

lie, I never had a greater contempt than for a Catholic who thinks to advance his religion by watering it down or explaining it away. Like my old friend and fellow-convent, Rev. Dr. De Costa, on whose soul God have mercy, I can say to you that "the truth seekers have had enough of compromise, and they want the Catholic religion 100 per cent. pure." Pray heartily for conversions, and do your duty and God will make His light to shine in many more hearts.

In the words of the great St. Teresa, as I take my leave of you and thank you for your kind attention, begging you to forget the imperfect manner in which I have presented to you the story of conversions, hoping to use my life to spread the light of the true faith, I hope with all my failings to exclaim in the hour of death: "Well, thank God at least I die a Catholic," and may He say "Plat Lux"—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ST. JOSEPH.

THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE.

Everywhere and at all times men have judged the qualities and actions of their fellowmen by their mere outward pomp and glitter. Power, superior talents, brilliant success, actions which lead to astonishing results—these are what they admire, and to these they pay eulogies and raise monuments. It would almost seem that even sanctity stands in need of this exterior splendor in order to deserve the admiration of mankind. Men appreciate the outward gifts of miracles and tongues because of the celebrity which they attract, but those humble virtues which render the saints agreeable to God are apt to escape their vision and rarely excite their admiration.

St. Joseph, who as patron of the Universal Church is raised above all the other saints of heaven, had none of those brilliant qualities which men always admire. The duties of the ministry which he had to perform never rose above the plane of humble, everyday life. He was not called, like Moses and Joshua, to give laws to nations and to make kings tremble on their thrones; to command the elements and to change the ordinary course of nature; to astonish the world by his power, and to lead a people to the land of promise. He did not, like the prophets and apostles, open the eyes of the blind, heal the sick, bring the dying back to life and recall the dead from the tomb. No extraordinary actions are related of him. The Gospel speaks of him simply as a just man whose life was always regulated by the will of God and in conformity with the strictest rules of justice.

The will of God is the primary source of all justice; it is the state in which He is placed his sure way of salvation. Hence it follows that submission to the will of God is the first mark of justice. When man is subject to the will of God he accomplishes all his duties; his piety has no more obstacles to fear, and his actions are always inspired by the purest motives. Such are the virtues of which St. Joseph gives us so striking an example. His submission to the will of God renders him a model of justice in his love of the state to which he was called, and in the promptness of his obedience to the divine commands. And we need only reflect on these two points to be convinced that he was really what the Holy Scriptures style him—a just man.

The first effect of submission to the will of God is to keep us in the place which He has marked out for us. As He is the Sovereign Master of our destiny, and as He proposes His grace to the state in which He wishes us to be, it follows that man, submissive to His will, should content himself with the situation in which he finds himself; should not seek to rise above it against the will of heaven, and should never strive to substitute arbitrary works and a chimerical perfection for the duties which God demands and the perfection which He exacts. St. Joseph, reduced to the most lowly condition, accepts without a murmur the order of Divine Providence. He does not oppose to the decrees of heaven that vain reasoning which has faith only in its own conclusions; which would seek to change the appointed order of things. On the contrary, he abandons himself entirely to the will of God; he remains satisfied with the state to which he is called, and does not seek to rise above it by the means which vanity or self-love might suggest.

Perhaps we do not appreciate in St. Joseph this love of the state of life, if so, it is simply because that spirit of submission to the will of God is not in our hearts, and because His decrees are always sure to meet with opposition whenever they do not agree with our own inclinations. Not that we should consider the example of St. Joseph as condemning that noble emulation which makes one aspire to reach honorable eminence through the path of duty. No, far from it; but it teaches us that our ambitious views should always be in keeping with our state; that we should think less of rising in the world than of rendering ourselves useful in it, and making it better for our presence; that even in seeking dignities we should endeavor rather to obey God, who calls us to them, than to satisfy ourselves; finally, it teaches us that our efforts and our aspirations should always be accompanied with a spirit of perfect submission to the divine will, whether it calls us to all a brilliant station or bids us sanctify ourselves in the painful labors of poverty and the obscurity of a private life.

The next effect of St. Joseph's submission to the will of God which we have to admire is the promptness of his obedience to the divine commands. In the ordinary course of human events the hand of man alone appears to guide everything; God remains invisible and acts through secondary causes. In the history of St. Joseph, on the contrary, the finger of God appears to guide everything. God chooses all the means and leaves to the minister of His will nothing but the task of meditating over the wonders which he sees accomplished. The Lord commands, Joseph

obeys. This is all that we can learn from the Scriptures concerning his ministry. He is well called the hidden saint of the new law.

During his whole life, when God commands he fears no danger, he dreads no enemy, he shrinks from no hardships, he refuses no sacrifice. Because God wills it he retires without a murmur out of the grove of Bethlehem, desolate and dreary as it is, and stands over his charge a faithful sentinel—the guardian and protector of his infant Lord. Not a word of complaint escapes his lips when he is told to arise in the middle of the night and take the Child with His mother and fly into Egypt. He neither questions nor hesitates; he is the faithful man still—still true to his trust, the guardian of Jesus and Mary.

He suppresses all murmurs, he seeks for motives of disobedience neither in the weakness of the mother nor in the tender age of the child, nor in the fatigues and dangers of the journey; he asks no questions concerning the duration of his exile, nor the time when his struggles are to cease; but, rising from his sleep, he takes the Child and His mother and sets out without guide or assistance, leaving to God alone the task of watching over and protecting his cherished family. At the first sign of heaven's will he returns from exile to his native land with Jesus and Mary; for them he endures poverty and humiliation and remains until death the faithful and tried guardian and protector of his Lord. What an admirable spirit of obedience! How eloquently does it not teach us to submit without murmur to the will of heaven!

The exemplary submission of St. Joseph to the divine will thus rendered him, as we have seen, a model of justice in his love of state, his perfect patience, his entire resignation, and in the promptness of his obedience. It remains for us only to consider the rewards which his justice merited.

On earth justice rarely meets with temporal rewards. The impious, in the midst of pomp and prosperity, frequently are in the enjoyment of grandeur and riches. Their success seems to surpass their fondest desires; whilst the just, on the contrary, have often for their portion only contempt and indifference. Without the light of faith we should perhaps not infrequently be tempted to imagine that the favors of heaven are the reward of crime, and its disfavor the only recompense of virtue. Joseph, whose virtues merited the praise of the Holy Spirit in the inspired writings, did not receive for his reward temporal prosperity and success. Like so many other just men, he was poor and persecuted, an object of scorn to his fellowmen. The distinctions of the world were unworthy of his merit; but God extended to him the prize of real greatness; he granted him the understanding of the divine mysteries; He established him protector of His chosen ones on earth, and He selected him to cooperate in His adorable designs—three prerogatives vouchsafed to Joseph alone, and alone fit to be the recompense of his virtues.

When Almighty God decreed that the august mystery of the Incarnation should be accomplished, Joseph was the one chosen to be not only the confidant, but the faithful guardian of the divine secret. The Son of God when about to descend on earth to assume our human nature, would have a mother. This mother could not be other than the purest of virgins, and her divine maternity could not impair her incomparable virginity. Until such time as the Son of Mary was recognized as the Son of God, His mother's honor had need of a protector. Some man, therefore, was destined to be called to the high honor of being Mary's spouse; this privileged mortal was Joseph, the most chaste and the most just of men.

But he was not only chosen to the glory of having to protect the mother of the Incarnate Word; he was also called to exercise an adopted paternity over the very Son of God. So long as the mysterious cloud was over the saint of saints, Jesus was known by men as the Son of Joseph and the carpenter's Son. When Mary, after three days of mysterious separation, found the Child Jesus in the temple disputing with the doctors, she thus addressed Him: "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." And the evangelist adds that He "was subject to them."

"What wonder, then, if this foster father of the Son of God was prefigured in the Old Testament, and that by one of the most glorious of patriarchs? Listen to St. Bernard, who thus compares the two Josephs: "The first was sold by his brethren and led into Egypt, thus prefiguring our Saviour's being sold; the second, to avoid Herod's envy, led Jesus into Egypt. The first was faithful to his master and treated his wife with honor; the second, too, was the most chaste guardian of His Spouse, the Virgin mother of His Lord. To the first was given the understanding and the interpretation of dreams; to the second the knowledge of and participation in the divine mysteries. The first laid up stores of corn, not for himself, but for all the people; the second received the Living Bread that came down from heaven and kept it for himself and for the whole world."

Thus we have seen the glory and power of the just on earth are not the certain measure of their merit and holiness; but far different is the case when the links which bind them to earth are severed. As the gifts which they then receive are the true reward of their sanctity it follows that they must be proportionate to their merit. The more resplendent their life has been with virtues the greater the homage and veneration to which they are entitled after death, and the holier they have been in the sight of God, the more perfectly they have accomplished His will, the higher the degree of authority and powers to which they are raised.

This reflection, then, will make it easy for us to understand how great must be the power of St. Joseph with God, and how worthy he is of our homage. Always subject to the Divine will, his life was but one uninterrupted succession of virtuous actions; every

instant added but fresh lustre to his merits. He is, therefore, before God the most powerful of the saints as he was the most just of the children of men. How great must be the power of his intercession with that Son Whose love he never ceased to merit! And this is why the Church calls him as her patron and protector, and why devotion to him prevails wherever true faith exists.

Justly, then, we may apply to ourselves the words which of old were addressed to the rosy ones of Egypt—Lead Joseph ("Go to Joseph.") Let us go to Joseph with confidence, asking of him not temporal favors, which might be the cause of our ruin, but grace to persevere in well doing. Let us learn from him to be contented with the lot which Providence has granted us; to be submissive to the will of heaven, to be charitable in our dealings with our fellowmen; in a word, to walk as he did in the path of justice. Our supplications will then be worthy of Joseph; he will bear them to the throne of the omnipotent God; the Lord will bestow upon us His benedictions; and if, like Joseph, we are not rewarded with earthly consolations, we may confidently hope for an abundant reward in the better life to come.—Ave Maria.

THE APPARITION AT LOURDES, FEBRUARY II, 1858.

On the eleventh of February, 1858, the world was rotating on its axis at the same rate of speed which it has had since the hand of the Almighty gave in its first whirl in space; the millions of men and women peopling its surface were, as usual, bled about their personal concerns, little reckoning what was occurring beyond the horizon of their individual lives. In Paris especially only a day's railroad ride from the scene of the momentous event we approach, had human grandeur reached apparently its topmost notch. The second Empire was at its meridian of splendor, and the third Napoleon was revenging in the intoxication of the power which made him the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. A simple peasant child, fourteen years of age, Bernadette Soubirous, had been sent by her mother with her sister and another companion to gather for the fire place pieces of wood that had floated down the little river Gave and were wont to drift into the shore just under the Grotto of Massabielle. To reach the spot it was necessary to cross the bed of the mill stream, and which was then almost empty of water because of the repairs going on at the mill. Bernadette's two companions had defied their wooden clogs and crossed the little stream. Bernadette, who was rather delicate and wore stockings, waited behind to take them off. She was leaning against a rock to do so when she heard a sound as of a rushing wind. She looked up at the trees, but to her surprise their branches were not moved by it. She then looked towards the Grotto and noticed that a magnificent will rose tree or herb, which was rooted in a niche in the rock and the branches of which hung down to the ground, was being gently shaken. All of a sudden around the niche, an oval ring of brilliant golden light appeared and within the niche she saw standing a lady of unpeakable beauty. This lady was dressed in pure white, with a light blue girdle; a white veil covered her head, and on her arm was hanging a rosary with a cross of gold.

In that moment was revealed, not to the believing only but to the unbelieving world as well, the Immaculate Queen of Heaven under the new title and in a guise then unfamiliar, but now familiar and dear to every lover of Mary, Our Lady of Lourdes.

Skeptics there were, of course, to question Bernadette's story, but time, which tries all things, has tried the truth of story, and every succeeding year has rooted more deeply in the minds of Catholics all over the world that it was Our Lady herself who in her condescending love deigned to appear to the poor peasant girl of Lourdes.

The very promise made to Bernadette by Our Lady sets the seal of truth upon the child's story. "On my part," said the Immaculate Queen, "I promise to make you happy, not in this world but in the next." Strange promise, that of a girl of fourteen would have invented, but, strangely fulfilled, since Bernadette's life was not what the world calls a happy one.

Bernadette's work is over, and she has gone to behold forever, face to face, the dazzling beauty of the Queen of Heaven, who deigned to manifest herself to her by the flowing waters of the Gave.

To suppose, as do many ill-versed in the ways of God, that the purpose of the Almighty in permitting the apparition of His Mother on the rock of Massabielle was to open up at Lourdes a sanitarium or water-cure for the bodily ailments of mankind, is to miss the very reason d'etere of the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. To know the true purpose of God in the manifestation of His power there made, one has but to witness the outpouring of faith, piety and devotion in this holy spot to be seen and heard, especially when some organized pilgrimage is assembled before the Grotto. Only one who has heard the Magnificat sung by thousands in thanksgiving to Mary for some remarkable cure can fathom the full meaning of that sublime canticle which welled up from the immaculate heart of the Little Maid of Nazareth. A beautiful expression of Catholic faith may be seen nightly, when thousands of pilgrims each with lighted taper in hand assembled within the enrolling

colonades that spring from the facade of the basilica present the appearance of a sea of light chanting in unison the Nicene Creed and at the words, "Et homo factus est," with the genuflection of each worshipper, the picturesque effect of a sinking and rising wave of light is presented to the eye.

The miraculous fortnight, during which she appeared almost daily to her favored child, began on the eighth day of the month, and it was on the twenty fifth that the fountain of health-giving water hallowed in the earth by the tiny hands of Bernadette at Mary's bidding first gushed forth—that fountain which has since attracted millions to the Rocks of Massabielle, and has imparted new life and strength to thousands upon thousands of poor helpless invalids.

"Did you see any miracles at Lourdes?" A very natural question to ask of any pilgrim to this holy shrine. Whoso has had the inestimable privilege of visiting this holy grove may in simple truth reply, "I have seen Lourdes, itself the most stupendous miracle of the nineteenth century."

This fact—for fact it is—will be forced back upon the mind of any believing Christian who kneels before the holy grotto, and, telling his beads, let his eyes rise in their gaze from the ledge of rock now worn smooth by the kisses of Mary's clients consecrated by the pressure of the foot of the immaculate One which in fulfillment of the promise contained in the protoevangel, had crushed the serpent's head to the sparry basilica crowning the rock of Massabielle and following the winding march of the pilgrims, down the mountain side encircling the grotto, his eyes the while drinking in the exultant refrain of the pilgrim's hymn, "Ave, Ave Maria;" or watches a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament from the recesses of the grotto, headed by twenty bishops, followed by three hundred priests and thousands of the laity chanting the "O Salutaris" and prunes in his prayer to remember that this has come to be, because on the eleventh of February, 1858, a little peasant girl went to her Blessed Virgin Mary in the Grotto of Massabielle, who wished erected there a chapel to which the faithful might come in pilgrimage.

Duplicate this situation in any part of the world and say, "If this be not a miracle what is worthy of the name?"—The Geas, Philadelphia.

NUAS WHO SET TYPE.

The other day there appeared in a well-known Catholic weekly a rather lengthy account of several nuns who set type and printed books over in Italy in the first years of the sixteenth century. They only brought out one volume each year, however, although it is asserted that their work was singularly artistic.

It is not known, we are certain, to the Catholic press of the country, that there are to day in America nuns who set type and actually print and publish a magazine. In the picturesque beautiful little town of La Grange, Ill., sixteen miles from Chicago, stands Nazareth Academy, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. A couple of years ago, desiring to have a little periodical for the use of the young ladies, in which they might become accustomed to journalistic work, the Reverend Mother of the convent founded the Nazareth Chimes. For a year it was printed outside the convent walls, and barely paid expenses. Then a priest-friend who knew something about the printing business, suggested that the convent ought to buy its own type and press, and print its magazine at home. It did so, hiring a compositor at first to set type, making up the pages and operate the press. Little by little, while he worked, two Sisters learned the mystery of hand-set composition. They became adepts in setting type. Next they learned how to make up forms and manage the press. Now the entire forty-eight page periodical is wholly the product of the convent and the academy. Two Sisters call on business men and secure advertisements, the senior pupils write articles—made up of fiction, poetry, history, jokes and school gossip—the two Sisters first mentioned set the type and make up the forms and put the periodical on the press, which latter is so small that only two pages can be printed at a time. Other nuns stitch and bind the publication when the edition is finally out. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that Sisters and pupils have worked up a subscription list of more than one thousand five hundred subscribers, and that the little magazine is well liked.

It is often asserted by poorly informed persons that Catholic women are backward; but what does this show? Is there any other woman's school or college in the country where women write all the articles, set up all the type, print all the copies of a monthly publication and manage all the business details connected with the same? Although produced in a convent, The Nazareth Chimes in as daintily presented as is it came from the office of the Harpers of The Century, and many of its articles have a genuine value. Thus it appears that if the sixteenth century nun led all the women of her day, the twentieth century nun is managing to keep in the forefront here in advanced America.—Syracuse Sun.

Episcopalianism and the Mother of God. In one of the principal churches of the Protestant Episcopal body in Chicago the Pope's prayers after Mass are daily said, as well as the "Salve Regina" and the "Memorare." One of the best known P. E. clergymen of Fond du Lac, Wis., has set himself the laudable task of placing a statue of the Blessed Virgin in as many of the churches in his diocese as have not already been provided with one. He was lately the guest of one of the Episcopalian clergymen of Chicago, when the writer had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner. Speaking of the great work now being accomplished by his church towards Catholic unity, he said: "If the Episcopalian Church

is to be brought to a full knowledge of Catholic truth it will be under God through devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Immaculate Mother of our Lord.—True Voice.

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