

A VO ALIQUO VULO.

From Catullus in Fordham Monthly.

Through many lands, o'er various ocean wave,
I've journeyed, brother, to thy dreary grave.
My purpose—death's last tribute thee to pay
To speak though vainly to thy speechless clay;
Since fate hath forced thee with unkindly heat,
Forced thee, fond brother, from thy brother's breast.
Take thou those gifts which in olden day,
Our fathers mingled with the cypress-sprae.
Take them all dewy with thy brother's tears:
Godspeed, farewell for the eternal years.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Panegyric Delivered at Lille, France,
by Mgr. Bauuard.Translated from L'Univers.
PART II.—(CONTINUED)

Now for the Missionary. The bishop is a man of his diocese, the missionary in his mission of immensity and of boundless regions. Ever onward! such seems to have been the maxim of this travelling pontiff who thought that Algeria was given to a Catholic nation only to be an open door to a vast apostolate in farther Africa. One day in his cathedral in Algiers, speaking to the army and its officers upon the occasion of a religious and military solemnity, he had revealed to them and to France the designs of this secret policy of God: "Mount with me," said he, to the soldiers; "mount with me these inaccessible ridges which bound our horizon, and cast your gaze upon the immensity which surrounds you. Near us, the ruins of a nation once christian, along with the wreck of barbarous invasions. Beyond, upon the face of this vast continent, the most frightful barbarism, blood, cannibalism, universal slavery. It is you who will open the gates of this unmeasured world, and the keys of this sepulchre are here in your hands. Already it is open by your conquest. Life will, if you by your virtues are worthy of so glorious a mission, life will one day be born there again with light; and all these people who now are lost in death will recognize that they owe their existence to you, and on learning your history, your glory and valour, will be proud of their ancestry."

This discourse formed his programme. It was from this plan of conquest that those victors sprang who are known as Missionary Fathers of Africa, the *White Fathers*. O my dear White Fathers, you know you were the cherished sons of this great heart, as you were and as you are his master-work and his glory. Missionary Fathers of Africa: it is properly your name, for he has made it your first characteristic, that you should be Africans like your Catechumens, like them in their life, their dress, language, habits, like them in all save vice and error, as was written of the Son of God made man for the love of man—*ad similitudinem absque peccato*. It is in this mould in this novitiate that he will first form you. Then when he has thus cast and softened you in this mould like bronze metal, and shaped you after the image of Jesus crucified, your founder will command you to set out for the desert, for labor, devotion, hunger, thirst, fever, the burning sun, for obscure agony and burning martyrdom. *Visum pro martyrio*, he wrote at the end of the testimonial letters of one of his new couriers—*good for martyrdom*. My Lord, replied the priest, I am come here for that purpose.

The mission began by Kabylia thither upon the lofty peaks of these massive heights where the descendants of the ancient lords of Mauritania and Numidia are cantoned, thither the Archbishop himself climbed and reminded the Berbers that they are of Christian blood, and he stretched to them a hand which, he wished if possible, to bind the present with that

past which they themselves still cherished in memory. At least he leaves to them priests, instructors and pastors. To-day seven Catholic stations and schools are in Kabylia, the outposts of the faith.

But there is the South, the immense South, the Sahara which was given to him by the Pope to conquer from Atlas to the Soudan. It must be occupied by the living or the dead. The three White Fathers who first started for Tombouctou, were massacred on the journey: *Visum pro martyrio*. Read the letter which the Archbishop wrote to the fathers and mothers of these protomartyrs, and tell me if Jacob uttered a cry of more eloquent grief over the son of his tenderness whom a wild beast devoured!

The route being closed by way of Algeria it was necessary to open one by Tripoli: "In eighteen months or two years we will, by the aid of God's grace, reach the Soudan!" Behold their hopes! The Archbishop would wish in vain to moderate amongst his children this murder-like ardor; they set out even when it is for death. The three new missionaries are killed by the Toutrags who were acting as their guides. *Visum pro martyrio*. The bishop who mourned them declared that he was proud of them, in the name of religion and humanity: "Happy," he wrote, "happy the society of apostolic men who in the time of universal sloth and egotism, have need to be held back from rushing to martyrdom."

Repelled from the Northern coast, the missionaries enter by the East the unmeasured empire of the dark continent. It is by Zanzibar that they proceed to the great Lakes which form the sources of the Nile and the Congo; listen to them: "We are then the first," wrote they in their enthusiasm, "who, since the origin of Christianity, go to represent our Lord Jesus His church in this barbarous and almost unknown world of interior Africa. Before us a hundred, perhaps two millions of souls invisibly extend their arms to us."

Brethren, they at length reach there! Behold them at Tananika after ten months' travelling! Behold them at Nyanza after traversing the forests and marshes for three months. Two stations, two vast Vicariates-apostolic. Uganda seems definitely promised to christianity. Courage and patience! still place tomb upon tomb, suffering upon suffering, heroism upon heroism; and the equatorial world will one day belong to Him who spake this great word: *Ager meus est mundus*.

But who is there upon earth the sower who from the early morn soweth this field and maketh the desert to blossom like the rose? On the one hand there is to the south of the lake of Tanganika, for the last six or seven years, a young christian settlement which has taken the name of Lavigerie-Town. It is well, but it is not enough. The entire country, my dear brethren, must be baptized with this name, the patronymic of all this new family. It is he, the great bishop, their superior-general, who sends heroic recruits one after another, to this "acquired people," to replace those who fell upon the field of battle. It is he who breathes into their heart this apostolic ardor, the sparks of whose flame I would be pleased to show you. "My children," said he one day to them, showing the image of the torture of their brethren, "do you see these funeral piles? They are for your own future martyrdom!" It is he who everywhere organized help, means, resources: for this purpose he moves the whole world of Catholic charity, which is no more weary of giving than he is of acting and hoping. It is he who chooses, consecrates, and sends the heads of these apostles, a Mgr. Obar-

bonnier, whose passport he had endorsed thus: *Visum pro martyrio*, a Mgr. Bridoux, your fellow-citizen, to whom he addressed, when consecrating him bishop, these valiant but alas! too prophetic, words: "You go to suffer, Monseigneur; these brilliant onsigns of dignity, we are simply preparing the victim for sacrifice!" It is to him, "to the great Father," that the black king writes that he owes his kingdom, that he asks christian priests and physicians. In fine it is he who celebrates with tears and dirge the martyrdom of his children, and who lays upon their tombs the green palms of hope and immortality. We might think that we were reading the Epistle of Saint Cyprian *ad martyres*.

The martyr! But it is no longer merely the blood of our priests and our christians which flows in the tortures; it is the blood of those new races which communion has mingled with the blood of Jesus Christ! They were christian only yesterday; and lo, they mount to that supreme height of transfigured love which is to die for God! Yesterday they passed from brutishness and fetishism to christianity understood, loved and practised, and behold them borne to the summit of moral grandeur which humanity regenerate in Christ can attain! Such was, I remember, the cry of admiration and gratitude which burst from me when in a letter of his the Archbishop placed before my eyes the intrepid patience of those neophytes of Uganda, whom some day you will perhaps see placed beneath our altars. They are young people from 18 to 25 years of age, pages of that barbaric court, catechists, women—to whom the bloody king cried in a voice of thunder: "Let those who pray (the Christians) to that side!"—it was the side of death; and all passed like a single man, holding one another by the hand so that none might fail. There were more than one hundred victims; and in the midst of tortures, upon the funeral piles, from the depths of the red fires, they still cry out: "As long as we live we will not cease to pray." Such is the first page of the Acts of the Martyrs of new Africa. *Nigra sum, sed formosa*, this Church can sing in presenting herself on high to her heavenly spouse. She received the baptism of blood; and Mgr. Lavigerie, who transcribed these pages, in following with his gaze these cherished souls in their triumphant ascension into heaven, knew not whether he ought to weep, or whether he ought to envy the lot of those brave souls, one of whom, Matthias Mourumba, replied thus to the defiance of his tyrant: "Yes, God will deliver me, but you will not see how He will do it, for He will take my soul and leave you only my body."

It is now eight years, in 1884, since that took place. Three years after, the Archbishop learned from the missionaries that more than 2,000 catechumens had lately their names inscribed each year to receive baptism; and he asked himself if there was not there that which would undoubtedly make us poor Christians of Europe leap with joy, but also perhaps with confusion!

However, an ambition secretly tempted this great heart. If he could put himself at the head of these missionaries to share their fate! If in place of dying in an ordinary way upon a couch, at Algiers, Biskra, Paris or Rome, it were given to him to fall like a general upon the field of battle! If the Pope consented to relieve him of his archbishopric of Algiers to make of him a simple bishop of these undaunted but fruitful missionaries! He asked it, my brethren, Leo XIII. promised him a speedy reply. The answer of Leo XIII. was the elevation of Algiers to the dignity of the cardinalate. For him this purple was to replace that of the martyr.

In receiving it from Rome the new Cardinal wished to adorn with it his

spouse, the Church of Africa, lately purpled with so much glorious blood: "Consecrated purple of the martyrs," he exclaimed that day, "remaining for a long time without honor! It seems to rise to-day at the voice of Leo XIII. to recover the new born African Church, and make it revered throughout the entire Christian world." But he thought also of his missionaries, his martyrs of yesterday: "I should wish to be able," he said, "to stretch over them the robe of honor which is about to cover me. They deserve it better than I. Many who were very dear to me, since they were my children, wore it in advance, in the depths of Africa, in the purple of their own blood." It was to the Government that he spoke these words.

But lo! my brethren, a cry of horror and pity pierces the world. It is the Cardinal who utters it. These men of central Africa whom he calls his children, and who are the children of God, these races of the Tropics, whither we have just penetrated, are troops of slaves who are stolen away every year in organized raids, who are throttled, yoked together and dragged along like beasts of burden, torn, beaten and killed by stripes and hunger and wretchedness, and are then sold, if any survive; whose bodies, left as prey for jackals and hyenas, mark out the paths of the desert, where their whitened bones cry for vengeance and for mercy before heaven and earth. Four or five hundred thousand creatures are each year the victims of these razzias of the Arabs, those sons of Islam of whom we love to chant such touching marvels. Some explorers had asserted this, but we did not know it, we did not wish to know. International associations, political conferences had, it is true, met at Brussels, and came to an agreement at Berlin, and when dividing the African continent, had prohibited the slave-trade. It had remained a dead letter. To give it life, a soul was needed. The Cardinal threw into it his own. (TO BE CONTINUED).

Sunlight

BRINGS
Ease and Comfort



WITH poor soaps and old fashioned ways of washing, it is cruel and hard upon women of advancing years to attempt laundry work. But with the world-famed, labor-saving

Sunlight Soap,

Anybody can do a Wash with comparative ease by following the simple directions

With "SUNLIGHT" there's no hard rubbing, sore knuckles, hot steam, or tired backs. A trial will astonish you.

Works: Ft. Sunlight Lever Bros. Limited
Near Birkenhead Toronto

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.