

MISSIONARIES IN ARABIA.

IN Arabia, the cradle of the Moslem sect, the Church has a Vicariate, and the missions, since 1840, have been in charge of the Capuchin Fathers. As owing to the intense fanaticism of the Mohammedans it was quite impossible to settle at Djeddah, the port of the Red Sea near Mecca, where Mahomet is buried, the mission was stationed at Aden, where the English were already in possession, building their fort which was to command the entrance to the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean. Aden now contains a floating population amounting generally to 32,000 people, of which 30,000 are infidels, 1,200 Protestants and 800 Catholics, the greater part of the latter being Irish and Indian soldiers. Owing to the way in which the population of Aden changes almost every year, it is quite useless to attempt any conversions among the Protestants who, stationed at Aden one year, are gone the next and replaced by others of their own sect. It is almost impossible at present to make any impression upon the fanatical infidels, but the missionaries finding their efforts useless as far as the grown people are concerned, have now turned their attention to the Somali children, who, abandoned by their parents, run wild in great numbers in the streets of Aden. With infinite trouble the Capuchins have induced many of these waifs to come to school, and they have also opened near the town an agricultural school orphanage maintaining sixty children, while they have twelve more in another orphanage. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who arrived at Aden in 1868, opened a boarding and a day school for fifty girls, but they have been replaced by six Sisters belonging to the congregation of St. Anne. The missionaries hope that when these children are properly educated they will be able to establish a Christian Somali village which would be the first fruits of the Arabian Catholic mission among the natives. There are three churches and five chapels and about 1,500 Catholics in this Vicariate, which is in charge of the French Capuchins. One of these missionaries gave the following account of Christmas at Aden in 1900:

"The church at Steamer Point had been decorated for this great festival with rather artistic garlands of flowers fastened upon the walls, which had here and there texts on the Mystery of the Incarnation, in large letters upon a red ground. A great crowd filled the three aisles for the High Mass, and the procession, usual in the churches of the Friars Minor, in which a statue of the Infant is carried to the crib. The native children, in their red soutanes, carrying little bells tinkling in unison, were very conspicuous in the procession. To the joy of the missionaries many persons approached the Holy Table, European gentlemen among the bronze-colored Hindus from Goa, and jet black Somalis and natives of the Sudan. The different races, white and colored, all knelt to receive their Savior who had redeemed them all. The Infant Jesus is like the God of the black and white, whose souls are equally precious in His eyes. In the chapel at the camp the festival was even more beautiful. The missionary, Father Edmund, had arranged on the altar a manger scene of the mission, boys and girls, mostly Somalis, sang really extremely well, avoiding the disagreeable and monotonous usual intonation peculiar to the Arabs in general. All this, with a nice sermon preached by the Reverend Father, greatly impressed the Protestants who curiosity had attracted into the Catholic chapel. One of the soldiers was heard to observe once that he preferred attending the Catholic Church as he thought the religious ceremonies much more reverent and more solemn, and in consequence more worthy of the dignity of God. This Christmas an Englishman and a Jew were received into our Church. In honor of the New Year of the century and in compliance with the commands of the Holy Father. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at 11 o'clock, followed by mid-Mass, attracted a large congregation. As at Aden the nights are seldom cool, the junks had to be kept in motion to give some air to the crowded church, where there was scarcely standing room; there were numerous Protest-

ant sailors, who had obtained leave to attend."

Aden is by no means a pretty place, surrounded as it is by great rocks, and those gloomy volcanic hills, burnt, bare and sterile under the rays of a tropical sun. It is the most desolate country imaginable, and if, in the estimation of some people and imaginative minds, it possesses a certain beauty of its own, it must be said that it is of a most savage description. Though the apostolic work of our missionaries is full of hardships, still progress is being made, even though it is slow. The Fathers hope soon to re-establish the Third Order, which formerly flourished there. The Apostleship of Prayer does much good and its members all receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month. During a recent outbreak of the plague the Fathers baptized a considerable number of dying natives. The missionaries' hopes of the future are based chiefly upon the Somalis who are much more easily converted than the Arabs, not one of whom ever goes near the Christians. The Somali children are capable of being properly trained. They often have really noble and deep seated feelings, and will obey even in matters repugnant to them with very little hesitation. One boy being asked to do something that entailed some difficulties, replied as he smiled, "You are a priest, all you say is sacred in my eyes; you have only to command." The Capuchin Father Evangelist has written the first grammar and dictionary ever published of the Somali language, and everything is being done by these zealous sons of St. Francis, aided by the pious missionary Sisters, to advance the knowledge of our holy religion in this struggling Arabian mission at one of the best known, if the hottest and most disagreeable of the colonial ports of Great Britain.

HE following is from the "Daily Post-Intelligencer," Seattle, Washington:—The story of the life of John Sullivan, who died at Seattle, Wash., leaving \$700,000, which has now been the means of raising to alfluence two poverty-stricken Irish people, reads like the romance of a second Robinson Crusoe. A native of Cork city, he left his home when quite a young man to become a sailor. During one of his voyages, about forty years ago, his ship, a sailing vessel, encountered a terrible gale and was wrecked, Sullivan being the only one of the crew who escaped with his life. He was a hardy swimmer, and after a long fight with the waves was cast up on the mainland. Frost-bitten and numbed with the cold, he lay there for the night, and when the morning came found that the land upon which he had been thrown was uninhabited. Like the Crusoe of fiction, he swam out to the wreck and managed to save a gun and some ammunition, with which he was able to shoot animals for his larder. He built himself a hut and lived a lonely hermit for some days, when, as chance would have it, he was joined by a sailor who had escaped from another wreck. The two set to work building huts and making them habitable, and as time went on these became gradually peopled by wayfarers from the towns which were fast growing up far inland. Then Sullivan staked out for himself a large tract of land, and on this rose the now famous city of Seattle, with a present population of 42,000. As the city grew his wealth increased, and he became known among the settlers as "Pioneer" Sullivan.

HE "Saturday Review" has drawn attention to the state of things which obtains in the case of two representative Irish towns—Cork and Belfast. It is thus that organ speaks of the latter:—"In the great and prosperous city which claims to be the capital of Ulster rival Protestant sects are hard at work to-day denouncing one another with a wealth of vituperation which can much more easily be imagined than explained. The population is divided into opposing camps, and peaceful, law-abiding Catholics go about their daily concerns almost in danger of their lives. Yet this is the city which prides itself upon its loyalty, and as being the happy possessor of all the civic virtues which are the outcome of long and intimate association with England and with English modes of thought and administration. The whole empire recognized that Dublin, for example, is a perfectly crimeless city. Yet, this fact notwithstanding, Dublin and her citizens are at the present moment governed by coercion, while Belfast, the scene of so much strife and bitterness and contention, is ruled by the common law in the interests of the Orange faction."

This is one side of the picture, and a dark one it is. There is, however, happily a brighter side, which constitutes an object lesson. The "Review" says that:—"This is furnished by the people of Cork, an intensely Celtic and Catholic town, where, during the past year, a great International Exhibition has been organized and opened, and we are glad to be able to state, brought to the happy culmination of a great financial success. In Cork we find that all classes and creeds worked most harmoniously together for the success of the exhibition. The idea originated with the present Mayor, who is an advanced Nationalist and a Catholic, but once the idea was started men of all manner of views and convictions in the fair city by the Lee took it up and set themselves right manfully to the elaboration of its details, with the result, as we have already remarked, that the Cork Exhibition will long be remembered by the thousands who have visited it from all parts of the world as one of the most satisfactory shows of the sort ever organized."

Comment is unnecessary, if brief; if detailed it would constitute a volume of history.

AN IRISH PIONEER.

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THE POWER OF PRAYER.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, preaching in the chapel of the Carmelite nuns in that city on the feast of St. Teresa, spoke as follows:—"To-day, my dear brethren, is the festival of St. Teresa, founder of the Order of Carmelites. She achieved wonderful things in her day because she used the arms of prayer. The world does not sufficiently understand the power of prayer. When the Jews were battling on the plain and Moses was upon the mountain praying while others upheld his hands, some might have said, 'Why does he not go down on the plain and fight for his people? Why not take part in the combat? Why should not those who are holding up his hands come down and do battle along with their fellow-countrymen?' Yet it was only while his hands were uplifted in prayer that God's people prevailed."

"There is a visible and an invisible world. And the marvelous world is quite as real as the world which is seen. This inner power we do not see except with the eyes of faith, but we know the power of God is mighty in results. By this power this order of Sisters succeeds and helps outsiders on the battlefield. Some may ask, 'Why do they not go out in the world like the Sisters of Charity and wait on the sick and poor?' They have their mission in the Church. The beauty of the King's daughters appears in the variety of temperaments and of works; but all the beauty of the King's daughters is from within, in the beauty of soul. In that we see the vitality of Holy Church. In the wisdom of the Church she established these orders of contemplation, of silence and of prayer. But it may be asked, 'How can people pray so long? We get tired so easily with our short prayers that it seems unnatural to pray for hours.' It is not natural, it is supernatural, and if it were not supernatural it would be unnatural. Those who are used

to communion with God in prayer know that the time passes rapidly. Our Divine Lord spent the whole night in prayer, and for forty days in the desert His human soul was united with the Almighty.

"St. Francis of Assisi was said to spend the whole night in prayer, and a lay brother resolved to watch him to see if it were so. After they retired, St. Francis arose again and simply repeated over and over again, 'My God and my All.' We say these words also, but to pray is to sound the depths of the meaning of every word. People dig for years, yet new mines are discovered. Astronomers map the skies, yet new stars and new planets are coming into vision from time to time."

Here His Grace outlined the world of meaning these few words had to the sainted seraph, St. Francis, and continued thus:

"We ought, after the example of St. Teresa and St. Francis, endeavor to appreciate what prayer is. Even among the distractions of the world men can do it and have done it. St. Louis, amid all the distractions of a King, thought of the Divine Presence many times in the day, and said as often as he performed any kingly functions, 'My God, I do this for Thee.' Every man has two lives. The outer life is the only one seen by the world; the real life is the life of motive. The life of prayer is a life of union with God, a life of love hidden with Christ in God. Prayer is not merely petition, but an elevation of the soul to God to adore Him, not merely by being a beggar for favors, but by acknowledging Him as our Creator. The prayer of adoration can be offered to no creature, not even to the Blessed Virgin nor to all the angels and saints, but to God alone. The prayer of petition ceases in heaven, but the prayer of adoration continues for all eternity."

His Grace referred to the often neglected prayer of thanksgiving showing that our Lord made no complaint even when crucified, but did complain bitterly of the ingratitude of the nine lepers when only one of the ten whom He healed returned. The prayer most needed, however, is the prayer of petition, and God measures His favors in proportion to our dependence upon Him.

"Let us pray for ourselves first, for we must look after our own salvation. What will it profit us to save others and lose our own souls? St. Paul, though he saved others, feared lest he himself might be lost. So our personal consideration for our own salvation should come first. Then pray for poor sinners, many of them noble souls, who know not the enormity of their offenses. Pray for the dead, many of whom we wounded in life to whom we caused suffering and whose hearts we made bleed. We should pray and ask the saints to God to pray with us, such as St. Teresa and St. Francis, because they are dear to God. We ask one another's prayers. Why not ask the prayers of the angels and saints? And above all let us pray through the name Jesus Christ, because when praying through Him we are obeying His order. 'Hitherto you have asked nothing in My name. Ask and you shall receive.' He said at the Last Supper. It was then He left us two great legacies—the adorable sacrament of the altar and the right to ask from the Father anything in His name."

The Archbishop here analyzed the Lord's Prayer and showed how, with the image of the crucified Saviour in mind, one could divide the several petitions of that prayer so that each would be asked through the efficacy of one of the five wounds. "Let us try and realize, dear brethren," he said, in conclusion, "from such prayer and meditation what prayer really is. Fear not, little flock; it has pleased God to give you a kingdom. You are the seed of power within the Church of God."

On your knees your heads prepare; Gladdest violins are these: When the eye is bright with prayer, The Lord God it sees."

In keeping with the spirit of a divine service of thanksgiving for successes achieved, held on the patronal feast of the Emperor with the chief commandant, staff officers and other officials present, are the words of the preacher on the occasion, P. Tschiederer. It was as if he spoke out of Hofer's own heart that he said: "Not your bullets, but your heads vanquished the enemy."

AN article in the current number of the Rosary Magazine there is the following interesting narrative, written by the Very Rev. Thomas Esser, O.P., and translated by the Rev. J. R. Vals, O.P.:

A champion of his people, in the best meaning of the word, was Ireland's liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

Of his regard for the Virgin Mother of God, the renowned preacher, Ventura, in his funeral oration, gives the following account: "He used to speak of Mary to the people as of their mother, and one day, carried away by his filial love, he proclaimed the glory of the Blessed Virgin in the presence of more than a hundred thousand persons, Catholics and Protestants. . . . After his celebrated speech, which was to re-open the doors of parliament to Catholics, during that great debate in which the most celebrated speakers were pitted against each other, in that awful moment on which Ireland's freedom or downfall depended, O'Connell was quietly standing in a corner of the House of Commons, saying his Rosary to honor her who has triumphed over all heresies. He had placed the emancipation of his people under Mary's protection and from her he looked for more than from his own exertions. The honor of the successes he achieved he always ascribed to the Mother of God."

In the ranks of these, who strove and wrought so worthily for the public good, we may fitly place a hero. The Rosary yields not only counsels, but also deeds in a people's weal. Our present subject is but a simple peasant, by his own description a farmer in Passerby; but by his lionine courage and fortitude of soul, he outranked many who sit in high places. This was Andreas Hofer, the defender of Tyrol, in 1809. The brief but forceful sketch that pictures the warrior to us as worthily wearing the honors of his emperor, is taken from an account by a contemporary and fellow participant in the defence of his country.

From our viewpoint, Hofer was only the first among many like-minded associates, who were no less given to the Rosary than they were skilled in the use of arms. Once as the greater portion of the Meran companies had to execute a hasty, forced movement, they marched day and night over steep, untraveled hills. A violent and continuous rain made their way even more difficult, but they uttered no complaint and in all their straits, the brave troop, up and down hill, recited the beads."

Fuch were the patriots, among whom, as noted, Hofer was first. To God alone, he gave the honor of his successful enterprises, and he looked for the rescue and welfare of his native land by Divine succor through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin."

Occupying the royal palace at Innsbruck as chief commandant and regent of Tyrol, he lived with his staff and trusted officials in the less pretentious apartments, which he chose for their common quarters. He immediately had a crucifix and a picture of the Mother of God affixed to the wall of the dining room. Every morning and evening he visited the adjoining parochial church, with its shrine and picture of Our Lady of Help, and every night after supper, he himself gave out the Rosary, adding a number of Our Fathers to invoke the intercession of certain saints. All his followers were required to unite with him in this exercise. He was wont to say to them: 'You have eaten with me, now you can pray with me.'

In this wise did that upright Christian cleave to his usual simplicity and unpretentiousness, even in the height of his success. In the palace, he did not omit any of the devout exercises which he was accustomed to perform with his household in his lowly abode at home. When some students once came to the palace with violins to serenade him, he did not neglect the chance, whilst speaking to them, of referring to the Rosary. A song, spoken of by Goethe as 'one of the most tuneful productions of the war,' and communicated by him as a 'voice coming down from the mountains to the cities and fields below,' gives characteristic expression to the patriot's words:

"On your knees your heads prepare; Gladdest violins are these: When the eye is bright with prayer, The Lord God it sees."

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CATHOLIC MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

notable feature in the current issue of Donahoe's Magazine sets forth the views of Cardinal Vaughan on the question of caring for the very poor. The Cardinal's optimism is contagious, says the writer.

"No one can talk with him and not share his confidence in the outcome of the work that is now being done in the slums of London." "We must not expect miracles," he continued. "We must simply labor on each day, content with the slightest improvement. More and more we hope to get the working people out of the slums. It is almost impossible to help them as long as ten or twelve people sleep, cook and eat in two small rooms. Often they are only cellars, where men, women and children are forced to sleep in one bed! The air is foul, when the fogs settle down over London, they are cold and miserable. They must go to the public-house for comfort; that is always warm and bright, and for two or three cents, they can buy enough drink to make them forget their miseries! Would we be any better, my child, had we been forced to live in such surroundings?" And the divine charity of Christ illumined the beautiful charity of the Cardinal. "Even in the slums we must not think that all are bad. In spite of their awful poverty, the Catholics have kept their faith, and among them we often find very noble men and women. In the worst parts of London there is always much to make us have hope for the future."

Rev. J. J. O'Mahoney has a very readable article on "Irish Home Life," from which we take the following:—"Irish home life in the past was certainly ideal. Speak of the simplicity and purity of home life, it is certainly realized in the Irish home. Cares, indeed, they had, innumerable; worries that would have driven another people to desperation; but in spite of all the persecution directed against them, they never budged one inch from the doctrines of their faith. Succoured by that faith, every scourge was only a gem on their crown. And it is exceedingly wonderful how cheerful the people were in their private life after that dark night had passed. Generally, suffering makes people morose, melancholy, sour in their dispositions and conduct, but no so with the Irish. Persecution left them as it found them, fewer in numbers, no doubt, but, nevertheless, with the same hot blood thrilling through their veins, the same faith in the world unseen, the same joyful serene countenances. They were still anxious to dispense, as their fathers were before them from their scanty stores, bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty who came along the way. Before emigration had reduced the country to its present scanty population, a traveler would imagine that the Irish were a very well-off people, because on every side his ears were greeted with the words of song issuing from the lips of the children of toil. It is different now; you travel for miles in some parts of the country, and no signs of human activity challenge your attention. It is an awful change. No longer do the neighbors congregate around the peat fire and tell their fairy stories to interested audiences; no more do they scramble over the mountain crags in search of fairy treasures; but with the revival of Gaelic speech we hope that the firesides will be again lit up with the carol and the story, that the good old fairy hosts will still hover instinctively around the winter's blaze."

"A Roman Village," by Marie Donegan Walsh, recalls a summer spent among the Alban Hills, exploring retreats and studying the history and architecture of the villas of the Roman patricians. "The Irish College, Rome," "The Gathering of the Grapes" are well worthy of perusal.

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace we are bound either to possess or acquire it.

The incident which I want to relate, and true in every detail, many years ago, when a priest in an unimpaired in south Germany, miles away from the way station.

It was one night, October, if I remember at the close of a laid my weary head with the prayer that mercy would grant and kind relief to suffering. Let me at that our house-bell rang that night. The son for the last pet much exhausted, and in a presbytery is a disturbing element take pleasure in round at dead of night, ring fortunate curate, surround leave his bed and huddle to a sick call that particular night stined to be fulfilled, cause it was dictated of ease than by charity.

It was a cold night, got thoroughly warm blankets. The latest before I lost consciousness of the last train—as it slowed in station. Suddenly I a shrill sound. Was that the tongue tell clanging through listened a few second breath. No, I was there it was again, fore—a cry of distress for help.

Throwing on my clothes, I ran to the door, and down open. "Who is there?" I asked, the cold in my face and mind. "Who is there?" I inquired. It was too dark for me, but I heard the steps upon the gravel, was stepping back from order to look up more easily. "Is there?" I repeated. "The bell?"

A hoarse voice, quite my ear, inquired in my face and mind. "Are you the priest?" From this I gathered below was not one of ple, and was probably lic, for the inhabitants boring villages were of ants.

"I am not the pastor," I answered. "What do you want?" The answer came up. "The wife of the station-master has sent me to come to the station in passenger was run over; both his legs were off; at any rate they crushed. The doctor told them up, but he says hope. If you make him you will find him alive; the station-master's wife says he is a Catholic. I am Protestant, you know."

I thanked and praised taking the trouble to come to return at once would come as quickly, only wanted to ask who find the sufferer, and conscious.

"You will find him in class waiting-room. We straw. He had not consciousness when I left, but by the time you get to if he ever does. It is a sad, old man."

"That will do all right for coming! Tell station I will be there. The heavy steps down the path. I closed down."

"Now look sharp, once!" I said to myself, time to be lost. When matches? Here they are! Where are my hat and my hat? Now for the horse and. Be quick, my good fellow, keys of the church. The hall in the sitting-room—have I everything? My hat? Yes. Stop! I hesitate; that is soon the man's life hangs by a minute might make all to him. How can the corridor! Never make haste!"

As I hurried downstairs I was carrying fell on the face of the Mother of the statue stood there. No look so pale and grief-stricken I saw the man's eyes. "There hangs

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It was one night, October, if I remember at the close of a laid my weary head with the prayer that mercy would grant and kind relief to suffering. Let me at that our house-bell rang that night. The son for the last pet much exhausted, and in a presbytery is a disturbing element take pleasure in round at dead of night, ring fortunate curate, surround leave his bed and huddle to a sick call that particular night stined to be fulfilled, cause it was dictated of ease than by charity.

It was a cold night, got thoroughly warm blankets. The latest before I lost consciousness of the last train—as it slowed in station. Suddenly I a shrill sound. Was that the tongue tell clanging through listened a few second breath. No, I was there it was again, fore—a cry of distress for help. Throwing on my clothes, I ran to the door, and down open. "Who is there?" I asked, the cold in my face and mind. "Who is there?" I inquired. It was too dark for me, but I heard the steps upon the gravel, was stepping back from order to look up more easily. "Is there?" I repeated. "The bell?"

A hoarse voice, quite my ear, inquired in my face and mind. "Are you the priest?" From this I gathered below was not one of ple, and was probably lic, for the inhabitants boring villages were of ants. "I am not the pastor," I answered. "What do you want?" The answer came up. "The wife of the station-master has sent me to come to the station in passenger was run over; both his legs were off; at any rate they crushed. The doctor told them up, but he says hope. If you make him you will find him alive; the station-master's wife says he is a Catholic. I am Protestant, you know."

I thanked and praised taking the trouble to come to return at once would come as quickly, only wanted to ask who find the sufferer, and conscious. "You will find him in class waiting-room. We straw. He had not consciousness when I left, but by the time you get to if he ever does. It is a sad, old man."

"That will do all right for coming! Tell station I will be there. The heavy steps down the path. I closed down."

"Now look sharp, once!" I said to myself, time to be lost. When matches? Here they are! Where are my hat and my hat? Now for the horse and. Be quick, my good fellow, keys of the church. The hall in the sitting-room—have I everything? My hat? Yes. Stop! I hesitate; that is soon the man's life hangs by a minute might make all to him. How can the corridor! Never make haste!"

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