

JESUIT PRINCIPLES.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Meditations Twelve, Thirteenth and Fourteenth—The Effects of Mortal Sin—The Losses Occasioned by it—Venial Sin Considered in all its Phases

TWELFTH MEDITATION—TWO EFFECTS OF MORTAL SIN. 1, BLINDNESS OF THE MIND; 2, OBSTINACY OF THE HEART.

First Point—Blindness of the mind with regard to the truths of Faith.—A pure soul believes all mysteries without any difficulty. She enjoys to think of one God in Three Persons, to adore the Word, &c. A soul in sin is surrounded by dense obscurity. Everything is a difficulty; everything contradiction for her mind and coldness for her heart; she only has aversion and distaste for religious practices. Whence this difference? Faith is a torch that only shines in the pure air of virtue and goes out in the murky atmosphere of sin.

Second Point—Blindness with regard to the idea of true Wisdom.—Sinners, it is said, alone are happy and wise. "Let us make haste and enjoy life to-day; we may die to-morrow." But on the day of judgment their tune will be changed. "Fools that we were, we esteemed the life of the just an infamy and his end a disgrace, and to-day he is with the children of God. What did pride, wealth, lust, &c., profit us? We pay now the penalty." Such shall, in hell, be their language. The hope of a sinner is like a straw blown away, vanished smoke, or the memory of a departed guest who stayed but an hour.

Third Point—Blindness respecting one's own state.—The sinner thinks he is rich, while he is poor indeed. "I have sinned and what harm has befallen me?" said an impious man in Ecclesiasticus. He did not know that the forbearance of God is slow in punishing sin, but that His justice is terrible in proportion to that forbearance.

Fourth Point—Blindness with regard to the idea of time.—The rich man pulled down his barns and built larger ones to hold his immense harvest. "Soul, thou has goods laid up for many years; take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer." That night his soul was summoned to God and the goods amassed were scattered to strangers. "Time enough," you say; and the hour glass runs on, and Time flies and you see it not. Thou hast been blinded by the estimation of Time; wilt thou be more enlightened on eternity.

Fifth Point—Blindness with regard to Eternity.—The thought vexes him and he wont think of it. He would like to destroy it or forget it. He says: "Time is short, but we have nothing to expect after death. No one ever returned from Hell. After death there is nothing, so let us enjoy life while we have it. He is blinded by sin and malice. Fearing an eternal hell, he seeks to persuade himself there is none. Death came into the world through the Devil; and all who imitate him, in rebellion against God, shall share his eternity, not God's."

The Obsturacy of the Heart—The Second Effect of Sin.—This follows the blindness of the mind. The rays of the sun of justice operate differently on different objects. They soften the pure and docile hearts, as wax; they harden the carnal hearts, as slime. See Pharaoh who beheld so many miracles—Aaron's rod, the plagues, the smitten cattle, &c. These celestial warnings only served to harden his heart. The Lord said, "the works of my right hand hardened the heart of Pharaoh." Antiochus who was going to make Jerusalem the tomb of the Jews, was stricken by the hand of God, carried away dying, and while in agony and vermin came through his flesh he cried out "It is just to be subject to God, and that a mortal should not equal himself to the sovereign God." His prayer was not heard. It was wrong from him by pain, his heart was as hard as Pharaoh's. Judas confessed his crime: "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood." But the confession was followed by despair. His heart was harder than the goodness of Christ. Thus the blindness so profound and the obsturacy so obstinate that follow mortal sin are the two fearful dangers, for no miracle can change them, no kindness subdue,

no light illumine. But how long shall they last?

As long as man is on earth he can quit the way of iniquity and return to the path of virtue.

The goodness and infinite power of God will not be wanting to him. The blindness of the mind differs from the hardness of the heart. That blindness does not go beyond the grave. As soon as the eyes are closed the veil falls, and eternity appears. He sees virtue and vice, truth and error, God and Satan; but unfortunately this glimpse and knowledge, while giving sight to his blindness does not soften the heart. The change of the heart is the conversion of man, and man can be converted during time, but not during eternity. So blindness ends with time, but obsturacy lasts forever.

My God, grant me your light and your love, and deliver me from the blindness of the mind and obsturacy of the heart—from these two executioners, who, when they have seized their unfortunate victims, drag them to eternal tortures, through the way of final impenitence, which way can be travelled but once.

THIRTEENTH MEDITATION—EFFECTS OF MORTAL SIN AND LOSSES WHICH IT CAUSES.

First Loss—I lose the grace of God which is more precious than all earthly goods. I become poorer than the prodigal son, feeding swine in a far land. By loss of Grace I lose the friendship of God, and having merited His hatred I become His enemy. I have lost the title of child of God, all claim to His Providence, and to the aid He gives the just. With the exception of faith and hope I have lost all infused virtues that strengthen and ornament the soul.

Second Loss—I have lost the merits acquired by my good works. If I do not regain God's grace all my good acts are without merit. Had I all the merits of the saints, their alms-deeds, austerities, sacrifices and prayers, yet if I die guilty of one mortal sin, the whole is annihilated forever. My soul is like a vine loaded with fruit, and suddenly destroyed; like a ship burdened with treasures which a sudden tempest has sunk; a rich city which the fire reduced to ashes.

Third Loss—I lose my liberty. My talents, senses, faculties, all become subject to a tyranny; I am no longer ruler of my actions, I am their slave. If I try to escape, my passion says "no, go on!" and I go on. All sense of manhood vanishes and man becomes abject. In the Eighth Book of his Confessions, St. Augustin says: "I sighed to see myself enchained not with strange fetters, but my own will, which was for me harder than iron, and the enemy having it in his power, made a chain of it with which he held me bound." If there is aught in this world that men pride themselves on it is their freedom. Yet how many of those freemen are lashed slaves of Satan and their passions!

Fourth Loss—The loss of peace. Nothing so sweet, so desirable as peace. We all desire it; but we do not seek that which can give us peace. Only by resisting the passions, not by yielding to them, can we procure peace. As soon as we immoderately desire something we are uneasy. When the object is obtained remorse comes; and remorse is incompatible with peace. Remorse places a sinner in a violent state. It is a maxim of philosophy, that what is violent does not last; but faith teaches us that the sinner shall be pursued by remorse as long as he will be a sinner; eternally, if he is eternally guilty. Still more unfortunate the one who stifles his remorse—no hope then!

Fifth Loss—The loss of good. Created to praise, honor, and serve God and thereby to possess Him imperfectly upon earth, and perfectly in heaven; the sinner instead of praising, curses; instead of honoring, disgraces; instead of serving, rebels; in a word, instead of gaining his end, which is God, he separates himself from God. It is said that God will no longer look upon the sinner, but He will. There is a union between the Creator and the creature which can never be broken; He will look upon me with the glance of a father, or of a judge. Divorce is impossible between us. His hand will be forever on me, either as a friend or an enemy. Therefore one of the greatest losses is to have become an enemy of God and to have lost sanctifying grace. It is a loss that eternity cannot repair, but which can be repaired in this life. From this moment, then, I take this two-fold reso-

lution; from this moment I can and will become again the friend of God. May He grant me grace to do so—and may Mary the Blessed and St. Ignatius intercede for me!

FOURTEENTH MEDITATION—VENIAL SIN.

This sin is called *venial* in opposition to *mortal* being lighter; in itself, however, it is grievous, being opposed to reason, and it makes the soul an object of disgust in the sight of God. It is a real disobedience to God, *Whom it wrongs and contemns*. Many are committed because we hope to escape eternal punishment. If we reflect that by each one we wrong and offend God, we shall see it is a sovereign evil. Let us repent for so having offended God!

Second Point—Sad effects produced by venial sin. It takes away strength in the exercise of virtue; weakens the struggles against temptation; produces distaste for spiritual things and apathy for virtue; it gives a relish for worldly pleasures and a disgust for heavenly things. It predisposes the soul for mortal sin; drives away the fear of God and the dread of offending him. When then a strong temptation comes a fall usually follows, from which the sinner may never rise. Let me know the danger and detest all sins, and humbly pray God for help to serve Him faithfully in small things as well as great.

Third Point—Consider the severity with which God punishes venial sin; not only to be deprived of the sight of God in Purgatory, but even there to suffer the fiery tortures of centuries. Great must be venial sin when God thus visits on His friends such fearful punishment. Also in this life we have temporal and spiritual punishment for it; as bodily pains, infirmities, losses, misfortunes, spiritual blindness, disquietude, and errors of all kinds. Venial sins are the "fuel for the fires of Purgatory." Let us ask pardon for past errors and grace never to fall into them again.

RUSSIA AND THE CATHOLICS.

(From London Tablet.)

The following letter, dated December 1, 1893, contains a true account of what has lately taken place at Kroze, in Lithuania, during the closing of a Catholic church by the Russian Government. It is written by one who was an eye-witness of the sad scenes:

I feel I must send you a brief account of what has happened here just lately. I told you in one of my letters about the few poor Sisters who are dragging out their existence in a Benedictine convent at Kroze (Sanogocla). (When the Russians suppressed the convents and religious orders after the insurrection of 1863, in several places they allowed the Sisters to remain in their convent walls, on condition that they received no more postulants. They were also forbidden to have schools or hospitals.) The youngest of the Sisters celebrated her Golden Jubilee a few months ago. All the members of the community are far advanced in age, and most of them infirm and ill. Some little time ago the Government determined to confiscate the convent, and drive away the poor old nuns, notwithstanding a number of petitions sent to St. Petersburg by the most influential people, begging that the Sisters, already tottering on the brink of the grave, might be allowed to end their days in peace. It was all in vain. At the beginning of July the police broke into the enclosure and carried off the nine poor old nuns to Kowno. But this was not all; it appears that they had already received orders to close the little convent church (founded by Christopher Wollowicz in 1642). The officials promised the people that they would leave them the parish church, which is an old wooden one. The despair of the Catholics on hearing this sad news cannot be imagined; they contrived to get put off the final affixing of seals on the doors of the beautiful little church until September 5, Our Lady's Nativity, when the last Mass was to be said. The poor people, fearing that the soldiers would carry away the Blessed Sacrament by stealth, kept vigil day and night before their Lord in the Tabernacle. In the meantime, they were not idle, and one petition after the other was sent to St. Petersburg, begging the Government to leave the little stone church as a parish one. Reliable members of the congregation, chosen by the people, and given full power to act as they considered best, went to St. Petersburg, and even succeeded in placing in the hands of the Tsar's personal attendant, a petition addressed to the Emperor himself, imploring his protection, who assured them they should have an answer in a few days' time. It is impossible to give an idea of all the difficulties these men had to contend with. They behaved admirably, and gave continual proofs of their spirit of sacrifice and fidelity to their holy faith.

While these negotiations were going on in the capital, the police at Kroze did not leave the people in peace; they contrived to take possession of the church, in spite of the resistance of the faithful, who, hoping it might prove a means of defence, hung over the principal door, near to the cross, portraits of the Tsar and Tsarina, surrounded by flowers, vowing they would only surrender the church on a special order from the Tsar himself. To those who endeavoured to drive them out they answered: "We prefer to perish with the church than to live without the succour and help of our holy religion. You will not enter the church except by passing over our dead bodies." Since the despatch of the last petition a fortnight had already elapsed, and the weather began to get cold, and those who passed the nights in watching before the tabernacle could not keep themselves warm. One day, without any warning, the police arrested the principal members of the congregation, who were sent to *Rosen*, and threatened

those who persisted in guarding the church with still heavier punishment. The people so treated these menaces with contempt, and still continued to keep their vigil before the Holy of Holies, always hoping to receive a favourable answer from St. Petersburg. On November 18 a sheriff arrived and began to make inquiries, asking who had gone to St. Petersburg, who wrote the petitions, &c. On Tuesday, the 20th, quite late in the evening, or rather night, arrived the Governor of Kowno, Mr. Klingenberg, accompanied by many officials and a staff of policemen, armed with swords, revolvers and the redoubtable knout. About two o'clock in the morning of the 21st, he came to the convent, and tried to gain an entrance into the church. He tried to persuade the ever-increasing crowd to disperse and allow the priests, whom they had awakened and forced to accompany them, to carry away the Blessed Sacrament. When the people refused to do this, he ordered the policemen to tear down the crucifixes and portraits of the Tsar and Tsarina, and force open the door with their swords, and, if the crowd refused to let them pass, to make a passage for themselves with the help of the knout or the point of their bayonets. On hearing this there was a movement of surprise not unmixed with terror, and the people instinctively drew closer together; the police took advantage of this momentary confusion among the crowd, and made their way into the church with the Governor at their head. When they were inside they barricaded the doors with the benches and began to flog unmercifully with the knout those who remained in adoration and prayer, always coming nearer and nearer to the altar. The crowd, hearing the shrieks of these poor people, made a rush into the church, forcing their way in spite of all obstacles; in a moment the victory was on their side, as they far outnumbered the police, whom they soon overpowered. They surrounded the Governor and Sheriff, who had run into the choir; Klingenberg fired two shots from his revolver, heedless of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, which still reposed in the Tabernacle. On seeing this the people carried him out of the church by force and put him in one of the cells of the adjoining convent, refusing to set him at liberty until he wrote a statement declaring that he had entered the church at night like a robber and had ordered the unarmed people to be flogged. He made a feint of complying with their demand and ordered them to bring him pen, ink and paper. These were soon obtained, and he sat down to write what the people thought was the desired statement, but what in reality was nothing but a ruse to gain time, as he knew that a regiment of Cossacks was expected to arrive from Worn, and could come any moment. The clamour outside was indescribable. The shrieks and cries of the people rent the air; the ringing of alarm bells, mingled with the beating of drums, could be heard at a distance of 4 kilometres. The rising sun found the Governor still making a pretence of writing; all at once a despairing shriek from the unarmed people announced the arrival of the 300 Cossacks, who were armed with rifles, knouts, and swords or pikes (a long, narrow sharp sword). They immediately surrounded the church and began to charge the crowd, firing indiscriminately among the people, or flogging them on the heads and faces with their knouts. Two Cossacks, literally treading on human heads, entered the church on horseback, wounding and killing as they went along, so that the walls and pavement of the House of God were bespattered with blood. With their swords and pikes they tore down the pictures and crucifixes which hung on the walls or adorned the altars. All the people were driven out; only a few corpses remained, which the Cossacks threw outside into an old lime-pit. The next day the bodies of these martyrs were carefully searched for and buried. At ten in the morning the Government seals were affixed to the doors of the church.

Some persons who had fled at the sight of the Cossacks tried to cross the river, which was slightly frozen; the ice proved to be too thin and gave way beneath their weight, and all were drowned; others, wounded and bleeding, were dragged into the public place before the Magistrates, who were accompanied by the Governor and Sheriff. The brutal Cossacks seized everyone who came in their way, threw them on the ground and beat them unmercifully with their knouts, not sparing even delicate women, some of whom were *enclente*. When the poor victims faltered under the inhuman blows, they took up the bodies, throwing them in a heap, one on top of the other, as if they were logs of wood.

The flogging went on from morning till night. Two women died from the effects of the ill-treatment they had undergone; before their deaths they begged for a confession, but even this consolation was refused them by these barbarous soldiers. More than 150 persons were arrested and sent to the towns of Taragi, Rosiente, Szawie and Telsze.

The Governor, Mr. Klingenberg, paid a visit during the day to the village school, distributing among the children 10 roubles to buy sweets, at the same time saying: "If you dare to tell an one what you have seen, the Cossacks shall flog you, but if you keep silence you will receive still more money." In the meantime, the Cossacks received permission to amuse themselves as they pleased. The inhabitants soon experienced the effects of this carnival. The enjoyment of these savages consisted in going about the little town breaking open doors, throwing the corn about the streets, killing inoffensive animals, such as sheep, cows, and pigs; flogging to their hearts' content anyone they happened to meet on their way, well knowing that no one would interfere with them whatever excesses it pleased them to indulge in.

A great many rich peasants are now beggars, and the whole parish looks like a desert.

Such are the bloody deeds which accompanied the closing of the church of Kroze. The accounts in the Russian papers are, of course, quite different; there it is said that the Bishop himself asked the Government to close the church.

These facts having become known in Europe, the Government has had the grace to feel ashamed of its brutal and inhuman conduct. The Governor, Mr. Klingenberg, has been transferred to another district.

CURED HIS BOILS IN A WEEK.

DEAR SIRS,—I was covered with pimples and small boils, until one Sunday I was given $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. FRED. CARTER, Haney, B. C.

I can answer for the truth of the above. T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.