

THE CHURCH UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

ART I.—AUSTRALIA.—It was my good fortune to be chosen as the representative of the Catholic branch of the Army Chaplain's Department, to accompany the Imperial representative corps on its visit to the British colonies in the southern hemisphere. The object of the expedition, which comprised nearly one thousand officers and men of every branch of the army, was to be present at the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth and to do honor to a new-born nation. The special duty for which we were sent has received its completion in the happily concluded journey of the Duke and Duchess of York.

I pass over our calls at Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said and Aden, on our way out to Australia, for we merely touched at these ports. One word, however, I must say about Aden which will, I am sure, enable my readers to realize that the age of heroism in the Church is not over, and that she can to-day show heroes worthy to rank with the modest that have devoted themselves to her in the most glorious times.

Aden is a hot, barren, almost desert spot, with scarce a trace of vegetation; a place where not a drop of rain has fallen for I know not how many years. It is a place where no European stays for one day longer than duty compels him. In this cheerless spot there are two Catholic churches, some four miles apart, and of the two priests who serve these churches, one has been there for nearly forty years, and the other for twenty-seven years. Yet they are men of whom the outside world hears nothing. Like Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers, they have devoted their lives to the good of otherwise neglected people; they counted the cost, they accepted the duty which God laid on them, and having once put their hands to the plough, nothing has caused them to look back. Humanly speaking, their work in such a place can never be very encouraging; still they go on with it, year in and year out, knowing that such is God's will, and that they are responsible to God not for the results of their work, but for that is God's matter, but only for its faithful performance.

From Aden we shaped our course for Fremantle, the new port for the Colony of Western Australia. This journey across the equator fourteen days, during which we steamed 4,955 miles, without sighting land, and almost without seeing a sail.

We had scarcely reached the wharf of Fremantle when I received my first welcome to Australia from Father Ryan, O.M.I., the head priest of St. Patrick's Church, Fremantle. The church is a new one still unfinished, when completed it will be not only an ornament to the new and rising town, but an honor to Ireland's Patron Saint, and a lasting memorial of the zeal and generosity of the sons and daughters of Erin in that new portion of the British Empire.

I also visited a convent of twenty nuns of the Order of St. Joseph. To these good Sisters is entrusted the education of the future wives and mothers of the people of Fremantle; the educational needs of the boys are well provided for by the Christian Brothers, who have large and flourishing schools.

Perth is the Capital of the Colony of Western Australia, and Fremantle is the port. My visit to Perth was very short, and of a purely official character, and so I had little opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the clergy or the religious institutions of this very flourishing town. Whilst marching through the streets I caught a glimpse of the cathedral in the distance, and here and there along the route I saw some of the clergy, and groups of Christian Brothers and nuns accompanied by their pupils. From the Official Directory I afterwards found that the education of the Catholic boys of the city was entirely in the hands of the Christian Brothers whilst a large number of the Sisters of Mercy look after the interests of the girls in a school containing 650 girls and infants. It is needless to say that in such capable hands the Catholic interests of the rising generation are well safeguarded.

Leaving Fremantle we came, after a voyage of 2451 miles round the south coast of Australia, to Sydney, the capital of the oldest Australian Colony. Here, as might be expected, we found the Catholic Church, presided over by the world-renowned Cardinal Moran, in a most flourishing condition. His Eminence is Archbishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australasia, which includes not only the whole of Australia, but also New Zealand and Tasmania. His episcopal city is the very heart of the Catholic Church in the Southern Hemisphere, and its pulsations give life and energy to the whole of the vast "Fifth Continent." St. Mary's Cathedral is, in every way worthy of its proud position as the Mother Church of Australasia. When completed it will, unquestionably, be one of the finest buildings in Australia. Its position is very striking; around three sides there are broad roads, and on two sides extensive parks set off the beauty of the building, and preclude the possibility of its being built in and hidden by other structures. When completed another one hundred and fifty feet will be added to the length; at present the sanctuary end is finished both externally and internally, and the completed portion has a very beautiful and finished appearance. The sanctuary itself is raised high above the level of the nave, and is clearly seen from every part of the spacious building. In the boys' school attached to the cathedral, there are 250 boys under the care of the Marist Brothers, whilst the Sisters of Charity have 294 girls and 244 infants under their charge.

Besides the cathedral there are no less than thirty-eight other churches and missions, either in the city itself, or in the suburbs. The religious orders of men and women supply nearly the whole of the teaching power for the various schools. It would be almost impossible for a mere visitor to name all the various religious orders which are represented in the city and archdiocese of Sydney, or even to give an accurate list of all the religious and charitable institutions which abound. There is one, however, of which I saw a good deal during my stay, and which is worthy of special notice, namely, St. Vincent's Hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It contains 220 beds, and is one of three large hospitals in the city. Like the other public hospitals St. Vincent's receives a subvention from the New South Wales Government of £1 for every pound contributed by the charitable public. In other words it is maintained as to one half the total expenditure by the State, and as to the other half by charitable subscriptions. So satisfactory is the work of the institution, that all the naval patients from the Fleet, of whatever denomination they may be, are sent to St. Vincent's. As Sydney is the residence of the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, there are always a considerable number of ships in the harbor. The naval authorities have, however, thought it better to send all the sick to St. Vincent's, than to provide a naval hospital as is done in most headquarter stations. This arrangement shows that the management of St. Vincent's Hospital is considered most satisfactory, both by the naval authorities on the spot and by those at home.

Besides this great hospital, there are orphanages, homes for all classes, refuges, industrial schools and other charitable institutions in and around the city. Near the Cardinal Archbishop's palace at the entrance to the great harbor of Sydney, there is a very large and imposing-looking college, St. Patrick's, for the training of ecclesiastical students. There are also several other important colleges, as St. John's, Sydney University, St. Ignatius', conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, besides several higher schools for boys, and thirty-seven high-class schools for girls, under the care of nuns of various orders. Within the Archdiocese there are no less than forty-six centres of higher education, with a teaching staff of 254 religious, and 2,703 pupils.

Of primary schools there are 158 parochial schools, taught by 557 religious teachers, and containing 20,227 pupils. Besides these numerous primary and higher schools, which are officially connected with the Church and taught exclusively by religious, there are a few primary parochial schools taught by seculars, and a certain number of private Catholic High Schools. I have dwelt at some length upon the educational details, gathered from official sources, in order to show how well Catholic education, both secular and religious, is being provided for in that far-distant portion of the British Empire. I may add that what is being done so earnestly and effectually for education in Sydney, is being done with equal zeal and success, though not perhaps on so extensive a scale, in all the other dioceses of Australia. After twenty-three days spent in Sydney during which I devoted most of my

time, when free from official duties, to visiting and acquiring information concerning matters of Catholic interest, I left, full of wonder and admiration at the marvellous progress of Catholicity in that beautiful city.

Leaving Sydney on January 14, 1901, we reached Brisbane, the capital of Queensland on the sixteenth, after a pleasant run of 491 miles along the east coast of Australia.

Our stay in this port was brief, and much of my time was occupied in public duty, so that it was not possible for me to see as much as I could have wished of things Catholic. I could not fail, however, to note what great and good work was being steadily carried on in Brisbane, under the guidance of the learned and painstaking prelate Archbishop Dunne.

The cathedral of St. Stephen's is not to be compared for grandeur to St. Mary's at Sydney, and yet it is well adapted to the purpose which it serves. The young Catholics of Brisbane, are seemingly as well provided with primary, secondary and higher schools, as those of Sydney. The teachers of both sexes are mainly though not exclusively religious. The Sisters of Mercy are very numerous and are almost the only order of religious women in Brisbane. I had time only to visit one of their establishments, the Mother House of the colony, when there were 77 Sisters in residence. The education of girls and infants is almost exclusively in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy. The Mother House All-Hallows is a very fine building and a centre of great activity. The Christian Brothers appear to be the only religious male teachers, whether in the primary, secondary or High Schools. The official returns give 31 male and 95 female secular teachers, mostly assistants in the various parochial primary schools.

Leaving Brisbane the capital of the vast colony of Queensland, five-and-a-half times larger than Great Britain, we sailed to Hobart the capital of Tasmania, a distance of 1,122 miles. Here we had abundant evidence of the life and energy of the Church in that gem of an island. Unhappily the Venerable Archbishop was absent from Hobart, having gone to a distant part of the island to make the Episcopal visitation, and to administer Confirmation. I regret this absence the more as the Venerable Archbishop Daniel Murphy is a very remarkable man and has had a strange career. He was first appointed bishop by Pope Gregory XVI. in the year 1846 and named Vicar Apostolic of Hyderabad (India). He served as a chaplain to the troops during the Indian Mutiny. In 1866 he was transferred to Tasmania and nominated Archbishop in 1888. He is still hale and strong. The Cathedral of St. Mary, Hobart, is a somewhat plain, but fairly large building. I was invited by the clergy to be their guest during my stay, and it was whilst living in the Clergy House that a telegram from England announced the death of our great and good Queen. In Hobart was held the first of the memorial services for the late Queen, and in the presence of the whole Imperial representative corps, thousands of the Colonial troops, and an enormous concourse of civilians from every part of the Colony, it fell to my lot to offer a special prayer for the countries and peoples of the Empire. This simple act brought me the congratulations of all sorts and conditions of men, together with the thanks of the acting Governor of the Colony.

The Mother Church of Hobart is St. Joseph's, a very fine building. In Hobart there is a fine convent of the Presentation Order, with twenty nuns employed chiefly in educational work, and having a high school with nearly one hundred pupils; the greater part of them however were absent, enjoying the Christmas and midsummer holidays, for in that country these two dates coincide.

There is also a convent of Sisters of Charity near St. Joseph's Church here again the Sisters are chiefly engaged in teaching, and in those good works for which the Sisters of Charity are renowned throughout the world. In Hobart town itself there are seven Catholic schools, five taught by religious with 785 scholars, and two taught by secular teachers, giving a total of over 1,000 pupils, which seems a very satisfactory number, considering that Hobart, though a very beautiful city is not a large one. Later on I had an opportunity of visiting a very well equipped and well managed convent of the Good Shepherd, at Sandy Bay, some short distance from the city. It contained eleven Sisters and fifty-seven penitents at the time of my visit. Hobart, like all the other Australian cities which I visited, seemed well provided with all that is needed to preserve the faith of its Catholic population, and to edify others who are

not of the "Household of the Faith."

From Hobart we sailed to Melbourne a run of 469 miles. A finer city than Melbourne is not to be found in the whole of Australia, and nowhere is the Catholic Church in a more flourishing condition. At the time of my visit, the Archbishop was away in New Zealand, assisting and preaching at the opening of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Wellington. As however, I had met His Grace in Sydney, I did not feel as a stranger when invited to stay at the Clergy House. The splendid Cathedral of St. Patrick is second only to St. Mary's, Sydney, which it closely resembles internally, though externally there are many points of divergence. It has however this advantage over St. Mary's, it is finished and seemingly complete in every detail, whilst many years will still be required to complete St. Mary's. There are twenty-seven churches in Melbourne and the suburbs, and many of these are of surpassing beauty, both in design and workmanship; the new Church of St. Mary's in particular struck me as being worthy to be the Cathedral of almost any city in the old world. Throughout the whole of the archdiocese of Melbourne, every want of the Catholic population seems to be amply provided for. The numerous buildings for every purpose, which I was able to visit during my too brief stay of five days, rendered it difficult to realize that Melbourne as a capital city dates only from the year 1851, and that the archdiocese goes back only to 1848. The present Archbishop, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, is only the second occupant of the See. The growth of the city during fifty years is a thing to marvel at, the growth of the Church during the same period is a thing for which to thank God.

As the body of the great Queen was still unburied when we reached Melbourne, arrangements were made for a great memorial service, similar to that which had been held in Hobart three days before. In Melbourne the memorial service was held not in the open air as at Hobart, but in the numerous buildings which had been erected for the purpose of the Melbourne Exhibition. There were present at least 5,000 troops, including the Indian contingent, and the colonial forces. The concourse of civilians was enormous, including the Governor of the Colony and most of the Cabinet Ministers. As at Hobart I offered the same prayer, and again received the thanks of the Victorian Government from the War Minister, and also from another Cabinet Minister speaking on behalf of his colleagues. This memorial service was held on Sunday, January 27, 1901.

From Melbourne, the Queen of Australian cities, we passed on to New Zealand, of which I shall have much to say later. From New Zealand we came to Adelaide, the capital of the colony of South Australia, and the last of the Australian cities visited by the Imperial representative corps.

If I had seen nothing of Catholic interest in Adelaide, excepting its Archbishop, I should have felt that my time had not been misspent. The thoughtful kindness, and the ceaseless care for my comfort, shown by the large hearted Archbishop O'Reilly of Adelaide, was one of the most delightful episodes, as it will remain one of the most pleasant memories, of my Australian visit.

There is no lack of churches and Catholic institutions in Adelaide, although the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, is one of the poorest cathedrals I saw in Australia. The religious orders of men include Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Passionists, Marists and Christian Brothers. The diocese is not a large one and the total Catholic population returned by the last census (1891) was only 35,762. According to the diocesan directory for 1901 there are only sixty-seven churches in the whole diocese of which thirty-one are in charge of secular priests and twenty-four in charge of regulars. There are also thirty-nine Brothers (Marists and Christian Brothers) and 253 nuns and religious women. The diocese is admirably worked, and the wants of the Catholics are adequately supplied.

My brief stay in each of the capitals of the six colonies of Australia, which now form the great Australian Commonwealth, gave me but a glimpse of the immense work of the Church on that vast Island Continent. I can only say that I came away filled with wonder and admiration. The visit had been to me a revelation of the efficacy of organized labor. Mingled with thoughts of the great work of the Church come pleasant remembrances of the unvarying kindness to me, a stranger, of the clergy in every city I visited. Advance Australia.—Rev. Thomas Foran, C. F., in St. Joseph's Magazine.

WHAT MISSIONS ACCOMPLISH.

Bishop Henry, of Down and Connor, whose episcopal residence is in Belfast, has issued the following pastoral letter to his flock in reference to a general mission about to open in that city.

Solicitous for your eternal salvation, we have taken care to invite each year distinguished preachers of the different religious Orders to conduct the annual retreats of the principal confraternities of the city. The object of these retreats is to excite the fervor and devotion of the members, and also to increase their number. Notwithstanding the great spiritual advantages that result to individuals and the Catholic Community at large by becoming members of some religious confraternity, such as the Holy Family and the Children of Mary, unfortunately many, who could easily do so, do not join any religious association. Such people, as a rule, lead worldly lives, and are often led away from virtue into the paths of sin and shame. A most useful means to bring back such persons to the practice of their religion is a mission. The chief end of a General Mission, then, is to arouse the careless and sinful Christian from his state of indifference and neglect of his religious duties, by bringing before his mind the great truths of our holy Faith, and by special offers of Divine grace.

"The end of a Mission," says St. Liguori, "is the conversion of sinners, for, by the instructions and sermons of the Mission, they are convinced of the malice of sin, of the importance of salvation, and of the goodness of God, and thus their hearts are changed, the bonds of vicious habits are broken, and they begin to live like Christians." A great missionary describes the benefits of a Mission in these words:—"By a Mission well attended," he says, "the young, being caught for a time by the intoxication of youthful liberty, are steadied, are compelled to think, to reckon with God and conscience. The devout are emancipated from the tyranny of routine, the lukewarm aroused from their lethargy. But the peculiar grace of the Mission is the conversion of the sinner, the outright votary of lust or drink, the slave of money, or the victim of sloth. The repentance of hardened sinners, and their permanent return to a life of virtue, is the Mission's special gift. The awakening of the religious sense in persons and classes addicted to vice is the main purpose of a Mission. Eternity's endless ages, the Judge, on His throne, and Death standing at the door, the dark gulf—silent, vacant, unmeasurable, unpassable—between the joys of Heaven and the torment of Hell, these are the visions of a sinner's soul during a Mission. They are ever accompanied by the pleading form of Jesus Christ, who wins His victory. Conscience, smothered with vice, breaks free, and boldly storms the citadel of the sinner's heart, expelling the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, which had become masters there."

Missions are usually given by zealous and trained members of Religious Orders, approved of by the Church—by men "who stand the strain of seldom living at home, fighting sin with all the reserves of bodily and mental force, and always departing from the field of victory before the spoils of vain glory can be gathered." Four years have now elapsed since the last General Mission was preached in Belfast, and how many of those who were then reconciled to God have since been called away to receive the sentence which determined their lot for ever? Impelled by a sense of duty, we have invited a number of distinguished preachers and confessors belonging to the Orders of Jesuits, Augustinians, Dominicans, Oblates of Mary, Redemptorists, Passionists, and Vincentians to conduct a three weeks' Mission, beginning on Sunday, 28th September, in St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Malachy's, St. Joseph's and in the churches of the Holy Family, Sacred Heart, and the Most Holy Redeemer. We call upon all the Catholics of these districts—rich and poor, young and old, good and bad—to take advantage of this extraordinary occasion of reforming and renewing their spiritual life. We invite in a very special manner, all sinners to come to hear the instructions and be reconciled to their God. Our Divine Lord says to all: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened (by sin), and I will refresh you." "If your sins were as red as scarlet they shall be made white as snow." "As I live," saith the Lord God, "I desire not the death of the wicked, but that

the wicked turn away from his way and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, and why will you die, O House of Israel?"

Come to the Mission, all you who have contracted habits of intemperance, of impurity, of gambling, of neglect of religious duty, or of any other vice unbecoming good Christians. Break the bond that binds you to the enemy of your souls. There is no time to be lost, for death is coming with steady step to claim each of us as its victim. Woe betide us if we are not ready when its summons comes. Preparations are usually made beforehand for the due performance of important works. We write this letter to exhort you all to prepare for the great Mission which is to begin on the last Sunday of next month. We earnestly request the members of the different confraternities to use their influence to bring to the Mission relatives or friends or neighbors whose lives are not edifying. We especially beg of the priests of each church to visit their people, and urge them with apostolic zeal to hearken to the voice of God calling them to repentance and change of life. And as all human efforts in the great work of the sanctification and salvation of souls is unavailing without the assistance of God's grace, we ask the prayers of all the good Catholics of the city for the success of the coming Mission.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

IN the year 1894, a wealthy American gentleman who was making a tour through the chief cities of the Old World, strolled one day from his hotel in Dublin into a poor part of the suburbs. As he passed along the dark and narrow lanes, he saw through the open door of a Catholic Church the glimmering sanctuary lamp, and turning in he paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Shortly after there entered a poor aged woman. She passed up the centre aisle, and turning to the right looked longingly at the altar and statue of Our Lady. Before she knelt down she lit a candle and placed it on a stand beside the shrine, and in so doing attracted the attention of the American gentlemen. He prayed a little longer, then rose, and quietly walking up to the poor woman, touched her gently on the shoulder. "Would you be so good," said he, "as to tell me why you lit that candle?"

"To honor the Holy Mother of God, and get an answer to my prayer," was the simple reply.

The gentleman knelt down and said a few prayers to Our Lady, but long after his prayer was ended he still knelt watching the deep fervor of the poor old woman, till his curiosity again led him to approach and ask:

"Do you think your prayer will be heard?"

"Do I think my prayer will be heard? I am sure of it! I always get what I ask from the Blessed Virgin."

The visitor was deeply struck by her faith, and retiring, sat and again watched her as she knelt in earnest prayer, till a third time he went up to her:

"My good woman," he said, "I hope you won't be offended if I ask another question, but really I should like to know the favor you are asking of Our Blessed Lady?"

"I had a son," she answered, "as good a lad as a mother could wish to have, but many years ago he went to seek his fortune in America. I have long lost sight of him, and he has long lost sight of me; but I am sure if my boy only knew the great wants of his dear old mother, he would come and help me. So I daily ask the Blessed Virgin to tell him where and how poor I am. That she will grant my prayer I am sure, but I suppose it will be in her own good time."

"And what is the name of your son?"

She told him, and full of surprise, he exclaimed:

"I know your son! He is my dearest and best friend. He is now a wealthy man, and before I left America he begged me to spare no expense if I saw any means of finding or hearing anything of his dear old mother."

They left the church, and before parting all needs were supplied. "And," said the gentleman, "before I go to my hotel to-night, I shall write to your son and say I have found his dear old mother, and tell him where you are."

The Blessed Virgin cannot neglect the prayer of faith and constancy, and will obtain from God all that we ask.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

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