

ANNALS
OF THE
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH
COMPILED FOR
THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

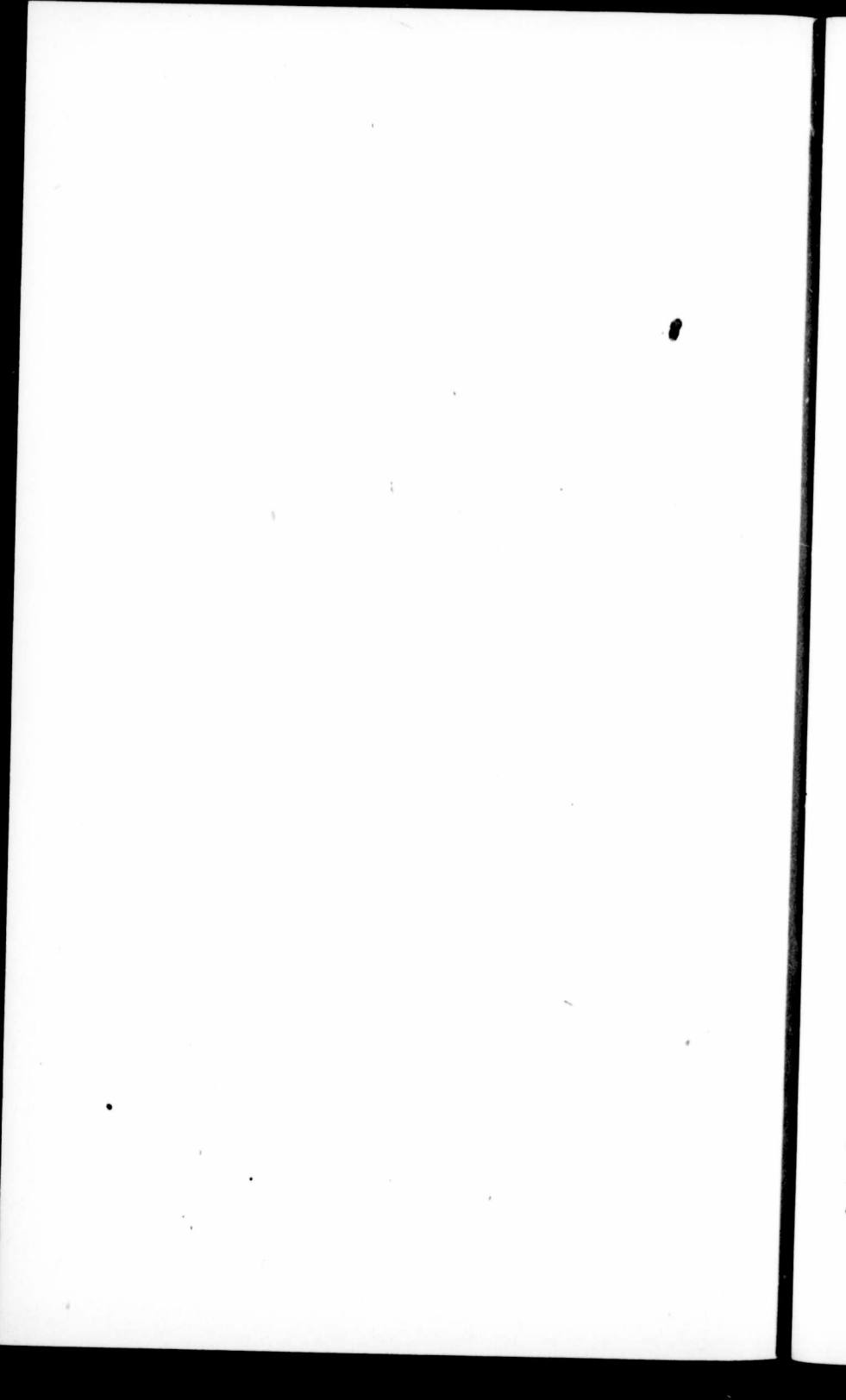


VOL. I.—No. 13.

FEBRUARY 1883.

THREE-RIVERS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE INSTITUTION.



THE CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA.

PROBABLY THE MOST NOTABLE EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE ANTIPODES—
OPENING OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from the 384th page.)

[*From the Sydney N. S. W. Herald.*].

The Mass sung was Haydyn's No. 3, known as the "Imperial" Mass.

The Archbishop came forward to the sanctuary steps, and said: "Some few months ago I made the Holy Father, Leo XII, acquainted with the fact that we were about to open this great Cathedral on the 8th of September. I have just received from the Pope a telegram conveying to the Bishops, and priests, and laity, and the generous donors of subscriptions toward this great fane, his apostolic benediction.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. REDWOOD, BISHOP OF WELLINGTON (N. Z.)

then advanced to the steps of the sanctuary and delivered a discourse based on the words of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in Jesus Christ, the only son of God." He said:—All the ceremonies of

the Catholic Church are admirable for their deep significance. We are assembled here to-day for the solemn opening and dedication of this noble edifice, this splendid pile, the pride and ornament of this beautiful city, and of all Australia. But what is it? What is its meaning? What great idea does it enshrine? It is a substantial act of faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. It is the temple of Christ—immeasurably more noble than the temple of Solomon—the temple where Christ will renew daily, by the ministry of His priests, the great sacrifice of Calvary; where he will dwell a prisoner of love in our tabernacles; where he will be adored as God by this, and I hope, countless other generations of faithful and devoted Catholics. Such is the meaning of this magnificent structure. It is indeed called “St. Mary’s;” it bears the name and recalls the sweet memory of the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God; but it is primarily and pre-eminently the temple of Christ, and to him alone it is dedicated; for, when the prelate laid its foundation stone, he solemnly declared it to be “a place destined for the invocation and praise of Our Lord Jesus Christ.” The great idea, then, which underlies all the impressive ceremonies and solemn pageant of this day is the belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. That belief is the central point of Christian doctrine, the axis around which the other dogmas revolve, the foundation stone on which they stand—we might rather say, the keystone of the whole Christian

arch. To profess it is to profess implicitly the whole of Christianity, even its extreme consequences, speculative and practical; since, if Christ is God, His doctrine and his law are so imposed upon us that it were sacrilege either to diminish or adulterate them. I purpose in this discourse to show some of the grounds on which this cardinal dogma rests—some portion of the adamantine rock on which it stands. Oh! Divine Master dear friend of my soul, speak now to my heart, still more to my mind, that my words may not be too unworthy of so high a theme and that my hearers may reap lasting fruits from my feeble endeavors.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST IS USUALLY PROVED

by a vast array of arguments derived from prophecies, miracles and testimonies. But, while leaving these demonstrations in all their force, I shall not resort to so extensive a method. I shall appeal to two main lines of argument equally simple, popular and conclusive, viz: the existence of the Christian world, and the affirmation of that Christian world. The existence of that Christian world is a fact of unparalleled magnitude which one must be blind not to see; it equals the immensity of the universe; it is every where. Like those marvelous nebulae, whose gigantic radiations have peopled space, it has dilated itself and from the plains of Judea has successively filled the earth with one vast society, knit together by one and the

same doctrine, one and the same virtue. You are part of it, and it is your greatest honor. Cross the mountains and waters between the great continents, visit the remotest islands of the ocean, everywhere you will find the Cross, and round it either multitudes or groups, saying in concert, "We believe in Jesus Christ our God; we are Christians."

AND THE MAGNITUDE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD

is equalled only by its harmony. All peoples are called, all peoples come into its bosom, civilized, barbarian, savage—a prodigious variety of minds, hearts, passions, tempers, education, civil and political lives. And in this variety what a wonderful unity! One creed for every mind and every mouth; one legislation for all wills, and tending to one object—Christ; one constitution, with the same powers everywhere. On those banks from which the proud Roman of old sent forth his pro-consuls to make laws for the world an aged man sits enthroned. Be he quiet or persecuted, in honor or disgrace, matters not; his august will is acknowledged by the true Christian world. He is a father, and none can hinder his children in remotest shores from sending him the testimony of their affection. He is a king: sacrilegious hands have profaned his sceptre and his crown, yet none have been able to destroy or weaken his sovereign authority in spiritual matters. He is a high priest, and despite the efforts of men, the highest pastors are lovingly

subordinate to his government. He is immortal, so to speak, who passes through successive generations.

BUT YESTERDAY WE WEPT FOR PIUS THE GREAT AND
THE GOOD ;

to-day we hail Leo the Magnanimous and the Strong. But always the same father, same king, the same pontiff. Surely this immense and harmonious Christian world is one of the greatest phenomena man can behold. Its importance is shown by the efforts of our adversaries to lessen or suppress it. If certain unbelievers are to be credited we Christians are a powerless sect, a prey to the deadly disease of superstition, an uncompromising and closed sect, doomed shortly to disappear before the onward march of liberal philosophy, which flings open its portals to all minds ; but, with glaring contradiction, they use might and policy to persecute and suppress our stubborn vitality, showing by their animus that we are not a sect fated to rapid extinction but a world, a real world, of all worlds the best organized and the fittest to live and endure. Now, this Christian world, this stupendous creation, is the work of Jesus Christ. To doubt it would be an act, not of reason, but of delirium. Yet men have been found, in our boastful age of enlightenment, reckless enough to abdicate common sense and declare that Christian faith is but a dream, Christian love a phantom of the imagination, Christian perfection the imitation of the chimera, Christian

unity the result of obedience to nothing ; that Christ is only a myth, or that, at most, he has only a nucleus of historic reality—that he is but the elaborate production of the Christian mind through the course of several ages, by a long process of refinement and transformation, by grouping in one and the same individual the legends, ideas and symbols of antiquity. Gratuitous assertions !

ABSURD SYSTEM, INSTANTLY EXPLODED

by the grand, world-wide, historic fact of Christianity. Why, we ascend by precise dates to the time when the Gospels were settled, and thus destroy at a blow that pretended chain of ages, in which according to our sapient critics, the grouping of legends, ideas and symbols was made. Again, the attitude of the Christian mind in all ages protests against the possibility of refinement and transformation, since it is summed up in these maxims inimical to all novelties—" Bear witness to what was in the beginning, keep the deposit, avoid profane novelties of words, hold fast to the traditions." (1 Tim. vi. 20. 1 Thes., ii. 14.) Lastly, the Christian world is no fleeting phenomenon, but a gigantic, living fact, ever exhibiting the same movements, perfection and harmony. As it speaks of Christ now so it spoke of Him in the middle ages, when faith gave birth to Catholic theology, when love flew to the conquest of the tomb of Christ, when the great monastic orders rose and became seminaries of saints

when the power of the Holy See stood paramount above kings and emperors. It spoke of Him, too, in those terrible ages of barbarian invasion, when the Catholic Church tamed the fierce warrior, and made him a worthy citizen of Christendom. It proclaimed Him its founder and creator in those heroic ages when faith and love watered the Church with martyr's blood, when the wilderness blossomed with countless saints, and when the great controversies relative to heresy were settled by a word from Peter's successor, representing the father and supreme teacher of Christian society. But enough. My conclusion is evident.

OF ALL HISTORICAL PHENOMENA

the Christian world is undoubtedly the most remarkable. Either it has no cause, a rank absurdity, or else Christ is its living, personal, proximate, efficient and total cause—in other words the Christian world is the work of Christ, and of Him alone. I have now to show that it is not the work of man, but of God, and therefore Christ is God. The Christian world it not the work of man, for no man ever did, or ever will do, such a work. No creator of any school or religion has ever stamped his work with the superhuman character conspicuous in Christianity. There have been (1) schools founded and taught by the *elite* of human minds. The illustrious Pythagoras, the melodious Plato, the grave Aristotle, and others, ancient or modern, whose

names illumine the pages of history, have spoken of God, nature, man, the laws of thought and life. Their lessons, collected by reverent disciples, have grouped round their respective systems the mental forces of several generations. But these generations were confined to reserved and narrow precincts; school soon overthrew school, while the din of their idle disputations passed over the heads of people sunk in ignorance and superstition; the master's genius failed to preserve his thoughts from the mutilations of private judgment; the admiration he inspired, often challenged in his lifetime, and unmingled with love, died out on his exit from the scene; his doctrine, often sterile and unavailing, led to no moral perfection; his life, usually opposed to his teaching, regulated the life of no one else; and his powerless will could hardly check the germs of division which threatened his influence during life, and inevitably conquered after death. There have been, and there are (2) religions which prevailed over past centuries, and promised to teach millions of followers the truth in divine concerns. But some, like heathenism, assumed innumerable different forms, and so fell to nought; others, like Oriental mysticism, inhumanly partitioned doctrine, reserving for the privileged caste of priest and sage lofty speculations, refined conceits, and secret mysteries, and flinging to the vulgar crowd gross symbols to seduce their imagination and deceive their reason; others again, like Buddhism, remained fas-

tened to the soil whence they sprang: others, like Mahometanism, were identified with one race, and owed their spread to the might of the sword. But none preserved their founders from oblivion, save by insuring to them a veneration in which fear predominated over love, and a barren admiration devoid of the imitation of their virtues.

NONE EXCEEDED VULGAR MORALITY

or honesty without grandeur, even when they did not conceal, under superstitions practices, and fanatical demonstrations, the vilest passions of the people. Nor resisted the dissolvents of violence and contradiction, except by the aid of human power, which designed to preserve in their bosom the shameful unity of ignorance and corruption. Nowhere, as in the Christian world, do we find that loving, worldwide society, adapting itself to every climate and receiving all races into its bosom. Nowhere, that liberal truth for all, which dilates the greatest geniuses and ennobles the popular mind. Nowhere, that Master so identified with His doctrine that He calls to his person even the movements of minds, and cannot be put aside without a collapse of His doctrine. Nowhere, that spiritual regenerator, whose undying remembrance thrills every heart and calls forth, at the distance of twenty centuries, an array of tender, trustful, generous, and devoted love, which even the presence of the most beloved object would not always obtain. Nowhere, those

elevated morals, perfection of life, heroism of virtues, all formed in the same type, whose authority never wanes. Nowhere, that sovereign will, whose powerful action never changes in the ever-changing instruments which manifest it. Nowhere, that compact unity, which for 2,009 years resists public catastrophes, persecutions of force, and contradictions of error and passion. Nowhere, that solid assemblage of many different elements; that body instinct with one doctrine, one law, one virtue, which proudly rejects any morbid limb, and continues to live, while sects severed from its unity wither and die. No, indeed, no; nothing in the works of men like the work of Christianity—contrast so evident that even the fiercest foes of Christianity are compelled to admit that it is “the most powerful spiritual creation ever seen . . . the highest of all religions”—(Strauss.) Why this difference between the work of man and the work of Christ? Simply because the christian world cannot be the work of man.

(To be continued.)



Journal of travels of Sister Assistant Charlebois from Lake
Labiche to Arthabaska.

(Third Letter)

Convent of the Holy Angels Arthabaska.

15 July 1880.

Most Honored Mother,

Being already convinced of the maternal affection which you bear for your loving children I can not doubt but that your thoughts are often turned toward them and especially upon those whom obedience has called far from you dear Mother and from our Community. You have doubtless learned before this of our arrival at Athabaska on the 30th June at seven o'clock in the evening. My assistant Sister was anxious to turn to account the few moments she could remain in this mission finds herself deprived of the satisfaction of reciting herself the details of our journey from Lake Labiche to our present abode, she therefore has entrusted to me the commission to take her place. I undertake with pleasure this act of obedience while I cannot but express my regret that a more skilful pen than mine has not been commissioned: at the same time however I am speaking to a dear Mother who will I am convinced receive with her accustomed indulgence this humble and imperfect narrative.

It was on the 7th June after receiving the Be-

nediction of the most Holy Sacrement given by Father Grouard Superior of the mission that we separated from the cordial embraces of our dear Sisters, The long stay that we had made among them, Sister Massé and I had given an advantageous opportunity of appreciating their invaluable qualities ; chiefly their tender charity made this separation still more painful. Yes you cannot but know dearest Mother what cruel feelings those adieux cost the heart of the poor little missionary of the North since it may be said that she looks no more for a return at least in prospect : it is easier to endure than to describe them. Besides I feel that to acquit myself as skilfully as possible of a duty obligatory upon me, it is better to turn aside my thoughts from a scene the recurrence of which will soon be removed from me : I do not like to cast darkenings hadows on the future. I had rather occupy myself with the subject matter of this circular. We embarked their about five oclock in the evening on board a barge of the mission (a species of sloop about thirty two feet long by nine and a half feet wide,) the entire population was on the bank ; after taking our places in the barge the Guide directed sixteen oarsmen to take up their position and the weather being very mild we felt ourselves by degrees distancing from our beloved Sisters. The Sister Assistant did not wish to cast a look behind her for her heart was already too much weighed down. We camped that evening at Pointe à la Butte about

half past seven o'clock. It was not a locality very favorable for halting but we had to be resigned to circumstances. What with our own private feelings the mosquito and the racket kept up by our folks a considerable part of the night these and other minor inconveniences did not tend to soothe us to an easy sleep. The next morning at the first signal for rising which was given at half past three, we were again on foot: after taking a cup of tea and making a few imperative preparations we set out about three quarters past four o'clock. Towards ten we arrived at Grosse Roche entering at this point the first rapid: we descended and strayed into the bush to provide ourselves with poles. The Guide and the most skilful of his hands went away with the smaller of the two barges which they broke against the rocks which was the reason they did not return till towards one o'clock. While they were repairing the barges we went forward by land preferring to make the road on foot than to risk the run of the rapid. The next day (9th June) we were stopped by the rain for a considerable number of hours; we walked for about an hour and then sat down to rest. Scarcely were we halted than three of our people got upon a tree with their halchets and began to cut the limbs very near the top. Not guessing their purpose the Sister Assistant asked of the Guide why they thus exposed themselves to danger, the answer he gave was that they were preparing for us each a May (A custom which they

observe with the Bishops and Fathers :) they nailed on each of these trees a small board inscribed with our names the day of the month and the year. At our departuse which was towards six o'clock they discharged three shots from their muskets accompanied by cheers in our honor. The Sister Assistant entertained them with a little peppermint sweetened of which they partook with much pleasure.

10th June. As we had only a short distance to proceed in the little River Labiche we hoped soon to gain the river Athabaska but here as in many other instances man proposes but God disposes; our barge was suddenly blocked up; with difficulty our hands after much labor succeeded to give our boat an other course scarcely was this effected than she was again among the rocks and was fractured leaving an opening by which the water entered plentifully. It was nine o'clock at night when we extricated ourselves from this difficulty.

11th June. All this day was spent in repairing our barge so we could not proceed until four o'clock in the evening, after a short delay we quitted the little river Labiche. We had that afternoon much anxiety on account of the Sister Assistant who at the time of going to rest felt a sharp pain in the ankle-bone: we feared that it was an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Thanks to the forethought of the good Sister Devins who had given her when leaving a remedy which she still uses; she soon found much relief and the next day the 12th she

was able to proceed to the place of departure. On that day we breakfasted on board the barge while it was descending the current without the aid of oars. Towards four the afternoon we halted to camp for the weather was darkening and threatened rain, it rained in fact all that night.

13th June. Sunday—The weather having cleared up we prepared to set out about ten o'clock; after reciting the Beads with our hand-help and chanting the Ave maris stella we only proceeded for a couple of hours: In the evening we were early under our tent; you could hardly have with held your tears my dear Mother were you to see Sister Assistant with head and feet swoolen as she squatted under the tent; for us it pained us sorely to witness her sufferings.

14th June. We were roused from slumber by the thunder; it rained it hailed and the wind blew with such fury that we feared lest we should see our tent carried off; happily this tempest soon calmed down.

15th June. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon we passed the spot where the body of good Brother Alexis who was assassinated by an Iroquois in 1878 was discovered. There stands on the side of the strand a small wooden cross which marks the place; we camped that night at the entrance to the great rapid.

16th June. We made this day the passage of

the great rapid and contrary to custom it was this time on the island which spared our folks much trouble and fatigue.

17th June. We repaired to the other extremity of the island which is about a mile long and were most anxious to raise our tent; because this was to be the place of camping for this day; as to the position, it was the finest we met during the whole of our journey; In the afternoon the barges were drawn upon land; as to the manner of making this transport a few words will describe it: all the men excepting three were yoked two by two with leather collars: we almost cried on seeing them; their appearance reminding us that in 1867 our dear Sisters of McKenzie had to do the same: Alas what a sad remembrance!

18th June. We left the island about eleven o'clock in the morning and we ran the remainder of the rapid we had to pass. As we reached the bank one of our men fell in a fit of epilepsy, we camped under the rain this night. A little occurrence took place during the night at which we often laughed afterwards as it dissipated our gloomy reflexions which weather suggested as the thunder was rolling with a low murmur the wind blew with fury and such force as to blow off the sheeting which covered our tent. It was on this occasion that when the danger was passed we indulged in a little recreation; Sister Massé having perceived the glare of light went out at once in night dress to call for help; it appeared

that this costume was not quite suited to the occasion for the two men who hastened to answer her summons were so astounded as the sight that they quite overlooked the danger, and it was only when they saw her turning towards the fire that they fully understood the cause. One of them observed the next day; "that poor Sister made me really sorry with her bonnet on so that I did not see the danger that threatened them."

19th June. This day we ran many rapids we arrived at the great cascade about half past three in the afternoon, and it was half past seven in the evening when the last barge was bought through: We camped there and we had to entertain most unwillingly the visit of a vast number of mosquitoes so large importunate and vindictive that in all our experience we never encountered the equal.

20th June. Rising at half past three oc. on the route at half past four. We ran the Rapid River about six oc. the guide told us that next to the Great Rapid this was the most hazardous we had to cross. We arrived about eight oclock in the morning at Fort Murray, where we were to experience serious disappointments as we were obliged to wait for the barges which did not arrive till the 28th to this was added the absence of Rev. Father Laity Superior of the mission of Arthabaska whom we had hoped to met at this Fort, but who was obliged to leave after eight days of waiting, having exhansted all his provisions: then finally the departure of the

Guide and his hands whom we had hoped to remain with us until the arrival of the barges, because it was unpleasant for us to remain almost alone at this Fort, but the fear of seeing their provisions exhausted and our own inability to feed seventeen men soon compelled us to be resigned to their departure. We had for a dwelling the house which Madam McCaulay the worthy lady of the Master cheerfully offered us; this house near their own contained but one apartment with a chimney and three windows the glass of which was replaced by cotton with the exception of one casement which contained three panes. If my memory be not deficient I think I have seen in Montréal houses more artistically constructed than this one, be this as it may we were very glad to take up our quarters within its hospitable walls.

28th June. At length it pleased God to put a happy term to our long expectation in sending to our aid the barges, to day which were to bring us directly to Arthabaska; it would be superfluous to tell you most honored Mother that our preparations were soon made and towards three o'clock in the afternoon we were already in those barges which were under the management of twenty men.

29th June. At half past two in the morning we made our meditation and prayer which I hesitate not to affirm were most fervently offered at least all our surroundings were strongly calculated to make them so; the calm, silence and solitude, the

gentle murmur of the waters and the song of the birds: add to these the sentiments of grateful hearts which raised us to that Divine Providence who had thus far realized all our wishes: finally the thought of being soon embraced in the loving kindness of our dear Sisters in the home which had awaited us so long. All these reasons were in fact of themselves sufficiently strong to increase the fervency of our prayers. Oh how even a ray of happiness makes us forget a thousand pains and troubles. It appears to me in this to recognize God's special manner of dealing with his creatures, in particular with the poor missionary of the North: She does not make a single sacrifice which is not succeeded by a still greater consolation and which not only dissipates all its bitterness but which almost tends to make her unmindful even of the sacrifice it self. Love and confidence then to this Divine Providence and we at once resume our recital. Our folks awoke at six oc. and forth with took their oars; the heat during the whole day was most oppressive.

30th June. It is with truth that on this day we might say in the gratitude of our hearts *Deo gratias*, as having embarked on the Lake Athabaska about half past one oclock after a short time we could clearly see the local of the mission. Our hearts were then filled with excitement mine in particular dear Mother as it was here that I was to devote the remainder of my days to the service of the Great Master, blessed be his name, I renew with joy the

two fold sacrifice of my person which I have already consecrated to his service without any reserve as well as to his glory ; it was about seven oc when we arrived and there yet remained a mile and a half to be gone on foot which might have been avoided if the bank opposite the house of our Sisters were not encumberd by a quantity of drift-wood which the current had floated down. The Rev. Father Laity who had come to meet us reliev'd our embarrassment of passage by constituting himself our guide. I paused here a moment, as the émotion suggested at sight of our dear Sisters St-Michel, des Saints, Brochu and Fournier who hastend to embrace us makes me unable to give expression which each of us then expérienced ; all I can say is that we made the rest of the road in interchanges of happy feelings and forgetfulness of all past fatigue We entered the Church to pay our tribute of homage and thanks giving to our Lord and to acknowledge gratefully the visible protection vouchsafed to us during this journey and finally to beg his blessing on our advent to this land of our exile. The children numbering twenty-one, seven boys and fourteen girls, as well as our two worthy maids with some folks from the neighborhood awaited us as we came out of the church. Every one seemed excited with joy and pleasure. A good supper consisting of dried meat and hot cake was served to us and it was very late when we separated to take our rest.

I will dismiss for the subject of another com-

munication the days which immédiatey followed our arrival hen.

In the mean time accept, most honored Mother the ever affectionate and respectful sentiments which are constantly in reserve for you from.

Your most submissive Child.

SISTER LEMAY.

MEXICAN MISSIONARIES.

To the Editor of The Catholic Review :

In the discharge of your duties, as a public writer and moralist, you are not unfrequently called upon to correct the published reports of those enterprising gentlemen, known as Protestant Christian missionaries to Catholic countries. Let me recall your attention to a favorite hunting-ground of these seekers for souls.

Mexico seems to be a favorite field, not so much because of its bright skies and salubrious climate, as for the pressing need of rescuing its benighted natives from the darkness and superstition of "Romanism." The clergy of the Church of Rome in the neighboring Republics are not only intellectually ignorant, but morally debased, if we are to take the word of a Protestant Christian missionary for it. He would impress upon the society at whose

expense he is no doubt having a very pleasant time of it, and being a gentleman of an observing turn of mind notes, that the "Romish" clergy are no better than an illiterate set of gamblers—one would naturally think, if allowance be not made for the possibility of his zeal running away with his judgment, that instead of uttering any complaints, he would rather secretly rejoice at his sad condition of things. Because, after the first difficulties were surmounted, it would facilitate matters very much. With the quick and ripened intelligence, which is generally the supposed characteristic of the Protestant missionary to the heathen, aided by a liberal supply of funds from the treasury of the society, there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt of the final results. Darkness must give way to light. And the heart of our nineteenth century apostle, who regards the counsel of the Divine Teacher—"carry neither purse, nor scrip"—as somewhat romantic, will be gladdened, after long and weary watching, with expectations of a bountiful harvest—which by the way, after all the heavy outlay of time money and talent of a doubtful kind, never comes.

The patience of the Protestant missionary society and its generous benefactors, who pour out their treasures lavishly, is wonderfully forbearing. A person acquainted with the business turn of mind so peculiarly American, would naturally suppose that a little more care and attention would be expended by those who are called on to foot the bills,

in scrutinizing the accounts and, cursorily at least, examining the statements, in many instances most outrageous, of the Protestant missionary to Catholic lands. But I see, sir, it is left for the most part to the responsibility and honesty of a Catholic journalist to check the imposition that is being perpetuated on a large number of wellmeaning, if misguided persons, and to give timely notice that if the imposition at any time assumes the dimensions of a fraud, it will be fully exposed. I am aware that oftentimes the task is a thankless one, but a consideration of his services being unrequited will not deter him from discharging his duty. It is a recognized fact by all, except those blinded by prejudice and false zeal, that other motives besides those of interest in the salvation of the souls of heathens—including the Catholic heathens (?) of Mexico, influence those worthy persons of both sexes who undertake the errands of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospels." Else how explain the close bargain they very often drive before quitting their homes in stipulating what shall be the amount of their salary. Nothing can be effected without money. Even Rev. Van Meter (is not that the name?) could not undertake to spend one day in Rome without exposing himself to hardships, which the Apostles never dreamed of, after he had lost his five thousand dollar draft on shipboard.

I cannot help quoting the remarkable words of an English Protestant clergyman, as to the very

striking difference which Catholic and Protestant missionaries place on the words of our Divine Redeemer to His first missionaries—"Behold, I send you lambs among wolves," and immediately He added, "carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." This precept, the Catholic missionary only has the courage to obey. Hear the words of the Protestant clergyman above referred to: "No men that I know of take better care of themselves than missionaries. I mean those of OUR (Protestant) church, for the Roman Catholic propagandists go where duty calls, without making any fuss about to be exposed. All honor to them for it! But clergy most do congregate where skies are bright, and natives tractable, and their cry is *always* the same, "Money! Money! MONEY! we cannot save another soul without money!" Perhaps, in this fair and manly declaration, we have a key to that alleged "mystery of iniquity" which some Protestant missionaries paint in such ghastly colors for the edifications of their susceptible patrons—as existing in Catholic countries—notably so in the sister Republic of Mexico.

Yours,

M. M. S.



A LEGENDE OF ST. HELIER.

[*From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*]

There lived ages ago at Tongres, the chieftain Sigebert and his wife Leufgard. Theirs was a happy lot. Nothing was wanting to their happiness save a child to share it with them. Despairing of ever having one they went to the grot of a holy solitary named Cunibert and begged him to implore God to help them. They were not Christians; for Clovis had not yet succeeded in forming the barbarous Franks into one nation, and strengthening their union by having them instructed in the faith of Christ Jesus. Cunibert promised to intercede for them provided they would consent to consecrate the fruit of his prayers to God. They consented. A boy, in due time, was born, strong and healthy. Before the child's birth, Cunibert went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he remained three years. On his return, he reminded the nobleman and his lady of their promise. But the mother, looking at the smiling boy in her lap, and shuddering at the monk's speech, drew him closer to her bosom, while the father, laughing, said: "Oh he is born for chieftain's tents, not for monkish cells: his song shall be joyous and free and attuned to martial music, not to the recluse's monotonous drawl; and his fare shall be banquet-like, not the dry crust of poor Cunibert."

As the boy grew, so his parents' affection deepened. His smiling face and healthful color, his love of arms and warlike deeds, bespoke a glorious future. Yet, on a sudden, he began to pine away; deep, racking pains would dart through his slight frame, and he became a helpless victim to a disease the cause and nature of which were a mystery to all. Every remedy that could be suggested was used, but without avail. As he was one day lying on his mother's lap writhing with pain, he suddenly asked: "Mother, why not give me to the holy man?—you promised me." The mother, willing to make any sacrifice to restore her loved one to health, answered by ordering him to be carried to the hermit. Cunibert prayed for the recovery of the little sufferer, offering him to Almighty God as a long-delayed but rightful gift. His prayers were heard. Helier recovered and remained with his benefactor, whose instructions dispelled the darkness of infidelity and ushered in the light of Christianity. The young neophyte now chose to lead a hermit's life—sharing Cunibert's hard barley loaf, chanting psalms, and practicing austerities,

For some reason unknown to Helier, Cunibert had not yet baptized him. Trusting to the guidance of his holy director, the boy asked not for the laver of regeneration. Certain it was that the same unerring Spirit of God, which had turned the footsteps of the God-man towards the desert, which had nkindled in the heart of the Baptist a flame of love,

fed by his austerities in the wilderness, and which had changed fishermen of Galilee into preachers who taught God's law, with an eloquence more than human, that same Holy Spirit led Cunibert in his solitude at Tongres. Content, then, was Helier to wait, believing that God would bring about the baptism in his own good time.

The young man in the meanwhile grew in sanctity, and his fame spread throughout the country. The sick, lame and blind were cured by his touch, and all were eager to honor God's saint. But his father, despite the wonders worked by his son, remained unmoved, and persisted in consulting the magicians and infamous priests of the pagans. "Rid the earth," say they to him, "rid the earth of the wily Cunibert, and get back thy son." The chieftain assented and planned an attack by night on the defenceless old man. His design, however, was revealed to Cunibert, who, calling Helier to his side, spoke to him in this wise :

"The Lord be praised, and blessed be His holy will ! This night, my child, will Sizehert's soldiers seek my life. Fly, and protect thyself. for the great God does not yet call the to Him."

"But, Father Cunibert, will thou not baptize me before I go."

"No, Helier, your baptism is reserved for another hand."

They passed the day in the church, chanting together the office for the last time and praying

together for the happy death of the one and the escape of the other. Night began to fall and they went back to their cells. Cunibert intoned the Psalms, as was his wont, and as he was singing the words: "Happy is he who dies the death of just," the chieftain's soldiers broke into his cell and soon had finished their brutal work. Helier, having heard the noise made by the murderers, left his cell and found his saintly guide dead in his chair, his finger pointing to the words in the Psalm book, "Happy is he who dies the death of the just." No time was to be lost. So hastily covering the body with earth, he turned away from his happy home.

At the dead of night Helier fled, whither he knew not. He would have been warmly welcomed at his father's castle, but he preferred to share the poverty of Christ. On he hurriedly sped, dreading at every moment lest his father's horsemen might pursue him, and take him back to live among the ungodly. No guide, save the Holy Spirit, directed him as to whither he should turn his steps. Still, he was not disheartened, but, trusting in God, he went on for six days, until he reached a city, named Terousenne. A poor widow, taking pity on the travel stained youth, carefully attended to him until he recovered from his fatigue. But Helier yearned after the life he had led with Cunibert, and asked his hostess to direct him to a secluded spot where he might in secret speak with God. The widow guided him beyond the village to a church dedica-

ted to our Lady, and there in its porch the youth began to lead again the life he had led with holy Cunibert. He had no one living to whom he could apply for instruction, and he never went out except to visit his kind friend who supplied him with food. His thoughts were often on his baptism, and often did he entreat God to send some one to baptize him. In the same way as at Tongres, his reputation soon spread among the people, and the five years spent in this retreat without spiritual direction, save from on high, he employed in praying for the cure of the sick and the maimed brought to receive his help. His holy life aroused the people's faith and enkindled a flame of love within them, which was fed and kept aglow by the numerous miracles wrought by his hands. A nobleman's wife, by a dreadful mishap, having been the occasion of the death of her child, entreated her husband to seek the aid of the young hermit. The nobleman went to the Bishop, imploring him with tears in his eyes to ask Helier's prayers for the restoration of his child. The Bishop, accompanied by a magnificent escort, set out for the church in order to obtain the desired boon from God's servant. Great was Helier's astonishment on beholding the Bishop approaching, and greater still was his amazement on hearing what was wanted. But being accustomed to obey, he went to the church where the child's body lay stretched upon a bier, and thinking that it was now a proper time for Almighty God to

manifest his will in regard to his baptism, he entreated the Giver of Life and Death to restore life to the child: "May it please Thee, O God, to give life to this infant that it may be a sign of my vocation to Thy Son's fold." Hardly had the young man ceased, when the child sprang up alive from the bier. Helier, taking this as an evident sign of God's will, craved and received baptism from the Bishop's hands.

