

to justice. Moreover, to practise deceit and to conceal themselves, to bind men to themselves, as slaves with iron fetters, without alleging any reason; to employ for any crime these slaves of another's will, to bare their arm for slaughter, whilst guarding themselves from punishment, is an enormity at which nature revolts. Wherefore against these associations reason and truth compel one in justice and natural virtue to fight."

This true picture of Freemasonry moved the adepts and put them under the necessity of defending themselves. Certain dignitaries of the sect, while admitting the truth of some of the charges, disclaimed all connection with extremists, and endeavored to diminish in the public mind the effects of the Sovereign Pontiff's fearful denunciation.

"I grieve to think," wrote a secretary, "that there are Masonic bodies which may have laid themselves open to many of the charges which the Encyclical letter contains." And the same writer, in defence of the assertion that the Pope's sweeping censure should not include all the Lodges, appealed to the rules and constitutions of certain English Lodges, one and all breathing a spirit of religion and charity, and obedience to the law, etc. But the Holy Father had proven unanswerably that Freemasonry, from every point of view, was a source of ruin for a people; that it attacked not only the religion of Christ but civil society and the family as well; that as a secret organization it was subversive of the very principles on which society was founded. Hatred of God and His work, hatred of Christ and His Church, and the perverse wish to drag man from his Saviour that was universally evident in the work of this sect, show that Masonry was and is still the incarnation of the malice of Satan. Like Satan, it loves hypocrisy and falsehood. For, not to mention the absurdity and vacuity of its ritualism and ceremony, it decks itself out in false colors and seeks as an angel of charity to deceive well-meaning men—sometimes even Catholics—into allowing themselves to assume Masonic bonds. Like Satan, it loves darkness and disorder. If everything is so honest in the Lodges, if their plans and programmes are so innocuous, why hide them? Why go to the trouble of binding men to secrecy by blood-curdling oaths to obey they know not whom, to do they know not what, to join in blindly promoting what they may be utterly adverse to? This is an ignoble and immortal surrender of human liberty and the source of infinite disorder.

When Leo XIII. took up the government of the Church, he declared that one of his chief aims should be to attack directly the influence of the accused sect. In this work he had been preceded by seven Sovereign Pontiffs. "As soon as the nature and character of the Masonic body had been made apparent by unmistakable signs, by the knowledge of its principles, by the publication of its rules, and rites, and ceremonies—and to these was often added the testimony of the initiated themselves—the Holy See condemned and publicly proclaimed the Masonic sect as contrary to right and justice, and not less baneful to Christianity than to the State. Clement XII. was the first to denounce Freemasonry, and his constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV., Pius VII., followed in the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and Leo XIII., collecting the acts and decrees on this subject of the Popes who had gone before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Gregory XVI., and on many occasions Pius IX., spoke in the same sense." Leo XIII. has surpassed all his predecessors in the vigor of his denunciations of the sect. He had hardly put his hand to the helm of the Church when he saw the necessity of resisting this evil, and raising up against its inroads the bulwark of his apostolical authority. With an admirable clearness of style and with full knowledge of his subject the present Pontiff has more than once treated of the doctrines of the sect. With a pathos deeply touching he has asked men to have pity on their own souls and not to allow themselves to be deceived by Masonic leaders and manipulators. Ever on the alert, the Vicar of Christ gives the signal when the danger is imminent.

The present moment would appear to be well chosen to renew the struggle against this misguided sect. After having remained apparently quiet for several years, but not ceasing, meanwhile, to elaborate its plans against the Church of God, Freemasonry and the allied bodies are again growing demonstrative. In Europe especially there is a recrudescence of hatred and audacity in those secretaries who are sworn to destroy religion. And we know that, although they shall never succeed in shaking the foundation stone of the edifice built by Christ our Lord, still they may, by their artifices, effect the loss of a multitude of souls.

Let all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer unite in prayer and efforts to baffle these conspirators against God. Prayer first and foremost; for though we know that God is always the Master and well able to muzzle the Masonic monster, He often waits for our supplications to reduce him to powerlessness. Our Holy Father counts strongly on prayer. At his expressed desire priests throughout the world every morning after Mass ask the glorious Archangel Michael, chief of the heavenly hosts, to spare us from the snares and the wiles of our enemies.

To our prayers let us add good works. Begin by doing all in our power to prevent the secretaries from

gaining new recruits. Watch over your young men; teach them the dangers to their souls that lie in belonging to those societies which present themselves to them under various guises only to draw them into the Satanic army. Secondly, try to open the eyes of the well-meaning men who have been duped into seeking membership in these impious sects. The number of these dupes has, in recent years, gone down sensibly, for thanks to the publicity given to its designs in the press and elsewhere, men know more about Masonry than they did formerly. But there are still many who have to be reached. Charity for their souls obliges us to make some effort to free them from the bondage of Secret Societies. Let us show our zeal in this work and save souls to the Church.

E. J. Davine, S. J.

DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day in reparation of our offences and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immaculatest Thyself on the altar.

I offer them, in particular, that Catholics may struggle more vigorously than ever against Secret Societies.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SAMOA.

An Australian writer, who visited Samoa, published in 1894 the following description of Apia, its capital:—"The scenery around Apia harbor is beautiful beyond description. Spacious bays unfold themselves as you approach, each revealing the silvery white sand beach fringed with coco-palms; stretching far towards the hills lies undulating forest land chequered with the white houses of the planters. The harbor itself consists of a horse-shoe bay, extending from Matautu to Mullin Point. Fronting the passage a mountain rears its summit cloud-enveloped and half hidden, narrow paths wind through deep gorges, amid which you catch here and there the sheen of a mountain torrent. On the south the land heads in a graceful sweep to leeward until lost in the all-enveloping sea-mists of the tropics, while the straggling town, white-walled, reef-roofed, peeps through a dark-green grove of the bananas and cocoa-palms which fringe the beach."

Mr. H. Sneath Cooper, in his "Islands of the Pacific" (London, 1888), describes the Samoan group as "second only in importance to the Fiji Archipelago in the whole of Western Polynesia." He was enchanted with his visit to these islands: "The Samoan race," he writes, "is immensely superior to the average Polynesian. The natives are tall, handsome men of a light-brown color, many of them not being so dark as some Italians or Spaniards. They are docile, truthful, hospitable and very lively; and, in conversation among themselves, or in their dealings with foreigners, they are exceedingly courteous. I had seen something of the exquisite beauty of the scenery of the South Pacific Islands before my visit to Samoa, but certainly I was not prepared for the glorious sight that met my eyes as I entered the harbor of Apia. The Bay of Naples, lovely as it is, cannot, in my humble opinion, be compared with it. The harbor of Apia is a vast semi-circular expanse of the purest blue water—water so transparent that you can look over the ship's side and distinctly see the variegated colors of the coral grottoes, lagoon below, and notice the bright-hued fish darting here and there in shoals.

As a background there is the white coraline sand of the beach, fringed with the sately cocoa-palms, while the coo of the pigeon and the all but too powerful aromatic scents of many flowers compel the acquiescence of the other senses to the dogma of that vision, that this place is Nature at her best—God's creation in its earthly perfection. The Bay of Apia is divided by the outfall of two rivers into three parts, the centre of which is the town of Apia, which consists of a long straggling street on the beach, but with houses on both sides. On a higher ground is the Catholic cathedral and Bishop's and clergy houses. One feels quickly at home in the Navigators' Islands, much more so in fact than in any other group it has been my lot to visit. After making the acquaintance of the estimable Catholic Bishop, and lunching with him on a substantial meal of eggs and vegetables (it was a day of abstinence), I accompanied Mr. Elloy to the top of a hill behind the town, where I inspected the mission school and college, and was astonished at the perfect order of the scholars, as well as their marked proficiency in some very advanced stages of the art of knowledge."

"What shall I say," he adds, "how shall I describe that gem of South Sea beauty, which met my eyes as I looked seaward from this Samoan outpost of the Holy See? Surrounding us on all sides, and descending to the snow white beach, was the dense mass of evergreen foliage, varied here and there with the yellow, red and white of scented flowers. The blue sea was just leaving the outward edge of the coraline sand, and beating with fury against the coral breaker beyond, and from that it spread as far as the wistful eye could reach. I sat down, and reveling in that living dream of Paradise, I reflected on a certain passage of Holy Writ, which says: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what that celestial glory is which is promised for the just, when time has given place to eternity.' A few days later the Catholics were keeping the

feast of Easter, and it was certainly very strange to listen (in what the great majority of English people would consider one of the cannibal islands) to the soft voices of some hundred of the natives joining in the grand old hymn of paschal time, 'O filli et filiae.'"

The Countess of Jersey, in an interesting article entitled, "Three Weeks in Samoa," in the Nineteenth Century for January, 1893, tells of her impressions of Upolu, the chief island of the group. "Upolu," she says, "though a girl with coral reefs, is itself of volcanic origin, and its lovely hills, some reaching the height of 5,000 feet, rise in many places from the water's edge. Except in the lower coastal mountains so thickly clothed with trees of every description. Many were stately forest kings, with dark green tropical foliage; others bore brilliant flowers on their branches; the variety was endless, and as we soon discovered, the shade delicious. August, the month of our visit, being the winter season in these islands, all the blossoms were not out, but we were told that to stand on a mountain height later in the year, and to gaze on the dense mass of foliage below, was to overlook a gorgeous garden of flowers blooming on the trees."

To the Marist Fathers belong the privilege of being the evangelizers of this most interesting group of islands. These devoted missionaries have been indefatigable in their toil, and amid untold hardships and poverty, and persecution, may truly be said to have followed in the footsteps of the Apostles. The efforts of their zeal have been already attended with considerable success, and the results already achieved give promise, at no distant day, of a grand and glorious triumph of religion.

The agents of the London Missionary Society took possession of the missionary field ten years before the Marist Fathers. They appear to have been content with little more than a nominal Christianity, with a result that the natives became heedless of all practical religion and quite indifferent to the teachings of Christian truth. Rev. Dr. Ellis, who was one of the leading representatives of the London Society in those early days, tells us in his "Polynesian Researches" that their missionaries did not deem it expedient to present to the natives any symbol of Christian faith or any definite articles of belief. They administered, indeed, two sacraments, baptism and the Eucharist. As regards baptism they took care to explain that it was a mere ceremony which did not confer any sanctification or other blessing. It was the missionaries' right to administer it, and it was the natives' duty to receive it as a public declaration of their being enrolled as Christians. The Blessed Eucharist also was a mere empty symbol. Slices of the bread fruit, baked in the oven, were used instead of bread, and the cocoa nut juice took the place of wine.

Rev. William Brown, in his "History of Protestant Missions" (London, 1854), writes: "Though the progress of the mission in the Navigators' Islands was in many respects remarkable, yet the change which was effected on the natives was to a large extent merely external. There was a general profession of Christianity, but there is no reason to suppose there was an extensive conversion of the people." He cites the Rev. Mr. Day, who, writing from Upolu in 1843, attests that the great majority of the Samoan Christians were such only in name: "You will not wonder (Rev. Mr. Day adds) that after the lapse of ten years this fact should now become very obvious to us in the unchanged hearts and unaltered lives of many who have attached themselves to our ministry." So also Rev. Mr. Hardie, another Samoan missionary, wrote in 1844: "The Inquirers have just begun to know something of the Gospel, but strict, moral principle and the restraints of religion are new to them, so that they become an easy prey in the hour of temptation. The same remarks are, to a great extent, applicable to the members of our churches. Many of them fall into great improprieties."

The Rev. George Turner, an agent of the London Missionary Society, published in 1861, in his "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," a somewhat more detailed account of the missionary results achieved in Samoa. The natives, he states, gave proof of a most exuberant fancy when exercising their supposed right to interpret for themselves the Sacred Scripture. They went so far as to regard themselves better qualified than the missionaries to fashion a religion from the Bible: "Don't speak to me of the Bible (they used to say); I have got a foreign religion as you; mine is as good as yours." Very soon they began to form independent sects of their own. A native, who had been for a year or two on board a whaling ship, considered himself fully qualified to be a leader in matters of religion, and Mr. Turner adds, "although further from the truth than ever, this fellow got a surprising number of adherents." Nor was this a mere passing phase of their unsettled ideas in regard to religion: "to this day," the same writer continues, "some of the people are still led on by native religious pretenders into all sorts of extravagances and absurdities, the blind literally leading the blind." He further tells us that there were, in 1861, ten Protestant missionaries laboring in the Samoan group, assisted by 231 native teachers. The population, which was at first reckoned at 150,000, had dwindled in 1861 to 65,000, of whom about 20,000 were nominal Christians, but the whole number of church members was only 645. Such were the results of the twenty-

five years' toll of the Protestant missionaries in these islands.

It was no easy matter to engage in the task of evangelizing natives imbued with such notions of the Christian religion. Yet the blessed Chanel, writing in 1839, states that the Marist Fathers were yearning for an opportunity to bring the blessings of the faith of those islands. A native of Samoa had landed at Futuna, he says, and had given the news that all the Samoans were Christians. But, he adds, the tale of this native was one of utter bewilderment and fancy when he endeavored to explain what was meant by Christianity. However, if the preachers were indifferent as to the tenets which were to be professed, there was one thing that they unceasingly impressed upon the natives as the great matter of vital importance, and that was, never to allow any Papists (Pope was the name given them) to land amongst them. A law dictated by the preachers was passed prohibiting all intercourse with those "enemies of God and of the human race," and at all the religious services a special prayer was offered up to save Samoa from the terrible scourge of Popery.

In 1844 a French vessel under Captain Morvan, proceeding from Tahiti to Wallis, put into one of the Samoan bays. A large boat full of natives, and with two white men on board, went out to reconnoitre, but kept at a distance, and no friendly signs that were made could induce them to approach, the natives appearing to be filled with the most abject terror.

The two whites were men who had made their escape from English whaling vessels, but they could not understand French. Captain Morvan, on the other hand, though he understood English well, could make but little attempt at speaking it. He held out however, a bottle of cognac, which the white men recognized as a token of friendship and at once came aboard. The older of the two, who was the owner of the boat, after the first draught declared that it was "excellent French brandy." His name was Jeremiah Crawley. He was an Irishman, a native of Cork, and a Catholic, though he would say but little about his religion. He had been thirteen years among the Samoan natives, had taken to himself a native wife and had a large family. The other was a native of Jersey. He was not so communicative as his companion, but he said that they had in the islands representatives of all sorts of religions, in dependents, Wesleyans, Lutherans, and even Quakers. He endeavored to fall in with them all; but, he added, he felt pretty sure that in so far as the natives were concerned, they knew very little of any difference between them.

In the course of conversation, Crawley entered into full details, which subsequently the missionaries found to be quite correct, regarding the organized opposition in which all the various sects were combined to resist every attempt at introducing Catholicity in the islands. "This very morning," he said, "I heard one of the ministers haranguing the natives to the following effect: 'When you see men clothed in a long black dress, and having on their breast a cross with the figure of Christ attached to it, fly away from them; they are the agents of hell; no matter how attractive their words may be, shun them; they are monsters thirsting for your blood, and it is their aim to reduce these beautiful islands to the condition of a frightful desert; their very breath is poisonous; their touch brings with it eternal damnation.'

Encouraged by Crawley and his companion, the natives ventured to come on board. When they saw the two priests dressed in soutanes and having the crucifix on their breasts, they gave signs of the greatest dread, which, however, was soon allayed by the gift of some food and trinkets. One amusing incident may be mentioned. The son of the chieftain of the district was one of the visitors, and he wore a lava-lava (loin-dress) of the freshest and greenest leaves. There was a pet lamb on board which excited a special interest among the natives, for they had never before seen any such animal. The lamb became quite friendly, but when the young chief turned his back, it made a bite at the fresh leaves which caused an unpleasant rent in the lava-lava. A cry of horror from the chief was followed by intense merriment on the part of the other natives. A calico lava-lava was soon improvised by the captain, and the young chief showed great delight in feeding the pet lamb with the remaining fresh leaves of his former garment. Before quitting the vessel, the natives had laid aside all their fears, but Crawley paid dearly for holding communication with the hated strangers. His house and all his belongings were reduced to ashes, and he was compelled to seek a shelter in some other distant island.

The 12th of August, 1845, was the memorable day on which the first Catholic missionaries set sail from Wallis to bring the blessings of the faith to Samoa. They were indebted for the boat in which they sailed to John Jones, an Englishman, who, after trading for many years in the Wallis Island, had become a fervent convert, and when dying in 1841 bequeathed this boat to them. There were on board two Marist Fathers and one lay brother, besides two Samoan catechists who had been baptized and instructed at Wallis, and now, with their wives, returned rejoicing as heralds of the faith to their native islands. They were tossed about by storms at sea, and it was only after eleven days that they sighted the western coast of the island of Savai. This, however, was

only the beginning of their troubles. Again and again they were repulsed from the villages where they attempted to land. The people fled away at their approach, and some few who at first seemed disposed in accordance with Samoan usage to extend hospitality to them, were compelled to cast them forth and to shut their huts against them.

At length at the village of Leatatele they found a resting-place. The natives there had smarted under the hardships imposed on them by the Protestant missionaries. "They make us carry blocks of stone and wood," they said, "and our hands and shoulders suffer from the task. What is worse, they compel us to carry themselves and their wives on our shoulders, and they take special pleasure to impose their work on our chiefs. They require fifteen or twenty of our young men and as many of our girls to serve them in their houses, and to look after their cattle, and to cook for them." With delight they learned from the catechists that no such burdens would be imposed by the Catholic missionaries, and hence their chief, named Tuata, invited them to make his home there. On the 15th of September, the octave of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1845, the first Mass was offered up, and sixty of the natives of the district asked to receive instruction.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

A wild cloud swoopeth adown the bay  
To the troubled sea, and the sailor hears  
The boat of the breakers die away  
Like the moon of a grief too deep for tears.

The bare trees rise in the lowering west,  
Like specters against the purple sky;  
But when the foaming crest  
And the flash of the lightning clineth by:

"I fear not the fire of the storm-king's breath,  
Nor the tumbling waves, nor the midnight dread,  
But the Lord, in whose hands are both life  
And death."

Whom the waves obey—His wrath I fear."  
—Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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A NUN DECORATED.

In the list of recipients of civic decorations published a few days ago in the official Monitor of Belgium, appears the name of Sister Teresa Hickey, of the Congregation of Apostolines of Berchem. This Irish nun is a member of the Community of her Order at Ordegem, in East Flanders, and during an epidemic which prevailed some time ago in the locality she displayed an admirable zeal and devotion in nursing the sick and dying. In consideration of the valuable public services she rendered on the occasion Sister Teresa has been awarded the civic medal of the first class, a distinction of which she has shown herself eminently worthy.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' COLLECTIVE OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

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Some of the important features contained in the books are as follows:

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First Book, 16 pages, 10 cents; Part II, 56 pages, 15 cents; Second Book, 184 pages, 20 cents; Third Book, 280 pages, 30 cents; Fourth Book, 324 pages, 40 cents.

Because it allows additional space for literature, and because it affords the teacher greater freedom in presenting the subject, the lists of hard words, or anything on the actual lessons are given in this series. It is the purpose to prepare for teachers three series of books, one for Part I and II, another for books I and III, and the third for book IV, which will deal with the methods of Teaching, Reading and Literature, giving all possible help to the teacher in dealing with these subjects, and with any difficulties in particular lessons.

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