he could pay up for it; he would hurry through his regular evening chores and mother wouldn't know, for she never got home till 7 or even as late as 9 o'clock.

"Well, Dan," said Mrs. Mahon, hurriedly coming back, "I've kept you waiting a bit long, but the grocer's isn't very far away and you are a quick errand boy. But what's wrong, my child?" she excitedly cried out, for the first time noticing the empty stare of the boy's eyes and the deathlike pallor of his cheek.

The poor little fellow, awakened from his sad dreams of home and poverty by Mrs. Mahon's sudden outburst, sat upright and, trying to conceal his embarrassment, said: "Oh, excuse me, ma'am; I've just been a—a—thinking of something."

"But, Dan, you haven't drunk your cholocate, and there are the cookies the same as when I left you. Come, now, tell me, my child, you are worrying; tell me what is wrong.

"Really, ma'am, I—I—was just only thinking."

"Yes, Dan, but tell me what were you thinking about?" urged the good lady, grasping this excellent opportunity of carrying her point.

"Well, ma'am, I don't like to tell you, but—but—"

"You may be sure, my child, that your secret will not be let out. I am trustworthy."

"Oh, excuse me, I didn't mean anything by silence, ma'am, but you know a—a—you know—"

"No, no, my child, I am not offended, but the world of trouble in your face worries me," she said with a truly maternal look in her large brown eyes.

"Well, ma'am, since you will know, and you will tell no one, I will tell you all." He sat, pulling at the buttons of his jacket, now knowing how to start his story of woe, for he had never told it before to any one, and, now he couldn't find words and his little head was dizzy. But he summoned up all the courage of his almost bursting heart and began:

"It's this way, ma'am. Now, mother and myself live all alone. Father never comes home. He lives by himself, and every night I steal off without letting mother know it, and I go to father, and, oh, how often I cry, for father will never come home with me. He quarreled with mother when I was only two years old, and he has never come home since. And mother just cries and cries to herself when she thinks I am asleep, and whenever I ask her about where father is, she will always tell me he is dead. And so I lie all night thinking of the little Infant in His manger, and I often pray to Him and ask Him to bring father home and to stop mother's tears."

"But how did you find out that your father was not dead, my boy?" asked the good lady, laboring to restrain a tear.

"Oh, when I got a little older the neighbors told me about father's quarrel, and how he never came home afterwards. And then I prayed and prayed to the little Infant, and one day a man came up to me and called me by my name and spoke nice to me, but he never told me who he was. He used to meet me quite often, and I wondered who he could be, so I asked him one time when he called me. He didn't answer me, but just put a penny into my hand and turned away; and then I saw him wipe a tear from his eye, and I knew he must be father. He hurried off, thinking that I would not follow, but when he turned into another street I ran, oh, but I ran, as if it meant life or death; and I kept always a block away from him, running behind trees and under stoops, so that he wouldn't see me. He walked and walked, and I followed him until I thought my legs would give way, and when I was almost on the point of dropping to the curbstone to rest I saw him turn in an old rickety house. Slowly I crept nearer to the house, and on my knees I climbed stairs after stairs, until I stopped at the sight of a little candle glaring from one of the attic rooms. Then I saw a man taking off his coat and throwing himself with a burst of tears on a small cot in a corner of the room. It was father—the man I had followed. I ran forward into the room and cried out; 'Father, father dear, I am here.'

"He jumped to his feet and, clasping me in his arms, he cried out: 'My God, my boy, my little Dan!' His whole body shook; his tears flowed down my jacket. In a few moments he lifted his head and, wiping his eyes, he looked into my face and asked: 'Dan, my child, how did you come here?' 'Father,' I replied, 'I have worried much about you, and to-day when you gave me that penny and turned away so quick I knew it must be you, and I followed you all the way.' 'Yes, my son, I am your father, but I have done you wrong,' and he fell back again on the cot and cried as if his heart would break.

"'Father,' I said, 'if you have done wrong to me, I will forgive you everything if you will do me one favor.' He sat up. 'I will give you anything you ask, my son, but——' 'Very well, then,' I said, for I knew he was going to mention mother, 'come right home with me and kiss mother and stop her crying.' Oh, my child,' he said, 'you don't know what you are asking. But, come, eat these few biscuits with me; we will talk about these things some other day.'

"I didn't want to worry him, so I drew near to the table, on which the candle was still burning, and we talked for a long time, but father never mentioned home or mother. It was getting near 6 o'clock, and mother would be home at seven or eight, so I kissed him, and he told me to come as often as I could at night, but warned me to tell nobody. I ran all the way home, and in a few minutes the pieces of wood were burning and the potatoes roasting. I had everything ready when mother came, for she was a little late. My face was red and my heart was beating faster and faster, but mother didn't notice anything wrong with me, for my face was always red when I finished leaning over the fire. I didn't tell her about my great discovery, but I talked all the meal about school, for she was always anxious to know whether I had known my lessons well and whether the Sister had to punish me or not. Soon mother had me tucked away in bed. I didn't sleep, for, as she kissed me, again I noticed that her eyes were wet, but I said nothing. I pretended to be asleep, and in about two hours, when mother had her mending and some little things about the kitchen done, she came on tiptoe into the bedroom and crept into bed, believing I was asleep. The next morning mother went off to work, and I followed her soon after on my way to school. That night I had a little visit with father, and every night for the past two years I have stolen down to his attic room, but I have never succeeded in bringing him home to mother. Poor father, he drinks so much and so often to drown his sorrow, as he often tells me, that I often have to go to the beer saloon and with tears beg him to come with me; and when at last he does come, I lead him to his room, and when I have him put safe into bed I kiss him, though he doesn't know it. Then I blow out the candle, steal out and run home."

Here Dan suddenly stopped, dropped his head on the table, and his warm tears flowed in torrents.

"My poor child!" came the sympathizing voice of Mrs. Mahon. "Don't cry; trust to the Holy Infant, and He will help you."

But he had to let out the anguish of his heart, and so he cried bitterly, Mrs. Mahon all the while trying to soothe him and promising that she would bring father home, and then mother would be happy again and Dan would be happy.

The little chap, his head already grown old because of the heavy burden placed on his young shoulders, accepted the good lady's sympathy, and after drinking a cup of hot chocolate, which she had just prepared anew for him, felt quite comforted and cheered. Nor would Mrs. Mahon permit him to go on the errand which she had pre-arranged, but, wrapping him up in her husband's big, warm coat and loading him down with eatables of every kind, she bade him farewell and told him to be sure to call the next day after school.

Dan's heart fairly leaped with joy as he carried home his precious store, and the thought of the treat which it would give his poor, tired mother had already almost banished the thoughts which his sad story had brought into his mind. Arrived at home, he at once prepared for the surprise, and this he did with the skill and dexterity of an experienced hand. But how would he account to his mother for the presence of these delicacies? Would he tell her all the happenings? Couldn't he get out of it some other way? These were the questions that he was revolving in his mind when he heard the sound of his mother's footsteps. Well, he would trust to chance not to have to reveal his discovery of his father's not being dead, a thing which thus far he had so successfully concealed.

"Well, Dan, I'm glad you've managed to heat up the rooms, it's so bitter cold outdoors to night," said Mrs. McGee, feeling the warmth of the air as she stepped inside, but not yet noticing the novelties of Dan's providing on the table.

"Yes, mother, I knew you would be cold to-night, so I got enough wood to keep the fire up till bedtime," said Dan his merry little eyes dancing with childish glee at the thought of the table which his mother had not yet seen.

"Very thoughtful of you, Dan, my child. How did you—well, but what does this mean, Dan? Where on earth, child dear, did you get all these nice things?"

"A lady, mother, for whom I run errands gave them to me when I was coming home from school this afternoon. And see"—he ran into the bed-room and brought the fur coat out—this, too."

"It was very kind of the good lady, Dan, and I hope you thanked her. You must pray for her to-night."

"I will pray for her, mother, and I'm so tired I think I will go to bed right after supper," he said, fearing to be questioned any more, and he turned to talking about school.

His scheme succeeded well, and within an hour he was in bed, nestled beneath the few poor covers. A few moments after he was fast asleep, worn out by the exertion which his poor little brain had undergone at Mrs. Mahon's. The next morning, when he awoke, his first prayer ascended to heaven for his mother, his father and for Mrs. Mahon, for Dan never forgot anything his mother told him. He went as usual to school, and on his way home in the afternoon he stopped at Mrs. Mahon's, as she had bade him do when he was leaving the evening before. Good lady, she greeted her little errand boy with a motherly welcome, and did not prevent him from going straightway with the message, for she feared that delay might bring up the heartrending scene of the previous day and open up anew the poor child's wounds. Day after day Dan called after school to go on the good lady's errands, and so time went on unnoticed, until in the course of two years Dan had reached the graduating class. Nor during all this time, no matter how great the storm or bitter the cold, had one single night passed without a few minutes of a stolen visit to his father, to whom he was now a great consolation. June at last came, and poor Dan was to soon sever all connections with his old schoolmates.

One morning, a week before the commencement, Father W—— called Dan aside and told him that he would like to see him that afternoon at the rectory. Dan had always a very respectful awe of this good priest, and now his blood ran cold and his heart, almost up in his throat, was stopping his breath as he answered his pastor in the affirmative and started on his way up the school steps, reverently raising his cap.

Three o'clock that afternoon found Dan ringing the rectory door-bell, and a few minutes later he was standing at Father W——'s office door.

"Oh it's you, Dan, is it? Come right in and be seated," said the priest with a cheerful ring in his voice, which started Dan's little heart on the way to its position.

"Thank you, father," Dan replied, now breathing quite normally.

"Well, Dan, I have a matter of some interest to talk over with you." The priest stopped, as if to think how he would begin, but in an instant he went on: You are to graduate next Tuesday I understand, but what, my boy, do you intend to do after you have left school?"

"Well, father, I had—a—I had," he hesitatingly replied, "always the desire of becoming a priest, but—"

"That's not a bad desire," laughingly interrupted the priest, "but the question is, how can your mother pay for your tuition?"

"That, father was once a big question for me, but I have since solved it with the aid of a good Franciscan monk whom I met by chance some months ago."

"But what is your solution, Dan?"

"This good monk, father asked me the same question which you have just put to me about my future, and I gave him the same reply as I have given to you. He questioned me about my family and I explained to him my situation and my lack of means to commence my course. He thought for a few moments and then left me, telling me to look for a letter from him in a short time. This letter I received last week, and its contents were a railroad ticket and instructions to report at the Franciscan monastery at D—— on the fifteenth of next month. My mother received this news calmly, and has given her full consent. It was only last night that I had resolved to consult you, but your good care has gotten ahead of me."

"Well, my boy, this news pleases me very much, and I give your intention my hearty endorsement. And should you at any time need my assistance, I will be glad indeed to do whatever lies in my power to assist you."

After these words the priest arose, and after wishing the boy Godspeed on his journey and success in his vocation, added: "I hope, my boy, that I will see you back some day a Franciscan.

"With God's help, father, your hopes will be fulfilled," Dan replied.

That night at supper he related to his mother his conversation with Father W——. She was rejoiced to learn that the good priest favored Dan's plans. That night, too, he spent some time with his father, whom he had by this time reconciled to the coming separation. The heart wounds of one other separation alone remained unhealed. Dan had drawn from his father promises to stop drinking, always to hear Mass on Sunday and especially to receive Easter Communion, but reconciliation with mother, no, he couldn't get that. Then the little peacemaker would plead his case differently: "Suppose I bring mother here, dad?" he'd ask. "No, that cannot be, either," would be the inevitable reply.

But one night Dan was more than resolved. It was getting near his time to leave home, and he must do something. But what? He was puzzled. He thought a while, but nothing came. He was about to give it up when on a sudden he remembered that he had never yet found out the cause of his father's persistent refusal. That was at least another straw, so he grasped at it. "Father," he asked, "why will you not come home? Surely, it's not that you're ashamed, is it?" "Yes, my child, that's just——" "But of whom?" interrupted Dan, "Of the neighbors?" "No, no, Dan, but——" "Of mother, then?" the boy persisted. "No, of myself, and may God forgive me!"

There was no use of more pleading; Dan knew that from experience. There was only one thing left now—to lay his plea before the Holy Infant and leave the rest to Him.

The fifteenth of July was not long coming, and its eve found Dan paying a last visit to the poor attic room, drying his father's tears and consoling him with all sorts of promises. The parting was hard, but Dan must obey the call of the Master, ahd so he kissed his father's burning cheeks and was off. But if such was the parting with his father, no one can imagine what that with his mother must have been on the following morning. Dan's lips quivered as he put his arm around his mother's neck and kissed her tear-stained cheeks, for the separation was to be for so long. At last the shriek of the engine's whistle sounded out clearly, and the agonizing battle between motherly love and sacrifice was ended, as little Daniel McGee boarded the train which was to bear him to his new home.

It was a long journey. At noon of the seventeenth Dan entered the gates of the monastery, and was there warmly received into the arms of the good monk through whom he had come thither. His life in the monastery was one of serene, heavenly joy and peace, and the novice master soon perceived that he was to be in the near future a model for his fellow-novices. Throughout all he never forgot his promises to his mother and father. He obtained permission to write to them every week and to receive a weekly reply. All went well, and one winter was not long in passing by and a second one began. But hardly had this ended and the first signs of spring appeared when sorrowful news reached Dan. Instead of the regular weekly reply from his father came a telegram from his mother which read thus: "Come home at once, Father is dead." Oh the anguish of the poor boy's soul as he sped on his long homeward journey! But, oh, its joy when on reaching home, he heard of his father's holy death and the reconciliation with his mother on the last day of his consciousness. Yes, he did cry over the coffin of his father, but his tears were tears of joy, for his prayers had been heard and his father had died in the arms of his mother, strengthened by the last sacraments. He had been taken suddenly ill, brought to the hospital, and there passed peacefully away, his last words being: "Dan my little Dan." The funeral over and all things arranged, and that terrible ordeal, the combat with motherly love, again passed through. Dan hurried back to his monastery home, to be left henceforth in the uninterrupted enjoyment of its heavenly quietude.

Year succeeded year, and in time the name of Daniel McGee was lost in the memories of the people of the little town of V——, where Dan had passed his childhood days. Mrs. Mahon had died but a few months after his father, so that now one only remained who had not forgotten him, the good old Father W——. One Sunday in early June Father W——announced a Solemn High Mass for the following Sunday, the celebrant of which was to be no one other than our little hero, upon whom at last the holy oils of the priesthood had been poured. The Sunday came, and with it Father Dan in his monastic garb. The church was crowded to the very doors. The good people had now recalled the little urchin of Forest street, and they had come to pay their respects to him, now a priest of God.

But look! Who is that nun in the first pew, habited in the garb of St. Francis? See the tears of exceeding great joy, tears flowing from the fullness of a mother's heart, for this nun is no one else than Father Dan's mother.

TRIUMPHANT THROUGH FAILURE

Great souls there are who find at last success in life, and who win their crown, even here, in the eyes of men. But to some great souls the lot is given to fail in their plans and hopes, even to life's very end; and to prove their greatness and sanctity by continuing patient and uncomplaining, triumphing in God's sight by the very failures that they meet. Such a soul was Rose Philippine Duchesne who brought the first nuns of the Sacred Heart to our western world.

Highly gifted and highly educated, she wished to become a Visitation nun, but she had to leave the convent when the storm of the French Revolution swept the land. Then, when it died away, and she succeeded in gaining possession of her old convent home, she found it impossible to maintain there the former Visitation rule, and at thirty-five years of age she knelt down humbly at the feet of the superior of the new order of the Sacred Heart, Sophie Barat, ten years younger than herself, and gave her work, her convent, her own heart, into her gentle hands. Soon they understood each other, and the younger nun acquired the unbounded confidence of the older nun. Says the latter's biographer:

"Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat and Madame Duchesne had many points of resemblance between them. Both had been highly educated, one by her brother, the other by her cousins' tutor. . . . Both were consumed by the true apostolic spirit of toiling in the mission field where the harvests was ripe and the laborers were few. Both, lovers of prayer and penance, were destined to be foundresses, one in Europe, the other in America. Yet no two women could have been found more dissimilar in disposition. Where Madame Barat was the essence of gentleness and sweetness, Madame Duchesne had the impetuous, somewhat rough Southern nature, full of eager zeal and vivacity. Where Madame Barat showed with utmost tact her fine discrimination of persons and things Madame Duchesne was inclined to be, very down-right and plain-spoken, paying little attention to any opposition, and ready to over-ride every impediment standing in the way of her fervent desires."

Do not these traits in her otherwise so admirable character account partially for the fact that, as her biography tells us, "Philippine's steps were ever ruthlessly dogged by misery, misunderstanding and disillusion?" Possibly this is so; but, nevertheless, the noble and saintly side of that strong and valiant character prevailed.

"Her gold was tried in the crucible. She did not fail, because she did not falter. She was the strong woman and therefore the woman beyond price. . . . The spell of Madame Barat's charming personality appealed irresistibly to Philippine's intensely generous soul. Though the youthful superioress was ten years' younger than Madame Duchesne, her extraordinary humility, her simple common sense, her interior spirit so truly that of a great servant of Jesus Christ, her tender consideration for her nuns which never degenerated into weakness, excited the deepest admiration of Madame Duchesne. On her side the great foundress fully recognized the noble gifts of her new aspirant, she appreciated the remarkable generosity, the habitual spirit of prayer, the greatness of soul and mind, that distinguished Madame Duchesne."

These two great souls labored for many years in France, not indeed, always side by side, though in the same fatherland, for the wise superior tested and perfected Philippine's spirit of detachment by keeping her for a long while at a post where they rarely met. From a distance, however, she watched over her, writing to her useful words like these, useful for us also in our later day:

"I advise you to bear patiently with yourself. Never should there be any sadness or dejection after your failures, which should produce, instead, an increase of humility and of confidence in God."

Finally, in the year 1818, this great soul's great wish was granted her; Mother Barat gave her permission to go on the foreign missions—to the United States! The voyage lasted from March 19 until May 29 when they landed at New Orleans and were warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Ursuline nuns. But the place destined for the Sacred Heart nuns was Missouri, and thither the little band of five hastened.

Madame Duchesne had been named superior of the American missions with exceptional powers; but for thirty-four long arduous years, privation, toil, and disappointment were the portion of this valiant foundress. The narration brings the sob to one's throat, the tears to one's eyes; yet on these things we shall not dwell at present. It is the noble, dauntless, humble spirit of the saintly Madame Duchesne to which we would now refer.

"Hearing that a religious of great merit was coming over, she wrote to the Mother-General: 'Name her superioress. I shall keep in my corner so well that I shall never thwart her. I should be ready to go anywhere, did I not feel that by my age and seniority I should be in the way. The English do not understand me, and the Creoles look to appearances. Therefore the best thing for me would be to efface myself, or to teach a class or nurse the sick.'"

And again:

"It was Mother Duchesne's destiny to reach God over the accumulated ruins of all that she held dear, thereby rendering each sorrow a step towards eternity."

And again:

"To one young nun who told her she ought to rest in her cell as she was tired, she replied, smiling: "How can any one be tired near Jesus Christ?" And if anyone pitied her infirmities, she would say: "Can one complain when there is Jesus in the tabernacle."

And again—oh mark this well!—she said, humbly and bravely:—

"I have never been successful, but at least I can rejoice in the success of others."

Beautiful and enviable grace,—"at least I can rejoice in the success of others." Let us take to heart this special lesson from the life of Philippine Duchesne. Let us look long at this holy woman, highly educated and highly gifted; used to wealth and position; influential, imperious, but consumed with love for God and souls; then brought at last to a lowly life of prayer and penance and real manual labor; too often overlooked, neglected, humiliated, but—"the woman who always prays" as the wise and astute Indians called her; the woman who could see her own lack of success as the world counts success and could say: "I can rejoice in the success of others."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE PRIEST OF THE CAMORRA

A friend from California, says the English Catholic paper of Rome, writes to us about the Camorra case now being tried in Viterbo, "in which," he says, "according to the dispatches published in American papers in has been frequently represented that a priest, Ciro Vitozzi, is on trial as a member of the Camorra, and that he revealed the secrets of the Confessional in accusing two or three innocent persons of the crime of murdering the Cuocolos with the purpose of getting off some of his friends who with him were members of the society. He is also made to appear absolutely loathsome by referring to Masses for the late King and letters of appeal that on account of these Masses he sent to the Queen Mother—also by ignorant appeals to miracles and fasting. Altogether he is made the most nauseating figure that has lately been exploited by the press. Will Rome (the paper give any account of the real happenings at Viterbo or of this priest?" Hitherto we have purposely refrained from saying anything about this cause celebre for the reason that it is such a jumble of puzzles and contradictions that no sensible man can lightly pronounce upon it. Nearly all the thirty-five prisoners are, on their own confession an exceedingly bad lot, but the worse ruffian among them is the informer whose evidence is really the only proof that they were concerned in the murder for which they are being tried. It is alleged that he has been paid by the police for his story, and it is certain that there are few things he would not do for pay. The less said about the conduct of the Neapolitan police in the matter the better for them. The prisoners have been kept in jail and subjected to very severe treatment for over four years without a trial; the trial is now expected to last for eight months; it is being held in one of the many desecrated churches of Italy, and it is being conducted in such a primitive and barbarous fashion as to make all sensible Italians long for the day when Signor Giolitti will fulfil his promise to reform the penal procedure of the country.

As for Don Ciro Vitozzi, the priest who figures in the case, the Italian papers have made a dead set against him, and their example is apparently being followed abroad. Four years ago, when he was arrested, he was a stalwart man in the prime of his life and health. No charge of any kind has been brought against him. He is now a physical wreck, suffering from frequent attacks of angina pectoris, and hardly able to walk with the aid of a stick. The offense for which he is on trial, is that of giving misleading evidence to the police in order to turn their attention from Enrico Alfani, who is supposed to have been the head of the Camorra in Naples and one of the persons involved in the assassination of the Cuocolos. So far not a tittle of proof has been forthcoming that he did not honestly believe in the truth of his information. In the meanwhile he has been charged by the press with a violation of almost every article of the penal code, as well as of the ten commandments, whenever he speaks the busy reporters torture their brains to give a grotesque turn to his words and gestures.

The law does not accuse him of belonging to the Camorra, such a thing has not even been mentioned in the course of the trial, but he is freely alluded to by the paladins of the pen as the "Chaplain of the Camorra." The truth is that the Camorra of Naples is not only one or the most pernicious one in the world to-day. There is an international Camorra of the press which is infinitely more hateful and deadly.

And sometimes its silence is malignant as its utterances. Take the case of the Portuguese Separation Law. It is not necessary to be a Catholic to recognize in this a gross violation of the rights of religion. Indeed so evident is it that, as far as we know, not a single paper of any standing outside Portugal has ventured to extol this travesty of law. A message affecting the most sacred and universal interests of the people has been decreed without even a pretence of consulting the nation on it; thousands of churches are taken from their rightful owners and declared to be the property of the State; public worship is put under an extravagant police control from which all other public manifestations are exempt; half the seminaries are suppressed, and the rest of them subjected to a state interference to which no other educational establishments are subjected; if Catholics wish to make offerings for the erection of churches it is with the knowledge that after a certain period the churches revert to the State, to be devoted to secular purposes if the State thinks fit; if they wish to make gifts or legacies for the maintenance of religion, it is with a certainty that religion will receive only a tithe of them; if they contribute in the ordinary way to the support of their pastors or for religious purposes, the State claims a part of the proceeds; the priest is to be the slave of a State—he may not venture to take an academical degree in the great ecclesiastical universities of Rome or elsewhere, without forfeiting his right to exercise his ministry at home, but on the other hand he is encouraged to violate his vows by the promise of a pension to his partner and children; his parish is to be regulated by a civic society which is expressly forbidden by law to be a religious society, and from which both he and his Bishop are excluded; it is a crime for him to teach anything but what the government considers Christian doctrine — it is a crime for him to furnish an antidote to the irreligious poison diffused in the Public schools from which the very name of God is excluded—one might continue for a whole page without exhausting the iniquities and tyrannies of the one hundred and ninety-seven articles of this monstrous decree. They are so glaring that they must be immediately visible to anybody who looks at them impartially. Moreover this act constitutes one of the great events of the day—one of those in which the whole world is interested. But have you read anything in your daily paper savoring of just indignation? If you have, your newspaper has not yet reached Italy. No English or American newspaper that we have seen has uttered a word in condemnation of this barbarous edict. And here you have a striking instance of what we mean by the Camorra of silence. When will Catholics wake up to the fact that the Church is being slowly strangled by the modern press? Will they never realize their duty to support the vigorous Catholic press?

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION

An eminent European prelate in one of his pastorals makes a comparison between the conditions of the infidel before and after conversion, as follows:

"It would be difficult to imagine the low standards of morals to which the infidels were reduced. We find ignorance of the truth whose knowledge is most necessary for men, the basest superstitions, veneration of evil spirits, knavery, barbarity, indecent customs, horrible cruelty and sacrifices, even the eating of human flesh, in Asia, Africa, and in the southern lands where paganism reigned supreme.

"But when a missioner arrives upon these inhospitable shores and has been able to preach to these people, everything is gradually changed. He makes a deep impression on those hearts of stone. The ferocity of tigers gives place to the meekness of lambs. Those eyes once glittering with indomitable pride, now bespeak modesty and charity. Those intellects obscured by absurd superstitions, once opened to our holy mysteries receive them with simplicity and humility of faith. Woman again acquires the place ordained for her among men. Parents again realize their holy mission; the family is re-established. An active useful life is substituted for a wandering, indolent one spent in hunting. Houses are built and villages spring up here and there. On all sides one sees cultivated fields and well-kept gardens and amidst all these, there rises up, not as yet the stately cupola of our ancient cathedral but the humble roof of the House of God, made by the missioner with the assistance of his neophites, and from the top of which shines the Cross. In the shadow of this sacred symbol civilization advances slowly but surely, and this admirable transformation of the people and of nature is due to the impregnating virtue of the gospel brought to those distant shores by our apostles."

Such are the wonders worked by the missioner in many of the most remote countries, especially during the last century. Where a certain pagan civilization has held sway the work is less evident but not less difficult and efficacious. "Here he is obliged to combat deep-rooted prejudices, to free intellects from the meshes of the most profound error, to cultivate and train wills which have been warped by cunning and falsehood, to abolish customs that have been practiced for generations, in a word to free moral life from its putrefaction. In such conditions the conversion of souls is truly a miracle, and this miracle is brought about only by the word of Jesus Christ preached by our missioners.

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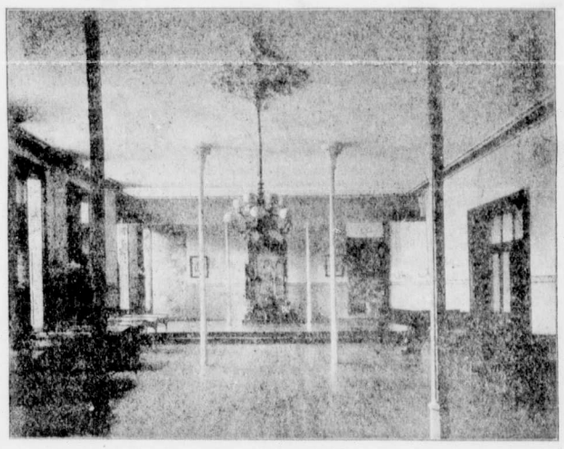

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