's instructions, the soldiers were assigned land for cultivation, and the soil was prepared for the sowing of grain. By May 4, 1758, all this

work was well under way. Accordingly, Parrilla sent for the remaining soldiers and supplies in the camp on the San Marcos. They arrived in the latter part of June. There may have been, therefore, three or four hundred persons at the presidio, of whom, according to Prof. Dunn, two hundred and thirty-seven were women and children.

The guarding of the cattle and horses, the securing of firewood, the changing of the watch, the occasional arrival of a supply train from San Antonio, was the daily uneventful life at this frontier post. But there was soon to be excitement enough to stir the blood of the most indolent mestizo trooper. At the mission across the river, the Fathers continued to live in their isolated quarters, attended by their Indian servants and by a guard of five soldiers. An occasional visit from straggling Apache bands was the only thing to break the dull monotony, as Dunn says. In the early part of January, Fr. Miguel Molina arrived from the College of San Fernando. But the missionaries were again reduced to three on January 12, when Fr. Santisima Trinidad was sent to Mexico bearing letters and despatches.

Rumors of Comanche hostilities had not been unfounded; but it was

*Arricivita styles him Colonel; Dunn persistently calls him Captain.

not until March 2, that the savages approached the San Sabá. On that day, the Comanches made a raid on the horses of the presidio pasturing between the mission and the garrison, and drove away with them sixty-two of the animals. Fifteen soldiers went in pursuit, but returned only with wild stories that alarmed the inhabitants of the presidio. The whole country, the soldiers said, was alive with hidden foes. In view of the great danger, Colonel Parrilla repaired to the mission, on March 15, and entreated Fr. Presidente Terreros to retire to the presidio with his two companions. Fr. Giraldo thought that there was no imminent danger, at least, not for the Fathers, as in his long missionary career, the Indians had never harmed him.

On the next day, Thursday, March 16, Fr. Giraldo celebrated holy Mass at daybreak, and Fr. Jose Santiesteban was just about to begin the holy Sacrifice at sunrise, when shouts of approaching Indians discharging firearms were heard. Investigation disclosed the fact that the mission was entirely surrounded by savages. As the gateway was barred, the inmates for the time being were safe. When Fr. Molina heard the ominous whoops, he hurried to the church and had Fr. Santiesteban discontinue the Mass, and then notified Fr. Terreros. Some occupants of the mission had already gathered in the room of Fr. Terreros, the soldiers held their posts, and every other precaution was taken. As soon as the Comanches noticed that

they could not storm the place without heavy loss to themselves, they resolved to accomplish their designs by cunning and treachery. By means of signs and much bad Spanish they declared themselves to be friends, who wished to form an alliance with the Spaniards. Hearing their expressions of friendship, the corporal of the guard, Asencio Cadena, allowed himself to be deceived and ventured into the pátio, or open space in front of the mission. Through the cracks in the stockade he could see some Indians whom he recognized as Texas, Vidades, Tancagues, and others with whom he had often associated. Seeing these old friends among the Comanches, he assured Fr. Terreros that the Indians meant no harm.

On the strength of this assertion, Fr. Presidente left his room to confer with them. He was accompanied by Fr. Molina, who, however, expressed astonishment and alarm at seeing the stockade surrounded by savages to the number of two thousand warriors, armed with lances, firearms, sabers, bows and arrows. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, there was a moving, swaying multitude of Indians, arrayed in strange garbs and mounted on gaudily equipped horses. Their faces were painted black and crimson, and decorated with the most horrifying and repulsive figures. Many wore skins of wild beasts with the tails dangling grotesquely from their heads. The mere sight of these savage warriors was enough to strike terror to the heart of even the bravest soldier.

When the Indians saw the Fathers approaching and noted the confidence placed in their promises, many dismounted and, without waiting for permission, removed the crossbars from the gate and flung it open. The space between the stockade and the buildings was soon crowded with Indians who shook hands with the Spaniards and made other friendly demonstrations. The missionaries brought out a supply of tobacco and other articles, which they began to distribute among the throng. The leader, a big stolid Comanche, dressed in a French uniform, had not deigned to dismount. When Fr. Molina presented him with four handfuls of tobacco, the savage accepted it in a very condescending manner, but without the slightest show of appreciation, while all the time, according to Fr. Molina, a false smile played on his horrible features. This attitude of the chief aroused the suspicion of the Spaniards, and they were confirmed therein when they observed the Indians stealing food from the kitchen, appropriating the cloaks of the soldiers, and securing the horses in the corral. For fear of precipitating a massacre, the Fathers pretended not to notice this, and did everything to conciliate the unwelcome visitors.

In order to rid the mission of the savages, Fr. Terreros asked the chiefs whether they intended to visit the presidio. They replied in the affirmative, but asked him to write a note so that they would be well received. He complied and handed the letter to the Indians,

who uttered a peculiar shout, as if they had been planning to secure such a note. One of the Texas chiefs took the letter and proceeded to the corral to mount one of the mission horses in order, as he claimed, to ride to the presidio, accompanied by a number of Indians. Meanwhile, the other chiefs engaged Fr. Terreros in conversation about the missions among their people, where Fr. Presidente had labored before. They assured the Father they had no desire to harm the Spaniards but wished only to fight the Apaches. In an adroit way, they tried to learn whether any Apaches were hidden in the mission.

After a short time, the Texas chief returned, claiming that he had not been admitted to the presidio and that three of his warriors had been killed and one wounded. This, Fr. Arricivita remarks, was a manifest lie, because the savage could not have reached the garrison in so short a time. Nevertheless Fr. Terreros agreed to accompany him and see that he was kindly received, though he knew that he was exposing himself to certain death. While riding through the gateway with the soldier José García, a musket shot rang out, and with a groan Fr. Terreros fell from his horse mortally wounded. This was the signal for a general assault. A murderous volley from the savages instantly killed García and two other soldiers, whereupon fourteen soldiers and two Fathers took refuge in the buildings, Fr. Santiesteban fled to the storeroom, but

that only hastened his doom; for it was the first place the Indians visited. He was cruelly beaten to death, and the sound of the blows was heard by the soldiers in hiding.

Having robbed everything that could be carried off, the savages set fire to the main building. Driven to desperation, the soldiers barricaded the doors of the quarters formerly occupied by Fr. Terreros, resolved to defend their lives to the last, while the savages made every effort to dislodge them. A bullet rebounding from a heavy piece of timber, struck Friar Molina in the arm and caused a

wound from which he suffered for many years. The infuriated Indians now set fire to all the buildings, and the flames reached the besieged Spaniards early in the afternoon, forcing them to abandon their quarters. Thanks to the carelessness of the enemy, they succeeded in making their way into another room in the church building. From there they were soon driven to the small chapel, which, although in flames, was in better condition than the other ruins. By this time, the savages believed the Spaniards dead, and paid no more attention to them. Happily they were not dead and rescue was at hand.

GILBERT'S CHOICE

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

GILBERT Brenner and his mother awoke one morning to find themselves wealthy, for news had come of the discovery of magnetic ore on their ranch in the Sierras. The long desired opportunity for Mrs. Brenner to visit a sister in Europe had come at last, and placing her affairs under the management of a bachelor brother, she set sail, accompanied by her only child Gilbert. Unfortunately, the trip proved fatal for her, and she died a few months after her arrival at her sister's home.

Left an orphan at the age of eighteen, Gilbert decided to remain with his aunt and finish his education in Europe. During these years, spent abroad, he kept up a steady

correspondence with Mary Lennon, a former schoolmate, who was acquiring a higher education at home. But it was not at a Catholic academy. Mrs. Lennon, though a Catholic, was of the opinion that the institutions flourishing under the mantle of Mother Church were just a little too antiquated in their methods for her talented daughter. Thus in the course of time, Mary, very much like her mother, learned to view things Catholic as rather childish if not stupid and altogether out of date.

The cablegram announcing the return of Mr. Gilbert Brenner to his native land and the home of his childhood, created not a little excitement in the Lennon household.

Mrs. Lennon congratulated herself on having encouraged her daughter to keep in touch with him during his years of absence; for a young man of his accomplishments and fortune would make no mean match for her equally accomplished, if not so wealthy, daughter, she mused. She was glad, too, that she had had the house remodeled at no little expense; for, of course, Gilbert was used to elegance and luxury. The fact that Mary, after her graduation, had secured a very lucrative position as private secretary to a rich lumberman, made it possible for the Lennons to affect a wealth that was not theirs. Another fortunate incident that added, as they thought, great prestige to their home was the fact that for the past year they could boast of a maid—a luxury they had never dreamed of when Gilbert and his widowed mother were their neighbors.

The maid in question was Alice Thorn, Mrs. Lennon's niece whom she had taken into her home after the death of the girl's mother. Incessant toil from morning till night was Alice's lot, while her fashionable aunt attended bridge parties and other social affairs and talked as glibly about her "maid" over her dainty cup of tea as any of her neighbors. Not a thought concerning her duties to her dead sister's child disturbed Mrs. Lennon's placidity of mind, and Alice was too grateful for the least kindness to resent the treatment she received at the hands of her aunt and her cousin. No one ever suspected that the pretty, bright-eyed little maid was re-

lated to the Lennons; and once when, in the presence of a caller, Alice forgot herself and addressed the lady of the house as "aunt", she received a reprimand afterwards that was well calculated to preclude a repetition of the blunder.

It was the maid in her neat black frock—the only good gown she possessed—that opened the door to admit Mr. Gilbert Brenner the day he made his first call at the Lennons after his return from Europe. He smiled down at her in his usual artless manner, and Alice smiled in return. "Pretty as a picture," was the young man's mental observation as she ushered him into the parlor. The next moment he was greeting the Lennons—mother and daughter—who were most profuse in their expressions of welcome. "Well, my little Mary of the good old school days has grown to be quite a young lady; and say, Mary, you're prettier than ever," he said in his frank boyish fashion, as he gazed at the handsome young lady before him. Miss Lennon knew that she was pretty, but to be told so by Gilbert Brenner was blissful indeed.

The observant young man, however, was not slow to discover that the Mary Lennon he had known in his boyhood days was quite different from the Miss Lennon he met now on his return from Europe, and that the atmosphere of the Jane Filmore exclusive college for young ladies, of which Mary was a graduate, had had anything but a beneficial effect on the young lady's character.

"Don't call me 'Mary', it's so old-

fashioned," was Miss Lennon's reply to Gilbert's complimentary remark about her beauty. "My friends call me 'Mae' or 'Maizie' and I think both names are so cunning."

Gilbert stared. "But your name is 'Mary' and it's certainly prettier than those silly nicknames," he argued. "At least, I prefer to call you by your right name, which is also the name of the Mother of God."

Miss Lennon felt mortified over the young man's antiquated opinions regarding her name, but she was too eager to retain his good graces to urge her point.

One afternoon, some weeks later, Gilbert stopped at the Lennons to get some pieces of music he had left there on the previous evening. As he stepped on the porch, he heard some one singing to a soft piano accompaniment, and he paused to listen. That voice was not Mary's. "Magnificent!" he ejaculated when the beautiful rich notes had ceased. Then he rang the bell, and Alice opened the door as usual, looking rather embarrassed.

"There's no one at home, to-day," she said on seeing Gilbert.

"Well, who belongs to that splendid voice then?" he demanded, stepping inside and eyeing the maid closely. "Did she run away?" and he glanced enquiringly about.

"Oh, I was just singing a little ditty to myself," Alice stammered and blushed.

Gilbert looked the amazement he felt. "That was you, was it? Well Miss Alice, you certainly can sing, do you know it? Come, let's have some more," and he led the way to

the music room and opened the piano, which Alice had hastily closed when the bell rang. It was only at his urgent request that would brook no refusal, that Alice reluctantly seated herself at the instrument. She felt that she had already trespassed quite seriously, for neither Mary nor her mother would permit her to touch the piano when they were in the house.

The haunting pathos of her exquisite, mellow voice as she sang the sweet old song "Ben Bolt", caused a mist to float before Gilbert's eyes. He praised her singing warmly, and she seemed surprised. To her innocent mind it had never occurred that she possessed any special talents or charms whatever. "Oh, but I can't sing nearly so well as my cousin Mary Lennon," she replied apologetically.

"Is Mary Lennon your cousin?" the young man stared.

"Oh, I should not have said that," Alice began in confusion. "But—yes, she is—I can't be untruthful. But, please, Mr. Brenner, don't let on that you know. I shouldn't have spoken as I did—I'm always making silly blunders." She looked very distressed.

Brenner's face was stern. He questioned further with the air of one who had a right to know, and soon had the whole story of the girl's lonely life and constant drudgery. But there was not the slightest hint of bitterness in the telling.

"Even though I don't go to parties or the theater or anywhere, and have no friends in this city to come to see me as I'd like, still I'm quite

happy; for, after all, I have my religion, and it is such a source of comfort and joy to me. Besides," she added brightly as her clear gaze met his eyes, "I've not been near so lonely since you've been coming here, Mr. Brenner. Somehow, you have always from the first seemed like an old friend."

"And I shall always try to be a friend to you, Miss Alice," and he smiled gravely.

Unnoticed, Mary Lennon had returned home and she now stood between the portières, her face a study.

"Why aren't you at your work, Alice?" she spoke icily, ignoring the young man's greeting.

"Load the blame on me," interposed Gilbert gallantly. "I called during your absence for my folio, and I've been detaining her through no fault of hers." But he wisely refrained from saying that Alice had been singing for him, since he knew that this would have spelt disaster for the poor girl.

The next evening, the whirr of the bell brought Alice hastily to the door, and she was half sorry half glad to find Brenner there.

Get into your coat quick," he commanded. "I've got two tickets to the theater, a fine play that you'll certainly like."

"Why, you don't mean—"

"Yes I do mean!" he corrected with emphasis.

"Oh, but Alice has some work to finish"—Mrs. Lennon replied, as she appeared on the scene and Gilbert repeated his demand. But the young man insisted, saying that the work could wait. Visibly disturbed

by this unexpected turn of events and not daring to resist him, Mrs. Lennon enveloped Alice in Mary's second best coat; for she could not permit her maid to accompany the wealthy young man looking too shabby.

That first night at the theater was one that Alice never could forget as long as she lived. The touching drama, the glowing stage, the wonderful music—it was as if she had been transferred to another world. But on the following morning, as she began to speak of it to Mary, she was painfully surprised to find this young lady in a towering rage.

"Hold your tongue!" Mary exclaimed, her face flushing with anger. "The idea of Mr. Brenner taking an ordinary servant girl to the theater!"

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Lennon strove to pacify her exasperated daughter, "he came with the intention of taking you, but you happened to be away." But this lie failed to have its desired effect, for Mary had already learned from truthful Alice that the young man had not even mentioned her name, and she bitterly charged the maid with duplicity and ingratitude toward those who had so generously provided her with a home. Vainly did the poor girl attempt to defend herself against these incriminations. Mary would not even listen.

Perhaps, after all, she had done wrong in accepting Mr. Brenner's attentions, Alice upraised herself that night as she lay awake in her bed and recalled the events of that unhappy day. She had always felt

that Mary was in love with Gilbert. But what was that in her own heart that made her pulse beat faster, and her face glow with pleasure whenever she heard his voice and looked into his deep brown eyes? Alice dared not answer this question. Only a smothered sob broke the solemn stillness of the night.

At breakfast the next morning, Alice informed Mrs. Lennon that she had decided to leave—she intended to qualify herself as nurse, as she had long desired to do. Mrs. Lennon was rather surprised on hearing this, but expressed herself well satisfied. Indeed, she had intended that very day to request Alice to leave, she averred, for she and Mary had put up with about as much as they could endure at their maid's hands.

Mr. Brenner was much disappointed when he called at the Lennons a few days later and found that Alice had left. Readily surmising the reason for her departure, he took the opportunity of enlightening Mrs. Lennon and her accomplished daughter as to his opinion regarding the treatment they had accorded their orphan relative. As he strode indignantly toward his car without as much as bidding them good bye, they felt that Gilbert Brenner had passed out of their life forever, and that the hopes they had placed in him had been blasted.

Gilbert went direct to the hospital, where Alice had gone to take up her studies, and he requested the Sister portress to see her. What was his surprise and chagrin

when the good nun returned after a few minutes with the information that Alice refused to see him. He insisted, but the girl remained firm.

Years rolled by, and Alice was now fulfilling the arduous duties of her noble calling. Her many patients loved her for her kind, sympathetic ways and for her never-failing patience and gentleness. She fully realized the dignity of her vocation and endeavored to model her conduct on that of the Divine Healer whose heart went out in love and pity to all the suffering and afflicted. Not a word had come all this time from the Lennons, although Alice had frequently written to them. One day, it was about a year after her departure, she read an account of a brilliant marriage between Miss Mae Lennon and Bancroft Woodburn, whose private secretary she had been. He was a millionaire and a divorced man. "Poor girl!" mused Alice.

That same day, Alice received a long letter from Gilbert Brenner in which he repeated his oft protested love for her and his desire to make her his wife. All his efforts to see her had been futile, and his numerous letters had remained unanswered. "It can not be that he really cares for me," she would say. "He will soon forget, and go back to his first love."—But now that Mary Lennon had married another and Gilbert was free—"No, no, he can't mean it. His wife must be one of whom he can well be proud," Alice hastened to reply to her own objection, as she recalled that Mary Lennon had relinquished her claims to Gilbert's

affections. "No, he must forget poor, stupid, little me. I could never prove worthy of him." But two great tears that hung for a while between her long silken lashes and then fell heavily on the letter she held in her hand, told another story.

A year passed, and then another. Gilbert had gone on an extended journey to the Orient, hoping against hope that he would yet win the choice of his heart. Every now and then a long letter from him arrived at the hospital, telling of his wanderings in the Far East and of the wonderful sights he had seen. Alice had received his last letter, which he had written at San Francisco immediately on his return from China and in which he said that he would soon be at home again and fondly trusted that this time she would not refuse to see him.

She was engaged in reading the missive, when she was summoned by the Sister Superior. A train accident had occurred some miles from the city, and a corps of doctors and nurses was to be rushed at once to the scene of the disaster. Miss Alice was requested to respond to the call. A tangled heap of wreckage spread before them when the doctors and nurses reached the spot. Several persons had been instantly killed by the awful impact of the two trains, and the injured were carried to a neighboring farm house, which had been converted into a temporary hospital. Deftly and quietly doctors and nurses went about their labor of

charity, but none worked better and more sympathetically than the beautiful and gentle Miss Alice.

"Miss Alice, will you please go to the patient in that room," Dr. Holmes requested, as Alice had just finished bandaging a badly splintered arm. "He's got some ugly cuts, but I'm confident he will pull through all right. Just stay there and watch him until I return."

His orders given, the doctor passed on. Alice obeyed at once. As she entered the room and bent over the unconscious form of the injured man, she gave a low cry.

"Gilbert, oh Gilbert, open your eyes and speak to me. Look, it is I, Alice, your old friend."

As if in response to her plea, the man wearily opened his eyes and gazed earnestly into the girl's face. Suddenly, his features brightened and he broke into a smile.

"Alice! how did you come here? Where am I?—Oh, yes, that wreck, I remember now. And Alice is it really you?" and he smiled in his old boyish way.

"Yes, Gilbert it is I," she answered happily. "The doctor says you'll be all right, but you must mind me and be quiet."

"But, Alice, you won't run away again, will you?" and Gilbert's face became serious and his eyes anxiously scanned the girl's features as she bent over him. "Promise me this!"

"I promise," she whispered.

FATHER CLAUDE ALLOUEZ, S. J.

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M

RENÉ Ménard, S. J., was the first missionary to plant the seeds of Christianity in the hearts of the Indians of Wisconsin, the first to sacrifice his life for their conversion. He perished in the wilds of a northern forest, whether of starvation or at the hands of a treacherous savage is known to God alone. Did his sad fate, his hardships and sufferings deter other zealous priests from continuing what he had so nobly and so courageously begun? By no means. As in an army fresh troops rush forward to fill the gaps left by the fallen heroes, so too in the great army of Jesus Christ heroism and enterprise are never wanting in his priests when there is question of extending his kingdom and of combating the great enemy of souls. "God calls me thither and I must go if it costs me my life. I can not suffer souls to perish." This was the war cry of Father Ménard, the first apostle of the Lake Superior Indians; and this cry has re-echoed in the hearts of all that band of noble missionaries who followed him into the trackless forests seeking souls for Christ.

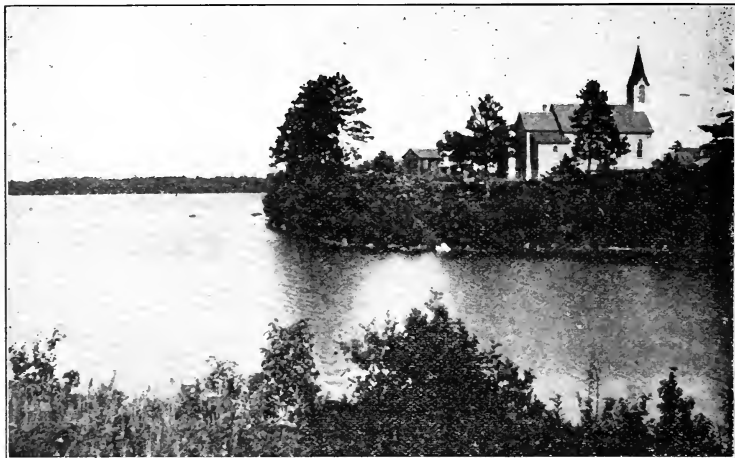
The first to succeed Ménard in this portion of Christ's vineyard, was Father Claude Allouez, S. J. He was born at St. Didier, France, on June 6, 1622, and entered the Society of Jesus on September 25, 1639. Ordained priest at the age of thirty-five, Allouez experienced

a burning desire to labor in the Indian missions of his Order in New France, and the extreme difficulties that he knew would fall to his lot in the wilds of Wisconsin, only served to increase and to fire his enthusiasm. Crossing the ocean in the company of Monsieur D'Arpenson, the new governor of Canada, Allouez reached Quebec on July 11, 1658. He spent some time at Quebec and Three Rivers studying the Huron and Algonquin tongues to fit himself for his missionary labor among these tribes. At last, the long desired order came for him to begin his work among the Ottawas. This meant a toilsome and perilous journey to the Lake Superior regions, where he was destined to spend the rest of his days in evangelizing under the greatest difficulties the natives of that country.

Accompanied by four hundred Indians who had come from Lake Superior to trade with the French, Father Allouez left Three Rivers on August 8, 1665. Deprived of proper food and compelled to paddle his canoe all day long and often far into the night, the poor missionary, entirely unused to such exertion, succeeded only by superhuman efforts in keeping up with the Indians. The savages, in fact, did their utmost to discourage him from carrying out his plan of establishing a mission in their midst, and they told him in so many words

that they did not want him or his religion. But the intrepid priest was not so easily deterred from his purpose, and he cheerfully bore all the indignities that they heaped on him. Thus the savages took his broad-rimmed hat and his only blanket, so that he suffered from the heat during the day and from the cold at night. His food, too, was the very worst. Most of the time

Thus after numerous rebuffs and indescribable exertions and sufferings, the missionary reached Sault Sainte Marie, and then for another month he coasted along the southern shore of Lake Superior. At St. Teresa's Bay, he met two Christian Indian women, the only survivors of Father Ménard's mission at this place, who had retained the Faith in spite of opposition on the



Indian Mission on Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin

he was forced to content himself with an insipid, black, sticky broth made from the boiled leaves of a kind of moss which was always covered with caterpillars and spiders, and which, as Father Allouez himself wrote, served "rather to keep away death than to impart life." On one occasion, hunger compelled him to partake even of the flesh of a deer that had been dead for some four or five days.

part of their pagan tribe. Finally, on October 1, 1665, he entered Chequamegon or Ashland Bay, of which he wrote to his superior, "It is a beautiful bay, at the head of which is situated a large city of the Indians." Little did the zealous missionary dream that this village of Indian tepees and smoking wigwams and birch canoes was destined to give way to the thriving cities of Ashland, Washburn, and

Bayfield, with their busy docks and smoking factories, their endless trains of coal and ore, their stately steamships and picturesque pleasure yachts. And if in spite of man's devastating hand that has leveled the mighty pines once gracing its shores, Ashland Bay, with its numerous islands is still one of the most attractive spots of the Great Lakes, how beautiful must it not have been in all its primeval splendor when Father Allouez first feasted his eyes on its placid surface and its pine-crowned shores.

There were two large villages on this bay, the one inhabited by Hurons, the other by Ottawas. The missionary built a chapel of bark in the Huron village, the first Catholic church erected in the State of Wisconsin, and to it flocked some fugitive Hurons and Algonquins, who had fled westward from the fierce Iroquois and in their wanderings had learned something of the Christian faith. The pagans, too, gathered there from all parts of the country, and the good priest suffered no one to depart from his wigwam chapel without having heard some of the saving truths of our holy religion. Thus, in time, the mission increased little by little until more than four hundred infants and adults had been baptized.

Hoping to achieve still greater success in the larger village of the Ottawas, which could boast of forty-five to fifty wigwams and some two thousand souls from different tribes, Father Allouez removed his

cabin and chapel to that place, which on account of its loose morals he called a Babylon of libertinism and abomination. In the course of time, he baptized several scores of these Indians, mostly children, but on the whole success did not crown his efforts. The sorcerers, jugglers, and medicine men performed their superstitious dances, hideous masquerades, and a thousand other buffooneries in the very neighborhood of his chapel, the women and children ridiculed and insulted him, and finally the braves razed his chapel to the ground and tried to rob him of all he had.

Feeling the need of help in his missionary work, Allouez now made the long and wearisome journey back to Quebec, where he arrived on August 3, 1667. But so eager was he to return and so expeditiously did he transact his business in this city, that after two days he was ready to depart, having obtained Father Lewis Nicolas, S. J., and a lay Brother of his Order, as collaborators in his chosen portion of the Lord's vineyard. Here he met with more failures in spreading the faith, more rejections of divine grace on the part of the carnal Indians, and so few were the conversions that we may suppose he did not regret it much when his superiors transferred him to what is now Green Bay, and sent his famous countryman and fellow religious, Father James Marquette, to succeed him in the mission of the Holy Spirit on the shores of Ashland Bay.

On the day of his arrival at Green Bay, December 3, 1669, Father

Allouez said holy Mass with all possible solemnity and placed his second mission under the patronage of the great missionary saint, St. Francis Xavier, whose feast is celebrated on that day. These two missions were but the first links in a long chain of missions that the zealous priest of God founded in Wisconsin, so that he may rightly be styled the "Indian Apostle of Wisconsin."

The following are some of the principal missions he established: St. Michael's among the Menominees; St. Mark's among the Foxes on Wolf River; St. James's on the Upper Fox River among the Illinois, Miamis, and Kickapoos; then other missions again among the tribes on the eastern shore of Green Bay, and among the Winnebagos, Potawatamis, and Sacs. At last, he died a holy and edifying death in St. Joseph's Mission, Michigan, about the year 1689, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, worn out by his heroic apostolic labors.

Father Allouez, during the thirty-two years of his missionary career, preached the Gospel to twenty different Indian tribes, suffered untold hardships, and gathered more than ten thousand souls into the sheepfold of Jesus Christ. Indeed, a glorious record, a harvest well worth the labor. To-day the scenes of his priestly labors bespeak the untold material riches of this great State in its treasures of coal

and ore and in the mighty ships that carry its mineral wealth to all parts of the world. But what is all this wealth compared to the thousands of immortal souls that this humble priest assisted from this vale of tears to the eternal shores of God's kingdom beyond the grave?

The lower portion of Superior Bay is called Allouez Bay and the portion of the city adjoining, Allouez, both named in grateful remembrance of the man who two hundred and fifty years since opened this part of our country to civilization and Christianity. In the city of De Pere there stands a monument erected to this intrepid apostle of the Indians, which bears this inscription: "Near this spot stood the chapel of St. Francis Xavier built in the winter of 1671-72 by Father Cloud Allouez, S. J., as the center of his work in Christianizing the Indians of Wisconsin. This memorial tablet was erected by the citizens of De Pere and unveiled by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, September 6, 1898."

The best monuments to his memory, however, are not those of bronze and granite, but those of flesh and blood, the descendants of those Indians whom he Christianized, and who are still living in the missions he founded, and among whom we have the pleasure and the honor to continue his missionary labors.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—It will interest our readers to learn particulars regarding the death and interment of the late Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O. F. M., who was called to his eternal reward in the early part of February. In his last illness he was frequently attended by most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, who also administered to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. When he realized that the end was drawing near, he fully resigned himself to the holy will of God, whom he had served so long and so faithfully as a true son of St. Francis. After death, the corpse of the deceased prelate was clothed in the lowly garb of St. Francis, which even as Bishop and Cardinal, he always wore in private. Ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries attended the holy Masses celebrated by Cardinals in the room where the mortal remains of the illustrious churchman lay in state. The solemn obsequies were held in the church of Santa Maria Transpontina. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Rotoli, O. F. M., Bishop of Matera, officiated. His Eminence Cardinal Vanutelli, dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, pronounced the last absolution. The singing was rendered by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. Twenty-three Cardinals, the diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See, the Pontifical Court, many archbishops, bishops, representatives of the various religious Orders, and a large gathering of the laity were present at the solemn functions. The body of Cardinal Falconio was laid to rest in the Campo Santo in Rome, whence it will later be transferred to his native city.—

The Holy Father has appointed

Rev. Fr. Angelus Zanetti, O. F. M. Bishop of Bosa in the province of Sardina, Italy. He is a member of the Franciscan province of Tuscany, where for years he held the important office of director of the college. Later he was chosen provincial commissary of Sardina, in which capacity he won the esteem especially of the clergy.—

Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Menda-taurigoitia y Bediaga has been elected Definitor General of the Order of Friars Minor to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Rev. Fr. Rey-Lemos to the episcopal see of Jaén, Spain. Previous to his new appointment, Fr. Bonaventure was custos and prefect of studies in the flourishing province of the Order in Catalonia.—

The episcopal consecration of Rt. Rev. Fr. Angelus Rey-Lemos took place, on February 25, in the Vatican Basilica. His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val officiated, assisted by the Spanish Bishops of Tuy and Seo de Urgel. A large number of prelates and representatives of the various religious Orders, as also the members of the Spanish embassy in Rome were present. Later, the students of the Spanish college of San José rendered a literary and musical program in honor of the newly consecrated bishop. His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val together with the dignitaries of Church and State who had participated in the religious functions in the Basilica likewise favored the students with their presence.—

On the proposal of the Italian Minister of the Interior, Rev. Fr. Marceline Centi, O. F. M., of Genoa, has been named Cavalier of the Crown of Italy. This singular distinction was conferred on the

zealous and learned friar in recognition of his untiring and noteworthy efforts in the field of letters. He has published many valuable monographs of historical and religious personages, which have won the applause of distinguished savants.

Catalonia, Spain.—Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, arrived at Barcelona to look after important affairs pertaining to the Franciscan Order in Spain. He likewise held the triennial visitation of the province of Catalonia and presided at the subsequent provincial chapter.

Totona, Spain.—The fraternity of Franciscan Tertiaries established in the parish of the Capuchin Fathers of Totona is manifesting an earnest zeal for the moral and intellectual uplift of that city. They have now undertaken to give regular catechetical instructions to the children of this populous city. Their catechism classes of last year had a total enrollment of 150 boys and 300 girls. The former are in charge of Tertiary priests, while the latter are cared for by women Tertiaries. Similarly, the Tertiaries of St. Roch's Church are instructing the children twice a week. An important phase of their activity in this regard is the proper preparing of these children for the reception of their first Holy Communion. To this end, they visit the homes of the prospective first communicants every evening for three months. In the past year, three hundred children were thus spiritually benefited by these zealous sons and daughters of St. Francis.

Santiago, Spain.—Recently, a general visitation of the Third Order was held in the Franciscan convent at Louro (Muros), Spain. According to an official report drawn up at this visitation, the fraternity of Louro numbers 1064 members, not counting the isolated Tertiaries

whose names are not recorded. This large fraternity is divided into fifty-two districts, each district having its own officers and promoters.

Pekin, China.—The following statistics show what the Order of Friars Minor is doing in far-off China for the conversion of the natives. They have charge of ten vicariates comprising a population of 69,524,000. Of these, 221,606 have already joined the fold of the true Church, while 130,865 catechumens are preparing themselves for this grace. The missionaries are 348 in number and have charge of 1783 churches and chapels. The 16 seminaries total 353 seminarians, while in 39 colleges, 1130 students are receiving a higher education. The elementary schools are 1095 in number with an enrollment of 21,573 children, of whom 2973 are of the true faith. A great share of the glory and reward in these labors belongs to the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, who by their fidelity and zeal are of invaluable service to the missionaries in spreading and confirming the kingdom of Christ.

Shensi, China.—Rev. Fr. Joseph Guarrizaga, O. F. M., who directs the work of the Holy Childhood in Shensi, China, writes in part:

"Not a day passes but we find in the doorways of our houses and churches one or more girl-babes scantily clad, and alas! only too often in a dying condition. One very cold morning last February, I perceived a bundle in a dark corner of our orphanage porch, just as I was about to enter to say Mass. 'Father, it must be a girl left there by her pagan parents,' exclaimed my servant, as a matter of course. And indeed it was. The poor child was at death's door. I baptized her without delay, giving her the name of Mary, and that same day the privileged soul joined the legion of Chinese angels in Heaven.

"Quite frequently the missionary Fathers themselves gather up children left to die at a distance from our orphanage. These are immediately baptized, the sacrament being usually a ticket for Paradise, since cold, hunger, and neglect have rendered human succor unavailing. Should there be no imminent danger, the child is entrusted to the care of a Chinese nurse who is paid monthly for her services. On the first of each month the missionary is kept busy inspecting the infants, doling out medicine for the sick, and paying the nurses."

Graymoor, N. Y.—From our esteemed contemporary *The Lamp*, we cull the following interesting news item: "On the second Sunday in February, the Hon. Lucien J. Jerome, English Ambassador of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, was our guest, accompanied by his servant, an aboriginal native of Ecuador. Mr. Jerome is a devoted Franciscan, and became so much interested in Graymoor through reading *The Lamp*, which he found in a South American monastery of the Friars Minor, that he determined to embrace his first opportunity to make a pilgrimage to the Mount of the Atonement. He has since sailed for England to sever his relations with the British Government before going to Rome to enter the Order of the Friars Minor. While here Mr. Jerome presented us with a painting on copper, three or four hundred years old, of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which he secured in a Franciscan convent in Mexico."

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—A small pamphlet has been published for the benefit of the English-speaking fraternities of St. Peter's Church. The first part explains briefly the origin and history of the Third Order of St. Francis and enumerates the general obligations

of Franciscan Tertiaries as well as the privileges and graces they enjoy as members of the Third Order. The second part treats of the two fraternities established in St. Peter's Church. It presents all necessary information both for the Tertiaries of St. Peter's Church as also for such as desire to join its fraternities.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—On Sunday, April 29, a canonical visitation will be held for the Tertiaries of both fraternities connected with St. Antony's Church. Rev. Fr. Roger, O. F. M., Rector of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Illinois, has been appointed Visitor. With the visitation will be united the celebration of the golden jubilee of Mrs. Catherine V. Bins as Tertiary. Following is the order of day for the visitation:

1. Procession to the Church at 2.30 P. M.
2. Introductory prayers.
3. Sermons in English and German by the Reverend Fr. Visitor.
4. The visitation proper.
5. The celebration of the golden jubilee. The jubilarian clothed in the large habit of the Order, accompanied by fifty girls in white, by the two women prefects, and by her grandchildren, will be conducted to the altar by the Reverend Fr. Visitor. She will then renew her profession, and receive the golden wreath.
6. Papal Benediction.
7. Procession in the church with the statue of St. Francis.
8. Consecration of Tertiaries to the Most Sacred Heart.
9. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
10. Te Deum.

After the celebration in the church, a social will be given for the Tertiaries in St. Antony's Hall.

Three of our Tertiaries, Miss Josephine Fruin, Miss Carissa Ruch and Miss Mary Twiellenmeier, recently entered the religious state.

Toledo, O.—At the urgent request of Rev. J. Kuta, Rector of St.

Stanislaus Church, Toledo, Ohio, the first Polish Third Order fraternity was established in this city, on March 27. Rev. Fr. Cyril Mitera, O.F.M., director of the Third Order in Stanislaus Church, Cleveland, Ohio, officiated on the occasion. At the Vesper services, the Rev. Father held a stirring address on the Rule and purpose of the Third Order to the assembled congregation, after which the ceremony of investment was performed. The first to receive the Tertiary cord and scapular was the Rev. Rector himself, who will act as Director of the new fraternity. His example was followed by fourteen members of his parish.

Komatke, Ariz.—On May 2, the new mission church dedicated to the Holy Family will be solemnly blessed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop has promised personally to conduct the ceremony, if possible.

Baltimore, Md.—The Sisters of St. Francis, of Baltimore, says the *New York Freeman's Journal*, who are working for the colored children of the South, are not so well known to our readers as they really deserve. In distant and in isolated places the world knows little or nothing of their humble efforts. The same sacrifices and the same laborious efforts which seen or read about in Foreign Missions, excite our admiration and applause, are made here in our own country and apparently go unnoticed and unheralded. In their charity they have opened an orphanage in Baltimore in St. Paul Street. Thousands of colored infants have been brought to this institution and hundreds have died in the course of the last twenty-five years. Up to the present time not one child has gone to eternity without the Sacrament of Baptism. What a multitude of souls will be waiting these heroines of charity, on the shores of eternity.

Oakland, Cal.—The spot in Oakland from which the early Spanish

missionaries first beheld the waters of the Golden Gate was the objective point of a pilgrimage, on March 27, held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and the Landmarks League, in commemoration of the 145th anniversary of the event. Rev. Fr. Maximilian, O. F. M., was invited to be present, and a cross blessed by him now marks the place.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—The youngest novice of our Tertiary fraternity is Master Wilfred Ermet, who was received into the Third Order on his fourteenth birthday, March 31 last. On the following day, Palm Sunday, twenty-six postulants were invested with the Tertiary cord and scapular, and thirteen novices admitted to holy profession.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—The retreat for the German-speaking Tertiaries of this parish opened on Sunday evening, March 25, and closed on the following Sunday afternoon, April 1. The sermons during the exercises were preached by Rev. Fr. Valerius, O. F. M., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. The Reverend Father is a very able and popular speaker, and his sermons were followed with the greatest interest by the large congregations that daily attended the services. The ceremonies at the close of the retreat, on April 1, were especially imposing. After an English and a German sermon by Rev. Fr. Valerius, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke also addressed the assembled Tertiaries, dwelling on the dignity and the advantages of membership in the Third Order, especially for men, and exhorting non-Tertiaries, to join the Order. Thereupon, twenty-seven postulants received the Third Order cord and scapular, and about sixty novices were admitted to profession. The retreat aroused considerable

enthusiasm for the Third Order, and the English-speaking Tertiaries are now eagerly looking forward to their retreat.

Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.—Ven. Sr. M. Margaret, O.S.F., fell seriously ill on Easter Sunday after-

noon and soon succumbed to her sickness. She was 86 years old at the time of her death. Rev. Fr. Eugene, O.F.M., chaplain of the academy, officiated at her funeral which took place on Saturday, April 14, in St. John's Cemetery.—R. I. P.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

In the early part of Holy Week, Julius Thuma, of the II Academic Class, received the sad news of his mother's sudden death in St. Bernard's Hospital, Chicago. He left at once for home to attend the funeral, which took place in St. Augustine's Church, on Good Friday. The faculty and student body extend to him and to the sorrowing family their heartfelt sympathy.

A number of the college Fathers were called on to perform parochial work during Holy Week and on Easter Sunday. Rev. Fr. Rector went to St. Augustine's, and Fr. Julian to St. Peter's, Chicago; Fr. Aloysius to St. Antony's, St. Louis; Fr. Giles to Bishop, Ill.; Fr. Conrad to Washington, Mo.; Fr. Francis Borgia to St. Antony's, Effingham, Ill.; Fr. Joseph to Island Grove, Ill.; Fr. Peter to the cathedral at Alton, Ill. The remaining Fathers conducted the beautiful ceremonies of Holy Week in the college chapel with a solemnity that is well calculated deeply to impress the mind and heart of our students with the great truths of religion commemorated during this holy season.

The main feature of the Easter holidays, apart from the religious services, was the presentation of the three-act romantic drama, "The Malediction," in St. Michael's Hall. Although several of the rôles are extremely difficult, the actors all took their respective parts

very well, and their fellow students as well as the large number of visitors that attended the performance, were profuse in their praise of the entertainment. The cast was the following:

Don Vasco de Gomez.....	H. Pinger
Don Alonzo.....	P. Eberle
Don Lopez.....	A. Fochtmann
Tarik.....	F. Kiefer
Pedro.....	P. Zwiesler
Pedrillo.....	R. Patterson
Fabricio.....	A. Bricks
Ibrahim.....	C. Thiel
Mendoza.....	H. Fox
Marietto.....	N. Wegener
Basilio.....	J. Dittman
Sancho.....	E. Voss
Virgilio.....	F. Powers
Juanino.....	H. Aretz
Abdallah.....	A. Glauber

The musical program for the evening, rendered by the college orchestra and choir, was likewise much appreciated. The numbers given were:

1. The Golden Scepter (Overture) R. Schlegelgrell
College Orchestra
2. Verlassen (Four Part Chorus) Thos. Koschart
College Choir
Accompaniment:—College Orchestra
3. Unfold (Six Part Chorus from "The Redemption").....Chas. Gounod
College Choir
4. Kaerthner Lieder Marsch.....Seifert
College Orchestra

The novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony, to whom all the students are greatly devoted, was opened on April 17, with solemn High Mass and Benediction. In the evening, special devotions were held at the altar of the Saint and the blessing with his relic was given. The intentions of the many friends and benefactors of the college will be expressly remembered by the students on each Tuesday during the novena.

On Thursday morning, April 19, a solemn Requiem High Mass was offered in our chapel for the repose

of the soul of the illustrious and beloved Cardinal Falconio, O.F.M., whose exemplary life as a true son of St. Francis will long serve as a shining model for the students of our Seraphic college.

Our chapel was also the scene of another impressive ceremony, on April 20, when two of our lay Brothers, Ven. Bro. Casimir and Ven. Bro. Pius, pronounced their solemn vows. In the absence of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, our Rev. Fr. Rector was delegated to receive their profession. The ceremony was carried out with great solemnity, to the edification of all present.

At the close of the first half of the second session, the following students received the highest average in their respective classes: II Academic: Oscar Wilhelmi, 95.44; III Academic: Francis Ettel, 99.86; IV Academic: Jerome Reisch, 98.50; I Collegiate: William Wernsing, 97.11; II Collegiate: Paul Eberle, 96; III Collegiate: Francis Kiefer, 96.

On Sunday, April 22, the college Third Order held the annual election of officers with the following results: Prefect: Paul (Tarcisius) Eberle; Instructor of Novices: Antony (Aloysius) Glauber; Secretary: Antony (Francis) Kriech; Librarian: Albert (Francis) Kunz. Immedi-

ately after the election, all the Tertiaries proceeded to the chapel, where the newly chosen officers were solemnly installed according to the ceremonies prescribed in the ritual.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On Sunday evening, April 1, the students began their annual three days' retreat under the direction of Rev. Fr. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., the well known chaplain of the Joliet State Penitentiary, whose lectures were followed with the greatest interest by all.

Holy Week was solemnly observed at the college. The members of the college choir and of St. Paschal's Acolytes Guild deserve special credit for the zeal displayed in their endeavor to enhance the beauty of the sacred ceremonies of this holy season. During this week, most of the Fathers of the faculty were active in assisting neighboring priests at divine service: FF. Rector, Juvenal, and Berchmans in local churches; FF. Didymus and Leopold in Springfield, Ill.; Fr. Berthold in Baring, Mo.; Fr. Ernest in Shelbina, Mo.; Fr. Rupert in Jefferson City, Mo.; Fr. John in Edina, Mo.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:—Ven. Bro. Blase Wermerskirchen, O.F.M.; Anna Moran, Sr. Elizabeth.

St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Alice E. Hendrick, Sr. Clare; Julia Lulay, Sr. Anne; Anne Lane, a novice.

St. Louis Fraternity:—John Stratford, Bro. Michael.

German Fraternity:—Anne S. Schweitzer, Sr. Mary; Julia Lulke, Sr. Agnes; Anne Stuzinski, Sr. Margaret; Anne M. Vogt, Sr. Teresa.

Brunswick, Mo., St. Boniface Church:—Teresa Bittiker.

Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy:—Ven. Sr. M. Margaret, O.S.F.

St. John's Church:—Anne Louise Klemme, Sr. Elizabeth.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—P. S. McGrath; Mary Moran.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Gilbert Santee; Sebastian Moore; A. Tichacek; Anna Grote; Margaret Becker; Catherine Wright; Catherine Quibel; Elizabeth Doerhoff; Clara Kranzer.

Requiescant in pace



Jerome

Augustine

Gregory

Ambrose

The Four Evangelists

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The frontispiece that we bring this month represents the central group of Fuerich's masterly series—The Triumph of Christ. It was customary in the days of ancient Rome for victorious generals to celebrate the overthrow of their country's foe by a grand triumphal procession into the city. Seated on a glittering chariot drawn by prancing, high-spirited steeds, surrounded by his cheering soldiers, war-scarred veterans of many battles, and displaying the spoils of war—royal prisoners and priceless treasures—the laurel-crowned conqueror rode through the gayly decorated streets and received the adulation and homage of his grateful fellow citizens.

Christ, the Divine Conqueror, the Victor over sin, death, and hell, before whose glory all earthly conquerors pale into insignificance, likewise celebrates his triumphal march. Enthroned on the triumphal chariot of his holy Church, he displays his spoils of war, that world which he has wrested from the archenemy of mankind at the cost of his own precious blood, spilt in torrents from countless wounds during the heat of his supreme struggle on Calvary's heights. But unlike the tyrants of old who made the conquered countries miserable victims of their heartless cruelty, Christ, the Prince of Peace, extends his hand—bearing the glorious scar of battle—in blessing over the world he has conquered. His whole appearance breathes love and mercy and pardon. He is, indeed, the powerful King of glory, at whose name all knees shall bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth; but he is also the kind, loving Father of his people, the Good Shepherd of his flock. And lest we, his sinful children, his wayward sheep, should still fear to approach his throne of triumph, he has placed thereon his own beloved Mother to be our advocate and intercessor. She is seated at his feet, she the Virgin-Mother of the Redeemer, whom he has given to us as our Mother. She will lay our petitions before him and draw forth from his hands countless blessings for her children in this vale of tears.

Christ's triumphal car is drawn not by senseless steeds but by "the four living creatures" full of irresistible power and aglow with celestial brilliance, that the prophet of old and the virginal Seer of Patmos beheld in the clouds of heaven drawing the chariot of the Most High. The one has the appearance of a man; another, that of an eagle; another, that of

a lion; and the fourth that of a steer. They represent the four Evangelists, Matthew, John, Mark, and Luke, whose holy Gospels are spreading Christ's kingdom with mighty power to the ends of the world.

But they are not alone. Four others are assisting them in their onward march—they are four holy Fathers of the Church, Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome, these glorious representatives of that sacred Tradition, which, with the Holy Scriptures, extends to all men the saving fruits of Christ's victory on the cross, and opens up to all the fountains of God's revelations to man.

In the preceding pictures of the series we have seen the triumphant Christ prefigured by the Patriarchs and Saints of old, foretold by Jewish and pagan seers, heralded by the Voice of one crying in the wilderness. In the present picture Christ finally makes his appearance in the triumphal march, borne with his spotless Mother on the chariot of his holy Church and drawn by the combined efforts of the Sacred Scriptures and Tradition. And as he proceeds on his victorious way, we seem to hear the multitudes going before him crying with Royal Prophet, "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates: and the King of Glory shall enter in." And from the angelic choirs on high comes the response, "Who is this King of Glory?" And the multitudes cry out with a mighty voice as the roar of many waters, "The Lord who is strong and mighty: the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory."



THE TERTIARIES AND OUR SOLDIERS

We were considerably surprised and pleased to notice in our foreign exchanges since the beginning of the great European conflict, how the Tertiaries at the front, in the training camps, and at home are working for the moral, physical, and intellectual welfare of the soldiers. Practical charity is if anything the very life of a Franciscan Tertiary, and there is hardly any time that presents more and better occasions for the exercise of this beautiful virtue than just the time of war. Many persons seem to labor under the impression that the soldier is a "rough sort of chap", with little taste for religion and the more refined pleasures of life. That a few are of this character is to be regretted; but even their nobler qualities of soul gradually come to the surface when they are daily brought face to face with death and eternity on the field of battle, and they realize that they have been created for something higher than the mere gratification of the passions of their soul and body. That most of the soldiers in the great army about to be raised by the Federal Government in the present crisis, however, will not be men of this kind, but the very pick of the youth of the land is evident from the system of selective conscription that is now being resorted to in organizing this gigantic army. Among these soldiers, there will be thousands and thousands of our Catholic young men, who hitherto have figured prominently in their respective parishes, who were perhaps leaders of the sodalities and other parish organizations, who even proudly wore the cord and the scapular of the Third Order of St. Francis, and were models of every virtue.

These young men are now about to be thrown promiscuously among

countless others of a faith and religious training not their own; are to be far removed from the saving influence of home and church; and exposed to dangers and temptations against faith and morals the like of which they never dreamed before. Can we Catholics, we children of St. Francis stand idly by while Protestant sects, the Y. M. C. A., and other non-Catholic organizations exercise their pernicious influence over our Catholic soldier boys? We have been informed that while our forces recently patrolled the Mexican border, there were indeed Catholic centers established among them by the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic societies, and that they were frequented by both Catholic and non-Catholic soldiers; but unhappily their number was too few, their sphere of action all too limited.

Here then is an opportunity thrown in the path of our Tertiary fraternities for the exercise of true Franciscan charity. Nearly every large city in the country will soon have its training camps, its garrisons of soldiers. Tertiaries, give evidence of the spirit that animates your hearts. Let not this golden opportunity for doing good slip by unheeded. Let it not be said that the Protestant sects were more solicitous of the needs of their soldier boys than were the sons and daughters of the knightly St. Francis of Assisi concerned about the welfare of their co-religionists and fellow Tertiaries in the ranks of our armies. Let the fraternities establish Catholic centers where our soldiers can recreate themselves without danger to their faith and morals; where they will have an opportunity of reading sound Catholic newspapers, magazines, and other publications; where they can replenish their stock of Catholic articles of devotion, as rosaries, scapulars, blessed medals, and the like more. Let them write to the various Catholic chaplains in the army and navy and ask them how they can best serve the cause of God among the soldiers and sailors under their spiritual charge. Those Tertiaries who have leisure, should visit the camps and learn the needs of the soldiers, and then report the matter to the officers of their fraternity.

We must, however, warn our readers from endeavoring to pose as the self-constituted guardians of our Catholic soldiers' faith and morals: such a manner of acting far from attracting, will only serve to repel them. Religion should not be opportunely and inopportunely forced into the foreground in these centers, but should permeate their entire activity. Just as our young men would resent the transformation of their parish clubs into chapels, so, too, will they take umbrage at indiscreet zeal under the guise of solicitude for their religious welfare. Let us show ourselves as their true friends, and let them feel that it gives us real pleasure to help them where and how we can. In this way, we shall earn their gratitude and, what is of far more value, shall reap an abundant reward for our charity in heaven.



"MODERN IMPROVEMENTS" IN EDUCATION

During the course of this month, hundreds of non-Catholic academies and colleges will fling open wide their portals and send forth large classes of begowned and becaped graduates "equipped with all modern improvements". At the commencement exercises these same young lady graduates will entertain their enraptured audiences with some specimens

of these "improvements" in our modern educational system, "improvements" that make our old fashioned grandmothers open their eyes and mouths with wonder and perhaps with consternation. It is to be hoped that our Catholic academies, instead of aping the vagaries of our non-Catholic institutions, will prefer fewer "modern improvements" and equip their alumnae with those time-honored qualifications necessary for the faithful and efficient fulfillment of their duties in after life as wives and mothers in our American homes. The sphere of the woman living in the world is preeminently the home, nor can this disposition of Divine Providence be whimsically ignored by the women of our day. The qualities indispensable to every good housewife and mother are love, fidelity and self-denial. With these can she reign as queen of the home, but not with a terrible array of "isms" and "ologies" that were crammed into her poor head during the years spent in the academy. Sir Herbert Tree made a plea for just such old fashioned women for our modern homes in a discourse on woman held recently at Vassar. He spoke in part as follows:

"I have always thought that as tyrants women are sometimes ridiculous; as ministering angels there is no limit to their power. Their instrument is the harp. In the great orchestra of life, women should never play the trombone. Their sway is through womanliness—that is what makes men look up to them and maintains their chivalry. The greatest women in history have been those who calmed men; who by their nobility have encouraged men to do great deeds and have rewarded them with their loves. So it is for you, young women of America, to do to-day"



JAPANESE PROFESSOR LAUDS FRANCISCANS

Addressing a gathering of Japanese savants in his home city, the Mayor of Tokio told them of a journey made through Europe last year by Dr. Anezaki Masaha, professor of comparative religion at the University of Tokio. He said among other things:

"The study of the personality and the life work of St. Francis of Assisi made a deep impression on Dr. Masaha. He obtained permission from the Vatican to visit the mother house of the Poor Clares in Rome. The Mother Superior he described as a woman of 'great enlightenment,' who discussed the deepest questions with the most touching simplicity. He also visited several houses of the Lazarists, Dominicans, Benedictines and Franciscans. 'I found the life within the cloister walls,' he writes, 'radiant with joy beyond expectation. In a certain class of books much is read about the corruption of the monasteries. It will be well to meet such accusations with distrust, as they are generally made by apostate members. The pleasant, wide awake character and the openheartedness of the Religious with whom I became acquainted impressed me favorably. I have found many good friends among them, and I correspond with some of them still. If we look only at the Franciscan monasteries we feel that the spirit of Christianity is by no means approaching dissolution. On the contrary, if we look at Buddhism we see with regret that its once flourishing monastic life has woefully declined.'"—*Catholic News*.

BL. PACIFICUS OF CERANO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

JUNE 5.

THIS great servant of God was born of the illustrious family of Ramota, at Cerano, a town of northern Italy, in 1424. He had the misfortune of losing his parents when he was still very young, but Divine Providence gave him a protector and guardian in the person of the abbot of the Benedictine monastery of the neighboring city of Novara. The venerable abbot provided for all his wants and enabled him to acquire an excellent education. The instructions and the pious life of the abbot and of his monks did not fail to make a deep impression on the innocent heart of Pacificus, and on the death of his benefactor, he determined to give himself up entirely to the service of God. He felt himself called to the Order of St. Francis, and, in 1445, he received the habit in the convent of the Friars Minor at Novara.

From the very beginning of his religious life, Pacificus earnestly strove to carry out the admonition of St. Paul "to put off the old man, and to put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth", by dying to the world and seeking in all things to fulfill the will and pleasure of God. In a short time, he aroused the admiration of all by his great love of prayer, his humility, obedience, self-denial, and charity. He was a model for his brethren not only in the practice of every

religious virtue, but also in the serious application to the study of the sacred sciences, in which he made such progress that he was reckoned among the most learned men of his age.

The superiors of the Order, aware of the sanctity and learning of the young religious, commissioned him, after his ordination to the priesthood, to preach missions. Burning with zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, the servant of God joyfully hastened to share in the apostolic labors of the sons of St. Francis who, in the spirit and under the guidance of St. Bernardine of Siena and his illustrious disciples, were contributing so much to the religious, moral, and social regeneration of Italy. For nineteen years, Pacificus preached the word of God with wonderful success, first at Novara and in the surrounding country, and later in most of the provinces of Italy. He everywhere combated errors, ended strifes and quarrels, and brought back numerous souls to God. He attributed his success for the most part to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, toward whom he had a most tender devotion. He saw, too, that one of the best means to preserve the fruits of the missions and to lead the people to persevere in the practices of a Christian life was to implant in their hearts a great love for the Mother of God. For this reason, he

constantly exhorted his hearers to place themselves under her special protection, to invoke her in all their needs, and to show their love and veneration for her especially by striving to imitate her virtues. Not satisfied with this, he founded

several confraternities, or sodalities, in her honor, which became source of innumerable graces for many pious souls. The servant of God also induced the people of Cerano to build a chapel in honor of our Lady; this chapel was his favorite place of devotion, and in it, he found his final resting place. To assist priests in the arduous duty of hearing the confessions

of the faithful, Pacificus, in 1474, published a work on moral theology, named after him "Summa Pacifica," which showed the learning and zeal of the servant of God, and which was, at that time, considered

the best treatise of its kind.

Amid all these labors, Pacificus was always united with God in prayer, so humble that he was the servant of all, so kind and charitable that all rejoiced to converse with him. Pope Sixtus IV

placed such confidence in his ability and prudence that he sent him to the island of Sardinia to root out certain abuses which existed there, and the servant of God fulfilled his commission to the satisfaction of all. In the year 1480, Mohammed II collected a powerful army and prepared to invade Italy. Pope Sixtus IV charged Bl. Angelo of Chivasso, Vicar Gener-



Bl. Pacificus of Cerano

al of the Observance, to send preachers throughout Italy to preach a crusade against the Turks. Bl. Pacificus was ordered to fulfill this mission in Sardinia, and at the same time, the General Chapter appointed

him Visitor and Commissary General of all the convents in that island. The servant of God was preaching at Cerano when he received the news of these appointments. He bade farewell to his beloved fellow citizens, gave them his last counsels and admonitions, and then added, "In the name of the love you bear me, I ask of you this favor, that when you hear of my death, you will have my poor wretched remains translated to my native place, that I may be buried in this dear church which I have erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

On his arrival in Sardinia, Pacificus

was welcomed by the people with transports of joy, for they still preserved a precious memory of his former mission. He at once began to preach the crusade, but in the midst of his labors, he fell sick and passed to his eternal reward on June 4, 1482, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The people of Cerano had his remains brought to their town and placed them in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, as the servant of God had requested. In later years, they built a magnificent church in his honor. Pope Benedict XIV, in 1745, confirmed the veneration shown Pacificus from time immemorial.

The Sacrament of Love

'Twas not enough for Him from lofty Heaven
To come upon the earth, a little child;
Nor yet upon the crimson cross to languish,
Breathe out His life, abandoned and reviled.
Still would He prove the ardor of His loving,
Which drew Him to an exile's lot below;
Love found a way—a gift beyond the telling;
Omnipotence none greater could bestow.
Lo! on the altar, lo! His great Heart pulsing,
Pitying, tender, as in days gone by,
When far and near His patient footsteps wended
O'er hill and vale beneath Judea's sky.
Silence all around. But hark, a voice most gentle
Calls from the tabernacle: "Come to Me,
Visit thy King by love for thee imprisoned,
And richest blessings will He shed on thee."
Alas, dear Christ, men pass thy door—unheeding
The patient love that holds thee captive there.
For husks of earth they turn from Bread of Heaven,
Celestial joy they leave for worldly care.
Forgive, O Lord, 'tis not with purposed malice,
That thus we slight thy tender loving Heart.
Most ardent love we fain to thee would offer;—
Do Thou to us, O Lord, this love impart.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

OUTBREAK OF THE STORM

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE divorce question of Henry VIII was intimately connected with the question of papal supremacy in matters spiritual. He had married Catherine of Aragon with the Pope's dispensation, and now when he wished to annul this marriage, he again appealed to the Head of the Church as the only competent authority to loose the bond. It was not justice, however, that the King sought, but the gratification of his unholy passions. "Let the Pope pronounce sentence in my favor," he said, "and I will admit his authority, else it shall not be admitted."⁽¹⁾ Already in 1532, Pope Clement VII threatened Henry with excommunication if he should carry out his design. Finally, on July 11, 1533, His Holiness declared that Cranmer's sentence in favor of the King and the latter's second marriage with Anne Boleyn were null and void, that Henry had incurred the greater excommunication, which, however, would be suspended till the end of September, to give the King ample time for reflection.

This action of the Holy See which was published in writing on August 5, brought matters to a crisis. During the remainder of the year 1533, negotiations were continued between the Holy See and the foreign agents of the English King. Henry dreaded the impending excommunication. Besides, his disappointment was great when he learned that the

child Anne Boleyn bore him on September 7, 1533, was a girl. From then on, the ardor of his affection for her cooled perceptibly. Perhaps he would even have reinstated Catherine in her rights as wife and queen and relented in his rebellious attitude toward the Pope.⁽²⁾ But ambitious courtiers were poisoning the mind of Henry and urging him to disregard the decision of the Pope and to take the divorce question in his own hands. When, therefore, early in December following, the papal bull of excommunication was delivered to him by Cromwell, he grew desperate, and in April of the next year, he had the English Parliament pass the infamous Act of Royal Supremacy. To forestall trouble, Henry informed the people that since the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop, he had appealed from the "Usurper of God's laws, who calls himself Pope" to the next General Council. All priests and religious were ordered to defend the action of the King in their sermons.⁽³⁾

Among the clergy of England, the Franciscan Observants proved as determined and zealous in upholding the supremacy of the Pope as they had been in defending the rights of their outraged queen. While jurists and divines debated on the nature and scope of papal supremacy, these friars directed by their holy Rule, openly espoused the cause of the

(1) Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892), p. 27.—(2) See Hope: *The First Divorce of Henry VIII*, (London, 1894), p. 322.—(3) See Hope, l. c., p. 343 sqq.

Pope. They, in particular, had been forbidden to occupy any pulpit in England unless they would undertake to defend the King's usurped supremacy. Henry and his party had not forgotten Fr. Peyto and Elstow and the effect of their sermons in the spring of 1533.⁽¹⁾ Could he but win over the Observants, to gain the people for his cause would then be an easy matter. It was probably this desire that induced him to have the child of Anne Boleyn baptized in their church at Greenwich with the utmost splendor and solemnity. But the friars were insensible to royal blandishments as well as to royal threats, and to his dismay, the King learned that all over England they had been publicly denouncing his intended rupture with Rome. Then his rage knew no bounds, and goaded on by those who had reason to hate the friars, he determined to strike terror into them and into the nation at large.

A favorable opportunity soon presented itself. Near Canterbury, where the Franciscan Observants had a friary, lived Elizabeth Barton, a maiden of eighteen years, who during a sickness seemed to be favored by Heaven with visions and ecstasies.⁽²⁾ Ever since 1525, the matter was causing a stir among the people and William Warham, the zealous and prudent Archbishop of Canterbury, appointed a commission of learned priests to make in-

vestigations. Of their number two were Franciscan Observants, Fr. Hugh Rich, guardian of the local convent, and Fr. Richard Risby, a priest of the community.⁽³⁾ The report of the commission proved favorable to the Holy Maid of Kent, as the girl was called, so that when she applied for admission into the Benedictine nunnery of St. Sepulcher, near by, the Archbishop readily gave his consent. Even in the convent, the strange visions and ecstasies continued. In these, the holy nun deeply deplored the immorality and indifference of the times, while her bold utterances on the King's "secret affair" and on the question of papal supremacy, evoked much comment among all classes of society. Some considered her a saint inspired by God for the spiritual safety of the King and the country, while others declared her an impostor and a hypocrite deserving of death at the stake. The Franciscan Observants together with men like Bl. Bishop Fisher, Bl. Sir Thomas More, and others well known for learning and virtue, declared in favor of the Holy Maid.⁽⁴⁾

At first, the King gave the affair little attention. But about midsummer, 1533, the Holy Maid publicly inveighed against the King for his scandalous relations with Anne Boleyn. On one occasion, she even threatened him "in the name and by the authority of God" with

(1) That this took place in 1533 (see *Franciscan Herald*, 1917, p. 170, note 1) is further probable from Fr. Lyst's letter to Cromwell, cited by Cardinal Gasquet, (*Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, p. 47) on the authority of the State Papers.—Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., basing his assertion on Chapuy's account to Charles V as found in the State Papers says that Fr. Peyto's sermon was held Easter day, i. e., March 31, 1532. *Lives of the English Martyrs*, (London, 1904, Vol. I, p. 278.) The State Papers seem to contain contradictory statements on this point.—(2) The following account of the Holy Maid of Kent is based chiefly on Cardinal Gasquet, l. c., chap. III.—(3) It seems that later he was elected guardian of Richmond, in which capacity, according to Bourghier, he suffered martyrdom.—(4) See Stone, l. c., p. 22 sqq., citing a letter of Bl. Thomas More to Cromwell.

Heaven's vengeance if he would not leave his wicked ways, and prophesied that in time Mary, Queen Catherine's daughter, would mount the throne of England. When this was reported to Henry, he became much alarmed and had the nun together with her supposed advisers thrown into the Tower. Not only the common people but even men of high repute for learning in the realm and, what piqued him most, the obstinate friars of the Franciscan Observance were favorably disposed toward the nun. To this came the constant urging of Anne Boleyn for quick and decisive action against all opponents of their recent marriage. Accordingly, the King resolved to take severe measures against the nun and her adherents.

In order to delude the people and give his proceedings the semblance of justice, it was necessary to blacken the character of the Maid of Kent. Of this foul plan, Cromwell and Cranmer were eager abettors. About the month of October, 1533, they subjected the nun and her companions to a strict examination in the Star Chamber and then spread the false report that according to given statements the nun's ecstasies and visions had been a fraud to arouse popular feeling against the King. On November 23, Elizabeth Barton and her main adherents were forced to do public penance. On a high scaffold erected at St. Paul's Cross in London, the supposed rebels and imposters were exposed like nefarious criminals to the gaze of a duped

populace. Dr. Capon, who had deserted his cloister to become a bishop, occupied a pulpit opposite the scaffold. With a zeal worthy of a better cause he publicly defended his royal master in his dealings with the Pope and defiantly branded the nun and all those who sided with her as lying hypocrites and dangerous plotters against the King and the country. The principal target of his strictures were the two Franciscans, Fr. Rich and Fr. Risby. These he blamed in particular as ringleaders of the rebellion, since by word and deed they had influenced others in behalf of the nun. (1) Thereupon, he read aloud the confessions of the accused, which of course had been forged by Henry's ministers. After this public humiliation, the "penitents" were conducted past a large concourse of people to the Tower. Henry was elated over the effect of this public penance on the minds of the people. To all appearance, their faith in the Holy Maid had been shaken and they were now more favorably disposed toward him.

Some time later, Fr. Rich and Fr. Risby were called on to conduct a disputation with the King's men regarding the supremacy of the Pope. With joy they hailed this opportunity of publicly defending a dogma so dear to their heart. The disputation, it seems, was held in the King's presence. Everything short of brutal force was employed to elicit from the friars a denial of the Pope's supreme authority. But, neither threats nor promises could

(1) Stone, l. c., p. 25.

for a moment shake their constancy. Finally, they were taken back to prison, where they were cruelly tortured. But they declared themselves ready to suffer a thousand times more, even death itself, rather than renounce the Pope, whom, as children of Mother Church and as followers of St. Francis, they knew to be the only true Vicar of Christ on earth.⁽¹⁾

Henry was incensed at their unflinching and intrepid constancy. Their fellow friars, too, had all this while been redoubling their zeal in defence of papal supremacy. There was danger that the recent treachery of Cromwell and Cranmer would again be undone, especially when the papal Bull announcing Henry's excommunication reached England, and when it was rumored that the late confessions of the holy nun and her party were a fraud. The King realized this only too well; and accordingly he decided to terrorize the obstinate Observant body and at the same time to frighten the wavering people into silent submission. The sight of Tyburn, thought he, would make the friars quail, and the blood of the Maid of Kent and of her adherents would quench all enthusiasm for the Pope.

In order to condemn them to death, it was necessary to convict them of some capital offence. To this end, parliament was made to pass an act which declared it high treason to criticize the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn or in any way to uphold the supremacy of the Pope. The bill of attainder was

passed on March 12, 1534. Now Henry could act with impunity. Without any form of trial, the holy nun and her companions were declared guilty of high treason and condemned to death.

On April 20, 1534, Elizabeth Barton and her adherents were fastened on hurdles and dragged to Tyburn amid the gibes of a deluded populace. Faint with sufferings and bespattered with mud, the poor victims at last came in sight of the place of execution. On a high scaffold stood the gallows with a caldron of boiling water; near by, on a bench, lay an axe and a huge knife. The hangsmen unbound the martyrs one by one and led them to the scaffold. The Holy Maid of Kent was the first to suffer. She was hanged and beheaded. Fr. Rich was now loosed from the hurdle and ordered to mount the scaffold. With his gaze turned to heaven he prayed for constancy in the hour of trial and torture. He was already standing on the ladder, when there was a commotion in the crowd. A messenger had arrived from the King with a full pardon for the friars, if they would relent and renounce the supremacy of the Pope. After reading the message aloud, the presiding officer turned to Fr. Rich and began to extol the King's mercy and long-suffering. A look of celestial joy played on the countenance of the condemned friar. This was what he had hoped and prayed for. Now he could publicly profess his faith, for which he was about to undergo torture and death.

(1) Stone, l. c., p. 30.

He listened in silence while the officer spoke. Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed with a loud and resolute voice, "Not only will I not rebel against the authority of the Pope, but I am ready to suffer the most cruel death for Holy Mother Church."⁽¹⁾ Hardly had he uttered this heroic profession of faith, when the executioner rushed like a madman on the holy friar, rudely flung the rope about his neck and thrust him from the ladder. Instantly he leaped toward the dangling body and cut the rope by which it was suspended. With a dismal thump, the body fell to the floor of the scaffold. Now a scene was enacted that can be better imagined than described. Seizing the huge knife, the executioner thrust it into the friar's abdomen and ripped open his body. All this while, the helpless victim, still living and conscious, moved his lips in silent prayer. Then the executioner thrust his sacrilegious hand through the gash he had made, tore out the still palpitating heart, held it up to the people and exclaimed in cold derision, "Behold the heart of a traitor." Finally, after extracting the entrails from the bleeding corpse and throwing them into the fire, he severed the head, quartered the body, and threw the limbs into the boiling caldron; later, they were exposed to public view on the gates of London, while the head was fastened to a pole and placed on London Bridge.

All eyes turned toward Fr. Ris-

by, when his name was called. With mingled emotions of pride and grief, he had witnessed the horrible sufferings and death of his fellow friar. Now when his turn had come to mount the ladder and offer his life in defence of his faith, fearless determination to persevere to the end was clearly written on his noble brow. His eyes gleamed with radiant hope of the crown awaiting him in a better world, while his soul was in fond communion with Him for the spread of whose kingdom he had labored so zealously in the Order of St. Francis.

Fr. Risby now mounted the ladder and the rope was placed around his neck. Meanwhile, the noble friar made the offering of his life to God in the words of the royal prophet, "I will freely sacrifice to thee, and will give praise, O God, to thy name: because it is good." The presiding officer now confronted him and in the King's name offered him life and liberty, if he would renounce the Pope and declare his allegiance to the spiritual supremacy of the King. At this suggestion, the dauntless friar laughed and declared that nothing in this life could separate him from his God; that, on the contrary, he deemed it a privilege to be allowed to die in defence of Catholic truth and morality. This was enough. Without further ado, he was thrown from the ladder, cut down, and while still living subjected to the same inhuman treatment he had seen his fellow friar endure. When the executioner

(1) From this fact it is evident that he as well as his fellow friar suffered death for defending the Catholic doctrine of the papal supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. See also P. Gaudentius: *Bedeutung und Verdienste des Franciscaner-ordens im Kampfe gegen den Protestantismus*. Bozen, 1880, p. 26, note 4.

seized his heart to tear it out, the holy man said with a broken voice, "That which thou hast in thy hand is consecrated to God." The cruel wretch merely smiled in disdain and completed his bloody work.⁽¹⁾ Besides FF. Rich and Risby, two Benedictine monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, and two secular priests were executed on this occasion. Holy Mother Church has not yet bestowed the honor of her altars on

these heroic defenders of the faith; but the Franciscan Martyrology places the names of FF. Rich and Risby among the martyrs of the Order.⁽²⁾ As FF. Peyto and Elstow had been the first publicly to denounce King Henry's wanton policy against his lawful wife and queen,⁽³⁾ so now again two friars of the Franciscan Observance were among the first to lay down their lives in defence of papal supremacy.

(1) The above account of the two Franciscan martyrs is taken principally from Fr. Thomas Bourchier, *Hist. Ecc. de Martyrio FF. Ord. Min.*, 1586. The author entered the Franciscan Order at Greenwich, in 1557, at the time when the English province was restored by Queen Mary. He must then have known some of the older English Franciscans and received from them much valuable information regarding the first years of the persecution under Henry VIII. This evidently gives his history great authority.—(2) Parkinson: *The Antiquities of the English Franciscans*, (London, 1726) p. 229.—(3) See *Franciscan Herald* 1917, p. 168 sqq.

BELLEVUE COVE

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

IT was the last Monday in June that the Parkinsons arrived at Bellevue Cove, their new summer home on Lake Huron. The following morning, while his mother and the servants were unpacking boxes and trunks and setting the rooms in order, Ralph got out his little racing yacht, that the boatman had brought over from their former country seat at Ridgeway, for a trial trip on the lake. The day was ideal for the sport, and the trim vessel skimmed lightly over the waves, its graceful white hull and spotless sails giving it the appearance of a giant gull gliding across the sky-blue waters with its snowy pinions spread to the wind.

After sailing along the shore for about fifteen miles, Ralph deter-

mined to go on to Pine Cliff, the summer home of Judge Adams and his family, some five miles farther on, and to pay them a surprise visit before returning home. On reaching the villa, he moored his yacht to the pier, and then clambered up the winding path that led to the summit of the cliff. Here he discovered Marcelle, the Judge's youngest daughter, reading in her favorite arbor near the edge of the precipice. The two were of the same age and had been playmates from childhood, Marcelle often playfully styling Ralph her "twin brother". Ralph had, indeed, become aware of the fact that his affection for Marcelle was no longer that of a brother but of a lover; yet he had never ventured to disclose this se-

cret of his heart to her, hoping that a favorable occasion would soon present itself for this all-important communication. As his visit on this bright June morning was wholly unexpected, he was all the more welcome and the two were soon engaged in animated conversation.

"Is the scenery more enchanting at Bellevue Cove than at Ridgeway, or perhaps than even here at Pine Cliff?" asked the girl, casting an admiring glance at the wonderful landscape that lay before them.

"I'll not say that, Marcelle; but the house is far more comfortably arranged, and the grounds more tastefully laid out; and I think mother made a good bargain when she purchased it. But best of all—and this is something entirely new to you—" here the young man's eyes danced with pleasure over the news he was about to impart,—"I've secured the property next to mother's, a most delightful villa with flowers and brooks and birds and trees and everything that can delight the eye and the heart of man, and where in the not distant future—" he suddenly stopped and blushed, as if he had unwittingly said too much.

"And where what?" asked Marcelle, looking surprisedly at her companion.

"And where my Marcelle will, I hope, soon be mistress," he finished, taking her hand in his and gazing lovingly into her nut-brown eyes.

The occasion for which he had waited had come sooner than Ralph

expected, and he was glad that his secret was out. The effect of his words on the blithe, smiling girl at his side, however, was not what he had expected. Instead of the blushes and smiles that he thought would wreath her face, he saw the color quickly leave her cheeks, and her eyes take on a strange look of mixed pity and sorrow.

"Marcelle!" he whispered, as she quietly drew her hand from his grasp.

"No, no, Ralph, that can never be. I never can—"

"Be my wife?" he interrupted. "Why, Marcelle, what's to hinder it?"—and he, too, turned pale, as demon jealousy began to whisper into his ear.

"You know, Ralph, that my religion forbids me to contract a mixed marriage, and I deeply regret that our childhood friendship should have ever led you to think of marrying me."

"But I can't see why your religion should be such an insuperable barrier to our marriage," he argued, much relieved to learn that his rival was merely her religion. "As you say, we've been next door playmates all our lives, sharing each others laughs and tears, and allowing nothing to mar our friendship; and now that I long to cement this lifelong friendship by the closer and holier bond of matrimony, your religion suddenly jumps in between us."

"It is just because the marriage bond is so holy, Ralph, that I must refuse your proffered hand," replied the girl earnestly, turning her

gaze from the broad expanse of water and looking tenderly and pityingly at him.

"But I'm perfectly willing to marry you according to the laws of your Church," he hurried to assure her, hoping thus to remove the difficulty, "and I'll gladly give you the utmost freedom in the exercise of your religion."

"There's no use urging the matter, Ralph; I will never contract a mixed marriage."

"Then I'll become a Catholic, if I must, to marry you; and marry you I must," he exclaimed impetuously.

"From conviction or merely as a means to marry me?" she questioned with trembling voice, for she loved the young man as a brother and would gladly have accepted his hand had there been no question of religion.

Parkinson realized at once that his fate depended on his answer to this question, and his lips were beginning to frame the lie that would make him, he thought, the happiest man in the world, when his manly character revolted at the base subtlety, and half choked with emotion he exclaimed:

"Oh, Marcelle! you know that I'd be only too willing to believe in your religion if I could; but try as I will, I simply can't. I know it's all very beautiful and poetical and ennobling, but that is as far as my faith can go, much as I regret it."

"Faith, my dear Ralph, is a gift of God, which we can neither merit nor acquire by our own strength of will or intellect."

"Then why must I suffer for lack

of faith through no fault of mine?"

"That you have been born outside of the Catholic Church, is, to be sure, no fault of yours, but a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence that guides and shapes the destinies of all men, and permits some to be born in this religion, others in that, and others again in no religion, as you yourself. You are mistaken, however, in styling my inability to marry you a punishment for your lack of faith; it is as little a punishment as your inability to soar among yonder clouds is a punishment for your lack of wings."

"I see, there's no use arguing the point; but you must realize, Marcelle, that it is no small matter for me to give up all hope of ever calling you my wife after these many years of silent love and expectation, and all on account of such a trivial thing as your religion."

"You greatly mistake, Ralph, when you term my religion a trivial matter, for it is the dearest treasure I have in this world.—But come, let us cease this useless discussion. We part friends and I shall ever cherish you as my 'twin brother' of happy childhood days."

"I had hoped for more, Marcelle," he answered sadly, as he took her hand and pressed it warmly.

A few minutes later he was bound full speed for home. His head seemed afire, his heart abursting. He had wooed and lost. He rebuked himself for having been so unduly hasty in professing his love. He should have awaited a more propitious occasion. He should

have—but why argue thus with himself? That Marcelle—*his* Marcelle—should have refused his love at all was wholly inexplicable to him. If they had been constant companions from babyhood, playing together as sister and brother all these years, why could they not for the future be man and wife? Why should her religion now raise itself as a dividing wall between them and turn their paths in opposite directions? The more he argued, the more his poor head ached and the more miserable he became.

At last, he drew up at Bellevue Cove and was taking in his sails, when his ten-year old sister Sarah came tripping down the velvety green slope crying at the top of her voice:

“Oh, Ralph, where have you been so long? Mother expected you back over an hour ago.” Then as she ran out on the little pier, she dropped her voice and said, “Mother’s in the biggest flurry and wants to see you right away. She’s all worked up about something and was crying, and Alice and Laurenn were crying, so I s’pose something dreadful has happened.”

This was a most unpleasant welcome for Ralph in his present mood, but forcing a smile, he said cheerily, “Oh, Sarah, I don’t suppose it’s as bad as you think. Tell mother that I’ll be there at once.”

Ralph tied his yacht to the pier, and then sauntered up the gravel path to the house. He found his mother walking nervously to and fro on the broad vine-covered veranda.

“Oh, Ralph, would you believe it? Alice and Laurenn have both threatened to leave simply because there is no Catholic church in the neighborhood where they can hear Mass on Sundays. I can’t possibly let them go, for we’ll never get two such maids again. I’ve exhausted every argument to induce them to stay, but all to no purpose. Oh, I do wish we had never left Ridgeway for this place, for there they had no difficulty at all in attending services at their church.”

“Catholics and Catholic principles again!” thought Ralph to himself, as his mother continued to speak. “Surely, some evil genius must be about to-day to make things disagreeable for us.”

True, he had lived next door to Catholics all his life, had associated most intimately with them, and had often greatly admired their fidelity to principle under the most trying circumstances. But up to the present this fidelity had never inconvenienced him.

Alice and Laurenn were orphan sisters, who had been in the Parkinson household for the past ten years, and had endeared themselves by their fidelity and gentle ways so much that they seemed to be members of the family rather than servants. Both were exemplary Catholics and enthusiastic Tertiaries, being members of Fr. Roch’s conference, and he often referred to them as models for the Catholic working girl. Although the Parkinsons professed no definite religion, they respected those who did, and far from hindering their

two Catholic maids in the practice of their religion, they strove to assist them where they could. Thus it happened that the two girls had made no enquiries regarding the possibility of attending services on Sundays at Bellevue Cove, since they supposed that there was a church near Bellevue Cove as there was near the Parkinson's former country seat at Ridgeway. Great was their surprise and consternation when they learned from the express man who had brought their luggage from the little depot near the villa, that the nearest Catholic church was at Ridgeway, over thirty miles distant, and that it was practically impossible to get there in time for services on Sundays. Without further ado, the two maids informed Mrs. Parkinson of this state of affairs and declared that they could not think of remaining in a place where it would be impossible for them to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. Thus while Ralph had been contending at Pine Cliff with what he considered Catholic intolerance, his mother had been making every attempt at home to overcome what she styled Catholic obstinacy.

"Well, why don't you suggest something?" she exclaimed impatiently, as the young man stood quietly on the steps of the porch, gazing listlessly toward the lake, and whistling softly to himself. Ralph blushed, turned quickly about, and stammered an excuse. He had been thinking of Marcelle and wondering whether some possibility would not suggest itself for solving

his difficulty with her.

"Really, mother, I don't see what can be done unless you get a priest to come here. We can't give up Bellevue Cove now on account of Alice and Laurenn, nor can we well afford to lose them. I suppose that this would be the simplest solution of the difficulty."

"But would a priest consent to come so far to hold services for two housemaids?"

"I don't see why he shouldn't, provided his expenses are met. I've heard Alice say that their priests often say Mass when there is no one else present than the Mass server. Besides, there may be some more Catholics in the neighborhood that would welcome the opportunity of attending services here."

"Ralph, your plan is just the thing I've been looking for in vain," said his mother, brightening up at the thought of so easy a solution of her difficulty. "And now that I think of it, the Smiths have a Catholic maid and so have the Greys, perhaps more than one; and then there are the Dunstans, all Catholics. I remember now that they usually came to Ridgeway on Saturday evenings and stayed with the Dunstans there over Sunday. I'll tell you what we'll do. You go over to Elm Grove and ask Mr. Dunstan to motor with you to all our neighbors and try to find out how many Catholics are here. Then we can make arrangements with the Bishop to have a priest come here every Sunday. The pavilion there will make a splendid chapel and I feel assured that our plan will succeed."

Two days later, Mr. Dunstan and Ralph were on their way to the episcopal city to lay their plan before the Bishop. In their tour of investigation they had learned to their surprise that there were some fifteen to twenty Catholics in the vicinity of Bellevue Cove, most of whom could only with the greatest difficulty assist at Mass on Sundays. As the train sped onward, Ralph could not refrain from smiling over the incongruity of him, a modern pagan, as he was wont to style himself, taking such a lively interest in the religious affairs of his servant girls and neighbors. Nevertheless, he experienced an indescribable satisfaction in having done what he did in this matter and he devoutly wished that the Bishop would find the plan feasible.

As he had never met a Catholic prelate before, Ralph was surprised over the cordial welcome he received on being presented to His Lordship, having foolishly imagined that, although a Bishop might be affable and even intimate with Catholics, he could be naught else than cold and distant to persons of other religious convictions. His pleasure increased when the genial prelate, after listening attentively to the plan proposed, at once assured his visitors that he was only too happy to accommodate them.

"Your offer, Mr. Parkinson, is most generous," he said, "and it seems providential that but yesterday Father Burton, a professor at the seminary, requested me to assign him some light parochial work

in the country, that while recuperating from the strain of the past scholastic year, he might at the same time occupy himself to the benefit of others. He will, I'm sure, be delighted to oblige you, and I will telephone to him about your plan at once."

Father Burton, as the Bishop had surmised, gladly accepted Ralph's offer and accompanied him and Mr. Dunstan to Bellevue on the following morning. Ralph had telephoned to his mother regarding the success of his undertaking and on his arrival at Bellevue, Saturday evening, he found the whole family assisting Alice and Laurenn in converting the pavilion into a most charming rustic chapel.

It was a happy and devout congregation that met the eyes of Father Burton as he approached the altar on the following morning. Laurenn and Alice were quite beside themselves with joy and they earnestly begged God to bless those especially to whose efforts they owed the privilege of fulfilling their religious duties at their very threshold. Among the many non-Catholics that attended the service, some out of curiosity, others out of devotion, there were none more affected by the sacred ceremonies and the forcible sermon of Father Burton on the solemn obligation of every man to offer public homage to God, the Supreme Being, than were Mrs. Parkinson and her son Ralph. Realizing the nature of his audience, the learned priest suited his words to the occasion, and his clear, cogent arguments set a

number of worthy souls that were groping blindly in the darkness of heresy and unbelief, on the right road to light and peace.

As the priest had no duties to attend to in the city during the summer months, Mrs. Parkinson and Ralph prevailed on him to accept of their hospitality, placing at his disposal Ralph's beautiful villa as a residence. He proved to be a most charming companion and was soon the center of attraction at Bellevue Cove. Nor was he blind to the opportunities thus given him of doing good. Filled with true apostolic zeal, he began to sow the Master's seed and to nourish it day after day and week after week with the blessed waters of prayer and good example.

One morning, about a month and a half after his arrival at Bellevue Cove, Mrs. Parkinson and Ralph were taking their usual walk on the brow of the hill overlooking the lake. They were unusually silent this particular morning, each seemingly absorbed in the gorgeous picture spread before them as the golden August sun burst through a bank of fleecy clouds in the eastern sky and sent its fiery rays adancing across the wind-swept lake. Suddenly Ralph paused in his walk.

"Mother," he said, with ill-concealed emotion, "you may be surprised and perhaps even displeased to hear what I am about to tell you,

but I must out with it. Last night, after discussing at length certain religious topics with Father Burton, I finally begged him to receive me into the Catholic Church."

"And I have determined to ask him to-day after luncheon to receive me," replied his mother, likewise deeply affected. "God he praised that He has given us both the grace to see the light!"

* * *

The next morning, a tiny white racing yacht was seen to cleave the azure waters of Lake Huron in a westerly direction, leaving a long silvery sheen in its wake. Onward it sped until at last it rested in the welcome shadow of a lofty precipice. It was soon made fast to the little pier, and a young man was seen bounding with joyful step up the easy incline. As he reached the summit, he turned his eyes toward a picturesque arbor covered with a lovely mantle of leaves and blossoms and perched on the brow of the cliff. His eyes sparkled as he perceived a maiden seated there absorbed in reading. In an instant he was at her side.

"Do you really believe that the Catholic Church is the true Church founded by Jesus Christ?" she asked eagerly, as he broke the glad tidings.

"Yes, Marcelle, I believe it with my whole heart."

"Then, Ralph, I am yours."



EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

"This is my body."

THE REAL PRESENCE

THE word with power: "This is my body." How firmly I believe these words, since they were uttered by my Jesus himself, who is true God of true God, and infinite in truth and power. It is not possible for him to lie or to be unfaithful to his beneficent promise. Has my divine Lord said, and shall he not do it? Has he spoken, and shall he not make it good?

Oh, my Jesus, never for one minute could I doubt thy word—the word filled with power of the blessed King of kings and the Lord of hosts. Thy word, O Jesus, which goeth forth out of thy mouth at the holy altar through the ministry of thine anointed priests, it shall not return to thee void, it shall accomplish that which thou hast pleased, it shall prosper unto all ages of time in the eucharistic fecundity of thy body for the life of the world.

O wonderful words of our divine Lord in the mouth of his anointed priests. *Hoc est enim Corpus meum. Hic est enim calix Sanguinis mei.*

He speaks, at whose word the stars of heaven, the sun and the moon burst into light from the purple veil of midnight chaos. He speaks, at whose word the first flowers bloomed on earth in transcendent loveliness, and the animated creatures issued forth into the verdure of the primeval fields and forests, whose stillness grew songful with the chant of birds. He speaks, and the simple elements become the living adorable Sacrament—Jesus himself—his body and blood, his soul and divinity. Truly, the voice of the Lord is in power, the voice of the Lord is in magnificence.—*Vox Domini in virtute, vox Domini in magnificentia.* (Ps. 28,4.)

And, I know that sooner would the heavens with the starry bodies revolving in them be carried away into impenetrable darkness, and the mountains be removed into the heart of the sea, than that the faith of the rock-built Church of Jesus under the unerring pastorship of Peter's successors should ever fail in the body and blood of Christ on the altar—that body and blood sole, pure, substantial, and adorable through the passing of the elements into the adorable substance of my Savior.

O consider, my soul, how blessed it is to dwell in the City that has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. The grass of worldly glory and human words withers and its flower falls, but the eucharistic words of the Lord coming forth in the mystery of the Mass and our faith in those most blessed words as explained by his infallible Church, remain unmoved forever. Thy words shall not pass, sweet Jesus, nor their

meaning with power pass from them, neither shall our faith in them pass, O eucharistic God, O eternal Truth.

And let me not lament that there is no ocular manifestation of the Lord's body at the consecration, and that the words of the prophet, "Truly, thou art a hidden God, the Savior," are fulfilled at the altar. For, though the outward eye sees nothing but the humblest appearances, our Lord's body and blood are perceptible to the eye of faith and the heart cries, "Hail Jesus, in his mighty acts, hail, Jesus, in the multitude of his greatness!"

O come, let us adore and fall down and weep before the Lord that made us. Let us add tears to our adoration, not only for our own sins—and we must weep for them—but also in reparation for those who are faithless in the adorable presence and for the insults to which it is subjected. Be silent, ye vain reasoners and idle questioners, with regard to the sacramental mystery. Be silent, for not only can the least of our apostolic teachers confute you with the testimony of God, but even we, the little ones of the Church, will silence you with our Hosannas. Be silent, for the hidden presence rebukes you. "Be still and see that I am God. I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth."

Put off, my soul, the shoes of presumption from thy feet when thou approachest eucharistic contemplation, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. This is the mystery of faith, these are the deep things of God who himself is the mystery of mysteries. Be awed in the presence of these great matters and wonderful things above thee "and adore thy eucharistic Lord with absolute confidence in his word."

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." "Behold, the Lord is in his sanctuary. This is the gate of Heaven."

A PIOUS BOYCOTT

In Granada, Spain, the members of the Third Order agreed among themselves not to buy or sell anything on Sundays and holydays and never to patronize those merchants and dealers that failed to keep these days holy. This resolution was carried out at once and with such signal success that within a month all the merchants of the city closed their stores and warehouses on Sundays and holydays and ever since have kept holy the Lord's day.

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

TEXAS

XXX

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

AT the first hint of danger on that fatal morning of March 16, the Apache Indian servants of the missionaries at San Sabá made their escape, and one of them reached the presidio. Colonel Parrilla at once sent a squad of nine men to reinforce the mission guards. On the way they were attacked by the Comanches. Two of the Spaniards were killed, and all the rest were wounded. Six of these succeeded in reaching the shelter of the presidio. The savages dared not assault the fort but they prevented any relief being sent to the missionaries that day.

As soon as darkness fell, however, Parrilla ordered a sergeant and fourteen men to reconnoiter. No hope was entertained that the occupants of the mission were still alive. The soldiers were detected as soon as they neared the mission site and were forced to retire; but the Indians, fearing an attack from a larger force, likewise withdrew to a more advantageous position. This afforded the besieged friar and the few remaining soldiers in the wrecked mission building a chance to make good their escape. Only four of the soldiers were still alive, and one of these, Juan Antonio Gutiérrez, who was too badly wounded to be transported, urged

Fr. Molina to endeavor to reach the presidio. "Confiding in God and in the Blessed Virgin, whose sorrows holy Mother Church celebrated on that day,"⁽¹⁾ the friar clambered through a window and managed to pass unobserved between the bonfires. He threw himself into the river following its downward course, away from the shore lest he be discovered, and after groping about for one day and two nights, availing himself of every thicket and undergrowth, he arrived at last bleeding and exhausted at the presidio, only three miles away, on the morning of March 18. Here he found the garrison in a state of panic. They expected another attack, and no one dared to stir beyond the fort.

The Comanches and their allies remained in the vicinity for three days and then withdrew. By the 20th, Parrilla thought it safe to investigate the damage done at the mission. A scene of desolation met the eyes of the party. As all the buildings had been reduced to ashes, the first care of the soldiers was to search for the bodies of the slain. Fathers Terreros and Santiesteban, and the soldiers José García, Enrique Gutiérrez, Lázaro de Ayala, Asencio Cadena, Andrés de Villareál, and Juan Antonio Gutiérrez had been killed. The bodies of Fr. Ter-

(1) That is to say, after midnight, early on Friday morning, March 17.

reos and of two soldiers were buried in the church cemetery. The others were interred where their remains had been found. Joaquín García and Luis Chirinos, of the first squad sent out by Parrilla to succor the mission guard, were buried where they had fallen. At first the body of Fr. Santiesteban could not be found, and it was supposed that it had been consumed by the flames, as some authors relate; but a few days later it was discovered, the head completely severed from the body. The mutilated remains of the noble missionary were also interred in the cemetery beside the grave of Fr. Giraldo Terreros. The total number of victims of the treacherous attack, therefore, was ten, two priests and eight soldiers.

The Apaches who had already actually joined the mission on the San Sabá, disappeared at the first sign of danger, and nothing, Fr. Arricivita remarks, ever was heard of them. Many others fled to the San Antonio River in the hope of finding an asylum at the missions there. The tribe as a whole retired to the mountain fastnesses. In his official report, Colonel Parrilla recommended the removal of the presidio to the Rio Guadalupe or to the San Marcos; also an increase of the force to one hundred and forty men; and an expedition to chastise the savages. The viceregal council in June declared that a removal was not in keeping with the honor of the Spanish arms, as that was exactly what the Comanches had intended to achieve by their raid. It decided,

however, to send an expedition to punish the criminals, but requested that, for the present, the missionaries should take up their quarters at the presidio, and from there make such efforts as they could to Christianize the Apaches, because this had been the object in placing the mission and the presidio on the San Sabá. Parrilla was appointed commander of the punitive expedition.

An army of five hundred soldiers and volunteers, with a large force of Apache auxiliaries in the best of spirits, set out in August 1759. After marching about one hundred and fifty leagues, they surprised a rancharía, killed fifty-five savages, and took many others prisoners. The expedition pushed farther into the country of the Comanches, but found the Indians well fortified in the region that was later called San Teodoro. Many of the Comanches, who numbered 6000, were armed with muskets. The savages did not wait to be attacked but rushed forth furiously and quickly routed the Spaniards, who were compelled to abandon one of their cannon. The expedition, says Fr. Arricivita, which had cost \$60,000, accomplished nothing, but rather emboldened the Comanches to extend their raids in every direction. No serious disasters are recorded, but for several years the Spaniards were hardly able to maintain their posts.

Professor Dunn finds three causes for the attack on the San Sabá mission. First and foremost was the jealousy felt by the northern tribes on account of the intimate relations between the Spaniards and the

Apaches. In 1765, for instance, a Tanguayas chief of eastern Texas declared that he was unwilling to remain at peace with the Spaniards at San Sabá because they had aided his mortal enemies, the Apaches. Another reason for the attack was believed to be the instigation of the French who were supplying the northern tribes with firearms through the trade they carried on with the savages. It was firmly believed, moreover, that the French encouraged the Comanches by their presence at the massacre. A third cause was the natural desire of the savages to plunder the stores of the mission.

When the account of the massacre of their two Fathers reached the missionary college of San Fernando in Mexico, the Fr. Guardian and his discretos (councilors) were even more reluctant than the government to abandon the field, though indeed out of higher and nobler motives. As usual in such cases, wherever true zeal prompts the missionaries, a number of friars volunteered at once to replace the martyrs in the perilous missions of Texas. In this instance, however, two friars were selected who at the time were laboring among the Indians. But let Fr. Francisco Palóu, the biographer of the famous Fr. Junípero Serra, tell the story.

"Far from losing heart," he writes, "the College appointed two other missionaries. One of those chosen was the venerable Fr. Junípero, who was at that time among

his own people in the Sierra Gorda.

⁽²⁾ Although he had been fully informed of the terrible tragedy just related, he did not excuse himself as he might have well done, but on the contrary, he gave thanks to God that his superior had named him without first enquiring as to his will in the matter. As soon as he received the letter, Fr. Junípero started for the College. The Fr. Guardian intended that he should depart without delay, but he learned that His Excellency, the Viceroy, had despatched an order to the interior provinces decreeing that a military expedition should be sent to punish the savages and to make an example of them; but the expedition did not succeed as was expected, and very shortly after the Viceroy died. For these reasons the work of evangelization in Texas was suspended, a matter that caused great sorrow to the zealous Fr. Junípero. However, he will not have lost before God the merit of having voluntarily offered himself for such an arduous undertaking accompanied by such evident mortal danger at the hands of those cruel and barbarous heathen."⁽³⁾

Fr. Junípero Serra was destined by Divine Providence for a more fertile and glorious field. In 1767, he led a band of fifteen friars, including Fr. Palóu, to Lower California, and two years later founded Mission San Diego, which began the chain of twenty-one missionary establishments reaching to San Francisco Bay and farther; but that is another story.

(2) The other Father, doubtless, was Fr. Palóu himself, Fr. Junípero's pupil and lifelong, intimate friend.

(3) Life of Fr. Serraby Fr. Palóu, Chap. 9.

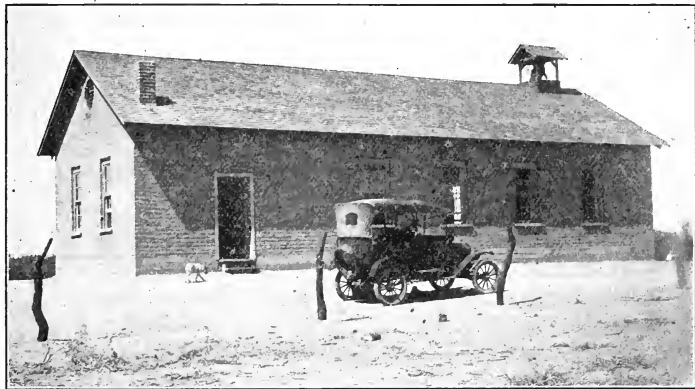
BLACKWATER MISSION, ARIZONA

By Fr. Augustine, O.F.M.

FOR a number of years the Catholic Indians of Blackwater, a village situated in the south-eastern corner of the Gila River Reservation, had attended divine services in their dilapidated little adobe chapel. Hence they greatly rejoiced when they were told last year that a new church would soon be built for them. With edifying zeal they at once set to work and made 7000 adobe bricks

penyer might well be proud.

With the greatest eagerness, the good Indians looked forward to the day of the dedication of their new church, which was to be the first "official feast" held in their village. The day set for the celebration was May 2, the octave of the feast of St. Joseph, the head of the Holy Family. The cloudless sky and the mild pleasant warmth of a belated spring encouraged hundreds of In-



Holy Family Mission, Blackwater, Arizona

for the walls of the proposed church, and as soon as the mission church at Sacaton was finished, ground was broken for the new Holy Family Church at Blackwater.

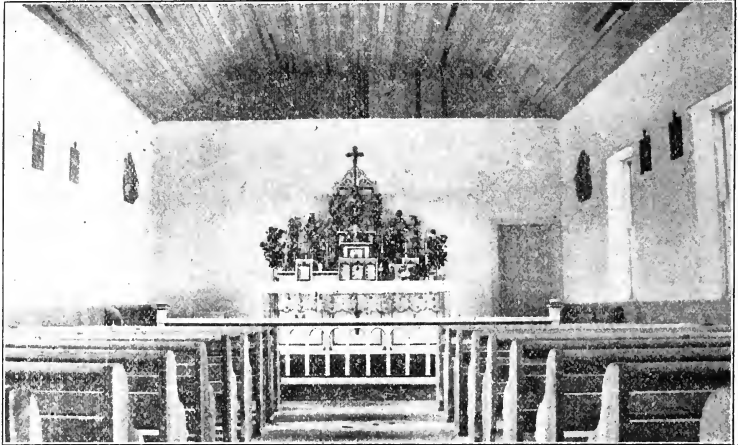
The building which measures sixty by twenty-four feet, was planned and built by Rev. FF. Justin and Vincent, assisted by the Indians. It stands on the highest plot of ground in the village and its large white cross can be seen from a great distance. The beautiful altar is the handiwork of our skilled Indian carpenter. It is certainly a piece of cabinet work of which any car-

dians from all the neighboring missions to heed the missionary's kind invitation to attend the feast. It was after nine o'clock that our party of thirty-five arrived at Blackwater from St. John's, Komatke. We, that is, Fr. Justin, Brothers Melchior and Basil, our Indian Boys' Band, and the writer, had left St. John's in five automobiles shortly after sunrise and greatly enjoyed the trip through the desert in the early morning hours. The Right Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, reached the scene of the festivity in company with Fr. Nicho-

las, of San Xavier Mission, at about eleven o'clock, and the solemn services of the dedication began at once.

After blessing the new church according to the ritual, the Bishop spoke to the Indians, congratulating them on their beautiful church and encouraging them to renewed zeal in the service of God. A short instruction on the holy Sacrament of Confirmation followed, whereupon

to give all the Indians present a good meal. The band boys, who were making their first public appearance on this occasion, added very much to the general gayety, and the older Indians were justly proud of their achievement. Two persons, however, were especially filled with joy on this memorable day:—Fr. Vincent, the missionary in charge of Blackwater, who had labored so



Interior of Holy Family Church, Blackwater, Arizona

His Lordship confirmed a class of seventy-seven Indians. As soon as the final episcopal blessing had been given, the Indian Boys' Mission Band, stationed in front of the church, began to play the joyful hymn of praise "Holy God".

The secular celebration that now followed was animated by the same spirit of joy and thanksgiving. While a special dinner had been prepared for the Bishop and the clergy, enough provisions had been secured

zealously to provide his Indians with a suitable place of worship; and the generous benefactress in Chicago, who so kindly met all the expenses of erecting and furnishing this latest addition to the Franciscan missions in Arizona. Although far distant from the scene of the celebration, she was no doubt present with us in spirit. May the good God bountifully reward her and all the generous benefactors of our Indian missions.



VIRGINIA AUSTIN

By Noel A. Dunderdale

AS the clock tunefully chimed the hour of ten, Virginia leisurely arose, donned a silk kimono and a pair of slippers, and went toward the open window to enjoy the fresh breeze that blew in from the river and tempered the severity of an August day.

"Mam'selle will have her coffee now?" asked Annette.

"Yes, you may bring it—and the morning mail. And tell John to get the launch ready. I shall want it in about an hour."

"Oui, mam'selle."

These details of the morning's business settled, Virginia sat down by the window and gazed out across the island-dotted river that stretched before her. It was an ideal day for a sail, and the girl eagerly anticipated the joys of bounding over the surface of the wind-chopped water.

Although in the habit of rising at ten o'clock in the morning, Virginia Austin was not indolent. As her sole duty in life, at least according to her own theory, was nothing more than her amusement, she simply began that amusement at the hour that suited her best. In reality, she was active and full of youthful vigor, and her twenty-four years were endowed with perfect health supplemented with every physical grace and charm.

The first eighteen years of her life had been watched over by a mother who had no other children

on whom to lavish her care, in consequence of which the child's character had been completely spoiled, and even the likeable qualities of the girl's nature had been choked by the rank growth of those disagreeable characteristics that often mark the child that has not known the companionship of a brother or a sister. Not even the advantages of a convent education had overcome these defects, so deeply rooted were they.

The sudden death of her mother had left Virginia to the well-intentioned but foolish father who thought he was doing his best when he gave the girl absolutely everything she craved. With a large fortune at his command, this was a simple matter for him; all that was necessary was the signing of unlimited checks. He devoted all his time to his law practice and found in it his only consolation for the griefs he had suffered; for his life had not been what he had desired. He looked back to the early days of his married life and recalled the plans he had made and the joy he had expected to have in the company of his wife and children. But his plans had never matured and his looked-for joy was never realized.

Haughty, capricious, and imperiously self-willed, his wife had been his first and keenest disappointment. And now Virginia, his only child, in whom he had centered all his love after her mother's death, far from

cheering his declining years by her love and devotion only added to the bitterness of his disappointment by her self-will and egotism. For, while she was fond of him in a way and proud of his wealth and position, she had inherited with her mother's beauty all her ungracious qualities, and she considered her own pleasure and convenience first, last, and all the time, little dreaming how her doting father hungered for her love.

While she slowly sipped her coffee on this beautiful August morning and read the letters the maid had brought, a visitor appeared. Virginia jumped up to greet her.

"Hello, Mary, what are you doing here so early? I didn't expect to see you at this hour." And she threw her arms round her friend's neck and kissed her affectionately.

The newcomer was a quiet, sensitive girl of a type exactly the opposite of Virginia, which may have been a reason why they were the best of friends.

No, I didn't expect to come, else I would have telephoned," was the reply. "It happens that I have to go into town and in passing I thought you might wish to drive with me."

"Into town? What on earth can take you there on such a day as this?" asked Virginia with surprise.

"I have to get some things for mother, that's all. She doesn't feel well; so can't go. Get on your things if you can come. The machine is waiting."

"But, my dear, I thought you were going riding with the Robertsons?"

"So I was—until I found I had to

go shopping," said Mary.

"Did your mother know?"

"That I was going riding? Yes, of course; but that doesn't make any difference, does it? Marjorie is too young to go to town alone and you wouldn't expect Bob to go shopping, would you? Besides, I can ride next week just as well. The Robertsons go every Thursday. So now, if you have quite finished your coffee, get ready and we'll go."

"Sorry, dear, I can't oblige you this morning. Look at all those letters. All unanswered. That's my morning's work." And Virginia tossed a bundle of letters over with her fan.

"Letters? Oh, it's too nice a day for letter-writing."

"Then, my dear, sit right down there in that arm chair and we'll gossip. Have some coffee?"

"No, thanks. I must refuse both; the coffee, because I have already had breakfast; the gossip, because—I have to go to town." And Mary turned to go.

"And also because you don't believe in gossiping, Miss Sanctity, isn't it so?" Virginia was fond of teasing and never lost an opportunity.

"Oh, there may not be much harm in it," was the quiet reply, "but then again it may be serious. But I must go. See you again."

Before she reached the door, Virginia stopped her again.

"Oh, Mary, that reminds me. I nearly forgot that I was going to telephone you."

"Telephone me? What for?"

"Nothing worth while, I fear. Only Dad has invited Mr. Seymour

for dinner and cards this evening, and I thought you might make a fourth. Can you come? Mr. Seymour took quite a fancy to you, you know." This was diplomatic of Virginia, as she realized.

Mary colored slightly. For a moment she could have wished for a previous engagement. Then she thought that, if she did not come, Virginia would be disappointed.

"Yes, I can come," she answered. "At six?"

"Sooner if you can, dear. Then we can have that gossip!"

"All right, I'll be here."

After Mary had gone, Virginia sat for some time idly stirring her coffee, lost in thought.

"Poor Mary," she said to herself "what a dear, good girl she is in spite of her troubles. The idea of her mother expecting her to go shopping to-day! Mothers are so inconsiderate. And there, Mary cancels her engagement for the sake of this stupid old shopping that would probably do just as well next week."

Then she noticed the letters again. She picked up one of them.

The only one worth answering," she said, "and the only one that need not be answered. I'm obliged to them for making my excuses to Mary though, for I couldn't have gone into town to-day, even to oblige her—or her mother."

Then she slipped the note out of its envelope and smiled as she read it again. After all, she thought, it was rather nice to be engaged.

There was a knock on the door.

"Yes, come in."

"The boat is ready, mam'selle."

"All right, Annette. I'll be down at once."

"And now for a breezy trip up the river, away from civilization and people—and shopping."

In five minutes Virginia had changed herself into an athletic-looking sailor girl. In a few minutes more she was outside and across the lawn at the private dock where her boat was moored. Near the boathouse she met her father.

"Good morning, Dad," she greeted him cheerily.

"Hello there, girlie. Going on the water?"

"Yes, I want to get away up the river, where it's quiet and restful. I'm tired of meeting people."

"Is there room for the old father, I wonder? He has a headache, and the river air might cure it."

"Lots of room, Dad—but—I'm going to be gone for some time. Frank isn't coming until four; so I'll stay out until about three, I guess. Can you go so far?"

Virginia's face showed a slight frown. Her father looked at her sadly for a moment and then turned away.

"Never mind, Jenny. I'll get John to row for me. Go and have a good time but—be careful."

"All right, Dad. Sorry you can't come."

Virginia jumped into the boat and pulled a lever. The engine sputtered and the launch shot over the water. The old man turned and walked slowly toward the house.

"She can't know how it hurts."

he muttered. "It's not her fault—but God knows the sufferings of a lonely heart."

With all the speed of which it was capable, Virginia drove her launch straight into the middle of the river which at this point was some two miles wide. Then she turned suddenly and went upstream at the same rate. Presently she was opposite the town, and the sport became keener. For, many other launches were there, and she delighted to pass them leaving behind her a long wake of disturbed water. She was too far away to hear the remarks about "that wild Austin girl," but she knew that other girls envied the reckless things she could do with her launch. She ran nearer shore now, to see the building where Frank Sherman's office was. He would be busy, now, of course, but perhaps he would see her go by.

Then away she went again, past the town, and farther up the river where islands were more frequent and people more scarce. The river narrowed, too, and was quieter, so that a slower speed was desirable. Virginia leaned back at her ease, one hand on the wheel, as the boat wound in and out among the islands. Some of them were mere projections of rock above the water, scarcely large enough for any purpose. Others were some acres in extent and the places of delightful summer homes that nestled among the trees.

It was in the lee of one of the most charming that Virginia finally stopped the launch and tied it while she rested. This island she had

named 'Frankland', and to it she always came when she wished to be alone. As yet it was unoccupied, but soon it was to be the location of the most wonderful home that she could imagine. For this island was her own, a gift from Frank Sherman on her last birthday, and here they intended to build the bungalow where they would spend the hot summers. She felt all the pride of possession, and lying back on the cushions she idly planned the delightful times she and Frank would have there the following summer.

She had much to be thankful for, she thought. Youth, health and beauty—yes, it was acknowledged, so why question it?—and as much money as she could wish for, and—she was engaged to a man who absolutely worshipped her and who would go to any extreme to give her anything else she might want. They would be very happy together, of course. Their tastes were similar and they would live here far away from the annoyance of neighbors. After all, she thought, they wanted only each other; so why should they not spend their days where there would be no disturbance.

She gazed up at the sky and the bright clouds that floated slowly across it. Presently, from one side there came a cloud that seemed to resemble a woman, light and gentle, softly caressed by the summer breeze. And from below came another, a heavier and darker cloud that traveled more swiftly and bore resemblance to a man. Then imagination ran wild, and as

the two clouds met and floated off together. Virginia saw herself and Frank sailing smoothly down life's way, untrammelled, care-free.

She untied the boat, and half an hour later the launch was near home again. Virginia glanced at her watch. Three o'clock. There was plenty of time, since Frank was not to come until four. She checked the speed of the boat. It was a pleasant relief to glide along slowly and watch the little ripples that fell away as the prow of the boat cut into the smooth, clear water. One could pause, too, and shudder at the black rocks that jutted up so near the surface—so near that they caused the water to swirl with an angry motion as if resenting the intrusion. These were bad places, surely, for boats and swimmers, if any ventured so far. Unoffending enough though they seemed from a little distance, they were in reality miniature maelstroms, capable of dragging even a powerful swimmer into their deadly vortex. But why should she think of such things? No one swam out so far, not even Frank, who was an exceptional swimmer. Yet, somehow she was strangely affected and could not but think of the hidden danger. Then a cloud that had obscured the sun passed away and all was bright again.

Suddenly she was startled by a shout. Someone was calling her. She looked about to see whence the call came. Apparently it was without origin, for just now she was near the middle of the river and at its widest part, and not a boat was

near. On the distant bank to her left, she discerned what seemed to be a group of bathers, but their voices hardly carried so far. She must have been mistaken. Then the sound was heard again. This time it was clearer and more distinct than before: "Virginia, help!" She stopped the engine that its noise might not interfere. Was some one actually calling to her for help?

Virginia stood up and shading her eyes with her hand, scanned the sparkling, choppy waters. It was difficult to see against the sun, but—there must be some one there struggling in that eddy. The sound seemed to come from that direction. Yet, no, she felt she was mistaken. Some one might have swum out so far and got into trouble, but this was hardly probable. Her imagination must have deceived her. The sound came doubtless from the group of bathers on the shore. She sat down and put her hand on the starting lever. Then she suddenly drew back, her arm dropped to her side, and for a moment she sat motionless.

"Perhaps, a fellow being is actually in distress in yonder eddy and in need of your help. Go quickly and find out," said Conscience. And Self replied, "Absurd! There can be no one out here. It is just your fancy." Conscience attacked again. "But at least you can investigate." The girl looked about again, but could distinguish no one struggling in the water. Then she thought she heard the cry again, very faintly this time. Several of

the bathers had entered a boat and were making toward her. "Ah, let them see to it if one of their number has got into trouble by his foolhardiness. People ought to have sense enough to stay out of danger if they can't help themselves, and not expect others to inconvenience themselves for their sake." With this uncharitable thought, Virginia threw the starting lever into position and the launch with an angry chug continued its way down the river.

Promptly at four o'clock, some one knocked on the door of Virginia's boudoir.

"All right, Annette; tell Mr. Sherman to wait." Virginia looked once more at her dainty pink finger nails to see that all were well polished. But it was not Annette's voice that answered.

"This is Aunt Martha, dear. I want to see you."

Virginia hastened to open the door. Aunt Martha's visits were rare. She was a good soul, and the girl almost liked her.

"Come in, Auntie, and sit down. How are—but—what's the matter? You're pale; you tremble! Tell me—is—anything wrong?"

Aunt Martha dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Auntie dear, why do you act so strangely? Has anything happened to—to—my—"

"To your father? No dear, thank heaven, he is safe and well—but—"

Virginia staggered and almost fell. It was not her father of whom she was thinking.

"Did you hear no one call when you were out on the river?"

"I—I—thought so—but I wasn't sure. The sun was strong. I could not see. Besides, I was anxious to get home as it was growing late."

"But there was some one there struggling in the water, some one to whom you would gladly have given aid had you known—"

"Known what?" Virginia gasped excitedly.

"That it was Frank!"

The girl screamed and seized her aunt.

"Be calm, dear; he is safe, at least for the present—but only by the merest chance. While bathing with some friends and spying your launch coming down the river, he wagered that he could reach you before you passed Crown Point. But he was caught unawares in one of those terrible eddies and called on you for help; alas! you did not hear him."

"I could not see," repeated the girl. "But where is he now? I must go to him at once," she said rising.

"He has been brought to St. Mary's Hospital and Dr. Brown has phoned that he has only a slender chance of recovery. Some friends succeeded in reaching him just as his strength gave out and the physician fears that he will succumb to over-exhaustion before morning."

This tragic sequel to her pleasant dreams on her river jaunt fairly overwhelmed the poor girl and she sank fainting to the floor.

* * *

On Frankland Island, now rises majestically above the wooded banks the Frank Sherman Memorial Hospital, where the poor sick and maimed from all over the great city find loving care. Sweet-faced, brown-robed Sisters flit noiselessly from patient to patient through its airy rooms and corridors, alleviating pain here and speaking consolation there.

And daily, too, there passes from ward to ward, from room to room, a tall, stately figure, gowned in deep mourning, her rich golden tressés streaked with traces of sil-

ver, her calm, beautiful face enveloped with pathetic sadness. All the patients know her, all love and esteem her, all admire the wonderful charity that beams so sweetly from her dark blue eyes; and although her own heart seems steeped in deepest sorrow, yet her presence brings peace and joy to the sufferers.

It was at the death-bed of him, whom her selfish neglect had brought to an untimely grave, that Virginia Austin learnt the beautiful virtue of Christian charity and forgetfulness of self.

Peace

When the winds are raging o'er the upper ocean
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion
 A peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Jesus,
 There is a temple sacred evermore;
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

—Anon.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Sunday morning, April 29, the basilica of St. Peter in Rome was the scene of imposing ceremonies. His Holiness Pope Benedict XV solemnly enrolled the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo among the Blessed. This glorious servant of God was a Tertiary of St. Francis. A lasting monument to his heroic zeal and sanctity is the "Little House of Divine Providence" founded by him in the city of Turin. In the afternoon, all the diplomats accredited to the Holy See and a large number of ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries attended the Holy Father on his visit to St. Peter's, where special services were held in honor of the newly beatified servant of God. It was thought all this while that the beatification would be postponed till after the war. The Holy Father, however, believed the present time very appropriate, since it would inspire the faithful to invoke the intercession of Blessed Joseph Benedict in behalf of peace among the warring nations.—

Recently, at one of the theaters in Rome, a new drama entitled "Brother Elias" was presented for the first time. According to this play, the ideals of St. Francis and his Order died with the Saint. The performance was severely criticized by the large audience that had thronged the theater to witness it. "It is the Italian people," says the *Revue Franciscaine*, "who know and love their St. Francis as also the Order he founded. They know the glorious fruits of sanctity which this Order has brought forth throughout the centuries, especially in Italy. Even the less devout have a sense of history and patriotism that will never accept the travesty

and profanation of Franciscan personages and of Franciscan works."—

At the recent consistory, the Holy Father appointed His Eminence Cardinal Pompili, Titular of the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli, to succeed the late Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O. F. M., as Cardinal-Bishop of the suburban diocese of Velletri. His Eminence is a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, belonging to the fraternity connected with the Church of Ara Coeli.—

A movement is under way in this city to found a society for the spread of Franciscan ideals. Based on strictly Catholic principles, entirely under pontifical direction, it purposes to counteract the influence of the International Society of Franciscan Studies, founded by M. Paul Sabatier. To attain their end, the promoters appealed to the members of the Catholic movement in the Latium and offered to found a Franciscan Chair in Rome and conjointly with it a popular scientific library of Franciscan history, hagiography, art, literature, and sociology.

Colombia.—The Rt. Rev. Bernard Restrepo, Primate of Colombia, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopal dignity. He is a zealous and fervent Tertiary of St. Francis. Accordingly, the Franciscan Fathers made arrangements for a grand reunion of all the Third Order fraternities on this occasion. The Tertiaries responded in large numbers to offer their worthy Bishop heartfelt congratulations. Six bishops and the highest civil authorities likewise came to join in the celebration. Various speakers portrayed the beautiful life and glori-

ous work of St. Francis, while Dom Gomez Restrepo sang a hymn in honor of the Saint, written and set to music for the occasion. The following resolutions were passed: 1. To conduct a general reunion of Tertiaries every three years; 2. to make preparations for a national congress of the Third Order; 3. to humbly request the Bishops of Colombia to recommend the Third Order to the faithful of their dioceses according to the wish of the Sovereign Pontiffs. In conclusion, the Rt. Rev. Jubilarian thanked the assembled Tertiaries for the joy they had caused him on the occasion of his silver jubilee and told them how happy he was to inform them that the greater number of the Bishops of Colombia were like him Tertiaries of St. Francis.

Agra, India.—The archdiocese of Agra has suffered a heavy loss by the death of Very Rev. Fr. Julius, O. M. Cap. He was born at Aiatri, Italy, in 1839, and at the age of twenty, he entered the Capuchin Order in the Roman Province. In 1866, he joined the Capuchin mission of Agra and labored there ever since. In 1878, Fr. Julius was appointed military chaplain of an expeditionary force to Afghanistan. Later, the zealous missionary was entrusted with the rectorship of St. Peter's College in Agra and subsequently of St. George's College in Mussoorie. Though greatly afflicted with rheumatism, Fr. Julius as late as October 1, 1916, assumed military duty as second chaplain at Meerut. But he felt that his end was approaching and soon returned to Sardhana where, on February 18, he closed his long and eventful career. Of the fifty-eight years devoted to God in the Capuchin Order, he spent forty-nine in the mission of Agra, and was looked upon by all who came in contact with him as a true son of St. Francis and an untiring laborer in the

vineyard of the Lord.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission.—On the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, Rev. Fr. Bernardino, O.F.M., celebrated his first holy Mass in the Old Mission church. He is one of the Franciscan refugees from Mexico, that have found a home in our midst. After completing his theological studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Fr. Bernardino went to the Old Mission of San Luis Rey, Cal., where on Sunday, March 11, he was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Vincente Castellanos, Bishop of Campeche, Mexico. Very Rev. Fr. Alfonso, O.F.M., of San Luis Rey, Commissary General for the Franciscans in Mexico, assisted at the first Mass as arch-priest, while Rev. FF. Josaphat, Ambrosio, and Domingo, acted as deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. The Spanish sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Angel, while Rev. Fr. Vitus, of St. Louis, Mo., preached in English. The student choir of St. Antony's Seraphic College, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Adrian, sang at the solemn services. At present, there are fifteen Franciscan clerics, exiles from Mexico, pursuing their philosophical and theological studies at the Old Mission under the direction of Rev. FF. Josaphat, Ambrosio, Domingo, and Miguel, all of whom are likewise Franciscan refugees from Mexico.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—Those who were fortunate enough to witness the celebration incident to the first visitation of the local conference of the Third Order, will not readily forget the event. Long before the appointed hour, the Tertiaries began to gather from all parts of the city. As their number was too large for Tertiary Hall, they remained in the neighboring streets, where at 2.30 P. M., the procession to the church was formed. There were over 2000

Tertiaries in line. The sight of so many wearing their fraternity emblem and marching publicly through the streets of the city was truly edifying to the numerous bystanders and filled the Tertiaries themselves with joy and pride.

When the Tertiaries arrived in the spacious church, which was filled to its utmost capacity by the vast throng, the Rev. Visitor, Fr. Roger, O.F.M., addressed them in English and in German. He pointed out the difference between the Third Order and the so-called confraternities and sodalities, and then explained at length the object of this great lay Order, which, he said, was the sanctification of the individual, of the home, and of society.

Immediately after the sermons, followed the impressive celebration of the golden jubilee as Tertiary of Sister Catherine V. Bins. This was a fitting recognition of her long life as a faithful child of St. Francis and no doubt inspired her fellow Tertiaries to emulate her fidelity to the Order of more than half a century. Mrs. Bins was received into the Third Order by Rev. Fr. Servatius Altmicks, O.F.M., on August 2, 1865. At that time, the Third Order in St. Louis numbered only forty members and St. Antony's parish about ninety families. Although our beloved jubilarian has now reached the ripe old age of ninety-two years, the last fifty-six of which she has spent as a widow, she is nevertheless quite hale and hearty, and up to the last few years she rarely missed a meeting of the fraternity.

A procession with the statue of St. Francis was then held in the church, only the men Tertiaries taking part, owing to the vast crowd. The papal blessing and solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament brought the services to a close. Hereupon, the Tertiaries repaired to the school hall, where

an informal reception was held and refreshments were served. The Rev. Fr. Visitor was called on to address the Tertiaries again and he responded by narrating some interesting facts about the Third Order in Brazil, which he had gleaned during his recent visit to that country. He mentioned among other things that in the city of Bahia over 3000 men belong to the Third Order, and that they are doing splendid charitable work, having expended in one year over \$20,000 for this purpose. Rev. Fr. Vincent, O.F.M., our former spiritual director, and Rev. Fr. Joseph, O.F.M., also addressed words of cheer and encouragement to the Tertiaries. Besides the addresses of the Rev. Fathers, a musical program, consisting of two numbers by St. Antony's choristers under the direction of Prof. A. Rhode, a violin solo by Mr. A. Reisch, and vocal selections by Mr. S. Thomas, and by the Misses Teresa and Adele Thomas, was much appreciated.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—The feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, on April 25, was a day of joy and festivity for the Franciscan Sisters of St. Antony's Hospital. Nine young ladies were admitted into the ranks of the sisterhood, while six Sisters renewed their holy profession. Rev. H. A. Huckestein, spiritual director of the community, celebrated the solemn High Mass. Rev. Fr. Jasper, O.F.M., of the local Franciscan friary, assisted as deacon and Rev. Conrad Flasch, of Random Lake, Wisconsin, as sub-deacon, while Rev. Fr. Sabinus, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. The German sermon was preached by Fr. Jasper, who had conducted the preparatory retreat of the Sisters. Rev. Otto T. Siesener, chaplain of the Notre Dame convent at Santa Maria in Ripa, delivered the English sermon. A number of priests from the city

and many relatives and friends of the Sisters were present at the solemn and impressive ceremonies.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

—Our Tertiaries are showing great interest in the mission section recently organized in their fraternity. To acquaint them more fully with mission needs and problems, one thousand copies of Father Fischer's *For Christ's Kingdom* were distributed gratis among them with excellent results. Another pamphlet, *Marion's Dream*, a timely and forcible lecture on a very delicate subject, in the form of a short story, found great favor with our Tertiaries, so much so that when the first thousand copies had been distributed, they eagerly asked for more, being convinced that the booklet would effect much good among their Tertiary as well as non-Tertiary friends. Our fraternity is constantly growing; only recently seventy-four new members were received, and fifty-five novices were professed.

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church:

—Again we have the pleasure of reporting that four of our young women Tertiaries are to consecrate themselves to the service of God in the convent. Among them is our popular and respected secretary, Miss Stella Raniszewska. A deep student of history and belles-lettres, she is especially fond of poetry and is herself no mediocre writer of verse. At public gatherings and at the weekly meetings of our Young Ladies' Educational Circle, of which she was secretary, her edifying poetic productions were so much appreciated that no meeting seemed complete without them. She has translated into Polish a number of articles from *Franciscan Herald*, among others *Marion's Dream*, which will soon appear in pamphlet form in its new Polish dress. In spite of her many accomplishments, Miss Raniszewska

is very unassuming. Averse to fashion and worldly pomp, she has nevertheless attracted many a young lady by her admirable simplicity, cheerfulness, self-sacrifice, and meekness. Since her reception into the Third Order, daily Communion, daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament before and after the day's work, and a tender, childlike devotion to the Seraphic Father St. Francis have been the mainspring of all her actions. The news of her intended departure for the cloister, while filling her many friends and sister Tertiaries with sadness, is yet a source of joy to them, because they know that she is but heeding the Master's call and choosing the "better part." May her noble example inspire many other youthful hearts to follow her.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

—At a recent meeting of the officers of both English-speaking fraternities, it was decided to organize a special committee in each fraternity for the purpose of visiting and caring for the sick members, according to the provision of the Rule. Each of these committees will be composed of twelve members, and much good is expected from their activity.

New York City.—On Sunday, May 6, the members of the Third Order conference established in the parish of Our Lady of Pity received Holy Communion in a body. The Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Fr. James, O.F.M., the newly appointed superior of the Italian Commissariat of the Immaculate Conception, assisted by Rev. Fr. Francis, O.F.M., the spiritual director of the fraternity. The new altar at which the holy Mass was said, was recently donated by one of our Tertiaries. The conference numbers at present more than three hundred members, one half of whom are men.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—At the general monthly

meeting held on Sunday, May 6, eighteen postulants received the cord and scapular of the Third Order, while ten novices made their profession. Our next monthly Communion will be offered for peace among the warring nations. The Rev. Director urges all members to be present on this occasion.

Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.

—Ven. Mother M. Lucy Raub, O.S.F., who for the past forty-seven years was a very prominent member of this community, passed away after an illness of two weeks, on April 21. The deceased was born in Joliet, on May 18, 1853, and took the veil at the Academy on July 9, 1870. For two terms, from 1887-1893, she filled the office of Superior General of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate, and escaped a third term only by her absolute refusal to accept. For a number of years, she acted as mistress of novices, and as first superior of the Guardian Angel Home on Buell Avenue. She resigned this office a few years ago, and was happy to devote herself entirely to the care of the orphans. The solemn funeral services were held on Monday, April 23, by Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., assisted by Rev. FF. Eugene and Adolph, O.F.M. Fr. Bernard also preached the funeral sermon, dwelling especially on the works of mercy, to the practice of which the Ven. Sister had consecrated the greater portion of her life. All the orphans, followed their beloved

mother to her final resting place in St. John's cemetery. R. I. P.

New Orleans, La., St. Clare's Monastery.—On April 18, Miss Josephine Hermann, of Holy Trinity parish, this city, was invested in the habit of the Third Order Regular, while Sister M. Benedict took the perpetual vows. The ceremonies were performed by Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., Provincial of the Province of the Sacred Heart. Very Rev. Fr. Edward Blecke, O.F.M., Provincial of the Province of the Holy Name, and Rev. Leander M. Roth, the zealous Tertiary pastor of St. Teresa's parish, this city, assisted at the solemn functions. On the following morning, the canonical visitation was held in the monastery, and Sister M. Francis Moran was installed as abbess. During his stay in New Orleans, Rev. Fr. Solanus, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, Ohio, conducted a retreat for the Sisters of the community.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Franciscan Sisters of Milwaukee are erecting a house of studies in Brookland, D. C. It is destined for such Sisters of their congregation as are selected by the superiors to pursue a higher course of studies at the Catholic University. The new building will be three stories high and will be equipped with every modern improvement. Their congregation numbers eight hundred Sisters, who have done invaluable service to the Church in this country in the cause of Catholic education.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

The annual devotion of the Thirteen Hours Adoration was held in the college chapel on Sunday, April 29, with great solemnity. The

ceremonies of the reposition were especially imposing. Rev. Fr. Guardian Theodosius, several of the Fathers, and all the student clerics of the novitiate convent took part in the procession. Our Rev.

Fr. Rector was absent on this occasion, having gone to St. Louis to hold the visitation of the Third Order fraternity in St. Antony's Church in that city.

As the members of the graduating class do not receive a vacation before entering the novitiate, it is customary to grant them an outing sometime during the month of May. Tuesday, May 15, was the day chosen this year, and the weather on that day was all that could be desired for a trip into the country. Early in the morning, the boys set out on their long drive of some fourteen miles to Trowbridge, Ill., where they spent the day as guests of the McClory family, who are old friends of our college. Several Fathers of the faculty accompanied the students, and all reported having had a most enjoyable day.

The spring outing for all the boys will be held on Pentecost Monday, at Bishop Creek, Ill. This means a "hike" of about seven miles into the country where the day is spent in playing games, roaming through the woods, wading in the cool water of the creek, taking snap shots, munching sweets, and returning home in the dusk of evening in great farm wagons, when the boys sing all the songs they know and "a few they don't know", as one of our wags has expressed it.

On Sunday, May 20, nine of the junior students made their so-called solemn First Communion. In the evening of the same day, the St. Bernardine Literary Circle gave a musical and literary program in the dramatic hall in honor of their patron, whose feast is celebrated on that day. All the numbers on the program were very well chosen, and the hearty and prolonged applause that rewarded each speaker gave ample proof of their proficiency and of the appreciation of the audience. Two selections by the college orchestra added greatly to

evening's entertainment. It was a classical program, and the Circle is to be congratulated on the energetic spirit that pervades all its members and on the thoroughness of its methods, as evidenced by the program rendered. It was as follows:

1. Danube Waves Waltz.....J. Ivanovici
College Orchestra
2. The "Our Father" (Dramatic Reading). Anon.
Ralph Patterson
8. Alone in the Dark (Comic Recitation).....Anon.
Charles Eberle
4. Der Erlkoenig (Poem)..... J. W. Goethe
William Wernsing
5. Der Jaeger Abschied (Song).....F. Mendelssohn
Pleasant Hour Fraternity
6. O Captain, my Captain! (Poem) Walt Whitman
Robert Zwiesler
7. A Republic or a Monarchy? (Oration)
.....Victor Hugo
Frank Thiel
8. The Gladiator's Defence, (from "Dion and the Sibyls").....Keon
Paul Eberle, Francis Kiefer, Henry Pinger
9. National Fencibles March.....J. P. Sousa
College Orchestra

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

The annual Thirteen Hours Devotion in our college chapel was held on Sunday, April 29. At the solemn High Mass in the morning, the choir rendered Piel's "Mass of St. Francis Xavier," under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Rector. A special feature at the closing services in the evening was the full orchestral accompaniment to the *Te Deum*.

On April 15, the graduating A. M. class rendered a patriotic program at the meeting of the Literary and Debating Society. All the speakers had patriotic subjects and acquitted themselves very well. The final number was especially inspiring; for when a large flag was unfurled, the whole student body, accompanied by the orchestra, sang The Star Spangled Banner. Members of the III Collegiate presented a very interesting and varied program on April 30. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Glee Club Orchestra.

Another musical and literary program that elicited the highest praise from the audience, was given at the final meeting of The Germania. A very amusing playlet, written by one of the members and presented by Messrs. Frank, Schmieder, and Poepel, drew the most favorable comments from all present.

Owing to the unusual weather conditions, practically our entire baseball schedule had to be canceled. Our team, however, succeeded in meeting and defeating Carthage College at Carthage, Ill., by a score of 6-4. Sandon and May were the battery for St. Francis. On May 12, the St. Francis Regulars downed the Y. M. C. A. team by the overwhelming score of 16-2, and on May 13, they came out victorious in a splendid game with St. John's Parish team, the score being 2-0. Pitcher Whalen was at his best during this game, fanning out 17 batters and not allowing a single hit. Were he not a candidate for the holy priesthood, he could certainly make a name for himself among the lovers of the national sport.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA
 Recently the four Very Reverend

Provincial Superiors of the Order of Friars Minor in the United States, FF. Rudolph, Samuel, Edward, and Hugolinus, held a meeting at the historical Old Mission of Santa Barbara, to discuss the problems of the Order in this country. On May 2, the students of our Seraphic College gave a reception in their honor in the college dramatic hall. The principal feature of the evening was the beautiful drama "For God and Country", a touching story of apostasy and fidelity from the time of the Mohammedan invasion of Spain in the Middle Ages. The student actors took their rôles very well and the entertainment was much enjoyed by all present. Following is the cast of characters.

Don Vasco de Gomez.....	D. McCarthy
Don Alonzo	J. Butler
Don Lopez.....	F. Schunk
Pedro	J. Bold
Pedrilla	F. Whitty
Fabricio.....	E. Powelson
Mendoza.....	J. Rennolds
Marietto.....	J. Smith
Basilio.....	G. Bucher
Sancho.....	J. Knauff
Virgilio.....	D. Ewins
Tarik.....	N. Dierlinger
Ibrahim.....	E. Poetzl
Juanlno.....	T. Bucher
Abdalah.....	F. Fritz
Salim.....	M. Weisel

Soldiers. Pages. Peasants

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

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St. Louis Fraternity:—Catherine O'Toole, Sr. Mary.

German Fraternity:—Joseph Hansmann, Bro. Antony; Mary Prosser, Sr. Frances; Mary Porte, Sr. Elizabeth.

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Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy:—Ven. Sr. Mary Lucy Raub, o.s.f.

Requiescant in pace



Bartholomew
Matthew
Thomas

Phillip
Andrew
James the Lesser

James the Elder
John

Simon
Matthias
Paul

Peter

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The Messias has come. He begins to do and to teach. Toward the end of his life he founds a society, well organized, consisting of a head and members—the Church. The Apostles whom he has gathered about him and instructed, he appoints his representatives. In his name and by his authority they are to continue his own life work and to labor for the spread of the new kingdom. Fearlessly they set out to conquer the world for their divine Master, to establish his reign in the hearts of men, and by the power of their word and of their example they subdue the wildest tribes and nations.

In them, more perhaps than in any other saints, shone forth the grace and power of the Redeemer. In them and through them he triumphed in a most singular manner. Having imbibed the sacred truths at the very fountainhead of truth, they not only made them completely their own but yearned to impart them to others. Hence, they went forth and “preached everywhere, the Lord working withal and confirming their word with signs that followed.” Nor was their task of converting a heathen world an easy one. When first Christ gave them the commission to preach, he told them of the dangers and difficulties they would encounter. “Behold,” he said, “I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves You shall be hated by all men for my name’s sake.....The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord.” As the master was persecuted and put to death, so were his disciples treated. But neither persecution nor death could deter them from preaching Christ crucified and extending his kingdom to the farthest ends of the earth. Thus did the holy Apostles perpetuate the triumph of Christ.



FAMINE

The war that we have embarked on, though only a paper war thus far, has already taught us many a valuable lesson. Among other things it has opened our eyes to our woful state of unpreparedness to carry on a war of such magnitude. This realization has brought with it quite naturally a decrease in national pride. Though we are still boasting of our unlimited wealth and resources, it is slowly dawning on us that there is

a dearth of available human beings for a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war.

Says one of our national secular weeklies: "Underneath all of the lacks troubling this nation now or expected to trouble us in the future is one primary lack which is responsible for most of the others. There is at this moment in the United States a famine of human beings. We are paying the price of a sin we have long committed. It is a sin, even if considered only in terms of economics and national strength. France is paying the same price. When the Franco-Prussian war was fought in 1870, France had about the same population as the great enemy. When the present war came on France still had about the same population as in 1870, and Germany had increased its population about 60 per cent. France has received no large immigration—otherwise her position and that of the United States in recent years are much the same.....This is just the moment for the beginning of a policy which ought to be frankly recognized and intelligently promoted. It is a good time to drive home the truth that larger families are desirable than are now the rule in the United States. Under the new income-tax bill exemption is brought down to \$1,500 for a single man, \$2,000 for a married man. It should allow, in addition, a \$500 exemption for each child. And that discrimination in favor of men and women who raise children should ultimately be pushed much further and should be expressed in ways more appealing and effective than the mere remission of taxes."

If conditions in this country are really so bad as depicted in these lines, then there can be no doubt that we are a decadent nation and the sooner we acknowledge our decadence the better for the nation. If we have reached the point when it is necessary for a state to discriminate in favor of men and women with children, then we are in exactly the same predicament as Rome under Caesar Augustus, and the Rome of Augustus was rotten to the core. Moreover the efficacy of such economic remedies as are proposed in the above words may be well doubted, since they have been tried ere this and found wanting. As all other vital questions of the day, so the present can not be "considered only in terms of economics", because the sin referred to is not merely an economic but a moral evil, and a moral evil requires a moral remedy. Until persons in responsible positions, such as the pulpit, the platform, the editorial sanctum, the legislative hall, and above all the home unite their voices in assailing voluntary parenthood (euphemism for birth control) as a grave moral perversion, as a truly "detestable thing" when viewed from the ethical standpoint, we shall look in vain to the state to retard the process of national decadence by tax exemptions or other economic discriminations "in favor of men and women who raise children." The Holy Father has recently recommended prayers for larger and better families. Surely, if society is to be saved from itself, this is a primary need.



DEMENTIA AMERICANA

"Would any one," asks a writer in *The Independent*, "take serious exception to the following as a truthful list of the great 'interests' which make up our American life? 1, The ticker; 2, female apparel; 3, baseball bulletin; 4, the 'movies'; 5, bridge whist; 6, turkey trotting; 6, yellow

journal headlines and funny pages; 8, the prize fight. How many of our readers after due reflection would dispute the proposition that 100,000 Americans are genuinely interested in the foregoing matters, and day by day excited over them, to every 10,000 that are interested in religion beyond a perfunctory church attendance, to every 5,000 that are interested in politics beyond a little partisan campaign excitement, to every 1,000 that are interested in reasonably good music, to every solitary individual who is interested in literature and science?"

We will not vouch for the arithmetical accuracy of this estimate of our esteemed compatriots and fellow sovereigns, but neither do we doubt that most of them will readily concede that they have not been greatly misrepresented. While it is undeniable that more than half of the "interests" enumerated have their basis in the legitimate satisfaction of normal human wants, it is just as true that every one of them can become an obsession, and in America every one of them is an obsession. They are only so many manifestations of what is commonly called *dementia Americana*. Men and women and children, too, in multitudes are "gone" on them, and this slang word, so accurately descriptive, is the multitude's own indictment of itself. Culture is scorned, knowledge is scoffed at, obligation is forgotten, work is neglected in the feverish following of the quotation or the score, in the abject slavery to mode, in the shameful surrender to sensual pleasure.

And why are there so many "slaves in a land of light and law"? Is this wretched folly and madness the best exhibition we can make of ourselves? Is the American mind inherently inane and hopelessly inadequate to grasp the higher things in life? Is it by heredity given to empty drivel and futile piffle? We are not ready to think so. Rather, we believe, the American mind is suggestible, excitable, and credulous. Upon this suggestibility and gullibility well organized, cold-blooded, unscrupulous enterprise plays—for profit, and the multitude responds and accepts excitement in full payment for wisdom, health, knowledge, sanity, happiness.

Perhaps, in this regard also the war will prove a corrective. It has already had a castigating and sobering effect on the nations of Europe, and if the letting of blood is necessary to cure us of our national malady then let us not repine but submit cheerfully to the painful operation.



NURSES AND NURSES

"Compared on paper, one nurse was as good as the other. But actually, in their effect on the patient, they were worlds apart. For A did her work as if it were a joy; X went through it as though it were mere duty. A took her patient's pulse as if that were a great lark; X as if she were reading a seismograph. A made you feel that you weren't doing your part unless you hurried up and got well; X gave the impression that so long as she was faithful it didn't matter when (or if) you recovered. X was every bit as hard-working and conscientious as A. But X was only a girl who was following the trade of a nurse; whereas A was primarily engaged in using her skill as nurse to do something for somebody else. A had something more than a graduate's diploma; she had discovered one of the greatest secrets of life."

With apologies to the editor of *Collier's* we should like to complete the parallelism by adding that A was guided by religious principles, X acted from mercenary motives. A saw in her patients the suffering members of Christ's mystic body; X regarded them merely as deranged human mechanisms. A followed nursing as a vocation; X pursued it as an avocation. A has consecrated her entire life to the service of the sick; X drives her trade only till she finds something better—usually in the shape of a husband. A symbolizes the religious nurse, the Sister of Charity; X—well, X designates an unknown quantity of persons or "things." The religious nurse has indeed "discovered one of the biggest secrets of life", namely that love of God and love of one's neighbor are really identical, and that to serve one's neighbor whole-heartedly one must consecrate oneself unreservedly to God. In this connection we are glad to note that, contrary to reports circulating in the Catholic press of the country, the Catholic Sisters will not be excluded from service at the front in consequence of a ruling of the Red Cross Society requiring the Sisters to discard their religious garb for civilian dress. That these reports are absolutely without foundation, is apparent from the following telegram addressed to Mr. Festus J. Wade of St. Louis, Member of the American Red Cross Finance Committee, by the Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, Mr. Henry P. Davison:

As I have previously stated to you and to many others, stories that the Red Cross has issued an order requiring the Sisters of Charity to discard their robes and other rumors of like character alleging religious discrimination are absolutely without foundation. Please give my telegram denying these unjust and malicious reports the widest circulation. Officials of the Red Cross have been in conference with superiors and representatives of the Catholic Sisterhoods and have agreed on a basis of cordial work and cooperation. We welcome and shall highly prize their services.

We are glad to give this message publicity both because it will help to set at rest the unfounded reports regarding unjust discrimination on the part of Red Cross Officials and because it gives evidence of the esteem in which the Sisters of Mercy are held by representative American men.



THE FORCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE

The beneficent force of good example is a commonplace of philosophers and essayists. "Even the weakest natures," says Smiles, "exercise some influence upon those about them. The approximation of feeling, thought, and habits is constant, and the action is unceasing." The history of conversions to the Church teems with instances in which the daily example of some Catholics, uniformly faithful to accomplishment of religious duty, has been, under Providence, the effective external means of leading sincere non-Catholics within the Fold. A Western exchange adds another instance to the myriads already chronicled. The Catholic husband of a non-Catholic wife never neglected to say his morning and evening prayers. Twenty years after his marriage, his consort was received into the Church. Relating her experience, she said: "One thing that helped me to believe was the example of my husband. I thought that a religion which could get a big six-footer to go down on his knees twice a day must have much more to it than I at first believed possible."—*The Ave Maria*.

ST. ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL

OF THE THIRD ORDER

JULY 8.

THIS saint was the daughter of Peter III of Aragon, and of Constance, grandchild of the Emperor Frederick II. She was born in 1271, and at her Baptism,

she received the name of Elizabeth in memory of her aunt, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who had been canonized by Gregory IX, in 1235. The birth of our Saint brought about the reconciliation between her father and her grandfather, the reigning king of Aragon, and thus put an end to the dissensions which had brought great suffering on the people. The grandfather took on himself the care of her education, and he applied himself to this charge with

such earnestness and zeal that, at his death, Elizabeth, though only six years old, was filled with a love for piety and virtue far above her age.

Her father Peter continued the work thus begun; he was careful to

surround his daughter with persons whose example and counsel were such as to encourage and strengthen her in the practice of virtue. The young princess corresponded

most generously to the promptings of grace and gave an example of extraordinary piety. She found her greatest delight in religious exercises. At the age of eight years, she began to fast on vigils and to perform other acts of mortification. She daily recited the divine office with great fervor and shunned frivolous amusements. Already at this tender age, she was known for her extraordinary love and compassion for the poor and afflicted, a love which accompanied her



St. Elizabeth of Portugal

through life and caused her to be styled "the Mother of the Poor."

When Elizabeth had attained her twelfth year, she was given in marriage to Denis, King of Portugal. This prince exceedingly admired

the piety of his saintly Queen and left her full liberty to follow her inclination for pious exercises. Elizabeth was not captivated by the honors, pleasures, and comforts of her high state, but choosing as her model the illustrious princess of Thuringia, whose name she bore, she labored to sanctify herself in the midst of the splendor and the distractions of the court. She planned for herself a regular distribution of her time, and never omitted her religious exercises, unless extraordinary occasions of duty or charity obliged her to do so. She rose very early every morning and began the day with prayer and meditation. Then she recited the greater part of the divine office and heard Mass, after which she finished the little hours of the breviary, adding the Office of the Blessed Virgin and the Office of the Dead. During the afternoon, she retired to her oratory for Vespers and spiritual reading. Her devotions and domestic duties fulfilled, she worked with her ladies of honor at making clothes for the poor, or vestments and ornaments for the churches. Besides the fasts prescribed by the Church, she fasted during Advent and on three days of every week; on all Fridays and Saturdays, and on the vigils of all festivals of the Blessed Virgin and of the Apostles, she partook only of bread and water.

The severity which Elizabeth used toward herself was equalled only by her charity toward her neighbor. She gave orders to provide all pilgrims and poor strangers with lodg-

ing and food. She sought out the poor and secretly sent aid to those of good condition who were constrained through shame from making known their want. The pious queen visited the sick and rendered them the most lowly services. She founded hospitals for the sick, homes of refuge for fallen women, and asylums for foundlings. In short, the servant of God was so inflamed with charity that she was utterly regardless of her own convenience, so full of concern for the poor and afflicted that she seemed to belong almost wholly to them.

One winter's day, as the pious Queen, carrying a considerable sum of money, was on her way to relieve the misery of the poor, the King saw her and asked what she carried so carefully. "Roses," she replied, "see," and opening her mantle she disclosed clusters of fresh sweet roses to the astonished prince. A similar miracle had been wrought on a like occasion by her sainted aunt of Thuringia.

While succoring the needy, Elizabeth did not neglect any of her duties toward her husband, to whom she paid the most dutiful respect, love, and obedience, even when he, by his licentious life, became a cause of bitter grief to her and of scandal to his subjects. The Saint used all her endeavors to recall him to his duty; she redoubled her prayers, penances, and charities, and at length succeeded, by her kindness and patience, in softening the heart of the King and induced him to give up his sinful life.

Being herself of the most sweet

and peaceable disposition, she was always active in composing differences between neighbors. The influence of her holy life and her earnest pleading succeeded on several occasions in averting war, that evil which brings so many sufferings in its train. Thus she reconciled her husband and her rebellious son Alfonso, when their armies had already met and were about to begin battle. She also brought about peace between her brother James II, of Aragon, and the King of Castile. On another occasion, when the King of Castile had a dispute with her son Alfonso and was on the point of attacking him, the generous and zealous queen was again successful in preventing bloodshed and in restoring peace to her family.

Thus Elizabeth, by her prayers, good works, and heroic virtues wrought untold good for the temporal and spiritual welfare of her fellowmen. But like all servants of God, she was tried in the crucible of suffering, that thereby she might give the greatest proof of her love of God and be freed from all imperfections which hinder complete union with Him. To the sorrow caused, for a time, by the wicked life of her husband, and by quarrels and disturbances in the kingdom, was added calumny, which brought upon her the displeasure of her husband and even banishment from court. But for our Saint, exile was an occasion of retreat and prayer. She humbly submitted to the will of God and continued in her solitude the life of recollection

and mortification, until God permitted her innocence to become known and she was restored to her exalted position.

After the death of her husband, in 1325, Elizabeth entered the Third Order of St. Francis and retired to a convent of Poor Clares, at Coimbra, which she had founded before the King's death. She wished to embrace the Rule of St. Clare, but her advisers persuaded her that she could more effectively promote the glory of God by continuing to practice in the world her many works of zeal and charity. Content, therefore, with being a Tertiary, the Saint multiplied her alms and assisted the poor and afflicted in every possible way. God rewarded her fervent charity with numerous miracles.

An act of charity hastened the end of her life. When war had broken out between her son Alfonso and the King of Castile, Elizabeth, against the advice of her attendants, resolved to undertake a painful and dangerous journey to intervene and restore peace. Her endeavors were successful, but the heat and the fatigue of the journey brought on a violent fever, which soon proved fatal. After receiving the last Sacraments with deep humility and angelic fervor, Elizabeth gave up her soul to God on July 4, 1336. She was buried with royal pomp in the church of the Poor Clares at Coimbra. Many miracles wrought at her tomb attested her sanctity and power with God. She was canonized by Pope Urban VIII, in 1625.

THE RAGING OF THE STORM

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE unjust measures of King Henry VIII against FF. Peyto and Elstow served but to confirm the Franciscan Observants in their open opposition to his divorce from Queen Catherine and to raise them in the love and estimation of the people. Both at home and abroad, they were causing him and Cromwell much anxiety and trouble. Fr. Curson, who at this time was vicar of the Greenwich friary, exhorted Fr. Robinson of Richmond to hold a sermon at St. Paul's in defence of their lawful Queen. He furthermore publicly praised the heroism of Fr. Elstow and supplied his needs during his imprisonment at Bedford.⁽¹⁾ Again, we hear of a certain Fr. Lawrence informing Cromwell that two Observants, FF. Hugh Payn and Cornelius, had visited Queen Catherine at Bugden and that they were providing Fr. Peyto with books. They were subsequently arrested. Though no evidence could be brought to prove the charges against them, they nevertheless declared themselves adherents of the Queen, wherefore Cromwell asked leave to have them racked.⁽²⁾ One of the entries Cromwell made in his *Remembrances* about this time is very significant. "To know," he writes, "whether Vaughan shall go forward or return. Touching Fr. Risby's examination of the letter sent by Peyto to Payne the friar.

To remember to send for Friar Rich to Richmond, of the letters lately come from Rome to the minister of the Friars Observants, and of the communication between Beeke and a friar, and to know the effect of those letters, which letters were directed from Elstow. To know what way the King will take with all the said malefactors." The above-mentioned Stephen Vaughan was a spy who had been sent abroad to gather information. On August 3, 1533, he wrote to Cromwell that Fr. Peyto, who was staying in the Franciscan friary at Antwerp, had just published a book against the King's divorce, that he was visited every week by a friar from England, and that his friends in England were giving him pecuniary assistance. Later, on October 21, he again wrote, saying that "Peyto like his brethren is a hypocrite, a tiger clad in sheepskin, a perilous knave, and evil reporter of the King, and ought to be shamefully punished. Would to God," he adds, "I could get him by any policy. I will work what I can. Whatever Peyto does, I will find means for the King to know. I have laid a bait for him. He can not wear the cloaks and cowls sent over to him from England, they are so many."⁽³⁾

Equally fearless and outspoken were the Franciscan Observants, when early in the spring of 1534, the question of royal supremacy had

1. Hope: *The First Divorce of Henry VIII*, (London, 1894), p. 278.—2. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892), p. 19.—3. Stone, l. o., p. 33 sqq.

come to a crisis. We have seen how two of these valiant champions of truth and justice, FF. Rich and Risby, suffered cruel martyrdom for their steadfast allegiance to the Holy See.⁽¹⁾ "Of the whole body of the clergy," says Gasquet, "none withstood the policy of Henry with greater fearlessness and pertinacity of purpose than the Franciscan Observants."⁽²⁾ On the very eve of the final rupture with Rome, Passion Sunday, March 22, 1534, Fr. Pecock, guardian of the Observant friary at Southampton, held a sermon in St. Swithin's Church at Winchester. Though fully realizing what terrible consequences his words would entail for himself and for his brethren, the bold friar openly defended the rights of the Pope. He warned the people against certain books that had of late been published to further the unjust cause of the King. Then he took up a copy of the Sacred Scriptures and proved to his hearers that according to the teaching and institution of Christ, the Pope alone as successor of St. Peter in the see of Rome had supreme jurisdiction in the Church. He deeply lamented the fact that so many of the clerical and learned body were supporting the King in his opposition to the Vicar of Christ and thus by word and example were leading the people into error. One of Cromwell's spies was present in the church and, on April 7, reported the matter to his master. Accordingly, the mayor of Southampton received instruc-

tions to the arrest Fr. Pecock. The valiant preacher was later brought before Cromwell and thereupon lodged with a certain Harry Huttoft as a prisoner of the King.⁽³⁾

That Henry VIII was determined to establish his usurped supremacy at any cost, became clear when on April 20, 1534, the Holy Maid of Kent and her adherents were barbarously executed at Tyburn. By this time, he was fully convinced that in his rebellion against the Pope, the Franciscan Observants would prove his most fearless and formidable opponents and would use their influence with the people in framing public opinion against royal supremacy. Hence, when relations with Rome were severed and Henry was declared head of the Church in England, his first acts of tyranny were naturally directed against the Observants and their friaries. So far, he had dealt only with individual members of their Order, apparently in the hope that sooner or later the others would submit. Now when he saw, however, that neither the banishment of FF. Peyto and Elstow, nor the recent execution of FF. Rich and Risby had in any way intimidated their fellow friars, his rage knew no bounds, and urged on by Cromwell and his clique, he decided on a campaign of general persecution against his one-time friends and favorites.

Henry's first act as head of the Church in England was to vest his zealous minister Cromwell with un-

1. See *Franciscan Herald*, June 1917.—2. Gasquet: *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, (London, 1906), p. 46.—3. Stone, l. c., p. 31 sqq. See also Gasquet, l. c., p. 50.

limited powers in matters spiritual. The crafty and unscrupulous politician was appointed vicegerent and vicar-general of the King and presided over the meetings of the clergy. Wholly subservient to his royal master, he left nothing undone to further "the godly reformation and redress of errors, heresies and abuses in the said church."⁽¹⁾ To this end, John Hilsey, a Dominican friar, and Dr. George Browne, a prior of the Augustinian hermits, were made superiors general and "grand visitors" of all the friaries belonging to the mendicant Orders.⁽²⁾ "Their instructions were precise and intended to gauge the feeling of the friars very thoroughly. The members of every convent or friary in England were to be assembled in their chapter-houses and examined separately concerning their faith and obedience to Henry. The oath of allegiance to Anne Boleyn was to be administered to them, and they were bound to swear solemnly that they would preach and persuade the people, to accept the royal supremacy, to confess that the Bishop of Rome had no more power than any other bishop and to call him Pope no longer. Further, the sermons of each preacher were to be carefully examined, and if not orthodox they were to be burned. Every friar was to be strictly enjoined to commend the king as head of the Church, the queen, the archbishop of Canterbury and the clergy

to the prayers of the faithful. Lastly, each house was 'to be obliged to show its gold, silver, and other movable goods, and deliver an inventory of them,' and to take a common oath, sealed with the convent seal, to observe the above orders."⁽³⁾

This general visitation of all the English friaries began in the spring of 1534. The Franciscan Observants had, indeed, little mercy to expect from these visitors, and less from the enraged King and his minister. Their two convents at Greenwich and Richmond had already shown themselves most unrelenting in their opposition to the King's lawless policy. Hence they became the first objects of his wrath and vengeance. Roland Lee and Thomas Bedyll were commissioned to visit them and to propose the prescribed articles. Shortly after the execution of the two guardians, FF. Rich and Risby, Cromwell received word from the visitors that together with the Carthusians of Sheen who had now taken the required oaths, they were employing every means to win over the neighboring Observants of Richmond; that so far, however, they had met with little success, although several conferences had been held with the friars. Finally, on June 13, Dr. George Browne informed Lee and Bedyll to bring the matter regarding the friaries of Richmond and Greenwich to a speedy issue.

1. Lingard: *History of England*, (New York, 1879), Vol. V, p. 25.—2. Both these traitors subsequently received from the King their "thirty pieces of silver" in the shape of bishoprics. John Hilsey, after the martyrdom of Bl. John Fisher, was raised to the see of Rochester; while Dr. George Browne, who according to Chapuys had performed the marriage ceremony of Henry VIII and Anna Boleyn, became Archbishop of Dublin.

—3. Gasquet, l. c., p. 51 sqq.

How shrewdly the royal visitors proceeded and how resolutely the friars defended the rights of the Holy See, has been handed down to posterity in a letter which Cromwell received from Bedyll after the visitation.

On Sunday night, June 14, between ten and eleven o'clock, Lee and Bedyll arrived at the friary of Richmond. On the following morning, they began legal proceedings with the guardian and one of the senior friars, Sebastian by name. Thereupon, they assembled the entire community. But when the articles were proposed, the friars steadfastly refused to accept them, especially the one regarding the spiritual supremacy of the King. At last, the cunning visitors resorted to a trick. They proposed that the four discreets or councilors of the friary be empowered by the rest to decide and act in the name of all and to come the next morning to the Greenwich friary with the official convent seal. To this the unsuspecting brethren agreed. Elated over their success and certain that similar good fortune would be theirs at Greenwich, the visitors departed.

On the following day, the visitation was held in the Greenwich friary. Here, too, the members of the community were one in their allegiance to the Pope. Accordingly, the visitors advised the friars to leave the matter to the good judgment of their four discreets, as their brethren at Richmond had done. As they later informed Cromwell, they did this "to avoid superfluous words and idle reasoning, and especially

to provide that if the discreets should refuse to consent, it were better after our minds to strain a few than a multitude." But this time the cunning visitors were foiled. The friars saw the trap set for them and with one voice they refused to submit the affair to the four discreets. The proposed articles, they rightly declared, concerned each of them personally and they would take the salvation of their souls into their own hands. Accordingly, each friar appeared before the royal commissioners, who employed every means short of torture to make them take the required oaths. But it soon became evident that they were dealing with men who knew their duty and who were determined to fulfill it at all hazards. Neither threats nor promises could shake their constancy, especially with regard to the usurped spiritual supremacy of the King. The royal visitors were forced to admit that they "found them in one mind of contradiction and dissent from the said articles, but specially against this article: That the Bishop of Rome must be considered to possess no greater authority or jurisdiction than any other individual bishop in England or elsewhere in their respective diocese." The valiant friars argued that not only the teaching of Christ but also the Franciscan Rule which they had vowed to observe, bound them to loyalty to the Holy See. The wily visitors on their part averred that this commandment of their Rule did not bind the English

Franciscans, because there were no members of the Order in England when St. Francis wrote the Rule; that, furthermore, the clause containing this commandment had been inserted in the Rule by ambitious friars, who hoped thereby to gain the favor of the Pope; and that finally by the law of God, which stood above every religious Rule, they owed obedience and allegiance to their King. Then, to back up their sophisms, they added that both Archbishops of the kingdom, as also the Bishops of London, Winchester Durham, and Bath, with many learned prelates and famous clerics had already subscribed to the articles. But the fearless friars remained firm; what others in the realm had done in this all important question was of no concern to them. In short, all the subtle reasoning of Lee and Bedyll "could not sink into their obstinate heads, and worn in custom of obedience to the Pope." Finally, they departed, greatly vexed at the "obstinacy" of these men of God. "Sorry we be," they wrote to Cromwell, "we can not bring them to no better frame of mind and order in this behalf, as our faithful mind was to do, for the accomplishment of the King's pleasure."⁽¹⁾

History does not record what suc-

cess the King's ministers had with the other four friaries of the Franciscan Observance. Still, from the subsequent proceedings against them, we have reason to assume that these communities, too, steadfastly refused to subscribe to the articles. Apparently, the one or the other of the friars at a later date, declared himself willing to take the oath of allegiance. This we learn from a letter of Bishop Tunstall to Cromwell, in which he commends to the King's mercy two Franciscan Observants, who had previously been expelled from Newcastle for adhering to the Pope and banished to Scotland, whence after suffering great hardships they had returned. These two friars were Thomas Danyell, professed at Canterbury, and Henry Bukkery, a lay Brother not yet professed. "It was a sorry triumph," says Stone, "for the King and Cromwell that of the whole Order, but two starved and hunted individuals could be brought, by all the machinery of persecution at their command, to falter an unwilling denial of the Pope's authority."⁽²⁾ "As a body," to conclude with Gasquet, "the friars remained staunch and fearless in their opposition to the unlawful will of the King and his minister."⁽³⁾

1. The interesting letter of the visitors to Cromwell is quoted by Stone (l. c., p. 35 sqq) as found in the Cottonian MSS.—2. Stone, l. c. p. 43 sqq.—3. Gasquet, l. c., p. 53.

(To be continued)

THE THIRD ORDER AND FREEMASONRY

From the French by Mary Craven McLorg, Tertiary

“THE soul of the anticlerical war of which we are witnesses to-day—the facts speak so plainly that it is not necessary for us to stop to prove them—are the secret societies.” This statement was made by one of the speakers at the Tertiary Congress at Roubaix, on November 3, 1907. Now, we ask what organization could be found that would be more radically opposed, more directly hostile, and more formidable to these secret societies, especially to Freemasonry, than the Third Order of St. Francis? Let us compare the two.

Freemasonry embraces all classes; it casts forth its net to ensnare the young and old, the woman and child, the soldier and statesman, the workman and his employer. In like manner, the Third Order receives into its ranks the man of letters and the magistrate, the rich proprietor and the humble artisan, the young girl and the married woman, the father of the family and the youth.

Freemasonry has its ridiculous and criminal tests, its horrible oaths of hatred against God, and hostility toward the Church. The Third Order has its wise term of probation, the novitiate, during which the Tertiary is trained in the practice of Franciscan virtues; it has its ceremony of holy profession with its solemn promises of fidelity to the law of Christ and to the Third Order Rule.

Freemasonry has its symbolic emblems, its strange rites, its passwords. The Third Order has its distinctive habit, its office. Freemasonry has its membership fees, its so-called benevolent aims, its treacherous, and violent measures to bar the priest from the bedside of its dying members; it has its funeral orgies, its civil interments. The Third Order has its common fund, its alms for the relief of the poorer brethren, its charitable visits to the sick, its consoling services for the departed.

Freemasonry has sworn a war to the death against the Vicar of Christ on earth; it strives to de-Christianize the woman and child; it propagates, especially by means of the press, the corruption of its independent morality and free love. The Tertiary, on the other hand, professes an absolute and unreserved submission to the Roman Pontiff; his morals must be pure, his life untainted by irregularities against the moral law; he must banish from his family, together with bad newspapers, books, and pictures, all impiety and scandal.

In his lodges, the Freemason plans the ruin of immortal souls and the destruction of the social order, he has his own hierarchy, his areopagus, his secret councils; he has his sacrilegious ceremonies, his diabolical sacraments, his agapes where he imbibes with hatred the thirst for vengeance and assassina-

tion. The Tertiary has his superiors and his ministers; his assemblies and monthly meetings, where he invigorates himself by prayer and evangelical brotherhood; he has the divine Sacraments and frequent Communion to support his courage and to enliven his faith.

In a word, Freemasonry is the secret bond that unites all the groups of anti-Catholic associations; the lever that puts into action all impious and revolutionary movements throughout the world. In certain countries, especially in France, Freemasonry has become a State within a State.

Unhappily, in the face of this formidable organization, Catholic Christians, divided in their opinions and sympathies, exhaust their energies in miserable disputes. Instead of presenting a solid front to the battalions of evil, which grow more audacious each day, the efforts of Catholic associations, without unity of action and tactics, waste themselves in divergent efforts, and thus remain unfruitful. Thus we perish for lack of concord and for want of federation.

The Third Order and the Third Order alone can and ought to bring about this much desired federation of the great army of truth and justice by serving as a binding link between the various groups of which it is composed, animating them all with the self-same spirit, and forming of them an invincible union. This would be possible, if the best use were made of its energies; its field for the works of charity, piety, and combat, that it has

in common with other associations, would win over their zeal and strength; and thus the Third Order would be in the midst of these different organizations, the organ which while leaving to each its autonomy, would establish friendly communication between them, facilitating mutual recognition, and preventing deplorable rivalries.

That at the present day this is possible for Tertiaries, Freemasonry itself well understands. Witness the denunciations filled with rage with which in the name of the lodges M. Lafferve some time since made the French parliament reecho. The Third Order, whatever our adversaries may say, has neither plots to hide nor mysteries to conceal nor plans to keep under lock and key, as have the Freemasons, It is in the broad light of day that it pursues the triumphant conflict of morality and faith and true Christian liberty.

From all this it is evident that Monsignor de Ségur was right when he said, "To sum up, the Third Order is to the Church what Freemasonry is to the Revolution." And he continues, "The sectarian Revolution propagates to the utmost her dark and impious 'third order'. May our holy Mother Church have the joy of seeing her pure and beautiful 'freemasonry' expand on all sides and everywhere revive zeal and charity. The Third Order is of all associations best fitted to defend present-day society effectually against the enemies of Christianity."

If this statement and authority

are not sufficient to prove our point, we can cite a still higher and more august authority, the Vicar of Christ himself. Pope Leo XIII says in his encyclical, *Humanum genus*, "We are anxious to insist on the recommendation We have already made in favor of the Third Order of St. Francis. The greatest zeal should be employed to propagate and to strengthen it; for by means of it the contagion of the secret societies, these detestable sects can be overcome. May this

holy association then daily make further progress. Among the many advantages which may be expected from it, there is one, indeed, which surpasses all the others—it is a true school of liberty, equality, and brotherhood—not in the absurd sense in which Freemasons understand these things, but such as Jesus Christ has been pleased to bestow on the human race, and as St. Francis put into practice."—*Revue du Tiers-Ordre*.

The Two Worlds

Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine
 In glory and in grace;
 This gaudy world grows pale before
 The beauty of Thy face.

 Till Thou art seen, it seems to be
 A sort of fairy ground,
 Where suns unsetting light the sky,
 And flowers and fruits abound.

 But when Thy keener, purer beam
 Is pour'd upon our sight,
 It loses all its power to charm,
 And what was day is night.

 Its noblest toils are then the scourge
 Which made Thy blood to flow;
 Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
 Which circled round Thy brow.

 And thus, when we renounce for Thee
 Its restless aims and fears,
 The tender memories of the past,
 The hopes of coming years,

 Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
 Are lighted from above;
 We offer what we can not keep,
 What we have ceased to love.

—Cardinal Newman.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

"This is my Body which shall be delivered"

THE BODY DELIVERED

THIS is my Body which shall be delivered for you." Thus spoke the Eternal Truth. The precious Body of our beloved Lord was delivered into the hands of his enemies on the night of his betrayal. It was delivered to the insults and outrages and intolerable pains which he suffered during his passion for the sins of men. His sacred head, the head of the King of kings, with its right to an eternal crown of glory, is delivered to the crown of thorns. His hands, his loving hands, which had healed and blessed and fed the multitudes, which had restored to life the dead, and rested tenderly on the heads of little children, are delivered to the piercing nails. His feet also, his feet, a fitting object of adoring kisses and penitential tears, are likewise delivered to the nails and fastened to the cross on Calvary.

And his Heart—his sacred Heart, beating with charity which surpasseth knowledge, yearning for the salvation of sinners, for my salvation, is relentlessly delivered to the sorrow unto death, and at length to death's stillness itself and to the soldier's spear. And the whole form, surpassingly lovely, of Him who was "beautiful above the sons of men", is given to the passion and the cross, to death and the tomb!

"This is my Body which shall be delivered for you"—the Body of the Son of God, the Body which angels had worshipped and Wise Men had glorified, the temple of the true God, the blessed Host of the Eucharist, to be the consolation of so many in Communion. For us was that precious Body of our Lord thus humiliated, for us miserable sinners, and for us only! "He was wounded for our iniquities; he was bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises are we healed. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

O divine Lord, it is not merely thy wretched betrayer, thy captors and judges and executioners, who delivered to such grievous affliction this temple of Love and of Divinity. It is not merely our sins, though these are most truly the executioners and torturers of this innocent Victim, but above all it is the consuming fire of thy love eager to make reparation to Divine Justice and touched with compassion for the miseries into which we have fallen by our sins.

As the temple of Solomon was given to the flames of the Chaldeans and consumed therein, so was the temple of my Lord's Body given over in his passion to the flames of his transcendent charity. "He loved me and delivered himself for me." O Divine Lord, as fire enflames that which it touches, shall not my heart, meeting thine in Communion, be set on fire with the flames of its charity?

The Wounded Rose

The summer rose the sun has flushed
With crimson glory, may be sweet;
'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
Beneath the winds' and tempests' feet.

The rose that waves upon its tree,
In life sheds perfume all around;
More sweet the perfume floats to me
Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose with every breath
Scents carelessly the summer air;
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
And yet a truth we all may read—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of a heart all full of grace,
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the cross became its vase.

—Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

THE THIRD ORDER AND HOME LIFE

By a Tertiary

ALL true holiness begins in the home. This fact is the answer to those who declare that holiness is not to be found in the world. Unless it be infused into the young soul and carefully tended, it will not be acquired in any lasting degree in later years.

The Catholic home, if it be worthy of the name, should be permeated with the atmosphere of prayer, piety, and charity, which is another name of love. Surely, then, the home of the Tertiary, who by his vocation is called to perfection, should possess these virtues in the highest degree. And good example in the home is the greatest advertisement for the Third Order.

It frequently happens that only one member of a Catholic family is called to embrace the Rule of Penance, and from the writer's experience it sometimes happens that his or her action is viewed in the wrong light. It is surprising to know that so many Catholics are absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the Third Order. If they have heard of it at all, they probably look upon it as an extraordinary body of Catholics, who for some reason or other must deny themselves perfectly legitimate pleasures, and adopt a life of privation and unnecessary detachment.

Herein lies the Tertiary's opportunity. Let him be true to his holy Rule, and by his life shed around him the true Franciscan atmosphere, and he will draw those

about him to the knowledge and appreciation of the Franciscan ideals.

What does this Rule teach him with regard to life in the home? "In their home life let them (the Tertiaries) study to lead others by their example, to promote pious practices and all that is good. Let them not allow any books or papers, from which any injury to virtue can be feared, to be brought in to their house or read by those who are under their care. Let them sedulously exercise kindness and charity among themselves, and towards their neighbors. Let them take care whenever they can do so to settle quarrels."

The first virtue to be considered is *example*. If the Tertiary will keep in mind the fact that he is striving to lead the life of a religious in the world, he will ask himself: "What is the example shown by a good religious?" To begin with, promptness and perseverance in rising early in order to devote the first moments of the day to God. If his daily task will not permit him to assist at Mass and to receive Holy Communion, he can at least sacrifice, say, a quarter of an hour sleep, to offer himself and his day's work to God, and to make also a spiritual communion. And it is a good plan for those whose occupations tend much to distraction, to say the Little Hours of the Office before leaving home, thereby making sure of them.

In the evening, let the Tertiary strive to assemble the members of his family for the recitation of the Rosary and other family prayers. In this regard the question may arise as to which Rosary should be recited. The advice once given to the writer by a Franciscan Father was to say the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin on the first three days of the week, and on the remaining ones to recite the "Franciscan Crown".

It is well to say Matins and Lauds in the evening, thereby removing any apprehension of many prayers to hurry through on the morrow.

A day thus begun and ended with prayer is the best example a Tertiary can give. And in his intercourse with others, if he be quiet and charitable in his speech, modest in his appearance, and ready to help in any way not contrary to his rule of life, he may be sure he will be preaching a silent sermon on his Order which will sooner or later draw those of his family to seek entrance therein.

Another important observance, too often lightly carried out or omitted altogether, is the saying of grace before and after meals. If the head of the family be exact and fervent in this regard, he will succeed in implanting in the minds of others the feeling of the need of asking God's blessing, and of gratitude for his gifts. Moreover, the Tertiary should impress upon his children the importance of saying their grace devoutly whenever they may happen to be away from home.

Then there is the truly Franciscan devotion of the Angelus. In how many Catholic homes is this observed? and yet it is so simple, and at the same time so full of meaning. Let the children of St. Francis be ever mindful of this beautiful prayer, and bring others to its observance.

But even more important is the need of mental prayer. By this is not meant a set scientific method of preludes and points to be observed in due order, the very mention of which frightens many inquirers into this form of prayer; but a constant recollection of the presence of God, together with a short meditation on some point in our Divine Lord's life and passion, evoking short acts of adoration, love, contrition, gratitude, and petition, practised daily, will be found both easy and delightful. A very simple and useful booklet on this subject is *An Easy Method of Mental Prayer*, by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., published by the Catholic Truth Society at one penny. These practices bring the life of the cloister into the home, and bind the members of the family together in a bond of holy love and charity.

Then with regard to a wise selection of literature, upon which so much depends, what a wealth of Catholic literature there is, quite a revelation to one entering the Fold. True, the prices of many Catholic works are prohibitive, but very much that is good may be had for a moderate sum. Again, there is a perfect mine of Franciscan read-

ing, to be easily obtained at most reasonable prices, and children of the Seraph of Assisi should look upon it as their duty to adorn their homes with these works, and to devote some portion of their leisure to reading them to their children. They should be brought up to know and esteem the life of our holy Father, for thereby they will become impregnated with the germs of a future Franciscan life.

It is a good plan to leave good Catholic literature about the home, not too prominently, but tactfully, for frequently visitors may casually glance over it, and perhaps God's grace will do the rest.

The regular purchase of a Catholic weekly paper should be a resolution made and kept, and of course *The Annals** should be taken and cherished. It is a good plan to keep them carefully and get them bound annually, for in that way a good Franciscan library can be built up. Daily papers should be bought with discretion, and *not* left about, for they contain much which is not edifying to those of mature years, let alone children. The daily reading of the Holy Gospels should be encouraged, and the Catholic Truth Society's many penny lives of Franciscan saints patronized. Homes sanctified by these

pious practices will shed their luster far and near, gladdening the heart of our blessed Father, and by his prayers drawing down God's light and grace on those who are still outside the Order.

Lastly, the beautiful exhortation to "settle quarrels". Franciscans claim to be followers of the "Prince of Peace". Of course, they must use tact in these matters, and not appear to intrude unduly, but by gentleness and carefully chosen words endeavor to still the storms of anger and jealousy. If the Tertiary will make the resolution never to commence a quarrel, or willingly be a party to one, he will enjoy continual peace, and impart this peace to others by his example.

Thus the Franciscan ideals, firmly planted in the home, where, as is stated at the commencement of this paper, all true holiness begins, will sustain and nourish the family life, which, daily watered with the dew of prayers, self-sacrifice, and moderation, will expand, and in its ever-widening circle embrace many devout souls and bring them to the practice and enjoyment of the true life of the soul here on earth, and through it to the eternal enjoyment of the Beatific Vision in heaven.—*Franciscan Annals.*

*In this county *Franciscan Herald*, or some other Tertiary magazine.—Editor.



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

TEXAS

XXXI

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

IN 1760, Colonel Parrilla was appointed governor of Coahuila, and the old foe of the missionaries, Captain Felipe de Rábago, succeeded him as commander of San Luis de las Amarillas in the San Sabá district. Rábago, after eight years had, indeed, been acquitted of the charges brought against him, and he appears to have been no longer the enemy of the Padres, having, doubtless, been directed to cultivate harmonious relations with them. His instructions from the vicaroy, moreover, were to the effect that he should employ every suitable means to induce the Apaches to adopt a sedentary life at the missions. He accordingly sought to gain the good will of the savages by distributing gifts of tobacco, clothing, horse-trappings, etc., among them, after which he pictured to them the advantages of life at the missions, where they would be secure from the attacks of their relentless enemies, the Comanches. One old Indian, whom all the Lipan Apaches recognized as their head chief, in the name of the whole tribe replied that his people would join the missions and keep perpetual peace with the Spaniards provided the establishments were placed in a secure locality. Rábago thereupon requested the new Fr. Presidente of

the missions, Fr. Diego Ximénez, to begin the missions at once, before the Apaches could repent of their promise.

Fr. Ximénez (Himénez) hastened to San Luis de las Amarillas only to learn that the fickle Indians had yet more difficulties. Finally, their objections were overcome by conceding the following two points: first, they were to be allowed to hunt buffaloes in order to lay in a supply of meat; and second, the missions would be located farther south in the valley of the Rio de San José (the Nuéces), midway between the Rio Grande and the San Sabá, because there the Lipans could better defend themselves against their enemies.

Humoring the Apaches in this matter and relying on their promises, Fr. Ximénez, accompanied by Fr. Joaquín Baños, set out with Rábago, soldiers, supplies, and implements of every kind, for the San José River, which they reached on January 9, 1761. The country, about thirty leagues from the original San Sabá missions, was ill suited for mission purposes. The missionaries invariably selected a spot near which good soil and water abounded, the Indians looked only to their safety. But the Padres repressed their misgiving and chose an elevated plain near a spring for the intended Indian settlement. A tem-

porary shelter was constructed of poles and brushwood for divine services. This was finished on January 23, 1761. Then, as Fr. Arricivita relates, the two missionaries standing in the doorway rang their bell. More than three hundred Indians, men, women, and children, approached, not to join the mission, but merely to look on. What Fr. Ximénez must have felt on this occasion is not recorded. Vested in alb and stole, he blessed the site and the cross which was erected. To impress the savages the more with the solemnity of the ceremony, Fr. Ximénez walked with bare feet to the cross and venerated it. Then in the name of his majesty, the King, he presented the cross to Captain Rábago, who brought it to the altar in the temporary church, whereupon Mass was celebrated. At the close of the ceremony, the Fathers, joined no doubt by the commander and the soldiers, sang the *Alabado*.⁽¹⁾ The Indians were then informed through an interpreter of the solicitude of the Spanish king for their material and spiritual welfare, which could be secured for them only by the missionaries, who expected nothing in return for their services but that the Indians should live peacefully at the mission and earn their living by tilling the soil and raising live stock, as was the case at the other missions.

Under instructions from the College of Querétaro, the new mission was named San Lorenzo de Santa Cruz. Another mission was

founded a few weeks later about four leagues farther south on the same river, but on the opposite bank, and named Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria. Unfortunately, writes Fr. Arricivita, the allowance usually granted to new missions for the first years of their existence, was withheld from these two new establishments, and thus from the very beginning, the missionaries were handicapped, because they could not offer presents to the Indians as the captain had already done. This entailed loss of respect for the missionaries, which in time developed into downright insolence, as Fr. Arricivita relates. Some of the Apaches would contradict the Fathers when speaking of God and his revelation, and they refused to remain at the missions.

Rábago much elated at the willingness manifested by the Indians after the distribution of his gifts, had forwarded a glowing account of his success to the viceroy. But when, after a year, no such reports came from the Fathers, the suspicion of the government was aroused, and the viceroy requested the missionaries to describe the true state of affairs in their two missions. This was done, and the report was signed on January 23, 1763, by Fr. Diego Ximénez and Fr. Manuel Antonio Cuévas. This precious document we are loath to omit, but as it is very long and our space is limited, we must be content to state that their description was in keeping with similar reports sent in from earlier missions. The

(1) The canticle of praise in honor of the Holy Eucharist, a kind of doxology.

missionaries frankly declared that it was useless to continue their efforts so long as the savages were permitted to rove about at will and were not obliged to work and support themselves, and so long as the missions did not receive government aid and protection. As it was, Fr. Arricivita shows that these savages were entirely dependent on the chase for their subsistence. In December and January they would hunt the buffalo, and again in May and June. When the meat had been consumed, they would pass the days until the next hunting season in idleness and want, subsisting as well as they might on wild fruits and such animals as strayed into their neighborhood. Before each hunting expedition, the Lipan Apaches would send spies into the Comanche country. After supplying themselves with all the buffalo meat they desired, they sent their women and children home, while the warriors proceeded to attack and rob the Comanche rancherías during the absence of their braves, killing the old men and infants and carrying off the women and boys. With these they returned to their mountain fastnesses.

For years after the founding of the San Lorenzo mission, the Lipans repeated these outrages in spite of the remonstrances, entreaties, and threats of the missionaries. In the fifth year, chief Túrmio and his people simply deserted mission Candelaría altogether on the plea that they had to revenge the wrongs suffered at the hands of their enemies. But this time the Co-

manches were prepared, and the Apaches wisely desisted from the attack. The Comanches then twice attempted to raid the missions, but they were repulsed by the Spanish guards.

Under these circumstances, little good could be effected, as the soldiers had to keep up an almost continuous warfare with the Comanches and other wild tribes. This was observed by the Marques de Rubí, whom the viceroy had sent to Texas for the purpose of inspecting the missions, and he advised the abandonment of the presidio on the San Sabá and of the mission San Lorenzo at El Cañon on the Nuéces. Mission Candelaría had already been given up. The Lipan Apaches simply would not and could not, in fact, be converted or civilized according to the system employed, and thus "all the fruit of the eight years of toil and sufferings," Fr. Arricivita writes, "consisted of eighty Baptisms administered to the Indians at the point of death, and of the few children offered by their parents for Baptism at the beginning of the missions. Nevertheless, the Fathers departed with the lamp of faith burning brightly in their hands, charity still alive in their hearts, compassion in their souls, zeal in their labors, meekness in their countenances, poverty in their garb, quite resigned to the cruel adversities that they had borne so long among such ungrateful, deceitful, greedy, vagabond barbarians, whom they could in no manner convert nor even raise to the grade of catechu-

mens."⁽²⁾ The fault lay with the Spanish-Mexican government that had delayed assistance to the missions for more than thirty years.⁽³⁾

The subsequent history of these Apaches may be summed up in the words of Prof. W. E. Dunn, of the Texas State University: "The evident insincerity of the Indians could no longer be doubted, and a complete change of policy was made. An alliance was entered into with the northern tribes and a bitter war of extermination begun against the Apaches."⁽⁴⁾

It remains, according to our custom, to locate the scene of this missionary activity. As already stated, Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, who has examined the country with documents in hand, places the presidio of San Luis de Amarillas at or near the present Menardville, Menard County, Texas. The mission of Santa Cruz, for the sake of which the presidio had been erected on the northern bank of the San

Sabá River, lay about three miles below, but on the south bank of the same stream. The two missions of San Lorenzo and Candelaria, which continued the work of the abandoned mission of Santa Cruz, and are therefore also included under the name of the San Sabá missions, were established on an upper branch of the Rio Nuéces (Rio San José), about thirty leagues south of the San Sabá, near the southern border of what is now Edwards County, and about four or five leagues apart on opposite sides of the stream.⁽⁵⁾

Fr. Arricivita for once endeavors to point out the exact situation. He says that these missions of San Lorenzo and Candelaria were located in the valley of the San José, about forty leagues from the Rio Grande, forty from San Antonio mission and presidio, and forty from the San Sabá, while to the west lay a stretch of country three hundred leagues to Taumalipas.

(2) With this sentence closes that most valuable work of Fr. Arricivita, *Cronica Serafica y Apostolica del Colegio de Propaganda Fide de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro en la Nueva Espana, Dedicada al Santisimo Patriarca El Senor San Jose, Escrita por el P. Fr. Juan Domingo Arricivita. Mexico, 1792*. Before the wretched fratricidal war in Mexico, this volume, large folio, was listed at thirty dollars. The entry, No. 209, of Fr. Arricivita's death in the necrology of the College of Querétaro, reads as follows: "El dia 16 de Abril de 1794, á las cinco de la tarde, entregó su espiritu á su Criador el R. P. Comisario y Prefecto de Misiones, y Cronista, Fr. Juan Domingo Arricivita, que habia tomado el habito en este Colégio. Recibió todos los Santos Sacramentos, y dia siguiente fué sepultado en el entierro comun de los Religiosos, y se aplicaron los sufragios correspondientes como á hijo del Colégio; y para que conste etc. Fr. Juan Rivera, Guardian."

(3) See *Franciscan Herald*, November 1916, page 436.

(4) *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, April 1914, page 414.

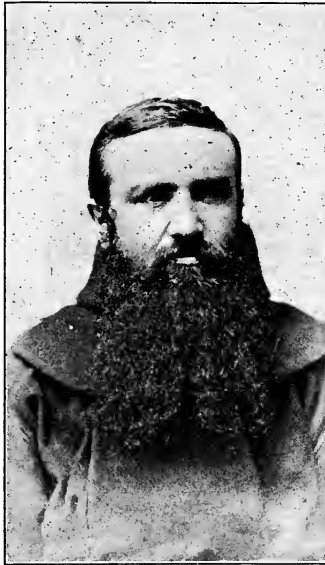
(5) Bolton, *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*, pp. 86, 94, 109.

FR. JOHN GAFRON, O.F.M., INDIAN MISSIONARY

FR. John Gafron was born on November 6, 1850, in Silesia, Germany, and he received in Baptism the name of Joseph. Having completed his elementary education in the parochial school with distinction, he entered the gymnasium at Patschkau. It was here that he conceived the desire of entering the Order of Friars Minor, and he applied for admission at the friary of Warendorf, Westphalia. His investment took place on September 30, 1869. Some years later, the Kultur-Kampf forced him and many of his fellow religious to seek an asylum in this country, where he arrived in June, 1875. He finished his theological studies at the Franciscan monastery in St. Louis, Mo., where he was ordained priest on June 4, 1876.

Fr. John's first appointment was as curate in the newly formed Franciscan parish at Columbus, Nebr., where he labored most zealously for two years. It was about this time that the Right Rev. Heiss, Bishop of La Crosse, Wis., applied

to the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart for priests to take up mission work among the Chippewa Indians, who had been sadly neglected for want of missionaries. The Bishop's request was granted, and Fr. John and Fr. Casimir Vogt were chosen for this difficult apostolic work.



Rev. John Gafron, O.F.M.
Anamiegabaw (Bowed in prayer)

The pioneer band of Indian missionaries which consisted of Fr. John and Casimir, and of two lay Brothers, one of whom was Bro. Juniper, at present sacristan and tailor at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., reached Bayfield, Wis., on October 13, 1878, and found there an abode that would have gladdened the heart of the most ardent lover of Franciscan poverty. The building was a one-story frame structure,

16 by 22 feet, with a small shed, 8 by 10 feet, that served as kitchen. The low attic was lined with building paper to keep out the intense cold, and was divided by paper partitions into several tiny cells. One of these was used as a chapel, the other two served as bedrooms for the Broth-

ers. The lower part of the house contained the parlor, the library, the dining room, the guest room, and the bedrooms for the Fathers. The furniture of the rooms was in keeping with the rest of the house. Thus, Fr. John's cell contained a small bed with straw sack and a blanket, a primitive table, and a chair. The only decoration of the walls, besides a crucifix, were the tenses of the nine different conjugations of the Chippewa verb, which he had written on the paper partitions, that he might have them constantly before his eyes, the quicker to master them.

In this poor convent, the missionaries lived for thirteen years, until 1891, when through the generous donations made by the Indians and by the small white population of Bayfield, the present more commodious two-story brick convent was erected. The missionaries, however, were too busy studying the Chippewa language by day and by night to take much notice of the inconveniences and the destitution of their new home. They were assisted in their studies by the veteran Indian missionary, Rev. Father Ferard, S.J., who at that time was composing a dictionary wherein he compared the roots of the different Asiatic languages with those of the Chippewa tongue to discover their points of similarity and thus to prove that the Indian tribes of northern America originally came from Asia. The two Fathers were so successful in their efforts to master the intricacies of the Chippewa dialect, that to the great

surprise of their redskin charges, they both preached a short Indian sermon on the following Christmas day, hardly two months after their arrival, Fr. Casimir at Bayfield and Fr. John at Bad River Mission, now Odanah. The good Indians were so glad to hear their missionaries speak to them in their own tongue that they did all in their power to supply them from their own scanty store with the necessities of life.

Fr. John's principal mission was Bad River, situated twenty-four miles in a bee line across the Lake from Bayfield, near the mouth of Bad River. Owing to his extraordinary talents, he soon became very proficient in speaking Chippewa, so much so that many pagans came great distances to Bad River to listen to his discourses. In this way, many of them received the grace of conversion to the true faith. It was very amusing, however, to observe how the heathen Indians, seated in the mission church of a Sunday, were wont to duck their heads when the priest sprinkled the congregation with holy water at the Asperges. For in their ignorance they confounded this ceremony with Baptism, and they greatly feared to be made Christians against their will.

When Fr. John arrived at Bad River mission, he found there a small church erected in 1860, by Rev. John Chebul. With the assistance of his Indians and some white settlers, he at once began work on a log school for the many Indian children of that locality.



St. Mary's, Bad River (Olanah), Wisconsin

This was the beginning of St. Mary's Industrial School, which under the able management of the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, from La Crosse, Wis., has been a source of untold good for the Indians of northern Wisconsin. The school was opened in 1882, with Sisters Cunigunde and Emmanuela as the first teachers. After the death of the latter in the very prime of life, Sister Celestine came to Bad River. Many children whose parents lived far away in the depths of the woods, besides being taught, were even lodged and boarded by the Sisters.

A most important event in the history of St. Mary's School took place a few years after its foundation, when Rev. Father Stephen, the Director of the Catholic Indian Missions Bureau, at Washington,

D. C., visited Bad River mission in company with Miss Catherine Drexel, now known throughout the country as Mother Catherine. Filled with enthusiasm for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the redskins, she purchased at the cost of \$8,000, the old Presbyterian mission and its adjacent farm, and presented the property to St. Mary's Indian school. A new and larger church was then built near the school to replace the old chapel of Father Chebul, which in turn gave way to the handsome and spacious church erected by Fr. Odoric, in 1898.

Fr. John often experienced the greatest difficulties in going to and from his mission at Bad River. As the land route around Chequamegon Bay was very long and hazardous, he usually took the shorter route across the Lake. Owing to the heavy and sudden storms, it was impossible to make this trip in the little Indian canoes, as they were too frail and too easily upset by the wind and waves; thus he was compelled to make use of a big lumbering sailboat for the purpose. Contrary winds seemed generally to prevail when he wished to travel, and thus instead of five hours it often took him a whole day until late in the night to cross the lake. When he met adverse winds, Fr. John and his Indian companion were wont to sail as closely as possible to a low sand island for some six miles, Fr. John walking on the shore and pulling the heavy boat with a long rope, while the Indian remained in the boat and prevented it from grounding in the shallow water.

After passing this island they usually encountered favorable winds, and the remaining portion of the journey was made more quickly.

During the winter months, when the lake and the rivers were frozen over but not yet covered with snow, the trips were easy and even pleasant, for then swift dog teams drew the missionary's sled across the glassy surface with the speed of the wind. Unhappily, this state of affairs did not last long, for soon the whole country would be decked with snow, and then it was not only toilsome but even dangerous to make these journeys. Shod with snow shoes and accompanied by a sturdy Indian guide, Fr. John braved sickness and death in his apostolic zeal to administer to the spiritual needs of his red children of the northern forests.

It happened one day in early spring, when the ice on the lake had become rotten, that Fr. John set out on a trip to La Pointe, on Madeline Island. Owing to the condition of the ice, he had considerable difficulty in making headway. Finally, as they were nearing the end of their journey, the Indian guide suddenly broke through the ice and only saved himself by quickly stretching out his arms and supporting them on the unbroken surface before him. As soon as Fr. John saw the desperate condition of his companion, he ran for the shore as fast as he could, the ice giving way under each step. Thanks to his very light weight and to the undoubted assistance of his Guardian Angel, he reached the shore in safety, and at once sum-

moned help for his poor guide. Some fishermen of the island sent a boy in a large flat boat toward the man, who managed to clamber in, and then the boat was drawn to the shore.

Equally dangerous and more fatiguing were the trips Fr. John had to make by land when the lake was unfit for either sled or boat. From Bayfield to Ashland around the bay is some twenty-six miles, and from there to Bad River some twelve miles. The roads and trails on this route were often all but impassable in early fall and spring, frequently leading through swamps that no team could cross. Arriving at Ashland thoroughly exhausted, the good Father would spend the night at the home of some half-breed Indians, and then on the following morning continue on his way to Bad River. Such a trip he made once in late fall going from Lac Courtes Oreilles to Gordon's Farm, then down the shores of the St. Croix River back to Bayfield. All during this trip, there was a steady downpour of rain, and his habit was drenched through and through. The wind pierced his frail little body to the bone, and it is little wonder that the zealous missionary, for whom no difficulty seemed too great, contracted a severe cold, which settled on his lungs and put an end to his apostolic journeys.

Fr. Casimir now took on himself the task of visiting almost all the Indian missions in northern Wisconsin. As he found it more convenient owing to railroad facilities,

to make these trips from Superior, Wis., he made his headquarters in this city, and Fr. John was placed in charge of Bayfield and the neighboring missions. For six years, he labored here, until continued poor health forced him to relinquish his post. The esteem in which he was held by his Right Rev. Bishop is evidenced by the fact that during these years at Bayfield, Fr. John

Definitors and appointed to teach theology to the student friars at St. Louis. With his customary zeal he fulfilled these new duties for three years until the end of the school term in 1897, when he journeyed to Ashland to enjoy a well deserved vacation. Little did he or his brethren think that this was to be his last journey on earth. Succumbing to an attack of heart

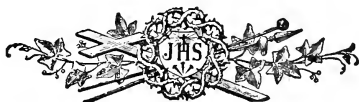


St. Mary's Indian School, Bad River, Wisconsin

filled the offices of dean, diocesan consultor, examiner, and superintendent of the schools in his deanery.

After a brief stay in Ashland, Fr. John went to St. Louis, Mo. The change of climate was very beneficial to him and restored his strength to such an extent that at the Provincial Chapter, in 1894, he was elected one of the Provincial

failure, he died at Ashland, on July 19, 1897, near the scene of his missionary labors. The great throng of Indians that assembled for the funeral services from his various former missions, especially from Bayfield and Bad River (Odanah), gave evidence of the love and veneration in which he was held by them all.



OUT OF THE DARKNESS

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

THE golden-red rays of a late autumn sun were giving place to the violet-tinted shadows of evening. Soft ripples of deep blue water, with here and there a fleck of white foam, formed a frame for the broad band of crimson down which the setting sun was sending his evening benediction to the western world. A myriad of multi-colored jewels, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and garnet, seemed to be flung in limitless profusion over this path of glory by the hand of the Almighty.

Seemingly oblivious of the beauty of this scene, a man was standing on a jutting rock, gazing over the expanse of water with "eyes that seeing saw not". He made a striking figure, this man, thus sharply outlined against the sky, unconsciously adding, by his very presence, to the enchantment of the picture. Erect and soldierly in bearing, and clad in a long dark cloak of a kind seen but seldom in America, he made a part of the lovely scene, blending in and identifying himself with the dying day. For it was not a young man standing there in silent meditation, but one on whom many years had left their imprint, whitening the hair that lay back from the broad forehead, and lining the fine intellectual face. The mouth, thin-lipped and firm, was sensitive but unyielding. But it was the eyes of the man that irresistibly drew and held the attention of the observer. They

were dark, and in their unfathomable depths an unquenchable fire seemed to glow with an almost consuming flame. Once seen, those eyes left an impression on the beholder never to be effaced.

As he stood gazing out on the scene before him, the deep eyes held a look of ineffable anguish—an anguish, which no bodily suffering, however great, could cause. It was the torture of a mind, heart, and soul sick unto death; and truly the conflict going on in the soul of the man was a struggle to the death.

Bereft of his sweet young wife while he was yet a young man, Robert Harnett had turned to intellectual pursuits for solace. His little son, for whom he felt neither positive dislike nor marked affection, had, in consequence, grown from babyhood to boyhood surfeited with intellectual food but with his little soul hungering for that of which he knew nothing.

When the boy was fourteen years old, he was sent to an Episcopalian school of high standing, where, for the first time, he gained an insight into the tenets of religion, and he drank in this knowledge as a thirsty plant draws up water. A new world had opened before his mind. Handsome, quick-witted, intelligent, and foremost in all the sports of which every real boy is fond, he soon became a favorite with his fellow students. All the while, he seemed possessed of an in-

satiable thirst for a deeper knowledge of religious subjects. It was with no surprise, therefore, that the classmates of Robert Harnett, Junior, shortly before their graduation, learned of his decision to enter the theological seminary.

His father, never an irreligious man—though by no stretch of the imagination could he have been called religious—was not displeased with his son's choice. He was traveling in Europe when the news reached him, having spent much of his time there since Robert had put off his baby dresses. Now, instead of returning home, he merely wrote that while he could hardly sympathize with his boy's ambitions, he would not oppose them, and that he would do all in his power to assist him. He concluded, with characteristic brevity, that he was at least happy to know that his son had chosen a calling so eminently respectable.

Considerably hurt by his father's lack of enthusiasm, Robert had nevertheless plunged into his studies with great zest. It was then an event occurred which was to affect the lives of father and son in a marvelous degree. It was the going over to the Church of Rome of the best beloved of the younger Harnett's professors, a man of deep learning and piety, who had been to the young man a model of all virtues. After a soul-racking year, during which he strove to be faithful to the church he had learned to love and cherish, Robert determined to end his doubts once for all by making a sincere and

impartial study of Catholic doctrines. The inevitable happened, and two years after his teacher's conversion, young Robert Harnett followed him into the Fold of Peter.

When the news reached the elder Harnett, it sent him into a towering rage—the first real feeling he had ever experienced toward his son. His letter in reply was brief and to the point:

As you know, I have nothing against the Church of Rome, but I am crushed to learn that a son of mine could be so vacillating as to follow blindly where another leads. I should not say a son of mine, for one so wanting in character ceases to be my son.

ROBERT JOHN HARNETT.

This missive fairly stunned young Robert, but he stood up under the blow and, taking his father at his word, did not seek further communication with him.

Once in the Fold, he felt himself more strongly than ever drawn to the service of God in the sanctuary and he resolved to seek admission into the holy priesthood. In a farewell letter he informed his father of the step he was about to take and clearly stated his reason therefor. He craved his father's forgiveness for any past trouble, and, in concluding asked his blessing.

To say that the elder Harnett was surprised on receiving this second letter, would be putting it mildly. He did not deign to answer, but instead buried himself more deeply in scientific study—study which naturally encroached at times on the supernatural. In the course of his readings he chanced to become interested in

some of the works of John Henry Newman. Fascinated in spite of himself, he began to study the life as well as the works of the great English convert, until by the irresistible force of logic he was compelled to admit the truth of Catholic doctrine. Yet he lacked the vital spark of divine faith; his mind was convinced but his heart was still cold.

In an agony of indecision, he resolved to return to America and seek out his son. He returned; but to his dismay discovered that Robert had dropped from sight as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. He had not troubled to keep informed as to his boy's whereabouts since the latter's departure from the Episcopal seminary, and now he sought him in vain.

It was just as he was losing all hope of finding his son, and as his soul was torn between firm conviction that he must become a Catholic and extreme unwillingness to do so, that he stood on the ledge of the cliff that gorgeous autumn evening seeking for light in his darkness. A more than ordinary battle was raging in the storm-tossed soul. All the powers of hell seemed to contend against the awakening grace. With a low cry of torture, he turned from the spot where he stood. "O God, why must I suffer so," he moaned. "Why could I not have remained in peace? Ah, those damnable works of Newman! Why did I ever see them! And yet, what faith, what

power pervades those pages. It would really seem—" He stopped short. From the open window of a neighboring cottage, a soft clear voice floated out on the evening breeze:

Lead, kindly Light,
Amid th' encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.

A wave of peace flooded the stricken soul—grace had conquered. Baring his silver head, he repeated: "Yes, lead thou me on, I do not ask to see."

He walked swiftly down the path toward a building he had noticed as he came up. It was a quiet little edifice of gray stone surmounted by a cross. As if led by unseen hands, he entered and slipped to his knees before the altar. The ruby light of the sanctuary lamp lighted the image of the Crucified Savior which hung in the shadow above the tabernacle. A slight stir caused the old man to look up; and there before him, stood the brown-robed figure of a young religious. For a full minute the two men gazed into each other's eyes. Then, in a voice deep, soft, and wonderfully tender, the youthful priest of God exclaimed;

"Father!"

"My son—and, by the grace of God, my father also!" returned the other.

With emotion too deep for words, father and son knelt for a few moments in that holy place, and then walked out into the gathering twilight.

SAN FRANCISCO EL GRANDE

By Leon de Lillo, Tertiary

IN the year 1214, St. Francis of Assisi traveled through Spain on foot as usual, and on his way to Santiago Compostella, he crossed the kingdom of Castile. Arriving at the western outskirts of Madrid, called Puerta de Moros, he halted and built there a small wooden shelter for himself and his companions, which he called the convent of Jesus and Mary. At the close of the fourteenth century, it was replaced by a larger building, remaining, nevertheless, a mere chapel, far distant from the center of the city, and called by the Spanish, *una ermita*—a hermitage.

This church was much enlarged and beautifully adorned, in 1617, by the aristocracy of the city of Madrid, who had learnt to love and revere the humble friars. At the same time, valuable altars were erected and many of the nobility had private chapels built onto the church, to serve as mortuary chapels for the members of their families. Finally, during the reign of King Carlos III, the whole building was torn down to make room for the magnificent structure that now occupies the place, under the title of Our Lady of the Angels, but commonly known as San Francisco el Grande. It took from 1760 to 1784 to build the church; the work was done under the direction of the architects Fr. Francisco

de las Cabezas and Sabatini. It is the finest church in Madrid and is modelled on the Pantheon in Rome. The interior walls and ceiling are covered with frescos by the most famous painters of the day; the one by Goya representing St. Francis preaching is especially admired.

This beautiful church is an important Franciscan center and is the headquarters of the Madrid fraternity of the Third Order, which numbers more than 25,000 Tertiaries. The sessions of the international congress of Tertiaries, in 1914, were held under its roof, and it is here, too, that the knights of the Military Order of the Holy Sepulcher hold their regular meetings.

Near the church of San Francisco el Grande is the splendid chapel of San Antonio de Padua, one of the most popular in Madrid. The chapel boasts of a number of paintings by the famous artist Goya, and of a sanctuary lamp of such extraordinary beauty and workmanship that King Alfonso XIII, wishing to make an appropriate donation to the Spanish church in New York, had a facsimile made of it and sent to America.

A third Franciscan church in the Spanish capital, San Pascual Bailon, on the Pasio de Recoletos, is also much admired and is frequented by ladies of the highest nobility.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—On April 15, the church of St. Peter in Montorio, situated on the Janiculum, was solemnly reopened and blessed. It had been greatly damaged during the earthquake in 1915. It has been renovated through the munificence of the King of Spain, who is its special patron and protector. The church is in charge of the Friars Minor. It was built in the sixteenth century by King Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain on the site of an ancient sanctuary. He had it erected in memory of the Prince of Apostles, especially in memory of his glorious martyrdom, which took place on the Janiculum. The church harbors many beautiful paintings and sculptures of Michael Angelo and other famous artists. The chapel of St. Francis was built according to the plan of Bernini, one of whose disciples sculptured a statue of St. Francis with the angels. In the court of the cloister, on the spot where according to tradition St. Peter was crucified, stands the celebrated Tampietto sculptured, in 1502, by Bramante and considered one of the finest specimens of the Renaissance. At present, the convent is to a great extent occupied by the Spanish Academy of Fine Arts. A part of it, however, is reserved for the community of Friars Minor one of whose members is always rector of the parish.—

On April 22, in the Franciscan church of St. Antony, Monsignor Zannetti, O.F.M., Bishop-elect of Bosa in Sardinia, received the episcopal consecration. The imposing ceremonies were performed by His Eminence Cardinal Boggiani, of the Order of St. Dominic, assisted by Monsignor Sansoni, Bishop of Celafu and Monsignor Rozzoli, Bishop of Potenza and Marsico, both members of the Franciscan Order.

His Eminence Cardinal Giustini, Protector of the Order of Friars Minor, and Most Rev. Fr. General, who had just returned from Spain, also were present at the solemn function. The newly consecrated Bishop is a member of the Franciscan Province of St. Bonaventure in Tuscany.—

A new impulse has been recently given to the cause of the beatification of the Venerable Gabriel Maria. The servant of God who lived toward the end of the fifteenth century belonged to the French Province of the Order of Friars Minor. He was the confessor of Blessed Jane of Valois and her chief advisor in founding the Franciscan sisterhood whose members are known as the sisters of the Annunciation of Mary. In one of its recent sessions, the Sacred Congregation issued a decree approving the writings of the Venerable Gabriel. Though he was a prolific writer on theological and ascetical subjects, his works are extremely rare. Thanks to the solicitude and zeal of the vice-postulator of his cause, Rev. P. Oton, the library in Tolosa is now in possession of the moral theology written by the saintly and learned friar.

Assisi, Italy.—No saint perhaps is more popular among Catholics of Italy, than our holy Father St. Francis. Next year, a century will have elapsed since his sacred remains were unearthed in the magnificent basilica at Assisi. Elaborate festivities are to commemorate this event. A committee has already been chosen to make the necessary preparations. Since it is an event that equally concerns the three families of the Order of St. Francis, eminent religious of each will constitute the committee. For centuries, the exact location of the

Saint's tomb in the basilica was a matter of conjecture, since the body had been secretly laid to rest to prevent its being stolen. It was generally thought that the precious relics lay below the high altar. In the fall of 1818, the Holy Father granted permission to search for the body. Excavations below the high altar began at once. They were carried on at night to avoid publicity. Finally, after many nights of tedious and anxious labor, a stone coffin was unearthed. In it reposed a human body that emitted a sweet odor. Thereupon, the Holy Father appointed a commission of five bishops to make close investigations. Their report was favorable, and on December 2, 1820, Pope Pius VII solemnly declared that the body unearthed in the Franciscan Church at Assisi was truly that of St. Francis. In accordance with the wish of the Holy Father, the sacred relics remained in the tomb where they had lain for six centuries. Later, Pope Leo XII appointed December 12 as a special feast in the Franciscan Order to commemorate the finding of the body of the holy Founder.

Madrid, Spain.—From several Spanish periodicals we learn that a movement is now afoot in Spain and Argentina to commemorate the fourth centenary of the death of the glorious Franciscan prelate and statesman, Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros. Preparations for the celebrations, which will take place next November, are well under way in Torrelaguna, Alcala de Henares, Toledo, and Buenos Aires, while the Royal Academy of History in Spain has chosen a commission to confer with the Minister of Education on means and ways of celebrating the centenary in a worthy manner and making it an event of nation-wide interest.

San Remo, Italy.—On April 21, Ven. Mother Mary of the Redemp-

tion, superioress general of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, was called to her eternal reward. She was received into the congregation at the time of its founding, and for many years she was the companion and secretary of Ven. Mother Mary of the Passion, foundress of this sisterhood. The solemn obsequies were held in the church of St. Helen. Most Rev. Fr. General officiated, assisted by the members of the General Curia. A touching circumstance of the sad functions was the long procession that followed the remains of the deceased nun to the church. The orphans who had lost parents, home, and all during the recent earthquakes; refugee women, girls, and children from war-stricken districts, wounded soldiers of the temporary hospital installed in the mother house of the congregation; the officials of the hospital in charge of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters; all these testified loudly to the heroic and multifarious works of charity to which over the entire world the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are devoting their lives with such untiring zeal and fidelity.

Palma, Isle of Majorca.—On May 13, the members of the Third Order in Palma made a pilgrimage to the little town of San Juan, where the shrine of Our Lady of Consolation is held in great veneration by the faithful. The prime object of the Tertiary pilgrimage was to obtain from God by prayer and penance a cessation of the terrible war that is bringing ruin and desolation on the countries of Europe. At the same time, the Tertiaries wished to pay special homage to the Venerable Franciscan martyr Luis Jaume, well known as the disciple and companion of Fr. Junipero Serra. The blessing of a monument erected to his memory in the town of San Juan formed part of the ceremonies attending the pilgrimage.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Antony's Church.—From May 13 to 27, a very successful two weeks' mission was preached in St. Antony's Church, this city, by two Franciscan missionaries from St. Louis, Mo., the Rev. FF. Honoratus and John Joseph. The parish had fervently prepared for these days of grace, and throughout the mission the church was crowded to its capacity with the faithful, eager to secure its blessings for themselves and their families. It was especially gratifying for the local conference of the Third Order to see ninety-one persons respond to the hearty invitation of the Rev. Missionary and enroll themselves among the Tertiaries of St. Francis on the last day of the mission. This large class of novices, among them many of our young people, will undoubtedly infuse new life and enthusiasm into the Tertiaries of St. Antony's, and they in turn will keep alive by their zeal and good example the splendid fruits of the mission among the other members of the parish.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—It is a source of great satisfaction for the members of the Third Order fraternity of St. Boniface Church to notice how steadily from month to month their membership is increasing. This month, we can record the investment of twenty postulants and the profession of seven novices, that occurred on June 3. This is certainly a healthy growth and we trust that the single Tertiaries by their fervor may continue to attract new recruits to their ranks. To foster the true Franciscan spirit in their hearts, the Rev. Director urges the Tertiaries to be especially zealous in attending the general monthly Communions and the meetings of the fraternity.

Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.—The Indian pupils of St. John's Boarding School gave an in-

teresting entertainment on June 3, which was highly commended by all the visitors present, especially by the United States superintendent of a neighboring reservation, who honored our closing exercises with his presence. Each class contributed its share to the program, which lasted two hours and a half and included addresses, dialogues, songs, drills, and playlets, while the Mission Boys' Band gave several fine musical numbers.

The feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated this year at the mission school with unusual solemnity, owing to the presence of seven of our Reverend Missionaries and of many Indians from distant villages and reservations, who had come to take their children home for the summer holidays. A number of pretty altars had been erected by the Indians in the vicinity of the mission, and all devoutly took part in the long procession that wended its way slowly from shrine to shrine, where the Divine Friend of our poor Indians graciously bestowed his sacramental benediction on these lowly children of the desert. In the course of the afternoon, the children returned to their distant homes.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Solano Church.—The annual retreat for the Tertiaries of our fraternity was very successfully conducted by Rev. Fr. Ewald, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Mo., from May 6 to 13. The exercises were exceptionally well attended, and it is expected that the forcible lectures of the Rev. Father will bear abundant fruit among the members. On the morning of the closing day, all the Tertiaries received Holy Communion in a body, and in the evening, ten new novices were added to the fraternity roster, which now numbers over four hundred.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.—The Third Order conference of St. Francis Church has been

quite active of late striving to bring the Tertiaries as well as non-Tertiaries together socially. A number of whist parties were given during May and June, and on April 16 and 18, the stirring tragedy, "The Seal of Confession," was presented in the parish hall under the auspices of the fraternity. This touching drama is based on Rev. Father Spillmann's, S.J., book of the same name, and is a splendid presentation of the Church's teaching regarding the inviolability of the seal of Confession. Other Tertiary conferences that are wont to give dramatic entertainments will do well to add this drama to their repertory. The Third Order fraternity of St. Francis Church now numbers over two hundred members, all active Tertiaries and all taking lively interest in the affairs of the parish.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.

—The feast of St. Antony of Padua was celebrated with great pomp at St. Peter's Church. Rev. Fr. Henry, O.F.M., officiated at the solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist and Bonaventure, O.F.M., as deacon and subdeacon, while Rev. Fr. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., of Joliet, Ill., preached an eloquent panegyric on the Saint. After the services, twelve hundred lilies were blessed and distributed to the many clients of St. Antony, who thronged the large church in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

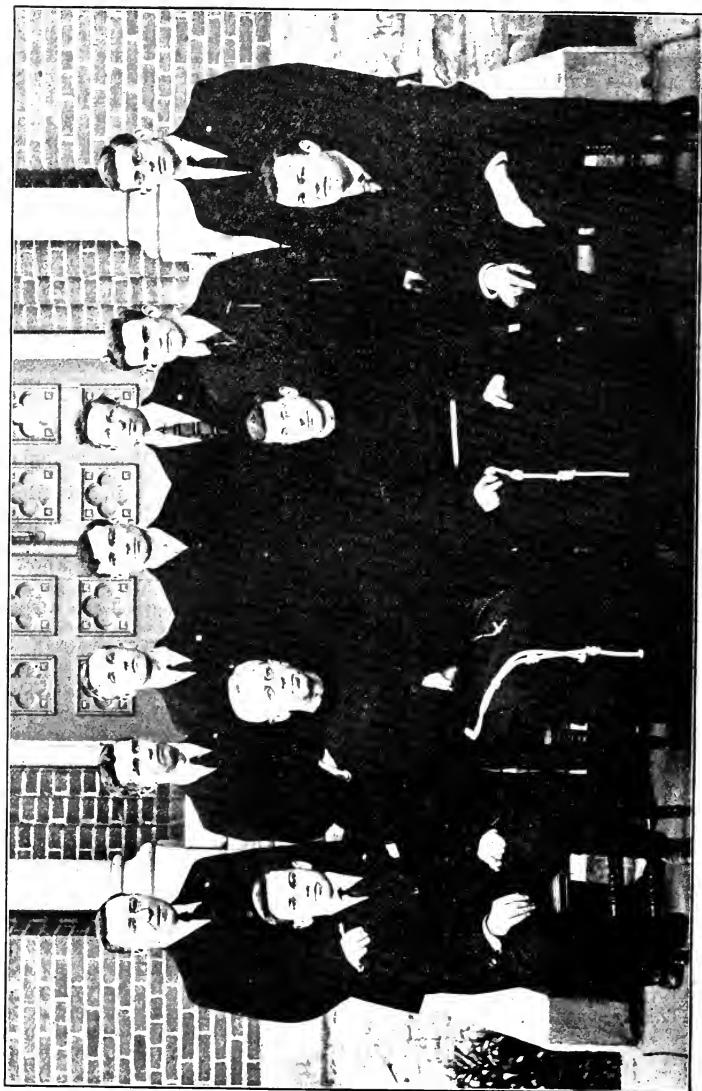
Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.—At the close of the two weeks' mission given recently in St. Elizabeth's Church by the Rev. Fr. Honoratus and John Joseph, O.F.M., forty-six postulants were received into the novitiate of the local Third Order fraternity. The ceremony of investment was performed with great solemnity by Rev. Fr. Honoratus and deeply impressed the large congregation that had gathered for the occasion.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.

—The readers of these columns have already heard of the Tertiary Mission Section of our Third Order conference, and it gives us pleasure to announce that the venture is succeeding beyond expectations. Recently, the following donations were made from its funds received since February: To the Fathers of the Divine Word, at Girard, Pa., \$50, and to those at Techny, Ill., \$20; to the Right Rev. J. P. Mondaini, Hengchow, China, \$6.25; to various Chinese missionaries \$200, for the ransom of forty Chinese infants at \$5 each; to the Indian missions \$50.—Interest in things Franciscan is constantly growing among our Tertiaries, and at the last regular meeting, thirty postulants received the Third Order scapular and cord.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.

—At the regular monthly meeting of the Tertiaries in April, our Rev. Fr. Director made known his desire of presenting a goodly number of new Tertiaries as a specially pleasing gift to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the month of June. Sunday, June 3, the day set for the reception of these new Tertiaries, was a most beautiful day, and the members of the English-speaking conference were greatly edified to see so many candidates invested at one time, forty women and three men receiving the habit of the Third Order on that occasion. After the opening prayers, the Rev. Fr. Director delivered a very appropriate sermon. Speaking of the love of the Sacred Heart for souls, he showed how this love spent itself during our Savior's earthly career and how it continues to manifest itself now that he is in Heaven. Zeal for souls should, therefore, be the distinctive characteristic of the children of the Seraphic Father, who in imitation of his Divine Master, never tired in



Graduating Class '17

his efforts to save souls. All faithful children of St. Francis are likewise true lovers of the Sacred Heart; and as such they should seek by word and example to draw souls to him. After the reception of the new

members, general absolution was imparted and the solemn act of consecration of the Third Order to the Sacred Heart was renewed. Veneration of a relic of St. Francis closed the solemnity.

Milwaukee Tertiaries, Attention!

With this issue, *Franciscan Herald* becomes the official organ of our branch of the Third Order. We have already secured the greater number of our Tertiaries as subscribers, but we desire that all the members without exception receive this periodical. Those who have not yet subscribed, should send their names and addresses as soon as possible to the Rev. Fr. Director, 661 4th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Reports of the monthly meetings, solemnities and the like which occur in our conference will appear in each number of the *Herald*. Gratified by the zeal and the spirit shown by our Tertiaries, it has been my intention to foster and strengthen this spirit by good Tertiary reading, for which purpose the Board of Officers has decided to adopt *Franciscan Herald* as the official organ of our branch. May all be benefited thereby in their Tertiary life.

FATHER DIRECTOR.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

It was with much regret that the Fathers and students bade good bye, on May 23, to Antony Kriech, of the II Collegiate class, who was transferred to St. Francis Hospital, at Beech Grove, Indiana, on account of a serious illness that had confined him to the infirmary for many weeks. His condition is still quite grave and we recommend him to the fervent prayers of our kind readers.

A few days after he had gone, Rev. Fr. Celestine of the college faculty was forced to give up his class work on account of ill health. He is at present taking a rest cure in Columbus, Nebraska, and indications are that he will be ready for

hard work again in September.

The graduating class received the habit of the Franciscan Order on June 1. Two of their number, Messrs. Francis Kiefer and Henry Pinger, obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The joy incident to the great feasts of Corpus Christi, of St. Antony, and of the Sacred Heart, always gala days at our college, was somewhat marred by the gloom that is wont to precede and to accompany (and sometimes to follow!) that most necessary evil of college life, the final examinations. The written tests took place on June 13 and 14, while the oral examinations were held on June 18 in the presence of Very Reverend Provincial, Fr. Samuel Macke, and the faculty.

The entire scholastic year 1916-17 was one of close application to study and the record made by the students of our college in the past ten months is one of which any similar institution may well be proud. Sixty-four names grace the college roll of honor, which means that about one half of the students had 95 per cent and above in conduct throughout the year, while almost the same number received a general average of 90 per cent or above for their class work. Amid rousing cheers for their Alma Mater, the students boarded the trains on June 20 for their homes, there to refresh themselves after the strenuous months of study and to gain new strength for the intellectual battles of the next year. *Au revoir.*

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On Sunday evening, June 3, the members of the Senior Academic Class gave a number of selections from Shakespeare's "Henry V" in the college dramatic hall. The entertainment, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Alfred, O.F.M., was very good, the dramatic presentation of Scene IV, Act II, being especially enjoyed.

Monday and Tuesday, June 4 and 5, were devoted to the final examinations which were followed on Wednesday evening by the Com-

mencement Exercises, at which the following program was rendered.

Blue Paradise.....	Eysler-Romberg
Oration.....	Orchestra Paul Mertens
Nocturnal Piece.....	Robert Schuman
Class Poem.....	Orchestra Joseph Orlet
Minuet.....	Beethoven
Address to Graduates.....	Rev. Amos Giusti
Bercesse.....	B. Karganoff
Valedictory.....	Orchestra John B. Franz
Conferring of Degrees.....	Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O.F.M.
Duet and March.....	E. Vecsey

Soloists: Harvey Weyand, Edward O'Brien

The following young men were graduated from the different departments: Master of Arts—Henry Aydt, John B. Franz, Joseph Orlet. Bachelor of Arts—Louis Ell, Edwin Hitzemann, Francis Lawler, George Link, Charles Luke. Commercial Diploma—George Dorenkemper, Elmer Hacker, Harry Lashmet, Lawrence Leininger, Paul Mertens. Diploma in Stenography—Leo Weber, Harvey Weyand. Diploma in Typewriting—Miles McGinnis, Ralph Schrage.

A large audience was present at the exercises and listened with marked interest to the varied program. The graduates and their fellow students were especially pleased with the scholarly address of the Rev. Amos Giusti, '10, himself a graduate of the college, and with the stirring words of praise and encouragement by the Very Rev. Fr. Samuel, Provincial, who conferred the degrees.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Ellen Connelly, Sr. Hyacinth; Mary McCarthy, Sr. Anne; Anne Dowling, Sr. Veronica.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Ellen Egan, Sr. Elizabeth; Mary Fallon, Sr. Elizabeth. *German Fraternity*:—Mary Pobloske, Sr. Elizabeth.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church:—Anne Melega, Sr. Mary; Elizabeth Gilles, Sr. Clare; Apollonia Warmuth, Sr. Angela.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Daniel Francis Ryan, Bro. Antony.

Requiescant in pace



Wenceslaus
Vitus

George
Sebastian

Holger
Albert

John Neumann
Clement

Stephen
Lawrence

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The central idea of our series of frontispieces is beautifully expressed in the group of martyrs here presented. Certainly, the triumph of Christ is nowhere more graphically depicted than in the story of the holy martyrs written in their own life-blood. In them, the spirit of Christ, his grace, his example, and his teaching achieved a signal victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. One and all, the holy martyrs proved by their constancy in suffering and death that they acknowledged but one God and Master who is greater than all rulers, Christ, the King of kings. Deaf alike to the threats and blandishments of their torturers, they sacrificed all for Christ. Strengthened by his word and grace, they fought the good fight and received the crown of justice laid up for them by the Lord, the just Judge. It is to express this idea of triumph that the martyrs are usually, as in the present case, pictured with palms, the emblems of victory.

The artist quite properly makes the protomartyr, St. Stephen head the noble band of intrepid conquerors. He is accompanied by the deacon St. Lawrence. The former praying for his enemies while giving up his spirit among a shower of stones, and the latter jesting with his torturers while expiring on the gridiron, both are striking proofs of the power of Christ's teaching and grace. These two levites of the Church are followed by the holy pastors of souls, Pope St. Clement, St. John Nepomucene, St. Adalbert, and St. Polycarp, who, like the Good Shepherd, their divine prototype, laid down their lives for their sheep, rather than leave them to the mercy of ravening wolves. The last four saints here presented; viz., St. Sebastian, St. George, St. Vitus, and St. Wenceslaus are all youthful heroes, who, for the love of Christ, exchanged earthly honors, titles, riches for the imperishable crown of martyrdom.

In these holy martyrs, as in hosts of others in all ages and states of life, we have a sensible demonstration how powerful the grace of Jesus Christ is, which is able to sweeten whatever is bitter and harsh, to flesh and blood. If we had the resolution and fervor of the saints in the practice of virtue, we should find all seeming difficulties which discourage our pusillanimity to be mere phantoms of the imagination. A lively faith like that of the martyrs would make us, with them condemn the honors and pleasures of the world, measure the goods and evils of this

life and judge of them, not by the standards of nature but by the principles of Christ's holy doctrine. And did we sincerely love God, as they did, we should with joy embrace his holy will in all things and find no happiness but in doing it. By making divine faith and love the principles of our actions we shall at least in some way approximate the heroism of the martyrs and have reason to hope in the end to be crowned with them.



WHEN WILL IT END?

The present month ushers in the fourth year of the cataclysmal world-war. Three long years of hideous carnage, of ruthless destruction, of untold suffering, of heart-rending sorrow, of universal want—and the end is not yet. What though the people in neutral and belligerent countries are longing and clamoring for a cessation of the bloody business, the governments, for reasons known to themselves, are unalterably opposed to any peace overtures at the present time. Small wonder, therefore, that the people of the various countries are assuming a threatening and defiant attitude toward the men responsible for the conduct of civil and military affairs. Political conditions the world over are turbulent in the extreme.

Holland and the Scandinavian countries are facing grave internal problems because of scarcity of foodstuffs. The situation in Greece, from this distance, appears simply impossible. In Spain, the abnormal conditions caused by the war have upset two recent ministries. China is suffering fresh shocks of revolution as a result of her position on the war. Anarchy in the principal cities of Brazil is raising its blood-boltered head. In our own country, serious labor troubles caused by the I. W. W. are regarded by some as a protest against our entrance into the war. Within belligerent countries, too, there are violent political controversies. The affairs of Russia are still unsettled, to say the least. Britain has the Irish question and numerous social and political problems at home and in the colonies to deal with. Germany and Austria-Hungary even now are in the throes of political upheaval, with certain elements clamoring for immediate internal reforms. And France, poor France, that has been drained of its best blood, seems to be stolidly resigned to the inevitable, though there is no telling when the flames of popular indignation will again flare up.

The outlook is gloomy, indeed, yet it is not without its ray of hope. Neither diplomacy, so-called, nor the sword may be able to terminate the deadlocked war. But will the political and military leaders in the various countries be able long to resist the pressure from below? The all but universal disaffection of the masses is, in our opinion, the surest and only sign of an early peace.



STUDENTS AND THE WAR

Now that the war fever has seized the country at large and the schools and colleges in particular, it may be well to call to mind an edi-

torial utterance in the July issue of the *American Review of Reviews*:

"War fever has been especially prevalent in some of our colleges and schools, with consequences not wholly desirable. If we had been entering upon a ninety-day struggle, immature undergraduates, along with everybody else, might well have rushed to the enlistment booths. But the particular exigency called for nothing of the kind. Congress and the authorities at Washington are amply able to develop an army and navy system and to find the proper types and classes of men in suitable numbers. It is particularly desirable that students in our schools and colleges should stay at their work and finish their courses, provided their work be thorough and of a kind to prepare them for mature and efficient service after they graduate. If the work of the colleges is valuable, it should go on more seriously than ever. If it is not valuable, the methods should be reformed. No young man in the middle of a college course, who is willing to do his work well and who looks forward to a life of usefulness as a man and a citizen, need think of himself as a 'slacker' in the eyes of sensible people if he sticks to his college work. The country will need him much more when he is through his course than it needs him now."

This is sound patriotism as well as sensible advice that should be impressed on all undergraduates, especially if they are not yet of military age. Parents and college authorities should not permit these ambitious and high-minded young men to be carried away by the mistaken notion that their country needs them in the army or navy more than elsewhere. In many cases, it is not patriotism but love of adventure and an exaggerated opinion of their own importance that leads students to enlist. The Government can be trusted to place in the field sufficient men for all needs and purposes. Meantime, the undergraduate will find ways and means enough of aiding his country in wartime by doing Red Cross and other work, which, if not so dangerous and glorious, may be just as useful and necessary. There are slackers and slackers.



LEADING CATHOLICS

Coadjutor Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, Australia, has not the same predilection for the term "leading Catholics" and for what it implies that some of our contemporaries have. Addressing the members of the A. O. H. after general Communion, Dr. Mannix congratulated them on the splendid manifestation of faith in which they had participated and added:

"I do not suppose that amongst those who are united here to-day in this solemn act of faith—you will, I know, permit me to say it—there are any of the self-styled 'leading Catholics.' If I am to address those people, I have to go to another place. It is their conspicuous absence that calls for this passing reference to them. This occasion is too great; this demonstration of Irish Catholics and of Catholics of Irish descent is in itself too suggestive and impressive to have it belittled by spending time upon them. I can only stop to say that it would do them great good if they were here this morning to see you and to hear you. If they are

here next time, no one will give them a warmer welcome than I will."

There are few terms so liable to misconstruction in their general application as the title "leading Catholics." Very often the terms "leading Catholics" and "practical Catholics" are taken as synonymous, when the fact of the matter is that there is a world of difference between them. "Leading Catholics" are not those nominal Catholics, prominent in the social, political, or business circles of the community, who have rented a front pew in their parish church but who are seldom found to occupy it. Leading Catholics are rather those devout men and women who approach the Holy Table at regular and frequent intervals, who take a lively interest in the affairs of their parish, who, in general, feel, think, and act in concert with their holy mother the Church and edify all by their well-ordered lives. Let no one give himself the title "leading Catholic" without proving claim to it, and let us be careful not to bestow it on anybody not deserving it.



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

That ever alert and interesting periodical *The Fortnightly Review*, edited by Mr. Arthur Preuss, in a recent issue brings an article on "Early Seduction as a Cause of Juvenile Delinquency." The contributor evidently writes from an intimate knowledge of his subject, and what he says is well worth pondering by all who are interested in the welfare of the child.

"We have made it a rule," he says, "to investigate the antecedents of delinquent boys and young men whom we found in the clutches of the law, or who came to us to state their case, because they trusted us and to seek advice and help. We found that, aside from adverse conditions at home and bad surroundings, early seduction has a great deal to do with the downfall of many. The development of sin as described in Faerber's Catechism is quite correct. Evil conversation and looks are bound to produce evil thoughts. These thoughts cause evil desires, which, in most cases, result in evil actions. I gladly concede than an evil disposition may be a child's wretched inheritance; but it may also be acquired, and from the histories of the scores of boys and young men as well as of girls, from the many testimonies I have heard and read, I am forced to draw the conclusion that early seduction is by far more frequent than parents and priests ordinarily suspect."

It is evident that the writer of these lines speaks by the card. That evil communications corrupt good morals, is too trite a saying to need any proof. Yet, there are parents who regard their children as veritable angels in the flesh, as absolutely impeccable and quite able to take care of themselves, no matter in what company they may find themselves. Some day they may, to their great shame and regret, awaken to the sad realization of the fact that Johnnie and Maggie are after all very human, and that nothing human is foreign to them. Need we add that eternal vigilance is the price parents must pay for the innocence of their children, and that they should exercise this vigilance particularly during the long months of summer vacation?

BL. JOHN OF ALVERNA

OF THE FIRST ORDER

AUGUST 9

THIS holy man was born at Fermo, in Italy, in the year 1259. From his earliest years, it was seen that he was favored with special graces and that he was called to a high degree of perfection. When only seven years of age, he shunned the society of other children and retired to solitary places in order to meditate on the passion of our Lord. These fervent meditations inflamed the pious child with an ever increasing love of the crucified Savior and with a desire to become like him by sharing in his sufferings. Hence, there awakened in him that spirit of self-denial and penance which caused him to wage an unrelenting war against the promptings of self-love and sensuality and made him a shining model of virtue and perfection.

When the servant of God was ten years of age, he was received among the Canons Regular at Fermo. From that time, he applied himself with renewed fervor to the practice of piety and mortification. He fasted most rigorously and devised various means of mortifying his senses. His parents and his brethren, witnessing his extraordinary fervor in this regard, began to fear that he was the victim of an imprudent zeal and that his austerities would impair the health of his mind and body. But God showed by a number of won-

derful signs that the pious youth had received wisdom and prudence from above, which taught him to contemn the things of this world and to do violence to himself in order to obtain the imperishable riches of heaven.

After Bl. John had spent three years among the Canons Regular he was prompted by the grace of God to embrace the austere life of the sons of St. Francis. He was placed under the guidance of Fr. James of Fallerone, a religious distinguished for his great learning and solid virtue, and submitting himself entirely to the prudent direction of this master in spiritual life, he made rapid progress in perfection. The superiors of the Order were filled with joy and consolation on seeing the extraordinary fervor of the young religious, and were convinced that he was called by God to a high degree of sanctity. St. Bonaventure, at that time the Minister General of the Order, therefore, sent him, after his profession, to the convent on Mount Alverna, which had been sanctified by the prayers and penitential life of St. Francis.

In this solitude, separated from the distractions of the world, Bl. John gave himself up without reserve to the service of God. All his thoughts and aspirations were directed to God and heavenly things. Like the Seraphic Father,

he constantly meditated on the goodness of God, the sufferings of our Savior, and the ingratitude of men, and thus he was inflamed daily with a greater love of God, which purified him more and more from all imperfections and enabled him to practice virtue in an heroic degree. He was indeed a source

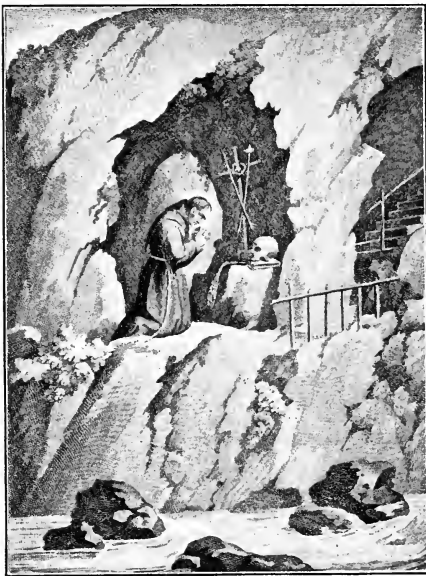
of admiration and edification to his brethren by his patience, humility, obedience, charity, love of poverty, and mortification. He sought for himself the most lowly and arduous labors in the convent; ever desirous to lighten the duties of his brethren, he made use of every opportunity to assist them

in their work, no matter how disagreeable or difficult. The servant of God thirsted after penance as the worldling thirsts after pleasure. He lived in a cell which he had made for himself in the side of the mountain, where he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather. He slept on the ground with a stone

for his pillow; he fasted so rigorously that, as one of his biographers says, he always suffered the pangs of hunger and thirst; and he tortured his flesh with various instruments of penance.

This spirit of generous love and self-denial was rewarded with many extraordinary favors and graces.

His life was an almost uninterrupted series of ecstasies and raptures. He was favored with frequent visions of our Lord, his blessed Mother, St. Michael, and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul. One day, while he was at prayer, St. Francis appeared to him and ordered him to



Bl. John of Alverna

moderate his austerities and to save his strength for the service of God and of his neighbor. The holy Patriarch then made him touch the wounds of his feet, hands, and side, and left him filled with consolation. Bl. John enjoyed for three months the habitual presence of his guardian angel, who conversed with him

on the passion of our Lord, the joys of heaven, and the hidden mysteries of the Holy Scriptures. The servant of God had a great compassion for the souls in purgatory and addressed to God fervent prayers for their deliverance. Once when saying Mass, on the feast of All Souls, he, at the elevation, earnestly entreated the Eternal Father to vouchsafe, by the merits of his Son, to release from the pains of purgatory the souls that were detained there. He immediately beheld an innumerable multitude of these souls leaving the place of expiation, like sparks flying from a burning furnace.

These frequent visions and mysterious conversations with God inflamed Bl. John with a love so ardent that, unable to endure these divine flames, he complained to his good Master. During these heavenly communications, he received infused science, and he acquired a knowledge of the most obscure mysteries of Holy Scripture. The most learned men came to converse with him. He frequently preached before theologians, prelates, and princes, and all were astonished at his profound learning.

It must not be thought that Bl. John was without temptations and trials. Like all the saints, the servant of God had to pass through the fire of tribulation, by which God tests and purifies his most faithful children. In the hour of

suffering, Bl. John humbly submitted to the will of God, and with the greatest confidence took recourse to prayer, patiently awaiting the time when the chalice of sadness and sufferings would pass from him. The cross thus became for him a source of greater merit and of new favors. Our divine Savior several times appeared to him to console and strengthen him, and at length to free him from the temptation.

Bl. John devoted the last years of his life to the apostolic ministry. He preached in the towns and villages near Mount Alverna, and then visited most of the cities of northern and central Italy, especially Florence, Pisa, and Siena. By his fervent preaching, he converted many sinners and brought back many heretics to the Church. God confirmed his words by signs and miracles.

The servant of God was at the convent of Cortona, when the hour of his death was revealed to him. He hastened back to his beloved abode on Mount Alverna, and there his blessed soul went to receive the reward of his labors and merits in heaven, on August 10, 1322. His body was buried on the holy mountain, where numerous miracles were wrought through his intercession. In 1880, Pope Leo XIII approved the veneration paid to Bl. John from time immemorial.



THE RAGING OF THE STORM

(Continued)

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

APPARENTLY, Cromwell and his royal master entertained a faint hope that Lee and Bedyll would eventually succeed in changing the hostile attitude of the Observant communities, especially of Greenwich and Richmond. We can therefore imagine their chagrin and fury when from Bedyll's report it was learned that, in spite of threats, promises, and intrigues, the friars were one and all determined to uphold the rights of Queen Catherine and the supremacy of the Pope.⁽¹⁾ Clearly, nothing short of death and destruction could silence these formidable champions of truth and justice, because "secluded from the commerce and the pleasures of the world, they felt fewer temptations to sacrifice their consciences to the command of their sovereign; and seemed more eager to court the crown, than to flee from the pains of martyrdom."⁽²⁾

The fate of the Franciscan Observants was therefore sealed. On the day after the arrival of Bedyll's report, a decree was issued providing for their arrest and the seizure of their friaries. What bitter pangs and gloomy forebodings must have preyed on the spirits of these men of God, when, soon after, the King's officers appeared at the various convents to execute the royal orders. Their six friaries were declared for-

feited to the crown and formally made over to the Austin friars or Hermits, whose submissive provincial, Dr. George Browne, had already espoused the King's cause and who was now engaged in the work of "reforming" the religious houses in England. The Observant friars were all seized as prisoners of the King. Some were confined in other religious houses of the kingdom, while the majority were thrown into prison. On June 18, 1534, a certain Leonard Smith writing to Lord Lisle remarks incidentally, "No news but that two carts full of friars came to the Tower two days ago." And in a letter which Chapuys addressed to Emperor Charles V under date of August 11, 1534, we read: "Of seven (?) houses of Observants, five have already been emptied of friars, because they refused to swear to the statutes made against the Pope. Those in the two others expect also to be expelled."⁽³⁾ By August 29, 1534, fully a year before any other religious house was molested, the agents of Cromwell had finished with the Franciscan Observants. Far and wide the helpless friars were scattered over the kingdom, while their lowly convents, which as centers of virtue and learning enjoyed nationwide esteem, were now in the hands of strangers.⁽⁴⁾

1. See *Franciscan Herald*, July, 1917.—2. Lingard: *History of England*, (New York, 1879) Vol. V, p. 18.—3. See Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892) p. 38.—4. Since the Observant friaries had little or no temporal goods, it was not avarice but sheer hatred that prompted the King to suppress them.

The total number of Observants thus turned out of their houses can not be fixed with certainty. It is generally believed that two hundred were expelled and imprisoned. Of these, some were lodged with the Conventual friars, who were forced to treat them as prisoners of the King.⁽¹⁾ "All the Observants of the Kingdom," writes Chapuys, "have been driven from their monasteries for refusing the oath against the Holy See, and have been distributed in several monasteries, where they are locked up in chains, and worse treated than they could be in prison."⁽²⁾ From a letter of Fr. Francis Lybert written October 25, 1534, we learn that he and Fr. Abraham were according to the King's orders, confined in a poor lodging with the Conventuals at Stamford. Stone commenting on this interesting letter says, "No small part of the suffering of such as these two friars would be the ignorance in which they were kept as to the fate of their brethren. Cromwell would not hesitate to have them told that others had given in, and that their stubbornness and want of loyalty to the King were bringing their Order into much disrepute."⁽³⁾ It seems, however, that in the course of time the imprisonment of the friars became less severe and that later a number of them succeeded in making good their escape, either fleeing the country or remaining in hiding with friends. Thus we know that

in July, 1534, Dr. Hilsey, one of the royal visitors, finally overtook FF. Hugh Payn and Thomas Hayfield, who had escaped from the Conventual friary at Newark and who were on the point of embarking at Cardiff for the continent.⁽⁴⁾

More deplorable and outrageous, of course, was the lot of those friars who were thrown into prison. Accustomed to the peace and quiet of convent life, they were now forced to share company with the very dregs of humanity and were loaded down with every misery and hardship that these dreadful abodes of filth and disease could offer. Henry's anger for the time knew no bounds; and there is every reason to believe that neither insults nor torture were spared to force the friars into submission. The following fact related by Burchier, Mason, Wadding, and other historians shows to some extent to what fearful sufferings they were subjected. In 1537, eight friars were released from their dungeons. Of these four died a few days later. "The hardships they had undergone in their confinement," says Parkinson, "had sunk them so low that they were not able to recover." They were FF. Thomas Packingham, Bonaventure Roo, John Tuit, and Richard Carter. The Franciscan Martyrology commemorates them on August 9.⁽⁵⁾

The only one who ventured to intercede for the imprisoned friars

1. It would be wide of the mark to infer from this that the Conventual friars were abettors of the King's lawless measures against the Observantines. They were compelled to treat them as the King's prisoners and perhaps were even exhorted thereto by the Observantines themselves as the lesser of two evils.—2. Gasquet, *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, (London, 1906.) p. 56.—3. Stone, *l. c.*, p. 42.—4. Gasquet, *l. c.*, p. 52.—5. Parkinson: *Antiquities of English Franciscans*, (London, 1726) p. 236.

was Sir Thomas Wriothesley, their secret friend and admirer. He was a member of the Privy Council and apparently had great influence over Cromwell, which he now exerted toward the release of the friars from prison with leave to quit the country. Though the shrewd and calculating minister was willing to get rid of the friars at any cost, the King proved less favorably inclined toward the proposal of Wriothesley. He would sate his thirst for vengeance by sending the entire Observant body to the block. Certain considerations, however, stood in the way of this wholesale butchery, above all the outspoken discontent of the people. Henry knew that ever since his infamous dealings in the case of the Holy Maid of Kent,⁽¹⁾ a strong feeling of dissatisfaction and indignation had taken hold of the people, which became especially noticeable when the friars were suppressed and imprisoned. Even at court there were such as resented his usurping of the spiritual supremacy and thought his recent measures against the Observants too severe. When, therefore, Cromwell approached him with Wriothesley's petition, he found himself forced to feign mercy and subsequently had a number of friars set at liberty.

Parkinson writes under the year 1537, "The execution of many of the Franciscan Observants (in prison ever since 1534, or 1535) having been delayed by the mediation of their friend Sir Thomas Wriothes-

ley, and not one of them coming into the King's measures, or subscribing to his supremacy &c, it was now proposed to his majesty (as Sanders writes) that they should be some way or other disposed of, lest others by their example, might become more resolute. And now, though the King seemed inclined to have them all cut off, or hanged at once, yet being apprehensive of the infamy of such a fact, because they were numerous, and being willing to show some favor to the Privy Counsellor Wriothesley, who had pleaded hard for them, he spared some of them, who went into banishment, partly into the Low Countries, and others into Scotland."⁽²⁾ To this action of Henry probably refers Cromwell's entry in his *Remembrances*: "Item to remember the friars of Greewich to have license to go to Ireland."⁽³⁾

How many of the Observants were in the course of time released and banished, is not known. Certain it is, however, that many were detained in the dungeons to be made examples of. "Thirty-two of the same Order," says Parkinson, "were removed out of the prisons of London, and being coupled two and two together with iron chains, were sent into divers other prisons of the nation, that they might perish with less murmuring and disturbance of the people;.....besides these, others were starved with hunger, as an author writes,⁽⁴⁾ and others suffocated with the intolerable stench of loathsome prisons, or perished by

1. See *Franciscan Herald*, May, 1917.—2. Parkinson, l. c., p. 238.—3. Gasquet, l. c., p. 57.—4. The author referred to is Fr. Francis a Sancta Clara (Davenport).

the inconveniences and hardships of their confinement.”⁽¹⁾

It is equally impossible to state with any degree of certainty how many Observants died in prison between the years 1534 and 1537. From the moment they were shut up in the silence and gloom of their dungeon, nothing more was heard of them. It is quite probable that a number were executed in secret, and that therefore no account of their last sufferings and death has ever been committed to writing. Only from a contemporary account of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More preserved in the Vatican⁽²⁾ we learn that “an immense number of them all perished either on the scaffold or by starvation or through their sufferings in prison.”⁽³⁾ The Franciscan Menologium mentions thirty-four friars and “others not a few” who died in 1537; and on July 31, the Franciscan Martyrology commemorates thirty-two who in 1538 succumbed to their hardships in prison.⁽⁴⁾

In the autumn of 1536, the commons of northern England rose in armed protest against the encroachments of the King on their religious and political freedom. “The suppression of the abbeys,” says Gasquet, “was felt to be a blow to religion in those parts no less than a hardship to the poor, and a detriment to the country at large. The royal supremacy was looked upon as founded only on Henry’s whim and as a pretension without prec-

edent in history, while the renunciation of papal authority was held to be subversive of the principle of unity in the Christian Church, and the first step towards diversity of doctrine and practice.”⁽⁵⁾

The insurrection broke out in Lincolnshire, but it was soon put down, owing to a lack of unity and mutual trust between the gentry and the commons. About one hundred of the insurgents were thrown into the Tower, of whom thirty-three were condemned to death. Meanwhile, the popular movement had gained ground in Yorkshire and gradually spread over the whole of northern England. It is known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. In October, 1536, 40,000 armed citizens headed by Robert Aske and reinforced by about 5000 knights and gentlemen, marched to Doncaster, where the Duke of Norfolk had united his forces with the armed tenantry of the Earl of Shrewsbury. On their arm, many of the insurgents wore an emblem of the Five Wounds or a cross with I. H. S. inscribed on it.

Wholly unprepared to quell this formidable array by force of arms, Henry resorted to lying and double-dealing. At the suggestion of the Duke of Norfolk who was informed of the King’s base policy, Robert Aske had the demands of the commons drawn up in twenty-four articles and sent to the King. After feigning some reluctance, the treacherous King at last made far-reaching

1. Parkinson, l. c., p. 238.—2. Peacock brings this brief but valuable account in his *Records of the Reformation*, (Oxford, 1870), Vol. II, p. 553 sqq.—3. The same is attested by historians like Bourneier, Davenport, Gonzaga, Sanders, Parkinson.—4. See Leon: *Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis*, (Taunton, 1887) Vol. IV, p. 351.—5. Gasquet, l. c., p. 230.

concessions and ever offered the insurgents a general pardon. Trusting Henry and the Duke of Norfolk, the noble-minded Robert Aske prevailed on the commons to disband and to return to their homes. When, however, the royal promises were not fulfilled, the people again grew restless and finally in January they rose a second time. Now Henry was prepared to meet them. What followed was a series of cruel and bloody measures against the leaders of the Pilgrimage and of renewed hostilities against the religious houses of the kingdom. "The collapse of the rising," says Gasquet, "removed every restraint upon the autocratic power of the crown and opened the way for further seizures of monastic and church property."⁽¹⁾

The following year, 1537, was chiefly taken up with expelling the monks whom the insurgents had reinstated in their possessions. Finally, in the autumn of 1538, the friaries were seized. So far, the Conventual convents had not been molested, since "there was nothing to be got by their ruin, forasmuch as they had no endowments of lands" or other property worth confiscating. Now, however, motives of revenge were added to those of avarice, so that the Franciscan houses were again the first to suffer. It is probable that at this time the Franciscan Province in England numbered seventy-three houses, not including the six Observant

friaries confiscated and made over to the Austin friars in the summer of 1534. Though in the beginning of the conflict the Conventuals were less conspicuous than the Observants in opposing the policy of Henry, we have every reason to believe that later, when the question of papal supremacy came to a head, they as a body were as staunch in their allegiance to the Pope as their fellow-friars of the Observance. That, as formerly maintained,⁽²⁾ they strictly observed the Franciscan rule of poverty and for their daily subsistence depended largely on the charity of the faithful, became manifest now when their convents fell a prey to Henry's insatiable rapacity. A perusal of Parkinson's account based on Speed, Weever, and Leland, reveals the fact that most of the Conventual friaries had little or no valuation. Leland whom the King employed in visiting and rating the religious houses, leaves many of the Conventual friaries entirely unmentioned. "The revenues of the friary at Bedford were estimated at L3. 15s. 2d. a year. Of the friars at Aylesbury, Dr. John London wrote to Cromwell, 'I found them very poor and in debt, their ornaments very coarse and very little stuff of household; there I only sold the glass windows and their ornaments, with their utensils. I left the house whole, and only defaced the church there. The whole church is well covered with lead and a good roof. The revenues were valued at L3. 2s. 5d.

1. For a critical account of the northern risings and their result see Gasquet, l. c., Chapters XI to XVI.—

2. See *Franciscan Herald*, April, 1917.

The friary at Walsingham was valued at L3. Northampton was comparatively rich with property valued at L6. 13s. 4d. per annum. At Coventry the friars had neither lands nor buildings, nor other possessions spiritual or temporal, but only a permission to receive the charity of good people. At Bridgenorth, in giving up their house they said, "That they were not able to live; for the charity of the people was so small that in three years they had

not received in alms in ready money the sum of ten shillings a year, and they lived only by a service that they had in the town in a chapel on the bridge.' Their property was valued at 4L. per annum. In Shrewsbury their house was declared to be the poorest in the town; for they had only three or four acres of arable land and little personal property, no jewels, nothing but a plated crucifix and a mean chalice."⁽¹⁾

(To be continued)

1. Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, (London, 1878) p. 95 sqq. The facts and figures are based chiefly on Dugdale's *Monasticon*.

A BEAUTY CONTEST

By Fr. Giles, C.F.M.

"MISS DAWSON, an operation is unavoidable. Had you had that abscess attended to in time, necrosis of the jawbone would not have set in. As it is, an operation is now the only remedy."

The physician's diagnosis was authoritative, the tone of his voice final. The young lady gasped, her chest heaved violently, and her face became white and rigid as if carved out of carrara marble.

"There's no need at all of becoming frightened about the operation," he continued reassuringly, noticing his patient's extreme agitation.

"I'm not afraid of the operation," replied Grace in a scarcely audible whisper, "but Doctor, will it—will it leave a scar?"

The eminent specialist smiled to himself as he gazed at the delicately chiseled features of his fair young patient that reminded him of the far-famed beauty of Greece's fabled

goddesses, and he made a mental diagnosis of another and still more serious spiritual ailment of this twentieth-century Venus.

"Yes, I regret very much to say that a scar will undoubtedly result, for your case is of such a nature that an external operation is necessary. Nevertheless, I shall use the utmost precaution to make the scar as slight and inconspicuous as possible."

"I'll not have the operation performed at all if I'm to carry an ugly scar on my face for the rest of my life," snapped the "goddess", rising indignantly and preparing to leave. This unexpected reply nettled the matter-of-fact physician, who considered the health of the body far superior to its transitory external charms.

"You'll rue this decision before long, Miss Dawson; for I can assure you that your ailment, if not attended to at once, will continue to

develop, and the result will be not merely a slight scar but a complete disfigurement of your face. Of course, you are at liberty to do as you please in the matter," he added with affected indifference.

Grace was stunned by this information. She knew that Dr. Barnes enjoyed the reputation of being the ablest head-and-throat specialist in the city, and that his decisions were accepted as final; still, she had thought that he might be mistaken in her case, and that she might yet be cured without an operation. Now, that he predicted worse things to mar the perfect lines of her face, if she refused to permit the operation, she was filled with despair and left his office angry at herself and the whole world and quite undecided what course to pursue.

Grace Dawson was a member of Fr. Roch's Tertiary conference, and although she was a good girl, yet it must be said to her discredit that she had joined the Third Order rather on account of the social advantages that it offered than out of any special desire to attain a more than ordinary degree of sanctity or to exercise herself in works of penance. In fact, during her year of probation there had been some doubt in the minds of the officers about admitting her to profession on account of her frivolity. But she had promised the mistress of novices to amend her ways, and on the strength of this assurance she had been professed, and for some months had been really a zealous Tertiary. Then came a sudden relapse.

One of the big city dailies held a beauty contest and offered most enticing prizes to the fortunate winners. On the suggestion of her bosom friend, Marion Ribeau, who was likewise a Tertiary and of the same type as herself, Grace entered the contest. She knew that hers was no ordinary beauty, and

she had often been highly complimented on the classic perfection of her contour and the richness of her complexion. Hence, she was not without hope of securing the one or the other of the prizes and her many friends were most desirous of seeing her win at least some special distinction.

Neither she nor they, however, were prepared for the final outcome of the contest.

"Oh, Grace, did you see the paper?" cried Marion Ribeau, rushing into the Dawson home unannounced and all out of breath, holding aloft the gaudily colored supplement of the Sunday edition of the *Morning Post* which contained the result of the great beauty contest.

The query needed no answer, for there sat Grace in a comfortable morris chair her eyes eagerly scanning the columns of the *Post* that fairly overflowed with encomiums on the enchanting beauty of the fair young winner of the first prize—Miss Grace Dawson, of 2458 Cottage Avenue.

"Who would ever have expected this!" gushed Marion, all enthusiastic over the good fortune of her friend. "And to think, that if it hadn't been for me you would never have entered the contest at all," she went on, supposing that this fact would reflect some of Grace's glory on herself. Then the two girls read again and again the fulsome praises of Grace's facial charms, which, the paper said, "might well be envied by the titled beauties of Europe," and which "placed their happy possessor among the first beauties of the world."

With the winning of the first prize, came all the other honors that usually follow in the wake of such a signal distinction. Letters flowed into the Dawson home from ambitious artists and sculptors, desirous of securing Grace as their

model for the painting or statue that was to place them among the immortals. Amorous admirers, too, were not slow to cast themselves and their hearts at the feet of this fair enchantress. Even "movie" directors, ever on the lookout for new "stars", strove to secure this "most winsome typical American girl with the face of a Grecian goddess" for their next big attraction.

All this adulation was enough to turn the head of a less giddy young maiden than Grace Dawson, and for one full week she seemed to be seated on a glittering throne with the world in homage at her feet. Then there came, all unexpectedly, a great black cloud that overshadowed the sunny path of Grace's life. It was nothing less than the peremptory order of her father "to cut out all that nonsense" and to remember that she was a Catholic and a Tertiary. Grace's mother, too, reprimanded her severely for her folly in believing the lying flattery of the world, declaring that had she foreseen all this, she would never have permitted her to enter the contest.

Torrents of tears fell from Grace's "angelic orbs", causing them to swell and to grow unduly red, thus sadly marring the "goddess-like perfection" of her fair countenance. But her tears availed nothing. Her parents remained inflexible in their determination to make her forget the contest and they resolutely consigned the daily sheaf of letters to the fire and refused admittance to all unknown callers. Grace knew her parents too well to think of opposing them in this matter, but deep down in her heart she continued to revel in the glory that had been hers, and now and then she would stealthily take some newspaper clippings from their hiding place and her eyes would gleam with joy as she perused again the well known lines. Those were pre-

vious, happy moments, and they confirmed her in the plan of secretly leaving her home to accept an engagement as a "movie" actress.

Grace had almost completed her arrangements, when a severe case toothache hindered her from executing her design. An abscess soon formed under the tooth, and owing to its peculiar condition, the dentist advised her to have it operated without delay, to avoid future complications. But Grace absolutely refused to undergo the operation. Her sole motive for refusing was the dread that it might permanently spoil the beauty of her countenance. Her parents endeavored to overcome her obstinacy, but Grace remained firm, without, however, revealing the real cause of her refusal. Gradually the swelling disappeared and she rejoiced that she had escaped the dreaded operation.

But after some time, a slight swelling appeared, and fearing a recurrence of the ailment, Grace consulted Dr. Barnes, in whom she placed unbounded confidence. She was horror-struck to learn from him that her malady had become chronic and had brought about necrosis of the jawbone, necessitating an operation that would disfigure her classic profile and put an end to all her hopes of posing in the "movies" as the "girl with the flawless face."

As she rode home in the street car from the doctor's, she was at a loss what step to take. She tried to pray, but prayer seemed mockery under the circumstances; so she desisted. When the car turned at Marshall and Burns Streets, she rose to leave, having still some three blocks to walk before reaching her home. Wholly taking up with her thoughts, she had not heard the low rumbling of an approaching storm nor noticed

the great bank of black clouds that was coming up swiftly from the northwest, and she had hardly alighted from the car when the rain began to fall. Having neither an umbrella nor a rain coat, Grace hastily sought shelter in the nearest house, a small frame cottage on the corner. The door was opened by a little, middle-aged woman with a kindly, "Just come in, Miss; 'tis a bad storm, indeed, to be out in," and the good woman devoutly signed herself with the cross as a terrific crash of thunder shook the cottage to its foundation.

Grace was ushered into a small, plainly furnished room that at once gave evidence of the poverty and the thrift of her kind hostess. Mrs. Darcy was a widow who supported herself and her invalid daughter Kathleen by doing plain dressmaking. The poor girl had suffered a most unfortunate accident when but five years old and for the past fifteen years she had been a helpless and hopeless invalid. But all the years of sickness and pain had not been able to drive the pleasant smile from her thin bloodless lips nor to steal from her the sweet peace with which suffering united to virtue is wont to fill the hearts of God's faithful children.

The sight of this helpless young lady lying on her humble bed for years without so much as a word of complaint passing her lips, though deprived of all that youth so ardently craves, and continually racked with pain,—all this made a deep impression on Grace, and opened to her a new world of which she had heard, indeed, but with which she had never yet been brought face to face. That suffering and misfortune could produce peace and contentment and even a certain degree of happiness, was to her a mystery.

"And don't you ever long to leave your bed and go outside to enjoy

the fresh air, the bright, warm sun, and the flowers?" she asked, taking the girl's cold, wan hand in hers and stroking it gently.

"I do at times," replied Kathleen smiling, "but when I say as fervently as I can, 'Thy will be done!' I'm satisfied to stay where I am. Besides, mother usually has a vase of flowers on the table, and the sun throws its bright beams just across my bed, so that I do not have to leave the room nor even my bed to enjoy them.

"But you must suffer constantly," Grace went on, "and I don't understand how you can be so content and cheerful all the while as if you had no pains whatever."

"Oh, it's easy to be patient and cheerful if you recall how much our dear Lord suffered for us. You see, I have a crucifix right above my bed where I can always see it, and it gives me strength and consolation. Sometimes I think I'd like to go to church where mother says it is so beautiful to kneel and pray before the tabernacle. But Fr. Roch, who often visits me and brings me Holy Communion, says that I'll never regret not having seen the church when once I am in heaven."

"Are you acquainted with Fr. Roch?" asked Grace in surprise.

"Why yes; I belong to his Third Order conference. He tells me that Tertiaries are called brothers and sisters of penance and that God is good to me and sees to it that I always have enough to suffer so that I may have no trouble living up to my name."

As the poor sick girl continued to speak thus lightly of her terrible sufferings, a great wave of remorse and sorrow swept over Grace's soul such as she had never experienced before. She, too, was a Tertiary, a sister of penance, but she had never had this fact brought home to her with such force as now. She,

too, had recently endured excruciating pains, but they had not reminded her of her suffering Savior; she had, on the contrary, thought only of ways and means of ridding herself of them as quickly as possible. How she had chafed, too, under her forced confinement to her room while her face was badly swollen from the abscess, and how black and dismal the whole world seemed to her now that her vanity was to be humbled although only for the benefit of her bodily health. She felt indescribably small in the presence of this courageous girl, who surpassed her far more in beauty of character than Grace surpassed others as to the charms of the body. Scales seemed to fall from her eyes. She understood now the real meaning of life in this world, and she saw clearly into the folly of cherishing things so ephemeral as bodily beauty while neglect-

ing the more lasting beauty of the soul, which is wont to increase in splendor as the years roll by.

It had ceased raining for upwards of an hour, but Grace no longer heeded the state of the weather. She continued to sit at the bedside of that wonderful invalid, baring her soul's misery to this newest and strangest of her friends, who was so different from the rest and who affected her as no other person had yet done.

At last the two new friends parted, Grace promising to call frequently in the future. But instead of returning home, she boarded a down-town bound car and was soon again in the specialist's office.

"Dr. Barnes," she said, with a coolness and decision that quite surprised the physician, "I have determined to have the operation performed. You may begin at once."

CONVERTED BY A GENUFLECTION

When the saintly Tertiary Bishop Mermillod, of Geneva, was a curate in that city, he delivered a series of sermons on the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. One evening, after all the faithful had left the church and the doors had been locked, the pious priest trimmed the sanctuary lamp, as was his daily custom, and then knelt for some moments in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. He then arose and made a devout genuflection. Just then he heard a slight noise in the church and turning about saw a well dressed lady emerging from the confessional. "What do you wish here, madam, at this time of the night?" asked Mermillod, much surprised. "Your Reverence will please excuse me," replied the lady, "for, although I am a Protestant, I have regularly attended your Lenten sermons on the Eucharist, and I must confess that your words have convinced me of the truth of this great mystery. I had but one doubt,--for which I humbly crave your pardon--namely, whether you yourself really believe what you preach. Hence, I sought an opportunity for observing your actions in secret, before the Blessed Sacrament whether they are in accord with your professed belief. I am now satisfied that they are; for you would never have made so devout a genuflection as you did just now, if you did not really believe in the Real Presence, and I humbly beg to be received into the Catholic Church."—*Gaume*.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

This is my Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many.

THE EUCCHARISTIC VICTIM

O my divine Lord, how inexhaustible is thy charity! For not only was thy sacred Body once delivered to the nails and spear, to the cross, to death, and to the sepulcher in thy blessed passion as a sacrifice to God for our sins, but it is also perpetually being delivered for us still as the eucharistic victim lifted up in sacrifice to God.

I know that it has been recorded of old that once a holy youth was laid on an altar before God, and that he did not actually die but seemed to do so as he lay there so still and silent and ready to be offered up as a holocaust to the Most High. But now in holy Mass I see the priest in place of the sacrificing Patriarch Abraham of old, and my faith guided by Holy Church discerns thee, O eucharistic Jesus, on the altar in the place of the gentle Isaac. I know well, my Jesus, that thou canst die no more, for thou art living forever and ever, but thou seemest to die as thou liest there on the altar before God under the eucharistic species as the unbloody victim of Calvary, offered for us and applying thy precious merits to our souls.

O divine Lord, if the Eternal Father was pleased with Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac although it was offered without the death and the shedding of the blood of the chosen victim, so that He said to him, "Because thou hast done this thing I will bless thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," how much more is He pleased when the victim offered to him and laid before him on the altar is thou, sweet Jesus, his only begotten and most beloved Son! And if the sacrifice of Abraham drew down God's richest blessings on him and on all his race, how much more will heavenly blessings be poured forth through the unbloody offering of thyself in the holy Mass—that sublime worship in spirit and in truth which the Eternal Father seeks and loves! For here is offered the true victim, the adorable substance of the God-Man, of which all the sacrifices of the Old Law were but figures and faint shadows; and not in body only is our divine victim sacrificed in the Mass, as were the unreasoning animal victims of yore, but also in spirit; for he sacrifices himself whole and entire, with body and soul and all the holy sentiments of which his divine Heart is capable.

O sublime sentiments of our adorable victim of the New Testament with which he came into this world and with which he constantly offers himself in the one infinitely pleasing sacrifice of Calvary daily renewed in holy Mass! "Sacrifice and oblation thou wouldest not: but a body thou hast fitted to me: Sacrifices and oblations and holocausts for sin thou

wouldest not, neither are they pleasing to thee. Then said I: Behold, I come to do thy will, O God." (Hebr. 10, 5-9.) Thus already offering himself in spirit he came into the world to become the victim of the great sacrifice by which God is honored in spirit and in truth. This is the sublime worship in spirit and in truth which the Eternal Father is ever "seeking".

How infinitely the heavenly Father takes pleasure in the sacrifice of the Mass. How the heart of God is consoled for the insult and ingratitude of sin. How infinite is the satisfaction the offering of his adorable Son gives him. This thought is, indeed, almost too high for us, and we can only look up to it from our littleness; for as the heaven is higher than the earth, so are the thoughts of God higher than our thoughts; yet it lends a special august solemnity to the holy Mass to reverently contemplate these wonderful things above us.

Let me remember, then, that at holy Mass the Eternal Father is waiting, he is listening, he is being infinitely consoled; for these thoughts should stir me up to assist with deeper devotion and to keep in more perfect accord with the priest at the altar, uniting myself in spirit to his sacrificial actions of which the object is so inconceivably sublime. And let me consider also with adoring wonder the infinite love of my eucharistic Jesus, who thus continually gives himself for us in sacrifice by presenting his adorable Body in the Mass to his Eternal Father with its wounds still mystically bleeding for our sins, in adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and impetration for us, and presenting himself as the precious food of our souls in Holy Communion. How entirely our divine Lord has given his Body for us in his passion, how entirely does he not give his selfsame Body and Blood for us in the Blessed Eucharist! Does not this divine charity, which surpasses all understanding, urge us to live for him, a more complete victim of his love forever?



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

TEXAS

XXXII

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

IT remains for us to locate the two mission groups and to briefly describe their activity. For our material we shall have to rely almost entirely on Professor Herbert E. Bolton's *Texas in the Middle of the Eighteenth Century*. Shea and Bancroft have some incidents and dates, but not enough to give us a clear view of the situation. Fr. Isidoro Espinosa's *Cronica Serafica* and Villa Señor's *Teatro Americano* touch only the beginnings of one missionary establishment in the next group, both closing with the year 1746.

It has already been related⁽¹⁾ that as early as 1722, the Marqués de Aguayo had erected a presidio on the very site of La Salle's ill-fated Fort St. Louis, and had placed it under the protection of the Blessed Virgin under the title *Nuestra Señora de Loreto*. It became better known as the Presidio del Espiritu Santo or Bahía, and was entrusted to the command of Captain Domingo Ramón, who, in 1716, had led the expedition into Texas and Louisiana. While the buildings of the garrison were under construction, in accordance with the orders of the Venerable Fr. Antonio Margíl, superior of the Zacatecan missions in Texas, Fr. Agustin Patron founded a mission in the same district for the Cujane (Kuhane),

Guapite, and Karankawa Indians, while attending at the same time to the spiritual needs of the soldiers and their families. This mission was called *La Mision del Espiritu Santo de Zuniga*. Zuniga was added in honor of the thirty-sixth viceroy of Mexico.

Rev. Juan de la Pena, who accompanied Ramón's expedition, in 1716, as chaplain and chronicler, reported concerning the natives: "It is seen that these tribes are docile and would readily enter upon the work of cultivating the soil and their own souls, more especially because they live in greater misery than the other tribes, since they subsist altogether on fish and go entirely without clothing." Bolton, however, from whom this quotation is taken, with better evidence declares that they were fierce cannibals and extremely warlike. Forty or more Cujane, Karankawa, and Guapite families planted their rancharía near the presidio, and others may have joined the mission; but scarcely had they done so, when trouble began. In the fall of 1723, a quarrel arose between the savages and the soldiers. Whether or not the Spaniards were to blame, they at least showed little skill in dealing with the warlike Indians. An attempt to punish the offending natives resulted in an engagement,

(1) See *Franciscan Herald*, November and December 1914, and April 1916.

during which Captain Ramón was killed. The Indians hereupon took to flight, but returned after some weeks to take reprisals on the lives and goods of the soldiers. This practice they kept up more or less continuously for twenty-five years.

Discouraged by the hostility of the Indians toward the garrison, the missionary of Espiritu Santo, in 1726, moved his mission ten leagues northwestward to the Guadalupe River,⁽²⁾ where he began work anew among the Xaraname (Haraname) and the Tamique tribes, who spoke a quite different language.⁽³⁾ Shortly afterwards the presidio was likewise moved to the same district by Captain Ramón's successor. The new location is now marked by the ruins in modern Mission Valley, says Bolton, west of the Guadalupe River and near the northwestern line of Victoria County. Details of the missionary activity are lacking.

As for the Indians of the former site, an official report has it that the Cujane, Coco, Guapite, Karankawa, and Copane tribes were considered incapable of being reduced to mission life. One of the friars of San Antonio wrote: "In

truth, since the year 1733, when I came to this province, I have never heard that one of these Indians has attached himself to the Mission of Espiritu Santo." A little later, in 1751, he complained that "the Cujanes were for some thirty years considered unconquerable, and because unconquerable they were the principal obstacle to the presidio of Bahía."⁽⁴⁾

Nevertheless, on April 14, 1750, the viceroy exhorted the missionaries at New Espiritu Santo Mission to do all in their power to reduce, congregate, and convert the Cujanes, Karankawas, and Guapites. They were to be treated with the utmost kindness, given presents, and assured, on behalf of the government, that if they would settle down in a pueblo they would be given new missions, protected from their enemies, and supplied with all the necessaries of life. Similar instructions were sent to Captain Manuel Ramírez de la Pizina, the new commander of the Bahía del Espiritu Santo presidio. The Fathers, aided by this officer, went to work with a will, but little or nothing seems to have been accomplished. The Zacatecan missionary, Fr. Juan José González,

(2) But, as Shea remarks, not before Fr. Diego Zapata and Fr. Ignacio Bahena had fallen victims to the malarious climate. Shea dates the transfer of the mission 1717. The new site, Bolton adverts, was later reported as fourteen leagues northwest from Bahía del Espiritu Santo, and about ten leagues northwest of the later site of Bahía or modern Goliad.

(3) "In 1760, Fr. Bartolomé García published a *Manual* for the religious instruction in the Coahuiltecan language which served for about twenty tribes represented at the missions of San Antonio and lower Rio Grande. The form outlined for the confessional in this book reflects the horrible moral conditions with which the missionaries had to contend in their work of civilization." (Bolton, p. 11.) These moral conditions were encountered by all the missionaries among the savages of America from the very first, but our paganized modern "civilization", we dare say, presents far more revolting difficulties of the same nature.

(4) Bolton, pp. 59, 61, 99, 100, 235, 286.

appears to have been in charge of New Espiritu Santo Mission, on the Guadalupe. For a short time, indeed, some Cujane Indians settled there, but by the end of 1751 they deserted. A good harvest of fifteen souls baptized *in articulo mortis* consoled the missionary somewhat in his disappointment. "This is what happens daily in those and all other frontier missions," says a report of that date. "The same will be true two hundred years hence, unless there be established there settlements of Spaniards and civilized people to protect, restrain, and make respectable the barbarous Indians who may be newly congregated, assuring them before their eyes a living example of civilized life, application to labor, and to the Faith. Without this they will always remain in the bonds of their native brutality, inherited for many centuries, as happens in the missions of the Rio Grande, of Eastern Texas, and all the rest where there are no Spanish settlements; for the Indians there, even after having been congregated fifty

years or more, return to the woods at will."⁽⁵⁾

Alas for the remedy proposed! The presence of white settlers near the missions far oftener proved a curse than a blessing to the Indians. The missionaries and the Spanish king, too, wished white settlers to take up land near the missions, and by their industry, sobriety, purity, and fidelity to religion and its precepts show the natives how to raise themselves from the degradation of paganism and indolence. The effect on the savages would have been irresistible. The history of nearly all the Spanish missions, however, and this is true of the French missions as well, demonstrates that in but few instances the missions derived any lasting benefit from the presence of white settlers or soldiers; and that, if the messengers of the Gospel succeeded in winning the savages to the Faith, it was in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way by the very persons whom they expected to aid them in their apostolic work.

(5) Bolton, *Texas in the Middle of the Eighteenth Century*, 309

INDULGENCE OF THE PORZIUNCOLA

The Plenary Indulgence of the Porziuncola can be gained from noon of August 1 until midnight of August 2, as often as one visits a Franciscan church or any other church that has the privilege. The conditions are: Confession, Holy Communion, and some prayers for the intention of the Pope. The Confession may be made already on July 30, and the Holy Communion received on either August 1 or 2. Persons that go to Confession every week, need not make an extra Confession to gain these indulgences.

FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J.

By Fr. Odoric, O. F. M.

AMONG the immortal names in the early history of our country, that of Father James Marquette, S. J., the illustrious Indian Missionary and the discoverer of the Mississippi River, holds an enviable prominence. Born in the city of Laon, in France, in the year 1637, Marquette was but seventeen years old when he entered the Society of Jesus. Here he chose as his special model the great Jesuit missionary, St. Francis Xavier, and like him he longed to spend his life for the conversion of the heathen in far-away countries. His cherished desire was soon to be realized.

In 1666, Marquette was sent by his superiors to Canada, where he landed at Quebec, on September 20 of the same year. Twenty days later, his missionary work began—he was sent to Three Rivers, seventy-seven miles above Quebec, to study under the direction of Father Druillettes, S. J., the language of the Montagnais, their customs and habits, and to inure himself to the manner of life he would have to lead as a missionary among the North American savages. In the spring of 1668, thoroughly equipped for the great spiritual conflict in which he was to engage, Marquette received orders to repair to the Ottawa missions on Lake Superior. He accordingly returned to Quebec, whence he set out for his distant mission field on April 2, with Bro. Le Boesme, S. J., and two other

companions.

The first stopping place on that long journey was Montreal, one hundred and eighteen miles up the St. Lawrence from Quebec. The party traveled in frail birch bark canoes, and made about thirty miles a day. When night fell, the priest and his companions would stretch their weary and cramped limbs on the banks of that lordly river, with naught but the starry heavens to cover them, and soon fell asleep, lulled to rest by the gentle breezes making music in the trees. After a short stay at Montreal, waiting for a suitable person to guide them through the hundreds of miles of pathless wilderness yet to come, they joined a party of Indians, who were about to return to the Lake Superior regions after trading with the French.

Ascending the turbid waters of the Ottawa River for nearly four hundred miles and passing through a chain of narrow rivers and small lakes, they entered Lake Nipissing. Their course then led them down the rapid current of French River, through cheerless solitudes, across the broad stretches of Georgian Bay, into the seemingly boundless expanse of Lake Huron. They skirted the northern shore, until they reached Sault Sainte Marie, which marks the outlet of Lake Superior into Lake Huron. Here Father Marquette planted his first mission at the foot of the rapids on

the present American side of the channel, and began his heroic and apostolic career in the missions of the great Northwest.

He toiled with such zeal and success, that within the first year he baptized eighty children. At this time, a missionary was urgently needed for La Pointe, Wisconsin, where Father Allouez had founded

of the Christian religion, and in his report to his superior he describes these savages as being "far from the kingdom of God, and above all other nations addicted to lewdness, superstitious sacrifices, and juggleries."

In this letter, too, Father Marquette makes mention for the first time of the Mississippi River,* with



Photo by Grace C. Horn

On the Glassy Waters of Wayagamug

the mission of the Holy Ghost and had made quite a large number of converts, although unhappily many of them proved recreant. To "this ungrateful field" Marquette joyfully bent his steps, where he arrived on September 13, 1669. Like his predecessor, he had irksome, uphill work in his endeavors to imbue the carnal Ottawas and Hurons with the high moral code

which his name was destined to become inseparably united. "When the Illinois come to La Pointe," he writes, "they pass a large river about a league in width. It runs from north to south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what a canoe is, have not heard of its mouth.....It is hardly credible that this large river empties (into the sea) at Virginia, and we rather

*In Chipewa, Misisibi or Mesisibi, which means anything which is greater or larger than anything else of the kind: in this case, a river greater than any other river.

believe it has its mouth in California.....At a distance of six or seven days' journey further down than the Illinois, there is another large river on which there are prodigious tribes who use wooden canoes. We can not write anything else about them until next year, if God vouchsafes to conduct us thither."

Burning with an unquenchable thirst for the salvation of these countless savages steeped in all the miseries of diabolical superstition, Father Marquette began to seek an opportunity for visiting these distant tribes, especially the Illinois Indians, who numbered from eight to nine thousand souls, and to whom he felt himself especially attracted. But before he could carry out this cherished design, he was fated to witness the destruction of his now beloved mission at La Pointe. Provoked by the Hurons and Ottawas, the fierce Sioux swooped down on the mission and neighboring villages and forced the inhabitants to flee for their lives. Marquette accompanied his scattered flock to Mackinac, where he founded the mission of St. Ignace, in 1671, and the star of hope that had begun to light up his fancied pathway to the "great river of the west" grew dim and finally faded almost entirely from view.

Still, hoping against hope, he zealously continued his strenuous labors in the Huron mission, praying the while most fervently to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he bore an extraordinary devotion, to obtain for him the privilege of discov-

ering the great river in order to spread the light of the Gospel among the benighted pagans that thronged its banks. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, M. Louis Joliet reached Mackinac bearing orders from Count de Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, to explore the Mississippi River, and to ascertain whether its waters emptied into the Gulf of Mexico or into the Pacific Ocean. He was, moreover, instructed to request Father Marquette to accompany him as guide on this perilous and important expedition. This news, apparently a direct answer to his many prayers, filled the good missionary with untold joy, and he spent the remainder of the winter preparing for the long desired journey. A young man of the Illinois tribe, who had been captured by one of the Hurons and then presented to the missionary, assisted him in learning the Illinois language, the knowledge of which was to be of the greatest importance during his voyage of discovery.

On May 17, 1673, Father Marquette, Louis Joliet, and five companions set out in two canoes in quest of the Mississippi. Their nimble paddles cut the bright surface of Lake Michigan with swift strokes and before long they reached Green Bay, where Father Allouez had established a mission. Here they ascended the Fox River until they reached the portage which has given its name to the modern city of Portage, Wisconsin. It was at this time, that Father

Marquette began a special devotion in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, which he observed daily during the rest of the voyage. Gliding swiftly down the Wisconsin River, the exploring party finally reached the Mississippi, "which we safely entered," writes Marquette, "on June 17, with a joy that I can not express." In thanksgiving for the evident protection and guidance of his heavenly Mother Mary, he called it the river of the Immaculate Conception. The learned priest as solicitous for the cause of science and geographical research as for the salvation of souls, drew a map of the country through which they passed, and likewise kept a diary of the whole voyage. This document with its clear, concise style, and valuable information, is one of the most important and interesting of colonial American history.

Their light birch bark canoes were carried rapidly down the mighty stream, and they soon passed the mouth of the muddy Missouri, then the broad Ohio, down to the Arkansas, where they learned from the Indians with certainty that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. Fearing that by pushing on further they might meet with hostile Indians or fall into the hands of the Spaniards, in which case they would lose the fruit of all their labors, the explorers determined to turn back and report to their respective superiors the result of their long voyage.

Having rested a day at the village of the Akamsea, they turned the

prows of their canoes about on July 17, and began the painful and laborious task of ascending the rushing current of the majestic river. Four months after their departure, they reached Green Bay, having traveled a distance of over 2600 miles. "Had the whole voyage caused the salvation of but a single soul," writes Marquette, "I should think myself well repaid for all the fatigue endured. And I have reason to think this; for when I was about to leave the Illinois Indians on my return, they brought me a dying child to the water's edge, which I baptized before it died."

Joliet proceeded to Canada to bring the news of the great discovery to the Governor, while the humble missionary remained at Green Bay from September 1673 to October 1674, to recruit his declining health, before resuming his labors among the natives. As his condition was somewhat improved, his superiors granted him permission to return to his beloved Illinois Indians and found among them the promised mission of the Immaculate Conception. Leaving Green Bay on October 25, 1674, with two faithful Frenchmen, Pierre Porteret and Jacques, he started southward and arrived in December at the Chicago River. But exposure to the cold and the storms on Lake Michigan brought back his old ailment and much against his will he was compelled to spend the winter in a wretched Indian hut not far from the present site of Chicago.

Toward spring, he rallied sufficiently to continue his journey and

finally, after enduring the most acute sufferings with heroic patience, he reached the great village of the Illinois situated near the river of the same name, where he was received as an angel from Heaven. All the Indians listened to his instructions with marked interest and docility, and he was about to achieve an abundant spiritual harvest

when he again fell so seriously ill that he realized that his end was nigh. His neophytes became quite disconsolate over the forced departure of their beloved Black Robe, and they begged him to return as soon as possible. He promised to do so, or at least to send some other priest to instruct them in the true faith. Then the Indians escorted

him for more than thirty leagues, contending with one another for the honor of carrying his little baggage.

Returning north on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, the poor priest was so weak that he had to lie in the bottom of the canoe while his two French companions swiftly

plied their paddles lest he die before they reached Mackinac. But soon he began to sink rapidly and perceiving the mouth of a small river with high banks, which he thought suitable for his burial place, he told them that this was the place of his last repose, and bade them to carry him thither. They did as he told them, and hastily built a wretched bark cabin to shield him from the sun. In spite of his terrible sufferings, he maintained an admirable equanimity and gentleness, consoling his weeping companions and assuring them that God would not forsake them when he would be gone.

Then feeling that he had but a short time to live, he took off the crucifix which he wore

about his neck and placed it in the hands of one of the men, asking him to hold it constantly before his eyes. With an effort, the dying priest clasped his hands, and with his gaze fixed on the cross, he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked God for the great grace he was giving him in allowing him to



Photo by Grace C. Horn
First Steps on the Warpath

die in the Society of Jesus and as a missionary of Jesus Christ, far from home and kindred and destitute of almost all human aid. His last words were "Mater Dei, memento mei—Mother of God, remember me." Suddenly raising his eyes above the crucifix and fixing them apparently on some object which he regarded with pleasure, with a countenance all radiant with smiles, he expired without a struggle, as gently as if he had sunk into a quiet sleep, close to midnight on Saturday, May 18, 1675, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Thus he died the great apostle,
Far away in regions west;
By the Lake of the Algonquins
Peacefully his ashes rest;
But his spirit still regards us
From his home among the blessed.

His companions reverently buried him where he died* according to his own directions and marked his grave with a cross. Two years later, some Indians, whom Marquette had instructed in the true faith, discovered his grave and on opening it found the body dried up, the skin being still whole and uninjured. This did not prevent them from dissecting it according to their custom. Having washed the bones and dried them in the sun, they wrapped them reverently in birch bark and bore them to the mission of St. Ignace at Mackinac. The convoy consisted of nearly thirty canoes, many Iroquois joining

with the Algonquins to do honor to the great Black Robe. Father Nouvel and Pierson together with all the Frenchmen and the Indians of the mission went out to meet the funeral cortege, and brought the body in solemn procession to the church. Here it remained all day in state. The following morning, Wednesday, June 9, 1677, after the funeral services, the precious remains of the zealous missionary and intrepid explorer were laid to rest in a little vault in the middle of the church, where the Indians often gathered to pray at his tomb.

In 1887, a bill was passed by the assembly at Madison, Wisconsin, authorizing the State to place a statue of Marquette in the Hall of Fame at Washington, D. C. This statue is from the chisel of the Italian sculptor S. Tretanove, and is conceded to be one of the most artistic in the Capitol. The A.P.A. gave evidence of the spirit of animosity toward everything Catholic that animates them when they strove to have Marquette's statue removed from this high place of honor, but their unholy and unpatriotic efforts were happily thwarted.

Thus of him, who, as Shea says, "sought no laurels and aspired to no tinsel praise," have been verified the prophetic words of Bancroft, "The people of the West will build his monument."

*Near the present city of Ludington, Michigan.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary

AS the Putnams sat down at the table, the elder, Miss Louise, apologized to their guest for the lateness of the dinner.

"I'm very sorry," she said, — and so she was, for her orderly spirit rebelled at even the slightest irregularity—"but the cook forgot that the stores close early to-day; she was, therefore, obliged to make other arrangements and this delayed her."

"One of those typical cases of inefficiency," added her brother William. "One finds so many people nowadays who have no place in the world for this one reason. One slow person blocks the whole procession. One act of forgetting—and everything is upset. I had a case of this kind only to-day at the store. A customer came in at noon while I was at lunch. His business was of such as none of the clerks could attend to; so one of them said that I would call him up when I returned. Then the careless girl proceeded to forget all about it. She didn't tell me until about three hours afterwards, and then it was too late. We lost the business."

"Which girl was it?" asked Helen.

"Miss Allen, the girl we hired recently," replied her brother.

His friend tried to look sorry.

"Big deal?" he asked.

"No, not particularly. It's not that, though. It's the principle I refer to. The idea of forgetting

drives me mad. People forget and forget continually and seem to think that doing so is enough excuse in itself. So it was with this girl. She was very sorry but—she forgot!"

"And I suppose you said, 'Oh, that's all right, but be more careful next time,' " said his sister Helen.

"Like fun I did! I told her she need not bother to stay any longer; our business could be conducted very satisfactorily without her."

Apparently Will was well pleased with himself. The friend frowned slightly and ventured further discussion.

"Don't you think," he suggested, "that there might have been some reason, some sufficiently good reason, why the girl forgot? I mean, was it really inefficiency or was her mind occupied with something else?"

"Hm! Occupied with something else, undoubtedly. But that's inefficiency. She was probably thinking about where she had been the night before or something equally irrelevant. I want my help to know that during business hours they must think of business, and nothing else. I'm not running a business for fun," and Putnam plainly showed his annoyance.

"Of course," continued his friend "it's impossible to say anything about the case without actually knowing all the circumstances. But

there's a possibility that there was some justification. It seems hard on the girl to be discharged just for that."

"I don't agree with you," said Louise, tartly. "It probably is the best thing in the world for her and will teach her to appreciate a good position when she gets one."

The attitude of the Putnams was typical of the qualities that make the successful business man. A glance at the room told plainly that they were quite wealthy. The soft, thick rugs, the rich furniture, the choice oil-paintings, each with its individual light, showed that William Putnam was efficient, according to his own severe methods.

His two sisters, too, were completely of his opinion, probably because they thought that a man who could make a great deal of money must be right in everything. Their younger brother Jim was a man of different type, one who looked at things from the other side. It was at his suggestion that the offending girl had been employed. But William had deliberately overlooked this point when discharging the girl.

Jim was always finding deserving cases, and he spent much of his time and money in helping others. His brother and sisters were resolutely opposed to this, and they did not hesitate to express their disapproval. "People have only themselves to blame," they said, "if they are poor. There's work and money for everyone; if any are hungry, it's their own fault."

So they condemned, dividing humanity into two classes—those who were efficient, who looked after themselves, and those who through laziness never had enough and who consequently depended upon their abler brethren to give them what they did not earn.

A few days after this, Putnam Brothers' jewelry store was the scene of a great disturbance. The store had been robbed, robbed in broad daylight, while everyone was present and so mysteriously had it been done that no one knew anything about it.

William Putnam was discussing the matter with his assistants and vainly trying to get some reliable information. The girls, however, were too excited to talk coherently and Mr. Putnam's temper rose in consequence.

"There has been enough fooling," he exclaimed, angrily, "and no one has offered any evidence yet. It's about time something definite was done." Silence fell on the group of people about him and all waited for him to continue.

"Take your book, Miss Kelly," he said to the stenographer, "and note what these people have to say." He turned to the watch repairer.

"Oliver, you're supposed to be at your table all the time. You should know something about this affair. What did you see? Put down his answers, Miss Kelly."

Oliver blinked a couple of times, raised his hand for emphasis, and prepared for a lengthy account.

"Well, sir, I was here all right,

I always get down to the store early you know—”

“Yes, yes. What’s that got to do with it?” interrupted Putnam.

“Nothing, sir, only that I was here before the store was opened for business and nobody came in until Miss Allen came to see you.”

“Did any one come in after Miss Allen?”

“Well, sir, I can’t say exactly, sir, because I was working on this watch here and wasn’t paying much attention to the store.”

Oliver was always wordy. The only way to get information from him was to ask him direct questions and Mr. Putnam pursued this course.

“But you don’t think any one came in, do you, Oliver?”

“No, sir.”

“All right, Oliver; that’s all for you, I guess. Did any one else see any customer, or anybody except Miss Allen, in the store this morning between eight and nine o’clock?” All answered in the negative.

Mr. Putnam fingered his watch-chain for a moment before he spoke.

“I don’t think,” he said, slowly, “that there is much doubt about it that Miss Allen is guilty. I certainly placed all the ring trays in the show case at eight o’clock, and at nine this one tray was missing. I don’t like to accuse Miss Allen, but she was the only one in here and she was displeased because she couldn’t keep her position. After all she was here only a few weeks and I don’t know anything about

her. I employed her solely on my brother’s recommendation.”

The employees dispersed to their various occupations and further discussion was restricted to the few remarks that passed from one clerk to another. Oliver was the only one to make audible comment. “Friday, the 13th,” he muttered significantly. “Look at the calendar.” With that he returned to his watches.

While the affair was uppermost in the minds of all, there was one who was more deeply affected than the others. This was Miss Waite of the silver-ware department.

Super-sensitive and keenly sympathetic, she had been quick to realize the position in which Miss Allen, the supposed thief, was placed, and while she had no knowledge of the robbery or any connection, beyond acquaintance, with Miss Allen, she felt a great pity for her and a keen desire to prevent her exposure and public accusation. For Miss Allen, as she well knew, was the only support of her mother, and the world had been none too kind to them. Employment was not easy to get, living expenses were high, the mother was sick; all these troubles were theirs. If public disgrace were added—she could not think of what would happen! Even if Miss Allen were guilty,—and there was always hope that she was not—could nothing be done to help her?

A customer entered and demanded attention. The girl waited upon her, her thoughts far away and all her ingenuity bent upon finding a

way to help her friend. The customer was hard to please, too, and insisted on seeing all the stock. Miss Waite called out all her reserves of patience, but it was hard to stand there and try to be pleasant when she was so anxious to be doing something else. Every moment might count against her, and as yet she had not even a definite plan of action. All she could think of was to see her friend, to find out the truth, and then—well, she would see.

At the first possible moment, she left the store and hurried to the flat where the Allens lived. Groping her way up the dark stairs to the top floor she found their rooms and knocked loudly on the door. It was opened at once and by Miss Allen herself. She started in surprise at seeing who had come.

"Marjorie! What are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

"Hush! is your mother in?" demanded the other, quietly.

"No. But why? What do you want? Come in and tell me."

Marjorie followed her into the dingy parlor, carefully observing all the details of furnishing, the worn rug, the broken chair, the oil lamp that was cheaper than gas, the lack of all ornaments and minor comforts.

"I have no time to spare," she began. "I rushed away from the store to tell you about the robbery."

The other girl started suddenly and dropped into a chair.

"The—the—what?" she asked, nervously, her lips trembling.

"The robbery. Some one came into the store this morning and took a tray of rings. Mr. Putnam questioned us all to find out who knew about it, and—and but what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing. I don't feel well. But what did they—did he find out—does he know—?" Her nervousness was extreme. Every bit of color had left her face; her whole body trembled; her teeth chattered. Marjorie ran towards her and, kneeling on the floor, took Miss Allen in her arms.

"Tell me, Anna," she said, kindly. "Did you do it? Don't be afraid, I'm your friend. I want to help you. I came here for that purpose, because I feared that maybe you—"

Anna buried her face in her hands and sobbed violently. No further answer was necessary.

For a moment the other girl waited without speaking. The insistent ticking of an alarm clock reminded her that she had but little time.

"Hush, dear," she whispered. "Crying will do no good. If we act quickly, maybe something can be done. But no one must know. What did you do with them?"

The answer was almost inaudible.

"Nothing. I—was—too—scared! They're in—the—cl—closet,"—and the tears flowed faster.

"Get them for me," demanded Marjorie.

The girl did as she was bid and produced a package wrapped in a newspaper. Marjorie slipped it into her muff.

"I can't stay now," she said. "They'll miss me at the store. But—one thing, why did you do it?"

"Bills—bills!" came the reply. "Doctor's bills, rent, medicine, and—and—no work—but oh! I'm sorry. I didn't think—I was crazy,—tell them for me, will you? Please help me, don't let them do anything to me! It would kill mother! They're all there! There's not one missing. They won't do anything if there are none missing, will they? Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie, help me!" She sat down and gave way to another burst of tears.

"I'll see you again to-night," said Marjorie as she went.

At the corner Marjorie Waite boarded a street-car to take her back to the store. So far matters had gone well, she thought. She had recovered the stolen goods, and now all she had to do was to put them back where they belonged. But this was the trouble. It might be possible to put the tray in the show case without being seen, but there would certainly be an enquiry as to how it got there. She might deny all knowledge of it, but—could she do so without being found out? Scarcely, she feared. On the other hand, suppose made a clean breast of it all to Mr. Putnam and begged him not to say anything to Anna. But that would not do, either, for it would go against Miss Allen in getting another position. No, William Putnam must not know. If only Jim, the younger brother, were in town! Then all would be well, surely. Jim would find a way for her. Could

she wait until he returned to the city? No, it was too long. He would not be back for perhaps two days, and in the meantime Anna would be accused, arrested maybe—it was too awful to think about.

Marjorie Waite's position was strange. She had been in the employment of the firm for some years, and a strong friendship had sprung up between her and Jim Putnam, the junior member. His family, however, objected strongly to a marriage with one of lower station, and for that reason she had refused to become engaged to him, fearing for his happiness. William Putnam did not like Marjorie and he would have given anything to get her discharged, but he realized that any action on his part would have the effect of making his younger brother still more persistent. So, while the girl enjoyed the greatest degree of friendship with one member of the firm, the other maintained a severely business-like attitude that made him absolutely unapproachable.

Marjorie continued to revolve the situation in her mind, but without success. The case seemed hopeless whichever way it was viewed. Now she had returned to the store, without any plan of action and with the tray of rings inside her muff. Pausing at the door she looked carefully inside before entering. Mr. Putnam was not in sight. The others—? Well, they would not see anything. She entered, went behind the counter, hastily slipped the tray out of its wrappings, put it into the show-

case, and turned to see Mr. Putnam watching her attentively!

“Step into my office, Miss Waite, will you?” he said.

To be continued

Summer Heat

The flaming orb darts from the cloudless sky
 Its piercing glare,
 And like a fiery oven round about
 Hot burns the air.

Man, tender creature, by the glowing heat
 Is sore annoyed;
 Life seems a burden almost, not a boon
 To be enjoyed.

But see the myriad flowers in rich bloom,
 A wondrous sight!
 With balmy fragrance sweetening the air
 For man's delight.

And see the reddening fruit, the golden grain
 Upon the field,
 That strength and joy for many coming days
 To him will yield.

There come, too, in the spiritual world
 Some seasons dire
 When pines the soul by tribulation tried
 As if by fire.

But in that heat what lovely flow'rs can thrive
 Of virtues bright,
 What fruits of merit, that eternally
 Shall yield delight!

— Fr. C., O.F.M.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, of June 1, 1917, (Vol. IX, No. 6) brings a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites regarding the introduction of the cause of beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Fr. Andrew Philomenus Garcia Acosta, professed Tertiary lay Brother of the Franciscan convent at Santiago de Chile, in South America. This holy man was born of good and pious parents, Gabriel Garcia and Augustina Acosta, on January 10, 1800, at Hampuienta in the Canary Islands. He received in Baptism the name Andrew of Our Lady of Sorrows, but later on, owing to his singular devotion to St. Philomena, he added the surname Philomenus.

As a child, Andrew was assiduous in helping his parents in their household duties and in applying himself to his books. When he had grown older, while taking care of his father's sheep, he devoted himself in the solitude of the fields and meadows to prayer and pious exercises, such as teaching catechism to the children of the neighborhood and instructing them in their prayers. He bore a special veneration for the Blessed Mother of God and he was wont to gather together groups of boys at stated times to invoke her powerful protection and to sing her praises.

When thirty years of age, on account of the hard times then prevailing in his native land, he went to Montevideo, where he sought to earn an honest living by gathering and selling religious books. In the meantime, his Father Confessor, Fr. Philip Echanagucia, a Franciscan missionary, perceiving his peni-

tent's extraordinary piety, and learning of his desire to enter the Order of Friars Minor, confirmed Andrew in his holy vocation, and soon had the happiness of seeing him invested with the habit of St. Francis in the convent at Montevideo. Although as a lay Brother Andrew was a model of religious perfection to all, he was made the butt of persecution and fearing for his own and the community's peace and happiness, he quit the cloister that had become so dear to him, and sought to earn his daily bread by the labor of his hands, quite forgetful of the injuries that had been heaped on him and seeking only to lead a blameless life.

After some time, feeling himself again strongly drawn to the Order, he once more sought and obtained admission to the convent at Montevideo. Not long after, a revolution broke out in the city, and all the brethren were forced to leave the convent and to lay aside their religious habit. Andrew returned to his former occupation, but soon accompanied his Father Confessor, Fr. Philip Echanagucia, to Santiago de Chile, where they were kindly received by the Franciscans of that city and Andrew was again invested with the Tertiary habit as a lay Brother. With his customary zeal and humility he labored faithfully for his brethren by collecting alms, all the while giving them the splendid example of heroic virtue.

In the beginning of January 1853, knowing that the day of his death was at hand, he received the last sacraments with marked devotion, and had the happiness, although only a Tertiary, of pronouncing the solemn religious vows. As the hour

of his death drew nigh, he made a fervent act of faith, and then in the midst of his sorrowing brethren he calmly expired on January 14, 1853. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp. His body was laid to rest in the public cemetery of the city. Two years later, however, the citizens of Santiago de Chile collected a large sum of money for the purpose of transferring his precious relics to the Franciscan church where an elegant tomb near the beautiful altar of St. Philomena had been prepared to receive them.

From that time on, the fame of his sanctity spread rapidly, and the diocesan authorities of Santiago soon undertook the canonical investigation of his life and virtues with a view to laying his cause before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. This investigation has been successfully terminated and the case brought to the notice of the Sacred Congregation, which in turn has sought the sanction of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV to introduce the solemn cause of the beatification and canonization of this venerable servant of God. This the Holy Father graciously granted on April 24 last.

British East Africa.—The Capuchin Fathers of Toulouse, France, have charge of a flourishing mission among the Gallas in British East Africa. The Gallas are thought to be descendants of a Gallic colony in Abyssinia. Very primitive in their habits, they adore one God whom they call Waqua, a name derived probably from the Hebrew Jahve. Their cult consists of frequent prayers, composed in rhythmic strophes, and of sacrifices offered in the shade of large trees. They believe in the immortality of the soul, in a paradise, and in hell fire. The upper classes, too frequently of lax morals, are a great impediment to the conversion of these people, while the younger generation adapt themselves quite

easily to the practices and devotions of Christian life. At present, the Franciscan mission among them numbers 18,000 Catholics. These are in care of twenty-seven Capuchin Fathers, nine secular priests, four religious of St. Gabriel and eighteen Franciscan Fathers. The mission numbers fifteen orphanages with 270 orphans, seventeen schools or colleges with 600 pupils, and a leper hospital with fifty inmates.

West Park, Ohio.—The ordinations of the clerics of the Franciscan house of studies at West Park, Ohio, took place this year on July 2 and 4, in St. Joseph's Church, Cleveland. The Right Rev. Bishop Farrelly officiated. Early in the morning of the two days, a number of our West Park friends called at the convent with their automobiles and brought the clerics to Cleveland, where the ceremonies began at 8 o'clock. The Minor Orders and Subdeaconship were conferred on the following: Fr. Ephrem Muench, Fr. Winfred Nolan, Fr. Alphonse Coan, Fr. Stanislaus Jaworski, Fr. Narcissus Tarkowski, Fr. Leander Conley, Fr. Sylvester C. Renier, Fr. Sylvanus Matulich, Fr. Jerome Lutenegeger, Fr. Bernardo A. Cuneo. On July 4, the following clerics were ordained deacons: Fr. Symphorian Nothoff, Fr. Leo F. Ohleyer, Fr. Cyprian Emanuel, Fr. Bernardine Teppe, Fr. Walter Magnien, Fr. Cuthbert Malone, Fr. Thomas Habing, Fr. Emeran Fox, Fr. Humilis Zwiesler, Fr. Michael Ziegan, Fr. Lawrence A. Mutter, Fr. Louis Schoen, Fr. Stephen Renier. The same day marked the happy attainment of the goal for which ten other clerics had been preparing themselves these many years, for immediately after the deacons had been ordained, the following were raised to the dignity of the holy Priesthood: Fr. Peter C. Bartko, Fr. Paul C. Muschelwitz, Fr. Francis de Paul

Middendorf, Fr. Rayner Micek, Fr. Othmar Berthieaume, Fr. Vitalis Bartkowiak, Fr. Meinrad Wesselman, Fr. Emeric Kocsis, Fr. Vigil Walkowiak, Fr. Julius Schott. The newly ordained priests, after receiving the congratulations of their fellow religious, soon left for their homes, where in the midst of their happy relatives they offered to God the first fruits of their priestly ministry.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church.—The solemn ceremonies of investment and profession were held in the novitiate monastery of the Sacred Heart Province at Teutopolis, Ill., on June 27. The Very Reverend Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O.F.M., Commissary of the Holy Land at Mount St. Sepulcher, Washington, D. C., as delegate of our Very Reverend Fr. Provincial, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Ewald, of St. Louis, and Fr. Joseph Calasantius, of St. Joseph's College, as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Gregory, novice-master at Teutopolis, and Rel. Fr. Felix, acted as masters of ceremonies. After the solemn High Mass, Rev. Fr. Godfrey delivered a very interesting and instructive address to the candidates and novices, and then the ceremony of investment took place. First, two Tertiary lay Brothers from Mount St. Sepulcher, Rel. Bros. Didacus Bernard and Casimir Timko, received the cowl of the First Order, after which the following young men, also from the College of Mount St. Sepulcher, were admitted as clerics to the novitiate of the First Order: Daniel Hanlon, now Fr. Alphonse, David Widmayer now Fr. Godfrey, and Michael Simon, now Fr. Bonaventure. Immediately after the investment, the following novices pronounced their simple vows: Fr. Dominic Limacher, Fr. Clement Martin, Fr. Pius Vogel, Fr. Paschal Kinsel, Fr. Maximilian Klotz-

bucher, Fr. Fidelis Hatch, Fr. Casimir Wisniewski, Fr. Peter Curtis, Fr. Robert Schmitt, Bro. Felix Burkart, Bro. Francis Wagner, Bro. Antony Bruya, Br. Hugolinus Barth, Bro. Anselm Peschel.

St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill.—The Tertiaries of Chicago that are wont to attend services at St. Peter's Church will undoubtedly regret to learn that Rev. FF. Henry and Peter Baptist have been transferred to Waterloo, Iowa. During their stay of several years at St. Peter's they greatly endeared themselves to all by their zeal and genial ways. Rev. Fr. Fortunatus has been appointed to succeed Fr. Henry as superior and pastor, and Rev. FF. Lambert and Basil have been added to the community at St. Peter's.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—The regular monthly meeting of the English-speaking branch of the Third Order held in St. Francis Church on July 1, was very well attended. Rev. Fr. Clement Neubauer, O. M. CAP., of St. Francis parish who said his first holy Mass on June 17, officiated at the meeting, while Rev. Fr. Director preached the sermon. In the course of his remarks, Fr. Director emphasized the great importance of good reading in the home, and urged the Tertiaries to see to it that their homes were well supplied with good reading matter, especially Catholic magazines and newspapers, including their Tertiary monthly. Catholic principles, he said, must be instilled and strengthened in the daily lives of our Catholic people by sound and wholesome reading. After the profession of seven novices, Rev. Fr. Clement imparted his first priestly blessing to those who had not been present at his first Mass. Papal blessing and general absolution closed the meeting.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Stanislaus Church.—The Tertiaries of St. Stanislaus Church this city with heavy hearts bade farewell to their Rev. Director, Fr. Cyril Mitera, O. F. M., who has been sent by his superiors to Petoskey, Mich. Since Fr. Cyril's appointment as Director of the Polish Tertiary fraternity of Cleveland three years since, it has doubled its membership, many of the new members being young men and ladies, and all are zealously working for the spread of the Third Order and of Franciscan ideals. The best wishes and prayers of the Tertiaries follow Fr. Cyril to his new post that God may continue to bless his labors for the good of souls. Rev. Fr. Protase Kuberek, O. F. M., succeeds Fr. Cyril as Director of the Polish Tertiaries.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The Most Rev. Fr. Venantius de Lisle-en-Rigault, Minister General of the Capuchin Order, is at present in this country visiting the various convents of his Order. On July 25, accompanied by Very Rev. Fr. Ignatius, Provincial of the Pittsburg Capuchin Province, Fr. General began the canonical visitation of St. Augustine's Province in Kansas.

Boston, Mass., St. Clare Monastery.—The feast of Our Lady of Peace, July 9, was the occasion of especially solemn services in the monastery of the Poor Clares at Boston, Mass. Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, pastor of St. James Church and delegate of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, presided at the ceremonies. Solemn High Mass was sung by Right Rev. Monsignor A. T. Teeling, P. R., of Lynn, Mass., assisted by Rev. N. J. Murphy, of Peabody, as deacon, and Rev. Antony Sousa, O. F. M., as sub-deacon, while Rev. R. Lee and Rev. T. McDonough were the masters of ceremonies. Father O'Donnell preached an eloquent sermon on the religious state, and also dwelt on

the good that the Poor Clares are effecting by their cloistered life, which the world can not understand and hence can not appreciate. The music was rendered by the choir of St. James Church.

The double chapel of the monastery was banked with flowers presented by the relatives and friends of the nuns, and as the curtain of the choir grate was drawn aside, the faithful in the public chapel were afforded a view of the cloistered portion. At the grate knelt four young ladies, arrayed as brides and carrying shower bouquets of roses and lilies. On receiving their petition to separate themselves forever from the world, the Rev. Father O'Donnell blessed their habits. Then all the Sisters formed in procession, singing appropriate hymns and bearing lighted candles in their hands, and led the brides of Jesus Christ out of the chapel, only to return with them a few minutes later clothed in the rough grey habit of the Poor Clares. Hereupon the newly invested novices received the names by which they will be henceforth known in religion: Miss Jane A. Dyson, of Somerville, Mass., Sr. M. Gulielmi of our Lady of the Sacred Heart; Miss Mary E. Tattan of Cambridge, Mass., Sr. Mary Brendan of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Miss Laura Ruggiero, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Sr. Sary Fintan of Our Lady of Grace; Miss Antoinette Capone, of Boston, Mass., Sr. Mary Dominica of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. After the ceremony of investment, Sr. M. Silas and Sr. M. Joseph, made their simple profession and Sr. M. Jarlath pronounced her simple vows as an extern Sister, while Sr. M. Damian and Sr. M. Pacifici were admitted to their final profession as choir nuns. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and a heartfelt Te Deum closed the celebration.

The fourth lecture of a series of instructions for the Tertiary novices was given by Fr. Director on July 15. These instructions on the Rule of the Third Order are given every third Sunday of the month at 3.30 P. M., in St. Francis school hall. Any one interested in the Third Order is at liberty to attend these lectures.

St. Louis, Mo., Our Lady of Perpetual Help Convent.—Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon officiated, on July 11, at the solemn dedication of the new chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and at the blessing of the new building recently added to the convent of the Polish Franciscan School Sisters on Gasconade Street, which serves as the motherhouse and novitiate of this young but flourishing community. The addition to the convent was built at a cost of \$50,000, and has a frontage of 45 feet and a depth of 102; it is two stories high with a fine ten-foot basement. Many priests, both Franciscan and secular, besides numerous friends of the Sisters were present at the celebration.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—Notwithstanding the fact that the vacation season is now at its height, our church had few vacant seats at the last general monthly meeting of the Third Order held on July 1. Our Reverend Director gave a very interesting address on the novitiate and the reasons for it, pointing out the means of instruction open to Tertiary novices and urging the professed members to take special interest in the novices that they may become more and more acquainted with the aims and spirit of the Order. On this occasion, twelve postulants were invested with the scapular and cord and nine novices made their profession.

At our last general council meeting, our Reverend Director made known to us a grand project that

he has had in mind for some time for the Tertiaries of St. Boniface. It is nothing less than the building of a Third Order Home in San Francisco to accommodate those Tertiaries who have no home of their own and who desire to live in good Catholic surroundings. If our Tertiaries bring to this great work the enthusiasm it deserves, the building may be made sufficiently large to enable it to be used for social and charitable work as well.

On June 24, our Tertiaries were proud to see one of their number, the Rev. Charles A. Dransfeld, who was ordained to the holy priesthood on June 20, standing at the altar in his home parish church of St. Boniface and offering to God the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time. He was assisted by the Rev. Father Kunkel, of Menlo Park, as arch-priest, while Rev. FF. Ildephonse and Pius acted as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Ildephonse also delivered the festive sermon.

A monster whist party will be given by the Tertiaries on August 23 to replenish their dwindling funds in order to meet some urgent charitable purposes. The Tertiaries of our fraternity are known for their generous charities, not the least of which has been their recent effort to help wipe out the large flour bill of the orphanage at Watsonville, which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.—Our Third Order fraternity, which received new life at the recent mission held in our church, is already showing a healthy increase in its membership. On July 8, only a month after the mission when forty-six postulants were admitted to the novitiate, five new members were invested with the cord and scapular and six novices were professed.

Quincy Ill., St. Francis Church—

With gratitude to God and hearts filled with joy, the people of St. Francis Church this city turned out on July 8 to give a worthy welcome to a child of the parish, Rev. Fr. Francis de Paul Middendorf, O. F. M., who had come home to celebrate his first holy Mass in their midst. At 9 o'clock the school children and the members of the various societies marched in procession from the monastery and led the Reverend Father and the officiating clergy to the church. Fr. Francis de Paul was assisted at the solemn High Mass by two of his former classmates, Rev. Joseph Klaes as deacon and Rev. Arthur Mescher as subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Andrew O. F. M., former pastor of St. Francis, officiated as arch-priest, while the present pastor and his assistant, Rev. FF. Didacus and Francis acted as masters of ceremonies. An inspiring sermon on the grave responsibilities and obligations of the Catholic priest was delivered by an uncle of the young priest, the Rev. Fr. Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., Rector of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill. Besides the Fathers and Brothers of the monastery and of St. Francis College, a number of secular priests were present in the sanctuary and the large church was filled to capacity with the congregation that had gathered for the happy occasion.

After the services, dinner was served to some hundred and fifty relatives and friends of the young priest in the school hall, and the day was brought to a fitting close with solemn Vespers and Benediction at 7.30 o'clock.

Glenn Riddle, Pa., Convent of Our Lady of Angels.—Twenty-six young ladies were received into the Third Order Regular at the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, at Glenn Riddle, Pa., on Saturday, July 7, and twenty-six novices were admitted to their religious vows for one year on the same occasion. The double ceremony was presided over by the Right Rev. John McCort, D. D., assisted by Very Rev. P. Masson, V. F., of Allentown, Pa., and Rev. C. F. Patterson, chaplain of the convent, in the presence of a large number of clergymen, relatives of the candidates, and members of the community. During the course of the ceremony a befitting sermon was preached by the Rev. Bevenute Ryan, O. F. M., of New York, who had also conducted the preparatory retreat for the happy aspirants and novices. A splendid musical program, including Rosewig's Ave Maria, Jesu Dei Vivi, Ave Verum, and Ave Maris Stella, enhanced the solemnity of the occasion, and at the conclusion of the services the whole congregation joined in singing the hymn Holy God.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Catherine Hackett, Sr. Elizabeth; Mary Bomhak, Sr. Clotilde.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Nora O'Donnell, Sr. Frances; Anne Ryan, Sr. Anastasia; Marv Lynott, Sr. Frances; Mary Clowry, Sr. Clare.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:—Alberta Krieg.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Hugh Meenan, Mary Robertson.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—Catherine Laumann. Sr. Rose.

Requiescant in pace



Margaret of Cortona Agnes
Mary Magdalene Mary of Egypt
Catharina Margaret
Eudovilla Cecilia
Uberta Barbara
Margaret

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

From its very beginning, Christianity in spite of its stern doctrine of sacrifice and self-denial, has exercised a powerful influence also over the members of the weaker sex. Among the first and closet adherents of our Savior were his own Blessed Mother and the other pious women mentioned in the Gospel. The nature of woman is, of course, particularly adapted to suffering and sacrifice; but it was only after the advent of Christianity that her native powers appeared to the best advantage. For Christianity not only restored woman's pristine dignity, but it elevated her nature and strengthened her character, so that from the beginning of the Christian era woman has rivaled man in the exhibition of sublime and heroic fortitude. The source of this supernatural strength that has enabled innumerable holy women to tread the rugged path leading to Calvary, is the cross of Christ. It is this idea that is concentered in the present frontispiece.

Foremost among the group of pious women that grace the "Triumph of Christ", is St. Helen, the mother of the first Christian emperor. Having rescued the sacred symbol of our redemption from desecration and oblivion, she bears it aloft as the sign in which not only her own son but all followers of the Crucified have conquered. A notable instance of the saving power of the cross is St. Thecla, the "protomartyr among women", who was converted to Christianity and led to dedicate herself to perpetual virginity by the preaching of the Apostle St. Paul. She was twice condemned to death for being a Christian; but neither fire nor wild beasts had any power to harm her. St. Barbara, another noble virgin, allowed herself to be beheaded by her own father rather than renounce the religion of the cross. In like manner, the holy maidens Margaret, Catherine, Cecilia, and Agnes suffered death by decapitation to preserve their virginal innocence and fidelity to their heavenly Bridegroom. St. Ludmilla, wife of the first Christian Duke of Bohemia, in all persecutions to which she was subjected by the enemies of her faith, glorified only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. St. Notburga, patroness of peasants and servants, led a life of obscurity as a maid. She drew her strength to walk the thorny path of virtue and suffering from meditating on the passion and cross of our Savior. In the three holy penitents, Mary of Egypt, Mary Magdalene, and Margaret of Cortona the power of the cross is even more apparent than in the other woman here depicted, because from a life of sin and shame they were converted to a life of penance and edification.

Thus, in all ages, Christianity has shown its power over members of the weaker sex by inspiring them with a love for even the most arduous of virtues, as for instance, holy purity. Thanks to the all-powerful grace of Christ, there has always existed in his spouse the Church true chastity, unsullied purity, inviolate virginity. It has existed not merely as a poetic ideal, a pious wish, or speculative possibility, but as a reality expressed in thousands of examples. The more a sceptic world shrugs its shoulders, the more reason we have to rejoice over that faith which gives to weak mortals such strength that, although in the flesh, they yet lead the life of angels. If there is a virtue which more than any other shows the triumph of Christ over the rebellious nature of man, it is holy purity, that unbloody martyrdom, which is the best preparation for a bloody death, that lifelong battle against the most dangerous of all enemies, that singular spiritual phenomenon so lovely and tender that an unhallowed look may destroy it, and yet so terrible and invincible that fire and sword and wild beasts are powerless against it.



THE VOICE FROM THE VATICAN.

Again the Holy Father has addressed to all the rulers of the warring countries an earnest and fatherly appeal to put up the sword and to compose their differences at the conference table instead of on the battle field. This is much more than a general appeal for a spirit of concord among nations or an expression of grief over the abomination of desolation caused by the war, as was the case with his former encyclicals and allocutions on the subject. For the first time in his approaches to the belligerents the Pope makes concrete statements. He goes into details. He suggests ways and means of solving the territorial, political, and economical questions that the war has brought to the fore-front. He gives a precise definition of the minimum peace terms. He speaks not so much as the head of the Catholic Church but as the head of the Vatican—a ruler in close diplomatic touch with all nations. It is this circumstance above all that gives to the Pope's intervention a tremendous significance and makes it an international event of the first order.

That the Holy Father's appeal will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the European peoples, belligerent and neutral, no one will doubt a moment who has only a faint idea of the sufferings they have had to undergo in "this sanguinary triennium". They have arrived at the limit of their powers of endurance. They have "supped full with horrors". Too much blood has already been shed; too many sacrifices have been demanded; too many sufferings endured; too long have cries of hatred and revenge rent the air; too long have the principles of charity and humanity been forgotten; too long have the peoples been intent only on mutual destruction instead of giving their own wounds a chance to heal. Now, they are sick of it all, heartily sick, and they desire nothing so much as an early peace. But alas, they have no voice in the matter. So long as self-willed diplomats and autocratic rulers obstruct every approach to a tentative settlement, so long will the common people be forced to continue the work of self-annihilation.

For the sake of the poor suffering humanity the world over, we hope that the leaders of the belligerents will give the Holy Father's proposals at least a courteous reception and careful consideration, and if they have

no better terms to offer instead, also their hearty approval. When the statesmen and diplomats so-called read the Holy Father's appeal, we trust they will ponder well the words: "Reflect on your very grave responsibility before God and before man. On your decision depend the repose and the joy of innumerable families, the happiness of a people for whom it is your absolute duty to obtain their welfare."

"It is but just, as we have said"—thus closes an editorial article of *The Nation*, a decidedly pro-British organ—"that the Pope's proposals should be maturely studied. Steps should be taken to ascertain whether he speaks in behalf of Austria and Germany. If it is clearly established that he does, no statesman in any Allied nation can afford for a moment to refuse to follow the Holy Father's lead. Lloyd George has said that any ruler who should pursue the war one day longer than is necessary to attain its main object would be a monster. But here are the main objects of the war in sight. It is the manifest duty of the Allied Governments—especially of the United States—to omit no effort to achieve and cherish, through the Pope's mediation, a just and lasting peace."

We are glad that so influential a publication as *The Nation* has taken so impartial a view and so bold a stand. God grant that Lloyd George and other leaders may view the matter in the same light and have courage enough to act on their convictions. But whether they do or not, the world will know the Papacy has not failed it in this the darkest hour of its history.



SOLDIER WELFARE WORK

Our decision to enter the world war has brought us face to face with many and serious problems undreamt of a few short months ago. Foremost among these, of course, is the problem of caring for our soldiers on and off the field of battle. Though the Government may be disposed to do its utmost to provide for the soldiers' welfare, their needs, physical, mental, and moral, are yet so manifold that much must be left to private endeavor. It is extremely gratifying that Catholic organizations, notably the Knights of Columbus, have been eager to avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented to them. The Knights have undertaken to provide centers of worship and recreation for Catholic soldiers in the training camps and to support non-commissioned Catholic army chaplains. No work of charity at the present time is worthy of more hearty commendation and support, and we hope our Tertiaries will not be slow to second the efforts of the Knights by contributing generously to the fund they are trying to raise for this purpose. So long as no organized movement for soldier welfare work is possible among Tertiaries, the next best thing for them to do is to join hands with the members of existing organizations whose aim it is to render war less dangerous for the health and faith and morals of the country's defenders.



BOOK REVIEWS

By far the most elaborate student publication that has come to our desk in many a day, is the Year Book edited and published by the Duns Scotus Theological Society of St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegany, N. Y. It is not a year book in the ordinary sense of that term, but a sym-

posium of essays and dissertations interspersed with numerous poems and illustrations. The essays deal with a variety of subjects, principally historical and theological, and the writers, who are all students, past or present, of St. Bonaventure's, evidence no little erudition and originality in the treatment of their themes. The verse, too, is of an exceptionally high order for a publication of this sort; and the illustrations are well-chosen and artistic. Both from a literary and from a typographical point of view, the Year Book is a work that any institution may be proud of, and it reflects great credit both on the seminarians and on the Franciscan Fathers in charge of the institution. Our hearty congratulations to them, especially to Fr. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., a scholar of no mean parts, who figures as "censor" on the editorial staff. For the rest, we hope the editors of volume II will follow the suggestion of *The Fortnightly Review* to give "special attention to the theological and philosophical teaching of Duns Scotus, which is so woefully unrepresented (and egregiously misrepresented—Ed.) in the periodical literature of the day." A more substantial cover would add greatly to the external appearance and value of the book. The excellence of the contents would seem to warrant and call for the additional outlay. But that is a matter of opinion.

St. Antony's Almanac is the first of the Catholic annuals for 1918 to make its appearance. The editors of this standard almanac are the Franciscan Fathers of the Most Holy Name Province. As usual its pages are replete with interesting and worth-while reading matter. The principal contributions are from the pens of writers well-known to the American Catholic reading public. Thus Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., writes on the Santa Barbara Mission, Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., has an article on "Bookmaking in the Middle Ages". Dr. James J. Walsh's contribution is "Cervantes and the Franciscans". Fr. Fridolin Schuster, O.F.M., tells of "The Franciscans among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico". The best short-stories are "Jem o' the Logging Camp" by Caroline D. Swan, and "Renunciation" by Marian Nesbitt. Of the poems "My Mother's Grave" by Francis Nugent deserves special mention. Without wishing to reflect in the least on other almanacs, we give it as our opinion that *St. Antony's Almanac* sets the pace for them all, and we hope it will long continue to do so. Not the least of its merits is that it breathes the spirit of St. Francis. We recommend it most heartily to all our readers,

St. Antony's Almanac, 174 Ramsey Street, Paterson, N. J.—Price 25c.

The Central Bureau of the G. R. C. Central Society has rendered a distinct service to our Catholic young men about to be called to the colors by preparing for their use two booklets. The one entitled *God's Armor* is a compact and handy pocket prayer book containing the most necessary prayers and instructions for soldiers. The other *Guide Right* is a delicate treatment of a delicate subject but a subject of which no soldier can afford to be ignorant if he wishes to guard against dangers of immorality to which he will be exposed in the camp and field. These two booklets deserve to be broadcasted over the country. No better safeguard for our Catholic soldiers have thus far been provided. Let our Tertiary farternities order the booklets at once and disseminate them among the young men before they leave either for the training camp or for the front. The address of the Central Bureau is 201 Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo. The price of the prayer book is twelve cents and the guide five cents.

BL. BERNARDINE OF FELTRE

OF THE FIRST ORDER

SEPTEMBER 28.

AMONG the men of God who, in the fifteenth century, illumined the Church with the splendor of their virtues and labored with wonderful success for the salvation of souls, we find the illustrious son of St. Francis, Bl. Bernardine. He was born at Feltre, in Venetia, Italy, in 1439, and received in Baptism the name of Martin. His father belonged to the noble family of Tomitano, and he was twice sent as ambassador to foreign courts by the Republic of Venice. He and his pious wife were most solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their children and carefully trained them in the practice of virtue. Martin, who was of a gentle disposition and had a noble and generous heart, responded most willingly to their tender care and from his early childhood gave promise of great things, especially by his rare piety and angelic purity.

In consequence of his remarkable talents and his great fondness for learning, the pious boy made rapid progress in his studies. At the age of twelve, he was able to converse in Latin and to compose verses in that language. In 1454, when festivities were held in the public square of his native town to celebrate the cessation of hostilities between Venice and Milan and the kingdom of Naples, Martin, then fifteen years of age, read a poem, in which he extolled the blessings

of peace which had just been restored to Italy. Soon after he was sent to the University of Padua to study philosophy and law. At this seat of learning, he applied himself with great success to his studies, so as to arouse the admiration of his fellow students and teachers. A brilliant career of wealth and honor seemed to open before him, but God had other designs.

In 1456, St. James of the March came to Padua to preach the Lenten sermons, and as usual, his burning words made the deepest impression on his hearers and led many to embrace a life of virtue and perfection. Martin who had been a short time before forcibly reminded of the vanity of human affairs by the death of two of the professors at the University, was deeply moved by the words of the apostolic preacher. He sought an interview with St. James, and on his advice resolved to abandon the world and to enter the Order of Friars Minor. St. James himself, on May 14, 1456, invested him with the habit of the Order and gave him the name of Bernardine, in memory of the great apostle of Italy, St. Bernardine of Siena, who had been canonized six years previously.

The young religious began his novitiate, at the age of seventeen in a small convent near Padua. He gave himself up to the practice

of the religious virtues, in particular, of poverty, humility, mortification, and prayer, with all the ardor of his soul. His greatest delight was to perform the most lowly labors of the convent and to beg alms for his brethren in the city of Padua, where he was known as the son of a noble family. The devil, enraged at the generous fervor of the servant of God, assailed him with temptations of all kinds; but Bernardine, submitting with childlike simplicity to the guidance of his master, betook himself to prayer and practices of mortification and overcame all the attacks of his enemy.

After he had completed his novitiate, Bernardine was first sent to Venice, then to Mantua, where he applied himself to the study of theology, and in solitude and prayer prepared himself for the apostleship to which God had destined him. A few years after his ordination, he was appointed to preach missions, a commission which he carried out with astounding success for twenty-five

years. During these years, he traversed Lombardy, Venetia, Tuscany, the Papal States, the province of Genoa, and the kingdom of Naples, preaching in all the cities and in a great number of villages. The churches were not large enough to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him, and he



Bl. Bernardine of Feltrina

was generally obliged to preach in the public squares. Burning with love of God and with zeal for the salvation of souls, Bernardine attacked vice and disorders wherever he found them, reproaching the great and powerful with the same apostolic freedom as the weak and lowly. The power of his preaching, confirmed by his saintly life,

was irresistible. Thousands of sinners were converted, quarrels and strifes were quelled, dangerous amusements were banished, injustice ceased, and everywhere a great reformation of morals was perceived. The holy missionary faithfully followed a practice introduced by St. Bernardine of Siena and continued by his disciples. He

had brought to him all bad books, obscene pictures, gaming tables, indecent finery, and other articles that were occasions of sin, and on an appointed day burnt these objects before all the people in the public square. His success in restoring peace in cities and districts rent by bloody civil strife, was so great that he was hailed as an angel sent by God to reconcile enemies and to appease quarrels, and he is justly called the great peacemaker of his time.

The zeal of the holy preacher was directed also against another evil of his time, the rapacity of the Jews and other money lenders. These men, taking advantage of the need of their fellow men, lent money at an excessive rate of interest, and thus brought about the ruin of numberless families and sowed the seeds of hatred and unrest. To combat this abuse, the sons of St. Francis had founded, in many cities, charitable institutions, called *Monti di Pietà*, which lent money at a low rate of interest or on the security of objects left in pawn. Bl. Bernardine, in his warfare against the sin of usury, established such institutions in a very large number of the towns of Italy, at the price of persecution and of untold trouble and toil. In fact, under his direction these institutions received their greatest development, and for this reason, he is often represented carrying in his hand the figure of a *Monte di Pietà*, with the inscription *Curam illius habe*—Take care of him (Luke 10, 35).

To preserve piety and virtue in the hearts of the people, Bernardine erected and fostered several pious confraternities in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Holy Name of Jesus, of the Blessed Virgin, and of St. Joseph. He was also zealous in spreading the Third Order of St. Francis. To his zeal and charity must be ascribed likewise the building of churches, the foundation of hospitals, of colleges for the education of youth, and of other institutions of mercy.

God was pleased to reward the zeal and heroic virtues of his servant with ecstasies, raptures, and the gift of miracles and prophecies. The holy preacher cured a great number of sick and delivered those possessed by the devil by invoking the Holy Name of Jesus.

At last, the hour drew near when Bernardine was to receive the eternal reward for his labors in the service of God. Warned by a revelation of his approaching end, he redoubled his fervor in prayer and in the practice of virtue and joyfully awaited the moment when he would be united with the object of his love. At length, on September 28, 1494, he breathed forth his soul and entered into the glory of his Lord. His venerable remains were exposed in the church of the Franciscans at Pavia; the people came in crowds to invoke his intercession, and a great number of miracles were wrought at his tomb. Popes Innocent X and Pius VII approved the veneration shown him from time immemorial.

THE RAGING OF THE STORM

(Concluded)

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

IN the course of time, as we have seen, many Observant friars had returned from exile. It is likewise quite probable that the lot of those still confined in the Conventual friaries gradually became less severe. Though well aware of this, the King and his minister, it seems, did nothing to prevent it. Perhaps they still hoped that the friars would in the end submit. At all events, they would have to be closely observed, especially after it was learned that they, too, had been implicated in the recent northern risings. That they had some share in them seems probable from the Articles sent by Robert Aske to the King; for of these, the sixth one read: "To have the friars Observants restored to their houses."

(1) During the subsequent court proceedings against the insurgents, a certain William Stapleton bore witness against Fr. Bonaventure as having used his influence to further the movement. He had been staying with the Conventuals at Beverley. Besides confirming the people of the town in their hostile attitude toward the King's usurped supremacy, he even "offered himself to go into the quarrel in harness to the field."⁽²⁾

The country was by this time flooded with royal spies, who, no doubt, found much to report re-

garding the renewed efforts of the Observant friars in behalf of the Holy See. Henry became alarmed and decided on more stringent measures to silence them. This is evident from his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, dated March 17, 1537, in which he writes: "From my Lord Durham's declaration and other evidences we see that the Friars Observants are disciples of the bishop of Rome and sowers of sedition. You shall therefore do your best to apprehend the friars as prisoners, without liberty to speak with any man, till we shall determine our future pleasure about them."⁽³⁾

What this future pleasure of the King was, we can easily imagine. On August 4, 1538, the Duke of Norfolk informed Cromwell that Fr. Antony Brown, formerly a member of the Greenwich community, had been duly examined and found to maintain with unflinching firmness the utter incompetency of Henry, a merely temporal prince, to hold supreme authority in spiritual matters. Fr. Antony was subsequently condemned to death and executed at Norwich, probably on August 9 of the same year.⁽⁴⁾ A year later, on July 8, Fr. John Waire with three others was executed at St. Thomas' Watterings in Southwark for defending the spiritual

1. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, (London, 1892) p. 83.—2. Gasquet: *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, (London, 1906) p. 251.—3. Stone, l. c., p. 75, quoting from Gairdner's *Calendar*.—4. Gasquet, l. c. p. 316. See also Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England*, (London, 1898) p. 17.

supremacy of the Pope.⁽¹⁾ From these few facts it is clear that Henry's hatred of the Observants was enkindled anew and that he was determined to wreak fearful vengeance on the few who were still at large in the kingdom. They were hunted down like criminals and thrown into loathsome dungeons, where in company with other champions of the faith they underwent untold hardships till death at last came to their relief.

What the imprisoned friars suffered during these first years of the English schism and how they died has not been handed down to posterity; only this is certain, they all remained true to the faith in papal supremacy. One historian, however, Fr. Thomas Bouchier, has given us a detailed account regarding a few of their heroic number. The little narrative is especially of importance, because its author was almost a contemporary of the Observant friars whose last struggle and martyrdom he relates.⁽²⁾

Ever since the religious persecution in England, Venerable Fr. Antony Brookby,⁽³⁾ like his brethren of the Observance, openly and fearlessly defended the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. Hence he was probably in the number of those who, in 1534, were imprisoned and later sent into exile. At all events, in 1537 he was again in England, little intimidated by the vengeful measures of the King against the Franciscan Order. The people esteemed Fr. Antony not

only for his great sanctity but also for his profound learning. Bouchier says that he was an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar and that he had received the licentiate in theology in St. Mary Magdalene's College at Oxford. Here, too, according to the author of the Franciscan Martyrology, he was actively engaged as lecturer of Divinity.⁽⁴⁾ Besides, he was a forceful and eloquent preacher, which gift together with his sanctity and learning made him a most formidable opponent of the King.

One day, Fr. Antony was preaching in the church of St. Lawrence in London. Boldly he denounced Henry's new marriage, his wanton rupture with Rome, and his pillage of the religious houses in England. Suddenly, a man in the audience leaped to his feet and threatened the friar with the King's vengeance, if he would not hold his peace. It was one of Cromwell's spies. But fear had no meaning for the dauntless preacher and although he realized what the sequel would be, he quietly continued his sermon. Without delay, the spy reported the affair and received orders for the friar's arrest. Accordingly, when some time after Fr. Antony was again preaching in the church of St. Lawrence, the spy accompanied by royal officers entered the sacred edifice. The preacher saw them enter and knew what it meant. Fearlessly he descended from the pulpit and offered no resistance when the King's men seized him, and binding his

1. Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, (London, 1878) p. 61; Thaldens, l. c., p. 17; Dodd: *Church History of England*, (Brussels, 1737) Vol. I, p. 214.—2. See *Franciscan Herald*, June, 1917 (foot note).—3. He is also called Brookly, Brorbe, Broche.—4. See Parkinson: *Antiquities of English Franciscans*, (London, 1726) p. 239.

hands behind his back, they led him off to Newgate prison, the most dreadful of its kind in England. Gladly he suffered this public disgrace, happy in being likened to Him who also was bound like a criminal for the sake of truth and justice. How his soul must have rejoiced in anticipation of a martyr's crown, when the prison gates were thrown open and he was cast among thieves, murderers, assassins, and other criminals. His cell was the darkest and filthiest in Newgate, "in which within the memory of man, no one had been condemned to lie, so that the prisoners themselves were astonished at so much cruelty." Here amid the gibes and curses of his fellow prisoners, the valiant champion prayed to God for perseverance and strength in the impending struggle.⁽¹⁾

Summoned before the royal commissioners for a hearing, Fr. Antony maintained with unflinching boldness that the King's assumed supremacy was contrary to the ordination of Christ who built his Church solely on the Rock of Peter. Neither threats nor promises could shake his constancy. He declared himself ready to suffer even the most cruel death rather than deny that faith which for centuries had been the pride and glory of England and which was still the dearest treasure of his own soul. Finally, when his heartless tormentors saw that words availed nothing with this man of God, they ordered the rack to be brought in. The holy friar's face

was radiant with joy when the executioners led him to the rack. Rude-ly they thrust him beneath the wooden framework and fastened his wrists and ankles to the rollers on both ends. These were then drawn in opposite directions, till the body of the helpless friar hung suspended in the instrument of pain. Now the frightful torture began. After each refusal to admit the King's supremacy, the rollers were drawn with ever increasing force, so that finally every bone was wrenched from its socket.

During this inhuman torture, the holy martyr fixed his gaze heavenward and prayed. A deadly pallor came over his countenance, convulsive twitchings about the eyes and lips told of his intense sufferings; there was danger that he would die on the rack, wherefore orders were given to desist for the present. The distended body was then released from the dreadful bed of pain and dragged into the more dreadful dungeon in Newgate. Lying helpless on a heap of rotten straw, the valiant friar was left to breathe his last in utter gloom and solitude. In consequence of the cruel racking, he was unable to stir hand or foot. It was, moreover, the month of July and owing to the wellnigh unbearable summer heat a burning fever soon set in. Since he could not even bring his hand to his mouth, he suffered exceedingly from thirst and hunger and, no doubt, would have died of starvation, had not a pious woman purchased leave to visit

1. The details of Fr. Antony's arrest and imprisonment, which Bouchier does not recount, are based on Barezzo Barezzi. See Stone l. c. p. 77.

the prison and give the friar food and drink through the iron prison bars.

It is quite probable that during the ensuing twenty-five days which Fr. Antony spent in this pitiful condition, repeated attempts were made to wrest from him a denial of papal supremacy. But in vain; the friar remained true to the end. Though his sufferings were great, his loyalty was greater. Though, his body lay there helpless, faint with sufferings, his noble soul exulted in the freedom of the children of God and gloried in the assurance of an eternal reward awaiting him. Finally, the jailor of Newgate received orders to dispatch the friar secretly. Accordingly, on July 19, 1537, one of the King's men entered the cell of Fr. Antony, and tearing the cord from the feeble body, strangled him. Later in the day, when the turnkey made his usual call, he saw the friar lying with his face on the wet stone pavement of the cell. Thinking him asleep, he tried to rouse him with a rude kick; seeing that the form did not stir, he went closer—the friar was dead. The news of Fr. Antony's death spread like wildfire through the city. And when it was noised abroad that God was testifying to the holiness of the martyr, large crowds thronged Newgate to see the miracle. With mingled emotions of joy and dread, they gazed on the dazzling light that suffused the gloomy prison and formed a halo around the lifeless body. Many who had remained untouched when Fr. Antony preached in the

churches of London, were now at the sight of this miracle filled with compunction for their past weakness and resolved then and there to cling to the old faith at any cost.

Hardly had Fr. Antony Brookby passed to his eternal reward, when another friar of the Franciscan Observance succumbed to his barbarous imprisonment in Newgate. Fr. Thomas Cort was of a noble and deeply religious family. Esteemed by his brethren as a true follower of St. Francis, he was known also for his profound learning and great eloquence. From the very beginning of the religious conflict in England, Fr. Thomas had been among the foremost and boldest in defending the cause of justice and truth. It seems probable that he was of the number of those Observant friars who on the intervention of Wriothesley had obtained leave to quit the country. Although there are no records to show when he returned to his native land, it is certain that in the spring of 1537, he was in London publicly defending papal supremacy at the risk of liberty and life. In order to wipe out the hateful stain of excommunication and to give his action in the eyes of the people the semblance of orthodoxy, the shrewd King appealed to a General Council. ⁽¹⁾ The Franciscan Observants, however, were not slow to detect the futility of such an appeal. In a sermon held in the church of St. Lawrence about this time, Fr. Thomas bodily demonstrated to his hearers that both from a theological and from an

1. Stone, l. c., p. 78.

historical standpoint, the Bishop of Rome was the supreme head of the universal Church of Christ, and therefore also of the Church in England; that King Henry, by proclaiming himself head of the English Church, had arrogated to himself a title and power to which he could have no right whatever; and that accordingly he was to be considered a heretic and a schismatic as long as he continued in his opposition to the Vicar of Christ. Nothing short of imprisonment could silence the fearless friar and thwart his influence over the minds of the people. Cromwell's spies who were present at the sermon, realized this. Accordingly, when the friar had finished speaking and descended from the pulpit, they arrested the "sower of sedition" in the King's name and threw him into one of the foulest dungeons of Newgate.

Despite the horrors and hardships of prison life, Fr. Thomas remained true to his convictions. He felt that his end was not far off and he glorified God in the loathsome dungeon which he hoped soon to leave for the mansions of eternal bliss. At the time of his imprisonment, he was in poor health and the close confinement in the damp and filthy cell soon brought the ailing friar to death's door. After being in prison a few days, he took sick and on July 27, 1537, just a week after the execution of Fr. Antony Brookby, his soul passed to heaven.

A miracle similar to the one that attended the death of his fellow

friar, gave testimony also to his heroic sanctity. Fear seized the bystanders when they beheld the grim dungeon bathed in celestial light. It was the second time within a week that this singular spectacle was seen in Newgate. King Henry heard of it and, strange to say, his better nature for a moment reasserted itself. His guilty conscience left him no peace. He feared, no doubt, that these wonderful happenings were but a final warning from Him whose sacred laws he had so wantonly trampled under foot, and who had power to hurl his black soul into the frightful abyss of pain and perdition. In this paroxysm of fear, the King gave orders that the corpse of the deceased Fr. Thomas should be decently buried. Accordingly, he was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Holy Sepulcher near the large door of the church. In later years, Margaret Herbert, the wife of a glove-maker of Ghent, set a stone on the grave of Fr. Thomas; it bore the inscription:

*Hac tu qui transis Christi devote viator
In precibus, quaeso, sis memor ipse mei. (1)*

The third Franciscan Observant who according to Bouchier died for the faith in the year 1537, is Fr. Thomas Belchiam. Though only twenty-eight years of age, he was known as a bold and outspoken champion of papal supremacy. Like Fr. Thomas Cort, he publicly accused the King of heresy. To prove his assertion and to confirm his fellow friars in their allegiance to the Holy See, he published a book that

1. Christ-loving traveler passing this way, Remember, I beg, for my soul to pray.

began with the words of our Blessed Savior: "They that are clothed in soft garments, are in the houses of kings."⁽¹⁾ In this work written with youthful zeal and enthusiasm, he showed that by setting aside the authority of Rome and proclaiming himself spiritual head of the Church in England, the King stood in open rebellion against the Vicar of Christ on earth and that, therefore, he ceased to belong to the Fold that Christ had committed to the care of St. Peter and his successors. Thereupon, he scourged the lax morals of the royal court, calling it a haunt of sin and vice and declaring that "he that will be godly must depart the court". Finally, he upraided the clergy of England for their cringing cowardice in those woful days when the rights of the Church and the prerogatives of the Papacy were at stake. He criticized especially the higher clergy of whom so many were sacrificing their God and their conscience on the altar of pride and ambition, and regardless of their duties as shepherds of Christ's flock, were stooping to the whims of a ruthless and rebellious king who was hurling himself and the country into the awful abyss of heresy and schism.

Needless to say, the appearance of this book added fuel to the fury of those against whom it was directed. The youthful defender of truth and morality was seized and thrown into prison. Here he was subjected

to every kind of torture. But the resolute friar bore all with unflinching courage and constancy. At last, when it became clear that he was determined to die the most cruel death rather than admit the King's usurped supremacy, he was brought back to prison. Now began for him a period of untold suffering. It was his terrible lot to die not by the halter and the knife, but of disease and starvation.

How long Fr. Thomas languished in the gloom and filth of his prison cell, is not known. Historians say that he was deprived of every necessary of life, so that gradually his sturdy frame was reduced to a mere skeleton. Finally, on August 3, 1537, death came to his relief. The heroic martyr passed to his reward, repeating the words of the Royal Prophet: "In thee, O Lord, have I trusted, let me never be confounded." At the moment when he breathed his last, an earthquake shook the prison. The jailors were terrified and when the King heard of it, he trembled and gave orders that Fr. Thomas receive a decent burial. On searching the cell after the friar's death, the prison officials found a copy of the book he had written. It was brought to the King, who on reading it is said to have shed tears and lamented his utter misery. But this seeming repentance was only a passing fit of remorse and uneasiness such as frequently came over him and embittered his last years.

1. The book was entitled *Liber Ad Fratres—A Book to the Brethren*. See Dodd, l. c., p. 231. "One copy of the book was left by the author to the Observants of Greenwich. It passed through the hands of the eminent Franciscan, Father Thomas Bourchier, who intended to publish it, and Father Angelus Mason says it was always in the minds of the friars to print the book; but here we lose sight of it entirely, and it doubtless perished, under the destroying sway of the reformers." Stone, l. c., p. 80.

He soon silenced the voice of conscience and had the book thrown into the fire.

It is quite evident that FF. Antony Brookby, Thomas Cort, and Thomas Belchiam laid down their life in defence of the Catholic dogma of papal supremacy. The cause of their beatification has, indeed, been taken up by the Sacred Congregation, but at present is receiving little attention. In his Complete Calendar of the English Saints and Martyrs (London, 1902), William Canon Fleming commemorates them with the title Venerable.

From what they suffered for the faith, we can readily imagine how pitiable was the lot of the other Franciscans languishing for years in the divers prisons of England. The details of their last struggle have not come down to us. But God who went down with them into the pit and delivered them from those that oppressed them, has by this time rendered to the just the wages of their labors, bringing them through the Red Sea to the blessed Land of Promise, there to sing to his holy name and to praise with one accord his victorious hand. (Wis., chap. 10)

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(Concluded)

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary

FOR a moment Marjorie Waite was motionless, surprised into silence. Her courage left her completely, and she trembled with nervousness. The whole situation passed rapidly through her mind and on the impulse of the moment her course of action was decided. For Miss Allen, detection meant ruination and probably the death of her mother;—for herself, loss of her position and no more. Her bank account would offset any fear on that score so it was instantly dismissed. But Jim—how would he view it? He would believe her, of course; he would understand and sympathize. It would all be well.

She entered the office, closed the door, and sat down opposite Mr. Putnam's desk.

He swung round in his chair, knocked the ash from the end of his cigar, and regarded the girl with a smile that conveyed all the antagonism that he had long cherished against her. He, too, revolved the situation in his mind before taking any action. Here at last he saw his opportunity to get rid of the girl, once and for all. The occasion had come right to his hand, too, without any movement on his part and at the best moment possible—while his brother was away. By the time Jim re-

turned it would be all over and there would be no further annoyance.

"Miss Waite," he said, deliberately, "I seldom make mistakes, but I find two that I have made. The first was when I accused Miss Allen of taking the tray of rings; the second, when I thought that you were at least honest, if nothing more."

The words stung and the girl paled with anger. She was willing to take the punishment of a thief, willing to bear all the shame, all the disgrace; but, in addition, to be told that all other qualities besides honesty were wanting, and to be told with such malice—this really hurt. She bit her lip and kept her eyes down. At least he should not have the satisfaction of a reply.

Mr. Putnam continued:

"Why did you steal the the rings? You had a good position here with a good salary and you have ruined everything, including your prospects."

The girl looked up and answered quietly:

"I did not steal the rings."

Mr. Putnam jumped with surprise.

"You did not—what?" he asked.

"I did not steal the rings."

"I know of no other word that could be substituted," was the sarcastic answer.

"It is not a question of another word. I simply state a plain fact."

The girl was calm now and spoke with a steady voice.

"Mr. Putnam," she said, "I have been with this firm for five years and have always been known as being both honest and truthful. I now state positively that I am not guilty. I know who is guilty, but since the stolen articles have been returned intact, is it not possible to close the matter and forget it?"

"Forget it? Ridiculous! I intend to prosecute instead! Forget it, indeed. A nice thing to forget!" and William Putnam literally boiled.

"And whom will you prosecute?" was the quiet enquiry.

Mr. Putnam moved uneasily and drummed on the desk. Then he looked up at the innocent face before him. He had to admit that he believed the girl, that he knew she was not lying, though doing so meant the destruction of all his plans,

"There is only one other person—Miss Allen." The admission of Marjorie's innocence cut him like a knife.

"Why Miss Allen?" asked the girl.

"Because she was the only person who came into the store. I take it that you would not hide the name of the thief, if he were one of the employees."

"It is no one employed here. But Miss Allen was not the only one who came in this morning!"

"The rest said so."

"I beg your pardon. They said they saw no one else but Miss Allen. Two of the girls did not even see her, for they were late. A moment or two after Miss Allen a boy came in delivering bills. I was the only one who saw him. It is just as likely that he took the rings as that Miss Allen did."

"Who was the boy?"

"That makes no difference. The fact of the case is that prosecution is impossible for you."

"I see only one thing to do," was the answer. Mr. Putnam took out his check-book and filled out a check which he handed to the girl.

"That," he said, "will end our business relations,"—adding to himself, "and prevent any others."

The Putnams, had just sat down for dinner and had barely said grace, when the door was heard to open and Jim, the youngest mem-

ber of the family, entered.

"Good evening," he said, cheerily. "How goes it?" He kissed his sisters affectionately and shook hands with his brother.

"Hello, Jim. What brings you back so soon?" they all asked in surprise.

"Just got through sooner than I expected," was the answer, "so did the best thing in the world and came right home. I'm glad I'm in time for dinner."

William looked rather uncomfortable.

"Have you been to the store yet?" he asked, uneasily.

"No, haven't had time. I dropped off the train out here instead of going into the city. Business all right?"

"Oh, yes. Everything is fine." The truth would come out soon enough, William thought. But he ate little and kept looking furtively at the fine, open face of his younger brother.

Dinner over, they all spent half an hour together, business being strictly avoided. Then Jim went out to visit Marjorie.

Two hours later he returned and found a card game in progress.

"I don't like to interrupt," he began, "but—" he looked at William, indicating that further explanation was superfluous.

William passed the cards to his sister.

"Your deal," he said.

"Pardon me, my deal," Jim said, looking at his brother.

"Do you people know anything about the robbery at the store?" he continued calmly but forcibly.

The sisters exclaimed in surprise: "The robbery? No! When? Tell us, what was it?"

Jim smiled.

"I thought," he continued, quietly, "that Will had told you about it. It appears that yesterday morning Will opened the safe as

usual and placed the various trays of jewelry in the show case. An hour later a tray of rings was missing. Enquiry revealed that none of the employees knew anything about the affair except that the only person who had entered the store was Miss Allen, a former employee, who came for a check. There was a heavy downpour of rain at the time and business was slack. On the face of it, Miss Allen was guilty. About noon, Marjorie Waite was seen to enter the store—no one knew why she had gone out—and slipped the tray of rings from her muff back into the show-case. Investigation showed that, while she knew who was guilty, she positively refused to say who the person was, simply insisting that it was not she herself nor any other employee and she asked Will to drop the matter and trust to her truthfulness. Instead, she was immediately discharged."

He stopped and surveyed his hearers. For a moment, no one spoke. Helen was the first to give an opinion.

"Quite the proper proceeding, I should think," she declared.

Louise added:

"I never did like that girl. Something told me that she wasn't straight and now I know it."

Jim looked at his sisters.

"Thank you," he said, "for your frank opinions. It's so delightful to know exactly what you think of the lady."

"Will," he continued, addressing his brother, "I know this is a business affair and one that does not properly belong here, but I started the matter assuming that Louise and Helen both knew about it. So I suppose it may as well be finished."

William took the cigar from his mouth and quietly knocked off the ashes before he spoke.

"It is finished," he said. "I dismissed Miss Waite instantly and

that ends the matter."

"It does not end it at all," replied his brother hotly. "You know well that Marjorie is innocent and that you are guilty of a great wrong in discharging her.

"Innocent nothing! She's the thief without a doubt. Didn't I see her in the act of returning the stolen articles? How much more evidence do you suppose I need? Innocent, indeed!"

"Yes, I repeat it, innocent! You may have what you term evidence to the contrary; but you have known the girl for several years, you have been brought into daily contact with her, and never yet have known her to be dishonest or untruthful, have you?"

Will remained silent.

"Have you ever known her to be untruthful?" insisted the younger man.

"Probably, there was no occasion to test her before," was the answer.

Jim felt his temper getting the better of him. With an effort he controlled himself.

"Then, if you can not believe her," he said, "believe me. I tell you, each of you, that Majorie Waite is not guilty of this offence. Do you believe your brother?"

Louise was the first to reply.

"Of course, Jim," she began, "you are practically engaged to Majorie and you would not be expected——"

"Then you doubt me, too?" interrupted Jim.

"I don't say that, but ——"

"But you do say that; and precisely that and nothing else." He turned to his brother again.

"Do you believe me?" he demanded.

Will squirmed.

"The evidence ——"

"Confound the evidence!" replied Jim, angrily. "Believe what you like then, all of you; believe, if you will, that this girl is a thief, a liar,

anything you like; and believe that I am also a thief and a liar. But let me warn you that you have no right to judge another. If we know not all the circumstances, we know we can not accuse. As we hope to be believed, we are bound to take the word of another. This girl says she is innocent; I say she is innocent. More than this you do not need."

"Yes, Jim, you are quite right, we need no more," said Helen. "You can let the affair drop now. I'm sure we have all heard enough of it. Will probably won't prosecute, so no more need be said. We can forget that such a person as Majorie Waite ever existed."

Jim bowed. "Thank you," he said, pleasantly, "for your kindness. I fear though that it will be somewhat difficult for you to forget the young lady, since before this month is over she will be your sister-in-law. Good night."

Jim Putnam hesitated for a moment in the hall; then, attracted by the bright moonlight, he determined to go out for a walk. He took his hat and coat and left the house. Outside he felt better. The air was clear and rather cold, just enough to make walking enjoyable. Here, too, things seemed bigger, nobler. He felt a sudden revulsion of feeling against mankind in general for its little-mindedness, its meanness, its readiness always to believe evil rather than good. People seemed to delight in being able to talk of the wrong another had done and in imputing sinister motives to another's actions. The good was usually overlooked. That people outside of the Fold of Christ should be guilty of this sin was not so much to be wondered at; but that Catholics, and good Catholics at that, should so far forget the great law of charity as to condemn their fellow men on the slightest suspicion, this shocked Jim's innate sense of justice and his most sacred religious sentiments.

This very evening, his own sisters had failed in this regard by so readily surmising evil of Majorie Waite without so much as a shred of evidence of her guilt. His brother Will, too, had condemned the girl, basing his accusation, it is true, on a semblance of guilt, but the evidence at hand fell flat in the face of Majorie's and his own solemn and positive assertion of her innocence. But no; neither Will nor his sisters were ready to dismiss their suspicions. They would rather run the risk of judging falsely than accept the assurance of Majorie's innocence. Jim felt no anger toward them for this. Instead, he pitied them and experienced keenest sorrow that men should be so unkind toward one another; particularly that a thing of this kind should arise to mar the happiness that his family had always known. It was unnatural, unnecessary, but it was the way of the world. For himself, it mattered but little. He loved Majorie and she loved him. They would be married soon and all would be well. He resolved to forget the whole affair, to hold no resentment, to act as he had always done, as a brother should act, and let them think what they pleased. So he continued to walk until far into the night.

On retuning home, Jim carefully placed his key in the lock and opened the door quietly so as not to disturb any one. Noiselessly ascending the heavily carpeted stairs, he perceived a strong odor of gas as he passed his brother Will's room. He rapped nervously at the door fearing some frightful accident might have occurred. Receiving no answer, with blanched face and heart thumping like a hammer he tried the knob and the door opened readily.

"Oh, God, what has happened!" he

gasped, as he staggered back from the open doorway, choked by the fumes of escaping gas with which the room was filled. Placing a handkerchief to his mouth and nostrils and snapping on the electric light, he rushed into the room and threw open the windows. Then examining the gas fixture he found the jet wide open. The room was in perfect order. His brother lay in bed, apparently asleep. Jim touched him lightly. There was no response.

"Will!" he said, "wake up." Still there was no answer. Seizing the bed-clothing he tore it away, grasped his brother by the shoulders and dropped a limp, lifeless body!

Was it suicide or murder, or was it merely a most unfortunate accident? The world never found out for certain, but according to its usual custom it forgot Will Putnam's many virtues and magnifying his faults it adduced now this, now that as a sufficient reason for him to have put an end to his own life. Investigation brought to light evidence of attempted theft resulting in murder, but the world cared little for the evidence; it had passed its verdict: "Will Putnam committed suicide" — thus spoke the world.

But Jim, who knew his brother as an exemplary Catholic, felt convinced that the grim tragedy was either a case of murder or accident, and steadfastly refused to harbor even the least suspicion that his brother had committed suicide. Still, he could not be deaf to the voice of the world, and he saw in its verdict, uncharitable though it was, the just retribution of Providence. "For, with what judgment you judge, you shall be judged: and with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

TERTIARY CONVENTIONS

By Leon de Lillo. *Tertiary*

SINCE the year 1894, more than thirty national conventions of the Third Order have been held in various parts of the world. As these meetings of the Tertiaries give an insight into the wonderful growth of the Third Order within the last decades and exhibit the great power of the Order for solving the complicated social problems of our day, we think a short sketch of the more important of these congresses will prove both instructive and interesting to the readers of *Franciscan Herald*. We have gleaned our material chiefly from several articles on this subject in the *Mensajero Serafico* of 1914, by the Rev. Fr. Baltasar of Lodares, O.M. CAP.

Toward the end of the year 1893, the Commissary General of the Third Order in France, Rev. Fr. Julius of the Sacred Heart, O.F.M., at a meeting of the Directors of the French fraternities decided to call a congress of all the French Tertiaries, in September 1894, at Paray-le-Monial, in the church of the Visitation Nuns, where our Blessed Lord accompanied by St. Francis had once appeared to Bl. Margaret Mary Alacoque. This was the first national congress of Tertiaries, and it was attended by an immense number of prelates, priests, and laymen of all ranks in society. His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, sent an enthusiastic letter to the Tertiaries, urging them to organize in an effort

to save France from the corruption of revolutionary and unchristian ideas. This congress was presided over by Rev. Fr. Julius himself. To insure the assistance of Heaven in carrying out the resolutions adopted on this occasion, it was determined to consecrate the whole Order to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

At the close of the same month and in the same year, a similar congress of the Italian Tertiaries was held at Novara, Italy. We have two important documents concerning this convention; viz., a brief of Pope Leo XIII granting a plenary indulgence under certain conditions to all the Tertiaries attending the meeting; and another brief of His Holiness addressed to the Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, the Most Rev. Fr. Aloysius of Parma, in which the Holy Father endeavors to impress on the Tertiaries the necessity of leading exemplary Christian lives.

In August 1895, Rev. Fr. Julius of the Sacred Heart again presided at a national congress of the French Tertiaries held this time at Limoges. The two most important resolutions passed by the convention were the following: first, to submit with the utmost docility and obedience not only to the decrees of the Holy See concerning faith and morals but also to its counsels and known wishes; second, to endeavor by all means to stem the ever-increasing tide of luxury among all classes of

men. Cardinal Rampolla, then secretary of state to Pope Leo, on receiving the report of this congress, at once wrote a letter in the name of His Holiness, in which he declared how happy the Holy Father was to learn of the marvelous success the congress had enjoyed and how much he desired to see the Third Order spread daily more and more.

A most important congress of the Third Order took place in October of that same year in Assisi. It was honored, as we learn from the *Analecta O.M. Capuccinorum*, by two briefs of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII; one addressed to the promoters complimenting them on their choice of Assisi as the city of the convention, and the other directed to the Most Rev. Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, Fr. Aloysius of Parma, congratulating him on the splendid work achieved during the congress. A letter of the Most Rev. Fr. Bernard of Andermatt, Minister General of the Capuchin Order, touches on the important resolutions adopted during this convention and urges their execution.

The Tertiary Congress held at Reims, France, in August 1896, was set afoot by Pope Leo XIII himself to lend special solemnity to the celebration commemorating the fourteenth centenary of the Baptism in that city of King Clovis, the husband of St. Clotilde. The convention was conducted by the French Capuchin Fathers, Very Rev. Fr. Louis Antony, Definitor General of the Capuchin Order, presiding at the meetings as the delegate of the Father

General. His Eminence, Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Reims, put the beautiful chapel of the French kings, erected in Reims during the twelfth century, at the disposal of the Tertiaries for the sittings of the convention. Many inspiring addresses were made on this occasion, and the congress is to be especially complimented on the practical resolutions that it passed, two of the most important being the following: first, to enlist the services of the secular clergy in spreading the Third Order among the faithful; second, to establish rural banks even in the most remote villages for the protection of the peasants and poorer shopkeepers from usurers.

At the congress held at Nimes, France, in August 1897, under the auspices of the Fathers Provincial of the various French provinces of the Friars Minor, very interesting questions regarding the activity of the Third Order were discussed and the following resolution was adopted: that a committee be named to study the resolutions passed at the various Tertiary congresses and then through the mediation of the Catholic deputies in parliament have these resolutions embodied in the laws of the republic of France.

The Belgian Capuchins called a convention of Tertiaries to Brussels, in August 1899. Rev. Fr. Louis Antony of Bruntruto, O.M. CAP., presided as the delegate of the Most Rev. Father General. The resolutions passed were few but practical: first, to establish Third Order fraternities in the seminaries

and Catholic colleges; second, to hold regular visitations of all the fraternities in the country every year.

An agreement had been made in France between the Friars Minor and the Capuchin Friars to take turns in conducting the annual conventions of the French Tertiaries. Thus, in August 1899, Fr. Louis Antony, O.M.CAP., also presided at the annual meeting of the French Tertiaries. Special attention was given during this congress to the various ways and means for making the Third Order better known.

The year 1900 is a memorable one in the annals of the Third Order, for in that year the Holy Father called a meeting of all the Tertiaries of the world to Rome for a worthy celebration of that year of jubilee. Through his Cardinal Secretary of State, His Holiness addressed a letter to the Ministers General of the three Franciscan families, wherein he gave expression to his sentiment of great affection for the Third Order and ardent longing to see it spread throughout the world. The Holy Father also directed a letter to Cardinal Vives y Tuto, the celebrated Capuchin, who presided at the sessions of the congress, in which he dwelt on the great importance of the Third Order and granted special faculties for introducing it into the various parishes. This convention of the Tertiaries in Rome surpassed all the others so far held and gave a new impetus to Tertiary activities. The sessions were held in the church of St. Andrew.

During the years 1901 and 1902,

Tertiary conventions were held in Padua and Florence, Italy, in England and in Switzerland. Unhappily, we have no other information regarding them than the mere mention of them which we find in a speech of His Lordship the Bishop of Lahore, delivered at the congress of Allahabad, India, in November 1903. The Capuchin Fathers in the missions of India, had heard of the splendid results of the Tertiary conventions held in Europe, and decided to call a national convention of the Third Order to Allahabad. His Grace, the late Fr. Charles Gentili, Capuchin Archbishop of Agra, in India, presided at the meetings. Besides the Bishop of Lahore, many other prelates and priests were present, and the convention was productive of the best results for both the directors and the Tertiaries. One of the most practical resolutions passed was to appoint a Father for the annual visitation of the various fraternities, in order to keep alive the zeal and enthusiasm of the Tertiaries awakened during the convention.

The second English national congress of the Third Order took place in 1904, thanks to the activity of the Very Rev. Fr. Joseph, O.M.CAP., Commissary General of the Third Order in England. The sessions were presided over by the Bishop of Salop, in Shropshire. The principal subjects discussed were the teaching of religion in schools, temperance, and the founding of Franciscan libraries.

The Reverend Fr. Guardian of

the convent in Udine, Italy, called a provincial congress to that city in 1906. Although it included only Tertiaries of two dioceses, this congress is considered of prime importance, owing to its masterly discussion of the relation of the Third Order to the press and to the needy sick.

New life and zeal was infused into the Austrian Tertiaries by their first national convention held in Vienna, in November 1907. His Holiness Pope Pius X sent them his apostolic blessing and all the Franciscan Provincials of the country either were present in person or sent others to represent them. We can gain an idea of the vast number of Tertiaries that attended this congress from the fact, that although the sessions were held in a very spacious church, at the last meeting several hundred were unable to secure admission.

The signal success of the provincial convention held at Udine, spurred the Tertiaries of the province of Polesino to a similar undertaking. They met in Rovigo, Italy, in the church of the Capuchin friars, in February 1908. On this occasion they learnt to their surprise and encouragement that the number of Tertiaries in their province had increased from 10,000 to 42,000 within the preceding ten years.

The Director of the Franciscan missionary magazine, *La Voce di S. Antonio*, was the chief promoter of a Tertiary convention that held its sittings in Vicenza, Italy, in April 1909. The importance of this meeting of the Third Order is

apparent from the fact that His Eminence, the Patriarch of Venice, the Bishops of Treviso and Chioggia, and the Vicar General of Vicenza honored it with their presence.

In July and August 1909, the first national congress of the Spanish Tertiaries was convened at Santiago de Compostela, Spain, by the Very Rev. Fr. Francisco Ferrando, Visitor of the Third Order in Galicia, in order to celebrate in a becoming manner the seventh centenary of the founding of the Franciscan Order. The Reverend Father exerted himself to the utmost in behalf of the congress, and his efforts were crowned with extraordinary success. Besides His Eminence Cardinal Herrera, Archbishop of Santiago, six Bishops, numerous priests, and many Tertiaries attended the congress. Fifty-two resolutions were adopted, of which we will mention but two: first, to eliminate all entrance fees at receptions; second, to urge all the Tertiaries to daily Communion and to the daily attendance at Mass.

In October of the same year, a Tertiary convention was conducted in Bassano, Italy, by the Capuchin friars of the province of Venice, and the Tertiaries responded in great numbers. It was decided on this occasion to publish a monthly bulletin for the benefit of the Tertiaries and to organize in the various fraternities the discretories or councils prescribed by the Rule.

The great success that had attended the first national convention of the Austrian Tertiaries, induced

the Reverend Directors to convoke another, in September 1910, at Innsbruck, Tyrol. Special committees began the preliminary work already in the preceding March and their efforts succeeded admirably. The Tertiaries both clerical and lay as well as the Reverend Directors and the Prelates all showed the greatest interest, and the meeting proved of the utmost utility for the Third Order in Austria as also in the neighboring German countries.

The Tertiaries of the dioceses of Padua and Vicenza, Italy, met in joint congress, in October 1910. This convention was preceded by a special meeting of the Tertiaries belonging to the secular clergy, and this gave rise to a thorough discussion of the ways and means to combat the opposition that the Third Order meets with in various parishes.

The province of Lombardy, with its two hundred thousand Tertiaries, held a most imposing congress in May 1912, at Bergamo, Italy, at which three hundred priests and prelates and more than five thousand Tertiaries were present. This convention is also to be commended on account of the practical resolutions it passed for spreading the Order and for improving the spirit of its members.

Realizing the immense good resulting from the Tertiary congresses, the three Very Rev. Fathers Provincial of the Bavarian Friars Minor, Conventuals, and Capuchins decided to call a convention of the Tertiaries of Bavaria to Munich, in August 1912. Over 3000 Tertiaries respond-

ed to the call. The sessions were honored by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Queen Regent of Bavaria, His Eminence Cardinal Francis von Bettinger, Archbishop of Munich, and many other eminent personages of the clergy and laity. The enthusiasm aroused by the meeting surpassed all expectations and the Reverend Directors and the Tertiaries returned to their homes fully determined to carry out the splendid resolutions made during the convention, especially in regard to the social and charitable activity of the Third Order.

In the course of the year 1912, according to the *Revue Sacerdotale* of Belgium, other Tertiary congresses were held in Lendinara and Turin, Italy, in Trient, Austria, and in Paray-le-Monial, France, all of which were very well attended and productive of much fruit.

The congress in Milan, in August 1913, was styled the *Franciscan Week*, and its sessions were presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan.

At their convention held in Padua, Italy, also in August 1913, the Tertiaries gave a splendid demonstration of their faith, over forty thousand having gathered there to do honor to the Wonderworker of Padua, St. Antony, and to renew in their hearts the love for their holy Order.

During all these years, there had been a movement among the Italian Tertiaries to unite the various fraternities in one grand federation, the better to secure unity of action among the members. It was for

this purpose that a convention was called to Rome, in September 1913. After the subject of federation had been discussed with great thoroughness and animation, it was finally decided, owing to insuperable difficulties at that time, to postpone the matter to a later date. The Tertiaries were much disappointed at this turn of affairs, but to compensate them for this failure, they solemnly proclaimed their unswerving fidelity and obedience to the Holy See.

The marvelous success that attended the Tertiary congress held in Cologne, Germany, in August 1913, was owing to two principal causes; first, the perfect manner in which the whole convention had been organized and conducted; second, the loyal help given by the secular clergy of the country, many of whom are enthusiastic Tertiaries themselves. Over 7000 Tertiaries and several hundred priests and prelates attended the sessions. Without doubt this was the most imposing of all the Tertiary conventions held in the German countries.

The Spanish Tertiaries, however, would not permit themselves to be surpassed by their German brethren, and they gathered from all parts of the kingdom for the congress at Madrid, in May 1914, to commemorate the seventh centenary of the coming of St. Francis to Spain. The event was of such moment, that even the secular papers

took note of it in their columns, and praised the 'Tertiaries for the splendid spirit that animated them. The sessions were held in the church of San Francisco el Grande, the most magnificent church in Madrid, with the express permission of His Catholic Majesty the King of Spain. Eleven Archbishops and Bishops were present, besides a vast number of royal and noble personages, and the supreme councils of the various military orders of Spain. The lay Tertiaries attended en masse, and in the procession through the streets of the capital city at the close of the convention 8000 men took part wearing their Third Order scapular and cord over their clothes. Various important resolutions were adopted on this occasion, especially in regard to the diffusion and the organization of the Order in the fraternities. Copies of these resolutions as well as an account of the entire proceedings of the convention were forwarded to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV for his blessing and approbation, both of which he most graciously granted in a special brief of September 1, 1915.

The great war has put a temporary quietus on Tertiary congresses. But with the conclusion of peace, the Tertiaries of all countries will no doubt be among the first to meet and discuss the best means of solving the after-war problems.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

"Do this for a commemoration of me."

THE EUCCHARISTIC DECREE

"Do this for a commemoration of me."—O blessed words of our divine Lord commanding and empowering his Apostles and their successors in all ages to celebrate the holy Mass as he himself had done, till the end of time. "Do this"—he speaks, and the great Catholic worship is instituted for all days. He speaks, and behold, from the rising of the sun unto the going down the Lamb of God is offered by adoring peoples through the ministry of his anointed priests. He speaks, and each morning while time lasts, the earth becomes holy and beautiful with the uplifted Host on innumerable altars of Holy Church.

He speaks, and from sea to sea and from mountain to mountain on sacred altars anointed hands are overspread in blessing and the things of earth become heavenly, and the simple elements pass into the august Sacrament—the ineffable substance of the adorable Savior. He speaks, and the Eternal Father is consoled with infinite reparation and glory by the worship in spirit and in truth, which he seeks and loves, for the true victim of Redemption—the Lamb of God which he himself has provided, his own beloved Son, is offered to Him; and not on one day, but on all days, not in one place, but on countless altars. What mercy, what graces may we hope for from the Eternal Father when he is looking on the face of his Christ mystically sacrificed on our altars!

Nor is this all. "Do this"—the divine victim speaks, and the angels are filled with rapture seeing paradise opened and God dwelling among his people in this valley of tears. He speaks, and the innumerable multitude come pressing for the Bread of Angels supplied for their eternal consolation in their sweet Communions. He speaks, and behold the desert blooms and the skies drop with honey.

Praise the Lord, O New Jerusalem, enveloping the nations. Praise thy God, O Sion of the Catholic Church. For he has blessed thy children, he has filled them with the fat of corn celestial. "He hath made a remembrance of his wonderful works being a merciful and gracious Lord. He hath given food to them that fear him" (Ps. 110, 4, 5). He speaks, and the saints in heaven are increased in glory and blessedness, and the pure soul of the Queen of Saints shines like a clear jewel in the rising sun of the elevated Host, being filled with the eucharistic glory. He speaks, and purgatory is refreshed with streams of indulgence and blessing, and holy souls pass upward into radiance and rest.

"Do this for a commemoration of me."—How faithfully, how constantly the Catholic Church has obeyed this divine command, and what

great things, what countless blessings and graces are the result of that constancy and obedience. So let there be in my life a faithfulness to the commands and inspirations of the divine will, as our Blessed Lady has counselled, "Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye,"—for, as the water was converted into wine at Cana, and as the elements are changed at the altar, so may the most simple actions if done for the divine glory become meritorious, a blessing to others, and a joy even to God and his angels and saints.

Prayer for Peace

O'er troubled waters, in the distant East,
 With lurid crimson flare the battle clouds;
 The nations mighty, the nations that are least,
 Behold their brave enwrapped in sable shrouds.
 The women and the children, too, lie dead,
 In ruins are the fairest fields and towns;
 In untold quantities is blood now shed,
 While heaven and earth are rent with fearful sounds.

O Mother, we implore thy august Son
 To grant his earthly children peace and rest;
 May he forbid that blood like rivers run,
 May he give chrisin'd balm to hearts distressed.
 God of the Ages, hear our anguished cry:
 Speak Thou the saving word ere millions die!

—Grover C. Maclin, Tertiary.

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

TEXAS

XXXIII

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

MEANTIME the Cujane Indians at the original site had manifested some disposition to become Christians. By the end of 1753, in view of the difficulties encountered at Espiritu Santo Mission, the Fathers determined to gratify them by establishing a separate mission for the Karankawa tribes. In order to realize the project, Fr. Juan de Dios Camberos was sent to the College of Guadalupe, Zacatecas; having received the consent of the Superiors, he proceeded to the capital of Mexico. Knowing from experience, however, that material aid from the government at best was slow in coming, the Fathers in Texas took steps forthwith to prepare for the founding of the mission. The funds with which to begin the work were raised by private gifts to the College, or advanced by Captain Piszina and the missionaries at Bahía del Espiritu Santo.

Without waiting for the viceroy's formal approval, Fr. Camberos hastened back to Texas and founded the mission in November 1754. In April 1755, the viceroy granted his approval. "Piszina detailed nine soldiers to act as guards, to assist with their hands, and to direct the Indians who had been induced to help in constructing the buildings and in preparing the soil for planting." Reporting to the viceroy un-

der date of January 15, 1755, Captain Piszina wrote: "The place assigned for the congregation of these Indians is four leagues from the presidio. It has all the advantages known to be useful and necessary for the founding of a large settlement. It has spacious plains, and very fine meadows skirted by the Rio San Antonio, which appears to offer facilities for a canal to irrigate the crops. In the short time of two months, since the building of the material part of the mission was begun, a decent wooden church for divine worship has been finished. It is better than that of this presidio and the Mission of Espiritu Santo. There have also been completed the habitation for the missionary and the other necessary houses and quarters, all surrounded by a field large enough to plant ten fanégas (hundredweights) of corn."

Two years later (1757), a report stated that a dam of lime and stone forty váras (vára is a Spanish yard of about 34 inches) long and four váras high had been built across an arroyo or creek carrying water enough to fill it in four months, and that all that was lacking was the canal, which would soon be finished. It is not to be ascertained that it was completed. Within a few years, a strong wooden stockade was built around the mission.

The name applied by Fr. Cam-

beros in his reports was Nuestra Señora del Rosário de los Cojanos (Cujanos). The addition de los Cojanos indicates in part, according to Professor Bolton, from whom all this information is taken, the prominence of the Cujane tribe in the mission, and also the prevalent usage of their name as a generic term for the Karankawa tribes.

The location of Mission Rosário was given by Piszina as four leagues from the presidio of Bahía—in which direction he does not say; but it was clearly up stream, Dr. Bolton thinks. Fr. Gaspár de Solís's Diary of 1768, has "Mission Espiritu Santo in sight of the royal presidio," apparently almost on the site of modern Goliad, "with nothing between them but the river, which is crossed by a canoe;" and in 1793, Revilla Gigedo located Mission Rosário two leagues nearer than Espiritu Santo to Béjar. "I am informed," Bolton continues, "that the ruins to-day identified as those of Espiritu Santo are across the river from Goliad, and that four miles west of these, one-half a mile south of the San Antonio River, no doubt, are those of Mission Rosário." In a note (page 318, "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century"), Bolton further writes, "From what I can learn, it seems probable that the building at Goliad, whose remains are now called 'Mission Aranama', were connected with the presidio of Bahía rather than with a mission."

Lack of funds appears to have prevented agriculture and stock-

raising on a grand scale. Nor were the Indians so eager to embrace Christianity as had been hoped. They would come to the mission from time to time, and would help more or less with the work, but when provisions gave out they were of necessity allowed to return to the coast. Within less than a year of the founding, Captain Piszina reported that one thousand pesos (dollars) in private funds had been spent for corn, meat, cloth, tobacco, etc. A year later he said that the number of Indians at Mission Espiritu Santo—a number large enough to consume five or six steers a week—was smaller than the number at Rosário, and that in all six thousand pesos had been expended in supporting the latter.

The number of converts, however, was not commensurate with the efforts made and the money expended. At the end of four years, the total harvest was twenty-one souls baptized *in articulo mortis*; i. e., twelve adults and nine children. In May 1758, only one of the Indians living at the mission was baptized. This small showing, says Prof. Bolton, was partly due to the caution and conservatism of Fr. Camberos. "If I had been overwilling in baptizing Indians," he said, "at the end of four years you would have found this coast nearly covered with the holy Baptism; but experience has taught me that Baptism administered hastily make of Indians Christians who are such only in name, and who live in the woods undistinguishable from the heathen." "This

caution on the part of Fr. Camberos was not only in conformity with the rules of the Church, but quite in keeping with the usual missionary practice as well."

The last sentence, taken literally from Prof. Bolton, (p. 319), shows the spirit of fairness that animates him. With the Catholic the remark would be superfluous; but Prof. Bolton knows very well that nineteen out of twenty non-Catholic historical writers (let alone novelists) state, as a matter of course which needs no examination, that the Catholic missionaries, in fact all priests, baptize adults without any or without adequate instruction as to faith and obligations. Hence the remark for the benefit of such thoughtless or bigoted writers, lest they make themselves ridiculous when touching Catholic subjects. The days for romancing with impunity in history are past.

The Indians of the new mission were hard to manage. They gave the soldiers much trouble, and sustained their old reputation for being inconstant, unfaithful, and dissatisfied. The example of San Xavier Mission, where a friar had recently been murdered, was fresh in the minds of the missionaries, and, even when the Indians at Rosário seemed

best disposed, it was feared they might revolt and do violence to their benefactors. The Cujanes in particular were feared, for, besides being the most numerous, they were regarded as especially bold and unmanageable.

This fear, together with the danger from Apaches, was the reason for building the stockade, and for numerous appeals to increase the guards. As soon, for instance, as Captain Piszina, (one of the few Spanish officers who really proved helpful to the missionaries anywhere), had finished the mission buildings, he renewed his former request for ten additional soldiers. He, moreover, asked the government to assist the new mission with the usual one year's supplies, in addition to the vestments and furniture. Thereafter, his appeal was frequently repeated, and was seconded by the Missionary College, by Fr. Camberos, and by Governor Barrios y Jáuregui. Nevertheless, the government at the distant capital of Mexico only discussed, procrastinated, and called for reports, until finally in a Council of the War and Treasury Officials, held April 17, 1758, the various items asked for were granted. (*)

* Bolton, "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century", pp. 62-63; 100; 316-320.



FATHER GREGORY'S FIRST CONVERT

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

BLACK, purple, green, and deep gray, the water swirled about the rugged rocks and then fell away toward the open sea that lay shimmering golden blue, a vast expanse that led far on to the Orient. It was dark here in the cove, dark with that soft cool darkness that refreshes and soothes, yet seems shot with millions of tiny glinting lights, filtering through the spaces between green leaves.

When Jimmie Gregory first caught a glimpse of this enchanting spot, he had been far above it, nearing the fourteenth tee, to be specific, on the golf course that adjoined the hotel where he was sojourning for the summer with his widowed mother.

Jimmie had not wanted to spend that summer at such a place; his real desire had been to lose himself at his chum's camp in the San Bernardino Mountains. During their senior year at St. Cyprian's, the two young men had planned the trip, down to the most trivial detail. Great decisions were to have been made out there in the open, where they could face issues that seemed a bit puzzling while they were whirling in the care-free pool of college activities.

Alas for the best-laid plans! After the great day of graduation, Jimmie's mother, whose sole interest in life was her boy, had urged him to spend the summer in her company, "seeing something of the world". Well, after all, the young

man had reflected, it was little to ask of him; little for the mother who had done so much for him, and whose only thought had been of him. Yes, he would give up the trip with Hart Winslow, and do as his mother wished; it was, at most, but a summer lost, and it was not as if he were really convinced of the solidity of his vocation. He had consulted the rector of St. Cyprian's, Father Keene, and the latter had agreed that Jimmie's decision was the right and proper one to make under the circumstances.

"You know, my boy," the kindly priest had told him, "a vocation to the priesthood is not to be played with; it is something too sublime, but I do not think that you would be playing with it by doing as you suggest. Your attraction toward the life of a priest, coming thus later than to most of us, may for that very fact be the more deeply rooted; then again, it may not be the real thing at all. So I am convinced that the surest test of its genuineness would be to take the summer to think it over—not in solitude, but in the rush and bustle of the world."

Father Keene had smiled whimsically and affectionately at Jimmie as he gave him this advice, then had turned and looked gravely from his study window for a moment before giving the lad his blessing and wishing him godspeed. He had been drawn to Jimmie Gregory

since the day of the latter's advent, eight years before, at St. Cyprian's.

Though endowed with the usual apportionment of boyish mischief, Jimmie had been possessed of a singular firmness of character and simplicity of purpose. His piety had been spontaneous, boyish, but had always exhibited a steady undercurrent of sincerity and depth. So, when Father Keene had given the foregoing advice, he had done so only after deep thought and many prayers, though Jimmie would have been the last person in the world to account himself deserving of Father Keene's thoughts and prayers. Charming in conceit was Jimmie and charmingly replete with those qualities which would cause conceit in a character less stanch.

Thus it chanced that young James Gregory, handsome, athletic, and possessed of an utterly irresistible courtliness of manner had taken the exclusive hotel, chosen by Mrs. Gregory as a suitable lookout upon the "world", quite by storm. Masculine and feminine contingent alike fell under the spell of his manner. Young men admired him, their fathers frankly liked him, while women, regardless of age, sought him—with one notable exception.

Dorothy Merwin, the charming daughter of "the Colorado Merwins", had passed the two days since the arrival of the Gregorys apparently serenely oblivious of Jimmie's presence. Without seeming to avoid him, she had nevertheless given no one an oppor-

tunity to perform the ceremony of introduction which all the others secretly believed would result in a complete loss of head and heart for both young people. Indeed, Jimmie had not so much as seen Miss Dorothy, though he was constantly hearing her name. It may be added that neither the other youths nor maidens were wildly anxious to see the two meet, the former, because to a man they had "fallen for" Dorothy and welcomed no rivals, and the latter, because—well, to say the least, they did not relish having the most desirable of the eligible young men monopolized by "that uppish Dorothy Merwin".

On the night of the third day, however, the event had really come to pass, and every one had been forced to confess that it had not been so bad after all. An officious elderly dowager, with whom match-making seemed to be a solemn duty, had contrived to bring the two together, by the simple expedient of isolating Dorothy in one corner of the veranda just outside the brilliantly lighted ball room, and then calling Jimmie as he swung by in search of a breath of cool air.

"Oh, Mr. Gregory," she had said, bringing the youth to an abrupt halt, "come here a moment. Dorothy, my dear, may I present our latest acquisition, Mr. James Gregory? Dorothy has been so hard to find these last few days, Mr. Gregory, that I haven't been able to arrange a meeting between you." Thereupon the self-constituted arbiter of the destinies of the young

sighed in obvious relief as Jimmie bowed over Miss Merwin's extended hand with that curious courtly deference that marked his manner toward women.

"It is an honor to meet you, Miss Merwin," he said, his eyes seeking in vain to penetrate the darkness which hung over that particular corner of the veranda. Then he made the usual perfunctory addition, "May I have the pleasure of the next dance?"

In the darkness the girl flushed with vexation. Did he think she had asked that he be called?

"Thank you, Mr. Gregory," she answered coolly, covering her well-filled dance card with a wisp of a lace handkerchief, "I'm not dancing any more this evening; I have some letters that call too insistently to be written."

And, much to the chagrin of the owners of the names that filled that card, she really disappeared for the rest of the evening; neither did she make her appearance at breakfast the next morning, and to enquiries, her mother replied that Dorothy had risen early, taken breakfast in her room and had gone for a walk by herself. The only one who seemed unperturbed by Miss Merwin's absence from the place was Jimmie Gregory. He had promised to play a twosome with one of the older golf enthusiasts that morning, and as far as could be noted, he did not so much as perceive the young lady's absence—but of course he had not seen her in the daytime.

It so happened that, when Jimmie came near to the fourteenth tee, he

chanced to look down toward the ocean, and made the surprising discovery of a cove that he had not seen before. He had been looking for just such a spot because he felt the need of a quiet place where he could collect his thoughts from time to time.

He turned to his caddy, who was holding out the club for the next stroke, and, disregarding the club, pointed in the direction of the cove far below.

"Aaron," he said eagerly, "is it hard to get to that cove down there?"

"Easy enough, I guess," responded the boy, "if anybuddy's fool enough to want to—'nd my name's Jimmie, sir."

"That's all right," answered Gregory obligingly, "so's mine; anyway, your's ought to be Aaron."

He finished the eighteen holes in absolute silence, but as he started for the hotel, he suddenly halted the surprised caddy and handed him a shining quarter.

"By the way, I think I'll not go back just now," he said reflectively, "there's sure to be a picnic or something on if I do, and just now I want to think. See here, boy, you have no reason to believe that I'm not striking off for a walk toward those hills, have you?"

The lad grinned. "Nosir, you're headed that way now, and if yuh keep on walkin' yuh oughta get there if yuh don't turn 'round."

Jimmie Gregory's face relaxed. "You're an intelligent boy, Aaron, if your name is Jimmie," he laughed. "Now listen well; if I leave you

now to take my clubs back to the locker, and nobody ferrets me out from where I'm going this morning, something tells me that a little boy named Aaron is going to get a mate to that quarter, this afternoon. I'll fix it with Mr. Dalton right now, so you will probably not be called upon for any explanations."

So after comparing scores with his companion of the twosome, who joined them at that moment, and then excusing himself on the ground of urgent business, Jimmie Gregory turned his back squarely on the hills and struck off in the direction of the bluffs that projected over the ocean.

Scrambling down the precipitous wall that formed one side of the enchanted cove, he soon landed flushed and disheveled on its sandy floor. An exultant laugh left his lips as he recovered his balance, brushed his trousers free of the clinging twigs and sand, and then surveyed ruefully the large three cornered tear in the sleeve of his silk outing shirt. Suddenly, across his consciousness, a voice, clear and cold as an ice splinter, cut stingingly.

"Perhaps a pin would be of service, Mr. Gregory."

Jimmie gasped, flushed, and stammered in such evident amazement at the sound of the voice, which his sense of hearing told him belonged to Dorothy Merwin, that the girl instantly regretted her hastily formed conviction that he had known of her presence and had come there because he wanted to seek her out.

He turned suddenly and found himself face to face with a young woman, the exact antithesis of the

one he had pictured Miss Merwin to be. For be it admitted he had formed an unaccountable distaste for Dorothy from hearing her praises sung so volubly and continuously since his arrival, and had imaged her as a coquette, — beautiful, perhaps, but none the less a coquette. So much for the evil of rash judgment. The girl before him was slim and youthful; her soft, dark hair was drawn back from a broad, white forehead; while her large gray-green eyes held at that moment a look of enquiry that was direct and childlike.

"I—I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Merwin—that's who you are, isn't it? I had no idea any one was down here," stammered James. "It's a shame to disturb you in such a heavenly spot."

Dorothy's eyes softened still more.

"It's all right," she answered; "naturally you wouldn't expect to find any one in such an out-of-the-way place as this."

She half stooped to recover the book which she had dropped at Jimmie's precipitate descent into her retreat, and as the young man sprang forward to anticipate her, his eyes fell on the title of the volume. In utter amazement he gazed first at the book and then at the girl who stood defensively before him, her aristocratic little head raised high, but with wave after wave of crimson overspreading her face.

He had expected that the book would be one of the season's "best sellers", or something of the sort which his brief experience had taught him seemed to be in the

hands of most of the young women at the fashionable watering place. But this—he looked once more, doubting the evidence of his own senses—yes, it was perfectly plain: “Catechism of Christian Doctrine, by Rev. Joseph Deharbe, S. J.”

Her voice, shaking slightly, recalled him to his manners.

“I should like my book please, when you have quite mastered its title, Mr. Gregory.”

It was Jimmie’s turn to color as he handed back the volume.

“Forgive me, Miss Merwin; I was unpardonably rude; but somehow it seemed so astonishing to see you reading—that.”

“I fail to see anything astonishing in it, Mr. Gregory,” she replied curtly. “Is it so amazing that a girl should study her—that is, that she should study religion?”

“No, certainly not; but I didn’t know you were a Catholic and, well, it isn’t usual to see a girl putting in her time on the study of Catholic doctrine, that’s all.”

“Mr. Gregory,”—her voice had changed suddenly and was singularly appealing—“I am going to ask a favor of you. Please do not tell any one that I come here, and particularly what I do when I get here. You can not, of course, understand, but—well—oh, there is something so lacking to my life—I’m not a Catholic; you are right—but sometimes I think that it is religion that is my lack.”

“Well, Miss Merwin,” answered Jimmie gently, “I think I know just how you feel about it. You see I am a Catholic, and it’s jolly hard

to imagine what I would do without my faith.”

“A Catholic!—you?” Dorothy’s face was alight with interest now. “Do you know, I don’t know another Catholic on earth I bought this catechism—but it is such a hard struggle all alone.”

The missionary in Jimmie was up-ermost now; he sat down on one of the jutting rocks, and soon the two were deep in conversation, she eagerly questioning, he explaining, defending, counseling. Suddenly, to their surprise, a glance at the sun told them that it was already noon. As they rose unwillingly, and Dorothy tucked the little gray book deep in her bag, she smiled at him with shining eyes.

“And just think, how angry I was when you dropped down so unceremoniously into my cove. Why, I really believe God sent you.”

He smiled gravely back at her.

“This morning has given me the greatest pleasure of my life, Miss Merwin; I’ve never truly known before what it meant to be able to direct a soul in search of light, and if I’ve been of ever so little help to you—”

“Oh, you’ve been so much,” she breathed, “you’ve shown me how real life can be. Why, I’ve been only half unfolded all these years.”

“I only wish I felt competent to give you all the instruction you ought to have,” he said regretfully, “but of course you know how it is; you wouldn’t go to a doctor to settle a lawsuit, or to a lawyer to mend a broken arm. The priests of our Church have made the studies nec-

essary for properly teaching sincere seekers after truth. They are the shepherds appointed to lead all the sheep safely into the one Fold."

His voice was deep and vibrant with feeling, and Dorothy looked at him wonderingly. She had never thought a young man could be like this one. Somehow she had been under the impression that a young man who was religious would also be effeminate or sanctimonious. Yet here was one whose religious convictions were deep and clear, yet who did not parade them; and, what was more, he was superlatively manly and unquestionably sincere. As they parted at the door of the hotel, it was with an agreement to walk up to the Old Mission late that afternoon to make arrangements for Dorothy's instructions under one of the zealous, brown-robed friars, whom she had regarded heretofore merely as an attractive part of the scenery.

By the end of that happy summer, remarkable changes had taken place in the lives of Jimmie Gregory and Dorothy Merwin. Jimmie, from the moment he picked up Dorothy's little gray catechism, was utterly at rest regarding his vocation to the priesthood. His way was plain, and he walked it with firm, purposeful steps; and Dorothy, with a clearness of vision given to few, understood, sympathized, and encouraged him in his lofty ideals. And, after the first shock of the thought of losing the boy she had lived for, Mrs. Gregory's latent piety had risen above the sordid, earthly goal she had destined for him, and she realized the joy that was to be hers as the

mother of a priest.

On August the second, Dorothy Merwin's soul was given its joyous rebirth in the baptistry of the beautiful old Franciscan mission. Never had a happier neophyte asked for admission into the Fold of Peter. Serene in the knowledge of the step she was about to take, and awed in the contemplation of the divine gift, her pure soul seemed to shine out from her large eyes in a living light. Her happiness was made complete by the approval of her much loved parents. They too, had undergone a change that summer, and after many serious talks together, and a careful observation of the change in Dorothy, they had decided to give their child the singular joy of being the first to learn of their decision to be instructed in the Catholic religion. The news was broken to her near the end of that perfect day.

"I never knew such happiness could be, Jimmie," she said to him as they talked over the events of the summer, the evening before his departure to take up his sacred studies in the seminary.

"Please God, you may have the grace to surmount all the sorrows and crosses that he may allow you, Dorothy," he replied seriously. "You're starting out on a long road, and it will not always be so smooth as it is now; but something tells me that you are going to be strong enough to travel it safely."

"And you, Jimmie, you are starting out on a much harder road, even though, as you say, it is the most beautiful one on earth; but you may be sure that the strongest prayers the Reverend Father James Gregory will ever have said for him, will be those of his first convert."

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—On May 24, His Holiness Pope Benedict XV appointed Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, inquisitor of the Sacred Congregation of the Office and consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. In like manner, Rev. Fr. John Moraleda, a Spanish friar, became consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, while Rev. Fr. Alexander Bertoni, Secretary General of the Order of Friars Minor, was chosen consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments. —

The Holy Father has definitely confirmed the decree approving the writings of Fr. Peter Lopez, O.F.M. The venerable servant of God whose cause of beatification has thus been brought a step nearer completion, was a member of the Franciscan Province of Catalonia in Spain. He died in the odor of sanctity on March 25, 1898. —

The commission of Biblical Studies in Rome has conferred the degree of licentiate in Holy Scripture on Rev. Fr. Crescentius van den Borne, O.F.M. The learned friar is an alumnus of the Franciscan province in Holland and acting professor of Sacred Scripture in the Franciscan International College of St. Antony in Rome. —

On July 30, Very Rev. Luke Carey, O.F.M., commemorated the sixty-second anniversary of his entrance into the Franciscan Order. He spent almost his entire life as a Franciscan in the Eternal City and is well known as a true son of St. Francis. Many distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen visited S. Isidoro's to offer the venerable jubilarian their congratulations. Great

was the joy of all when a messenger arrived from the Vatican with a congratulatory message from the Holy Father and a beautiful crucifix of ebony and ivory to which His Holiness had attached a rich indulgence.

Lombardy, Italy.—The various fraternities of the Third Order in Lombardy, who are under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin friars, had proposed to arrange for a Franciscan pilgrimage to Rome and Assisi. The hearty cooperation of the 1050 Tertiaries comprising the various fraternities bade fair to make the undertaking a signal success. But the sad conditions of northern Italy caused by the present war made it impossible for the Tertiaries to bring this public offering of love and devotion to St. Francis and to the Sovereign Pontiff. Instead, a collection was taken up by them, which the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial of the Capuchins presented to the Holy Father. His Holiness was deeply touched and praised the Tertiaries for their loyalty to the Church in these times of sore distress. To show how he appreciated their gift, he addressed through the Cardinal Secretary of State a beautiful letter of thanks to the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial.

Madrid, Spain.—The "Association of Franciscan Charities" founded among the Catholics of Spain, is very actively engaged in supplying the poor churches of their country with all the necessaries for divine service. This became evident when, on May 27, the results of their zealous efforts were put on public exhibition in Madrid. Even ladies of the nobility are lending their aid and influence to this noble work of the Association.

Vigo, Spain.—On April 22, Rt. Rev. Dr. Eijo Garay, Bishop elect of Vitoria, was received into the Third Order of St. Francis. The ceremonies were performed in the church of the Capuchin Friars at Vigo. After his investment, the worthy prelate delivered an inspiring sermon which made a deep and lasting impression on the faithful who had gathered in large numbers to witness the singular spectacle.

Valencia, Spain.—Last February, a beautiful monument was erected in the little town of Mislata, in the province of Valencia, to perpetuate the memory of their fellow citizen, the Ven. Fr. Sylvester Llansol Vazquez. The clergy and laity of the neighboring parishes gathered in large numbers to witness the solemn ceremonies and to hear the various speakers extol the blessed memory of Ven. Fr. Sylvester. The servant of God was born in 1730. After joining the Order of Friars Minor, he spent a great part of his life in the Franciscan friary at Valencia.

Venice, Italy.—His Eminence Cardinal La Fontaine who received the red hat in the last consistory and who has since been appointed Patriarch of Venice in Italy, is a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis and an enthusiastic admirer of the Poor Man of Assisi. He joined the Third Order in the Seminary of Viterbo, his native city, on the day before his elevation to the holy priesthood, and ever since his name has been identified with Tertiary activity.

Morocco, Africa.—The King of Spain has decorated Rt. Rev. Francis M. Cervera, O.F.M., Bishop of Fessea and Vicar Apostolic of Morocco with the large Cross of Isabella the Catholic. The worthy prelate was informed of this distinction by an autograph letter from his Majesty.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—With deep regret we report the death of Maurice Goeller, of

Washington, Mo. He met his sad fate during an outing of the altar boys of the parish. While swimming with a number of other boys in the Burbois River near Washington, his strength suddenly failed and before help could reach him, he drowned in the very sight of his companions. The body was soon recovered and everything was done to resuscitate him, but in vain. Although Maurice was their only child, Mr. and Mrs. Goeller bore the shock of his unfortunate death with truly Christian fortitude. Only a year ago, they had brought their first great sacrifice in his regard by permitting him to enter St. Joseph's Seraphic College with a view to preparing himself for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order. During this year at college, Maurice had proved himself in every respect a very promising student, and hence his loss is most keenly felt by the Fathers of the faculty. In spite of the fact that death came so unexpectedly, it can not be said that he was unprepared; for, true to his practice of daily Communion, he had that very morning gone to Confession and received Holy Communion. The solemn funeral services were held on Wednesday morning, August 1. Owing to his extreme grief over the unhappy accident, Rev. Fr. Donulus, the pastor, was unable to officiate. His place was taken by Rev. Fr. Ignatius, O.F.M. Rev. FF. Conrad and Thomas, O.F.M., of the college faculty, assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. Fr. Conrad also delivered a short address. To the sorely bereaved parents and Rev. Pastor of the young student, *Franciscan Herald* extends its heartfelt sympathy and begs its kind readers to remember him in their prayers.

Evansville, Ind.—On July 26, a beautiful and touching ceremony took place in the local monastery of the Poor Clares. The Ven. Abbess Mother Mary Francis commemorat-

ed the twenty-fifth anniversary of her entrance into the Order. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M. Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province. Several priests of the Benedictine, Dominican, and Franciscan Orders were present in the sanctuary. The pews of the chapel were occupied by a large number of Sisters from various communities and by the many friends and relatives of the Ven. Jubliarian, who knelt within the nun's choir and received the prescribed absolution and blessing at the grille. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M. He showed the excellence, the utility, and the happiness of a life wholly consecrated to the service of God. After Mass, the happy Jubliarian renewed her religious profession. Thereupon, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial removed from her head the symbolic circlet of thorns worn by the Poor Clares at their profession and replaced it with a silver wreath, which, he prayed, she might "one day exchange for the crown of everlasting glory." The *Franciscan Herald* joins the many friends of the Ven. Jubliarian in their hearty congratulations and good wishes for many more years of faithful service in the Order of St. Clare.

Glen Riddle, Pa.—On August 2, two members of the local community of Franciscan Sisters celebrated their golden jubilee as professed members of the Order. They were Sister Mary Agatha and Sister Mary Hyacintha. On the same day, thirty-five Sisters of this community commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their entrance into religion. Rt. Rev. Monsignor P. Mason, V.F., of Allentown, Pa., was celebrant at the solemn High Mass, while Rev. John E. Flood preached a very appropriate sermon. Rt. Rev. P. R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, surrounded by about

thirty priests and two seminarians graced the occasion with their presence.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—This year, St. Boniface's Church witnessed the largest and most splendid Porziuncola celebration in its annals. The festive sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Charles Warren Currier, D.D., who also conducted the triduum preparatory to the feast. In the afternoon, he pontificated at the solemn Vespers.

At the last monthly meeting of the Third Order, on August 5, 38 postulants were invested with the cord and scapular, and 15 novices made their profession as Tertiaries of St. Francis. At the business meeting held on Wednesday, August 8, the matter regarding the proposed Third Order Home again came up for discussion. From the fact that options on several sites in the immediate vicinity of the church have already been secured, it is clear that the Tertiaries of St. Boniface's fraternity are in earnest about the noble undertaking. The *Franciscan Herald* wishes them God's blessing and hopes that their efforts will eventually be crowned with success.

Fruitvale, Cal.—On Saturday, July 14, seven young men, graduates of St. Antony's Seraphic College, Santa Barbara, Cal., received the Franciscan habit and entered upon their year of novitiate. They were: Fred. Schunk, Fr. John Baptist; Geo. Lombard, Fr. Basil; Mervyn Hallquist, Fr. James; Matthew Watson, Fr. Timothy; John Bold, Fr. Angelus; Edw. Poetzel, Fr. Matthew; Adrian McCarthy, Fr. Gabriel. On the same day the following novices, Fr. Philip, Fr. Peter Baptist, Fr. Bernardino, and Fr. John Joseph, and Bro. Theodosius pronounced their vows, while one young man, Philip Kelly, was received as lay Brother. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very

Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., Provincial superior of the Franciscans on the Pacific Coast.

New Orleans, La.—The feast of St. Clare was devoutly celebrated at the Poor Clare Monastery on Sunday, August 12. At 6 P. M., Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S. J., blessed the several hundred little loaves of bread placed on a table near the altar, and intended for distribution at the close of the ceremony. The pious custom of blessing and distributing bread on this day is observed in many of the Poor Clare Monasteries throughout the world. It commemorates a miracle wrought by St. Clare, in the year 1235. At the bidding of Pope Gregory IX who was on a visit at the monastery, she made the sign of the cross over the bread at table, whereupon each loaf bore a visible impress of the sacred sign. Those who devoutly partake of the bread that is blessed annually on the feast of St. Clare, may hope to receive through her intercession a special favor from heaven. The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Very Rev. George Mahony, C. S.S.R. Most eloquently he depicted the beautiful life of St. Clare, dwelling especially on her great love of prayer and singular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Thereupon, Rev. P. Perretta, O.P., officiated at the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the blessed bread was distributed and the relic of the Saint was offered for veneration. Besides a number of the Rev. Clergy, a large gathering of the laity were present at the ceremonies.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The feast of Porziuncola was celebrated with great solemnity. At nine o'clock there was solemn High Mass at which Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, the newly appointed superior of St. Peter's officiated. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Joseph, professor at St. Joseph's Seraphic College, Teutopo-

lis, Ill., and by Rev. Fr. Basil of the local friary, as deacon and sub-deacon. The English and German sermons were preached by Fr. Joseph. A new pamphlet rack containing Franciscan literature has been placed by the Third Order, in the vestibule of the church. The *Franciscan Herald*, the Catechism of the Third Order, two short Tertiary stories, "Father Roch's Smoker" and "Marion's Dream," besides other small pamphlets and leaflets on the nature of the Third Order will be found in the rack. Many, it is hoped, will in this way become more intimately acquainted with the Third Order. It is worthy of note that within the first two weeks seventy-five copies of *Franciscan Herald* have been thus distributed.

Milwaukee, Wis.—on July 29, the Tertiaries of Milwaukee were favored with a visit of Most Rev. Venantius Lisle-en-Rigault, Minister General of the Capuchin Order. He had arrived from Rome, on July 16, to make the canonical visitation of the Capuchin monasteries in the United States and Canada. The Capuchin friars of the local St. Francis Monastery accorded him a solemn and hearty reception. They met him at the entrance of the church and escorted him to the sanctuary where the prescribed prayers were said. Thereupon he took his place before the high altar and each friar kneeling before him promised him obedience and received the miraculous cross of St. Lawrence of Brindisi to kiss. This cross, an heirloom of the Order and always in possession of the Superior General, was borne by St. Lawrence at the head of the Christian armies when he led them to victory in two crusades against the Turks some three hundred years ago. Having finished the visitation of the various monasteries of the province in the West, the distinguished friar returned to Milwaukee to preside at

a general meeting of all the Tertiaries of both the English and German-speaking branches in the city. From all parts, the Tertiaries assembled in St. Francis Church. More than six hundred were present. Most Rev. Fr. General officiated, assisted by the three Directors of the local fraternities. In his sermon, delivered in the English language, he reviewed the history of the Third Order and showed the necessity of the Order especially in our day, since it offers to the faithful the most efficacious means of attaining to a good Christian life. Then he imparted the papal blessing, and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. He closed the impressive ceremonies by offering the assembled Tertiaries the miraculous cross for veneration to which is affixed an indulgence of three hundred days. The visit of Most Rev. Fr. General left a deep impression on all who had the good fortune to be present. It will surely be an impulse to renewed zeal among the Tertiaries of Milwaukee.

The Most Rev. General is a Frenchman and was born at Lisle-en-Rigault in the diocese of Verdun, on October 5, 1862. He studied at the college Bar-le-Duc where Poincaré, President of France, was among his fellow students. Thereupon he studied law at the University of Paris, where he was made doctor of law at the age of 25. He soon gained renown as a distinguished barrister attached to the

Court of Appeal at Paris. Before entering the Capuchin Order in 1889 he had been a very fervent Tertiary of St. Francis. With much enthusiasm he recalls incidents from his life, when speaking of Tertiary affairs. In 1895, he was ordained to the priesthood and was immediately chosen lector of theology and director of studies at Nantes. After the short period of eight years, he was chosen Provincial of the Province of Paris, in 1903. When in the same year all religious were ordered to leave France, he addressed a letter of petition to Minister Combes, which was published in all the daily papers. He staunchly defended his monastery of Nantes against a judge, who had been one of his former companions at the University. During the six years he served as Provincial, he did very much to reform the studies in his Province. Several times he was sent by his superiors to visit the missions of India and Constantinople. In 1908, he was elected Definitor General and Procurator of the Order at the general chapter, and at the next general chapter, in 1914, he was chosen on the first ballot to fill the highest post in the Order. Wherever he has held the canonical visitation he has gained the love and confidence of his brethren by his kindness and affability. Besides his mother-tongue he speaks the German, English, Spanish, and Italian languages.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Patrick Broderick, Bro. Joseph.

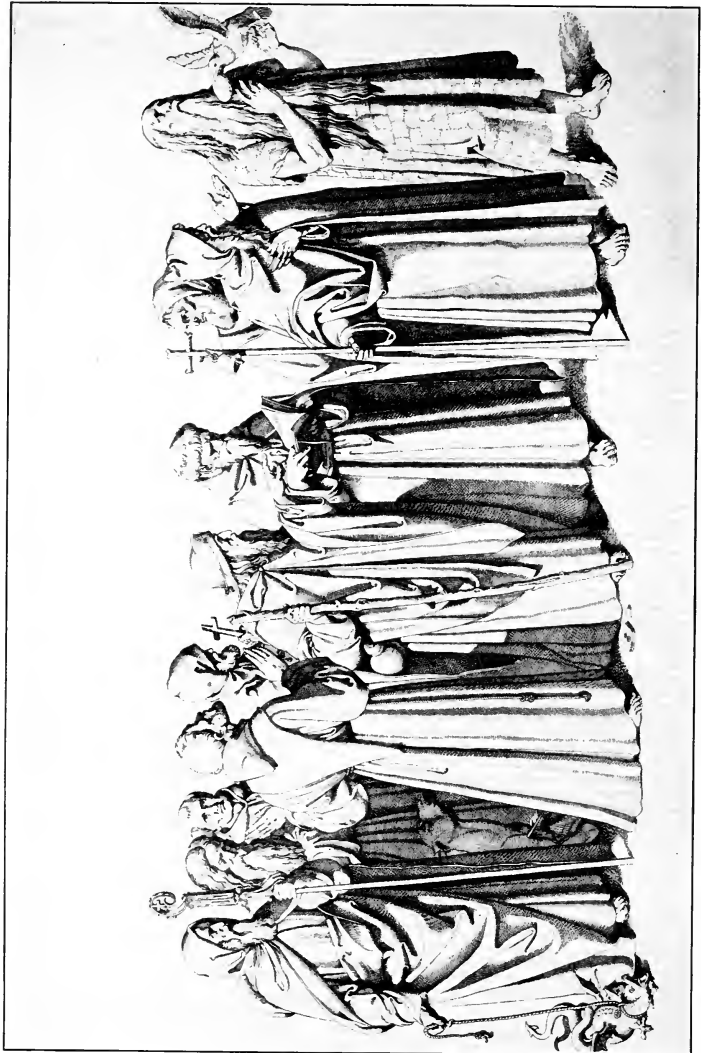
St. Louis Fraternity:—Catherine Collins, Sr. Antony.

German Fraternity:—Anna Liske, Sr. Bridget; Anna Hulsman, Sr. Frances; Maria Gerzenia, Sr. Barbara.

Rock Island, Ill., St. Antony's Hospital:—Ven. Sr. M. Hyacintha, O.S.F.

Requiescant in pace





Paterius Juan Donatir Francis Bruno Scapion Pachomius Marcius Antouy Paul

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

In a certain sense, the life of every true Christian, inasmuch as it represents the power of Christian precepts and principles over his rebellious nature, may be said to be a triumph of Christ. In the Gospels, Christ laid down certain rules of life and conduct which must be practiced by every one of his followers as a necessary condition for attaining to everlasting life. Besides these precepts, he taught also certain principles which he expressly stated were not to be regarded as binding on all, or as necessary conditions without which heaven could not be obtained, but rather as counsels for those who desired to do more than the minimum and to aim at Christian perfection, so far as that can be attained on earth. Man is, in this life, placed between the good things of this world and the good things of eternity in such a way that the more he inclines to the first, the more he alienates himself from the second. A man who is wholly given up to this world, finding in it the end and object of his existence, loses altogether the goods of eternity, of which he has no appreciation. In like manner, the man who is wholly detached from this world, and whose thoughts are wholly bent on the realities of the world above, is taking the shortest way to obtain possession of that on which his heart is fixed. The principal good things of this world easily divide themselves into three classes. There are riches which make life easy and pleasant, there are pleasures of the flesh which appeal to the appetites, and there are honors and positions of authority which delight the self-love of the individual. These are the chief hindrances to Christian perfection, to the complete triumph of the grace of Christ over the nature of man. These obstacles are removed, in so far as they can be removed, by the observance of the three evangelical counsels of poverty, which is opposed to the love of riches, of chastity, which excludes the pleasures of the flesh, and of obedience, which meets the desire of worldly power and honor.

It must be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of Christianity that in every age it has been able to inspire thousands with a love for the observance of these counsels, than which, perhaps, there is nothing more repugnant to the natural man. In this, as in all other things, Christ himself and his apostles lead the way, and so potent was the force of their example that in the early Church there was a tendency to exalt these counsels into commands of universal obligation. During the period of the persecutions, many Christians fled into the desert, there to live as ere-

mites and cenobites in the observance of the counsels of perfection. St. Paul the Hermit is commonly regarded as the first Christian eremite, while St. Antony is looked upon as the founder and father of Christian monachism. Other famous leaders of monks in the Church are St. Macarius, St. Pachomius, and St. Serapion. In the western Church, St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order, St. Francis and St. Dominic, the institutors of the Mendicant Orders, St. Ivan, a legendary hermit of Bohemia, and St. Procopius, a famous abbot of that country, are only a few of the well-known masters of the higher life and guides of pious souls, who wished to make sure their salvation and to conform themselves perfectly to the divine will, by leading lives of voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Such is the power of these Gospel principles over the heart of man that even in this age of self-indulgence there are, perhaps, more followers of the evangelical counsels than at any other time in the history of the Christian Church. What more glorious triumph of Christianity, what more striking proof of its divinity could be desired than this grand army of religious men and women who have devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the earnest pursuit of an ideal so exalted that pagan antiquity had not even a conception of it, let alone an appreciation.



THE NEED OF SPIRITUALITY

We are apt to think that great results for God's glory are achieved by God's saints in spite of their detachment, poverty and humility. The real truth is that these are precisely the weapons that win the battle. For, what are "results" in the kingdom of God? The conversion of hearts and their sanctification. What is it that can achieve such results? Is it material force? Certainly not. For even if God's servants should command material resources they could no more reach the human heart by means of these than they could by a single word arrest the progress of the planets. Is it moral force, that is, words, example personal influence? The heart of man is doubtless subject in this way to the power of other men. But, considering the limited and temporary effect of such power, which at best can reach only a small number of men and endure only till the death of the person wielding it, we must conclude that personal influence, though a great spiritual force, is insufficient to produce the results attained by such saints, for instance, as St. Francis of Assisi.

What then was the secret of their success? How did they contrive to lead so many souls to Christ? What means did they employ to extend his kingdom? Whence did they derive their influence, not only over their contemporaries, but over future generations as well. The secret of their success, the source of their power, is to be found in the spirituality of their lives, that is, in the faithful imitation of the poor, humble, and obedient Christ. Not one of them but prepared himself in seclusion for the work of promoting the reign of Christ, by the practice of those virtues that characterized the hidden life of our dear Savior, namely, humility, poverty, obedience, piety, and mortification. In short, they sought to detach themselves from the world and to lead spiritual lives. Far from seeking personal prominence as a means to success, they rather dreaded and detested it as a drawback. It was St. Philip Neri, we believe, who

said on one occasion that with ten truly humble and detached men he would undertake to convert the world.

The true generating force of Christianity, therefore, exists in its spirituality, and our own lives will be productive of results in proportion as we are spiritual. We are all more or less interested in the reign of Christ. Some of us have, perhaps, undertaken a particular work for the spread of his kingdom. We are fatiguing our brains and tongues and limbs, and yet our efforts are barren of results. Why? Because we over-emphasize the material and underestimate the spiritual side of things. Do we not, particularly in our social work, lay altogether too much stress on material resources? Even the social question has a spiritual, besides an economic side, and if it is to be solved at all, it must be solved ultimately by spiritual means. If that is the case, will not some of our social workers do well to inject a little more Christian spirituality into their lives and their activities? More Christianity is indeed the need of the hour, above all in the handling of social problems. It is Christianity that teaches us to gage the material and spiritual, temporal and eternal things according to their true value. Where Christianity and social activity meet, there will be found that mysterious power by which Christ and later his faithful disciple and imitator St. Francis of Assisi conquered the world.



A LOVER OF NATURE

Without joy no man can live; without joy no Christian can live, not even after he has attained the summit of perfection. There is doubtless more joy among religious than among irreligious people. It is found in abundance with the saints of God; and among the saints there is perhaps none that deserves the title, Saint of Holy Joy more than St. Francis of Assisi. He sought true joy, where above all things else it must be sought, in the practice of self-denial. But, he knew where to find other sources of joy. To him all nature was a veritable garden of delights, a never-failing fountain of solace.

"Who could tell the sweetness," asks one of his first companions and biographers, "which St. Francis enjoyed in contemplating in His creatures the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator? Truly such thoughts often filled him with wondrous and unspeakable joy as he beheld the sun, the moon, the stars, and the firmament. . . . What gladness thinkest thou the beauty of flowers afforded to his mind as he observed the grace of their form and perceived the sweetness of their perfume? And when he came upon a great quantity of flowers, he would preach to them and invite them to praise the Lord, just as if they had been gifted with reason. . . . He called all creatures by the name of brother, and in a surpassing manner, of which other men had no experience, he discerned the hidden things of creation with the eye of the heart, as one who had already escaped into the liberty of the children of glory."

One reason, perhaps, why St. Francis is so popular in our age, is because it affects a great love of nature. And yet, with all our boasted love of nature, how little is the joy we receive from it. It has been said that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." If that is true, then our love must be deficient, for it is evidently unrequited. Indeed, is our love not mawkish and selfish? How different from ours was the love of St. Francis? He loved nature, not for its own sake or for the

pleasures it afforded him, but solely for God's sake. He looked "from Nature up to Nature's God." The creatures were to him but a reflex of the divine perfections, and as such he loved them and revered them and enjoyed them and called on them to sing the praises of the supreme and uncreated Beauty. He loved nature because he loved God. His love was supernatural rather than natural. Even if our love of nature can never be so purely spiritual as that of the Seraphic Saint, it should not be wholly natural. For then nature will hold out to us but few and meager joys. As children of St. Francis, we should emulate our Holy Father in his tender love of God. This is the best means of cultivating a true love of nature and of sharing in her joys.



A FALSE ECONOMY

"The valiant men ceased, and rested in Israel." Shall this be the pithy summary of the history of American Catholics of to-day? The answer to the question depends upon the support they are willing to give to an enlightened and energetic Catholic press.

The army of Sisara is gathering its chariots, as in the days of old, against the children of God. The convent inspection bills, the political attempts of prohibitionists to prevent the celebration of the Holy Sacrifices of the Mass, the cowardly blows aimed in the dark at our Catholic charities, the slow but certain throttling of the Catholic Foundling Hospital in New York and of other similar institutions, and the financial aid to be given in an indirect way to the murderous Carranza Government are but a few of the latest instances. How can Catholics be awakened to the needs of the Church, aroused to vigilance and stirred to activity, if the only means of obtaining reliable information on subjects of Catholic interest is rejected by them?

To begin economies at the present critical moment by cutting off subscriptions to Catholic papers that are manfully serving the cause of the Church and continuing their struggle, often heroically, in the face of countless disheartening difficulties, must seem to sturdy Catholics little less than disloyalty. It would be to slay the faithful guardians of the flock that a handful might be saved, while the whole flock is heedlessly exposed to ruin.

The thought of retrenchments is naturally uppermost in the mind of everyone. But the Catholic paper is neither a luxury nor a superfluity. It is with these latter we are to begin our sacrifices. The Catholic journal is a necessity hardly less urgent, and in some ways even more so, than our daily bread. It may seem trite to refer here to the warning of Pope Pius that churches, missions and schools will be all in vain, if we have not at our command an able Catholic press, offensive as well as defensive in the cause of truth. Yet this fact is even now too little understood. Without such a press, as he said in his fatherly solicitude: "All your work will be destroyed, all your efforts rendered fruitless."

Catholic journals are therefore to be reckoned neither as a luxury nor as a superfluity. They belong, in our day, to the absolute necessities of Catholic life. Souls might once have been saved without them, as Pope Pius X said, but there was then no evil press to spread the poison against which an antidote is now constantly needed. The Catholic press must not be sacrificed. — *America*.

BL. BONAVENTURE OF POTENZA

OF THE FIRST ORDER

OCTOBER 26.

THIS servant of God was born at Potenza, a town of southern Italy, in the year 1651, and received in Baptism the name of Charles Antony. His poor but virtuous parents, from his earliest childhood, carefully trained him in the practice of piety and they had the consolation of seeing their efforts in his behalf bear abundant fruit. The child found his delight in prayer and good works, and was remarkable for his modesty, innocence, and spirit of self-denial. He mortified his senses in various ways, and fasted on Saturdays and the vigils of the feasts of our Lady, whom he loved with childlike affection.

The pious boy early evinced a desire of consecrating himself entirely to God. He was taught the rudiments of Latin by a good priest, and at the age of fifteen, he betook himself to the convent of the Friars Minor Conventual at Nocera, and begged to be received into the Order. His petition was granted, and on this occasion, he received the name of Bonaventure. It would be difficult to describe with what fervor he embraced the duties of his new state of life and with what zeal he strove to advance in the practice of every religious virtue. Suffice it to say that in a short time his extraordinary fervor aroused the admiration of his brethren and that he was looked upon as a model religious.

After his profession, the servant of God was sent to the convent at Malatoni to devote himself to the study of philosophy and theology, and if his progress in learning was rapid, still more rapid was his progress in the science of the saints. To satisfy his longing for virtue and perfection, his superiors sent him to the convent at Amalfi and placed him under the direction of Fr. Dominic of Muro, a man of great learning and virtue. Under this enlightened guide, Bonaventure ceaselessly strove to make his life conformable to that of Christ by the practice of humility, self-denial, and obedience, and so zealously did he carry out the instructions of his master that he reached a very high degree of perfection.

The obedience of the servant of God was heroic. At the word of his superiors, he at once set out to fulfill their commands, no matter how disagreeable or difficult. He used to say, "In obedience I would go to the very depths of hell." This complete surrender of self-will was so pleasing to God that he rewarded it with striking signs and miracles. Humility was the inseparable companion of his childlike obedience. It was once proposed to make him guardian of the convent at Capri and afterwards of that at Ravello, but by his earnest entreaties, Bonaventure obtained a promise that he would never be

raised to any dignities in the Order. His life was always humble, hidden, and wholly given to the service of God. He was forced, however, to accept for a time the charge of master of novices in the convent at Nocera. In this difficult and responsible office, he was most anxious to instil into his charges the practice of humility and obedience, but he never ordered them to do anything that he had not first done himself, thus leading them by his example even more than by his words.

A faithful follower of St. Francis, Bl. Bonaventure rigorously observed the vow of poverty. Poverty shone forth in his habit, his cell, and in all that was allotted to his use. Though he might lawfully have made use of an alleviation of the Rule granted to his brethren, he availed himself of it as seldom as possible.

The servant of God had to struggle against many temptations, especially against the promptings of anger. He had by nature a hot temper, was hasty and quickly aroused,

but by constant watchfulness and self-denial, he had, with the grace of God, overcome himself, and had acquired a patience proof against everything. He once declared to his confessor that undeserved reproofs, injustice, or any wrong done to him, made his blood boil and his heart beat violently, although he

remained silent. On such occasions, he would say to himself, "Burst and die, if thou wilt, but thou shalt not answer a word." This angelic meekness he displayed on several occasions, when insults, outrages and calumnies were showered upon him. He bore them all in silence and without betraying the least emotion.

As a priest of God, Bl. Bonaventure labored

among the people with wonderful success. His zeal for the salvation of souls was unbounded. The islands of Capri and Ischia, and the towns of Naples and Ravello were in turn the scene of his evangelic ministry. His burning words, and his life of prayer and mortification exercised the greatest influence on his hearers.



Bl. Bonaventure of Potenza

His simple sermons, supported by the grace of God, led the most hardened sinners to repentance and to a good Christian life. Nothing disheartened him. He would follow people into their homes, and even into the fields where they were at work, in his persevering search after the lost sheep. His confessional was besieged by penitents, and he sometimes spent whole days in it, until he fell fainting with fatigue. No words can express his tender and compassionate charity for the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. When an epidemic broke out in a village near Naples, Bonaventure hastened to the assistance of the sufferers. He waited on them, rendered them the lowliest services, cured a great number, and did not cease his charitable labors until he was overcome by fatigue and illness which brought him to death's door. This illness was a long one and exceedingly painful. Amid his sufferings, the servant of God praised and blessed the Lord, who, as he said, had given him so great a proof of his love. As soon as he had somewhat recovered, he returned to his labors of zeal and charity.

The apostolic ministry of the holy man was accompanied by the supernatural gifts which God reserves

for his most favored servants. He was endowed with the gift of miracles, prophecy, and of reading secrets of the human heart. During the long hours which he spent in contemplation, and sometimes during Mass, he was rapt in ecstasy and was seen raised from the ground.

After serving God in the religious life for forty-five years, Bonaventure, rich in virtue and merit, was to receive the reward of his labors. His last illness was of ten days duration. When his last hour drew near, he received the Sacraments with the most tender devotion. He then made a public confession which drew tears from all present, as it revealed to them the deep humility of his soul. "I have been the most unworthy creature," he declared. "By my laxity I have given scandal to my brethren and to persons in the world, wherefore, I humbly ask pardon of God and of all of you." With aspirations of praise and thanksgiving, and of longing to be with the object of his love, he peacefully fell asleep in the Lord, on October 26, 1711. He was buried in the church of the convent at Ravello. Many miracles were wrought at his tomb, and he was beatified by Pope Pius VI, in 1775.



BLESSED THOMAS MORE

By *Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

THE sudden and unexpected confiscation of the Observant friaries in 1534 has made it impossible to write anything like a complete and accurate history of the Third Order in medieval England. That the Order was widely known and fostered, however, we may safely conjecture from the singular popularity of the Franciscans in England as well as from their characteristic zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people. Indeed, this conjecture grows almost to certainty, when we hear that in the course of time many of the upper classes joined the Third Order, and that in particular Queen Catherine, the first wife of Henry VIII, and Blessed Thomas More, his Lord Chancellor, were Franciscan Tertiaries.⁽¹⁾

Blessed Thomas More was born February 7, 1478, in Milk Street, Cheapside, London. His pious and learned father, Sir John More, served as barrister and later as judge in the Court of the King's Bench. His mother, Agnes Graunger, died a few years after his birth. Thomas received his elementary training in St. Antony's School, Threadneedle Street, which under the direction of Nicholas Holt was considered the

best of its kind in London. Unusually endowed in heart and mind, he made rapid progress at school, and at the age of thirteen he was graduated with high honors. Thinking the boy too young for university life, his prudent father placed him as page in the service of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. This saintly and learned prelate soon detected the promising qualities of the quickwitted and winsome lad. Once he remarked to his guests: "This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a remarkable man."⁽²⁾ At the same time, the sanctity and learning of the Cardinal made a lasting impression on the sensitive heart of Thomas; and it was here, no doubt, that the future martyr first imbibed those lofty ideals of personal holiness and that heroic zeal for truth and justice which made him such a staunch and fearless opponent of heresy and schism.

In 1492, the Cardinal prevailed on Sir John More to let the boy pursue a higher course of studies at Oxford. He was accordingly admitted as a student in Canterbury College. The Renaissance had already found its way to Oxford, and

1. Authorities for the statement that Blessed Thomas More was a Franciscan Tertiary, are *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; *Third Order* by Ligarius Oligier, Vol. XIV, p. 642; Heimburger: *Die Orden und Congregationen der kath. Kirche* (Paderborn, 1907), p. 492; Holzapfel: *Geschichte des Franziskanerordens*, (Freiburg, 1909), p. 670; *Acta Minorum*, An. XXVIII, p. 203; *Catalogus Hagiographicus Seraphicæ Familæ*. This official list of all the Saints, Blessed, and Venerable of the three Orders of St. Francis was published with ecclesiastical approbation, in 1909, on the occasion of the seventh centenary of the Franciscan Order. On page 216, Blessed Thomas More is commemorated expressly as a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.—2. William Roper: *Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt.* (London, 1905), p. 5. The facts of the martyr's life are chiefly based on this charming narrative. Its author, William Roper, was the son-in-law of the Blessed Martyr, having married the latter's favorite daughter Margaret. Hence his work is of special interest and value to the historian.

Thomas, engaged in the study of Greek and Latin, conceived a strong predilection for the ancient classics, and was ever after enthusiastic for the classic revival. Still, unlike many humanists of the time, he never sacrificed to pagan ideals his religious convictions, but always remained pure at heart and faithful to Christ and his Church. We are told that his college life was "free

from all excesses of play and riot." His father well aware of the dangers to which his son was exposed at the university kept him very strict. He allowed him no pocket-money and gave him barely sufficient means to defray the necessary expenses of food and clothing. Later in life, More frequently recalled the poor "Oxford fare," but at the same time admitted: "It was thus that I indulged in no vice or pleasure, and spent my time in no vain or hurtful amusements; I did not know what luxury meant, and never learned to use money badly; in a word, I loved and thought of nothing but my studies."⁽³⁾ Hence it is not surprising to find that while

studying at Oxford he began those practices of prayer and penance which he continued to the end of his life. We are told that he held frequent and severe fasts, was assiduous in prayer, scourged himself, and wore a hair-shirt next his skin. It was probably at this time that he joined the Third Order of St. Francis.

After about two years, Thomas answered his father's call and returned to London. His father wished him to prepare for the bar. Hence, in 1496, we find him studying law at Lincoln's Inn. Here he made such rapid progress that after an unusually short period of study he was for three successive years appointed lecturer on law at Furnival's Inn.



Bl. Thomas More

His spare time, however, he devoted to his beloved classics, and especially to the Latin and the Greek Fathers of the Church. About this time he delivered a series of lectures on St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry in London. Many learned men were present to hear the youthful jurist. For the next

—3. See Bremond: *Sir Thomas More*, tr. by Harold Child (London, 1913), p. 11.

three years we find More leading a retired life with the Carthusians at the Charterhouse in London. He had serious doubts regarding his vocation and thinking himself called by God to the priesthood, he lived without vows the life of a Carthusian. He spent much time in prayer and meditation, studied French with great zeal, and incidentally applied himself to history, mathematics, and the natural sciences. For a time he and his friend, William Lilly, thought of joining the Franciscans Observants.⁽¹⁾ Finally, however, on the advice of his confessor, he gave up the idea of choosing the spiritual state and turned his attention to public affairs.

In 1504, he was elected a member of parliament. Shortly after, an event occurred that foreshadowed the later defender of truth and justice. King Henry VII had a bill introduced demanding of the people the enormous sum of 113,000 pounds sterling for Princess Margaret, who had recently married James IV of Scotland. More opposed the bill as unjust and unreasonable and effected that parliament voted the much smaller sum of 30,000 pounds sterling. The enraged King unable to mulct the "beardless boy" who as yet had no independent estate, vented his anger on the elder More, whom, by devising "a causeless quarrel," he fined 100 pounds sterling and cast into the Tower till the sum was paid. The unhappy son

was advised by Bishop Fox that an apology would appease the King; but Thomas who had only done his duty in defending the people refused to make it and would have left England had not the King died soon after.

The accession of Henry VIII in 1509, augured well for the future welfare of the kingdom. He was already acquainted with Thomas More, having met him about ten years before in company with Erasmus of Rotterdam, and received a poem from him. Since then, Henry had heard much of the promising barrister and cherished a high esteem for his virtue and learning. Accordingly, he soon summoned him to court and assured him of his royal favor and friendship. In 1510, More was appointed Under Sheriff of London. As Master of Requests he was almost constantly at court, and the youthful King not only consulted him on political matters but especially delighted in conversing with him on scientific questions.

Amid all these royal blandishments, More preserved his independent character. In 1517, he had to defend the Pope's cause against the English realm regarding the forfeiture of a papal ship. He argued so well that the star chamber decided in favor of the Pope. Henry gladly returned the ship and far from being displeased with More sought only to win his valuable service for himself. As royal speaker, More had frequently to make the

—1. Baumstark: *Thomas Morus* (Freiburg, 1879), p. 22; Parkinson: *Antiquities of English Franciscans* (London, 1726), p. 211; Du Boys: *Catherine D'Aragon*, (Paris, 1880), p. 401; *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; *Sir Thomas More* by G. Roger Hudson, Vol. XIV, p. 690; Camm: *Lives of the English Martyrs* (London, 1904), Vol. I, p. 129, on the authority of Cresacre More, a great-grandson of the Blessed Martyr.

Latin address; thus at the famous meeting of Henry VIII with Francis I of France in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and again two years later, at the solemn entry of Emperor Charles V and Henry VIII in London.

Though More enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Cardinal Wolsey and in turn had great respect for the Cardinal's eminent qualities, it happened that on one occasion he found it his duty publicly to oppose him in Council. Wolsey was peeved and exclaimed, "Are you not ashamed, Mr. More, being the last in place and dignity to dissent from so many noble and prudent men? You show yourself a foolish councillor." More calmly replied, "Thanks be to God that his royal Highness has but one fool in his Council."⁽¹⁾ On another occasion, the Cardinal, displeased with More's policy, said, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Master More, when I made you Speaker." "Your grace not offended," replied More, "so would I too, my Lord."⁽²⁾

In 1521, More was knighted by the King and subsequently appointed member of the Privy Council and Sub-treasurer of the Exchequer. Two years later, parliament elected him speaker in the House of Commons. About this time, he was active against the heresy of Luther and assisted the King in writing his famous *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*.⁽³⁾ In 1525, he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Having been repeatedly employed

on important foreign embassies, he, in 1529, acted as English ambassador at the signing of the Treaty of Cambray. When, in 1529, Wolsey fell in royal displeasure, he succeeded him as Lord Chancellor of England.

Throughout his public career More's attitude toward the Church and her institutions was one of ready obedience and unstinted devotion. Indeed, he lamented the grave abuses in the Church and joined his friend Erasmus of Rotterdam in the general cry for reform; but he never approved, much less shared, his friend's cynical and rebellious spirit. Further, it would be wrong to deduct More's religious views from his famous *Utopia*. This satire was written before Luther, under the guise of a reformer, had raised the standard of revolt against the Church. We know, too, how readily More would have burned the book had he foreseen that the enemies of the Church would profit by it. In 1523, he wrote a book against Luther and urged Erasmus to exert his learning and influence against the heresiarch. For religious orders as such, More had the deepest reverence. This became clear when, in 1529, he called Fish to task and by his *Supplication of Souls in Purgatory* sought to offset the evil influence of the latter's *Supplication of Beggars*, a scurrilous and slanderous diatribe on the religious orders in the Church.⁽⁴⁾

But let us now turn to More's domestic and private life. In 1505, he

—1. Camm, l. c., p. 142.—2. William Roper, l. c., p. 20.—3. See *Franciscan Herald*, April, 1917.—4. On this question see Gasquet: *The Era of the Reformation* (London, 1905), *passim*.

married Jane Colt. After six years, however, his wife died leaving him with four small children, Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John. From an epitaph More wrote twenty years later, we see how fondly he cherished her memory. But he had now to provide for the children and hence married Alice Middleton, a widow who proved a kind mother and a dutiful discreet housewife. (1) After living twelve years in Crosby Place, the More family moved to their new home at Chelsea, a village outside of London. Their spacious house so famous in history stood in a beautiful garden that bordered on the river Thames. Here More would resort when free from State duties to find peace and comfort in the company of his loved ones. He took special delight in the education of his children for whom he engaged able and reliable tutors. Even when not at home, he superintended their studies. Once he wrote to Margaret, his favorite daughter: "I beg you, Margaret, tell me about the progress you are making in your studies. For, I assure you that, rather than allow my children to be idle and slothful, I would make a sacrifice of wealth, and bid adieu to other cares and business, to attend to my children and family, amongst whom none is more dear to me than yourself, my beloved daughter." In a letter to Gunnell their tutor he says that his children are "to put virtue in the first place, learning in the second; and in their studies to esteem most whatever

may teach them piety towards God, charity to all, and modesty and Christian humility in themselves." (2)

Erasmus, a frequent visitor at the Chelsea home, says that it was a school of Christianity where piety and virtue were in full bloom. Daily the household would gather for evening devotion. All had to attend Mass on Sundays and holydays, and on the vigils of feasts like Christmas and Easter they had to be present at the midnight chanting of the office. At table, one of the girls read a passage from Holy Scripture concluding as is done in convents with: *Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis*. Then a commentary from one of the Holy Fathers would be read or, if some learned man happened to be there, a discussion was held on the text, till finally More himself would change the topic by some well chosen jest or story.

Conformably with the rule of the Third Order, More was especially devoted to the poor and sick. He would visit them personally and relieve their needs by liberal alms. He would frequently invite the poor of the neighborhood to his table and even as chancellor converse familiarly with them. In his practice as lawyer he never exacted fees from widows and orphans. A home for the infirm, poor, and aged in the parish of Chelsea bore testimony to his boundless charity.

We have seen how as student at Oxford he practiced prayer and penance. This personal holiness only increased with years. Next to his

—1. Father Bridgett in his *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More* defends the character of Alice Middleton. He refutes the oft-repeated charge that by her sharp tongue and shrewish temper she proved a termagant and greatly embittered the domestic life of More. See Bremond, l. c., p. 52 sqq.—2. See Camm, l. c., p. 147.

library he had a chapel where he spent many an hour in close communion with God. If possible, he heard Mass every day and frequently served the priest. His collection of private prayers and his psalter gleaned from the Fathers of the Church are still extant. When one day the Duke of Norfolk found him in church among the singers clothed in a surplice, and objected that the King would be displeased with such an act, the noble Chancellor replied: "My master the King can not be displeased at the service I pay to his Master God," More never assumed a new office in the State or undertook an important work without seeking counsel and strength in Holy Communion. After his martyrdom, in 1535, his confessor wrote of him: "This Thomas More was my ghostly child; in his confession (he used) to be so pure, so clean,I never heard many such.....He was

devout in his divine service, and..... wore a great hair (shirt) next his skin".⁽¹⁾ One evening, More was at table with his family. When he removed the Chancellor's gown, Anne Cresacre, his daughter-in-law, noticed the hair-shirt and began to laugh. When Margaret told him of it later, he felt sorry, for he wished no one but her to know of his penance.

Such was the man whom Henry VIII, in 1519, appointed Lord Chancellor of England. Though truly devoted to his King and country, Thomas More never lost sight of God and Heaven. In fact, we may safely say he was true to his King because he was true to God and only when Henry succumbed to his lower passions did his noble and saintly Chancellor oppose his lawless policy and fearlessly unfurl the standard of truth and justice.

—1. See Bremond, l. c., p. 75.

(To be continued)

My Rosary

O, I would make my life a rosary
 Of virtue's jewels wrought—sweet charity,
 Meekness and purity and selflessness,
 Courage to clasp the cross with fond caress;
 A chaplet worthy at God's feet to cast,—
 A strong, unbroken prayer unto the last.
 The telling ended at Death's stern command,
 Let me begin in my true fatherland,
 The joyful decades of eternity,
 And count them o'er, my Queen, with God and thee.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

FOUL WHISPERINGS

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

HE was seated on a stone bench in a shady corner of their luxuriant garden enjoying the cool evening breeze, while near him stood his wife listlessly tearing a rose to pieces and scattering the blood-red petals about her on the pebbled walk. She was telling an amusing little story of a jealous young wife who on her deathbed had extorted from her youthful husband the solemn promise never to marry again; threatening, in case he should, to return from the grave and to scratch out his eyes. Relating this last incident with dramatic emphasis, Mrs. West was suddenly interrupted by a piercing scream from a summerhouse near by where the children were playing with their maid. Mr. and Mrs. West hastened at once to the spot, and learned to their intense relief that Bobby, the baby, had merely tumbled headlong from a bench, thoroughly frightening his nurse but none the worse for the fall. The chubby little fellow greeted his mother with a joyous "Da, da, da," and scrambled quickly toward her. Catching him up in her arms, she covered his dimpled cheeks with kisses, scarcely heeding Lucille's profuse apologies for her momentary negligence, and dismissing her fears with a smile.

While this idyllic scene was enacting in the happy home of the Wests, Murdock's maid happened to pass by on her way to the butcher's. Overhearing Mrs. West's passionate

exclamation, "I'll tear out your eyes!" followed immediately by a woman's cry of terror, Jane began to put two and two together and soon had her own version of the occurrence. The Murdocks lived but two doors from the Wests, and Jane Simpleton had often wondered how it was possible for man and wife to agree so well at all times as John West and his wife Gertrude. For in all their married life they had never been known to have a quarrel. But now Jane was convinced that this reputation was altogether unmerited, and that in their private life they were as bad as her own master and mistress, who hardly permitted a day to pass without some family squabble. Indeed, they must be far worse, she concluded, for Mrs. Murdock even in her wildest moods had never threatened to scratch out her husband's eyes. The girl had gone only a block, when she was joined by Alice Brace, a maid-of-all-work like herself, and like herself on her way to Bisbee's meat market.

"Oh, Alice, you've no idea what I just heard," began Jane, as the two whisked down the street together. "I myself would never have believed it if I hadn't heard it with my own ears."

"Come, out with it, Jane. Don't keep a person in suspense, it makes me perfectly nervous," Alice urged impatiently.

"But you must promise not to

breathe a word of it to a living soul," continued Jane, "'cause I wouldn't want this to get out for the world."

"Sure, I'll promise anything; only come on with the goods."

"Well, while passing Wests a moment ago,—they were both talking together behind that beautiful high hedge, you know,—and all at once I heard Mrs. West say that if he didn't shut his mouth she'd scratch his eyes out. Then she let out a scream as if he were beating the life out of her and both ran toward the house as fast as they could go. I tried to get a peep at them, but the hedge is so high and thick that I couldn't even get a glimpse."

"That certainly is some story, believe me!" commented Alice with undisguised relish; "beats anything I've heard for a long time. And you say it happened just now?" she enquired eagerly.

"Yes, hardly five minutes ago; so I 'spose they're still pounding away at each other."

Entering the meat market, the two girls gave their orders and then proceeded to exchange their surmises as to the probable causes and effects of the Wests' first known marital trouble.

"What's that about John West?" queried Bisbee, interestedly, catching some unsavory remarks about the man against whom he bore a particular grudge owing, no doubt, to the fact that the Wests patronized "Poor John's Shop" instead of "Bisbee's High Class Meat Market."

"Oh, he and his wife just had a cat-and-dog fight a few minutes ago

and beat up each other's faces," Alice blurted out with as much respect for the truth as for faithfulness.

"Oh, Alice!" expostulated Jane.

"Well, you don't expect that a man like Mr. Bisbee is going to blabber this about the town, do you? And besides, if they fought so loud that you could hear them on the street, I don't think the affair has to be kept so secret at all."

"Why, of course not," agreed Bisbee, "and I for one am glad it has actually come out at last that these Wests are no better than the rest of us in spite of their daily Communion, Third Order, and what not. I always did have my opinion about John West, and I'm glad he has been found out," and in his just indignation, Bisbee generously threw an extra lamb chop into Alice's basket.

The two girls had scarcely left the shop, when Mrs. O'Grady and Mrs. Blucher entered. While Bisbee prepared to fill their orders for tasty slices of steak and well seasoned Frankfurters, he regaled them with the latest bit of scandal that had come to his notice, and he took a special pleasure in so doing on account of his long nourished ill will toward John West.

"Pretty nice mess that over at the Wests, wasn't it?" he began, as he sliced off the tender, juicy pieces of steak.

"Why, what's happened there?" eagerly queried Mrs. Blucher, a well known busybody of the parish.

"So you didn't hear about it yet," replied Bisbee in a well assumed

tone of surprise. "Well, when Jane Simpleton passed their place a short time ago, she heard an awful rumpus. Looking over the hedge, she saw John West and his wife going at each other tooth and nail. John was pulling her hair and she yelled that she'd scratch his eyes out if he didn't let go. Must have been some scrap to judge from what Alice Brace and Jane said."

"May the saints in Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated little Mrs. O'Grady, crossing herself and shaking her head in mute consternation. "And to think, Mr. Bisbee, they're both members of the Third Order, and what a scandal that'll be when the news of it gets out. My, my, my!" and the good woman heaved a sigh from the depths of her soul as she looked ruefully first at Mr. Bisbee and then at her dear friend Mrs. Blucher.

"Of course, Mrs. O'Grady, we mustn't let this get out," Mrs. Blucher hastened to assure fearful little Mrs. O'Grady. "My what'll Fr. Roch say when he hears of it! You know he thinks so much of the Wests. But Mrs. O'Grady and Mr. Bisbee, take this from me,"—here Mrs. Blucher dropped her voice to a sepulchral whisper and shook a long, bony finger in their faces,— "I always did know that Fr. Roch was mistaken in those Wests and that they aren't by any means the saints people think they are.

"And now that you mention this, Mrs. Blucher, I remember that Mrs. McGinty told me sister Bridget, and Bridget told me herself that she thought she heard the

Wests scolding each other once before, and—"

"And I'll bet ten pounds of Frankfurters that they often had fights of which we 'didn't hear a—"

But before Mrs. Blucher could finish the sentence, the shop door opened and in came Mrs. Swanson.

"I wonder where that ambulance went just now," she said, setting a basket of nice fresh vegetables on the floor and fumbling nervously with her purse.

"Ambulance!" exclaimed Mrs. Blucher with her usual eagerness to learn the latest bit of news.

"Ambulance!" echoed Mrs. O'Grady, in a feeble endeavor to imitate her heroine, the virile Mrs. Blucher.

"Where did it go?" continued Mrs. Blucher.

"Oh, it came up Maple Avenue and turned off into Washington Street up here at Wests' corner.

A knowing glance passed between Mrs. Blucher and the butcher, who immediately passed it on to little Mrs. O'Grady. It was not lost, however, on the lynx-eyed Mrs. Swanson.

"You people seem to know more about that ambulance than I do," she remarked, her full ruddy face one big question mark.

"Well," drawled Mrs. Blucher extenuatingly, "I won't say for sure, but I wouldn't be surprised at all if that ambulance went to Wests."

"Is any one sick there?" asked Mrs. Swanson all agape.

And then for the fourth time within half an hour, the slanderous tale with variations was rehashed.

"I wonder if both will have to be taken to the hospital?" conjectured Mrs. Swanson.

"Most probably," concurred Mrs. Blucher, "for Jane said they were both bloody and Mrs. West screamed just frightfully, didn't she, Mr. Bisbee?"

"Yes, she said something like that," replied Bisbee, who was beginning to feel somewhat uneasy over the part he had taken in spreading a story that was constantly growing worse.

"What I hate most about this squabble," said Mrs. Blucher, taking her package of Frankfurters and starting with her two friends toward the door, "is that Mr. and Mrs. West are both Tertiaries, and to-morrow is our Third Order meeting, and if they're not there everybody will be asking about them."

"Yes, that's bad," lamented little Mrs. O'Grady, and a tear glistened visibly in her dark gray eyes. "Don't you think we ought to tell Fr. Roch all about it, so he gets the news first hand?" she enquired hesitatingly, fearful lest her proposal be frowned upon by Mrs. Blucher.

"To be sure we ought," assented Mrs. Swanson, "'cause there's no telling what he'll get to hear from others."

"I'll attend to that myself," interposed Mrs. Blucher, with a finality that let her two companions fully realize she would brook no opposition. "I can easily see him this evening and will tell him just how everything happened."

"But I do hope that that silly Jane Simpleton will keep her mouth shut.

It's remarkable how some people will tell every new scandal as soon as they hear it, just as if it would burst them to keep a secret!"—and Mrs. Swanson,—the dear soul,—sighed deprecatingly over the weakness and wickedness of some of her sisters.

Arrived at the street crossing, the three good housewives parted company, each promising in turn solemnly not to breathe a word of the West imbroglio to a living creature, and each breaking her given word at least three times before reaching her kitchen door. Unfortunately for Mrs. Blucher, Fr. Roch was in the confessional when she called at the monastery to perform her work of charity, and thus he failed to hear the harrowing tale "first hand."

The next morning, as the bell in the tower, that used its great iron tongue only to honor the Most High and to invite men to praise him, sent forth its last call summoning the Tertiaries to Mass, a small group of women was seen standing just outside the church door engaged in a subdued but spirited conversation.

"It's a fact, Mrs. Beecher, and they fought until they were both bloody and the ambulance had to be called to take them both to the hospital," averred Mrs. Swanson with no little vehemence, since Mrs. Beecher seemed ill disposed to put any faith in the story.

"'Yis, an' it's that ashamed I am of meself becuz they belong to our Third Order, that I could cry me eyes out," whimpered little Mrs.

O'Grady, and the great salty tear which had glistened in her dark gray eyes the evening before but which with heroic self-control she had restrained from falling, was now permitted to roll unmolested, but with wonderful effect, down her pale, haggard cheek.

At that moment, an automobile stopped in front of the church, and out jumped Mr. John West as nimbly as ever. With his customary gallantry, he assisted Mrs. West, and then Lucille and the children from the car, and all strode smilingly toward the church. Mr. and Mrs. West both greeted the little group of gossipers with a cordial "Good morning!" and then passed into the church.

Mesdames Blucher, Swanson, O'Grady, and Company stared as if they had seen a ghost. Dear little Mrs. O'Grady even forgot all about her tears, so great was her consternation at the unexpected arrival of the Wests with not a scratch to indicate their bloody fray of the previous evening. Mrs. Beecher was the first to recover her voice.

"Somebody must have been lying!" she flashed indignantly, and without more ado swept into the church. The rest looked at one another for a moment, quite undecided what to say or do.

"Where's that Jane Simpleton?" asked Alice Brace sharply, looking in vain for the originator of the tale.

"Yes, where's that tattler?" enquired Mrs. Blucher with holy anger. "I'm going to propose to Fr. Roch to have her ejected from our fraternity for her constant gossip-

ing."

As they all turned about to seek the scapegoat, one after the other quietly slipped into the church, until no one was left but Mrs. Swanson and little Mrs. O'Grady.

"I think it is just awful for a person to make up such a story, don't you, Mrs. Swanson?" remarked the little woman in a scarcely audible whisper. "And I never would have believed her, but then a person can never tell, you—" but Mrs. Swanson, too, was on her way into the church, and little Mrs. O'Grady heaved a deep sigh and followed her into the sacred edifice.

Was it merely a queer coincidence, or had those blessed invisible spirits, that are the constant witnesses of our every word and act, whispered into Fr. Roch's ear the text and substance of his sermon on that memorable Sunday morning? Placing the book of the holy Gospels on the pulpit before him, the zealous director of the Third Order scanned his large audience of Tertiaries for a moment with steady eye, and then in slow, measured tones he cited his text from the Epistle of St. James: "If any man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

He then explained these words of the Apostle and lashed with merciless eloquence the all too prevalent vice of the tongue. As he continued to speak, several pairs of eyes fell before his piercing gaze and several pairs of cheeks flushed with the ruddy blush of shame and from the dark gray eyes of dear little Mrs. O'Grady rolled tear upon tear, but they were the tears of a contrite and humble heart.

EUCCHARISTIC THOUGHTS

By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary

"Do this for a commemoration of me."

THE COMMEMORATIONS OF JESUS DYING

NEVER again, sweet Jesus, shalt thou be wounded for our iniquities, nor shall death any more have dominion over thee. Never again, O loving Hands, O beautiful, Gospel-bringing Feet, never again shall you present your loveliness to the transfixing nails. Never again, O adorable Heart of my Jesus, on fire with love for our souls, never again shalt thou be stilled by death and pierced by the wounding steel.

Never again, O sacred Face of Jesus, whose sight is food for the adoring angels, never again shall the pallor of death come over thee. Never again, O Form divine, shalt thou fill a silent supulcher and be wept over by a sorrowing Mother and loving disciples. Though the roses will fade and the stars grow dim, and glory and beauty and friendship pass away, "Thou art the self-same and thy years shall not fail."

Yes, as the priest utters the words—"This is my body, This is my blood"—the Word of God, here also "living and effectual and more piercing than any two-edged sword," seems directed by Holy Church to separate the precious blood from the sacred body of our Lord and I apprehend that, though in reality the blessed Victim remains living, impassible, and beautiful, the precious blood is shed in figure and the sublime sorrows and afflictions of the God-man on Calvary are mystically displayed.

I know that, as Holy Church teaches me, it is the one sacrifice of Calvary which is being offered, but no longer is the Lamb of God uplifted by malicious hands of cruel enemies and merciless executioners, and affixed by pitiless nails to the wood of the cross; it is the consecrated hands of adoring priests that uplift the sacrifice to God. No longer is the sublime Victim uplifted in the presence of a mocking rabble, but before devout multitudes of the faithful, who prostrate in spirit raise worshipping eyes and greet Him as their Lord and their God.

"Do this for a commemoration of me."—Many and glorious are the works of my divine Savior, mighty in his miracles, sublime in his utterances, his life the model of every perfection. Eternally is he to be exalted in his resurrection from the grave and in his glorious ascension into heaven. But above all he has caused to be commemorated in holy Mass his blessed passion and death.

Consider, therefore, my soul, that it is this blessed passion and death above all that Jesus would place before thee for thy imitation and for thy inspiration. God forbid that thou shouldst glory in anything save in the cross of Christ! See, he does not command thee to do miracles, or to

prophesy and understand mysteries and speak with the tongues of angels, but to take up thy cross and follow him. He lets thee taste his sweetness in Holy Communion—an earnest of the fuller revelation hereafter—that thou mayest be encouraged to embrace the severity of his inspirations; but amidst this sweetness he speaks to thee of his passion and death as he spoke of it amidst the glory on the Holy Mount.

And as, when risen from the grave he visited his apostles, he did not point out to them the beauty of his resurrected body, or call their attention to its strength and immortality and its supernatural powers, but showed unto them the sorrowful but glorious wounds in his hands and feet and side, so also, my soul, would he have thee contemplate in Holy Communion his blessed passion and death, for thy way is to be the way of the cross.

O Jesus, how severe is thy command—the path of penance and abnegation and self-sacrifice—like thee to bear and to die to self upon a cross! Yet, with the enchanting vision of thy beauty—now seen in part and as through a veil on the altar, but hereafter to be revealed in its fulness—and encouraged by the example and strength of thy blessed passion, thy yoke will be sweet and thy burden light. That uplifted hand which beckons us on to this course so severe yet so sweet and ending in so much glory, was pierced for us upon the cross. How can we refuse to follow!

And behold, in the blessed passion and death itself of my Jesus there is sweetness—the sweetness of love and mercy and forgiveness which flow from the divine Victim and his infinite merits. And so also will the love of Christ make sweet the way of the cross which he bids us to tread. “The charity of Christ presseth us, for he died that they who live may not now live to themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again” (II Cor. 5, 14, 15).

Let us cry with our Seraphic Father, “O Jesus, who didst die on the cross for love of me, let me die to self for love of thee!” May the death of the Lord be shown not only at the altar in the great eucharistic commemoration of it which he has established in his holy Church, but also in the hearts and lives of his servants whose glory should ever be to bear about in their bodies the mortification of Jesus. May the seraphic flame of love impress on our souls the blessed stigmata of our divine Savior, so gloriously renewed in our Father Francis, so that, aided by the prayers of that human Seraph, our penance may be fruitful unto life eternal.



ST. FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

Birds—birds of the air—
Glad wings of the moun-
tain and valley
Flashing around me with
scatter of petals and
rally

Through ilex and olive in
carnival choir!—

Draw near, little sisters,
and hearken

My voice of desire!

See, where the valleys
would darken;

Draw nearer and list to
my prayer

To the Love that hath
given

Your pinions the realms
nearest heaven,

Bladed your wing

To parry with rain and
with hail,

Decked you for tempests
in feathery mail,

And taught you to sing!

Though but the worm of
His wounds, I implore

You and cross you and
bless you, with hand

and with mouth—

Signing North unto
South—

Signing West unto East—

Let his praise be increased!

To the North then, ye wings of the
snow—

Albatross, gull, and all nurslings of
waters at war!

To the South, ye with emerald plum-
age aglow

For the grace of His Orient tem-
ples, and bear

His comforting love to the moon-
stricken rose!

Ye to the East, O larks, from your
fountains

To gather His alms at morn's lat-
tices pale!

Owls to your tombs and belfries!
Nightingale,

Away unto your sobbing of an em-
pire's woes!

But, eagle wings, ye to the West



unroll!—

Vanguards celestial, chanting o'er
the mountains!

Fowls of the deeps, be ye contem-
plative there

At sundown on His mirrors vast
with prayer,

Praising His love that keeps us to
His soul!

Warn ye the shepherds, swallows,
at moonrise then

Swinging like living censers out
from eave and rafter!

And circling doves. Nay, Brother
Leo, hold not back "Amen,"

Let all my heart go winging madly
after,

Forgetful of the little worm and
mole!

—Thomas Walsh in Scribner's Magazine.

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

TEXAS

XXXIV

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

WITH the belated aid obtained from the government "Mission Rosário became as prosperous," Bolton writes "as could be expected under the circumstances. In 1768, it was able to report having entered two hundred Baptisms in the records. This, so far as numbers go, was relatively as good a showing as had been made by its neighbor, Mission Espiritu Santo, among tribes somewhat more docile, and nearly as good as that made by Mission San José, near San Antonio, once the finest mission in all New Spain. At this time, 1768, at least from one to two hundred Indians must have been living intermittently in the mission; but they were hard to control, and were with difficulty kept at the mission, made to work, and induced to give up their crude ways. If corporal punishment was employed, they would run away, and their complaints would find willing ears among the soldiers."

In February and March, 1768, Fr. Gaspár José de Solís of the College of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, appeared in order to hold the visitation. "It may vivify the reader's impression," says Bolton, "and help him to secure a more correct idea of a frontier mission of the less substantial sort, and of the conditions surrounding it, to repro-

duce here some parts of the account of the Mission Rosário given in his diary by Father Solís. I therefore quote the following:

"February 26. I arrived at Mission del Santísimo Rosário, where I was received by the missionary with much attention. The Indians who had staid at the mission—for many were fugitives in the woods and on the coast—came out in a gala array as an embassy to meet me on the way. The captain of La Bahía remained and posted a picket of soldiers to keep guard day and night. The mission is extremely well kept in all respects. It secures good water from the Río San Antonio de Béjar. The country is pleasant and luxuriant; but the climate is very bad and unhealthy, hot, and humid, with southerly winds. Everything, including one's clothing, becomes damp, even within the houses, as if it were put in water. Even the inner walls reek with water as if it were raining.

"February 28. At the invitation of the captain, I went to dine at the royal presidio of La Bahía del Espiritu Santo. I was accompanied by Fathers Ganuza and López, and Brothers Francisco Solano and Antonio Cásas. The captain (apparently the generous Piszina), received us with great respect and

ceremony, welcoming us with a volley by the company and four cannon shot, serving us a very liberal, rich, and abundant table, and comporting himself in everything with the magnificence and opulence of a prince.

“February 29. I celebrated holy Mass and examined the church, the sacristy, and the entire mission.....

March 3. At night thirty-three families of Indians, who had run away returned to the mission. I received them with kindness and affection.....

March 4. The opinion I have formed of this mission of Nuestra Señora del Rosario is as follows: As to material wealth, it is in good condition. It has two droves of burros (packmules), about forty tame horses, thirty tame mules, twelve of which with harness, five thousand cattle, two hundred milch cows, and seven hundred sheep and goats. The buildings and the dwellings, both for the missionaries and for the soldiers and Indians, are good and adequate. The stockade of thick and strong stakes, which protect the mission from its enemies, is very well made. The church is very becoming. It is substantially built of wood, plastered inside with mud, and white-washed with lime; and its roof of good beams and shingles looks like a dome. Its decoration is very bright and clean. It has sacred vessels, a press for the vestments, various church goods, a pulpit, a confessional, altars, and all the things pertaining to divine worship. Everything is properly arranged

and kept in its place. There is a baptismal font, a silver shell, and silver vases for the Holy Oils. The mission possesses fields or crops which depend upon the rainfall, for water can not be brought from the river, because it has very high and steep banks, nor from anywhere else, because there is no other place from which to get it.

“The mission was founded in 1754. Its missionary, who, as I have already said, is Fr. Joseph Escovár, labors hard for its welfare, growth, and improvement. He treats the Indians with much love, charity, and gentleness, employing methods soft, bland, and attractive. He makes them work, teaches them to pray, tries to teach them the catechism and to instruct them in the rudiments of our holy Faith and in good manners. He aids them as well as he can in all their needs, corporal and spiritual, giving them food to eat and clothing to wear. In the afternoon, before evening prayers, with a stroke of the bell he assembles them, big and little, in the cemetery, has them say the prayers and Christian doctrine in common, explains and tries to teach them the mysteries of our holy Faith, exhorting them to keep the Commandments of God and of our holy Mother Church, and setting forth what is necessary for salvation. On Saturdays, he collects them and has them recite the Rosary with its mysteries, and sing the Alabado.⁽¹⁾ On Sundays and holidays, before holy Mass, he has them repeat the prayers with the Christian doctrine in common, and

afterwards he preaches to them, explaining the Christian doctrine and whatever else they ought to understand. If he orders punishment meted out to those who deserve it, it is with due moderation, and not exceeding the limits of charity and paternal correction; looking only to the punishment of wrong and excess, it does not lean toward cruelty or tyranny.

"The Indians with whom this mission was founded are the Cojanes, Guapites, Carancaguasés, and Coapanes, but of this last nation there are at present only a few, for most of them are in the woods or on the banks of some of the many rivers in these parts; or with another tribe, their friends and confederates, on the shore of the sea, which is about thirteen or fourteen leagues distant to the east of the mission. They are all barbarous, idle, and lazy; and although they are so greedy and gluttonous that they eat meat almost raw, parboiled, or half roasted, and dripping with blood, yet, rather than stay in the mission where the Father provides them with everything needed to

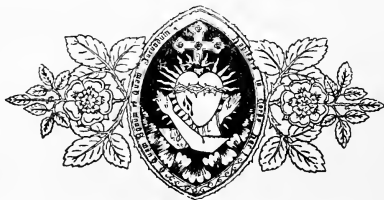
eat and wear, they prefer to suffer hunger, nakedness, and other wants, in order to be at liberty and idle in the forests or on the beach, giving themselves up to all kinds of vice, especially lust, theft, and dancing.'

"Such were the difficulties usually attending the labors of the frontier missionaries," continues Dr. Bolton, "increased somewhat in this instance, perhaps, by the exceptional crudeness of the tribes they were trying to subdue. And such were the first fruits of more than a decade's efforts on the part of several zealous missionaries. In after years the wooden church of the mission was replaced by one of stone, and the mission experienced varying degrees of prosperity."⁽²⁾

Details about the later activities at Mission Rosário are lacking altogether. Sotomayor in his *Historia del Colegio de Guadalupe*, page 502, remarks that the mission was moved to another locality, in which year he does not say, on account of the inundations from the Rio San Antonio, and that missionary work ceased there in 1810.

(1) The words are "Alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento del Altar; y Bendita sea la Inmaculada Concepcion de la Beatissima Virgen Maria."

(2) Bolton, *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*, pp. 320-324.



BARAGA, THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTHWEST

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

THE early missionaries on the shores of Lake Superior, Ménard, Allouez, and Marquette, had passed to their eternal reward leaving their Indian missions in a most flourishing condition. But, as the most promising fields are often ruined by wasting storms, so these Indian missions in the great Northwest that gave promise of so rich a harvest of souls were doomed to devastation and ruin. Frequent wars between the Iroquois and the Algonquins and the nefarious liquor traffic between the French and the Indians, connived at by the very Governors of Canada, constantly hampered mis-

sionary work. Finally, the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in 1775, put an end to the Jesuit missions in the Lake Superior region. Hence we can say that practically from 1678 until 1835, the poor Indians of this vast country were like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, and their once flourishing missions like a field untilled and overgrown with weeds and briars. Superstition and vice again became rampant and the true faith all but

extinct.

At last, the good God took pity on this barren section of his once flowering vineyard and he resolved to send another "Black-robe" who should cause it to bloom and thrive again and bring forth fruit thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold.

I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nation,
Who shall guide you and shall teach
you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
—Longfellow.



Father Baraga's Church and Residence at Arbre Croche, Mich.

In far away Carniola, a Slavonian province of Austria, there lived and toiled a zealous young priest, whom Divine Providence had singled out to renew the faith in the

hearts of these forest children. It was Irenaeus Frederick Baraga.

He was born on June 29, 1796, in the castle of Malavas, Doebernig, Austria, of wealthy and God-fearing parents, and received his early education from pious house chaplains far from the seductions of the world. Everything was done to guard the innocence of his soul, and he more than fulfilled the hopes placed in him. Even during the years spent at the university of

Vienna, where he was surrounded by vice of every kind, thanks to his early training and the nobility of his character, he led a pure life. A beautiful trait of this young man, whom God had destined for the priesthood and even for episcopal dignity, was his tender, strong, and pure love for his sister Amalia, which had such an ennobling and purifying effect on his sensitive heart; for he never permitted it to weaken his love for God. "God himself," he writes to her, "gave you to me as a gift, that by this gift He might remind me of his infinite love to us. Never have I felt love so strongly as I do since I have loved you more than anything else on earth. In this manner has earthly affection, my love for you, in the designs of the Almighty and All-wise God, become the means by which he prepares our hearts for the joys of heaven and draws us more and more to himself."

Young Baraga's spiritual guide and confessor at Vienna was that renowned director of souls, St. Clement Mary Hofbauer, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, whom the young law student frequently visited and to whom, no doubt, next to God he owed his priestly vocation. After finishing his law course at the university, in 1821, Baraga entered the seminary at Laibach, and was ordained priest two years later, on September 21, 1823. The fact that Father Baraga conveyed all his rights and titles to his paternal domain of Treffen to his sister Ama-

lia, even refusing to retain an annuity of six hundred florins, shows how unreservedly he had consecrated himself to the service of his Divine Master.

After working most zealously and successfully in St. Martin's parish and in Medlika, where he was revered by the faithful as a saint, Baraga conceived the idea of devoting himself to the conversion of the North American Indians. In 1829, a society was organized in Vienna, which had for its avowed object the supporting of the North American missions, and Father Baraga was sent as its first missionary. He set sail for New York in November, 1830, and landed there on the last day of December of the same year. He proceeded at once to Cincinnati, to present himself to his new bishop, Right Rev. Edward Fenwick, O. P. Here he remained for some time perfecting himself in the English tongue, and studying the Ottawa dialect. But soon he received his appointment to his first Indian mission at Arbre Croche (Harbor Springs, Michigan), where he arrived on May 28, 1831.

With his customary zeal, he immediately set himself to convert his Indian wards, and he was so successful that within two and a half months he baptized seventy-two adults and children. Accompanied by his interpreter, Father Baraga made daily excursions, entering the birch wigwams he encountered on his rambles. He thus soon acquainted himself not only with the locality but with the people as well. Notwithstanding he

had heretofore associated only with men of refinement and learning, he delighted to mingle with these untutored and uncouth savages and by gentle persuasion to lead them to the Good Shepherd of souls.

Truly edifying, too, was the life of these "first Christians" at Arbre Croche. Daily at five in the morning, the Angelus bell called them from their wigwams to the little church for morning prayers, which were read aloud by one of the chiefs, after which they all remained to assist at holy Mass. At nightfall, the Angelus again summoned them to services, which consisted of hymns, catechetical instructions, and prayers. Verily, a model Christian community.

After laboring at Arbre Croche for two years and four months, during which period he had the happiness of cleansing in the laver of Baptism four hundred and sixty-one Indians, Father Baraga paid a visit to the Indians living on Beaver Island, a beautiful tract of land in Lake Michigan, as he had been informed that they were eager to listen to his instructions. "My heart beat sensibly when we approached the island," he wrote. "I had a white flag with a red cross in the center, which I unfurled when going to a mission, to make the boat of the missionary easily recognizable. The friendly banner of the cross floated beautifully in the breeze and announced the coming of the minister of the Crucified. As soon as the islanders, who like all savages, have a remarkably keen vision, recognized my flag in

the distance, the chief had his flag hoisted at once over his wigwam. My Indians from Arbre Croche, who accompanied me, noticed the flag of the head chief and interpreted this as a very good sign, which made me feel at ease. Finally, when we landed, the savages hastened to welcome me; the men fired a double salute with their guns and then all shook hands with me and conducted me to their chief. Here I found that many Indians had assembled and all were eager to listen to the good tidings of the new apostle." Father Baraga remained with these good people for some time and succeeded in converting twenty-two of their number to the true faith.

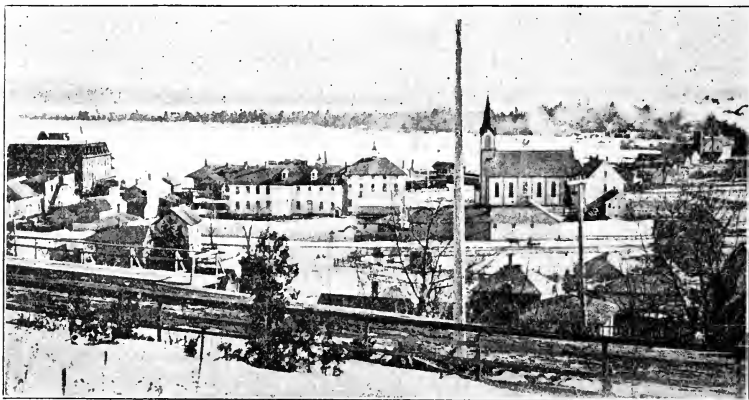
In September, 1833, our zealous missionary established a new mission at St. Mary's on Grand River, but here he met with many difficulties. The pagan Indians were indifferent, and the Protestant fur traders, led by their minister, opposed him as much as they could. In spite of this opposition, Baraga remained undaunted and selected an appropriate site for his church, school, and rectory. To procure carpenters for these buildings, he was obliged to go to Detroit, a distance of two hundred miles, on horseback. The roads were in a bad condition, and it took him seven days to make the trip, suffering extreme hardships in consequence. He was fortunate in securing the services of two artisans, and at once began the return journey—with one horse for three men. The little group suffered exceedingly. At

times, they would sink knee-deep into the mud. For the last two days of the journey not a house was seen. At the last house they had bought as much bread as they could obtain, but it was not sufficient for their needs and thus on the last day they had nothing at all to eat.

The church was soon built, but as the saying goes, "Where God erects a church, the devil builds a chapel." This was verified at Grand River. Many of the white fur traders there

intoxicated Indians endeavored to break into his house to wreak vengeance on him for his well meant censures of their vices.

During the winter of 1834-35, Father Baraga labored in a small French mission near Detroit, having been morally forced to relinquish his flourishing mission at Grand River by the Indian agent of that reservation. He writes of his stay in this place: "I live here in peace and am much more comfortable



Present Church and Indian School at Harbor Springs (Arbre Croche), Michigan

did not wish the Indians to be converted to Christianity, and hence they gave them liquor instead of money for their furs. Baraga expostulated with the men, but to no avail. They met his fatherly remonstrances with mockery and insults, and continued to ply their degrading trade. Both Indians and whites frequently became drunk, and bloody fights ensued, so that the good missionary's life was often endangered. Several times,

than among my Indians. But I feel like a fish out of the water. The Indian mission is my life, and I am longing for the moment of my departure for Lake Superior. Many, I hope, will be converted there to the religion of Christ, and find in it their eternal salvation. But what did I say? Many will be converted! Oh, no! If only one or two were converted and saved, it would be worth the while to go there and preach the Gospel. But God in his

infinite goodness gives us more than we expect."

When this zealous priest of God arrived on the shores of Lake Superior, on July 27, 1835, the entire country was but sparsely settled and covered with primeval forests. He began a new mission at La Pointe situate on a beautiful island in that lake, and found the Indians very docile and most anxious to be instructed in the true faith. This was very fortunate; for had they opposed him in the least he could not have even built a house for himself, since he had only \$3.00 left on arriving at Madeline Island. The church erected at La Pointe was strong and durable, 50x20 feet, and 18 feet high, with a pretty steeple, and before many moons had passed, it was well filled at divine service with the many converts, who had cast away their idols and had learned to bend their knee to the one true and living God in Heaven.

Ninety miles to the North was Fond du Lac (Nagadjiwanang). Here too the Indians ardently longed for the good "Black-robe" to visit them and tell them about God and Heaven, and to teach them how to avoid evil and to do what was pleasing to the Great Spirit. Father Baraga harkened to their prayer and went to their village, in September, 1835. He was agreeably surprised to find a large number of them assembled at the house of Pierre Cotté, a French-Canadian who had been trading with these

Indians for thirty years. In 1832, Father Baraga had published an Ottawa prayer book, and a copy of this precious volume by some good fortune had fallen into the hands of this truly pious and God-fearing trader. He had often before spoken to the Indians of the God of the Christians, and now he began to assemble them in his house and to sing to them according to French melodies the Indian hymns inserted in the prayer book. The Indians were so captivated with these songs, that they would often stay until midnight and at times even till daybreak singing Ottawa hymns with Mr. Cotté. Noticing their great zeal, Pierre gave them a more thorough instruction in the catechism and taught them to recite from memory the morning and evening prayers as given in Father Baraga's prayer book. Thus it happened that many of these good Indians were sufficiently instructed to be baptized almost immediately after Father Baraga's arrival in their midst.

It was while at La Pointe that Father Baraga began the practice, which he ever afterwards kept up, of rising at three in the morning during summer, and at four during the winter season, and spending three consecutive hours in meditation and prayer. No wonder that a man so highly favored with the gift of prayer and of such heroic virtues as he everywhere displayed, should become the instrument of God for the salvation of innumerable souls.

(To be continued)

THE GUIDING HAND OF PROVIDENCE

By Grover C. Maclin, Tertiary

THE home-coming of Muriel Stanton was a social event in Bay View. Besides being the only daughter of Beckwith Stanton, than whom there was no one wealthier or more respected in the community, Miss Muriel also radiated a geniality of spirit and charm of manner that would have won her hosts of friends whatever might have been her station in life.

For two years she had been a student in one of the fashionable travel-schools which made its headquarters in Paris, but the growing intensity of the Great War necessitated the closing of such educational institutions. So, after many experiences both thrilling and inconvenient, she had safely landed in America, and upon her arrival at Bay View plunged into the social whirl. It was commonly remarked that Bay View had never witnessed a more brilliant series of society functions than followed the return home of Muriel Stanton.

At the close of an afternoon of unusual gaiety, Mrs. Stanton found her daughter in a secluded corner of the spacious Italian garden.

"Why, Muriel," she exclaimed, "I've been looking for you these twenty minutes. Whatever are you doing out here?"

"Just enjoying the late afternoon, mother," smiled Muriel, with a slight trace of wistfulness in her expression. "That curious cloud arrangement over the western horizon re-

minds me of the Japanese print I have, where the blackbirds are flying in a long line against the wonder of an oriental sky."

The look of wistfulness in her daughter's smile was not lost on Mrs. Stanton. She sat down on the marble garden seat and with motherly affection placed her arm about Muriel's shoulders.

"Sweet, both your father and I have observed a certain restraint about you since your return home. Is it Dr. Perry about whom you are thinking, or did you meet some dashing French or English officer before leaving Europe and are now regretting his absence?"

Turning her face directly toward her mother, Muriel slowly shook her head and replied:

"Mother dear, I believe I like Dr. Perry best of my men acquaintances. Only last night he asked me marry him, but I told him I was not in a position to give him a definite answer. He pressed me for the reason, but I wished first to discuss the matter with you. No, mother, it is not Dr. Perry that is my chief concern, though naturally he is by no means out of my mind. I hope that which I am about to tell you will not cause you undue alarm or misapprehension. Please promise you will listen quite calmly to what I shall say."

"Muriel! You alarm me even by your suggestion. What on earth is troubling you?"

"You will recollect, mother, that before I went abroad, I expressed a wish to be educated in the convent of Norwood; but after much discussion of the subject, in fact after you had given utterance to the fear that I should be so impressed with the 'pageantry of Romanism' I might embrace Catholicism, it was agreed that I should go to Europe instead. It has developed that your fears were well founded—"

"Daughter, do you mean to tell me—"

"Hush, mother, please let me continue. Please let me explain fully. You will recall that from the Riviera we went to Rome, where we spent several months. One day, we had a respite from our language and art lessons and spent the afternoon among the hills on the outskirts of the city. As is common to every Catholic country in Europe, there were small shrines everywhere. On this particular afternoon, I discovered a charming little chapel nestled among the trees. I debated for some time as to whether I should enter, but I seemed drawn to do so by an irresistible impulse. So I sought the quiet and coolness of the interior. Coming from the bright sunshine into the darkened building, I was momentarily blinded, but gradually I made my way up a narrow aisle and knelt by the altar rail. When I was able to see distinctly, I found before me an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Christ-child in her arms. I knelt before the statue for fifteen or twenty minutes, and as I knelt a great peace flooded my soul. No vague

words rushed to my lips or my mind but a great well of love filled my heart—love of Mary and her Babe. Catholics possess a great heritage in their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, mother, and it is this feature of their faith that has always drawn me particularly. The few minutes I spent in that little chapel are among the happiest of my life."

"And I suppose that the moment you reached the city you lost no time in affiliating yourself with the Catholic Church," Mrs. Stanton remarked impatiently.

"On the contrary, mother, I have not yet become a member of that Church, nor can one be received quite so expeditiously as you imply. In fact, I haven't a doubt you will be much surprised when you learn the amount of preparation required of any one seeking to embrace the faith of Rome."

Mrs. Stanton arose as if to go, but turning said:

"Muriel, you know full well how much your father and I love you. It is needless to say we have given you every advantage a young girl could possibly wish for; but when it comes to joining the Catholic Church I want to warn you that neither your father nor myself will countenance such a procedure on your part. Why, it is impossible if for no other than for social reasons. Now take the Catholics we know, Nora the maid, and Tim the chauffeur, and the McClary family whose boy was run over by our limousine."

"But, mother—"

Mrs. Stanton refused further to discuss the subject and withdrew to

the house, leaving her daughter in the depths of indecision as to what course to pursue.

That night the family of three sat under the pergola, in the moonlight. The night was beautiful and clear; a light breeze was blowing from the bay, and the whole atmosphere was permeated with the rich odor of mignonette. After a time, Mr. Stanton's cigar ceased to glow, and he said:

"Daughter, are you quite worn out with festivity that you are so silent?"

But before Muriel could make answer, Mrs. Stanton replied:

"Beckwith, while Muriel was abroad she found a chapel in Italy that appealed to her artistic and dramatic nature, and now she wishes to embrace Catholicism. I have told her, however, that in pursuing such a course she can not hope for your sanction or mine. With all respect to Muriel's good sense and piety, I feel this is merely a passing whim. Too, I have pointed out the social standing of Catholics we know."

"But mother," interposed Muriel, "genuine religion does not recognize social difference. Religion is a matter of worship, and not until I acquired an acquaintanceship with Catholicism did I have a glimmering of what it means truly to worship."

"So Muriel, you have been receiving instruction in the Catholic faith?" her father asked.

"No, father, I have simply read books of instruction to enlighten myself on the subject. I confess

that I have been to Mass on several occasions, and many times I have been constrained to seek an acquaintance with the nuns whom I met."

"My child, this is a most serious subject you are considering. I regret you allow it to worry you in this manner. I should dislike to stand in the way of your happiness, but I think you had better let well enough alone and forget your ideas about Catholicism. Besides, one of these days you will want to marry, and I dare say every man in your set is a Protestant. So, let us dismiss the subject, as it appears to distress your mother exceedingly. Come, let us take a ride over to Randall's Island in the moonlight."

With this the family conference ended, but the sail over the waters of the bay did not enliven Muriel in the least. She was too deeply in earnest to allow a matter of such gravity to be thrown out of mind by a trip down the bay, even though the night was beautiful and the spirit of romance lurked in every little wave formed by the prow of the yacht.

As the weeks went by, Muriel tried for the sake of her parents to put on an appearance of cheerfulness, while in reality her heart was weighted with sadness. She shrank from causing them pain, but she felt that religion was of such an intimate nature that each individual must decide the issue for himself. So the dances and the parties apparently were as gay as ever, but more and more she sought

periods of seclusion for thought and study. During these hours of meditation, she discovered that beyond a doubt she was in love with Dr. Perry. Her marriage with him would meet with the hearty approval of her parents, for the Doctor had already established an excellent practice, and he came from one of the first families of Bay View. Too, he was totally unlike the average youth of Muriel's set, for he was an unusually deep thinker, and it was a commonplace remark among the old and the young of his acquaintances that "the arguments of Bert Perry are founded on nothing less than rock bottom." Yes, Dr. Perry had everything in his favor as regarded family connection and business stability, but there was the barrier of religion. The ideal marriage was certainly not of the mixed variety.

"And for all I know," Muriel said to herself after a time of intense thought on the subject, "he may be downright hostile to Catholicism. But since I firmly believe that the holy Catholic Church is the true Church founded by our Blessed Lord, procrastination on my part in making preparation to enter that Church is pure folly. I shall call on Father Quinn as soon as possible."

Late one afternoon, during the following week, Muriel called at the rectory at the time appointed for her third lesson in Catholic doctrine. Father Quinn himself answered the door.

"You are most prompt, Miss Stanton," he said cordially.

"Father, I should like to come every day if it were possible for you to give me the necessary time."

"Please pardon me a moment, Miss Stanton. In the next room is a young man who, like yourself, is receiving instruction. I should like you to meet him.—O Doctor," he called.

Muriel stepped forward to acknowledge the introduction, and could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw Dr. Perry. The doctor was equally astonished.

"Muriel! I can scarcely believe it! Are you too interested in the Catholic religion?"

"Very much so, Bert. I am here to-day for my third instruction."

"Why, I have just concluded my third lesson also," and turning to Father Quinn he continued, "Father, as you see, Miss Stanton and I are—er—quite fast friends. May we continue the instruction together?"

"Certainly, Doctor, that would be very agreeable to me," smiled the good priest, who was genuinely pleased at the happy turn of events.

On the morning following their reception into the Church, a nuptial Mass was celebrated by Father Quinn, during which his two young converts received their first Holy Communion. After the double ceremony, to satisfy the mother of the bride, a brilliant informal reception was tendered the young couple, and among the guests no one proved more popular than Father Quinn. They all found him wholly pleasing and delightful, so different from what many of them

had supposed a Catholic priest would be, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton were kept busy introducing their guests to the charming Catholic clergyman.

In the cool of the evening, the family party sailed over the placid waters of the moonlit bay. As they rounded the point on Randall's Island and turned the prow of the yacht homeward, Mr. Stanton, who had been unusually thoughtful and silent all the evening, apparently absorbed in his cigar and the spark-

ling waters, suddenly threw his cigar into the bay and said:

"My children, your mother and I were greatly impressed with the ceremonies this morning, having never before in our lives witnessed such devotion and reverence. I tell you this that you may know we harbor no distrust because you have joined the Church of Rome. Your course, on the contrary, has won our entire approval. And, by the way, while I'm about it let me put Father Quinn's address in my notebook."

A POWERFUL WEAPON

A young Franciscan Missionary of Mary, who had recently arrived in India and was still under the spell of its star-lit nights, was saying her rosary one evening in the convent garden shortly after sunset. She was tired after her day's work in the stifling atmosphere of the Indian plain, and both body and soul were resting, as she sent up to the Queen of Heaven the old yet ever new salutation, "Ave Maria, gratia plena."

She had been gazing at the sky and when, by chance, she lowered her eyes, she saw an enormous serpent advancing toward her with its tongue out. The serpent was between her and the convent, so all retreat was cut off. But our Blessed Mother did not abandon her daughter in this danger; she sent her a happy inspiration. The Sister waved her rosary to and fro in front of the reptile, and this allpowerful weapon so terrified it that it took to flight with all possible speed. The good Sister was filled with gratitude to our Lady, but needless to say she never again told her beads under the stars. — *Almanac of the Franciscan Missions.*



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Some time since, Rev. Fr. Francis Forgione, an Italian Franciscan passed to his eternal reward. He was a man of acknowledged sanctity. Those who had the good fortune of being more intimately acquainted with him, declare that ever since his reception into the Order, he not only abstained from meat and fish, but fasted every day contenting himself with herbs and vegetables. He slept only a few hours, and these he spent on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. For his spirit of humility and mortification he was called a second Francis of Assisi. —

A beautiful statue of St. Francis has been placed in the private library of the Pope. The statue is a miniature reproduction of the large group which was erected last year in the garden of roses adjoining the basilica of Our Lady of Angels near Assisi, to commemorate the seventh centenary of the Porziuncola Indulgence. A detailed description of the statue will be found in the January 1917 issue of the *Herald*. It was presented to the Pope in the name of the Franciscan Order by His Eminence Cardinal Giustini and Most Rev. Fr. General. He is delighted with the beautiful image of the Seraphic Saint and greatly admires the pedestal on whose four sides the Saint's unbounded love for creation is so artistically portrayed. —

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is about to take up the cause of the beatification of Fr. Francis de Picciano, a lay Brother of the Order of Friars Minor. The servant of God spent the greater part of his life as a religious in the friary of Baida, in Palermo, where he had charge of the hospital entrusted to the local Franciscan community. He was

born in 1773 and received the habit in 1809. A man of singular holiness he reminded one of the first disciples of St. Francis. Where there was question of helping the sick, no sacrifice was too great, no work too humiliating. He was frequently seen in ecstasy during prayer. Many miracles are ascribed to him. Thus it is related that he changed stones into bread, and water into wine. He passed to his eternal reward in 1851, having spent forty-two years in the service of God and of his neighbor. —

Rev. Fr. Bartholomew Filipponi, O.F.M., has applied to the Italian government for a patent on a new electrical apparatus which he calls an *automicroscopeometer*. The remarkable contrivance not only registers on a dial the humidity of the atmosphere, but at the same time indicates the variations of temperature by producing different kinds of sounds. Some years since, Fr. Bartholomew established his reputation in the world of science by inventing an ingenious device for preventing train wrecks. —

Eighteen years ago, a pious association of women, mostly of the upper class, undertook the noble work of teaching catechism to the children in the various parishes of the city. Wishing to place themselves and their work under the patronage and protection of St. Francis, they some months since organized among themselves a special branch of the Third Order subject to the jurisdiction of the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Capuchin Franciscans. Quite recently, too, a number of students attending the famous French seminary in the Eternal City have been organized into a special fraternity of the Third Order.

Barcelona, Spain.—A movement is afoot to prepare for a worthy commemoration of the fourth centenary of the death of Cardinal Jiménez de Cisneros, a most glorious figure in the history of the Franciscan Order. Though entrusted with the most important affairs of Church and State and at one time holding the office of regent of Castile, the illustrious friar and cardinal lived and died as a true son of St. Francis. A special commission of the Academy of History in Spain, composed of Rev. Fr. Fita, S. J., Señor Perez Guzman, and the Marquis of Laurencin, had an interview with the Minister of Education regarding the coming centenary, which it is proposed to make a national event.

Alcala de Henares, Spain.—On June 3, two thousand Tertiaries took part in the sixth Franciscan pilgrimage to Alcala de Henares. The pilgrimage was made to honor the memory of the illustrious Franciscan Cardinal Francis Jiménez de Cisneros, the fourth centenary of whose death will be commemorated in the near future. A special representative of the Spanish King together with a large body of ecclesiastical and civil authorities welcomed the pilgrims. After divine services in the church, the pilgrims visited the tomb of Cardinal Jiménez and placed a costly wreath on it. Thereupon, they met in the great hall of the University founded by him, where a musical and literary program was rendered.

Serena, Chile.—Rt. Rev. Raymond A. Jara, Archbishop of Serena, who was called to a better life some time since, was a fervent and zealous Tertiary. He ever proved a true father to the sons of St. Francis laboring in his diocese, while the Third Order was constantly an object of his care and zeal. Recommending the Third Order in one of his pastoral letters, he said among other things: "I con-

gratulate myself in having the sons of the Crucified of Assisi, among whom I also am numbered, as my assistants, because I consider it a priceless glory to be a Franciscan Tertiary."

Villareal, Spain.—Three hundred years have now elapsed since the beatification of St. Paschal Baylon, the Franciscan lay Brother, whom, as is well known, Pope Leo XIII chose as patron of the Eucharistic congresses and of all Eucharistic associations and works. Villareal, a little town in Spain, possesses the precious remains of St. Paschal. On May 3, a special meeting was held there, to make preliminary arrangements for the celebration of the third centenary of his death which is to be observed next year. The meeting was attended by the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities, notably by Rt. Rev. Peter Rocamora, Bishop of the diocese, and by Very Rev. Fr. Michael Barraincua, O.F.M. Vicar General of the Spanish Franciscans. Great enthusiasm prevailed during the meeting, which shows how the Catholics of Spain love and venerate the illustrious Saint of the Eucharist.

Yun-yang, China.—Through the efforts of Rev. Fr. Silvestri, O.F.M., missionary in Northwest Hupeh, the Catholic Society for young men is in a flourishing condition. This year, five new branches were founded in different Christian centers and about five hundred new associates received into the Society. Also the branch in Yun-yang where the Society has its headquarters has gained many new members and friends in the past year. The military commander of the place and the civil prefect were present at the last election of officers. In an address to the assembled members, they praised the Society, commenting above all on the assistance it was giving to the poor. The Society was founded for the purpose

of offsetting the influence of the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association. At the same time, its members work for the spread of the Catholic faith by distributing books and newspapers, conducting meetings, giving lectures, etc. The Society comprises not only Catholic but also pagan young men whose presence is a great help to the missionary in smoothing over little disputes and difficulties that frequently arise between Christians and pagans.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—Rev. Fr. Maurice Baukholt, O.F.M., who resigned his office as guardian of the monastery at Indianapolis, Ind., has been transferred to St. Peter's Church, Chicago, where he will take the place of Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Alerding, O.F.M., who has been assigned to St. Boniface Church, Sioux City, Iowa. Father Maurice is no stranger at St. Peter's, and no doubt his many old friends will be glad to welcome him back to their midst.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—During the months of July and August, the membership of the local Third Order fraternity was increased by thirty-four novices and twenty-one professed Tertiaries. During the absence of our Rev. Director, both the general and the special meetings were presided over by Rev. Fr. Agatho. Our Tertiaries were much pleased with a visit at their meeting of Rev. Fr. Leo Kalmer, O.F.M., who fired their enthusiasm by telling them of the activities of the Tertiaries in Chicago and New Orleans.

Cleveland, Ohio., St. Joseph's Church.—A two weeks' mission is being preached at St. Joseph's Church, this city, by the well known and popular Franciscan missionaries, Rev. Fr. Titus and Rev. Fr. John Joseph. The exercises for the German-speaking members of the parish began on Sunday morning,

September 23. The services for the English-speaking parishioners will begin on Sunday evening, September 30, and close on the following Sunday evening, October 7. Every day during the mission, there will be a holy Mass at 8 o'clock followed by a brief instruction; every evening, rosary, sermon, and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Both on Sunday, September 23, and on Sunday, October 7, there will be a holy Mass, sermon, and general communion at 8 o'clock. A special feature of the mission will be the mass meeting of the Cleveland Tertiaries on Sunday afternoon, October 7, at 3 P. M., and the solemn reception into the Third Order of the new members. Special attention will be accorded the Tertiaries by the Reverend Missionaries throughout the mission, and it is expected that an unusually large number of non-Tertiaries will present themselves for investment in the Order. The next ceremony of profession in the Third Order will take place in November.

West Park, Ohio.—On September 2, eight young aspirants to the priesthood were admitted to their solemn vows. Rev. Fr. Philip O.F.M., professor of Moral Theology at the local monastery, was delegated by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial to receive their profession. They were the following: Fr. Sylvester Salter, Fr. Bertrand Wickes, Fr. Oswald Pazdziarski, Fr. Stephen Roth, Fr. Gregory Wollenschlaeger, Fr. Chrysostom Clark, Fr. Raphael Friederich, Fr. Daniel McNamara, Fr. Pancratius Sloch, who is a member of this class but who has been confined by sickness to the infirmary at St. Antony's monastery, St. Louis, Mo., for many months pronounced his solemn profession on September 17, the feast of the Stigmas of St. Francis. We recommend him especially to the kind prayers of our readers,

that he may soon recover and thus be able to continue his studies for the holy priesthood.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church. — The English-speaking branch of our fraternity wishes to express its sincere appreciation of *Franciscan Herald's* blessing and good wishes for the ultimate success of its proposed Third Order Home. The Home now seems to be an assured fact. A committee has been appointed to take the entire matter in hand. It was suggested at the last business meeting to begin this great work by arranging a temporary Home until building conditions warrant the erection of a permanent structure for this purpose. The last general monthly meeting was attended by the usual large crowd of Tertiaries, in spite of the poor transportation facilities owing to the street car strike, which speaks well for the zeal and spirit of sacrifice of our Tertiaries. The subject of our Rev. Director's discourse at the meeting was the section of the rule enjoining on the members of the Third Order to refrain with the utmost caution from dangerous stage plays and from dances. He dwelt particularly on the dangerous dancing, because the dances of the present day are "positively dangerous." Thirteen postulants were invested on this occasion with the cord and scapular, and twenty-nine novices were professed.

San Rafael, California. — On Sunday, September 9, about 1500 Tertiaries from both branches of the Third Order in San Francisco and Fruitvale, took part in the great procession at San Rafael that ushered in the centenary celebration of the venerable Old Mission of San Rafael founded by the Spanish Franciscan Padres in 1817. The day was one of jubilation; for the whole vicinity and many other civic and fraternal organizations

marched in line with the Tertiaries to the historic old building, while beautiful floats portraying missionary life and activities and scenes from the history of California lent special interest to the procession. Forming at the Union Depot of San Rafael, the procession marched along the famous El Camino Real to the City Hall Plaza where it was reviewed by his Grace, Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Governor Stephens, and other notables. An open air solemn High Mass was celebrated at noon by Very Rev. Father Hugolinus Storff, Provincial of the California Franciscans, and the sermon was preached by Archbishop Hanna. He spoke in glowing terms of the wonderful work begun in this beautiful spot one hundred years ago by the Spanish Padres, and fostered by them and their successors up to the present day. Several Franciscan Fathers from various parts of the State were present, as were also several Dominican friars and members of the secular clergy, and vast crowds of the laity.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church. — The Tertiaries of Fruitvale welcomed their new Rev. Director on Sunday, August 12. An exceptionally large number were present and great enthusiasm for things Tertiary was shown by all. After dwelling appreciatively on the splendid work done by his predecessor in office, Rev. Fr. Humilis, O.F.M., the new Rev. Director, Fr. John, installed the officers for the next term: Prefect, Miss Mary Kennedy; Vice-Prefect, Miss Nora Clark; Chairman, Mr. Joseph Kenny; Recording Secretary, Miss G. Murphy; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. Tighe. Thereupon twenty consultants were appointed to further the interests of the fraternity in their respective districts. These consultants will meet on the Tuesday evenings preceding the regular

monthly meetings to discuss with the Rev. Director business matters of the fraternity. A movement was then set on foot to secure at least one hundred new members by October 4, as a feast-day gift to our blessed Father St. Francis. With an earnest appeal to all the members to receive their monthly Communion in a body on the second Sunday of each month and to be regular in their attendance at the monthly meetings, the Rev. Director dismissed the Tertiaries.

Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.—Extensive repairs and improvements have been made at the mission during the summer months. An electric light system has been installed, a garage for the missionary's automobile erected, the sanatorium completed, and the roof on our little convent renewed. This latter was especially urgent, for twice during the summer, portions of the roof had been swept away by wind storms. The interior of St. John's Mission church also has been renovated. An arched ceiling has been put up, and the sanctuary has received a new coat of paint. All the windows have been decorated with floral designs and pictures, which produce a beautiful stained-glass effect. Work has likewise been begun on our new farm, about ten miles from the mission. The Indian children have returned from all parts of the desert to the school, which opened, on September 10, with an enrolment of over two hundred, and many more are expected especially from the Papago country. A thousand thanks to our kind and generous benefactors, who through our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, make it possible for us to carry on the noble, if difficult, work of gaining these children of the desert for God and Heaven, by giving them the advantages of a good Catholic education.

Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.

—The solemn ceremonies of investment and profession took place in the chapel of St. Francis Academy, this city, on August 12, the feast of St. Clare. Three Sisters pronounced their perpetual vows, forty-seven renewed their vows, twenty-one novices were admitted to their first vows, and twenty-four young ladies received the habit of the Order. The Right Rev. Monsignor Rempe, v. g., assisted by Rev. P. Minwegen, o. m. i., and Rev. W. Gelsdorf, o. m. i., as deacon and subdeacon, and by the Rev. Nicholas Christoffel, o. f. m., as master of ceremonies, presided at the ceremonies. Monsignor Rempe also delivered an inspiring sermon on the sublimity of the religious life. On the following day, Sr. M. Adalberta, Sr. M. Marcella, Sr. M. Victoria, Sr. M. Philomena, Sr. M. Pius, and Sr. M. Henrietta celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their religious profession with becoming solemnity.

Seattle, Wash. St. George's Church.—The Franciscans of the Province of St. Barbara have recently taken charge of the parish of St. George, in Seattle, Washington. The new community numbers three members, Reverend Fathers Clement Berberich and Francis Gliebe, and Rel. Brother Robert. St. George's parish has grown considerably during the past year, owing to the great expansion of the neighboring shipyards, and the prospects for the future of the parish are very bright.

Milwaukee, Wis.—At the monthly meeting held on September 2, steps were taken to organize the "Adoration Society of Atonement" for the purpose of imploring peace among the nations. Over 250 new members were enrolled. By this means a perpetual plea for peace and an atonement for the sins that call down the present chastisements of divine Providence will be had. The half hours adoration each week

assigned to the members of this society are so distributed that one or more members will be in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament throughout the day from 5.00 A. M. to 8.00 P. M. The society is affiliated to the "Adoration Society of Atonement" in Rome, and the members participate in the numerous indulgences of the society. It is to be hoped that many more will join in this prayer for peace and that the society will become more universally known.

The spiritual exercises of the Third Order here will be conducted this year from September 26 to September 30 for the English-speaking branch and from September 30 to October 4 for the German-speaking branch with investment of new members for both branches on the evening of October 4, the feast of our holy Father St. Francis.

In the course of last month, death claimed a most worthy member of our conference, Msgr. P. M. Abbelen, Spiritual Director of the Notre Dame Sisters at the Milwaukee mother house, who passed to his heavenly reward August 24, 1917. The Rt. Rev. Prelate was a member of the Third Order since 1881. R. I. P.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—The fifty-sixth scholastic year opened on September 5, with a solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, celebrated by Rev. Fr. Rector. During the summer months, many necessary improvements and repairs were made in the college buildings, the campus was put in order, and everything else made ready to give the students, new and old, a hearty welcome on their arrival.

Owing to the fact that Rev. Fr. Aloysius, who for the past seven years was a member of the college faculty, has gone to the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C., to take up an extended course in biology and natural sciences, and that Rev. Fr. Celestine's poor health prevents him from resuming his classes, two new professors have been added to the faculty in the persons of Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph and Rev. Fr. Joseph Hermegild.

Hardly had the students unpacked their trunks and arranged their desks for the "battle of the books," when they began to organize their various literary and athletic clubs, and they are now pursuing their studies and playing their games with equal zest.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Mary Linen, Sr. Anne; Elizabeth Henneberry, Sr. Anne; Catherine Cahill, Sr. Teresa.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Mary O'Keefe, a novice.

St. Augustine's Church:—Catherine Majosky, Sr. Agnes; Catherine Kraemer, Sr. Agnes; Elizabeth Lauer, Sr. Clare.

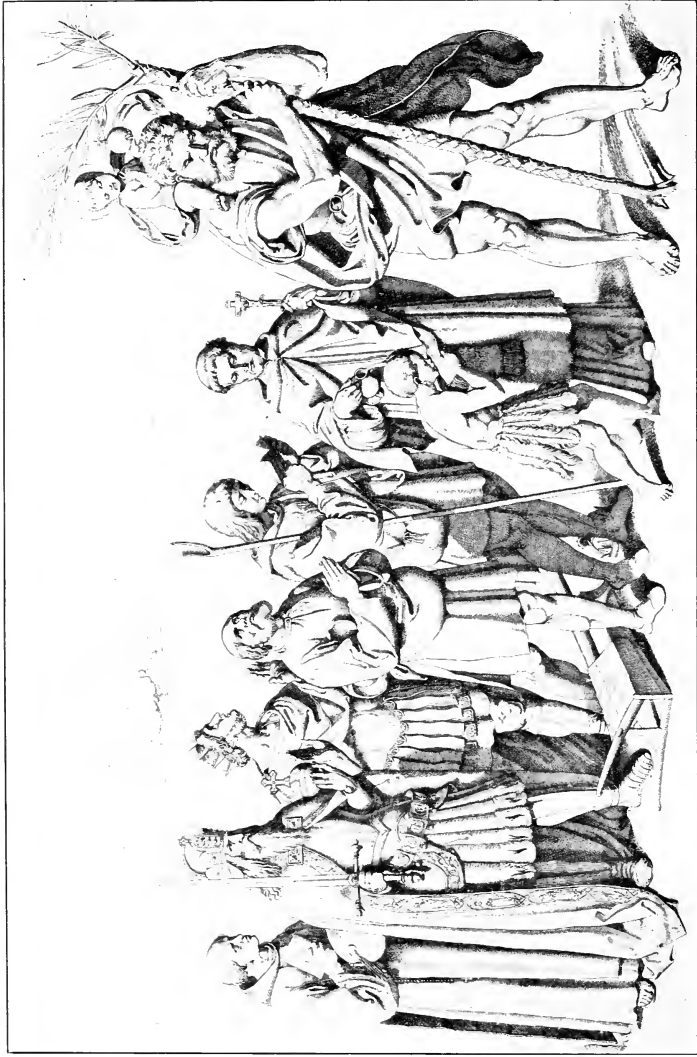
Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:—Wm. Bregitzer, Bro. Joachim; Sabina Friedel, Sr. Catherine; Celina Baron, Sr. Matilda; Elizabeth Stuber, Sr. Antonia; Matilda Trossbach, Sr. Joanna; Catherine Coddington, Sr. Antonia; Magdalene Paris, Sr. Antonia; Juliana Krishna, Sr. Clare.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:—Frederick Rupp, Bro. Francis Antony.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Michael Lemp; Joseph B. Moakley; Barbara Spindler; Margaret Even; Margaret Granville; Bridget Tierney.

Superior, Wis., St. Francis Church:—Helen Patterson, Sr. Elizabeth.

Requiescant in pace.



Fra Angelico

Charles the Great

Constantine

Judith

Mendelst

Francis Xavier

Christopher

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

Christian perfection is not confined to the cloister. It is found in every station and condition of life. The words, "Be ye holy" were spoken not to a few select souls. They are addressed to all Christians. Christianity is a moral force that pervades all classes of people. It appears strongest in the weakest, and its triumphs are the most complete where the obstacles are the greatest. These are the thoughts that are embodied in the present frontispiece.

The portentous figure of St. Christopher is a fitting emblem of that divine power which manifests itself in all Christian men and women of holy lives. Every Christian is a Christopher or Christbearer if he bears Christ, i. e., his doctrine, his love, and his grace in his heart. Like this holy martyr, the true Christian renounces the service of Satan and of man and with all his mind and heart and strength serves and loves God alone.

The moral force of the Christian religion is illustrated also in those heroic souls who, like St. Francis Xavier, leave home and kindred and set out for distant lands, there to labor for the spread of God's kingdom. It is their intense love of Christ that urges these zealous men and women to spend their strength and to sacrifice their life, if need be, that souls may be brought to know and to love God. And what triumphs has Christianity not achieved through them over the sensual hearts and stubborn wills of millions and millions of converts.

This same love of Christ has impelled many to give up riches, honors, and pleasures, and to lead a life hidden with Christ in poverty, humility, and mortification. Of this group of Christians St. Wendelin may be taken as a representative. Bred amid the luxuries of a kingly palace he went into voluntary exile and exchanged the royal scepter for the shepherd's crook.

St. Isidore, the Laborer, typifies that large class of the faithful over whom the Christian religion has always had the greatest influence—those, who, according to the designs of an all-wise Providence are destined to earn their bread by the labor of their hands. This holy man lived and died as a day-laborer. He vied with his wife, Maria Torribia, a canonized saint, in leading a most virtuous life. The legend relates that he attended Mass every morning, and that angels were sometimes seen assisting him at his work. Christianity has elevated labor, and by

directing the laborer's gaze heavenward, where alone he can hope to receive his full reward, it has taught him to love his work and to be contented with his hard lot below. Nowhere has the tree of Christian faith struck deeper roots or borne choicer fruits of virtue than in the hearts of the laboring class.

Christianity, as has been observed, is a moral force. It has been propagated not by the death-bringing sword but by the life-giving word. Because it has been founded to conquer the mind and heart of man, it is not dependent on material or political aid. In other words, it need not lean on the arm of the State for support. Oftener than not the civil rulers have opposed the Church in her mission. Two notable exceptions are Constantine the Great, who was the first of the Roman Emperors to grant the Church freedom of worship by his famous edict of toleration, and Charlemagne, who was as zealous in defending the rights and interests of the Church and in widening the sphere of her influence as he was active in guarding and extending the confines of his vast empire. From the days of Constantine down to the present, the Church has had a benign influence on the State, notably on its laws. She has steadfastly upheld the authority of the State. But she has just as resolutely defended the rights of the individual. Even in avowedly atheistic States, the Church makes her power felt.

Art also has experienced the refining influence of the Christian Church. The Church found art wallowing in the mire of sin and superstition. She raised her up, took her into her own household, and made her the handmaid of religion. Ever since, the Church has lavished on her a mother's love and care, and art has rewarded her by toiling faithfully in her service. Christian artists have far outclassed their pagan rivals, and this superiority they owe to that larger vision and deeper feeling and securer touch that religion has lent to art. A worthy representative of Christian art is the humble Dominican Fra Angelico. His life exhibits that happy union between art and religion which has been blest with some of the sublimest creations of beauty the world has ever seen.

It must be ever regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of Christianity that it has been able to bring under its sway all classes of people. Rich and poor, young and old, mighty and lowly, learned and unlearned have felt themselves irresistibly drawn to Christ and to his doctrine and have freely ranged themselves under his banner. Even in this materialistic and irreligious age, millions upon millions of all ages and from all walks are sincerely devoted to him, and are laboring zealously for the triumph of his cause. Are we of their number?



THE NEUTRALITY OF THE HOLY SEE

A very able and scholarly defence of the Holy Father's course in the present war has lately come to us in the form of a brochure written by "Diplomaticus" and published in London by the society of SS. Peter and Paul. In the prefatory note, the author declares that, though an Anglican, he deems it his duty to reply to criticisms and attacks upon the Papacy, which can only result in injury being done to truths and principles that all historic Christian bodies hold in common. He summarizes these charges as follows: 1) The Pope had no right to remain neutral. 2) Even if we pardon his neutrality, we have still to complain that it was

a neutrality unfavorable to the Allies. 3) In particular, the Pope has shut his eyes to the wrong done to Belgium, and 4) has plotted against Italy. 5) The Vatican is intriguing to restore the Holy Rome Empire. 6) The Papacy and Prussia are essentially in harmony. One by one "Diplomaticus" takes up these allegations and disposes of them in quite a masterful and dispassionate way, thus making good his claim to the *nom de guerre*.

That the Pope is at all times bound to observe political neutrality, so as not to favor one section of the Church at the expense of another, seems to the author a matter of elementary justice, not to say necessity. To the charge, that the Pope as arbiter of right and wrong should have declared in favor of justice and morality, as the Popes in the Middle Ages were wont to do, he replies that if the critics of the Pope wish him to act as his predecessors in the Middle Ages, it is but just that they restore him to the position they held in the Middle Ages and accept him unreservedly in the rôle of arbitrator. Moreover, if the Pope were to have come forward as arbitrator, it was necessary that not private individuals but the Governments concerned should invite him to undertake the office, and agree to accept his word. Finally, the Pope was utterly unable to arbitrate because he lacked the material for a thorough and impartial investigation, which material will not be forthcoming till the chancelleries of Europe unlock their secrets. "Benedict XV is, therefore, fully justified when, after referring to his efforts to alleviate the suffering caused by the war, he concludes: 'To do more to-day, is not in the power given us by our Apostolic charge.' He can not do more to-day. In a saner Europe, restored to the unity of the Faith, he might do very much more indeed. The way is plain for those who desire the arbitration of the Pope. They see that his power is too weak, let them labor to strengthen it."

As for the accusation that the Pope has not been strictly neutral but partial to the Central powers, the writer endeavors to prove from official pronouncements and from well-known acts of the Holy Father that the Vatican has condemned the invasion of Belgium; protested against the bombardment of Rheims cathedral; refused to judge the British blockade of Germany; reprobated the aerial bombardments practiced in Italy by Austria; gave valuable assistance to British (among other) prisoners of war; secured the return of deported Belgians. On the other hand, the author cites the testimony of German writers to prove that the Pope has refused to support the peace offer of the Central Powers; declined to excuse the intrusion of Cardinals Hartmann and von Bettinger into the occupied dioceses of Belgium and France; offended German jingoes by the proportion in which he distributed Cardinal's hats among the belligerent powers, shown in his general policy an undue affection for Italy. Considering all this, "Diplomaticus" is inclined to agree with the German view that papal neutrality has been more benevolent to the Allies than to the Central Powers.

The charge that the Pope aims at the disruption of Italy by looking to foreign powers for a settlement of the "Roman Question," is disproved by the words of Cardinal Gasparri the Papal Secretary, that "the Holy See does not wish to create embarrassments for the Italian Government in regard to neutrality,and for the attainment of an arrangement suitable to its situation (it looks) not to foreign armies, but to the triumph of sentiments of justice.....among the Italian people in conform-

ity with its true interests." Also the words of the Holy Father spoken in his Allocution of December 9, 1915, are adduced: "Those governing Italy are not wanting in good intentions to eliminate these inconveniences" (scl., resulting from the present status of the Holy Father). "Is this the voice of an enemy of the Italian people?" queries the author. "Surely hostility, like ambition, should be made of sterner stuff."

The contention that the Pope is endeavoring with the aid of Austria to establish the Holy Roman Empire, he deems unworthy of serious consideration because it is wholly unsubstantiated. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that the Pope has any such designs, he proceeds to show in the light of history, that Austria, though a Catholic power, has been anything but a loyal and disinterested friend of the Vatican. Hence, he concludes the Vatican must realize that in such a partnership it would be far more likely to prove the dupe than the gainer.

That Papacy and Prussia are correlated terms; in other words, that the Catholic Church should be in sympathy with the German Empire because of similarity of organization or identity of aims, the author disproves by stating the facts of the situation. He finds that "the Papacy could only work in harmony with the German Empire by transforming the Catholic Church into a German Church."

The conclusion of the pamphlet contains a touching appeal to Anglicans to refrain from unjust attacks on the Holy See. He warns his countrymen that the question at issue has nothing to do with that other question of spiritual supremacy. "The Pope would be no less the successor of St. Peter if he sided with the Germans, and no more if he revived his Zouaves to fight for the Allies."

While we can not vouch for the accuracy of every statement contained in this masterful refutation of the charge that there is a natural affinity between the Vatican and the Central Powers, we do not hesitate to say that "Diplomaticus" deserves the lasting thanks not only of every Catholic but of every advocate of Church unity and every friend of truth.



HOPEFUL SIGNS

If growth is a sign of life, then the Third Order of St. Francis in this country is very much alive, as a glance at the news columns of the present issue of the *Herald* will reveal. Not since this magazine saw the light have we received such a number of gratifying reports on the growth of the various fraternities. Though these reports encroach on space ordinarily reserved for other matter, we have been loath to omit or curtail them, thinking they would help to revive or to sustain the enthusiasm of our Tertiary readers for their holy Order.

It must have gladdened the heart of our Holy Father St. Francis to behold thousands of his children in all parts of the country preparing for his feast day by prayer and other spiritual exercises. Small wonder, therefore, that he was so lavish with his blessings during the last month. For, so far as we are aware, there never has been so notable an increase in the membership of the Order in this country as within the last few weeks. It is now some twenty years that the Third Order, then a weak, if viable infant, began to show signs of new life and of healthy growth. That infant now stands before us a robust and full-grown man, capable of

vigorous action. Indeed, the growth of the Third Order in America has been nothing short of marvelous.

Of numbers there is no dearth. But there is sore need of organization and federation. We have often in these pages pointed out this particular need, and insisted that without federation there can be no stability, as without organization there can be no unity; and that, without stability of form and unity of aims, there can be no real and permanent success. For some reason, the Third Order in this country has been slow to avail itself of the advantages of cooperation. The members, animated by the best of intentions, have all along kept up a sort of guerrilla warfare; but lacking leadership, they have never been able to unite for a concerted and sustained attack on the enemy.

We are glad to be able to state, however, that, unless all signs fail, this want is soon to be supplied. The four Franciscan Provincials of the country have recently agreed to appoint each a Visitor of the Third Order, whose chief duty presumably will be to organize and to confederate the various fraternities in the several provinces. This is a step in the right direction, a decision that is bound to have far-reaching results. For the Province of the Sacred Heart (Middle West) Rev. Fr. Roger Middendorf, Rector of St. Joseph's College, has been appointed official visitor, and since assuming this office he has been quite active in behalf of the Third Order. Only a few weeks ago, he issued invitations to the Directors and the Officers of the neighboring fraternities to attend a conference in this place, on November 28 and 29. The plan has met with universal approval, and the conference promises to be productive of much good. *Franciscan Herald* assures the delegates of a hearty welcome.



As a supplement to the foregoing observations, we may be permitted to quote an editorial remark of our esteemed contemporary *The Lamp*, in which the Third Order has recently gained another able and ardent champion:

"America belongs in a peculiar sense to St. Francis of Assisi. Not only were the first discoverers of America Franciscans, but they were also its first evangelists, and although Protestant colonization of North America is responsible for the almost total disappearance of the Franciscans within the confines of the United States for a long period, they are rapidly coming into their own again. The provinces of the Friars Minor, the Capuchins and the Conventuals everywhere in America are making giant strides, the Poor Clares and the other Franciscan Sisterhoods abound more and more in numbers and influence, while the faithful layfolk are flocking into the Third Order Secular by the scores, the hundreds and the thousands wherever in fact the existence of the Third Order and its tremendous spiritual privileges and advantages have been sufficiently introduced to their attention. Indeed, we hope to see in America ere long such a mighty influx of the layfolk into the Third Order of St. Francis that the history of the thirteenth century in regard to it may be repeated here in the twentieth, for we are told by the Franciscan chroniclers that in the times immediately after Francis almost every one belonged to the Third Order."

We echo a fervent "Amen."

ST. LEONARD OF PORT MAURICE

OF THE FIRST ORDER

NOVEMBER 26

ST. Leonard, who has been called "The Apostle of Rome and Italy," and "The great Missionary of the eighteenth century," was born at Porto Maurizio, near Genoa, in the year 1676, and he received in Baptism the name of Paul Jerome. When he was two years old, he lost his mother, but he was carefully educated and brought up in the fear of the Lord by his pious father. The latter, perceiving the extraordinary workings of grace in his son, zealously instructed him in divine things and encouraged him, by word and example, in the practice of piety, and his endeavors bore abundant fruit. Paul Jerome was remarkable from his earliest years for his docility, the angelic modesty of his demeanor, his spirit of recollection, and fervor at prayer.

When the servant of God had reached his thirteenth year, he was sent to Rome to his paternal uncle, who wished to give him every opportunity of acquiring an excellent education in the schools of the Eternal City. After three years, during which he studied with great success under a very able private tutor, Paul Jerome entered the Roman College, directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to study the humanities and philosophy. Here he gave proof of his excellent qualities of heart and mind, and distinguished himself

not only by his diligence and progress in his studies, but above all by his solid piety, innocence and spirit of self-denial, so that he was looked upon as another St. Aloysius. At the age of nineteen, he associated himself with the Oratory of Father Caravita, and was entrusted with the task of bringing boys and youths to church on Sundays and feast days; and by his prudence and kindness, he fulfilled this task with great success.

After finishing his studies at the Roman College, the saintly youth applied himself to the study of medicine, but he soon felt the call of God to the religious life. In doubt as to the Order he should join, he redoubled his prayers and acts of mortification; and after consulting his confessor and others experienced in spiritual life, he became convinced that he was called to serve God in the Order of St. Francis. He at once resolved to follow the divine call, and after overcoming the violent opposition of his uncle and of some of his friends, he betook himself to the convent of St. Bonaventure in Rome, and humbly begged to be admitted into the Order. The religious, well aware of his piety and excellent qualities, readily granted his request. They sent him to the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Ponticelli, and there, on October 2, 1697, the pious youth was clothed

with the habit of the Order and given the name of Leonard.

While still in the world, the servant of God had striven to grow in virtue and perfection by the fervent exercise of prayer, mortification, obedience, and humility, and we can easily imagine with what zeal he now performed all religious duties and sought to become a faithful follower of Christ. He himself, at an advanced age, spoke of the day on which he received the habit as the day of his conversion, and of his novitiate as the holy year, and complained, in his humility, that he had lost the fervor which animated him during that year.

After pronouncing his vows, in 1698, Leonard was sent to the convent of St. Bonaventure, in Rome, to study philosophy and theology.

Here he fulfilled all his duties with the greatest exactitude, and distinguished himself by his holy life and progress in his studies to such a degree that, though only a deacon, he was appointed to preach the Lenten sermons in the academy of St. John of the Lateran. Burn-

ing with zeal for the salvation of souls and longing for the martyr's crown, he asked to be sent to the foreign missions; but obstacles arose and his request was refused.

As soon as he was ordained priest, the servant of God was made lecturer, or professor, of philosophy in the convent of St. Bonaventure. But God had destined him for another field of labor. An illness, which the physicians declared to be consumption, soon obliged the zealous teacher to resign his office. As all remedies failed to effect any improvement in his condition, Leonard at length took recourse to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and vowed that, if he recovered his health, he would consecrate his life to the preaching of missions and the conversion of sin-

ners. His prayer was heard. In a short time, he was so completely restored that, for the rest of his life, he could undergo the greatest hardships and labors, without remitting in any way his extraordinary austerities. He at once asked permission of his superiors to un-



St. Leonard

dertake the work of the missions, and with their blessing, began his apostolic career, which was to last forty-four years.

The Saint preached for some time at Porto Maurizio and in the vicinity, and in the diocese of Albenga. Everywhere God visibly blessed his work. The favorite theme of his sermons was the Passion of our Lord; and in order to enkindle in the hearts of the people a great love for the Crucified Savior, he everywhere introduced the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, a devotion which was most dear to him, and which he subsequently endeavored to spread on all his missions. He next began his real missionary labors, passing to Tuscany, and from there to the dioceses of central and southern Italy, and to the island of Corsica. To the end of his life, he made all his journeys barefoot, even over almost impassible roads and in the most inclement weather, and notwithstanding his most fatiguing labors, he practiced the greatest austerities, fasting almost continuously.

Everywhere, the Saint was received as an apostle sent by God. His burning words, supported by his holy life and by miracles, exercised an irresistible power over his hearers. The people came in such numbers to hear him that the churches very frequently could not contain them and he was obliged to preach in the open. Thousands of sinners were converted, abuses were abolished, scandals were removed, and piety and the practices of the Christian life everywhere began to flourish. Clement XII and

Benedict XIV called the Saint to Rome to preach in the churches of the city, and conversions were so numerous that the priests of the different parishes could scarcely hear all the confessions. In the island of Corsica, the population was split up in factions, and the rivalries and hatred resulted in quarrels and murders. At several missions, the people assisted at the sermons armed with guns, pistols, and daggers. But the prudent zeal of the holy missionary everywhere restored peace and order.

The Saint founded many pious societies and confraternities, and exerted himself especially to spread the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and devotion to the Immaculate Conception. Besides the celebrated stations in the Colosseum in Rome, the servant of God, on his different missions, erected 571 others in all parts of Italy.

In 1751, after finishing a most successful mission in Rome, Leonard went to preach in the diocese of Lucca and Bologna. But the strain of his missionary labors and old age had exhausted his strength, and there were indications of his rapidly approaching end. Pope Benedict XIV, who highly esteemed the holy man and who had exacted from him the promise to come to Rome to die, bade him interrupt his labors and return to the Eternal City. On his way, the Saint was seized with a fatal illness. He at length arrived at the convent of St. Bonaventure, in Rome, on the evening of November 26, and went to his eternal reward during the same night. His body was placed in the church of the convent, and it is still partly incorrupt. The servant of God was beatified by Pope Pius VI, in 1796, and canonized by Pope Pius IX, in 1867.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE

(Concluded)

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

IT was with a heavy heart that Bl. Thomas More yielded to the will of the King and became Lord Chancellor of England. He realized that Henry was no longer the high-minded and God-fearing prince of former years; and in the fall of Cardinal Wolsey the new chancellor saw clearly what his own lot would be, when once the King's "secret affair" should involve the divine rights of the Papacy. Gloomy presentiments, indeed, must have enveloped his noble soul when on October 26, 1529, he accepted the great seal and took the required oath of office.

A few months later, on February 11, the conflict began. Parliament wholly subservient to the King issued a royal proclamation by which the clergy were to acknowledge Henry "protector and only supreme head of the church and clergy of England." Though this new title was not clearly adverse to papal supremacy, it was at least ill-omened, so that when More heard of the action of parliament, he proffered his resignation. But pressed by the King to reconsider the matter, he remained in office and again studied the question of papal supremacy. Finding he could not reconcile his conscience with the King's demand, he assumed a policy of silence. Henry was satisfied, hoping in time to win over the chancellor.⁽¹⁾

Thus a year passed by, when on May 13, the King demanded of parliament to suspend the payment of the Annates to the Pope and to relax the English laws against heresy. Needless to say, More used all his influence to crush these bills. Though the King concealed his anger, More foresaw the conflict he would soon have to face. He needed more time now for prayer and penance and on May 16, again pressed the King to relieve him of the chancellorship. This time Henry accepted his resignation, after praising and thanking More for his long and faithful service. Indeed, by his justice, integrity, prudence, and eloquence the chancellor had gained the esteem of entire Europe. On May 22, Chapuys wrote: "The Chancellor has resigned; for he saw that matters were growing worse from day to day and that he would be forced to act against his conscience or, as was already the case, incur the displeasure of the King were he to remain longer in office.....Everybody is indignant; for never did a better man hold this office."⁽²⁾

More's resignation meant poverty and distress for himself and his family. Deprived of his professional income he was forced to reduce his extensive household. Having found suitable places for his servants and having disposed of all luxuries and superfluities he told his

1. Camm: *Lives of the English Masters* (London, 1904), p. 184. Gramond: *Sir Thomas More*, tr. by Harold Child (London, 1913), p. 160. Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1879), Vol. IV, p. 273 sqq.—2. Spillman: *Die Englischen Mäerter* (Freiburg 1900), Vol. I, p. 52.

dear ones of his plans, cheerfully adding, that if later they should have nothing to live on, "then may we yet, with bags and wallets, go a-begging together.....at every man's door to sing *Salve Regina*, and so still keep company and be merry together." (1) Although the family remained at Chelsea, More's poverty was so great that "he was not able for the maintenance of himself and such as necessarily belonged unto him, sufficiently to find meat, drink, fuel, apparel, and such other necessary charges." (2)

During these days of deep distress and dark forebodings, More's one thought was to arm himself by prayer and penance for the final struggle. Although he maintained a strict neutrality on the momentous questions then agitating the country, Cromwell and Henry set on by Anne Boleyn made repeated attempts to ruin him in the eyes of the people. In 1533, they linked his name with that of the Holy Maid of Kent. But in a letter to Cromwell, More fully established his innocence, (3) and later, having been deceived by her supposed confession of guilt, he even denounced the saintly nun. The two Franciscan Observants, FF. Rich and Risby, who had conferred with him on the character of the nun, likewise declared his innocence. (4) But his enemies eager for his ruin, placed his name on the bill of attainder against the nun and her adherents, thus making him guilty of treason and death. No doubt, he would have been executed with

them had not the Lords begged the King on their knees to take More's name from the bill and to await a more "just" cause for vengeance.

On March 30, 1534, the Act of Succession was passed. It necessarily implied, in fact its preamble openly advanced, a rejection of papal supremacy. A commission was appointed before which, More was informed, he would have to appear on April 13, at Lambeth. He had previously written to Cromwell that his soul would be "in right great if peril, he should follow the other side and deny the primacy to be provided by God." (5) Whatever others might hold, to him it was now a matter of conscience, for which he was ready to suffer all. On the morning of April 13, he attended holy Mass for the last time at Chelsea and received the sacraments. Then he bade farewell to his grief-stricken family. His own heart, too, was steeped in sorrow. "I thank our Lord the field is won," he said to his son-in-law, William Roper, when the boat struck off from shore and he cast a last look on his beautiful Chelsea home.

From a letter which he wrote to his daughter Margaret four days later, we learn how steadfastly he refused to take the oath which the Commission presented to him, always maintaining that it would imperil his conscience. Accused of obstinacy and pride in placing his own private judgment over the decision of learned and God-fearing men who had already taken the oath, More replied, "If there were

1. William Roper: *Life of Sir Thomas More, Knt.* (London, 1906), p. 53.—2. Camm, l. c., p. 188, on the authority of Harpsfield.—3. The letter is quoted by Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 22.—4. See Spillman, l. c., p. 62.—5. See Camm, l. c., p. 184.

no more than myself upon my side, and the whole parliament upon the other, I would be sore afraid to lean to mine own mind only against so many. But on the other side, if it so be that in some things, for which I refuse the oath, I have (as I think I have) upon my part as great a Council and a greater too, I am not then bounden to change my conscience and conform it to the Council of one realm, against the general Council of Christendom." He declared expressly that he saw no peril in swearing the Act of Succession as such, but only in as far as it rejected papal supremacy. ⁽¹⁾

The hearing over, More was placed with the Abbot of Westminster. The King seemed at a loss how to proceed. Cranmer proposed a compromise that would save More and at the same time make it appear to the public as if he had taken the oath. But Henry would not hear of this; he wanted More's submission in set terms, and wholly influenced by Anne Boleyn, at last declared that More would have to choose between taking the full oath and going to prison. Of course, the servant of God chose the latter, and on April 17, he was thrown into the Tower.

Though torn from those he loved, the martyr found the seclusion of prison quite to his liking. The conviction that his cause was just and holy, greatly consoled him. The prison was now his monastery where he could pray and study to his heart's content. Although in poor health he continued his wonted

mortifications. He never put off the rough hair-shirt and took the discipline regularly. His *Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation* written in prison breathes the spirit of one living in most intimate union with God.

After a month of imprisonment, he was visited by his favorite daughter Margaret. His enemies hoped that on her entreaties he would submit. In vain, however, she pleaded and argued; his loyalty to God stood firm against earthly affections. In reply to a letter which he received from her soon after, he wrote in part: "If I had not been, my dearly beloved daughter, at a firm and fast point, I trust, in God's great mercy this good great while before, your lamentable letter had not a little abashed me, surely far above all other things, of which I hear divers times not a few terrible toward me. But surely they all touched me never so near, nor were they so grievous unto me, as to see you, my well-beloved child, in such vehement piteous manner, labor to persuade unto me the thing wherein I have, of pure necessity for respect unto mine own soul, so often given you so precise an answer before." ⁽²⁾

Lady More was also permitted to visit her husband. Once she chid him for preferring a filthy prison cell to his fair home at Chelsea. "Is not this house," he retorted, "as near heaven as mine own?"—"Tilly vally, tilly vally," she interrupted, "Bone Deus, man, will this gear never be left?"—"Well then,

1. Roper, l. c., p. 111.—2. *Ibid.*, p. 153.

Mistress Alice," continued the martyr, "if it be so, it is very well." He asked why he should put much joy in a house that would so soon cease to be his, and then added, "Tell me, Mistress Alice, how long do you think we may live and enjoy it?"—"Some twenty years," was her ready reply.—"Truly," the man of God answered, "if you had said some thousand years it had been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant that would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather, if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to the end."⁽¹⁾

In the course of time, More's imprisonment became more severe. Finally, all visits were prohibited, and what pained him most, he was no longer allowed to attend Mass. In November, the lands he had received from Henry ten years before, were confiscated by parliament. This made his family almost penniless. They appealed to the King; but the cruel tyrant only gloated over their misery.

In April, 1535, Cromwell visited the prisoner to exact from him a definite statement on the King's supremacy. But More shrewdly evaded an open declaration and simply owned himself a faithful subject of the King. In May, Cromwell repeated the visit. Accused of cowardice, since for fear of death he dared not speak his mind openly, More gave the beautiful answer, "I have not been a man of such holy living that I might be bold to

offer myself to death, lest God for my presumption might suffer me to fall."⁽²⁾ About this time, he was writing a treatise on the Passion of Christ and had just come to the words, "They laid hands on Jesus," when officials came and took away his books and writing material. These had been his last solace in prison. But he gladly made the sacrifice and henceforth devoted all his time to prayer and mortification. Asked one day by the gaoler why he always kept the blind down and sat in darkness, he answered playfully, "What should I do? When the wares are taken away, should not the shop be closed?"⁽³⁾

A conversation which he held with Rich, the Solicitor General, on June 12, proved fatal. Asked by the tempter whether he would consider him (Rich) Pope, if parliament would declare him such, More seeing the trap asked in turn, "Suppose parliament would make a law that God should not be God, would you then say that God were not God?"—"No, sir," answered Rich, "that I would not; since no parliament may make any such law."—"No more," replied More, "could the parliament make the King Supreme Head of the Church."⁽⁴⁾ That was enough; Rich forthwith reported the matter, and on July 1, More was indicted of high treason for "maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly" denying the supremacy of the King.

He was summoned to court for a hearing. "To make the greater

1. *Ibid.*, p. 82. See also *Camm*, l. c., p. 212; *Sanders: De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani* (Colclache Agrippinae, 1585), p. 80.—2. *Camm*, l. c., p. 217.—3. *Sanders*, l. c., p. 81.—4. *Roper*, l. c., p. 84.

impression on the people, perhaps to add to his shame and sufferings, More was led on foot, in a coarse woolen gown, through the most frequented streets, from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The color of his hair which had lately become gray, his face, which, though cheerful, was pale and emaciated, and the staff, with which he supported his feeble steps, announced the vigor and duration of his confinement."⁽¹⁾ His appearance in court and his subsequent reply to the various accusations made a deep impression on all. When finally the judge passed the sentence of death against him and declared that he was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, the holy man rose quietly from his seat. Now it was time for him to make a public profession of faith. "Since I am condemned to death," he said, "and God knows how, I wish to speak freely of your statute for the discharge of my conscience. For the seven years that I have studied the matter, I have not read in any approved doctor of the Church that a temporal lord could or ought to be head of the spirituality."—"What, More," broke in the chancellor Sir Thomas Audley, "you wish to be considered wiser and of better conscience than all the nobles and bishops of this realm?"—"My Lord," answered More, "for one bishop of your opinion I have a hundred saints of mine; and for one parliament of yours, and God knows of what kind, I have all the General Councils for 1,000 years; and for one kingdom, I

have all the kingdoms of Christendom. . . . I hope, in the divine goodness and mercy, that as St. Paul and St. Stephen, whom he persecuted, are now friends in Paradise, so we, though differing in this world, shall be united in perfect charity in the other. I pray God to protect the King and give him good counsel."⁽²⁾

He was then brought back to prison. When Margaret waiting at the Tower Wharf saw her condemned father, she ran up to him, fell about his neck and kissed him. With mingled joy and sorrow he comforted and blessed her. But not satisfied, his affectionate daughter ran to him a second time; "and at last, with a full and heavy heart, was fain to depart from him: the beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable, that it made them for very sorrow to weep and mourn." Later, when the martyr saw that Sir William Kingston, constable of the Tower, was weeping, he said, "Good Master Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer; for I will pray for you, and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever."⁽³⁾

No date was fixed for the execution. But More knew that the end was near and he spent the remaining few days in closest union with God. On July 5, the day before his martyrdom, he sent his hair-shirt to Margaret with a letter that read in part: "Our Lord bless you, good daughter, and your husband,

1. Lingard, op. cit., p. 21.—2. Camm, l. c., p. 224. See also Sanders, l. c., p. 82.—3. Roper, l. c., p. 96 sqq.

and your little boy, and all yours, and all my children, and all my god-children, and all our friends.I cumber you, good Margaret, much; but I should be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow.....Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me and I shall pray for you and all your friends that we may merrily meet in hezven." When told that the King had com-

Grace for putting me into this place, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And.....therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for his Grace, both here, and also in the world to come."⁽²⁾

At nine o'clock, he was led from the Tower to the place of execution. When he placed his foot on the ladder, he noticed that the scaffold



Bl. Thomas More Bids Farewell to his Daughter Margaret

muted his punishment to decapitation, he replied, "God preserve all my friends from such favors."⁽¹⁾

Early next morning, July 6, Sir Thomas Pope informed the martyr that he would be beheaded at nine o'clock that morning. "Master Pope," was the cheerful reply, "for your good tidings I heartily thank you. I have always been much bounden to the King's HighnessYet more bounden am I to his

shook and turning to Kingston, he said with a smile, "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Then he mounted the scaffold, and turning to the large gathering of people briefly asked them "to pray for him and to bear witness with him, that he should now there suffer death in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church." With profound devotion he recited

1. *Ibid.*, p. 175; also Lingard, *op. cit.*, Vol. V, p. 22.—2. *Ibid.*, p. 99.

the psalm *Miserere*, and when the executioner begged his forgiveness, the martyr kissed him tenderly and encouraged him to do his duty. Then having blindfolded his eyes, with a cloth he had brought with him, he knelt down at the block. The executioner had already raised the ax, when the holy man signed for a moment's delay, and moved aside his beard, because, as he said, it evidently had never committed treason.⁽¹⁾ Then he once more laid his head on the block, and while his lips moved in prayer, the fatal blow was dealt that won for him a martyr's crown.⁽²⁾

When the news of his execution was brought to the King, he was playing at backgammon with Anne Boleyn. Turning to her he said angrily, "Thou art the cause of this man's death."⁽³⁾

By order of the Governor, the

martyr's body was given to Margaret, who had it laid to rest in the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower. The head was impaled on London Bridge. Here it remained about fourteen days, till Margaret found means to remove it. For a time she preserved it with herself in a leaden box, but afterwards placed it in a vault in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.⁽⁴⁾

Thus lived and died the great Tertiary Chancellor of England, "loyal to his sovereign to the last, yet giving his life for the higher loyalty he owed to the Vicar of Christ, and bearing himself in every relation of life with the free-hearted joyfulness of one for whom no earthly pleasures, cares, or trials could cloud over the blue horizon beyond which lay the vision of God."

1. *Ibid.*, p. 101. *Camu*, l. c., p. 234, quoting Cresacre More—2. The servant of God was beatified by Pope Leo XIII on December 29, 1888.—3. *Camu*, l. c., p. 237. See also Strickland: *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1899) Vol. II, p. 670.—4. Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1737), p. 195. See also *Camu*, l. c., p. 239 sqq.

Saint Francis

How they looked on him and loved him,
All the stars on high,
As Christ looked on one and loved him
In the days gone by,
Reverent the birds saluted,
When he smiled on them,
Bending low the little flowers
Kissed his garment's hem.

And the troubadour of heaven,
As afar he trod,
Joyful sang, "Oh, sisters, brothers,
Let us praise our God!"
Francis, though your feet no longer
Tread the Umbrian plain,
May our lives your own reflecting
Bring you back again.

Filled with grace, with grace exceeding,
That this earth can give,
Let us show the world sin-laden
Still to-day you live.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

A CROSS IN THE SAND

By Mary Eunice McCarthy, Tertiary

SISTER Antony read and re-read the last paragraph of her brother's letter until the paper on which it was written became no more than a confused blur.

Well, Goodbye, Sis, old girl. If I manage to get out of the war alive I'll come back and tell you all about it. By the way, please don't send me any of those foolish pictures, strings, or little Christian idols. I don't want them. That's final. We've had fussing enough already, haven't we?

I'll write from the other side of the ocean.

Love

Bob

Slowly she folded the letter and placed it in its envelope, looking at it the while with sad, thoughtful eyes, eyes that seemed to have grown older. She then turned in the direction of the chapel thinking of the proud, wilful lad she loved so tenderly and of his foolish obstinacy in refusing to own the faith of his early boyhood. "Oh, how I must pray," she thought, "pray as I never have before. He simply *must* come back."

Bob O'Connor was a great puzzle to everyone who knew him. Some said he was a little eccentric, others a "dangerous fellow," his present companions a "real sport." Yet, none of these descriptions fitted him: he was merely a restless, hot-headed youth with an extremely active brain and a very misguided idea of "personal independence." His mother a young American girl had married wealthy Jack O'Connor when he was visiting New York

and a few months later had sailed with him across the waters to his home in Ireland. But after three years those green, sea-girdled shores never felt the touch of her foot again and in the arms of a sadder father baby Bob and his tiny sister Kathleen could not have nestled.

Over the O'Connor home since that day many a lark had sped with his song and now Bob was ready for college. Long and frequent were the entreaties he poured into his father's ears to study in the United States, for America was on his brain and in his heart, the castle of his dreams, the roaming-ground of his imagination. Indeed, not many weeks passed before he was far out on the waters of the Atlantic with the great, turbulent eagerness of eighteen importuning each sunrise to hurry to the West, every sunset to break into dawn.

For almost four years he had studied, dreamed, won prizes, wasted time, flirted, played ball, driven his professors to desperation, and won the heart of every student in the place. He stopped these pursuits but once a year—and then he did not stop them all, for Bob *dreamed* under every sky—to visit his father. Welcome, indeed, was he to the old home, for his father was now all alone, Kathleen, afire with zeal, having left to enter a convent in America six months after her brother had gone to college. But, each visit had left the gray-

haired father more prone to misgivings because the lad seemed to be holding strange views and expressing sentiments that courted, if they did not embrace, materialism. On one occasion, to his father's tremulous, half-shy enquiry, he had answered with a laugh, "O Father, don't look so solemn or I'll keel over. I'm just getting educated, *modernized* is the word, and you don't recognize the awkward, little rube that used to be your son."

But time had made great inroads upon the young fellow's imagination: modern education in his case had been a Vandal, sweeping down with wild fury upon the fine, old-fashioned ideals which the "Isle of Saints" had given him, upon the dear, old traditions handed down by the reverent, jealous fingers of his ancestors, traditions that had kept the melody of the joyous-throated lark in his ears and the love of God in his heart. True, it had given back to him spoils, glittering, costly, shining things; but the valley in which Bob had been wont to live and dream and sing was left burned to ashes. And so it happened that his last college year found him turned from all he had once revered. However, he still loved Ireland and when the great war came he decided that he could best serve her by enlisting in one of the Irish regiments. Irish bravery and daring, he had told his father, would, to his mind, secure more for Ireland after the war than anything else.

Eleven months of weary heart-

ache had dragged themselves away since Sister Antony had received her brother's farewell letter and then, with grief pressing hard against her heart, she read his first letter to her from the front. Again he had echoed the same, derisive sentiments only tinged this time with a new bitterness in which he scorned priests and religious for telling the ignorant peasants to pray for—Victory.

"They tell our men," he had written, "that sort of thing on this side, and the poor peasant kneels down with new hope in his eyes; another set tells the enemy's men the same thing—they kneel down too. I wonder how the priests on the losing side will explain this prayer business when the war is over."

Only three days later came word that her brother was dead. He had been killed, according to the date on his last letter, twenty-four hours after writing it.

That night sleep did not come to Sister Antony. Strange, wild pictures thronged before her mind: scenes of deadly, furious battle, of men falling to the ground with gashed face and torn chest, of ghastly bodies mangled beyond recognition, of dead and dying soldiers stretched upon the lonely field at night with naught but cold, distant stars to watch them and pity them. She tried to pray but a hot, angry surge of rebellion snatched the words from her lips. Her heart would tell her again and again that her Lord had forgotten her and her brother, that her prayers had been

in vain, that there was no longer a chance for her brother's conversion.

Then the image of her brother struggling in the thick of the fight would banish all thought of conversion out of her mind. Nothing, nothing seemed to matter but that Bob, her Bob, the playmate of her childhood, the dear, lovable boy whom she held so close in her heart, was dead. Swift, little memories hurried before her eyes: the time Bob had been sent to bed supperless for some wild escapade and she had stolen upstairs to him, when everyone was asleep, with some cookies and two apples, all she could find; he had kissed her that time, contrary to custom, and called her a 'reg'lar pal'; again the time he had come home to her with a bad cut in his knee from climbing a high cliff, near which his father had forbidden him to go and she had washed and bandaged it in her own room lest anyone should see. Then the woman in her cried out with the pain and misery of it all, and the tears found their way to her eyes. Before morning came, peace was in her heart; her trust had been returned where it had always rested.

"Well, well! Is this what I'm in for, Mother John, story-telling? H'm, and you don't even know whether I can tell them!" Father O'Neil said this with a genuine grin, for he knew quite well that wherever he went he was asked to tell some of his experiences as chaplain in the great war, and he also knew that he knew how to tell

them.

Perhaps no one listened with greater attention than Sister Antony as the priest told his stories. He had told more than usual this time and he was about to go when he tapped his head with a sudden jerk and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be blessed! Here I'm leaving you without telling you the best one of them all. You know I was with an Irish regiment in the first year of the war. Everyone of those follows but one were good friends with me and *he* seemed to avoid me as though I were a whole row of the enemy's guns. But one evening, after a week's particularly hard fighting, he came up to me as shyly as a lad one third his age. 'Father,' he said, 'could I talk to you a few minutes?' 'Why, certainly,' I answered. 'Come right into my tent and sit down.' He came in alright and then he began. Positively, he was a different man when he talked but he didn't talk very long. He told me he had been born in Ireland but had gone to college here in the United States. Like many others he had been swept along by the novelty and daring of new teachings and, partly because of sincere doubts, he had given up his faith. But now he was ready to own his mistake and come back, but he did not tell me why, then or at any other time, for the next day he was killed. But this is the thing about it that made me think it over for many a day afterwards. Those who brought him in, for he did not die until an hour after being carried within

the lines, said that they had seen a very distinct cross traced in the sand near his head. You see, he must have done that before he became unconscious. I don't know if you see what I mean but I thought there was something mighty fine about that."

Father O'Neil stood up abruptly and said goodbye, but Sister Antony stepped toward him with shining eyes. "Pardon me, Father," she

said, "did that young man tell you his name?" "Why, yes, Sister, he did. His name was O'Connor, Bob O'Connor." "Thank you, Father, I thought so," she said simply. "He was my brother."

That night she knelt humbly before the altar and with the gladness of it all singing in her heart she thanked her Lord and praised the wisdom of His ways.

CARDINAL XIMENEZ

By Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M.

"**A**MONG those men who at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, prepared for Spain, long unhappy, more fortunate, yes, its most fortunate days, Cardinal Ximénez undoubtedly holds the most prominent place." Thus begins Dr. Hefe's famous biography of Francisco Ximénez de Cisneros, Franciscan friar, confessor to Queen Isabella, archbishop of Toledo, primate of Spain, grand chancellor of Castile, prime minister and regent of the Spanish countries, grand inquisitor and prince of the Holy Roman Church. "A priest of saint-like piety," continues his biographer, "a bishop and primate of singular generosity and of indefatigable zeal for learning and morality, a statesman of rare justice, energy, and wisdom, he has reared to his memory an imperishable monument of fame." It is the memory of this extraordinary personage that Spanish-speaking countries have united to honor in the present year—the quatercentenary of his death.

His Early Life

Born 1436, in the little town of Torrelaguna, New Castile, of an ancient, but decayed family, he was early destined by his parents for the Church. After finishing the study of grammar in Alcalá, he was sent at the age of fourteen to the celebrated university of Salamanca, where after six years, he received the degree of bachelor in both civil and canon law, "a circumstance," as Prescott says, "at that time of rare occurrence." In 1459, the young jurist went to Rome, expecting there to find a better field for ecclesiastical preferment. He seems, indeed, as consistorial advocate, to have attracted the notice of Sixtus IV. For, before his return home, whither the death of his father and the embarrassing condition of his family called him, he secured from that pope a brief, preferring him to the first vacant benefice in the diocese of Toledo. Such a vacancy was created by the death of the arch-priest of Uzeda, and Ximénez, by

virtue of the apostolic grant, took possession of the benefice. But he met with determined opposition from Alfonso Carillo, the archbishop of Toledo, who had intended this post for one of his favorites. Unable to persuade Ximénez to surrender his pretensions, the archbishop had him put in prison for contumacy. But rather than relinquish what he deemed his just claims, Ximénez bore the hardships of confinement for six years. Carillo finally became convinced that it was impossible to subdue a temper so indomitable, and he restored his prisoner to the full enjoyment of his freedom and of his benefice. This is the first instance recorded in the life of Ximénez of that inflexible constancy of will which formed, perhaps, the most prominent trait of his remarkable character.

Shortly after his release from prison, he quitted his native diocese and accepted a chaplainship in the cathedral of Sigüenza. The illustrious Don Pedro González de Mendoza was at that time bishop of Sigüenza, and to a man of his penetration Ximénez could not long remain unknown. In fact, on being promoted to the see of Seville, Mendoza made him vicar-general and administrator of his former diocese. In this capacity, Ximénez gained the esteem and affection of all both by the faithful discharge of his public duties and by the sanctity of his private life.

The Franciscan Friar

Suddenly, however, much to the surprise and the chagrin of his friends, Ximénez resigned his various offices and sought admission into the Franciscan convent of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo. He was forty-eight years old when he entered on the year of his probation, and though in the world he had enjoyed a great reputation for learning and sanctity, he submitted

in all things to the direction of his superiors with such docility that one might have taken him for a simple and unlettered lay brother. He desired nothing so much as to be forgotten by the world and to lead a life hidden with Christ in solitude and contemplation. But Cardinal Mendoza's prediction, that parts so extraordinary as Ximénez's would not long be buried in the shades of a convent, was not slow in verifying. Attracted by the fame of his sanctity, multitudes of all ages and conditions placed themselves under his spiritual guidance. His own brethren, too, showed their confidence in him by electing him guardian of the friary of Salzeda. In this position, he strove to guide his subjects by example rather than by word.

The Queen's Confessor

In 1492, an event occurred which opened to him a still wider field of action. Hernando de Talavera, Isabella's confessor, had been elevated to the newly erected see of Granada, and the queen consulted her faithful minister Cardinal Mendoza as to the choice of a successor. He named Fray Francisco Ximénez as the man best qualified for the office. The humble and austere friar, however, could be induced to accept the distinction only on condition that he should be allowed to conform to all the regulations of his Order and to remain in his convent when his official functions did not require his attendance at court. A learned historian of the time, Peter Martyr de Anghiera, chronicles the event in the words: "The queen has a new confessor, for whom she entertains a high regard, and deservedly; for he is a man of great virtue. He equals St. Augustine in learning, St. Jerome in mortification, and St. Ambrose in zeal for the faith. A queen with such a man for a director has nothing else

to ask of Almighty God. With him and through him peace and prosperity will come to the State." The event proved he was not mistaken. For, from the appointment of Ximénez to this office dates that era of wise reforms, grand undertakings, and magnificent achievements which placed Spain in the front rank of Christian nations. This is explained by the fact that, as Hefele says, Isabella having a delicate conscience and an implicit confidence in the prudence of her confessor, asked his counsel in all important affairs of state.

The Franciscan Provincial

Two years after this event, Ximénez was unanimously elected provincial superior of his Order in New Castile. This time he voluntarily accepted the office, because it afforded him an opportunity of introducing some needed reforms among his brethren, and because it gave him an excuse for appearing less frequently at court. He often visited the establishments of his province, and strove by every means to lead his subjects to an austerer mode of life. Since he asked nothing of them that he did not himself observe, he practiced the greatest austerities and fulfilled to the letter every precept of the Franciscan rule. Thus, on his long and frequent journeys, he always traveled on foot and supported himself by begging alms. He seems, however, to have been not very successful or intent on the quest. For his biographers relate that his companion on these trips Fray Francisco Ruiz, whom Ximénez revered for his solid virtue, said to him one day rather naively, "Reverend Father, you observe the regulations so well that you will have us die of starvation. God has given to every one his own peculiar turn; you will do well to pray and meditate for me, while I go begging for you."

The Primate and Chancellor

All this while, Mendoza had not lost sight of Ximénez, and when, after a year's illness, the grand cardinal felt his end approaching, he recommended the simple friar to Isabella, as his successor on the archiepiscopal see of Toledo. This dignity, to which was attached the chancellorship of Castile together with an immense income, was, according to Prescott, "the most considerable not merely in Spain, but probably in Christendom, after the papacy." The post had always been filled by men of the best Spanish families, and the queen, notwithstanding the admonition of her dying minister, was loath to depart from this usage. Finally, she decided in favor of her confessor, whose character presented so rare a combination of talent and virtue as amply compensated any deficiency in birth. Without his knowledge, she procured in due time the papal bull confirming her nomination. But Ximénez stoutly refused to accept the document, and he persisted in his refusal for six months, yielding only to the express command of the pope. When after the episcopal consecration, which took place in the Franciscan church of Tarazona, Ximénez knelt, according to custom, to kiss the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella, he said with dignity, "I kiss the hands of your Royal Highnesses, not so much out of gratitude for placing me on the first episcopal see of Spain, as in the hope that with these same hands you will help me carry the heavy burden you have placed on my shoulders."

After his elevation to the primacy, he continued to lead the simple and austere life of a Friar Minor. In his contempt of all pomp and luxury he went, perhaps, too far. There is extant a letter written by Alexander VI, in which that pontiff ad-

monishes him to adopt a style of living more consonant with the dignity of his office, if he would not disparage it in the eyes of the people. Ximénez, of course, acquiesced and changed his exterior mode of life to make it conform with that of his predecessors in office, but in private he relaxed nothing of his personal mortifications.

The Reformer

However loath he might have been to accept the post of primate and chancellor, he was not diffident in the use of his great ecclesiastical and political power, once he had entered on the duties of his office. The first thing he took in hand was the reform of the secular and the regular clergy of his diocese. So dogged was the resistance he encountered in this work, that he was forced to call into play all the energies of his irresistible will and all the powers of his exalted office. With the aid of the queen, however, he triumphed over all opposition, and in a short time he saw the fulfillment of even his most sanguine expectations.

There is no doubt that the work of reform was greatly facilitated by his own exemplary conduct. True reform, like charity, begins at home. Hence, even as archbishop, cardinal, and regent, he was always and above all a faithful follower of St. Francis. On his journeys through the country, he was accustomed to lodge in the convents of his Order, to partake of the common fare and to observe even the slightest monastic rules. In his own episcopal palace, the same daily routine prevailed as in a convent. He kept all the fasts of the Church and of the Order, and took little repose and recreation. In the midst of wealth and luxury, he was poor and abstemious. His chastity was above reproach. He shunned the company of women

and spoke to them only in the confessional. In short, it was admitted on all hands that he himself put in practice the rules of conduct he laid down for others.

The Grand Almoner

In his zeal for the welfare of the clergy of his diocese, he did not forget the needs of the laity. On the day he became primate and chancellor and found himself in absolute possession of immense revenues, he declared he would avail himself thereof only to further the interests of the Church and of the poor. So great and numerous were his charities that he was called the grand almoner of Spain. According to one of his French biographers Paul Guérin, he divided the day into two parts: the first half he devoted to God and to the State, the other to the poor. He appointed Juan Cardenas, a man of singular piety and benevolence, to search out the destitute members of his flock that he might bring them aid and comfort in his own person. His episcopal palace was the permanent home of thirty needy persons, whom he deemed it an honor to wait on at table.

His munificence extended far over the confines of his diocese and of his country. He relieved the want of the poor Christians in foreign missions and ransomed many from Moorish captivity. At his suggestion and under his guidance was formed the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception, whose purpose was to construct and maintain hospitals for the poor sick, and soon there was hardly a city of Spain, as Guérin says, that could not boast a hospice for the poor. He disbursed large sums to these institutions. To the one dedicated to St. Lazarus in Seville he donated, on one occasion, 10,000 ducats—a stupendous amount for those days. At Torrelaguna, his native town,

and at Alcalá where he had attended grammar school, he founded new hospitals and assured their existence with annual incomes.

"It is characteristic of the spirit of Ximénez," says the German historian Weiss, "that by retrenching on his own person he was enabled to ransom prisoners, to feed many poor daily, to provide doweries for indigent maidens, to build four hospitals, eight convents, and twelve churches."

The Missioner

It is needless to say that in all these enterprises the great archbishop was actuated not by vainglory but by zeal for the faith. It was this same zeal that led him to undertake the more difficult work of converting the infidel inhabitants of the Moorish province of Granada. After the conquest of that kingdom under Ferdinand and Isabella, the inhabitants were guaranteed the unmolested enjoyment of their ancient laws and religion. Among a people reared from the cradle in abhorrence of Christianity and chafing under the yoke of their Spanish conquerors, the progress of Christianization was necessarily slow—all too slow, in fact, for the restless and impetuous temper of a Ximénez.

When in 1499, he was invited to accompany the Catholic sovereigns on a visit to Granada, he conceived the plan of accelerating the work of conversion by inviting the leading Moorish doctors to a conference and expounding to them the foundations of the Christian faith. His knowledge of oriental languages and literature, his brilliant genius, his fiery eloquence, his irresistible logic, and his princely munificence, all combined to make such an impression on the learned Moors that after some time a number of the most illustrious renounced their errors and received Baptism at the

hands of Ximénez. Their example was followed by great numbers of their disciples, in so much that no less than four thousand are said to have been baptized in one day.

The success of the prelate roused the fanaticism of some of the most influential among the followers of the prophet, and they began openly to preach hatred of the Christian religion and revenge on their oppressors. Ximénez promptly threw a number of them into prison. But in the heat of his zeal he seems to have acted contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the treaty by permitting his chaplains to exert undue pressure on the prisoners to effect their conversion, and by causing a large number of Arabic manuscripts, mostly copies of the Koran, to be burnt in the public square of the city. These high-handed measures caused serious alarm in many of his friends. Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, remonstrated with him and besought him to use greater tolerance. But Ximénez, who had never known failure, and who was as little discouraged by opposition as he was unnerved by danger, replied that it was no time to stay the hand when the ruins of Mahometanism were tottering to their foundation, and he continued his propaganda with unflinching resolution.

The Moors at length became infuriated and slew two of Ximénez's servants, who had made themselves particularly odious to them. This was the signal for a general uprising. Towards evening, a mob of about six thousand men gathered before the episcopal palace and loudly clamored for the blood of Ximénez. He was warned of the imminent danger and urged to save himself by flight. "God forbid," the intrepid prelate replied, "that I should think of my own safety when so many of my servants are perilling theirs." And he gave

orders to prepare the palace for a siege. After a night of dreadful suspense, Tendilla, military governor of Granada, arrived at the head of his guards and dispersed the insurgents with little trouble.

There can be no doubt that the Moors by their conduct had not only violated the terms, and therefore forfeited the privileges of their treaty with the Catholic sovereigns, but also incurred the guilt, and consequently also the penalty of treason, which was death. Ferdinand and Isabella, on the advice of Ximénez, offered the insurgents pardon on the alternatives of conversion or exile. The majority, about 50,000 in all, preferred to make their peace by embracing Christianity. Their example was followed by great numbers in other parts of the province, so that in a very short time the cross had everywhere on the peninsula

supplanted the crescent—and this happy issue must be attributed before all others to Ximénez.

He has been severely, though perhaps not altogether unjustly, criticized for his intemperate zeal in this affair. But the rectitude of his intentions and the success of his measures were too patent to be denied, at least by his contemporaries. "All concurred," says Prescott, "in admiring the invincible energy of the man, who in the face of such mighty obstacles, had so speedily effected his momentous revolution in the faith of the people, bred from childhood in the deadliest hostility to Christianity; and the good archbishop Talavera was heard in the fullness of his heart to exclaim that Ximénez had achieved greater triumphs than even Ferdinand and Isabella; since they had conquered only the soil, while he had gained the souls of Granada."

(To be continued)

Morning

All earth enrobed in shimmering cloth of gold,
 With jewels scintillant of sun-gemmed dew;
 Out 'mid the garden's languorous perfume
 Gay butterflies on iridescent wings.
 Flash by, poised to touch the warm, sweet lips
 Of dreaming roses; on the pulsant air
 An insect chorus piping loud and shrill
 In hot, dry grass beyond the garden close.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

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

TEXAS

XXXV

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

“SPANISH activities in Texas,” writes Prof. Bolton, “were from first to last inspired largely by fears of foreign aggression. When these fears slept, Texas was left pretty much to itself, so far as the Government was concerned; but when serious rumors of encroaching strangers reached the official ears, there were likely to be vigorous proceedings for a time. The occupation of the lower Trinity River was no exception to this rule.”

This brings us to the last group of Indian missions which the Franciscans established, or rather intended to establish; for in the end only one poor mission resulted from the efforts of the Fathers in the Trinity River district. Quite in contrast with the aims of the Spanish Government, which first and always sought territorial expansion and desired to utilize the missionaries for that purpose, the Franciscans, were prompted by disinterested love for souls, and looked to the spread of the universal Kingdom of God and His justice. They were not, indeed, indifferent to their nation's glory, but ever since they had hearkened to the divine call which bade them “forget their people and the house of their fathers,” and to “preach

the gospel to all nations,” (1) they realized that their one duty was to see that God was glorified (2) and as many souls - saved as could be reached. Here missionaries and politicians would frequently differ. The politicians, despite their claims of being faithful Catholics, either would not assist at all, or only with a view to use the missionaries for the promotion of political schemes. In this matter, too, the occupation of the lower Trinity River was no exception. Any one wishing to know the details, may examine pages 327-374 of Dr. Bolton's “Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century,” from which the facts on the mission, we intend briefly to elucidate, are borrowed.

Rumors of the presence of Frenchmen among the Orcoquiza Indians near the lower Trinity and the San Jacinto (Nuestra Señora de Aranzazú) rivers were confirmed soon after 1750. Then followed the usual almost interminable correspondence back and forth which “furnishes a typical example of procedure in the matter of frontier defense and a suggestion of the baneful effect of long-distance legislation upon the missions and colonies.” At last, the vicerojal council resolved that, for the pres-

(1) Psalm xlviv, 11.. Matt. xxviii.

(2) I Peter iv, 11.

ent, a garrison of thirty soldiers and a mission should be established in the Orcoquiza country, "the centre of whose population was a western branch of the San Jacinto River, usually called the Arroyo de San Rosa de Alcázar which is clearly the Spring Creek of to-day." The mission was to be in charge of two Fathers from the missionary College of Guadalupe de Zacatecas. Each Father was allowed \$400 as annual stipend.

Governor Barrios promptly set to work constructing the presidio, which was accomplished in May or June, 1756. In honor of the viceroy the presidio was called San Agustín de Ahumada. The site lay near a lagoon, a short distance east of the left bank of the Trinity River, about two leagues from the head of the bay, or near the north line of present Chambers County.⁽³⁾ On June 12, 1757, it was reported that the presidio, church, granary and corrals were completed, and that the fields and gardens had been prepared for cultivation.

The mission established in the neighborhood of the presidio was called Nuestra Señora de la Luz (Our Lady of Light), with the addition of "del Orcoquiza." Before the arrival of the regular missionaries, Fr. Romero of the Ais Mission went among the Orcoquiza and secured promises that they would join. Governor Barrios at this date, July, 1756, talked hopefully of founding three missions.

The first missionaries were Fr.

Bruno Chavira and Fr. Marcos Satereyn, the former an elderly man, the latter youthful. Just when they arrived is not clear, Bolton says, but it was evidently after August, 1756, and certainly before the end of January, 1757.

Fr. Joseph Francisco Caro, formerly of Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores de los Ais, who had taken Fr. Chavira's place, in February, 1758, wrote to Fr. Presidente Vallejo a mournful tale about the physical miseries of life at this swampy, malarial, mosquito-infested post. Fr. Chavira had died, he said, from the unhealthfulness of the place; his companion, Fr. Marcos Satereyn, and all the soldiers were sick from dysentery due to bad water, excessive humidity, and putrid lagoons near by. A removal was proposed, but never made. Indeed a second church was even built in 1759.

The missionaries continued their work and in the course of the next six years effected the "perfect conversion" of thirty Indians, mainly adults. The names of the other Franciscans who appear are Fr. Luis Salvino and Fr. Bernardino Aristorena, 1764-1766; Fr. Bernardo de Silva, 1766; Fr. Joseph Marenti, 1767; Fr. Ignacio Maria Laba, 1768-1771; Fr. Anselmo Garcia, 1770; and Fr. Joseph del Rosario Soto, 1770.

Passing over the scandals among the military officials which constrain Bolton to exclaim of the presidio: "Truly an unfortunate establish-

(3) Bancroft, *History of Texas*, places this presidio one hundred miles too far north.

ment was that of San Agustin!" we note that in 1767 the Marqués de Rubí honored the place with an inspection, but not with his good opinion, as his comments demonstrate. "The map which I made," he writes, "shows the size of this presidio, situated in thirty degrees and thirty-three minutes north latitude and 283 degrees fifty-two minutes longitude, from the meridian of Tenerife. It is distant a league from the coast of the Gulf of Mexico toward the east and five toward the south, where the Rio Trinidad disembogues, passing one-fourth of a league west of the presidio. The river is very wide and deep, and stands in pools, because of its low banks and a sand dune which, blocking its mouth, checks its course. For this reason all this country is full of lagoons which make it difficult to explore the coast

"The garrison of this presidio consists of a company of cavalry of thirty-one men, including the captain, a lieutenant, and a sergeant, and its annual allowance amounts to \$13,245.90. Besides, there are two Religious of St. Francis who minister to the soldiers and to the Mission of Nuestra Señora de la Luz, which is nearby, and wherein is accomplished what I have said of the others. I therefore consider this presidio useless, for it does not serve to support the missions, which are not much frequented by reason of the slight inclination of those natives to embrace our holy Religion, a fact which has been well experienced since the year

1758, when the only mission there was founded without accomplishing in all this time the conversion of a single Indian." For the reasons set forth, and since Louisiana no longer belonging to France, could not menace Texas, Rubí recommended that both the presidio and the mission on the Trinity be suppressed, a measure which was ordered in 1772.

Before that order came from Mexico, however, the place was already abandoned. In answer to a call from the governor of Texas in 1770, to aid against the Apaches, Captain Rafael Pacheco set out with a part of the garrison. In February, 1771, the rest, except three, went to San Antonio in obedience to another call. Reluctantly Fr. Ignacio Laba and his companion, a few weeks later, departed with the three remaining guards, and then the mission as well as the presidio passed out of existence.

There is nothing more to be said on the Missions of Texas. We now let them pass in review to afford a clear understanding of the work of the Fathers. Accordingly, like California, Texas witnessed the founding of twenty-one missions, but in seven groups. The first and earliest group comprised the missions among the Hasinai or Texas Indians proper, in the northeast corner of Houston County and the southwestern corner of Cherokee County. These missions were named *La Mision de San Francisco de los Tejas*, *La Mision del Santisimo Nombre de Maria*, and *La Mision de San Jose de los Nazones* near the

boarder of Rush and Nacogdoches counties.

Venerable Fr. Antonio Margil founded another group of missions, the first of which was *Neustra Senora de Guadalupe* at what is now Nacogdoches. The second, *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*, on the site of the present City of San Augustine, Texas. The third, *San Miguel de los Adaes* at what is now the village of Robeline, Louisiana.

The third group of missions, the only ones that really thrived for a long time, a century indeed, arose near the head-waters of the Rio San Antonio, at and near the City of San Antonio, Texas. They were *San Antonio de Valero*, *Purissima Concepcion*, *San Jose*, *San Francisco de la Espada*, and *San Juan Capistrano*.

A fourth cluster of missions came into existence on the lower Guadalupe and San Antonio rivers in Victoria and Goliad counties. They were *La Mision del Espiritu Santo*, *La Mision Nuestra Senora del Rosario*, and *La Mision Nuestra Senora del Refugio*, the last-named near the junction of the Guadalupe and San Antonio rivers.

A fifth group were the San Xavier Missions in Milam County. The first was called *La Mision Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*, or San Francisco Xavier for short. It was fol-

lowed by *La Mision Nuestra Senora de la Candelaria*, and *La Mision de San Lorenzo*.

The Apache Missions formed another group in the western part of Texas on the San Sabá River in Menard County. Only one mission was established there, *La Mision de Santa Cruz*, and a short time later it was transferred about thirty leagues southward, near the southern border of Edwards County, where two missions were established under the titles respectively of *La Mision de San Lorenzo* and *La Mision Nuestra Senora de la Candelaria*.

Finally, we have the mission just spoken of, *La Mision Nuestra Senora de la Luz*.

The Fathers of the College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro, conducted two Indian missions on the west side of the Rio Grande, opposite the modern Eagle Pass, in Mexico, which were protected by the presidio of San Juan Bautista. They had been founded about the close of the seventeenth century, and were known far and wide as *La Mision de San Juan Bautista* and *La Mision de San Bernardo* respectively. Their activity extended into Texas, but as they were situated outside the State, they should be treated in connection with the history of Mexico.



BARAGA, THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTHWEST

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

DURING Baraga's first year at La Pointe, he baptized two hundred and fifty-five persons, the greater number of whom were adults. The little church soon became too small to accommodate the crowds of pious Indian worshippers, and many had to remain outside

during the services. To secure the funds necessary to enlarge the building, Baraga resolved to journey to Europe. He arrived in Paris during the early fall of 1836, and after making the necessary arrangements for the publication of his Chippewa prayerbook, he preached and lectured in France and in

his native country and succeeded in collecting funds sufficient for the immediate needs of his growing mission at La Pointe. His youngest sister Antonia, the youthful widow of Felix von Hoeffern, returned with him to America to act as his housekeeper and to assist him in teaching the natives. Unhappily,

the climate of the Lake Superior region was too severe for her frail constitution, and after two years she was obliged to leave the mission.

After grounding his neophytes at La Pointe in their holy Faith, Father Baraga sought to gain other souls for the Fold of Christ at

L'Anse, where he arrived on October 24, 1843, having been invited to that field by Pierre Crebessa, an employee of the American Fur Company. Baraga himself writes thus of his new mission: "L'Anse, an unpleasant, dreary, sterile place, can not compare with La Pointe. Only the wish to help these poor Indians attain



Bishop Baraga

eternal happiness keeps me here. I have here, it is true, no comforts, oftentimes barely the necessities of life; but what consolation, what grand reward, what unspeakable joy will it be for me when on the Day of Judgment, some of these, my good children in Christ, or rather all of them, as I hope, will

surround me and give their testimony before the rigorous Judge: 'He was the first to announce to us Thy divine word, he has told us of Thy mercies, and filled our hearts with faith and love towards Thee!' Oh, how I thank my God for calling me to this laborious, but at the same time, highly consoling missionary state!"

But God had destined Father Baraga to be not merely a missionary priest; for in the summer of 1853, the northern peninsula of Michigan was separated from the diocese of Detroit as a vicariate apostolic, and Father Baraga was appointed its first bishop. He was consecrated on November 1 of the same year, at Cincinnati, by Archbishop Purcell, assisted by Bishops Lefevre of Detroit and Henni of Milwaukee. Bishop Lefevre ceded to the newly consecrated bishop the Indian missions of his diocese in lower Michigan, and Bishop Henni did the same in regard to those of northern Wisconsin; the like was done by the Bishop of Hamilton in regard to the Indians of the north shore of Lake Superior. Bishop Baraga had thus a very large territory with many Indian charges and but few priests to minister to their spiritual needs. For at the time of his consecration, there were but two priests in northern Michigan.

Baraga was not to be daunted by difficulties. He was now no longer *Mekatewkwanaie*, the Black-Robe, but *Kitchi-Mekatewkwanaie*, the Great Black-Robe, and his zeal for the conversion of the natives

seemed to increase with his responsibilities. Like another St. Paul, we see him traversing his extensive diocese, everywhere preaching, hearing confessions, baptizing, and strengthening his neophytes by the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, erecting churches and schools, ordaining priests and appointing them pastors of portions of his scattered flock; all the while suffering such hardships and meeting with such obstacles as none but a saint could bear. It is true that at times he suffered great mental depression, caused above all by the bad conduct of some members of his flock. Thus he wrote in his diary on November 1, 1856: "This is the third anniversary of my consecration; a very sad day. I might almost say: *Dies ille vertatur in tenebras.....obscurent eum tenebrae et umbrae mortis; occupet eum caligo et involvatur amaritudine.*" (Let that day be turned into darkness..... Let darkness and the shadow of death cover it, let a mist overspread it, and let it be wrapped up in bitterness. Job. iii, 4, 5.) His deep sense of the awful responsibility resting on the episcopal dignity was a source of continual anxiety to him. It was this that gave him no rest, but urged him on to do all he could for his people and his own soul's salvation. He felt indeed that the burden of the episcopacy is an *onus vel angelicis humeris formidandum*,—a burden formidable even to the shoulders of an angel, as he declared in one of his letters.

But, if the hardships he encoun-

tered were great, his confidence in the help of God was greater and many a time it was even marvelously rewarded. On one occasion, he wished to go from La Pointe to Grand Portage, Minnesota. He engaged a half-breed Indian to make the journey with him, and although the people at La Pointe laughed at him for attempting so perilous a trip in a frail boat, that had neither keel nor center-board, he set out bravely, trusting firmly that God would guide him safely across the lake. At Sand Island they awaited a favorable wind, and then set sail at last on an unusually calm day. But before they had gone twenty of the forty miles, a heavy west wind arose and the lake grew very rough. While in the height of the storm in mid-lake, the Indian became frightened and exclaimed in Chippewa to Baraga, who was lying on his back in the boat reciting his office apparently unaware of the wind and the waves, "Nosse, ki ga-nibomin, ganabatch—Father, perhaps we are going to perish!" But Baraga calmed his fears, saying quietly, "Kego segisiken, Wizon—Don't be afraid, Wizon (Louis); the priest will not die in the water. If he died here in the water, the people on the other shore, whither we are going, would be unfortunate." After struggling with the waves for over a distance of seventy miles, they finally landed thirty miles above their destination at the mouth of a small river. Full of gratitude for their miraculous escape, they at once proceeded to erect a cross. "Wizon," said the missionary, "let

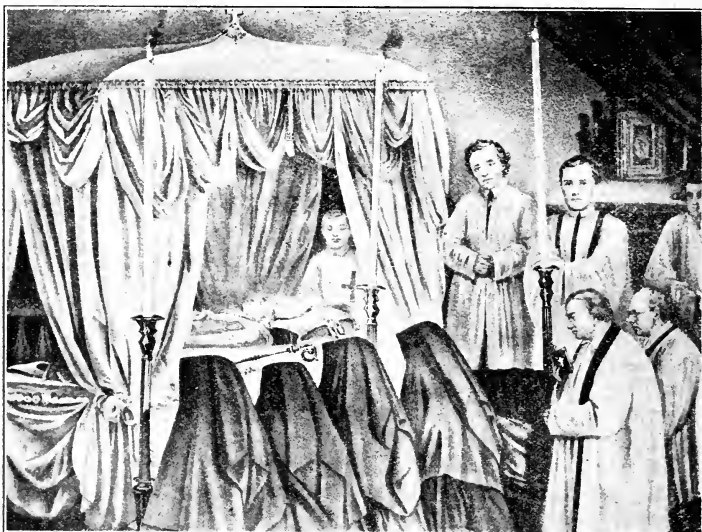
us make a cross here that the Christian Indians may know that the priest coming from La Pointe landed here." The cross, it is true, was inartistic, but it was the emblem of their holy faith and it gave the name, Tchibaiatigo-Sibi, Cross River, to the little stream where they had landed.

On another occasion, Father Baraga was going to Ontonagan in company with a half-breed Indian during the month of March or April. At this season of the year, the ice on Lake Superior, though thick, becomes honey-combed and rotten. Going on the ice at La Pointe Island they did not notice that after some time a strong south-west wind had caused the ice field to become detached from the shore and that they were being carried out into the lake. But before long, Newagon, the Indian guide, became aware of what had happened, for he could see the blue waters between them and the shore. The situation was grave in the extreme, for had the wind continued to blow in the same direction, the ice would have been driven far out into the lake, and broken into fragments and they would have surely perished. The distracted guide threw himself at the feet of the bishop and besought absolution. The bishop told him calmly to repress his fears, for God would not permit a missionary, on his way to a sick member of his flock who needed his ministrations, to be cut off. Then kneeling down on the ice, he proceeded to pray and to sing pious hymns in Chippewa to diver

Newagon's attention from the danger. Finally, the wind shifted and blew the field of ice back toward the shore where they easily gained *terra firma*. It is noteworthy that they landed near Cadotte Point, which is but a short distance from Ontonagan. "See," said Baraga to his companion, "we have traveled a great distance and have

dence to shorten and facilitate the saintly priest's journey.

As to Bishop Baraga's personal appearance, we will give Hon. Richard R. Elliot's recollection of him as he saw him in 1855: "He was a man frail in appearance, whose weight, apparently, would not exceed one hundred pounds. He was short in stature, with re-



Bishop Baraga Lying in State at Marquette, Michigan

worked little." La Pointe is about sixty or seventy miles by air line from Ontonagan and had the missionary and his guide been obliged to walk the whole distance around the bend of the lake, it would have probably taken them two or three days of very hard and fatiguing traveling. Thus, what at first seemed to threaten certain death was used by God's fatherly provi-

gularly proportioned frame, small feet and hands; his features were classic, and mild in expression; his eyes were blue, but passive; while his face was tanned to the color of a half-breed, the general expression of which tended to abstraction. His hair, which he wore rather long, was a light brown; it was abundant, but apparently lifeless; it had probably become so from the

necessity of keeping his head protected from the cold atmosphere in which he lived during ten months of the year." (*American Catholic Review*, 1896, page 111.)

While attending the Plenary Council of Baltimore, Bishop Baraga suffered a severe stroke of apoplexy from which he never thoroughly recovered. In a letter written April 3, 1867, he says, "Unfortunately the state of my health for the last six months has remained unchanged. I am so weak that I can scarcely speak audibly, or move. I rise every morning and walk from time to time up and down in my room in order to lie easier in bed. Everybody that sees or hears me thinks I can scarcely live a week longer. Yet I continue to live and to wait for my successor, who is to come this summer. For the last four months, I have been unable to say Mass; but I will use all my strength to say Mass on Holy Thursday and consecrate the Holy Oils."

The eminent patient lingered through that year and into the new year of 1868, when it became evident that his end was near. On the eve of Epiphany, he received the last sacraments. To the very end he retained the full use of his mental faculties, and even when he was too weak to speak, he tried to make his wishes known partly by writing partly by signs, though indeed only with the greatest effort. At last, at two o'clock in the morning of January 19, 1868, on which day the feast the Holy Name of Jesus fell that year, he breathed forth his

pure and tried spirit into the hands of Him whom he had endeavored so faithfully to serve.

The funeral services were held on January 31, in the cathedral at Marquette. Owing to the severity of the weather at the time, only six priests were present, but the church could not contain the crowds of the faithful from Marquette and the surrounding country that gathered to do honor to their father and bishop.

Rev. Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M., himself a veteran Indian missionary of the Lake Superior region, justly styles Baraga "The Indian Apostle of the Northwest." As a priest in the parishes of his native country we find him a model of all sacerdotal virtues; as an Indian missionary he was second to none in self-sacrificing labor for the conversion of the aborigines, not to mention his untiring labors to bring back sinners to a sense of their religious duty; as a bishop we find him indefatigable in promoting the cause of religion and virtue in his vast diocese; and as a man we see in him the paragon of every gentlemanly virtue, whose purity of soul and singleness of purpose, whose mortified life and burning zeal for everything good joined to uncommon talents and acquirements won for him the respect and love of Catholic and Protestant, convert and pagan, and whose memory will never pass away as long as there is a heart capable of appreciating what the Church in the great Northwest owes to Frederick Baraga.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—On August 14, the Sacred Congregation of Rites began deliberations on the heroic virtues of Venerable Marian de Rocca-Casale, a lay brother of the Order of Friars Minor. The servant of God died in 1866 in the friary of Civitella. He attained the age of eighty years and he was known far and wide for his eminent sanctity. All the prelates and consultants of the Sacred Congregation were present at the meeting, over which His Eminence Cardinal Cassetta presided. Meanwhile, in the Franciscan church connected with St. Antony's International College, Rome, the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly exposed and the religious of the local community as well as a large gathering of the laity spent the day in earnest prayer to implore Heaven's guidance on the members of the Sacred Congregation deliberating on the cause of the holy Brother.

France.—George Fonsegrive-Lespinnasse, the distinguished French philosopher who died some months since, was according to *El Eco Franciscano* a fervent Tertiary and a zealous promoter of the Third Order of St. Francis. He was born in 1852, and for many years taught at the Lyceum Buffon in Paris. In the literary world, he is known under the pen-name Yves le Querdec. The eminent scholar was a personal friend of the late Pope Leo XIII and had the rare privilege of being summoned by this Pope to give a lecture in the Vatican. By the zeal with which he supported and fostered social reform on Christian lines, he made himself many enemies among the leaders of modern liberalism. It is well known with what fury Renán opposed his becoming a candidate for the College of France. A man of lively faith, the Tertiary philosopher preferred the

welfare of souls to the possession of honors and distinctions. He will probably go down in history as one of the four or five most eminent Catholic philosophers of our time.

Corrientes, Argentine.—On July 5, the mortal remains of Rev. Fr. José de la Quintana, the well-known Franciscan priest and professor, were exhumed in the church of St. Francis, this city. Fr. José died in 1862, after having spent no less than sixty-three years as professor educating young men for the Franciscan province of Argentine. A monument has now been erected to perpetuate the memory of this illustrious and zealous friar, to whom in great part the province of Argentine owes its present flourishing condition.

Laguna, Canary Islands.—Impressive ceremonies marked the solemn installation of a community of Franciscan friars, on August 10. Besides the Rt. Rev. Bishop who presided at the function, the ecclesiastical, civil, and military authorities, various societies and confraternities, and an unusually large number of the citizens were present.

Arauco, Chile.—The first August issue of *Revista Sarafica de Chile* brings the annual report which the Minister Provincial of the Franciscan Missions in Arauca addressed to the Government headquarters last June. The report presents a fair picture of what the missionary Fathers are achieving for the civilization and education of those committed to them in their fourteen missions. During the year ending June, 2607 Baptisms were administered, 1716 persons received the Sacrament of Confirmation, while 376 marriages were solemnized. Their various schools are attended by more than 2000 children, of whom a large number depend entirely on the mis-

sions for support. In the same report, the Very Rev. Provincial draws the attention of the Government to the heroic zeal with which the Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order are aiding the Fathers in their vast mission fields. They are conducting boarding-schools for girls in Angol, Lautaro, and Nueva Imperial, and are now on the point of opening another such school for girls in Cholchol.

Santarem, Para, Brazil.—The Franciscan Fathers engaged in the vast mission fields of Santarem are now occupying the beautiful new friary recently erected for them. A new residence for Rt. Rev. Amandus Bahlmann, O.F.M., Bishop of Santarem, is also in construction. Recently, the Minister Provincial of the Franciscans in Brazil visited Santarem. From there he continued his journey up the Tapayos River, and after many days of weary travel reached the distant missions among the Mundurucus. Rev. Fr. Ambrose has been transferred from the province to the prelatore of Santarem in order to devote himself to missionary work on the Amazon River. The Franciscan province of Brazil has suffered a severe loss in the death of Rev. Fr. Bonaventure. He was born in 1876 and entered the Franciscan Order in 1894. Seventeen years ago he was ordained priest and was known and cherished by all for his learning and piety. He was master of novices until a year ago, when ill health necessitated his removal from this arduous post. He spent the last year of his life in the friary of Olinda. R. I. P.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—The biennial retreat for our Tertiaries was conducted by Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., from September 30 to October 7. The Reverend Father dwelt especially on the great love of St. Francis for God, for our Blessed Savior in his passion and

in the Eucharist, and also on his marvelous love for his fellow men. At the close of the retreat, one hundred and thirty-three new members were received into the Third Order. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke conducted the services on this occasion and after the reception addressed the Tertiaries in his own fatherly way, exhorting them to be true children of their Seraphic Father and to give to all the example of faithful, zealous Tertiaries. An informal meeting, at which Rev. Fr. Provincial, Fr. Leo, and Fr. Fortunatus were the guests of honor, was then held in the church hall, thus affording the Tertiaries an opportunity for becoming better acquainted with one another.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:—The canonical visitation of our local Tertiary fraternities took place in the afternoon of October 7. Seventeen hundred Tertiaries marched in the procession that conducted the Reverend Visitor, Fr. Roger, O.F.M., from the parish school to the church, which had been gorgeously decorated for the occasion. When the Tertiaries had filed into the church all available space was taken up, and the ushers were compelled to refuse admission to the crowds of non-Tertiaries who had come to witness the ceremony. This was undoubtedly the largest gathering of Tertiaries in the history of our fraternities and was a source of joy and edification to all who witnessed it. The Reverend Fr. Visitor addressed his hearers both in English and in German, drawing attention to the Rule of the Third Order as a most excellent means for self-sanctification, and then dwelling more at length on Tertiary activity, especially in regard to neglected children, the poor, the Indian missions, and the spreading of wholesome literature. After imparting the general abso-

lution, he admitted one hundred and fifteen postulants into the Third Order. In the evening of the same day, the two weeks' mission which had been preached in our church by Rev. Fr. John Joseph, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Titus, O.F.M., was brought to a close, and again the Tertiaries assembled in large numbers for this solemn service. The Reverend Missionary, on beholding their zeal, could not but commend the splendid spirit that animated them. The Reverend Director wishes through the columns of the *Herald* to thank the Rev. Visitor, the Rev. Missionaries, the Rev. Fathers of the local monastery and of West Park, the choir, and finally all the Tertiaries, especially the so-called "workers," for their hearty cooperation in making this the first canonical visitation of the fraternities so signal a success.

Pierz, Minn.—The little Tertiary fraternity in this city received a notable increase in its membership on October 4, when eleven candidates were admitted to the novitiate of the Third Order. Although the fraternity is rather small in numbers, yet the Tertiaries themselves are quite fervent in the observance of the Rule and are constantly endeavoring to secure new members for the Order.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—October 4 last will go down in the chronicle of the Third Order conference of this parish as one of the greatest red letter days of its history, for on this day our Tertiaries were privileged to see their beloved Archbishop, the Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D., with sixty-two other persons invested with the scapular and cord of the Third Order of St. Francis. From September 26-30, spiritual exercises were held for the English-speaking Tertiaries, and were concluded Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. At 8.45 p. m., of the same day, a retreat

opened for the German-speaking members of the Third Order. Both retreats were conducted by Rev. Fr. Basil, O.M. Cap., guardian of Holy Cross Monastery at Wauwatosa, Wis. At the close of the second retreat in the evening of October 4, crowds hurried to St. Francis Church long before the appointed time, and it is estimated that approximately one thousand people thronged the spacious building to the very doors. "Just like Christmas, at the midnight Mass," as one of the ushers expressed himself. The Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Antonine Wilmer, O. M. Cap., officiated, assisted by two Tertiary priests, Rev. Henry Ries and Rev. M. M. Gerend, while several other priests were present in the sanctuary. Rev. FF. Benno and Bernardine, O.M. Cap., attended the Archbishop. After the concluding sermon of the spiritual exercises, the Rev. Retreat Master gave the papal blessing, whereupon the investment of the candidates took place. In his address, Rev. Fr. Provincial referred to the edifying act of our much loved Archbishop in being thus publicly invested with the humble garb of the Third Order of St. Francis and expressed his joy in being privileged, though with much embarrassment, to receive him. He also exhorted the Tertiaries to be more mindful of His Grace in their prayers now that he was to be their brother Tertiary. After the investment, the Archbishop also addressed the congregation. In warm words he expressed his pleasure at having been admitted to the ranks of the Tertiaries, declaring it to be an honor and a privilege to become a member of the great Franciscan Order. For some years past congregational singing has been in vogue at the regular conferences of the Tertiaries, and this solemn occasion made no exception to the rule. The ceremony was brought to a close with solemn

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which His Grace officiated.

A new field for Tertiary activity has been recently inaugurated here in Milwaukee in the form of the "St. Francis Day Nursery." A very suitable building for the purpose has been secured directly across the street from our church, and the nursery will be under the supervision of both Tertiary fraternities. It has long been felt that an institution of this kind is a necessity in our city and the Tertiaries now have the honor of conducting the first Catholic day nursery in Milwaukee.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Deeply impressive were the ceremonies connected with the dedication and canonical erection of the convent of the Poor Clares, 1904 Girard Avenue, in this city, on the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. Attended by members of the reverend clergy, the Right Rev. Bishop McCort proceeded from room to room, blessing the new structure, and later he signed the documents establishing the papal enclosure of the convent. He then offered up holy Mass, assisted by Rev. Thomas Tully, S.J., chaplain of the convent, and the Rev. John B. McShea. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, given by Father Tully, followed.

The Sisters of this convent observe the rule of St. Clare in its primitive rigor, without reformation or mitigation. The Order was introduced and established in this country in the year 1875, by the Reverend Mothers Mary Maddalena and Mary Constanza Bentivoglio, who were sent by his Holiness Pope Pius IX and by the Most Rev. Fr. Bernardine, Minister General of the Friars Minor, to establish monasteries of the Poor Clares in this country in which the original Rule in all its rigor should be observed. Previous to this, many attempts had been made to found houses of

the Order in this country, but they all failed. God blessed the work of the Bentivoglio Mothers, however, and this present convent at Philadelphia is the ninth that owes its origin to these two saintly Sisters.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The feast of St. Francis was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm and fervor this year in St. Joseph's Church. Goodly numbers of the faithful attended the various Masses in the morning and especially the devotions in the evening. The Tertiaries from far and near received Holy Communion in a body at the eight o'clock Solemn High Mass, at which Rev. Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., preached a stirring sermon on St. Francis, the perfect copy of Christ Crucified. At the evening service, twenty new members were received into the local fraternity of the Third Order by the Rev. Director, Fr. Julius, O.F.M., who filled the Tertiaries with renewed fervor by briefly yet forcefully outlining the nature, aim, and excellence of this highly privileged and greatest of all Third Orders in the Church of God.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—The customary solemn services in the chapel marked the great feast of our Seraphic Father St. Francis. On the same day, six novices of the college Tertiary fraternity were admitted to holy profession. That our student Tertiaries are wide-awake members of the Third Order was evinced again by the fact that a number of them on their return to college from their summer vocation, brought with them a fine assortment of vestments, altar linens, and the like for the fraternity's annual gift to the Indian missions. It is to be hoped that beginning thus early to take interest in the missions, they will develop a real missionary spirit and in God's own good time will give not only alms but themselves

to the Indians in the effort to gain them for Heaven.

Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.—The feast of St. Francis was celebrated here with special splendor. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the Rector of the Catholic University, a goodly number of Dominicans, several professors of the University, and a large concourse of the laity, to a great extent non-Catholic, were present at the Mass celebrated according to the Dominican rite. Dr. Turner gave a fine sermon on the simplicity of the Seraphic Father. Dr. Shields had given a half-holiday to the Sisters' College, so that all the Sisters, about ninety in number, could be present. They consider Mt. St. Sepulchre as their parish church. Perhaps one-half of these Sisters are Franciscans. At the dinner, the number of guests was about seventy, as most of the professors of the University made their appearance at the monastery. In the afternoon, there was solemn Compline, procession to the chapel of St. Francis in the garden, and later the *Transitus* was chanted in the church. Benediction and veneration of the relic of St. Francis brought the celebration to its close.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.—A triduum in preparation for the feast of St. Francis was held in St. Elizabeth's and was very well attended, especially by our Tertiaries. The usual solemn services marked the great day, and in the evening seventy-nine persons were admitted to the novitiate of the Third Order and nine novices to their holy profession. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus, O.F.M., officiated at the ceremony and preached a glowing sermon on the true spirit of a Franciscan Tertiary. A social gathering of Tertiaries in the parish gymnasium brought the celebration to a happy close.

Wooster, O.—The Church of the

Immaculate Conception at Wooster boasts of a Tertiary fraternity, which though small in numbers is great in zeal for things Franciscan in general and for things Tertiary in particular. Our beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Kramer, who is likewise a Tertiary, points out to us by word and example the Franciscan road to perfection, thus making it easier for us to walk it. We are only fifteen in number, but with our alms we have furnished our new church with a pulpit, candlesticks, and cassocks for the altar boys, and we hope to do still greater things yet for the house of God. We Tertiaries are also especially interested in a small boys club all the members of which desire to enter the ranks of the holy priesthood or to become religious, and we beg our fellow Tertiaries to join us in our prayers that they might persevere in their pious vocation.

Louisville, Ky.—At the Church of St. Boniface on October 5, the parish choir presented the sacred oratorio "St. Francis" by Edgar Tinel. An appreciative congregation listened with great attention to this rare musical treat. Mr. Joseph Schenke, a Cincinnati tenor, sang the solo parts of St. Francis. The other soloists were: "Voice from Heaven," Mrs. Wm. Stegner; "Angel of Love," Miss Louise Wiegand; "Angel of Victory," Mr. Frank Schaefer; "Spirit of Hatred," Mr. Louis Herm. The oratorio was preceded by a beautiful discourse on the life of St. Francis, delivered by the well known and popular Franciscan missionary of the Cincinnati Province, Rev. Fr. Flavian.

Baltimore, Md.—On Monday, September 17, the new St. Elizabeth's Home for colored orphans was dedicated by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the presence of a distinguished body of clergy and laity, including the Mayor of Baltimore and other city officials. The sermon

was preached by Rev. Lucian Johnston, Rector of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin. At the close of the ceremony the venerable Cardinal paid an eloquent tribute to the devoted and hidden labors of the Sisters, and traced the origin and development of their institutions in the diocese.

The spacious new buildings of St. Elizabeth's Home are beautifully situated on the outskirts of the city, and are intended to replace the older institution of the same name as an infant asylum and industrial school for colored children. The Sisters of the Congregation have another industrial school in connection with their house of Novitiate in Baltimore, and have charge of the schools of SS. Philip and James. They also conduct parochial and industrial schools for colored children at Richmond, Va., Norfolk, Va., and Wilmington, N. C., and visit the poor and sick in their homes, besides visiting the alms-houses and jails. In addition to these establishments the Sisters have large and successful missionary schools in Africa. It is to be hoped that the public tribute paid to these Sisters and their labors by the highest dignitaries of Church and State on the occasion of the dedication of the new St. Elizabeth's Home in Baltimore may lead many new candidates to enter the Novitiate of the Franciscan Sisters for Colored Missions.

Odanah, Wis., St. Mary's Mission.—St. Mary's Industrial School conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration of La Crosse, Wis., is one of the few Catholic Indian Schools in Wisconsin, and the only Catholic Indian School in the State for the education of both boys and girls. Though struggling for existence since its erection in 1883, as a log building, and lacking many of the more modern equipments, it carried off fourteen prizes at the State Fair held in

Milwaukee, in the early part of September—a proof, were proof needed, that it is fully up to the standard. These prizes, seven of which were first class, were awarded for proficiency in penmanship, drawing, composition, and needle work; and it is worthy of note that one of these first prizes for penmanship was won by a six-year old girl in the primary department.

Franciscan Herald knows that comparisons are always more or less odious; yet, it hopes it will be pardoned for saying that none of our Catholic Indian schools has attained a higher degree of proficiency, while few if any, have had to struggle against odds so heavy, as has St. Mary's Industrial School. This review, therefore, is glad to be able to say a good word for the Franciscan Sisters and the Reverend Missionary, Fr. Optate, O. F. M. May God continue to bless their efforts on behalf of the poorest of his children. May he "send them help from the sanctuary and defend them out of Sion," especially during the present distressing time of war and want and winter.

Maryville, Mo.—Sr. M. Salesia Schlegel, O. S. F., a very prominent member of the Franciscan Sisters' community at Maryville, passed away on September 21, after a long illness of four years. Sister Salesia was born at Belleville, Ill., February 28, 1856, and took the veil on October 4, 1875. In 1895, she was appointed mistress of novices and first assistant to the Ven. Mother Superior, and she held these responsible offices until two years ago, when poor health compelled her to resign. The funeral took place from the convent chapel at Maryville, on Monday morning, September 24.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—In spite of the arduous and self-sacrificing life of the hospital Sisters, there is never a dearth of young Catholic maidens who are

willing to forsake the world and all it can offer them in order to devote themselves to the service of their Divine Master in succoring the needy and the sick. This fact was again forcefully brought home to a large gathering at St. Antony's Hospital on the feast of St. Francis Borgia, October 10, when nine young ladies were invested with the humble garb of St. Francis, and thirty Sisters were admitted to their vows. They had prepared for this momentous event by a retreat conducted by Rev. George A. Hild, C. S.S.R. A large number of the reverend clergy and of their friends and relatives gathered in the beautiful chapel of the hospital to witness the ceremony.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.—The Tertiaries of Sacramento very appropriately celebrated the feast of their Seraphic Father by attending High Mass and receiving Holy Communion in a body. In the evening, services were held and an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, a Jesuit missionary, who endeavored to animate the Tertiaries with a burning desire to emulate the example of St. Francis especially in his admirable humility. On the following Sunday,

thirteen candidates received the scapular and cord of the Third Order and twenty were professed. The address on this occasion was made by our Rev. Director, Fr. Anselm, O. F. M. A social hour was much enjoyed in the parish hall after the religious services. The Sacramento fraternity is now one of the largest and most flourishing in California.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—During the first week of October, our large church was crowded each evening by the faithful eager to partake of the blessings of the annual Tertiary retreat. The exercises were conducted by our former and much beloved Rev. Director, Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., who is now missionary in China, but who has been spending the past months in this country to gather funds for his impoverished missions. At the close of the retreat on October 7, thirty-one candidates were admitted to the Third Order and twenty novices made their profession. As a token of their appreciation for his untiring zeal in our behalf during the retreat and formerly as our Rev. Director, the Tertiaries tendered a reception to Rev. Fr. Juniper on October 17.

OBITUARY

Maryville, Mo., St. Francis Hospital:—Sr. M. Salesia Schlegel, O.S.F.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—George Ward, Bro. John; Margaret Shea, Sr. Catherine; Elizabeth Connell, Sr. Clare.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Catherine E. Hogan, Sr. Mary; Catherine Ganier, Sr. Elizabeth.

German Fraternity:—Jacob Weiland, Bro. Francis; John Schlepermeier, Bro. Antony.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:—Julius Schultz, Bro. Francis; Mary Bauer, Sr. Clare; Margaret Schmoltdt, Sr. Agnes; Julia Doyle, Sr. Rose; Mary Kent, Sr. Bridget.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Sr. H. Rotmann; Sr. M. Manning; Sr. B. Schmitz.

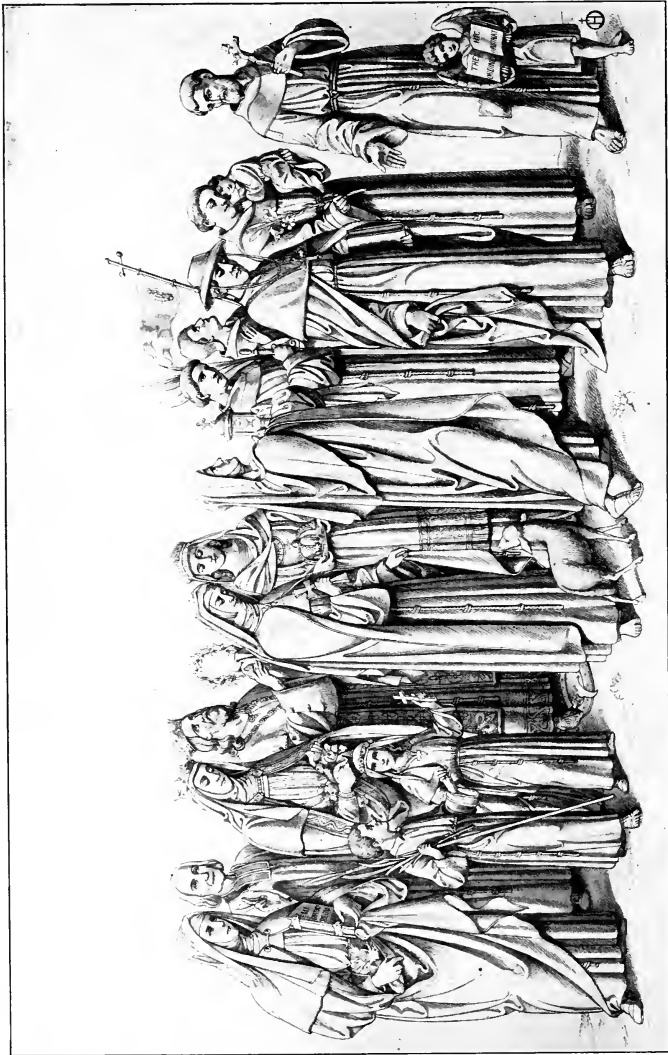
St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church:—J. Shinner, Sr. Frances.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Franz von Herlwert; Margaret King.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—John Trentmann, Bro. Antony.

San Diego, Cal.:—Frederick J. Erkens, Bro. Francis.

Requiescant in pace.



Francis of Assisi

Antony

Denis Dromotus
Bonaventure

Bernard

Clare

Isabelle

Genevieve

Thomas IX
Thomas IX

Elizabeth
Rose of Viterbo

Thomas IX

Thomas IX

Angelina

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The illustration on the opposite page represents the triumph of Christ in the three Orders of St. Francis. Those of our readers that have followed the series of frontispieces, will notice a slight difference between this representation and the others. This difference is accounted for by the fact that the frontispiece of this number is the work of the *Herald* artist and not of Joseph von Fuerich. While we do not claim for it that perfection of technique that marks the latter's work, we think we are warranted in saying that, in chasteness and delicacy of artistic finish, the production is in every way worthy of its predecessors. But we are concerned not so much with the art as with the idea embodied in the drawing.

The first figure that meets our gaze is that of a little cherub holding a book with the legend *Tres Ordines hic ordinat*—"This man has founded three Orders." The man referred to is St. Francis of Assisi, who in the picture is represented as bearing the wounds and the sign of the Crucified and leading a group of representative men and women of his three Orders. Few men have been so eminently qualified to lead others to Christ, because few have been such faithful copies of that divine prototype. He was literally a living image of Christ crucified, both by his inward and by his outward conformity to him. In St. Francis, the triumph of the religion of the Cross seems to have been complete; at least, there is hardly another saint in whom this victory is so apparent. He could in truth say, "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me."

That such a man should have become a great captain in the army of Christ, is not at all surprising; and indeed, he numbers his followers by the millions. Among those that followed him most closely in the first Order he founded are St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, who represents the dignitaries of the Church that have worn the garb of St. Francis; St. Antony, the great wonder-worker, who is the best-known of the confessors of the Order; Blessed John Duns Scotus, the champion of the Immaculate Conception, who is the most brilliant intellectual light in the galaxy of Franciscan doctors; and St. Berard, who is known as the protomartyr of the Order. These men, each in his particular sphere and manner of life, were faithful imitators of their holy Father, as he was of Christ. In all of them, therefore, Christ may be said to have triumphed.

This triumph, however, was not less glorious in the holy women who strove to realize the ideal of the poor and suffering Christ, as figured in St. Francis. Such were, for instance, St. Clare, the firstborn daughter

of the holy Patriarch and with him the foundress of the Order that bears her name; St. Colette, the reformer of this Order and herself the mother of numerous daughters, called for her the Colettines; Bl. Isabelle, of royal blood, whom the Urbanist Clares revere as their progenitrix.

But not only for the cloistered men and women was St. Francis a model. Christ is a model of holiness for all men, no matter what their sex or station in life. In like manner, his faithful servant served as a guide for all classes of Christians. For those who could not leave the world he instituted a secular religious Order. Of this great family of Franciscans, St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary are the two illustrious patrons and shining lights. In them also shone the love of Christ crucified. In them their faith and trust in Christ triumphed over all the enemies and obstacles of their salvation.

Even children have come under the spell of the Seraph of Assisi. St. Louis of Japan was but a mere boy when, like a true son of the Knight of the Cross, he gave his life for Christ his King. St. Rose of Viterbo, even as a child, opposed her angelic innocence and dovelike simplicity to the devilish cunning and rapacious fury of the Church's enemies, and in thus combating the forces of evil she but followed the injunction and the precept of her Seraphic Father. In both these youthful saints the power of Christ is strikingly apparent.

St. Francis's motto was *Non sibi soli vivere, sed aliis proficere*-- "Not to live for oneself alone, but to benefit others," and true to this principle he made the solution of the social question the object of his life. With rare insight into the evils and the needs of medieval society, he strove to heal its wounds, as Christ had done, by instilling Christian ideals into the social organism. That this is the only effectual cure for the ills of human society, has long been recognized by all far-sighted men and women. This is true above all of the Catholic priesthood and the Catholic sisterhoods in modern times. Hence, it is not surprising that the great social reformer should find many followers in the one as well as well as in the others. As a type of the former may be regarded Blessed John Vianney, the venerable Curé D'Ars, who spent himself unselfishly in pouring the healing wine and oil of Christian ideals into the gaping wounds of modern society, robbed of its most precious possession, divine faith, by those ruthless despoilers, rationalism and materialism. Bl. Angelina, the foundress of the first Tertiary sisterhood, which has served as the model of numerous similar organizations, is representative of those charitable daughters of St. Francis who, to continue the comparison, are completing the work of the good samaritan by nursing back to life society sick unto death. They are those heroic women who have consecrated their lives to the performance of the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual.

What a grand triumph for Christ, this innumerable army of men and women following the Rule of St. Francis, which has been declared to be nothing else than a practical application of the Gospel. May they grow and multiply till they become as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, and may they by their holy lives make known to all the world that Christ their King is God, whose power and glory be blessed forever.



THE THIRD ORDER AND THE PARISH

In every parish, there exists a coterie of especially zealous and faith-

ful members who are foremost in all works of piety and charity. They are leading Catholics in the true sense of that much abused term, and form, so to speak, the heart, the backbone of the parish. They do laudable work, each in his or her way. Yet, their efforts are, for the most part, spasmodic, haphazard, and to a great extent, ineffectual. What they need is direction and organization, and to give them both, the Third Order of St. Francis is admirably adapted.

Far from being prejudicial to existing societies, it rather perfects them by leavening them with the ferment of the Gospel. It unites the most zealous of the various societies and forms of them a sort of *corps elite* for special service in the army of Christ. It is recruited from all ages and from both sexes. Men, women, children, the rich, the poor, priests, savants, soldiers, artisans, mothers, maidens, workwomen, all may be enrolled in this picked body of Christians.

And what a power for good is contained in such an organization? There is no work of piety or charity that is foreign to its scope; no need it is unable to meet; no aid it is unwilling to give. All this the Third Order is able to do, because it is a society of prayer, a form of life truly Christian, an organization active and interested in every good cause, an army that unites all classes of society in a common activity, under the direction of their appointed leaders, the pastors. Imbued as the members are with the spirit of submission to authority, assiduous in the discharge of their duties, regular in the reception of the sacraments, zealous in promoting all that pertains to the welfare of the parish, they possess all the requisites of a well disciplined and effective force which is always at the disposal of the pastor.

In view of all this it is difficult to account for the opposition this organization sometimes meets with even from those who, of all others, should be the first to shield and promote it, if only from motives of self-interest. If they only knew the gift of God.



A PARALLEL

In the past few weeks, two important anniversary celebrations were held, the one to commemorate the birth of that great political, religious, and social revolution, wrongly styled the Reformation and inaugurated by Dr. Martin Luther; the other to recall the death of the eminent Franciscan Cardinal Francisco Ximénez de Cisneros. The first of these quarter-centenaries, though attracting wide attention, was much less general and enthusiastic than it would perhaps have been but for the war; the other was barely noticed outside the Spanish-speaking countries, and this neglect, too, can be conveniently charged to the war.

The two singular men in whose honor these demonstrations were held, had much in common, and yet the one, in many respects, was the exact antithesis of the other. Both lived in stirring times. Ximénez, however, closed his glorious career, when Luther entered on his mad and reckless course. Both were members of religious orders; the first a Franciscan friar, the second an Augustinian monk. The one remained faithful to his vows to the end of his life, the other wantonly broke them. Ximénez, no less, nay much more, than Luther was a reformer, a true constructive reformer, who began by amending his own life, and who, in his efforts to improve others, worked in closest harmony with the proper authorities; while Luther was a self-constituted innovator, who, far from

converting himself or others, perverted the sacred truths and left moral ruin in his train. Both opposed the preaching of indulgences in the manner then in vogue, the Franciscan with prudent restraint and due deference to authority, the Augustinian with reckless zeal and gross abuse of his superiors. The former, in fact, was always a staunch defender of lawful authority, the other a roaring revolutionist.

A new impetus to Bible study was given by one as well as the other; by Ximénez through his epoch-making polyglot, by Luther through his famous version. But as a literary work, the first is the more scholarly an important production. Again, the cardinal labored to restore the purity of the sacred text; the doctor deliberately falsified it. The former was without doubt the abler theologian; the other, perhaps, the better preacher. The friar as well as the monk often came into contact with rulers and princes. But while the one neither sought their favor nor feared their hate; the other, on occasion, showed himself their willing tool. Ximénez and Luther are regarded by many of their countrymen as types of their respective races. The Spaniard represents all that is great and noble in his nation; but the German exhibits many mean and repulsive features of his. The cardinal, as an ardent patriot, labored unceasingly for the peace and prosperity of his people; the innovator was a confirmed egotist and incited his countrymen to civil war. The Franciscan together with the Augustinian displayed a certain inflexibility of character and intolerance of the opinions of others, which traits were coupled, in the one with deep humility, and in the other with towering pride.

In their private lives, the two men followed widely divergent lines of conduct. Ximénez, even in the midst of wealth and luxury, led a simple, abstemious, austere life. Luther, especially in his later days, gave himself up unrestrainedly to the joys of the bottle and of the table. Constancy and firmness were characteristic of the prelate; the doctor all through his life was inconsistent and vacillating both in his conduct and in his opinions. The former, though a statesman, loved truth and sincerity as dearly as his life; the latter, an avowed apostle of truth, practiced and even counseled hypocrisy and deceit. Contemporary writers do not record a single word of the cardinal's unworthy of an ecclesiastic and a nobleman. The "reformer" was anything but a gentleman in his speech, which, on the admission of his friends and on the testimony of his writings, was at times horribly vulgar and shocking. While the latter, contrary to all the dictates of charity and decency, berated and lampooned his enemies, real or imagined, and burned in impotent rage to crush them; the former, though sometimes forced to take stern measures against his political opponents, habitually showed himself forgiving and magnanimous, and disdained, even when he had the power, to take revenge on those that had given him umbrage.

These are but a few of the chief points of comparison between two of the most remarkable characters of history. We leave it to the reader to complete the parallel at his leisure, and we are confident that, when he has finished, it will not be difficult for him to decide which of the two is the greater man. Anyone who has studied their lives and who knows wherein consists true greatness, will not hesitate to declare that while Luther's name, perhaps before the lapse of many centuries, will be forgotten, like that of other heresiarchs; Ximenez's is

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

BL. JANE OF SIGNA
OF THE THIRD ORDER
DECEMBER 9.

BL. Jane, in whom God has given to the world a wonderful example of simplicity and innocence, was born at Signa, near Florence, Italy, in 1244. Her parents were peasants, poor in the things of this world, but rich in faith and good works. Seeking in all things the will and pleasure of God, it was their earnest endeavor to educate their child for Heaven, and by word and example, they encouraged her in the practice of piety and virtue. Jane, on her part, faithfully followed the teachings of her parents and the promptings of grace, and was remarkable, from her earliest years, for her obedience, modesty, self-denial, and love of prayer.

As a child, she tended her father's sheep. This occupation, which removed her from the noise and distractions of the world, became for her the means of uniting herself more closely with God. In the solitude of the field and forest, her innocent soul found the greatest delight in prayer and contemplation; and God, who looks with pleasure on the humble, bestowed on her supernatural light and consolation, so that she became more and more detached from the things of the world and filled with the desire of consecrating herself entirely to his service. The holiness of her life also exercised a great influence on the other shepherds of the neighbor-

hood. These she would frequently gather round her to pray with them, to speak to them of the happiness of serving God, and to instil in them a horror of sin.

God was pleased to make manifest the holiness of the humble shepherdess by miracles. It sometimes happened that the river Arno rose in consequence of heavy rains, so that Jane found it impossible to reach her home by natural means. Full of confidence in God, she then spread her cloak on the water and, kneeling on it, she was carried safe to the opposite bank. On one occasion, when a storm broke over the district and the hail and rain fell in torrents, Jane gathered her flock under an oak; and while the surrounding fields were covered by the water, she and her flock suffered no harm,—not a drop of rain fell on them. The fame of this prodigy spread among the other shepherds, and whenever they saw a storm approaching, they hurried with their flocks to Bl. Jane, and likewise enjoyed the divine protection. The oak under which she and the other shepherds found shelter is still religiously preserved by the people of the district in memory of the miracles wrought in favor of the saintly maiden.

The fame of Bl. Jane's holy life also caused many people of the neighborhood to visit her, in order to recommend themselves to her

prayers and to ask her counsel. This pained her humility, and she resolved to escape from the eyes of the world by giving herself up entirely to a life of prayer and mortification as a recluse. She was probably also inspired to do this by the example of Bl. Viridiana, who lived as a recluse at Castelflorentino, not far from Signa. Bl. Jane, therefore, had a poor cell constructed a short distance from Signa, near the banks of the Arno. Before shutting herself up in it, she went to the convent of the Friars Minor at Carmignano, and received the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis.

The holy virgin lived in this solitude for forty years, leading a life more angelic than human. She re-

lied entirely on the charity of the people for the food necessary for her subsistence. In her love for the Crucified Savior, she made war

on her innocent body by practicing the severest austerities. To mortification, she added fervent prayer and constant contemplation of heavenly things, and thus advanced to a high degree of virtue and perfection. God rewarded her zeal and fervor by flooding her soul with the greatest spiritual joy and enriching her with extraordinary graces.

However great the happiness of Bl. Jane in her hidden life was, and

whatever repugnance she felt for the things of this world, the charity which burned in her heart filled her with compassion for the miseries of her fellow men. The poor, the sick,



Bl. Jane of Signa

and the afflicted flocked to her hermitage to find consolation in their troubles and relief in their ills. Her kind words brought peace and courage to the dejected and sorrowing, her fervent exhortations led back many souls to God, and her prayers cured many from their bodily afflictions. She restored the sight of a blind person, raised a child to life, and multiplied bread for one of her friends.

After thus serving God in prayer, penance, and the exercise of charity, Bl. Jane was called to her eternal reward, on November 9, 1307. She was then sixty-three years old. At the moment of her death, the bells

of three neighboring churches began to ring of their own accord. The people hastened to the hermitage, and when they had made an opening in the wall of her cell, they found her lying on the ground, with a faggot under her head, like one asleep. Her body was taken to the parish church of St. John the Baptist, and there it has rested for nearly six centuries. Many miracles were wrought at her tomb. The inhabitants of Signa invoke her especially in times of drought and against hail and lightning. In 1797, Pope Pius VI sanctioned the devotion paid to her from time immemorial.

Christmas

O joyful night of sweet delight,
The King of Peace is born;
An angel-throng, a heavenly song
Proclaim Redemption's morn.

Unto the Child so meek and mild
The shepherds wond'ring go;
They go to test the tidings blest,
Which set their hearts aglow.

They now behold the Christ foretold,
Their Savior, Lord, and King;
Adoringly they bend their knee
The gift of love to bring.

—Fr. Victorine, O.F.M.

QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE history of the English Observants during the first years of the religious persecution would be incomplete without a special chapter on Queen Catherine. Her private and public life bears a striking resemblance to that of Bl. Thomas More. Like him she was a Tertiary of St. Francis⁽¹⁾ and by unfeigned loyalty to her God and to her King made manifest how deeply the spirit of St. Francis was rooted in her noble and beautiful soul.

Queen Catherine of Aragon was the youngest daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile. Born at Alcalá de Henares, Spain, on December 15, 1484, she passed her infancy and early childhood in the Christian camp before the walls of Granada. In 1492, this last Moorish stronghold in Spain surrendered and henceforth became the home of Catherine. Her early education was entrusted to the Franciscan Observants,⁽²⁾ who enjoyed the favor and esteem of the Catholic Sovereigns of Spain. Under the vigilant care of her excellent mother, the gifted princess secured those noble endowments of heart and mind which were one day

to signalize her career as queen of England.

At the tender age of twelve years, Catherine was promised in marriage to prince Arthur, the elder son of Henry VII and heir apparent to the English throne. Four years later, on September 26, she bade farewell to her cherished home and kindred and attended by a splendid retinue embarked for England. After a voyage of six days, she landed at Plymouth. Elaborate festivities marked her subsequent journey to London, where, on November 14, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury attended by nineteen bishops and mitred abbots performed the solemn marriage ceremonies.⁽³⁾ Little did Arthur and Catherine, amid the rejoicings of whole England, imagine how soon grim death would shatter their bright prospects for a long and happy union. But God directs the destinies of men; they were never to live together as husband and wife. Shortly after the wedding, prince Arthur fell dangerously ill, probably of the plague,⁽⁴⁾ and the next spring, on April 2, he breathed his last.⁽⁵⁾

Catherine broken in spirit an-

1. Dr. Nicolas Sander is our main authority on this question. He lived from 1530 to 1581. His much-cited *Book on the Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism* was published for the first time four years after his death. "It is now acknowledged to be an excellent, popular account of the period from a Catholic point of view," says J. P. Pollen in *The Catholic Encyclopaedia* (Vol. XIII, p. 438). Sander himself affirms in the preface of his work that he will recount the history of the schism "conformably with what we have gathered from public records, or have drawn from both the writings and sayings of very creditable men, or at least have known and seen ourselves." On page 5, we read: "Under the royal robe, she (Catherine) wore the habit of Blessed Francis in whose third order she had enrolled herself." This fact is likewise attested by Francis a Sta Clara, Wadding, Parkinson, Leon, Strickland, Du Boys, Guerin, Magliano, Heimbuchoer, Hope, Stone.—2. Guerin: *Le Palmier Seraphique* (Bar-le-Duc, 1872), Vol. I, p. 124.—3. It is worthy of note that on this auspicious day Catherine was escorted from the bishop's palace to the cathedral by the Duke of York who in after years, as Henry VIII, so cruelly embittered her life and brought ruin on the Church in England.—4. See Strickland: *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1899), Vol. II, p. 485.—5. From the testament of Arthur in which he left nothing to Catherine, historians rightly infer that he never considered her as actually his wife. See Strickland, l. c. p. 486.

swered the summons of Queen Elizabeth, her mother-in-law, and for the present resided in the country palace of Croydon. Her parents wished her to return to Spain. The English King, however, anxious to secure the remaining half of her marriage portion which consisted of 200,000 ducats, proposed that she marry his younger son Henry. Indeed, after the death of Queen Elizabeth, he himself wished to marry Catherine. But Queen Isabella of Spain would not hear of it and the English King did not urge the matter. ⁽¹⁾ Finally, he succeeded in gaining the consent of the Spanish sovereigns in behalf of his son, and in 1504, Pope Julius II granted the necessary dispensation. Though Catherine had not the least misgiving as to the legality of a union with prince Henry, she was averse to a second marriage, especially with a prince who was five years her junior. She desired to return to her native land and to join the Order of Poor Clares in the convent of Toledo. ⁽²⁾ Hence it was only to please her parents that she made the sacrifice, and on June 25, 1504, consented to her betrothal to Henry. A few months later, Queen Isabella died. "Thus unhappily deprived of her admirable mother, she was left a passive victim at the disposal of the two wily diplomatists, her father King Ferdinand and Henry VII." ⁽³⁾ The English King subjected her to every privation and indignity to

extort from her father the remaining share of her dowry, while Ferdinand, greatly impoverished by the death of Queen Isabella, could not be induced to pay it. Then, actuated by rather unseemly motives, ⁽⁴⁾ Henry VII, about 1506, not only debarred his son from meeting his future consort but even forced him to sign a written protest against his previous betrothal to her. All this combined to make Catherine's situation very embarrassing. At last a change came. Henry VII died on April 22, 1509, and he was succeeded by his son, Henry VIII.

Catherine had gradually learned to love and esteem Henry; and he, especially since his father's brutal interference, had become sincerely attached to her. All England rejoiced, when on June 11, 1509, they were solemnly married at Greenwich, ⁽⁵⁾ and on June 24, were crowned at Westminster. ⁽⁶⁾ No one, least of all Catherine, then thought that within a decade her crown of gold would become a crown of thorns.

The first years of their union were all in all happy ones. They held court chiefly in the palace at Greenwich, since Henry had a predilection for this place. ⁽⁷⁾ How highly the King esteemed his worthy spouse, we see from his letter to Ferdinand of Aragon. "Her eminent virtues," he wrote, "daily more shine forth, blossom, and increase so much, that if we still were free her we would choose for

1. Du Boys: *Catherine D'Aragon* (Paris, 1880), p. 30.—2. Guerin, l. c., p. 145.—3. Strickland, l. c., p. 488.—4. See Strickland, l. c., p. 497.—5. Probably in the Franciscan church adjoining the royal palace.—6. It is important to note that on this occasion Catherine appeared with flowing hair and in a white robe, which according to custom was permitted only to a virgin. See Strickland, l. c., p. 505; also Du Boys, l. c., p. 88.—7. *Timbs: Abbots . . . of England and Wales* (London), Vol. 1, p. 122.

our wife before all others." Nor was this mere policy on his part. Catherine, indeed, became his adviser and confidante in all affairs of State. In 1513, during his military sojourn in Flanders, he appointed her regent, granting her powers such as no English queen had ever held. It was in great part due to her that in the same year the English army vanquished the invading Scots at Flodden Field. Catherine, indeed, was wholly devoted to Henry and to the interests of the English realm. She rejoiced at the news of Henry's victory over the French at Guinegate, and after making a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine at Walsingham, hastened to Richmond to welcome him home.⁽¹⁾

In his treatise on Christian Matrimony, Erasmus cites Catherine as a model wife and mother. "What house is there," he asks incidentally, "among the subjects to their realm, that can offer an example of such united wedlock? Where can a wife be found better matched with the best of husbands."⁽²⁾ In her private life, the Queen was a mirror of holiness. She was wont to rise at midnight and to pray in the church while the friars chanted Matins and Lauds. At five in the morning, she dressed hurriedly, frequently averring the only time she wasted was that spent in dressing. Beneath her royal robes she wore the Tertiary habit of St. Francis. Every Friday and Sat-

urday she fasted, while on the vigils of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin she contented herself with bread and water. Twice a week, on Wednesday and Friday, she went to Confession and received Holy Communion every Sunday. She recited the office of the Blessed Virgin daily, and spent six hours every morning in church. At dinner she would read for the space of two hours the lives of the Saints to her servants and attendants. Then she returned to church and remained there till almost supper, of which she partook very sparingly. She prayed on her knees never using the comfort of a cushion. "Who will wonder, that so saintly a woman had to be tried in some greater fire of tribulation, in order that the odor of her virtues might be more readily diffused over the entire Christian world."⁽³⁾

Needless to say, the pious Queen as a Tertiary of St. Francis held the Franciscan Observants in greatest esteem. Having spent her childhood under the wholesome influence of their brethren in Spain, she was happy now to find them equally zealous and popular in England. Their friary at Greenwich adjoined the royal palace, which naturally entailed her becoming more intimately acquainted with them. Before her marriage with Henry, she requested her father to send her a Franciscan Observant from Spain, since she could not confess in English.⁽⁴⁾ Later, however, when she

1. Hope: *First Divorce of Henry VIII* (London, 1884), p. 24 sqq.—2. Strickland, l. c., pp. 518, 531.—3. This fair picture of Catherine's personal sanctity is taken from Sander, l. c., p. 5.—4. Strickland, l. c., p. 496; quoting a fragmentary letter of Catherine to her father.

had sufficiently mastered the language, Bl. John Forest became her confessor and adviser, and we have every reason to believe, that her subsequent conduct was in great part due to the advice given her by the saintly friar.⁽¹⁾

No doubt, during the first years of his reign,⁽²⁾ Henry zealously shared in the pious practices of his Queen. But alas! clouds of adversity gradually began to darken their mutual love and happiness. Of the five children with which their marriage had been blessed, all had died except Mary the youngest, who subsequently, in 1553, ascended the throne of England. These premature deaths together with the gay and loose life at court gradually estranged the heart of Henry. Catherine knew that he was no longer a true and faithful husband; she felt that her piety bored him, that her very presence was becoming irksome to him. Thus matters stood when, early in 1527, to her utter dismay she learned that Wolsey had summoned Henry to his legatine court to examine the scruples of conscience he alleged regarding his marriage.⁽³⁾ The Queen had only recently recovered from a severe illness, and the news of Henry's hypocritical scheming against her harassed her innermost soul. Finally, on June 22, 1527, the King himself laid the affair before Catherine.⁽⁴⁾ The helpless Queen was

now convinced of the lying hypocrisy of her faithless consort and burst into tears when told that he would no longer share her company. She argued with him and declared she would never live apart from him. Even now she treated Anne Boleyn with sweet forbearance, although she knew her to be the King's favorite and constant attendant. Only once, at a game of cards, did she tenderly reproach her rival, saying, "My lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."⁽⁵⁾

In May and June, 1528, a plague called the sweating sickness carried away a number of courtiers. Anne Boleyn was the first to contract the disease. Henry stricken with fear and remorse returned to Catherine and "instead of attending to his 'secret matter', joined the Queen in her devotional exercises, confessing himself every day and receiving the Communion every Sunday and festival."⁽⁶⁾ But no sooner had the plague abated than he recalled his favorite to court. The following October, Campeggio, the papal legate, arrived in England. The Queen's ascetic habits made Henry and his pliant minister hope that on the latter's suggestion she would readily enter the convent. But in an interview Catherine soon informed Campeggio that as queen and mother she could never con-

1. This partly accounts for Henry's subsequent hatred of the Franciscan Observants. See Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1882), p. 6.—2. See *Franciscan Herald*, April, 1917.—3. Cardinal Wolsey is often accused of having first raised these doubts in Henry's mind. Dodd in his *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1737), Vol. I, p. 72 seq. carefully examines the various theories held by historians on this question and then concludes with Cavendish who was Wolsey's secretary, that the King's passion for Anne Boleyn "not only gave the first motion to, but carried on the whole affair."—4. Hope: p. 50; see also Stone: *Mary the First, Queen of England* (London, 1901), p. 38.—5. Strickland, l. c., p. 538.—6. Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1879), Vol. IV, p. 250.

sent to such a thing, and boldly upraided Wolsey for his share in the King's shameful perfidy. "Of malice," she said, "have you kindled this fire, especially for the great grudge you bear to my nephew the emperor, whom you hate worse than a scorpion, because he would not gratify your ambition, by making you pope by force.....As for me, his poor aunt and kins-woman, what trouble you put me to by this new-

nals solemnly appealed to Rome for a hearing, convinced that her cause would be lost if tried in England. (3)

On June 11, the King and Queen were ordered to appear in person. When Henry's name was called, he arose and to delude the judges loudly extolled the virtues of his Queen, at the same time professing his unwillingness to part from her but for the scruples that panged his "tender" conscience. Catherine on



Queen Catherine before Henry VIII

found doubt God knoweth, to whom I commit my cause." (1)

On June 18, 1529, Wolsey and Campeggio held a legatine court in the palace at Blackfriars. The King was present by proxy. Catherine, attended by her counsel of four bishops (2) and a great train of ladies, appeared personally and with due respect to the presiding cardi-

her part again appealed to Rome. When, however, the judges denied the justice of her appeal, the helpless Queen went over to where Henry sat and falling on her knees before him, made a heroic effort to touch his heart. "Sir," she said, "I beseech you, for all the loves there hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have

1. Strickland, l. c., p. 542. Du Boys, l. c., p. 264, cites a letter of Mendoza to the Emperor, dated November 18, 1528. History bears out the justice of the Queen's charges against Wolsey. See Hope, l. c., pp. 52-57. One of their number was a Franciscan. Fr. Henry Standish, Bishop of Asaph. See Parkinson: *Antiquities of English Franciscans* (London, 1276), l. p. 237.—3. For the original account of these proceedings together with a copy of the Queen's appeal see Pocock: *Records of the Reformation* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1870), Vol. I, pp. 216-222.

some right and justice. Take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor stranger, born out of your dominions; I have here no unprejudiced counsellor, and I flee to you as to the head of justice within your realm. Alas! alas! wherein have I offended you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure. I have been pleased and contented with all things wherein you had delight and dalliance; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake, whether they were my friends or mine enemies. This twenty years have I been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. I put it to your conscience whether I came not to you as a maid? If you have since found any dishonor in my conduct, then I am content to depart, albeit to my great shame and disparagement; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowly, to let me remain in my proper state.....Ye cause me to stand to the judgment of this new court, wherein ye do me much wrong if ye intend any kind of cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, since your subjects cannot be impartial counsellors for me, as they dare not, for fear of you, disobey your will. Therefore most humbly do I require you, in the way of charity and for the love of God, who is the just Judge of all, to spare me the sentence of this new court until I be advertised what way my friends in Spain may advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me this favor, your pleasure be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause." Then she arose bathed

in tears and bowing to the King left the court. When told that the crier at the King's bidding was calling her back, she said, "I hear it well enough; but on—on, go you on, for this is no court wherein I can have justice. Proceed, therefore."⁽¹⁾

Her touching appeal had made a deep impression on all present. This the King noticed and with seeming emotion declared, "Forasmuch as the Queen is gone I will in her absence declare unto you all, my lords, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fancy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that a woman of her quality, or of any lower rank, ought to possess."⁽²⁾ Arriving at Baynard's Castle, Catherine said to her council, "This day, for the first time, lest I hurt my cause, I have not obeyed my lord the King; but the next time I meet him, I will crave his pardon on my knees."⁽³⁾ Summoned again on June 25 and 28, she refused to appear. Instead, her written appeal to the Pope was solemnly read in court.

Shortly after these occurrences, Wolsey and Campeggio visited Queen Catherine in the palace of Bridewell and begged her in the King's name to consent to a divorce. Taking the cardinals aside, she remained for some time in earnest conversation with them. What she told them was never made known. It is probable that she again reproached Wolsey for having let matters come to this pass.⁽⁴⁾ Certain it is, both cardinals were after this interview more favorably disposed toward her. The next October, when the legate court resumed its sittings, Henry's council pressed the legates to give judgment. Then to the great disappointment of

1. Strickland, l. c., p. 544, where the author quotes from Cavendish; see also Hope, l. c., p. 128 sqq. and *The Boys*, l. c., p. 327 (footnote 2).—2. Hope, l. c., p. 131. For a dramatic and historically accurate version of this trial scene at Blackfriars see Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth*, Act II, Scene IV. Shakespeare's sympathetic treatment of Queen Catherine's character in the drama mirrors the sentiments of the English public in the early part of the seventeenth century.—3. Sandler, l. c., p. 37.—4. *The Boys*, l. c., p. 316.

the King, Campeggio declared that the Pope had found Catherine's appeal justified and had already revoked her cause to Rome. With this the court was dissolved and Campeggio soon after left England.

Though incensed at the turn of affairs, Henry for a time feigned kindlier feelings toward Catherine. Indeed, when told that Rome would likely decide against him, he was even on the point of dropping the matter entirely and of reinstating the Queen in her rights.⁽¹⁾ But he had already gone too far and egged on by Anne, again began to treat the Queen with cruel contempt. Her sufferings now became well-nigh unbearable. In the autumn of 1530, Chapuys wrote to the Emperor, "The queen's ailment continues as bad or worse than ever. The king absents himself from her as much as possible, and is always here (at London) with the lady (Anne), whilst the queen is at Richmond. He has never been so long without visiting her as now, but states, in excuse, that a death from the plague has taken place near her residence. He has resumed his attempts to persuade her to become a nun; this is, however, only lost time, for the queen will never take such a step. The continual uneasiness which she endures causes her to entreat your majesty, as well in my letters as yours, that her suit be brought to a final conclusion."⁽²⁾

During the ensuing Christmas festivities which Henry attended with Catherine at Greenwich, he again asked her to revoke her appeal to Rome, and to submit the affair to four English prelates or secular lawyers. On her refusal, the King broke up the festive gathering and withdrew to Whitehall. Her subsequent refusal to acknowledge

the King's supremacy in spiritual matters brought the affair to a crisis.⁽³⁾ At Whitsuntide, 1531, a royal deputation again visited Catherine and requested her to submit the question to four English prelates and four nobles, since the King suffered great pangs of conscience. "God grant my husband," replied the Queen, "a quiet conscience; but tell him I am his lawful wife, married to him by the power of Holy Church. The court of Rome has taken the matter in hand; when it speaks I will submit."⁽⁴⁾ After the festival of Trinity, Henry and Catherine set out together for Windsor. The cruel monarch was by this time determined to take the fatal step. Accordingly, soon after their arrival, he left the royal palace and proceeded on a hunting tour with Anne Boleyn. We can readily imagine the bitter anguish that filled the soul of Catherine. But her grief knew no bounds, when about the middle of August she received a message from the King telling her that she and her daughter Mary were to leave Windsor before his return. "Go where I may," the noble Queen replied, "I am his wife and for him I pray." In October, the King's envoys once more entreated Catherine on their knees to submit to a decision of English bishops. Thereupon, Catherine, too, fell on her knees and begged the envoys to use their influence with the King in her behalf. At first, she refused to go to the More in Hertfordshire, as Henry commanded, because the place was unhealthy. Finally, declining even to chose a place of her own liking, she humbly obeyed his command, offering a silent prayer for him whom she was never to see again in this life.⁽⁵⁾

1. Du Boys, l. c., p. 410, on the authority of Cardinal Pole.—2. Strickland, l. c., p. 549.—3. Hope, l. c., p. 229, sqq.—4. Du Boys, l. c., p. 420.—5. Strickland, l. c., p. 551; see also Hope, l. c., p. 234 sqq.

(To be continued)

THE END OF A CHRISTMAS FROLIC

By Fr. Giles. O. F. M.

MR. Winters was right. Something was troubling Dan. All during supper he had been quite reticent—a thing most unusual with the vivacious college boy—and immediately after grace, he followed his father into the sitting room.

"Father," he began nervously, as Mr. Winters sought his easy chair for a smoke and a glance at the evening papers, "Jack Eaton has invited me and several other boys to a little Christmas eve party at the Imperial in honor of his twenty-third birthday."

"Jack Eaton! Since when are you intimate with him?"

"Oh, I'm not intimate with him at all, but he chums with Bert Shannon, you know, and he invited me for Bert's sake. Rob Van Camp is the only one else invited."

"But Jack and Rob are both Protestants, Dan, and I don't exactly fancy your associating with such boys."

"Ah, Henry, let Dan go," appealed Mrs. Winters, coming into the room. "You know it's his last Christmas at home; so let him enjoy it as much as he can. It certainly won't do him any harm to dine once like this at the Imperial."

"The musical program, father, is going to be especially good to-night; Gladys Keely, the famous soprano, is booked for several Christmas carols, and I should like to hear a good singer like her," chimed in Dan coaxingly.

"Well, that may be all right; still, I don't think a candidate for the Franciscan Order and for the priesthood ought to spend Christmas eve that way," returned Mr. Winters firmly though not unkindly.

"But, Dan is no religious yet and

doesn't have to—"

"But he is a member of the Third Order, as we ourselves, and surely, it is not becoming for a Tertiary to spend this holy night in feasting and revelry."

Mrs. Winters, however, who fairly worshipped the boy and experienced no little motherly pride in having him invited by Jack Eaton to a birthday party at the most fashionable hotel in the city, continued to champion his request. At last, Mr. Winters reluctantly gave his consent on condition that Dan would not miss his Christmas Communion in consequence. Reassuring his father on this point and thanking him heartily, the boy hastened to his room to dress for the evening.

Dan, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Winters' five children, was their pride and joy, whom they fondly hoped to see clothed the following June with the habit of St. Francis, and then, in God's own good time, offering for the first time the August Sacrifice. He had gone to St. Ives College with the intention of preparing himself for a medical career, but already during his first year he decided to study for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order. His parents greeted this with delight and did all in their power to encourage him. The boy was confirmed in his purpose the following year during the annual retreat, conducted for the students by a priest from his own parish, good Fr. Roch, and at close of the exercises he with many others joined the college Third Order fraternity, the better to prepare himself for his holy calling.

Meeting Fr. Roch on the campus after the ceremony, Dan laughing-ly remarked, as he drew forth his

Tertiary scapular from his bosom, "Father, I can also say now when reciting the *Confiteor*, 'beato patri nostro Francisco,' can't I?"

"Yes, my boy, and I trust that you'll make an exemplary Tertiary and that you'll never lay aside your scapular of the Third Order until you exchange it for the habit of the First Order."

"Indeed, I won't Father, for I prize it too highly to do that," came the ready reply.

His years at college were fast drawing to a close and there were now but five months before the ardently desired day of his reception into the First Order. Dan was, to be sure, not the brightest boy in his class nor was his conduct always above reproach. Indeed, the master of discipline had occasion more than once to call him to task for minor infringements of the college rules. Yet, in spite of all, the boy was quite popular with both the faculty and the students.

One evil trait, however, in his character seemed to escape the notice of all except the vigilant and experienced master of discipline, who earnestly warned the boy on several occasions against this weakness, which, if not overcome in time, would certainly lead him into evil ways. This weakness was none other than a sort of moral cowardice. Dan loved virtue and hated vice, but was afraid to stand up for principles when there was danger of thereby incurring the displeasure or the ridicule of others. This it was that kept him on good terms with Bert Shannon, one of his childhood chums. Shannon was a good boy as far as appearances went; but his growing intimacy with Jack Eaton and Rob Van Camp was gradually blunting his moral sensibilities and leading him into the slippery paths of indifference. With deep regret Dan noticed this, but was afraid to warn his friend.

That very afternoon, for instance, when Bert told him of Jack Eaton's invitation to his birthday party, Dan realized the impropriety of his attending the feast on Christmas eve, but fearing to offend his friend said he would ask his father's permission. Now, that his father and mother had both given their consent, Dan brushed aside all scruples and looked forward to the party with eager interest. Often in his early boyhood days, when passing the Hotel Imperial, he had envied those whose fortunate circumstances permitted them to dine amid such luxury. Now he himself, all unexpectedly, was to be of their number, and that on Christmas eve, when the management of the hotel would make special efforts to please their patrons.

On Dan's arrival at Jack Eaton's home, the merrymakers departed for the hotel. The weather was anything but the proverbial Christmas sort. Not a speck of snow was to be seen; countless stars sparkled in the cloudless sky, and the moon almost full cast a silvery sheen over the bustling city, while the mild air reminded one more of early spring and Easter-tide than of the season of Christ's birth. The shop windows, however, filled with Christmas cheer, supplied the deficiencies of the weather in diffusing the holiday spirit.

Moving gaily arm in arm down the streets and chatting merrily, Jack and his friends at last arrived at the palatial entrance to the Hotel Imperial. Passing through the lobby, they paused an instant in the doorway of the superbly decorated dining hall, and Dan thought he had never before seen anything so beautiful.

"Say fellows, let's go to that corner where we can be near the orchestra and get the full benefit of the music and singing," he sug-

gested eagerly.

"Naw, kid, we don't want to stay up here and listen to those crazy symphonies and to that old screech owl, Gladys Keely," growled Eaton good humoredly. "We're going to the café downstairs, where we can listen to some *music* and see something worth seeing in the bargain."

Dan gulped down a big dose of disappointment on hearing Jack's remark about the "crazy symphonies" and the "screech owl," for these were the particular features that had made him wish to attend the party that evening. He said nothing but followed his companions through a heavy mahogany side door down the richly carpeted stairs to the café below. This room, too, was gorgeously, or rather gaudily, decorated with varicolored lights, holly, mistletoe, and potted plants innumerable; the exquisite taste that characterized the decorations of the grand salon above was entirely wanting here. The patrons of the Imperial also that flocked hither, although arrayed in the garments of wealth, were wholly lacking in the quiet gentility that marked the diners above, and were giving themselves up without restraint to mirth and the joys of the palate. If Dan Winters had been delightfully impressed by the magnificent splendor of the dining hall he was now sorely depressed by the sensual atmosphere that pervaded the café, and he wished most devoutly that he had not come; but there was no backing out now.

"Bert, there's just the place we're looking for," exclaimed Jack Eaton, scanning the room from the foot of the stairs. "Come on, we'll capture it before some one else gets there." With this, Jack led the way to a vacant table only a few feet from the low stage, which, according to him, was to furnish

something "worth seeing." They had hardly seated themselves, when the orchestra struck up a lively march.

"That's what I call *music*," Eaton said, when the piece ended with a great flourish, "That high class stuff they play upstairs makes me sick. And now let's have a little drink in honor of the occasion. Here waiter, bring us a dry Martini each."

"I'd rather have a ginger ale," corrected Winters with an apologetic smile.

"No, none of that soft dope here to-night, kid," Jack hastened to reply. "This is *my* party and I'm going to order the drinks."

"The stuff won't hurt you, Dan," Bert assured his friend, "and I know you'll like it after you've got the first one down."

"And now what'll we have to eat, Jack?" questioned Van Camp, taking up a menu card and running his eye over the long list of tasty dishes.

"Oh, after our soup, we'll have some of this delicious chicken à la King and all that goes with it, as an appetizer, and then we'll try that famous Imperial turkey dinner they've got down here under the Christmas specialties."

"Here's to the health of our amiable host for many happy returns of this day," cried Bert Shannon, as the waiter placed the cocktails on the table. The glasses were drained amid much hilarity and Dan was compelled to admit that he liked the mixture. Then, while they were leisurely eating their soup, he was dumbfounded to see several young women, disgustingly attired, appear on the stage and go through a series of senseless skipplings and impudent pirouettes that bathed his face with crimson and made his hair stand on end. He wished in his heart he were home with his mother, brothers, and sisters; but his

companions seemed to enjoy the performance, for they applauded vociferously as, with a parting kick, the dancers retired behind the stage.

"Gee, that was rich!" Eaton burst forth, taking up his spoon to continue his interrupted meal.

Van Camp and Shannon shared his opinion and Dan, too, finally acknowledged that they were certainly "some dancers." Interiorly ashamed of his weakness in fearing to condemn the indecent exhibition, he rejoiced that the girls were gone and began to busy himself with his dinner. He had just put the third toothsome morsel of tender chicken into his mouth when, with an involuntary "Oh!" he recalled that it was the vigil of Christmas—a day of fast and abstinence! True, Dan was but twenty years of age and hence not bound to fast, but there was nothing to excuse him from observing the abstinence. No one appeared to have noticed his embarrassment. He glanced across the table and saw Bert Shannon eating his chicken apparently, at least, without a scruple of conscience and with considerable gusto. For a moment he was nonplussed. He dreaded being made again the butt of Eaton's cutting sarcasm and feared that by abstaining he would make things disagreeable also for Shannon. Then making the good resolution to confess the sin on the morrow, although his heart still beat at a furious rate, he deliberately continued to eat his chicken. Now, that Satan had secured admittance to Dan's soul, he had little difficulty in leading him whither he pleased. Turkey succeeded chicken, highballs followed cocktails, ribald ballads alternated with coarse sensual music, and, when the dancers reappeared as woodland nymphs and pagan goddesses, Dan applauded their unseemly gambols as lustily as did his companions.

The night was now far advanced

and the patrons of the café were beginning to leave. The warm air in the room was heavy with the fumes of tobacco and strong liquor, and Van Camp suggested a "spin" through the city to cool off before going home. Eaton hailed the proposition with delight and since he was acquainted with several of the "pirouetting nymphs," he sent them an invitation to a joy ride through the parks. The girls having finished their dances, soon appeared and Jack with much mock solemnity introduced them to his friends, who in turn were profuse in praising the evening's performance. Having sent a waiter to order a car, the party drained a last highball in honor of their host and his fair guests. Then they left the café with a plentiful supply of bottled "good cheer" for the auto ride.

It was almost three o'clock in the morning, when the chauffeur brought Dan Winters home. The boy was now quite intoxicated and could hardly make his way up the few steps to the house. His mother had cautiously left the door unlocked, so that he would have no difficulty in entering on his return. But Dan was too dazed to find the knob. Seeing the phosphorescent electric button, he began to ring the bell as if he wished to raise the dead, singing the while at the top of his voice snatches of the maudlin songs he had heard that evening. Mrs. Winters aroused from her restless slumbers on the couch, where she had thrown herself in sheer despair after waiting in vain until twelve, one, two o'clock for the return of her darling boy, hastened to the door to admit him before he should awaken his father by the awful din. Snapping on the electric light, she opened the door and the young man staggered into the room.

"Mer—mer hic—mer' Christmas!" he sang out thickly, grasping the

door frame to steady his feet.

"My God! Dan, can that be you?" quavered the poor woman aghast at the sight of his flushed face, bleared eyes, and disheveled appearance. "Oh, my boy, my boy, how could you ever act like this!"

"Dan!"—fell a voice like a thunderbolt from the blue—"leave this house instantly and don't you dare come here again until you know how to take care of yourself!"

It was Mr. Winters who had come unnoticed into the room. Near midnight, he had telephoned to an acquaintance at the Imperial to enquire about Dan and his friends, and learning that the party in question had gone for a joy ride with a number of cabaret dancers, he went to his room in a towering rage. Each successive hour had added fuel to his anger, and as the boy now stood before him in his drunken plight, Mr. Winters could hardly contain himself.

"Go, I say! Do you hear me?" he shouted. "Or shall I throw you out?" he went on, stepping forward.

"Oh, Henry, for God's sake, calm yourself!" implored his wife, rushing before him to shield the boy from his fury.

This terrible burst of temper sobered Dan immediately. He stared at his father and quailed beneath his relentless gaze. He turned nervously toward his mother—she was powerless to aid him. What should he do? Driven in disgrace from his home, he can not face Fr. Roch, he can not go back to college. Gone are his hopes for the priesthood, gone all prospects for an honorable future. His life is ruined. He is an outcast. Overwhelmed with shame and despair and cursing his folly, he disappears in the darkness.

It was a sad and dreary Christmas that dawned that morning for the Winters. The distraught mother was prostrated with grief and

cried hysterically for her boy, saying that not he but she had sinned. News of the unhappy affair soon reached Fr. Roch, and he hurried to the bedside of the broken-hearted woman. She stared wildly at him, at first, then bursting into tears exclaimed:

"Oh, Father, I've sent my boy to hell, I've sent him to hell!"

Hereupon she grew hysterical again, calling on Dan to forgive her and moaning most pitiably. The good priest sought out Mr. Winters, but could do nothing with him. Always of a stern disposition, he was now as hard and immovable as the mountain granite. Dan had disgraced not only himself, he declared, but his family, his parish, his college and professors; he had wounded his father in his holiest and tenderest sentiments; and he had received but the punishment he deserved. When Fr. Roch urged him to leniency, on account of the boy's mother, the flood gates of the man's pent up passion gave way and in the bitterness of his soul he shrieked:

"Yes, she, too, has got what she deserves. She's the fault of it all. If she hadn't insisted on letting him go, he would never have gone."

The priest saw that it was worse than useless to urge the matter as long as Mr. Winters was in his present state of mind, and he left the house, his soul wrung with sorrow. Later in the day, he summoned Judge Adams and arranged with him to send a detective in search of the missing boy. As Dan had not been seen after leaving home, all kinds of rumors as to his whereabouts and subsequent fate were afloat in the city. After searching vainly for many months, the detective finally gave up the quest and nothing more was done in the matter.

For weeks, Mrs. Winters hovered between life and death. And even

when she had sufficiently recovered through the admirable skill and care of Dr. Woodbury to go about her usual household duties, there was still grave danger that her constant worry over the probable fate of her idolized boy would finally bring on insanity. Mr. Winters' hardened heart gradually softened under the terrible blow that had fallen so heavily on his once happy home, and one evening, when Fr. Roch called, as he often did, in his endeavor to bring back sweet peace to the sorrowing family, the stern man broke down completely and with a flood of tears begged pardon of the priest for speaking to him as he had done and entreated his poor wife to forgive the harsh treatment he had so unjustly accorded her. And then, as father and mother and the four remaining children knelt with bowed heads beneath the beautiful picture of Our Lady of Sorrows that looked down on them with so much pity from the wall, Fr. Roch raised his hands in blessing above the group and prayed: "Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this house and drive far from it all snares of the enemy. May Thy holy Angels dwell herein and preserve all in thy peace, and may Thy blessing be upon them all. Amen."

* * *

It was snowing heavily and the cold wintry wind was howling dismally. The hour was already past ten and, although it was Christmas eve, only a few pedestrians were to be seen braving the storm in the dimly lighted streets of the great city.

Every now and then as the doors of the Franciscan church closed noiselessly on some penitent who was hastening home from Confession with lightened heart, a ragged figure, that was slowly and painfully making his way through the blinding storm, paused suddenly on

reaching the church. He turned toward the door, wondering whether he should not enter. Then he gathered his threadbare coat as well as he could about his shivering limbs and continued on his way. A short distance beyond, he entered a saloon and throwing down his last quarter called for a brandy. Hardly had he emptied the glass, when the bartender ordered him out, declaring that he didn't want to have the likes of him hanging about to scare away customers.

Without a word, the lone figure quit the saloon and trudged slowly onward, but had not gone far when he sank unconscious to the ground.

The door of the Franciscan church opened again and a sturdy lad of fifteen started down the street, well protected from the piercing wind and the driving snow by a warm fur coat and stout leggings. It was Harry Winters. He had worked over time that day and it was then only after several hours of patient waiting that he had finally made his way to the confessional. As he hurried homeward, he was suddenly startled by low moanings proceeding from a shadowy doorway. Whisking a small flash light from his pocket, he turned its rays into the dark corner and was horrified at the sight of a young man lying there unconscious, his face and clothing bathed in blood. Recalling that Officer Maloney had gone to Confession immediately after himself and that he was probably still in the church, Harry hastily retraced his steps.

"Shure, me boy, this very minute, and may God help the poor divil," replied the simple policeman, putting his beads in his pocket and preparing to follow the boy. They were about to leave the church, when Fr. Roch emerged from his confessional, after dismissing his last penitent. Harry informed him of what he had seen,

and then ventured to add, "Don't you think you could, perhaps, come too?"

"Why certainly," replied the priest kindly. "Here, Mr. Maloney, you go with Harry and bring the man to Winthrop's drug store. He has a small room fitted up in the rear, just the place for the purpose. I'll phone for Dr. Woodbury and then follow at once."

When Fr. Roch entered the room and saw the stranger lying on the couch, he gave an involuntary start and whispered few words to Dr. Woodbury, who had just arrived. The physician administered a restorative, and soon the sick man wearily opened his eyes. He seemed perplexed at first, on seeing himself in a neatly furnished room, surrounded by a sympathetic group of men. Then his eyes brightened, as they fell on the priest.

"Is that you, Fr. Roch?" he asked faintly, a smile playing about his lips, and he raised his hand to grasp that of the priest.

"Yes, Dan, it is I," replied the priest, his heart throbbing violently. "Don't be afraid. Dr. Woodbury is here and he will do all in his power to put you on your feet again."

"There's no use, Father," interrupted the boy sadly, making a great effort to speak. "This is the third hemorrhage I've had to-day and I feel that I'm done for. But I can go to Confession, can't I?" he pleaded. "For in spite of all I've kept this," and he drew forth his Third Order scapular. "Somehow, I could never part with it, for it filled me with a vague hope that all would yet end well. Oh, Father, you've no idea how I suffered during this past year. You see,—"

Here the priest wisely interrupted, lest the sick boy exhaust himself before receiving the holy Sacraments. After hearing his Con-

fession—a more contrite one he had never heard—he proceeded to administer the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and when Harry Winters arrived with his father and mother, to whom he had brought the glad tidings, Fr. Roch was softly saying the prayers of thanksgiving after Communion.

"Oh, Dan, my darling boy, forgive me; it was all my fault, I should not have let you go!" sobbed the grief-stricken mother, throwing herself on her knees at the bedside of her dying boy and covering his haggard features with fondest kisses.

"And, Dan, my boy, forgive your blundering father!" exclaimed the gray haired old man, as with tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he knelt beside his wife and took his long lost boy's hand and pressed it tenderly to his lips.

"No, father, mother, it is I who must ask forgiveness," Dan hastened to reply, his voice choked with emotion. "You don't know how sorry—" A violent hemorrhage, brought on by the shock of the meeting, cut short his words.

After some time, he recovered slightly, but all realized that the end was near. Opening his glassy eyes and fixing them lovingly on his weeping parents, he whispered faintly, as a sad but peaceful smile lit up his wan countenance:

"Don't cry. God has been good to me and I am now so happy!"

There was a gasp—then another. Then all were still. Peace and reconciliation had come at last.

At that very moment, in a far distant Franciscan convent, a group of fervent novices—Dan Winters' former classmates—were chanting in the midnight silence the joyful Matins of Christmas day: *Hodie nobis de coelo pax vera descendit*—"To-day true peace has descended upon us from heaven."



A Hymn For Christmas Day

Almighty Framer of the Skies!
O let our poor devotion rise,
Like Incense in thy Sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable Shade
The texture of our Souls were made
Till thy Command gave Light.

The Sun of Glory gleamed the Ray,
Refin'd the Darkness into Day,
And bid the Vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal Love
He left his Palaces above
To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the Day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly Rays,
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise
And hail'd Salvation's morn!

A Humble Form the Godhead wore,
The Pains of Poverty he bore,
To gaudy Pomp unknown;
Tho' in a human walk he trod,
Still was the Man Almighty God,
In Glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The Torments of this Vale of tears;
Nor bade his Vengeance rise;
He saw the Creatures he had made,
Revile his Power, his Peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's Eyes.

How shall we celebrate his Name,
Who groan's beneath a Life of shame
In all afflictions tried!
The Soul is raptur'd to conceive
A Truth, which Being must believe,
The God eternal died.

My Soul exert thy Powers, adore,
Upon Devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the Day:
The God from whom Creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful Tongue,
From him I'll catch the Lay!

—Chatterton.

CARDINAL XIMENEZ

Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

WE have seen Ximénez exchange the cassock for the habit. We have witnessed him give up the cowl for the miter. We shall now behold him lay aside the crook for the sword.

The Conquistador

Alvaro Gomez, his first biographer, is of opinion that Ximénez was intended by nature for a military career, since he possessed all the requisites of a commander. This, of course, is mere conjecture. Certain it is however, that, as Prescott puts it, "the spirit of the soldier burned strong and bright under his monastic weeds." Indeed, he was as much a conquistador as either Pizarro or Cortez, with this difference, however, that he entered on his expedition of conquest from motives infinitely purer than theirs.

Always keenly alive to the needs of the Church, Ximénez had, shortly after his elevation to the chancellorship, endeavored to interest the kings of Aragon, Portugal, and England in a crusade to the Holy Land. But these monarchs were too much engrossed in their own petty schemes of aggrandizement to lend a willing ear to his suggestions. His zeal found some vent, however, in a punitive expedition, set on foot at his instigation by Ferdinand, against the neighboring Moslems of Africa, who made frequent descents on the coasts of Spain and committed the most lawless depredations on maritime commerce. The expedition resulted in the capture of Mazárquivir, an important harbor city and formidable nest of pirates on the Barbary coast. Considerable as was the conquest of this city, there were others equally important and formidable, and Ximénez foresaw, that, unless

these were taken, the Spanish garrison would be in continual danger of extermination.

As soon as the internal affairs of Spain permitted, he determined to undertake a vigorous campaign against the Moors of Africa. He meditated nothing less than the conquest of Oran, a large city and strong fortress, not far from Mazárquivir. It formed the principal mart for the Levantine merchants as well as the naval basis for a fleet of pirate cruisers that swept the waters and the coasts of the Mediterranean. Ximénez believed that by taking this strong place he would deal a staggering blow to Moslem power in Africa, and in this light he represented the expedition to the king. But Ferdinand objected for want of funds. Undaunted the cardinal replied that he was ready to finance and even to lead the crusade in person. He would thus, he thought, be able to pursue his own plans with greater freedom and exempt the king from responsibility and loss, which he might not be able or willing to incur. Ferdinand readily acquiesced in this proposition, and Ximénez lost no time in making the necessary preparations. The enterprise, however disproportionate it might seem to the resources of a private individual—or even of a king, was not beyond those of the cardinal, and the thoroughness with which he planned the undertaking left no doubt as to its outcome.

He had advised as to the best mode of conducting operations with his friend Gonsalvo de Cordova, to whom, if the King so pleased, he would have gladly entrusted the supreme command. But the Great Captain was no longer in favor at the court, and he suggested Count

Pedro Navarro as commander of the forces to be levied. In a few months, an army of about four thousand horse and ten thousand foot and a fleet of ten galleys, eighty large transports, and many smaller vessels, together with abundant supplies of all kinds had been gathered in the harbor of Carthage. Though unskilled in warfare; oppressed with bodily infirmities (he was now over seventy); thwarted at every turn by the nobles, who ridiculed the idea of a friar fighting the battles of Spain, while the Great Captain was left at home to tell his beads; braved by the soldiers who refused to sail unless paid in advance; flouted by their leader, who sought to displace him in the supreme command; and deserted by the King who was jealous of his power: yet, such was the energy, the resourcefulness of his genius that, rising with the obstacles it had to encounter, it triumphed over all in reconciling the King, disappointing the nobles, and restoring obedience and discipline to the army. "His character was such," says Hefele, "that the more obstacles he met with to oppose his designs, the stronger his resolutions became to carry them into execution."

On May 16, 1509, the fleet weighed anchor and reached Mazarquivir on the following day. The plan was to attack Oran by land and by sea. The immediate objective point, however, was a ridge of land commanding the latter city, and before this height the Spanish army formed in order of battle. When all was ready for the attack, Ximénez appeared on the scene. He was mounted on a mule and dressed in his pontifical robes, with a belted sword at his side. Riding along the ranks he imposed silence on the troops, and made to them the following spirited harangue, which is a model of forceful eloquence.

"Soldiers:

If I thought that your courage and confidence stood in need of being excited by words, I would not address you myself, but leave this task to one of your brave generals whose stirring eloquence has often led you to victory, and who has gained your confidence by sharing your dangers and triumphs. But, knowing your ardor for this holy war, which will redound to the glory of God and to the welfare of your country, I wish to be a witness of your courage and magnanimity now that the fateful die is cast. For years the Spanish coasts have been ravaged by the infidel, your children dragged into slavery, your wives and daughters dishonored, and atrocities of all kinds perpetrated. Soldiers, you have long thirsted to avenge these crimes, and, in accordance with the wishes of your country, I have endeavored to prepare for you an opportunity. The mothers of Spain have seen us embark on this expedition, and prostrate before the altars of the Most High they have entreated him to bless our undertaking. They are anxiously awaiting our triumphant return. Already in imagination they behold us breaking the chains of their captive children and restoring them to their fond embrace. The day so long desired has arrived. Behold the accursed country. Behold the proud enemy athirst for your blood. Prove to the world to-day that, if you have not struck this blow for the glory and defense of your country before this time, it was not for lack of courage, but for want of a fitting opportunity. As for myself, I will be the first to face every danger. For I have set out with the resolution to conquer or, which God forbid, to die with you. Where can the priest of God find a better place to die than on the battle field, defending the cause of religion? Many of my predecessors on the see of Toledo have set me the example, and have found a most glorious death on the field of battle."

This heart-stirring address enkindled indescribable enthusiasm in the bosoms of his martial audience. The officers, however, crowded about him and besought him not to expose so precious a life to the hazard of the fight. Reluctantly yielding to their entreaties, he appointed Navarro commander-in-chief and, after bestowing a parting benediction on the prostrate army, he withdrew to the neighboring fortress of Mazarquivir. Hardly had he entered his oratory to pray for the success of the Christian arms, when

Navarro appeared. He had come to inform Ximénez of a change he intended to make in the plan of battle. Owing to the difficult terrain, he had decided not to use the cavalry, and since the day was already far spent and his men were exhausted from the voyage, he had thought it advisable to defer the storming of the hill till the next morning. But Ximénez stoutly opposed such a measure and urged him to begin the attack without delay. The intrepid bearing of the prelate allayed the soldier's fears, and returning to the army he gave instant orders to advance.

Space will not allow to give a detailed account of the battle. Suffice it to say that, after a short but violent engagement in which the land army was assisted by the fleet, the city was carried by storm in the incredibly short period of four hours. The first to mount the wall was a captain of the cardinal's guard, who shouting forth *Santiago y Ximénez* unfurled his banner emblazoned with the primate's arms and planted it on the battlements. Hardly had the city surrendered, when strong Moorish reinforcements arrived, but seeing the city in the hands of the Christians they disappeared as quickly as they had come. That the cardinal's wisdom and intrepidity had saved the day, was admitted on all hands.

The next morning, he made his solemn entry into the city. He was received with acclamations of joy by the soldiers, who declared that he was the real conqueror of the infidels. Ximénez, however, referred all honor to God and thanked and rewarded the troops and their leaders for the signal courage they had displayed in the capture of the Moorish stronghold. After a few days, the cardinal determined to return to Spain. Differences had arisen between him and Navarro as well as the King, who both were

jealous of his power, and he did not wish to imperil the success of the expedition by his presence in Oran. After taking every precaution to insure the safety and stability of the new acquisitions, he embarked in an unarmed galley, "showing, as it were," says Prescott, "by this very act, the good effects of his enterprise, in the security which is brought to the before perilous navigation of these inland seas." Magnificent reception was prepared for him in Spain, but he modestly declined all invitations and compliments, and repaired without delay to his favorite city of Alcalá de Henares.

The Man of Letters

This city was soon to become famous throughout the whole Christian world as harboring within its walls "the eighth wonder of the world." So the Spaniards called the university of Alcalá, which owed its establishment wholly to the zeal and munificence of Ximénez. Already in 1498, he had the plans for the buildings drawn by Pedro Gumiel, a noted Spanish architect, and in 1500, or thereabout, he himself placed the cornerstone of the principal college of San Ildefonso. From that time, he never lost sight of this magnificent project and did everything in his power to hasten its execution. Amid all the engrossing cares of Church and State, he might be frequently seen on the ground, with his own hand taking the measurements of the buildings or encouraging and rewarding the industry of the workmen. Besides the college already mentioned, nine others together with a hospital for the students were erected within the space of eight years. These edifices were built in the most substantial manner, and the whole plan was executed on a truly magnificent scale. Even the ancient city of Alcalá was remodeled and em-

bellished to make it in every way worthy of its great university. All of these projects caused the people to observe punningly that "the Church of Toledo never had a bishop of greater *edification* in every sense, than Ximénez." If one reflects that the whole vast design was devised and executed by a private individual, one can understand the admiration of Francis the First, who on seeing the university is reported to have said, "Ximénez has executed more than I should have dared to conceive; he has done single-handed what in France it has cost a line of kings to accomplish." He referred, of course, to the university of Paris.

Even before the buildings were completed, Ximénez busied himself with digesting a curriculum and providing teachers for his infant university. In doing this, he sought light and aid wherever they were to be found, notably at the celebrated schools of Salamanca and Paris. When the university opened, it could boast of forty-two chairs, of which six were appropriated to theology; six to canon law; four to medicine; one to anatomy; one to surgery; eight to arts, as they were called, embracing logic, physics, and metaphysics; four to rhetoric; and six to grammar. These professorships were held by scholars of established reputation, whom Ximénez had tempted to Alcalá by promises of rich emoluments. The fame of these men in turn attracted students by the thousands from all parts of the world, and, in a short time, the university of Alcalá could compete in point of learning and attendance with the best institutions of its kind in Europe.

Hardly had the cardinal's plans for the university taken definite shape, when he conceived a project equally important, if not so vast. It is the publication of his polyglot Bible, which is called the "Com-

plutensian," from Complutum, the supposed ancient name of Alcalá. Ximénez wished, he writes, "to revive the languishing study of the Sacred Scriptures," and to this end, he undertook to furnish students with accurate printed texts of the Old Testament in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and of the New Testament in Greek and Latin. The Bible contains also the Chaldaic paraphrase of the Pentateuch, an interlinear translation of the Greek Old Testament, a Hebrew and Chaldaic dictionary, a Hebrew grammar, and a Greek dictionary. It was a stupendous work, demanding great critical acumen and erudition on the part of the eminent scholars to whom it was entrusted. Ximénez himself with noble generosity furnished them with everything necessary for the compilation. He had all the great libraries of Europe searched for manuscripts, and whatever was of value he either borrowed or bought outright, without regard to cost. Some idea of his lavish expenditures may be formed from the fact that on one occasion, he paid for seven foreign manuscripts four thousand ducats. The total expense of the publication amounted to 50,000 ducats—"a sum," says Hefele, "which, if estimated at the value that money then had, could have been expended only by a man who united the wants of a monk to the revenues of a king."

This is not the place to discuss the merits of this great work. Modern critics may be able to detect in it flaws which escaped the less practiced eyes of the compilers. When every deduction has been made, however, even modern critics will agree with the Protestant historian Prescott when he says, "The cardinal's Bible has the merit of being the first successful attempt at a polyglot version of the Scriptures, and consequently of facilitat-

ing, even by its errors, the execution of more perfect and later works of the kind. Nor can we look at it in connection with the age, and the auspices under which it was accomplished, without regarding it as a noble monument of piety, learning, and munificence, which entitles its author to the gratitude of the whole Christian world." It is without doubt, the greatest literary work of its age, which alone would have been sufficient to render the name of Ximénez immortal.

The Statesman

Such were the gigantic projects with which the great cardinal amused himself during his leisure hours. It must be remembered that all through these labors he took an active part in the affairs of Church and State. We have witnessed his achievements as a churchman, let us now briefly review his labors as a statesman. No sooner had Ximénez assumed the office of chancellor of Castile, to which he had been invited by Queen Isabella, when he displayed such penetration, energy, firmness, fortitude, and independence, as surprised his friends and awed his enemies. The Queen herself had unbounded confidence in her new minister and asked his advice on all important affairs of state. He, in his turn, served her interests and those of her kingdom with untiring zeal and unswerving loyalty. Even after her death he showed himself faithful to her by executing to the letter the terms of her last will.

One of her last earthly cares had been to regulate the succession of the throne by appointing her royal husband Ferdinand regent of Castile during the nonage of her grandson, later known as Charles V. The jealous and haughty aristocracy of Castile, however, resisted this wise provision and invited his son-in-law Philip the Fair to assume

the regency. A struggle ensued between the two sovereigns, in which Ximénez sided constantly with Ferdinand. Their differences would have probably resulted in civil war, had the prelate not mediated between them with admirable tact. His success was all the more remarkable, because he found Philip a faithless, strong-headed, and vindictive man, the slave of passion and the dupe of evil counselors; while the confidence reposed in him by Ferdinand was not always complete nor equal at any time to that placed in him by the noble and virtuous Isabella.

When Philip was prematurely carried off in 1506, Ximénez again was forced to act as mediator between the factious nobles, and it was no easy task even for a man of his vigor and resourcefulness to restrain their turbulent spirits. Philip's consort Joanna the Imbecile, as she is known in history, was incapable of ruling the kingdom, and Ferdinand had been virtually forced to leave the country. Various factions sought control of the government, and party spirit ran high. Anarchy was inevitable unless a ruler were found that could conciliate and control the jarring elements. In this crisis, Ximénez was chosen provisional administrator by the grandees, and a happier choice they could not have made. His position, however, was anything but enviable. On the one hand, the Castilian nobles constantly intrigued against him and against one another, and on the other hand, the weak-minded widow Joanna refused to endorse his authority as regent. Ximénez, therefore, pressed Ferdinand to return from Italy and to assume the reigns of government. The king was loath to accede at once to his request, and bestowed on him full power and authority to rule Castile in concert with other grandees who

should seem proper persons. The prelate now labored more indefatigably than ever to win the nobles over to Ferdinand, of whose right and ability to rule the kingdom he had no doubt. The result was that, when the king finally arrived and assumed the conduct of affairs, he met with little opposition from the nobility, and Ferdinand was generous enough to acknowledge Ximénez's great services in his cause by procuring for him the cardinal's hat.

The king was too astute a politician not to avail himself of the cardinal's genius and authority whenever his interests seemed to demand it. For the rest, he frequently showed himself cold, capricious, and ungrateful to the eminent and deserving prelate. It is quite possible he had reason to say with Macbeth,

Under him

My Genius is rebuked; as it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

If the cardinal at times showed his displeasure with the king's unworthy conduct, he never bore him any resentment, and on occasion, he generously aided him with his counsel and supported him with his authority. Hence, it is not surprising that, when Ferdinand, shortly before his death, appointed him regent, Ximénez, though now in his eightieth year and broken in health, once more seized the helm with ready hand.

Now that he was vested with full authority, the cardinal did not scruple to make use of it when expediency counseled or necessity required. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and energy of his measures. The very first act of the new regent was an indication of his power and popularity. Contrary to the usage and the wishes of the country, Prince Charles wished to be proclaimed king of Castile even during the lifetime of

his imbecile mother. The nobles, as usual, showed themselves especially refractory. Ximénez suspecting their motives declared peremptorily in a meeting of the lords, temporal and spiritual, "I will have him proclaimed in Madrid to-morrow, and I doubt not that every other city in the kingdom will follow the example." He was as good as his word, and the country, with little opposition, acknowledged the prince.

The Castilian aristocracy, however, were little disposed to submit to "a monk of base extraction," and they tried their utmost to incite the people to rebel against him. He thwarted them by organizing a national volunteer army, the first of its kind, of thirty thousand citizens, for protecting the liberties of the people. Backed by this strong force, the grand old man projected the boldest schemes of reform, especially in the finances of the country. He made a strict inquisition into the funds of the military orders, abolished all sinecures, cut short numerous pensions, and lowered excessive salaries of state officials. In short, he prevented waste and misappropriation, and remonstrated sharply with Charles on his reckless expenditure of Spanish revenues. He transferred the seat of Government from Guadalupe to Madrid as being centrally located and enabling him to put down rebellions with greater ease. He improved the defences of the country by fortifying the principal cities and the southern maritime towns and by equipping a numerous fleet against the corsairs. He despatched a large force into Navarre, which inflicted a signal defeat on an invading army of French. He sent a commission to the New World to ameliorate the condition of the natives, and did all in his power to abolish slave-trade and to repress every form of cruelty and

rapacity. Most of these measures were not of a nature to conciliate the grantees, and they endeavored by every means to hinder the execution of these projects. But the cardinal kept a watchful eye on them and when other means failed, he did not hesitate to proceed against them with severity. On one occasion, he is said to have razed to the ground a whole town that had defied his power by abetting a number of rebellious nobles.

The Reward

Though these measures were admirably suited to promote the peace and security of the country and though Ximénez was actuated by the most exalted patriotism, he was rewarded with the blackest ingratitude. Shortly after arriving in Spain to take possession of the kingdom, Charles V, by the persuasions of his evil counselors, addressed to the regent a letter which, according to Prescott, "is unmatched, even in court annals, for cool and base ingratitude." In this memorable letter, the King thanked his minister for past services and appointed a place for an interview where he might receive the cardinal's advice on the government of the kingdom; after which he should be permitted to return to his diocese to seek from Heaven the reward which Heaven alone could adequately bestow.

Before this heartless epistle reached Ximénez, he had received from Heaven the reward of the good and faithful servant. Anxiety and disease had done their work on his once hardy constitution, and he closed his glorious career on November 8, at Rosa, whither he had gone, at the greatest inconvenience to himself, to meet the King. His death was most edifying. Having arranged his temporal affairs, he summoned his servants and dis-

coursed to them on the vanity of earthly things and the infinite mercies of God. Then embracing a crucifix with pious affection, he asked God for the remission of his sins and invoked the intercession of the saints. He then received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with touching devotion; after which he peacefully breathed his last, with the words, "In thee, O God, have I hoped." Such was the end of this remarkable man, the most remarkable, in many respects, of his age.

The fame of Ximénez is secure. His greatness has weathered all the storms of time. It is acknowledged not only by the country that gave him birth, and to which he gave himself, but in every land under the sun where the name of Spain is known, for he is part of the Spaniard's nationality. It is no small praise to excel as a prelate or a general or a statesman or a man of letters. But to shine foremost in all these capacities, as did Ximénez, to make a lasting impression on one's age in this fourfold character and to shape the destinies of a nation in virtue thereof, this has been the lot of few, the ambition of none. The Franciscan Order, so rich in great men, has not his peer; the Catholic Church, that mother of genius and nurse of greatness, has few that are his superiors; the world at large, perhaps, will never see his like again.

"This was a man."

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PROGRESS AMONG THE APACHES

By Fr. Augustine, O. F. M.

HISTORY and fiction have helped to make the Apaches and their bloody raids known the world over. Although most of the Apache tribes were always of a hostile disposition, still, according to Government documents, "the most serious modern outbreaks have been attributed to mismanagement on the part of civil authorities." The most important recent hostilities occurred, with brief intermissions, during the period from 1870 to 1886, while the Government was pursuing its policy of concentrating the Indians in reservations.

Southern Arizona and New Mexico and northern Chihuahua, Mexico, were the scenes of these deprivations. Thousands of settlers, soldiers, and Indians lost their lives in bloody battles and surprise attacks. The most noted Apache warrior chiefs were Cochise, Victorio, Nachi, Nana, and Geronimo. The last bands of marauders surrendered in September, 1886, and with others they were taken to

Florida and then to Alabama as prisoners. Later, they were transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where their chief, Geronimo died as a Catholic about three years ago.

At present, the various Apache clans are distributed among several reservations in Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. At least five thousand live in the White Mountain and San Carlos Reservations, Ari-



Mescalero Apaches and Teepee

zona, Camp McDowell, Arizona, numbers about two hundred. In New Mexico, the Mescalero Reservation harbors about six hundred Apaches, and several hundred are scat-

tered in various sections of Oklahoma.

With the help of schools and under the supervision of Government officials these Indians are making more or less rapid strides in civilization. Farming and stock-raising are their principal occupation and source of livelihood. As for religion, the Apaches have not had so many opportunities as some other tribes of learning and practicing the Christian faith. Those living in

the Mescalero Reservation seem to have been favored more than the rest in this respect.

This reservation is situated about one hundred miles northeast of El Paso, Texas, on the pine-clad summits of the Sacramento Mountains. Perennial springs send their sparkling waters through broad, fertile cañons and enchanting valleys, whose fresh green is agreeably broken here and there by the Apaches' primitive tepees. The Mescaleros have inhabited this region for a very long time.

Practically all of this group of Apaches are Catholics. Some of the old people were baptized in El Paso; but during the last forty years secular priests, in charge of neighboring Mexican parishes, with great difficulty paid the Indians quarterly and even monthly visits. To Fathers Juan Lugué and Narciso, among others, and especially to Father Migeon, who for nineteen years was pastor of Tularosa (eighteen miles distant), it is due that the younger generation of the Mescaleros have been received into the Church.

In 1904, the remnant of the Lipan group, which owing to its hostility had been almost destroyed in Chihuahua, was removed from Mexico to this reservation at the invitation of the Mescaleros, with whom they are related. The Lipans also are almost all Catholics.

Eight years ago, the Dutch Reformed Church opened a mission near the Mescalero agency. A neat church was built and a resident missionary placed in charge. Dur-

ing the protracted absence of the Catholic priest, the minister and his helpers, by means of gifts and under false pretenses, managed to draw a goodly number of poorly instructed Indians to the Protestant church. But as soon as the gifts ceased, the large attendance also dwindled.

About five years ago, the Chiricahua, who composed Geronimo's band and who were then living at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, were invited by the Mescaleros to come to New Mexico and share their land with them. These Fort Sill Indians, as they are generally called, now belong for the most part to the Dutch Reformed Church. Many of the old people had been baptized Catholics, and a number of the young men had attended Catholic schools in Oklahoma. But at one time they fell in with some Protestant ministers who baptized them all Protestants in a body.

When the Fort Sills arrived at Mescalero, great efforts were made (it is needless to say by whom) to keep them from mingling with the Catholic Mescaleros. That may be one reason why the newcomers finally settled at White Tail, eighteen miles from the Mescalero agency. There they have a little Protestant chapel and a resident minister.

When the zealous pastor of Tularosa saw the activities of the Protestants among his Indians, he built a little adobe church in honor of St. Joseph, with the help of the Marquette League. It is prominently and beautifully located on a hill, overlooking the valley which sep-

arates it from the agency.

Still it was evident that only a resident missionary could stem the tide of proselytism and preserve the faith of these Indians. Accordingly, at the urgent request of Father Ketcham, the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, Mo., took charge of the Mescalero Reservation.

In 1914, Fr. Ferdinand Ortiz, O.F.M., arrived at Mescalero and began the arduous task of reclaiming the

of the Indians are Catholics. Regular visits are paid to other Indian villages in the reservation, especially to White Tail where the movement among the Fort Sills toward the Catholic Church is gaining ground. It is Fr. Albert's cherished hope that Divine Providence will soon enable him to build a chapel at White Tail, which would still more increase the interest of the Fort Sills and hasten the day when all the Indians of this reservation will re-



St. Joseph Church and Hall, Mescalero, New Mexico

lost sheep. His efforts were crowned with gratifying success. He completed the church and erected a club-house or hall, where the Indians find ample means for recreation and entertainment.

Last year, Fr. Ferdinand was appointed pastor of Tularosa and Fr. Albert Braun, O.F.M., took his place at Mescalero. He is continuing his predecessor's work with marked results. At present, about two thirds

turn to the true fold.*

As was mentioned before, the Apaches in other reservations have not been so fortunate. Regarding Oklahoma I have no definite information. As far as Arizona is concerned, a wide field is still open for pioneer missionary work. The Apaches at Camp McDowell have received monthly visits for a few years from the Fathers laboring among the Pimas; but until more

*See *Franciscan Herald*: vol. 2, p. 396; vol. 3, p. 143; vol. 4, p. 329.

favorable conditions prevail, not much intensive work can be done there.

Turning to the White Mountain and San Carlos Reservations, where the bulk of the Apaches reside, we encounter the sad fact that these thousands have as yet had no Catholic missionary in their midst. The Dutch Reformed Church has been conducting a mission among them for a few years, but with very meager results. The Catholic Church alone possesses the power and the means of influencing per-

manently the minds and hearts of these intelligent children of nature and of nature's God.

From several sources it has been reported that efforts are being made to induce some missionary Order to take charge of these neglected Apaches. Would that it were done as soon as possible, before it is too late. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send laborers into his harvest": men and means to bring about the conversion of the Apaches and their entrance into the one true Church.

CARD OF THANKS TO ST. ANTONY

A Franciscan Father in a city of California has requested us to publish the following favor received through the intercession of St. Antony.

Twelve years ago, a certain woman was deserted by her husband, and soon after she, too, disappeared. Although a diligent search was made, no trace of her whereabouts could be found. One of the missing woman's friends, however, would not give up hope and began a series of novenas and prayers that were destined to continue for twelve long weary years. At last the good woman's confidence in the power of St. Antony was to be rewarded and the missing one has returned to her own.



WHEN PRIDE HAS VIRTUE

By Grover Cleveland Muclin, Tertiary

“HEY, Bill, wait a minute. Are you going to the dance to-night?”

“Hello, Larry, glad to see you. Come and walk as far as the viaduct and we’ll discuss the dance.”

So arm in arm the two chums, Billy Carr and Larry Hayes, jaunted down the street exulting in the bracing air which was chilled with the first breath of autumn.

“Oh, come on and go, Bill. Why, you haven’t been to a dance for a year or so, and you used to be crazy about dancing. What’s got the matter with you, old scout? Has dancing lost its charm since Irene moved away?” Larry teased.

“Boy, if my brow is furrowed with wrinkles, it certainly isn’t from worry over Irene. In truth, I’m still as fond of dancing as ever, for you know that it is the only means I have of giving expression to the music in me. And I don’t think anybody was ever more chuck full of music than I am. But,” he continued, the laugh fading from his lips to be superseded by a characteristic pucker around his eyes, “you know, Larry, I became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis something over a year ago, and it’s that which makes the difference.”

“But, good night, Bill, that don’t make any difference about dancing does it? As you know, I try to be a pretty decent Catholic, too, but—”

“Let me explain. In the broad sense, members of the Third Order

are not more limited in their social activities than are Catholics who do not belong to the Order, but in a particular sense Tertiaries are very much bound. We agree to be modest in our wearing apparel, and to conduct ourselves in a manner befitting children of St. Francis. Perhaps every member of the Church should do this in order truly to conform to the spirit of our faith but St. Francis conceived this Order for laymen to counteract the very laxity that is countenanced even by some of our most sincere Catholics. In the past, I’ve often wanted to take part in certain affairs; but, in the light of my new obligations, I am unable to reconcile some of the present-day pleasures with the spirit of the Third Order, and this is the reason I’ve not been attending dances during the past year. Take this gathering, for instance, you expect to attend to-night: all the girls will be decked in the most stunning creations obtainable, and the modern styles in feminine apparel are not remarkable for their modesty you know as well as I. And when it comes to the modern dance—well, honestly, I’ve about reached the place where I can’t understand how any sincere Catholic can attend dances as they are ‘bunny-hugged’ to-day.”

“But, Bill,” Larry championed, “we would be forbidden to attend these dances and entertainments if they were as you contend, and yet our pastor never has put his foot

down on dancing."

"I can't agree with you, old fellow. There's no disguising the fact that the modern dance is innately vicious. When you take into consideration the way girls and women dress nowadays, and the freedom of position allowed in dancing, you will necessarily begin to wonder if dancing should be allowed at all as we see it from the Catholic viewpoint. Surely, Tertiaries were never more badly needed than now. From past experience I know that under most circumstances you would not wish to wait until your pastor has condemned a thing before giving it the go-by; and to be frank, Larry, I think your argument on that score is mighty weak. I'm no prophet, but I dare say that sooner or later you'll get thoroughly disgusted with all this modern social stuff and right penitently ask for admission to that wonderful organization, the Third Order of St. Francis."

"Not on your life, Bill. I'm keen for our faith, yet I don't see any harm in dancing and having a good time, and I'll be at that dance to-night with bells. Here we are at the viaduct, old boy, so I'll have to be leaving you. Now, don't go and bury yourself just because you're a member of the Third Order. Good-bye, and say, you'd better come to that dance to-night!"

As Larry swung up the avenue, Bill gazed at the retreating form of his friend. Yes, he would like to go to a dance once again! Should he shout that he had changed his mind and would be at the Masons?

No! He would not prove recreant to the obligations he had assumed. As he continued on his way, however, his mind recurred again and again to the dance and to handsome, impulsive Larry, who was always so prone to act first and to consider the consequences later.

"But, is there really any virtue in this steadfastness with which I cling to an ideal?" he asked himself, and so much in earnest was he that he stopped dead still in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Bill Carr, just imagine what Saint Francis would have to say on the subject of the modern dance!" his sensitive conscience reminded, and this thought settled the question.

On reaching home, his little sister rushed to meet him, exclaiming:

"The telephone, Billy, the telephone wants to talk to you."

"All right, little sister, and here's a kiss for your kindness," and after suiting the action to the word, he went to the telephone.

"Bill Carr speaking. Why, hello, Gertrude—Well, thank you—No, I'm not going.—Yes, Larry says he's going.—Can't possibly.—Honest, Gertrude, I'd like to be with you all, but I've made up my mind not to go to-night. Some other time, perhaps.—Thank you for calling.—All right, good-bye."

For a moment the young man stood in an attitude of reverie, his fingers on the replaced receiver, his forehead lined with furrows. Then, as he met the eyes of his mother, he said:

"It's the deuce how things work

out! Larry tried to argue me into going to that dance at Masons tonight, mother, and now Gertrude Smythe has to call up and ask me to be sure and save some dances for her!"

"Never mind, my boy. You really are much better off at home with your books, and I'm glad you have the sense to stay away without my having to insist on it."

While Carr sat before the softly glowing grate immersed in his book, Larry stood before the mirror giving his attire the last critical inspection. With his slender form garbed in a perfect fitting tuxedo he looked the embodiment of grace, while his cheeks were charged with color and his eyes fairly scintillated in anticipation of a joyous evening.

Stepping on the veranda, he disengaged his thoughts from the dance to the extent of realizing how glorious the night was. The atmosphere was wondrously clear and the streets were flooded with moonlight. The air was deliciously cool, and he involuntarily drank in deep draughts of ozone.

"By George, it's a delight to be alive in such weather," he soliloquized, "and then besides to have a glorious evening in prospect! I feel so good I can hardly contain myself. And to think of that rascal Bill Carr mooning at home,—entirely oblivious of this enchanting night, I'll warrant—when he might be, well—even as you and I." And laughing aloud at his sociability with himself, he strode off down the street.

As the great clock was striking

the hour of nine in the splendid home of the Mason family, Larry Hayes and Janice Rambeau were being divested of their wraps. A moment after, the opening bars of the latest one-step were wafted through the portières from the brilliantly lighted ball room, and in unison two score couples swayed to the measure of the music. Everywhere there was gaiety and laughter.

"Do you know, Larry, I haven't caught a glimpse of the people I expected to find here," began the young lady as the two stole away to the conservatory after several dances.

"Oh, please, Janice, don't begin to find fault with the gathering. It's too jolly good fun for complaint. Let's give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the evening."

"But, Larry, I believe you and I are the only Catholics in the entire crowd, and I'll be fair with you, I don't like to be so representative in such a gathering as this!"

"What of it, Janice? I'll admit there are some 'near-rough-necks' present; in fact, it's a little worse than I had expected to find it, but we don't need to mix with them at all. 'Pretty is that pretty does,' you know. So please, don't ruin the evening by imagining all sorts of things. We're here and we might just as well go in for all the good there's in it. Shall we get in on this fox-trot?" And with that the couple lost themselves again in the maze of dancers.

As the evening wore on, it was evident that the spirit of abandon

was rampant among the dancers.

"Larry, I think we had better go home," whispered Janice during an intermission. "Really, I am getting alarmed. I have had to refuse several dances, and it is getting more and more difficult to persist in the refusal. And you know I can't dance with you every dance. Don't you think we had better go home?"

"No, let's stay a while longer. It's just a little past eleven. My, come on, that 'Honolulu Glide' they're playing now would make a bronze statue want to dance."

The minutes rushed on with winged feet. About an hour later, above the music and the chatter of the dancers, a piercing shriek echoed from the conservatory. Instantly silence reigned, and the dancers, with one accord, turned to ascertain the trouble.

"My pearls are gone!" screamed a gorgeously gowned young woman, rushing excitedly into the room. "Just missed them a moment ago—Yes, necklace of perfect Ceylon pearls—Somebody 'phone the police, quick!"

Hereupon two score tongues started wagging at once, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. It dawned at once on Larry and Janice that an unpleasant scene must surely follow and they sought the nearest exit, but all the doors had been closed and a servant stationed at each. In a very short time a squad of police officers arrived. After apologizing for the intrusion, the captain continued:

"And I must further apologize for insisting that each individual be

searched. This is the only way we can learn who is innocent and who guilty. We shall begin with the men. The ladies will please withdraw to the adjoining room until it is determined if they need be included in the search."

A dozen men had been searched without a trace of the pearls, when Larry was called. With a good-natured smile on his face he raised his arms to allow his pockets to be ransacked. The captain had gone through all but one pocket and was in the act of dismissing his subject when caution prompted him to insert his hand in the remaining opening. With an exclamation of pleasure he drew forth the missing necklace. Stunned with surprise, Larry took a step backward, and could scarcely believe that the pearls gleaming in the hands of the officer had been produced from his pocket. A pair of handcuffs were fastened on the wrists of the puzzled lad even before he managed to gasp:

"Captain, I didn't steal those pearls—I'll swear I didn't."

"Oh, no, perfectly innocent, of course," the officer rejoined with withering sarcasm. "Come along, you can explain at the station."

As two towering policemen escorted the crestfallen lad from the dance floor to the patrol wagon waiting without, and the dancers proceeded to resume their interrupted frolic, the captain noticed a well known pickpocket leaving the hall by a side door. In an instant he was at his side and linking his arm familiarly in his, he ex-

claimed with a little laugh:

"Simpson, it's swell company you're keeping these days. I never knew you were a friend of the Masons. By the way, what do you know about these pearls?"

"Nothin'!" growled Simpson, apparently not over-pleased at meeting the officer.

"'Nothing'" repeated the captain. "That's little enough. Now, look me in the face and tell me the truth, and be quick about it!"

"I told you once that I don't know nothin' about 'em and I guess that ought to settle the matter!" Simpson was evidently riled at what he considered the officer's impertinence.

"And it would settle it, Simpson, if you were an honest man. However, as it is, I'm going to take you along with me pending an investigation of this theft to-morrow." With this Simpson was hurried into the patrol wagon alongside of Larry Hayes and within a few minutes they were both safely stowed in neighboring cells at the police station.

The following evening, as Bill Carr was reading aloud to his lit-

tle sister the wonderful stories of Uncle Remus, the bell rang. Opening the door, he discerned the familiar form of Larry standing in the bright moonlight.

"Why, Larry, I'm tickled to death to see you. Come in." It was a shamefaced young man that responded to the invitation. With quick perception Bill placed his arm about his friend's neck and whispered cheerily:

"I haven't a word of censure, old scout. Of course, I saw the report of last night's unfortunate proceedings in this morning's papers; and although that scoundrel Simpson finally admitted the theft and his attempt to throw the blame on you, still I can well imagine how it must have hurt you to be locked up at the station on the suspicion, and I realized, too, that you would rather come to me—"

"Say, you dear old Bill, you're a brick! But get your hat and coat; it's a wonderful night for a good long tramp, and—I'd like to talk over that Third Order with you a bit. I'm beginning to think that pride itself is not without virtue when it leads one so directly to a change of morals and opinion."



A Merry Christmas To All Our Readers

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Last May, the Sacred Congregation of Rites held a canonical inquiry regarding the unbroken veneration accorded the Venerable Beatrice de Silva, foundress of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. She was born in 1430, at Coimbra, Portugal. Her parents belonged to the nobility, and Beatrice, in 1447, acted as maid of honor at the marriage of her aunt Isabella with John II of Castile. In time, the Queen grew jealous of her niece's popularity at court and only too willing to lend an ear to base calumny had the innocent maiden cast into prison. After three months, however, Beatrice obtained her freedom, and anxious to quit the world, she joined the Dominican Sisters in the convent of Toledo. After devoting thirty years to works of prayer, penance, and charity, she founded a community of Sisters who in their profession promised to foster a special devotion to the Immaculate Conception. She died on August 17, 1490. Eleven years after her death, Pope Alexander VI, at the earnest request of Cardinal Ximénez and Queen Isabella of Castile placed the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception under the direction of the Friars Minor and provided that the Sisters observe the Rule of St. Clare.

Viterbo, Italy.—Five years ago, Monsignor Grasselli, O. M. Conv., then Bishop of Viterbo, laid the first stone of the new basilica in honor of the saint through whom the city is known in the entire world. Thanks to the pious offerings, among which we must reckon those of Pope Pius X and of his illustrious successor, Pope Benedict XV, work on the beautiful edifice progressed rapidly, so that early last September the gor-

geous cupola together with a part of the temple could be solemnly dedicated. Professor Joseph Cellini has decorated the ceiling with a beautiful painting representing the various saints of Viterbo. Among them are the Franciscan saints, St. Hyacinth of Mariscotti, Blessed Crispin of Viterbo, and also our holy Father St. Francis, to whom the citizens of Viterbo have a special devotion. But one figure especially attracts the attention of the beholder. It is that of St. Rose, in whom all the love and veneration of the people centers. She passed to her eternal reward when only eighteen years old; but by the resistance she offered the Emperor Frederick II, who at the time was waging war against the Pope, the saintly virgin gained the love of the people which has not grown cold after a lapse of more than six centuries. Touching on the present hostile relation between Italy and Germany, the Bishop of Viterbo concluded his sermon at the dedication of the basilica with the beautiful prayer to St. Rose: "O sweet and gentle child, glory of our Viterbo and delight of the Holy Church, unite thy prayer for peace with that which the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Sovereign Pontif Benedict XV, has just pronounced. Would that his generous and noble, loving and fatherly appeal might be reechoed in the hearts of all the peoples and governments, and that men might again become brothers united in the kiss of peace."

Oxford, England.—A tablet has been unveiled here in memory of the Franciscan Friar Roger Bacon. It has been placed in a fragment of the old city wall, in King's Terrace, at the back of Pembroke College, and bears the following inscription

in Latin and English. "The great philosopher Roger Bacon, known as the 'Wonderful Doctor', who by the Experimental Method extended marvelously the realm of Science, after a long life of untiring energy near this place, in the house of his Franciscan brethren, fell asleep in Christ A. D. 1292." The site for the tablet is well chosen. It was here in the parish of St. Ebbe's that the ancient Franciscan friary stood, and Rev. J. S. Stansfeld, M.A., who spoke at the recent ceremonies of unveiling, recalled with pride and pleasure the heroic work of the ancient Grey Friars in the neighboring leper houses and prisons. In this friary, too, the great Roger Bacon after a long life of prayer and study passed to his eternal reward. On Folly Bridge, near by, as also in the tower of Sunningwell church, four miles out in Berkshire, he is said to have had his observatories. The memorial tablet has been entrusted to the guardianship of Rev. Fr. Cuthbert, O.M. Cap., superior of the Franciscan house of studies in Oxford.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At a special meeting of the officers and promoters of the St. Francis and the St. Louis fraternities it was decided to interest the members in aiding missionary priests in the noble work of gaining immortal souls for Heaven. Some missionaries are active among the heathen in foreign countries, others are laboring among the Indians of our own country, while others finally are engaged in the no less meritorious and difficult work of bringing the consolations of our holy Faith to Catholics in remote places, where they are exposed to the greatest danger of losing their religion entirely. To engage in this missionary work, the priests are generally obliged to depend wholly on the alms of generous Catholics. That even our poorest Tertiaries might

assist in this worthy charity, recourse will be had to the so-called mite boxes, and the money thus collected will be equally distributed: one share to be sent to the Franciscan missions among the Indians of Arizona, a second to the Church Extension Society, and a third to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The women Tertiaries are, moreover, requested to aid in furnishing poor churches by making the various altar linens, surplices, and other articles necessary for divine worship.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—The English-speaking Tertiaries of St. Louis had their annual spiritual exercises from September 30 till October 7. They were conducted by Rev. Fr. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., and the attendance throughout was very gratifying. At the close, eighty-nine postulants were invested, and twenty-five novices professed. A retreat for the German Tertiaries was preached in St. Antony's by Rev. Fr. Leo Kalmer, O.F.M., from November 4-11. Rev. Fr. Leo has recently been appointed chaplain of the Joliet penitentiary to succeed Rev. Fr. Peter, who has been transferred to St. Louis.

At the visitation of the St. Louis fraternities last May, the Rev. Fr. Visitor suggested the erection of a Tertiaries' Home. The recommendation was received with enthusiasm by all and acted on at once. The site for the proposed "Convent"—as it may be appropriately styled—has already been selected and definite steps for securing the necessary funds have been taken. The Tertiaries, it is well to note, will not have recourse to picnics, bazaars, and similar means for raising funds, but will depend entirely on the free contributions of the members, knowing well that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The latest report states that \$2115 have

been donated for this praiseworthy purpose. *Franciscan Herald* is following with no little interest the efforts of the St. Louis and the San Francisco fraternities, both of which are engaged in founding Tertiary Homes for the use of their members. We beg God to bless their endeavors and trust that fraternities in other cities will emulate their laudable example.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—During the week beginning October 14, Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order in this city, gave a retreat to the Tertiaries, which proved a signal success. This is evident not only from the large number of postulants invested at the close of the retreat—seventy-one in number—but also from the renewed zeal and interest in things Tertiary that animates the members since those days of grace. Another noteworthy result of the spiritual exercises is the fact that a large portion of the new members is made up of younger people. In order to retain the present fervor of the Tertiaries and even to increase it, the Reverend Director proposes to reorganize the fraternity especially with a view to engaging in various charitable works.

Washington, D. C.—Thursday, November 15, marked the dedication of the new \$200,000 Chemistry Building, donated by Marquis Maloney to the Catholic University of America. Present on this occasion were a number of dignitaries of the Church and State including Cardinals Gibbons and Farley. Following the ceremony of dedication, Cardinal Farley took advantage of the opportunity to visit the Franciscan Monastery of Mount St. Sepulchre. His Eminence, who says that he feels quite at home with the Franciscans, spent some time in this informal visit, recounting various incidents of his pilgrimage to the Holy Land a few years ago, at which

time members of the present community of the Monastery were his guides and companions in Palestine. The Cardinal with pleasure relates the fact that he is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, having been received as Brother Francis in Assisi years ago. That God may spare to His Church for many years the venerable Pastor is the prayer of his Franciscan brethren.

Cowlitz, Wash.—The Franciscan Fathers in charge of Cowlitz Mission, Washington, had the great pleasure of seeing their new convent, beautiful in its simplicity, dedicated amid solemn services on Sunday, October 28. The Rev. Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., Provincial of the Western Province, officiated at the ceremony and preached an impressive sermon on the saving influence the Franciscan Order has exercised and still exercises on society. He was assisted at the altar by Rev. Joseph Kolb, O.S.B., as deacon, Rev. Fr. Paschal, O.F.M., as subdeacon, and Fr. Apollinaris and Felician, O.F.M., as masters of ceremonies. Immediately after the divine services, a banquet was served in the basement of the new convent. In the afternoon a musical and dramatic program was rendered and a social gathering held by the many friends of the Fathers who had come to celebrate the happy event.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—In the November issue of the *Herald*, it was noted that in every Franciscan church the month of October had been the banner month of the year for gaining new clients for our Seraphic Father, and it is with pride that we hear comments from outsiders on the constant growth of the Third Order and on the splendid work of the Tertiaries throughout the country. We are glad to announce that at every meeting we gain new members. At the last meeting, held on November 4, thirteen postulants were clothed

with the scapular and cord and nine novices were admitted to profession. Among the thirteen, were two young altar boys who served during the meeting; and it was an edifying sight to see our Reverend Director invest them at the altar of Our Lady. On the occasion of our last general monthly Communion, breakfast was served after Mass in the parish hall. This was a departure from the usual custom, and the result was so gratifying that the practice will be made a permanent feature of our Communion Sundays.

Allegany, N. Y.—On October 14, the Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., visited our Seminary of St. Bonaventure. The Bishop was accompanied by Rev. Bernard McKenna, his secretary, and by Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., Professor of Medieval History at the university. In the evening, he addressed the seminarians, and on the following day presided at an academic function, at which addresses were delivered in fourteen languages. In his reply, Bishop Shahan congratulated the friars for keeping up the old traditions of learning as was evidenced by the addresses made.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—The monthly meeting of the English-speaking members of the Third Order was held on November 4, and was unusually well attended. Our Rev. Fr. Director remarked that the attendance is just double that of last year and congratulated this branch of the fraternity on its rapid growth, which bids fair to outnumber the German-speaking branch. Fifteen novices pronounced their holy profession on this occasion. The board of officers has decided that a special prayer be said at each regular monthly meeting of the fraternity for the sick brethren.

New Orleans, La., Poor Clare Monastery.—On the feast of the sacred stigmas of St. Francis, Miss

Mary Gleason, of this city was solemnly received into the Order of the Poor Clares by Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Mo. Besides a large gathering of the young lady's relatives and friends, a number of secular and religious priests were present at the ceremony. Miss Gleason will be known in religion as Sr. Mary Clare of Jesus Crucified.—On the following Sunday, Very Rev. Fr. Samuel presided at the quarterly meeting of the Third Order fraternity of the city held in the chapel of the Poor Clares, during the course of which the novices who had completed their year of probation were admitted to profession. He was much edified and pleased to see the Tertiaries wearing the habit of their Order at the meeting.

Spokane, Wash.—The feast of the Seraphic Father was celebrated in the church of the Franciscans in this city with special solemnity. The Reverend Pastor, Fr. Burchard, O.F.M., officiated at the solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. N. Metz, as deacon, Rev. James Cunningham, as subdeacon, and Rev. Fr. Leo Simon, O.F.M., as master of ceremonies. Rev. John J. Laherty, S.J., preached the festive sermon. On October 28, at the regular meeting of the local Third Order fraternity, twenty new members were received into the novitiate. Rev. Fr. Burchard, the Director, preached a very timely sermon on "The Spirit of the Third Order vs. the Spirit of the Twentieth Century." Our Tertiary fraternity now numbers one hundred and fifty-one members,—surely a splendid showing for the short period of its existence.

Portland, Ore., Church of the Ascension.—On November 4, the Tertiary novices of our fraternity were professed. This being the first time that this impressive ceremony was witnessed in our church,—the fra-

ternity is but a year old,—it made a deep impression on all present. Rev. Fr. Apollinaris, O.F.M., pastor of the church; delivered an instructive and encouraging address that will certainly be productive of good fruits. On the same occasion, twelve new members were added to the fraternity's roster, and our Tertiaries are looking forward to a rapid growth of the Order in this city. After the services, an informal meeting, à la "Fr. Roch's Smoker," was much enjoyed in the parish hall by the little family of Franciscan Tertiaries. Rev. Fr. Urban Habig, O.F.M., is our genial and zealous Director.

Pellston, Mich.—The mission of Pellston, eighteen miles north of Petoskey, is one of the many small parishes attended by the Franciscans in Michigan. Rev. Fr. Innocent O.F.M., the present pastor, has labored faithfully for seventeen years in these parts both for the Indians and for the scattered white settlers of all nationalities, keeping alive in them the faith by numerous missions. Thus from September 23-30, Rev. Fr. Damian and Cyril, O.F.M., gave a mission in English and Polish. The Catholic population of this section is mostly Polish. They are steady, strong, and willing laborers, and not readily daunted

by the extreme difficulty of reclaiming these wasted forest lands for cultivation. Men and women alike work eagerly in the fields, although by no means neglecting their duty to their families, which are unusually large and healthy. With the progress that is made in farming, the climatic conditions are steadily improving, and many families from the congested districts of Chicago, Detroit, and Pittsburg are seeking new and healthful homes among their countrymen in northern Michigan, where land, now being sold at a low price to prospective farmers, will no doubt richly repay the labor spent on it. The Vice President of the United States, Mr. Thomas Marshall, who recently spent several weeks in this section of the country, spoke in terms of the highest praise of the Polish settlers, and said that the district was to be congratulated on acquiring such thrifty and persevering tillers of the soil.

Pittsburg, Pa., St. Augustine's Church.—At the last meeting of the English branch of the Third Order held recently in St. Augustine's Church, twenty-six new members were admitted to the novitiate of the fraternity. On November 18, the German branch was increased by twenty-eight new members.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Convent:—Rel. Bro. Vitus Bombeck, O.F.M.

St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Catherine Cunningham, Sr. Mary; Mary Keating, Sr. Colette; Margaret Ryan, Sr. Elizabeth.

St. Louis Fraternity:—George Dissett, Bro. Francis; Anne Pollard, Sr. Veronica; Margaret Killeen, Sr. Frances; Anne Murray, Sr. Agnes.

German Fraternity:—Ludowiga Bartkowski, Sr. Helen; Helen Breit, Sr. Frances.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Sr. Hyacintha O'Hanlon; Sr. C. Fox; Sr. C. Gray; Sr. Elizabeth Golden.

Requiescant in pace

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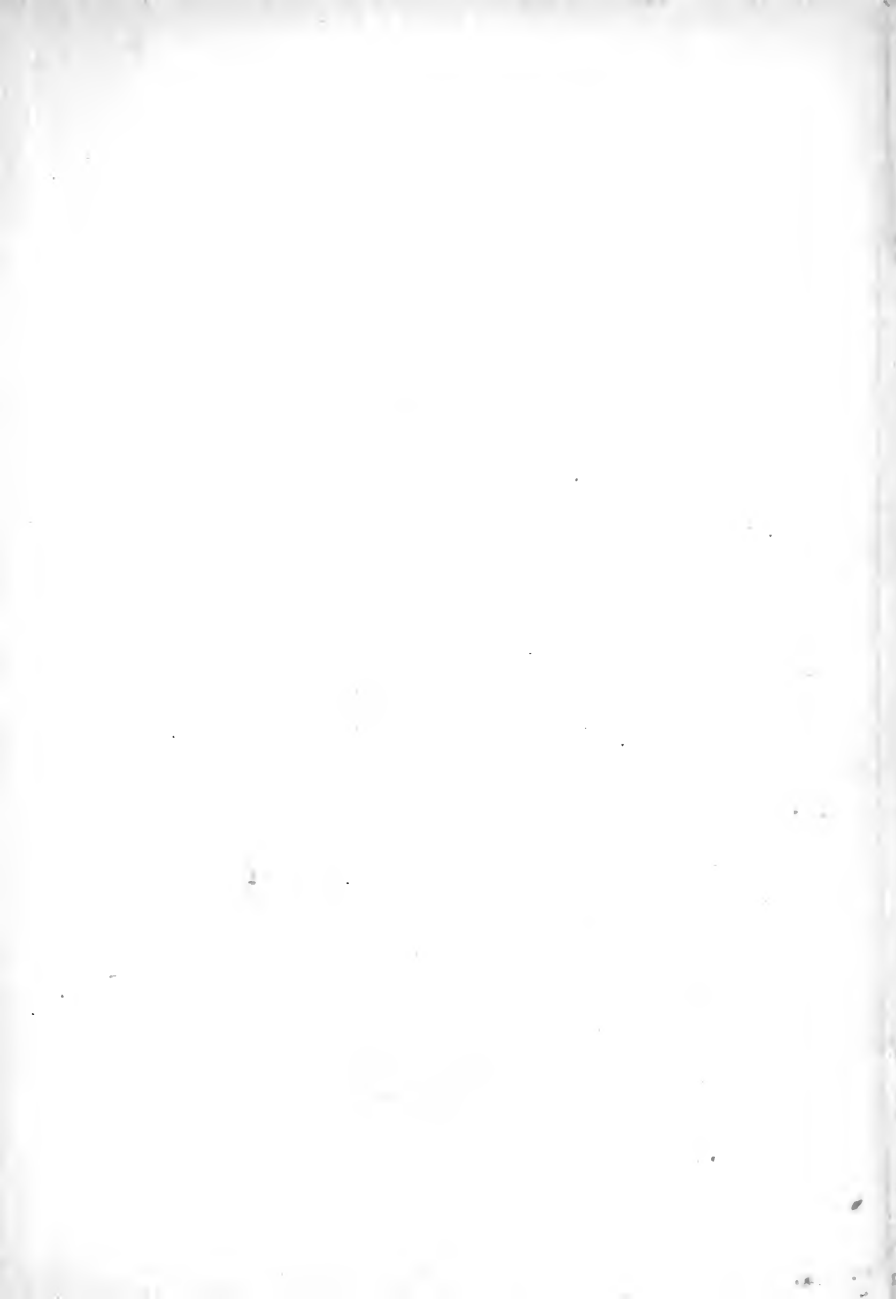
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