

CATHOLIC

LIFE

AMONG

THE

FIJI

ISLANDERS.

It is only occasionally that despatches come to hand from the outposts of the Catholic Church in the South Sea Islands, giving us a glimpse of the life of the missionaries in the barbarous islands, some little insight of their hopes and fears, their defeats and triumphs. When, however, news does come to hand it is of the most cheering character, and we learn how the banner of Holy Church waves triumphantly over a succession of victories. The average person knows very little of the islets in the lazy, locked lagoons, beyond that their inhabitants are brown and their customs are barbaric. But that cathedrals stand high above the tropical foliage, chapels guard the bamboo villages, and the tinkling of the mission bell moves to devotion thousands of dusky Christians, we sometimes forget—forgetting, too, that the shadow of the sword no longer darkens the greater number of these beautiful islands, and that the arts of peace, and not of war, are now pursued in the shadow of the palms.

How sane and civilized the islands are to-day, thanks in so great a measure to the self-sacrificing labors of the Catholic missionaries of France, can be learned from a letter we received this week from a correspondent in Suva, the capital of the Fiji group. He describes a procession of the Blessed Sacrament on one of the mission stations. The ceremony is chronicled as an interesting, but not out of the way event, and the spirit of the description gives us a better idea of the hold Catholicism has in those islands than a sheaf of statistics. He writes as follows:—

"On Sunday last there was more than ordinary activity among the Catholics of Suva. This was occasioned by an invitation to betake themselves to the Catholic Mission at Naillili, Rewa River, about ten miles distant, to assist at a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Arrangements had been made previously with the proprietors of two steam-launches to take the would-be passengers.

"The morning was drizzling and uninviting, but the boats were nevertheless well patronized. In fact, the Victoria, which started at 8.30 a. m., was taxed to her carrying capacity—180 passengers.

"The Cakoban, named after an individual of renown, started early with those who were anxious to get there in time to assist at Holy Mass. After a pleasant run through the six or seven miles of smooth water lying between the reef and the mainland, we entered the Rewa by one of its many narrow openings. After winding through this passage, lined with mangrove shrubs up to the very edge of the water, we came out on to what has been called the Mississippi of the Pacific—a river which is sure to strike visitors with wonder, for who would expect to find such a stream in so small an island? On entering this wide expanse of water the red roofs of the Catholic church and presbytery could be seen in the distance. The corrugated iron roofs have been painted to prevent rusting. Many houses in the group are now done in the same way and look very well.

"On arrival at the small jetty at the Mission, the crowd standing on the bank was a sure sign that the Holy Sacrifice had not yet begun. This was dismissed from our minds the unpleasant sensation felt when sitting between the stools of doubt, hope and regret, and a beam of genuine gladness well repaid the little sacrifices accomplished.

"A joyous crowd of natives in Sunday attire were chatting pleasantly here and there, strolling about in groups over the level-kept green in front of the church. This building is very interesting, and were it given a tongue could recount numberless feats of daring, courage, self-sacrifice and zeal displayed by the many noble men who presided over the destinies of this mission. But it is in a special way a monument to the sacrifice and zeal displayed by the Rev. Father Favier, of holy memory, who forty years ago sought and cut its timbers in the primeval forests, then so full of dangers. Ever since it has withstood successfully the attempts of floods and storms to destroy it, and even now has the ap-

pearance of a substantial building. It is, however, too small for the congregation now frequently seeking shelter under it. Seeing this, and hoping for a bright future for the Catholic Church in Fiji, in spite of the alarming rate in the decrease of the native population, the Rev. Father Rougier, a worthy successor of the hardy pioneer mentioned above, has begun the erection of a large concrete church over 140 feet in length. This entails a deal of hard labor, but the good natives, like the early Christians, fear no sacrifices in such a good cause. They go joyfully, as the tides direct, sometimes at 4 or 5 in the morning, to get coral rocks, same to be burned to cinders to make lime, others to be built into the walls, which are now about 12 feet high. All the work is done by the native under the superintendence of a European lay Brother.

"But to return, after this long digression! The last bell was soon rung for Holy Mass and the church rapidly filled to an uncomfortable degree. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Dr. Vidal. The choir, consisting of the whole congregation, men on one side, women on the other, sang a Mass in plain chant, each side alternately taking up a passage. Congregational singing, such as we heard, is really soul-stirring, and one cannot help feeling regret that it is not more widely practiced in our churches for Europeans.

"Very many of the natives went to Holy Communion, showing great reverence and piety. In fact, the bishop and Rev. Father Rougier were distributing the Bread of Life for at least a quarter of an hour.

"The procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock. There was again the same large gathering in the church. The Bishop and acolytes entered processional to a march played by the native brass band, which has of late opened the eyes of many Europeans to see a power possessed by the natives, but which by most was unsuspected, viz., great musical talent. Several times during the morning and afternoon services the band contributed selections well chosen and well rendered, thus adding to the pomp and enthusiasm prevailing.

"The procession was from the present church to within the walls of the new building, where an Altar of Repose, decorated with tropical luxuriance, stood, and it took place in the following order: Native school girls and women, men and school boys, the native brass band, a number of small boys nicely dressed and well trained to turn at given signals and strew a shower of flowers before the King of Kings borne along under a canopy by the Bishop. The Europeans from Suva followed the clergy. On arriving at the Altar of Repose the 'Tantum Ergo' was sung and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given to the multitude. Then our steps were reverently retraced, all the while the Divine Guest was entertained by earnest, pious hymns, rendered with enthusiasm, now by the girls, now by the young men, and again by the whole assembly. Again the Sacramental King was placed upon the humble throne, adorned as well as love and poverty could do it, but still so poor and so unworthy of such a guest. A special choir of trained voices, assisted by the harmonium and some of the brass instruments, rendered with pleasing effect an 'O Salutaris' and a 'Tantum Ergo' in several parts. The closing Benediction was given, and when the Prisoner of Love was once more within His humble tabernacle home, all withdrew happy and peaceful, but still with a sort of regret, and some were heard asking: 'When shall we again have the happiness of assisting at so touching and beautiful a ceremony.'—Sydney Catholic Press

KEEP

HOLY

THE

SABBATH-DAY.

In the Book of Exodus we read that the Lord commanded Moses to go to Pharaoh and say to him: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Let my people go that they may sacrifice to me in the desert." But Pharaoh paid no attention to this divine command. On the contrary, he put

greater and heavier burdens upon the poor Israelites and throbbed down upon himself the vengeance of God, as we all remember from our Bible History. Looking around us we find that the generation of Pharaoh is still alive, judging from the wholesale desecration of Sunday, the day of the Lord. The devil is very active just now, knowing that desecration of Sunday means the downfall of many a soul. How is this day of the Lord desecrated?

On week-days people, as a rule, must work hard and have little time for the vanities of the world. But when Sunday comes with many the first thought at awakening is: "What will I wear; how dress myself to attract the attention of others?" They dress and go to church with their mind filled with worldly thoughts and then wonder why their distractions were so plentiful and their prayers so miserable. It's no sin to dress better on Sundays, but our motive must be to do it out of respect for the holiness of the day and the place where we are expected to spend a good portion of the day—in the house of God. I need not mention that our dress must be decent and respectable and that it would betray bad taste and a want of religious training to enter the House of God in dirty clothes, unless poverty would excuse us, and that it would be scandalous to appear in garments that would be barred by refined society. These things have happened, but not with good and decent Catholics.

Some people think they have done their full duty by going to Holy Mass early in the morning, and then they attend to their business as though Sunday was not for them. Certainly a great mistake. It is true times have changed and many people must work if they want to keep their job. But much work is done on Sundays that could well be left undone or attended to on Saturday. God has commanded us to work six days of the week, but the seventh day He has reserved for His service, and no power in the world can dispense you from this service of God. I need not tell you how necessary this is in our days of materialism, where the poor laboring class is more and more oppressed to swell the coffers of the rich. Man needs rest, and this rest God has provided for by demanding one day out of seven for Himself. But not only the body of man needs this rest, the soul, being of more importance than the body, must be given an opportunity to tear loose from the cares and troubles of the world and look heavenward to its future home. And this the most people can only do on Sunday.

Be careful, then, never to neglect this duty and never to demand from anybody the least work on Sunday that is unnecessary or directly forbidden. Give your family every opportunity to serve God and show them a good example, and you will never have any reason to complain about their services towards you. How can we expect God to bless us when we disregard His holiest commands?

We Catholics are no hypocrites; at least, we should not be. Hence we do not forbid innocent amusements and the like even on Sunday. It is a deplorable fact that even some Catholics make no distinction in this respect. Experience teaches that many go where they please and stay as long as they like, associate with all kinds of people, and then parents wonder how it was possible that their good child should have been ruined. It's the same old story that the Sunday turned into a day of indiscriminate pleasure cannot be a day of blessing. Not satisfied with the day some people take in a good part of the night, and what this leads to I need not tell you. Be earnest, I implore you, in your pleasures on Sunday. Never lose sight of the fact that could be displeasing to Him. Do not forget to make the good intention at your pleasures, to enjoy them as we Christians should, with a grateful heart and in an innocent manner; that whilst we are granting relaxation and rest to our body our soul is not languishing in sin and perhaps being made a slave of Satan.

Let us then remember, dear friends, that we must one day render a strict account of the use we have made of this holy day of the Lord. Let us avoid what is forbidden at all times and practice what is so strictly commanded on this day—serving God from our whole heart and from our whole soul. This will insure for us the blessings of God; it will make our work easier and more pleasant and gain for us admission to the happy home of heaven, where there is an eternal Sabbath, a day of rest in the Lord.—B. B. in St. Anthony's Messenger.

OUR

LADY

OF

KNOCK.

Thursday, August 21, was the anniversary of the first and greatest of the apparitions at this shrine of Our Lady. The day was lowering and threatening throughout, and as evening approached rain fell continuously. In accordance with annual custom, an outdoor procession with in the walls of the spacious inclosure was arranged for, but the skies, rain and wind forbade its being anything like its predecessors—which were one huge circle of lights innumerable borne by thousands of processions, headed by processional cross and by a statue of Our Lady of Knock resting on a platform and borne on the shoulders of four men; at intervals beautiful banners would be interspersed, some of them "ex voto" offerings of grateful clients, others silent supplicants from sodalities, parishes or towns; the local choir with many white-robed school-girls would occupy a prominent place and discourse hymn and litany; a crowded throng in front of the gable of the Apparition would end the outdoor celebration with renewed hymn and litany; all would then essay ingress into the church for benediction, while but a small fraction could succeed, so numerous would be the participants in the anniversary celebration. Through the open doors and the open windows, the kneeling masses in the church inclosure would join with their luckier brethren indoors in assisting at benediction. With the dispersal of the parishioners to their homes and of the pilgrims to their lodgings, many of them with their processional candles relit for several miles of the road, the day's devotion would end.

This year we had but a diminished procession, without candles or banners, while the constant downpour of rain made us all quiver our processional pace and hurry in to the church after one round was made of the inclosure. When there, our candles were lighted, and benediction was immediately given by the parish priest, the Rev. John Fallon. All quickly sought the shelter of their homes and lodgings, and the latest Knock celebration closed as it began, in teeming rain.

It is over twenty-two years since the writer made his first Knock pilgrimage; he was a suppliant for the removal of severe infirmity; he is a suppliant still. No mitigation of suffering or increase of strength has been vouchsafed him; he must still hope in her who is the hope of the hopeless, and await the help of her who is the comfortress of the afflicted. But if Our Lady has not cured his ills, she has given him courage to bear them more resignedly, and has enabled him to discharge arduous duties which seemed often beyond his strength. And he is satisfied that in critical junctures or gravest import Our Lady has brought him from tempestuous waters into peaceful havens, when little intervened between his bark and helpless wreck. And he is as confident of Our Lady's ultimate mercifulness as when, after nine years of invalid and wasted life, he first journeyed to her shrine on Candlemas Day, 1880.

Three pairs of crutches and several walking sticks were left this year within the railing in front of the Apparition gable on August 15. I have been assured by the owner of one of the latter that he needed it very badly when he came; he professed to be independent of it when I spoke with him. The mistress of Claremorris inn told me that a man on crutches had a meal at her house en route for Knock, and called on his return on the 15th and had no crutches with him.

It can hardly be that with the death of the venerated and ever to be remembered Archdeacon Cavanagh, parish priest of Knock and Aghamore parishes from 1864 to 1897, the steady series of Our Lady's favors from 1897 downward has ceased. Rather should they not be multiplied since he has joined the vast multitude who, "washed themselves in the Blood of the Lamb," have triumphantly emerged from the ranks of the Church Militant. The writer had much to do with Knock literature in the eighties and early nineties; he had full access to Archdeacon Cavanagh's correspondence, much of which he published in papers at home and abroad; this correspondence included records of numerous cures of grievous ailments,

which testimony was sometimes supplemented by medical certificate, sometimes by sworn affidavit; most of the correspondence was sorted and arranged chronologically in 1895, and also copied; with the death of Archdeacon Cavanagh in December, 1897, and with the dispersal of his household early in 1898, all the correspondence vanished. Save some small portion which remained in the possession of the writer, and which has been handed over to Archdeacon Cavanagh's successor, not one of the host of letters jealously kept by Archdeacon Cavanagh remained to be taken over by his ecclesiastical heir-at-law, Father Fallon, P.P. It is to be hoped that should these lines meet the eyes of clients of Our Lady of Knock who have received favors either at Knock or through devotion to her under that title through the use of the cement from the gable of the Apparition, they will forward testimony thereof to the parish priest who in God's providence has succeeded him. And this should be done, even though these clients had already sent their grateful testimony to Archdeacon Cavanagh.

The large picture of the First Apparition over Our Lady's altar is the gift of Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, in thanksgiving for the cure of his eyes in 1882. I have read, transcribed, and published his letters thereon; besides, his grace still lives. The statues in Carrara marble of Our Lady and of St. Joseph, respectively, surmounting their altars are the gift of a Dean of a Canadian diocese. The statue of St. John the Evangelist resting on his altar was carved to the order and from a pencil sketch made by a Mrs. Gandolpi Hornibold, who was cured of a cancer early in 1880, and who had an apparition of St. John in Knock Church, which apparition she sketches as now outlined in this beautiful statue. Numerous other rich gifts have been made as grateful offerings, accompanied with letters detailing the favors received. Mrs. Gandolpi Hornibold is now the Duchess Gandolpi, and the writer transcribed for Archdeacon Cavanagh a letter from her husband saying that when he would succeed to his inheritance he would make a gift of £300 to Knock Church. It is only lately that Mr. Hornibold has become the Duke Gandolpi.

There is no slackening in the crowd of pilgrims who journey thither on Our Lady's feast, and in the months of May and August, which are "par excellence" the pilgrims' months. And much as some of us pilgrim supplicants have enshrined within our souls the Gable of the Apparition and the sanctuary within, this church has now an enhanced interest, for beneath its floor and before Our Lady's altar rest the remains of Archdeacon Cavanagh—the zealous, the humble, the gentle, the merciful, the affectionate, the generous, the forgiving, the charitable. When shall we look upon his like again!

(Correspondence of Dublin Irish Catholic.)

SUPPORT
THE
PARISH
SCHOOL.

In a recent letter Pope Leo XIII. gave warning that "Men must not allow themselves to be easily persuaded that instruction and piety can be kept separate with impunity. If it is true that no part of life, public or private, can be exempt from the duty of religion, neither is there any age when this duty can be less ignored than that early period when wisdom is lacking, when the mind is fresh, and when the heart is exposed to so many fascinating causes of corruption. To so organize education in the soul the very seeds of beauty and virtue, and to bring up, not defenders for the fatherland, but a pest and a scourge for the human race. Suppress God, and what consideration can be alleged to keep young people to their duty, or call them back to it when they have turned aside from the straight path of virtue and are moving downward toward the abyss of vice?"

An eminent American prelate, recognizing the decline of religious convictions in the United States, has urged his people to provide the antidote of Christian education in these words:

"The proper view to be taken of the Catholic school is to regard it as a great religious work in which all are concerned, whether they have or have not children attending it. The Catholic schools—the future will prove it beyond a doubt—are the most fruitful of all institutions for the preservation and perpetuation of faith in this country, and the Catholic who takes a deep and abiding interest in his religion will love the Catholic school and prove his love for it by his generosity toward it.—Paulist Calendar.

CONVERTING

AMERICA

TO

CATHOLICITY.

MET a well known priest on the train the other day and he immediately entered on the discussion of the new Apostolic Mission House and its opening at the Catholic University in a few months. While he had devoted many years to parish work and was notably successful in his many undertakings, he still kept himself very much in sympathetic touch with the great works of the Church at large. I found him very much in accord with the non-Catholic mission movement. He expressed himself substantially as follows:—

"The Church has set herself to the work of converting America. Success or no success, praise or blame, enthusiasm or superciliousness, whatever the outcome, whatever the minds of men about the question, the big fact is that the Catholic Church has laid hands upon the great task. Her priests have gone forth, only a few yet, it is true, but each of them is worth a host, and on platform and in pulpit, they are challenging the American people to look into the claims of the ancient Church of Christ. Is it not an inspiring spectacle? Does it not make us all feel proud of a faith that can invite, that cries out for the searching scrutiny of this acute nation, confident that if Americans will investigate, America will be won? It makes one reminiscent. It brings back to one's mind the mighty days of past history. It makes one reflect on the triumphant conversions of people that have passed away. Look at the conversion of the Roman Empire. The whole world knows the story. How a dozen men of a despised race raised their inspired voices amid the din of a world-wide pagan state; how the languid Romans and the cynical Greeks laughed at their strange story and said: 'Another day we will hear you,' and how before Greek or Roman could account for the amazing change, the Empire had believed these men and was worshipping beneath the cross. What did it? What was the thaumaturgic power behind the miracle? The answer is momentous. Rome was converted by a lay apostolate. The individual Christian threw into the soil around him, in business, in society, in literature and in government, the seeds of undying zeal for Christ. Unquestionably the great peculiar outstanding feature of the Empire's conversion is that it was the work of the simple faithful who were on fire with the spirit of Pentecost.

Take another great conversion epoch, the time of the barbarians from the North. How came it to pass that these huge hordes who dashed away the pillars of Caesar's empire and stood in triumphant fury upon its ruins, were won to the gentle religion of Christ the Savior? Again the answer holds a world of meaning. The barbarians were captivated by the spiritual city of peace. Wild rovers, untamed fighters, conscienceless plunderers, tossed from the cradle to the grave upon the wild waves of war, they stood still in amazement at the spectacle of the order, the peace, the rest, the beauty of the Church of God. They had never dreamt of the possibility of such a thing. They saw that it was good, that it would bring prosperity to their lives, security to their families, stability to their laws, and they entered the Civitas Dei the vanquished millions of victorious grace. Our laity is as intelligent to-day as at other periods in the world's history, and they are certainly as zealous. They will lead to the fount of baptism hundreds and thousands of people who love the truth. The American people have conquered in commerce and in war, but their hearts need rest, their families need safeguarding, their lives need protection. Only let them look on the ancient mother of the souls of men, and they will say, like old time Visigoths and Franks and Slavs: 'Here shall we abide, for here is the salvation from the dangers that loom dark upon our future as a nation.' The American people need the Church. A lay apostolate has converted a nation before now, and it will conquer again.—The Missionary.

Behold what this adorable heart requires of its friends: Poverty in intention, humility in operation, purity in object.—Blessed Margaret Mary.

On a wet November John Dwyer paced the six-acre potato-field, in his pockets, his head rain-soaked. A wire-haired ratter trotted patiently by, shivering and uncomfortable in the rain; looking up now in his master's face with seemed to sympathize, as might be the recipient of troubles, while the man dogged and unheeding.

And sure it was no wonder that he should have been heavy in him to-day. A year, a bad one for all when the rainfall had been more than any year since '68, and doubly heavy on him, little capital at his command, the tide of emigration steadily on for years, but country slowly but surely had made labor scarce. With John Dwyer, who had in these hard times a couple of men, the work the spring lagged behind of helping hands. And no field of potatoes, to which he was looking forward in a sure to pay his half year's work, was stricken with the blight. He had not realized how night was until to-day; for the week had gone by, and too busy with other things, he had safely risked, and threshed and housed; while he was so rained out that he hoped to get the potatoes of the ground till a day or two later. And now, I fall of the year, the dry not yet come, and John Dwyer, as at his blackened drills, doubting whether to pay him now to take them all, even to feed the pigs.

As he stood there pondering, which had been so poor, began to whine and to jump up with her knees on her master's knees, begging him to return. "Ay, Sheila, old girl," he last taking notice of her, "ing for home, 'we're getting worst of it out here in the rain, and you, I suppose we may as well the way we came, whether wanted at home or no!" He with a touch of bitterness.

Sheila only blinked her answer to this last remark, better perhaps, than to agree it and took the homeward cheerfully enough.

John Dwyer was a big fellow of about five-and-a-half with a few little flecks of white beginning to show in his dark hair. His eyes were of a color, flushing like steel under thick black brows which, given such a fierce look at times that he was in the least fit his normal state, for as Sheila told, were she able to talk, that a not unkindly nature behind dark eyes, although many a child shrank close to its mother, when it happened to see his gaze.

But as the neighbors of John Dwyer was "a quarrelsome sort of man he times, and a secretive" more betokened. His mother had been to blame for this, for ever since her husband leaving the little two-year-old behind him, the fond mother spoiled and petted him, a him his own way in everything, for good or evil, till the boys shook their heads and prophesying all sorts of evil of it.

The wonder was, after all had turned out so well, could this upbringing. Nevertheless, spoil boy grew into a spoilt pet, jealous, impatient, or slightest obstacle which came pathway of his desires. A while before his mother died, married a pretty, fair-haired creature, who promised from start to out-do even his mother the spoiling of him. Mollie had not a thought in the world beyond her husband's happiness, comfort, daily denying herself small delicacy that she might it for him, who needed it less than a cold, a headache, or the swelling ailment she nursed and tended and coddled him, till he really was. The first pulet's the winter, when days were cold and the hens refused except in the most spasmodic way, was jealously laid by for the fattest of Mollie's chickens, which she made chicken-jelly for him. His wife took it into her simple that he "wasn't lookin' too well." The creamy top of the always went first into his bowl. And John, though not only a selfish man, soon grew to all these little attentions a natural right and only what was due him; nor did it strike him