

FOREIGN MISSION
NEWS LETTER

TIGER HUNTER BECOMES DEVIL CHASER

In Bandhura one of the most fruitful works is the training of catechumens. A most interesting specimen at present is Philip, a stalwart, strong and handsome boy who was baptised last April. His pagan name was "Sadanada" which means "Ever joyful." Now he has found true joy and is ever smiling or laughing heartily. Before he became a Christian he was a tiger and leopard hunter and had many thrilling experiences, but his ambition now is to hunt the devil out of his native hills. He embraces every opportunity for goodly service with remarkable zest. For instance, during singing in the chapel, he fears he wastes his time unless he shrieks at the top of his voice. This may be musically distressing to hearers, but there is no doubt of his spiritual sincerity.

On the eve of his Baptism when asked: "Sadanada, what will you do if your father and mother turn against you?"

A strange light leaped to his dark eyes, "I shall turn to my Father in Heaven," he replied.

"Suppose, Sadanada, now that you are cut off from your pagan friends, that your Christian friends turned against you, what will you do, where will you go?" A pause whilst a struggle went on in his manly heart. Then came the surprising answer:

"Being a Christian, I will have a friend who shall never turn against me." It is hoped that when Philip finishes his training he will scatter the devil's fur in more than one direction in his native hills.

A TREE OF HONOR

The Tree under which our Blessed Lady is supposed to have rested with her precious Burden when going into Egypt, fleeing from the wrath of Herod, still can be seen in Matariach, a village near Cairo. Nearby is a well whose waters are sweet although all the water from other wells in the country is bitter.

MANY INDIANS IN FIJI ISLANDS

"One could easily imagine one's self in India," remarks Father Gonet, S.M. of Levuka, Fiji Islands. This is due to the number of Indians, ever increasing, who have come to live in the sugar mill at Lautoka which is second in size to that of Vancouver. At the last census there were 60,348 Indians in the Islands, for the native Fiji is generally too indifferent to the needs of tomorrow for constant work. Of these Indians, how few, alas, are Catholics! The conditions under which they live are far from elevated. I have often had occasions of passing through the coolie lines, and have asked myself, "Could hell be worse?" And yet, did not our Blessed Lord die for them as well as for us?

The brazen degradation of the women is particularly noticeable. At present a good Indian priest in Fiji is very zealous doing his best for these poor people, but as he says, his efforts are vain until he can gather in the little children, especially the orphans, and bring them up Christians.

WAY FOR THE WHEELBARROW!

What do you think of wheelbarrows as taxicabs? In the North of China this comfortable mode of transportation is in favor. Motive power is supplied by human beings of burden, and it is wonderful with what grace and ease they manipulate the wheelbarrow. Equally as much as any New York taxi expert. They carry in them, freight of all kinds, including missionaries. A wheelbarrow's axle seldom receives oil to soothe its feverish groans, for oil is too expensive, so, one of the essential notes of this equipage is its noisy quality. This however, has the double advantage of keeping the coolie awake, and of preventing the passengers from falling off in hours of drowsiness. Traffic regulations are based on the survival of the fittest. The coolie who has the loudest lungs and strongest back wins all contests with contenders for space on the roads. He has no meters to warn him, but will travel from dawn to dusk for a small stipend. Well paid service means about twenty cents.

VOLUNTARY EXILES

There is a fascination about the missionary who has exiled himself from home and kindred for the welfare of others, and whose exile extends over the period of an ordinary life time, a touch of wonder is added to the fascination. There are many Catholic missionaries who have not seen their native lands for fifty years. When they left home they said, "I will go and I shall not return." But, times have changed and distances have been shortened, so that in this our day, the outgoing missionary may reasonably anticipate at least one return during his life.

And yet, we find that spirit of self-surrender still strong. Thus, a French missionary in Indo-China writes: "I should have a right to ask for a leave of some few months to visit France. After an uninterrupted stay of thirty-four years in the mission, the bishop would easily grant me the permission. But I hesitate, and say to myself: 'At the Assumption you kept your last obligatory fast. You have entered the category of old men. . . . What is the use of undertaking a

long and costly journey? Why lose one year out of the few that you still have left to live? If you leave your post, whom will the bishop take to replace you? Father — has just died; Father — has been in the hospital for three months. Can I abandon my district which now numbers seven parishes with 8,400 Christians? After a year's absence in what state shall I find the posts of new Christians? The bishop came to make his rounds for confirmation in my district; this lasted four weeks; 1,460 persons were confirmed. I accompanied His Lordship everywhere. The bishop made the trip in chair; I, on an old horse that tired me out — tolerably so. Well, here I am back home, and I am taking advantage of my first leisure to tell you that I am always thinking of you — but, I have decided to stay here."

WHAT IS AN IRISH
CONCERT?

(The following letter, while dealing primarily with Ottawa, calls attention to an evil that is found to a greater or less degree throughout Canada. Often in so-called St. Patrick's concerts there is nothing worthy of the occasion; and sometimes the bad taste is grossly offensive to self-respecting people of Irish descent. Hence we place before the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD this letter with its healthy criticism and helpful appeal.—Editor C.R.)

IRISH NATIONAL CONCERTS

The Music Editor, The Citizen.

Dear Sir:—In your capable and kind review of the St. Patrick's Day concert, in addition to awarding deserving praise to those who took part, you raise a question of general import, which is well worth discussing thoroughly. You write:

"The annual Irish national concert, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was given last night in the Russell theater before a full house. There are always two events each year that never fail to fill the Russell theater, and they are the celebrations in song and dance of St. Andrew's Day and St. Patrick's Day."

"It is only fitting that this great Irish day should be celebrated in song, for Ireland has a proud musical record. Even in the eleventh century Irishmen were famous in the field of music, and it was the rule to find in the then few cultural centers of Europe Irishmen at the head of musical affairs. There is no nation in the world today as rich in beautiful folk-song as Ireland, and it is always a wonder to me that at these annual St. Patrick's Day concerts these beautiful traditional treasures in music are never presented. 'The Londonderry Air,' 'The Little Red Lark,' 'The Gentle Maiden,' 'When in Death,' 'The Foggy Dew,' and the number of exquisite lullabies, all sprung from the soil of Ireland and breathe the atmosphere of the national spirit of that great people."

"Most of the concoctions usually presented as Irish music are of comparatively recent origin, and often, strange to say, composed by Englishmen."

"The bards of Ireland are historical and the harp a national emblem, but the harp was silent last night. The great emotional soul of the Irish is expressed in Erin's native music, and the people who live in the rural districts, that section of the people who are characteristically Irish, are as musical today as their ancestors centuries back. It was my privilege to have lived in the Isle of the Shamrock and I yet feel the deep musical impression of the home singing of these people, especially of the mother lullabying her babe to sleep."

"The music at last night's entertainment was delightful and entertaining, but was it truly Irish? Did the shamrock have a musical background that gave out a national atmosphere? I answer no; but I was only one of a very large audience, and my viewpoint may be a solo compared with the opinions of the rest of the patrons of this event."

Permit me to say, sir, that in expressing this opinion you are not alone. You voice the views of 99% of those who know what Irish music is. You do a public service by calling attention to what has become almost a national scandal, namely, the neglect of Irish music at "Irish national concerts."

When a body of men and women assume the task of putting on an "Irish national concert," it is their duty to see that it is truly Irish and national. Now, green sashes or Irish tri-color flags do not make a concert Irish, and modern concoctions, whether they be written for the English music hall stage or whether they be simply American rag-time, with a few hackneyed allusions to Irish eyes, are not Irish national music.

When in a medley of "Irish Airs" we get Barney Google, as we did last night, it is time to protest. I have been attending Irish national concerts in Ottawa for about a quarter of a century, and there seems to be less Irish music in them each year.

What are the elements which go to make up an "Irish national concert?" They are three: First, Irish music, and of that we had very little last night; secondly, Irish eloquence, and of that we had none

last night; and, thirdly, Irish dancing, and of that we had some last night, mixed up with much pseudo-Irish dancing.

Now, the society which is responsible for the annual Irish national concert is a society of Irish-Canadians who are proud of Irish traditions, and who are endeavoring to hand on to the children of the present generation some measures of Irish culture. This is most praiseworthy, for the more real European culture, not merely Irish, English, Scottish, Welsh, or French, but also German, Italian, Slavic and Nordic, that we can transfuse into Canadian national life the richer will be the cultural inheritance of our children. It is the duty therefore of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who, since the disappearance of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association, are the official custodians of Irish culture in Ottawa, first of all to Irish re-educate to acquire a very generous share of this traditional culture themselves and to utilize the annual St. Patrick's Irish national concert to let us all share in its beauty.

The Irish Canadians of a generation ago, though they had not felt the artistic stimulus of the Celtic Renaissance, nevertheless knew a fair amount of Irish history, even familiar with a score or so of Moore's Irish melodies, and were able to distinguish an Irish jig or reel from the spurious article.

The generation of Irish Canadians that is growing up today, most of whose parents were born in this country, knows little of Irish history, is in danger of considering that American rag-time, provided it contains a reference to an Irish reel, is Irish music, and has apparently never seen a "real" eight hand Irish reel.

What we ask of those organizing Irish concerts is that they give us not merely what we got twenty-five years ago, when Jack Dunne or Jack Clarke sang the Minstrel Boy, and Burke Corkran or Father Michael Fallon exemplified Irish oratory, but that in addition they should transmit to us some of the results of that better knowledge of Irish music, which the Celtic revival brought with it in Ireland. I have before me the program of the Oireachtas of 1905. The Welsh have made the world Eisteddfod known to the people, and I fear, however, the Irish equivalent "Oireachtas" is, like the Irish language (of which we never hear a syllable on St. Patrick's Day, even in a song), practically unknown in Ottawa. Under the title "dancing" on the program of the Oireachtas held in Dublin in 1905, I read the following conditions, which local dancers might bear in mind:

"In all dancing competitions the steps are to be genuinely Irish; innovations, such as the Lancashire, clog and barrack room dances, being excluded. The Irish reel must consist of at least five separate steps, aside from the side steps and promenade movements."

Under the title "Singing," the following conditions are laid down: "All singing must be in the traditional style; the songs selected by competitors must be in recognized Irish metres."

I fear our singers of "Irish" songs in Ottawa, do not know what "the traditional style" is, and have not the remotest idea of what is meant by Irish metre. Whatever about this last question — and another warning on the question of the ancient Irish scale by the late Rev. Dr. R. Henery, is about to be published by University College, Cork. It is certain that anyone like you, sir, who has heard in Ireland the traditional Irish songs sung in the traditional unartificial rhythm, knows that they are artistically superior, not merely to the modern ragtime, or sentimental ditty, that false parades itself as Irish music, but even to the somewhat modernized, though nevertheless very beautiful form in which Thomas Moore immortalized Irish airs. There are no less than one hundred and twenty airs in Moore's Irish melodies, and many others in the collections published by Bunting, Petrie, Joyce, Stanford and more modern collectors.

Why should all this, which forms one of the most glorious collections of folk-melodies in the world, a collection which, as you truly say, "breathes the atmosphere of the national spirit of that great people" — why should all this or nearly all this, be ignored in the one annual national Irish concert?

The Ancient Order of Hibernians are capable of remedying all this, if they begin to work now for next St. Patrick's Day concert.

AN IRISH-CANADIAN.

Ottawa, March 18, 1925.

BELFAST REPORTS ON ITS
INTERNEES

The Belfast Government has published a report on its "internees" or persons imprisoned without trial. It asserts that throughout the past year their health was very good. "Their conduct was very good also, save on the occasion of the organized hunger strike." The hunger-strike began on the prison ship Argenta in October, 1923, and soon spread to the prisoners in Larne workhouse and in Derry jail, nearly 800 men in all refusing food till certain grievances were remedied. The strike lasted three weeks.

The Belfast Ministry mentions that a Catholic Society has been

formed to aid discharged prisoners. No exact information is given as to the number still detained. In April, after many liberations there remained about 300 men undergoing imprisonment without trial. Since then there have been further releases and arrests.

THE BASILICAS OF STS.
PETER AND PAUL

Since the year 1860, when Pope Boniface VIII. inaugurated the celebration of the Holy Year as a solemn Jubilee or year of remission by the granting of a special Plenary Indulgence, pilgrimage visits to the shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul have been among the conditions required for the gaining of this great spiritual favor. In 1843, Clement VI. included the basilica of St. John Lateran and in 1878 Urban VI. extended the visits to the church of St. Mary Major. Behind this practice lie the dogmas of the Communion of Saints and the Invocation of the Saints in virtue of which the Church Militant on earth seeks the blessing of God through the intercession of those who constitute the Church Triumphant in Heaven. Faithful to the ancient tradition, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. in proclaiming the Jubilee of 1925 has required for the observance of the Holy Year exercises in Rome, a specified number of visits to these four great basilicas.

The scene in the Basilica of St. Peter's, on a day when a special religious celebration attracts the multitude of visitors in the Holy City, presents a striking proof of the universality or catholicity of the Church whose centre is Rome. Down through the centuries the commission given by our Lord to the Apostles has been constantly fulfilled and they and their successors going forth have taught all the nations. The Canadian pilgrim, standing beneath the wondrous dome with which Michael Angelo crowned his glorious achievement, may see the world go by. The words of the Psalmist, so aptly applied to the Apostles, come back as one sees the representatives of almost every country under the sun flock to the tomb of the Vicar of Christ and one begins to realize anew that "their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words to the ends of the world." The world-wide Church nowhere proclaims its universal appeal more dramatically than on that marble stage where tread the feet of all the nations, the Cathedral of that Chief Pastor, who upon his shoulders the multitude of all the churches.

From the fall of the Temple at Jerusalem 70 A.D. until the fourth century, the world could show no monument of fitting splendor erected for the worship of the one True God. The magnificence of Rome could boast over four hundred pagan temples when hunted Christianity worshipped in the secret places of the catacombs. The memorial chapel built by St. Anacleto, the first bishop of Rome, St. Peter while the Roman law provided sacred protection for the places of the dead. The death of Licinius, pagan reactionary colleague of Constantine until 323, put the champion of the early church in a position in which he could build up the edifice of Christian worship and progress upon the foundation of the shrine of St. Peter. One of the results was the great Basilica of Constantine, the Old St. Peter's, built around the tomb of the Apostle, which Constantine marked with seals that are visible to this day. This ancient Basilica, whose glory was the first great challenge to the splendor of pagan worship, saw the destruction of every idolatrous shrine of the City and remained for twelve hundred years, to welcome the pilgrims of the first seven Holy Year pilgrimages.

The romance of the building of the one temple that all the world wants to see, runs through the lives of nineteen Popes, from the reign of Julius II., who, in 1506 laid the foundation stone, to that of Urban VIII., who, in 1626, solemnly consecrated the majestic Basilica, the new St. Peter's. It challenged the lives and the genius of the world's master architects of all time, Bramante, selected by Julius II., to begin the work, Raphael, Julian da Sangallo and Giacomo da Verona, Baldassare Peruzzi and Antonio da Sangallo, Michael Angelo, designer of the great dome, called in his seventy-second year, by Paul III., to give the last eighteen years of his life to the work, Giacomo della Porta and Carlo Maderna. It is acknowledged the masterpiece of human handiwork, defying description, and, as the faith inspired monument raised to the glory of God, it is the most sublime expression of the interior life of the Church.

Across the great Piazza di San Pietro, between the encircling forest of Bernini's colonnades, past the obelisk and the fountains will throng a vast multitude of pilgrims, drawn from every corner of the earth, hastening to kneel at the tomb which holds the ashes of the Prince of the Apostles, where knelt in former days the heroes and saints of the Church. And they will all be one, in faith and purpose and one in their unswerving loyalty and devotion to him who is the Vicar of Christ, Peter still reigning in the person of his Successor, Pius XI. The twentieth century joins hands with the first.

In the Basilica of St. Paul's, the visitor to Rome sees the third Cathedral of the name and site which this year is celebrating its first century. Over the tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles, whose body was brought from the scene of his martyrdom at the Aque Salvæ, six or seven miles beyond the southwest gate of the city, to the grave in the vineyard of the pious Lucina, on the Ostian Way, Pope Anacleto erected a memorial chapel similar to that at St. Peter's grave. Two and a half centuries later, Constantine built the first Basilica around the undisturbed tomb which marked the centre of the apostle. After sixty years this church, too small to accommodate the vast numbers which thronged to it, was replaced by the magnificent basilica begun by the Emperor Theodosius and completed in 395 by Honorius. Enriched by precious adornments through the fourteen centuries of its existence, the Theodosian St. Paul's was a veritable treasury of art and a monument of exceptional historical and archeological importance. With its name were associated the names of many saints, Gregory the Great, Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), one time Abbot of St. Paul's, St. Ignatius of Loyola, and the present edition, St. Charles Borromeo, a barefoot pilgrim visitor of the Holy Year of 1575 and St. Philip Neri. For five hundred years it received the pilgrims of Jubilee years just as its successor in this year welcoming them by hundreds of thousands. The night of July 15, 1823, the night before Pope Pius VII. died, witnessed a world tragedy in the complete destruction by fire of this monument of antiquity, which had survived the devastations of the barbarians between the fifth and ninth centuries when so many invaluable monuments of historical importance were lost to the world forever.

All Europe responded to the appeal for funds to rebuild the shrine and the present edifice, begun by Pope Leo XII., in 1825, was solemnly consecrated by Pius IX., in 1854, in the presence of Prelates from all parts of the Church, assembled in Rome for the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

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