



THEY SEE A PRIEST ONLY ONCE A YEAR.

American Catholics interested in mission work in the Philippine Islands are familiar with the name of Bishop O'Doherty, who has jurisdiction over about 700,000 souls in the Diocese of Zamboanga. They will be interested in reading a communication from him, just received, giving a few details of his strenuous life and the natives whose spiritual condition he is trying to improve.

"I have been in the mountains for the last month, and only got my mail today for the first time in five weeks. I had several trying experiences and found many needs: there are parochial houses without roofs and churches without walls; but the greatest of all needs is the want of priests. There are parishes of 10,000 and 15,000 souls who have had no resident priest since 1898, and only see a priest once a year on the occasion of the parish feast.

"I thank you sincerely for the alms sent me, and may God bless you and all those who help you."

OZANAM AND THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The name of Ozanam is familiar to those interested in charitable works. It is not as well known that the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society took also an active part in the development of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and was for eight years editor of the *Annals*.

Frederic Ozanam was not a clergyman, he was a layman, but he was "a man of God" in the full sense of the word. And whilst trying to relieve the distress of the poor around him, he did not forget the greater misery of those who are deprived of the light of the Faith, and he exhorted his fellow Catholics to come to the help of their heathen brothers. This is what he wrote in the *Annals* in 1863. His remarks are quite timely and will be read with interest, and let us hope with profit, by his admirers and followers:

"It seems that the impetuous wind, which was felt in the concenium on the day of Pentecost, begins again to blow over the Christian world. Vocations are becoming more numerous. The priesthood and the religious orders feel an irresistible impulse towards those heroic combats which astonish the delicacy and cowardice of our days. But how long shall it be more easy to find men disposed to go in search of souls to the extremities of the earth than the small sum needed for their passage upon the deck of a ship, or for their bread under a tent. In the midst of the movements that agitate minds and empires, that approximate distances, and re-establish, as it were, all the communications of the human family, one may believe that a merciful design of Providence is developed for the conversion of the world. Shall the salvation of the infidels be retarded by the indifference of the Christians? It should, however, be recollected that the cause in question is ever our own, and that the struggle between idolatry and Christianity is not ended. Paganism has never entirely disappeared from amongst us, neither from opinions nor from manners; and who knows but that the victories of faith in the East might bring back a more glorious reign to our ancient Europe, where it seems to grow weak. Let us consider this, and if at any time we are tempted to repose in the selfish enjoyment of the benefits of Catholic civilization, let us recollect those countless multitudes who as yet know not the redemption of our Lord Jesus Christ."

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

Bright Catholic Prospects.

For some years, as is evident from events which have taken place, not the least extraordinary of which was the fall of the last Ministry, Japan has been undergoing a crisis which is affecting the material prosperity of the country, and, above all, its national spirit. The too rapid evolution of its empire, says a writer in the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, suffices to explain the condition in which it now finds itself. But to say that its evolution has been too rapid does not express with sufficient clearness the reality. Evolution can be rapid, very rapid, and at the same time be free from danger. It becomes dangerous when the point of departure differs essentially from the point to which it attains. Such is the case with Japan. She has wanted to throw off the old garment and put on the new, but without precaution. Today, she is in consequence suffering from her rashness.

There is abundant proof of this. One has but to turn to the accounts furnished by her missionaries. Their endeavors are in no way connected with politics, but for all that, their very calling forces them to deal with political and social elements of the highest importance. Hence their statements are so valuable. Having no secular or temporal ties, they are better able to speak impartially of what they see and hear. They agree unanimously that Japanese mentality has of late years been undergoing great changes. Following the sudden and swift introduction of European thought and manners, the Japanese mind is losing its equilibrium. "It is evident," says Monsignor Chastrot (Osaka), "that great changes are taking place in the ideas of the rising generation, as witness the sudden and periodical outbreaks of Socialism and anarchy amongst Japanese students. Reports arrive daily at the Ministry of the Interior, from all corners of the Empire, that the evil grows worse and worse in spite of the efforts of a police admirably trained."

It is not only that the police in Japan are impotent to replace religious education. It is an unquestion-

able fact that Japan is suffering terribly from materialism. There is one remedy, one only remedy, that of religion. The Japanese Government seems to have grasped this essential idea.

The Japanese Minister of the Interior, M. Tokonami, who has visited Europe and America, was struck by the power which religion wields in the West, and by the absence of this spiritual factor in Japan. To remedy this, he formed the idea of convoking at Tokio a meeting of 53 Bonzes, 13 Shintoists, and 6 ministers of the Christian religion with the object of establishing some sort of co-operation between the religions which they represented so as to stimulate the moral sense of the people.

This reunion aroused criticisms widely different, not only in Japan, but also in Europe. However, the interesting point is that it was at this meeting that the Christian religion was given official recognition for the first time by those who hold the reins of government. This recognition was so sincere that the authorities invited the Bishop of the diocese of Osaka to send a representative to the funeral of the Emperor at Kioto. Some saw in this official act the desire to make religion an instrument of government. Others, more correctly, saw in it a sincere avowal that there cannot be law and order without religion. At the meeting referred to above, the Minister of the Interior himself opened the proceedings, and the resolutions adopted were the following:—Firstly: "The three religions (Buddhist, Shintoist and Christian) should, each in its own sphere, use all its endeavors to safeguard the Imperial authority and the morals of the nation." Secondly: "The delegates beg the Imperial Government to use its authority to stop the perpetual struggle waged between politics and education, and thus help to safeguard the destinies of the nation." What was the outcome of this conference? If one looks for a direct and visible result, it is hard to find. But the indirect result of the conference was one of the utmost importance. The meeting gave a public recognition to the paramount importance of religion in the matter of education. Up to this, the Government had looked upon religion as a superstition which in no way helped to the creation or maintenance of good social morality.

The initiative thus taken in high quarters gives hope that religion will henceforth be treated with more regard. The Japanese people were impressed with the attitude taken by their ministry, and they are beginning to respect Catholicism. This was very noticeable during the illness and death of their Emperor. On the 26th of July a Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral at Tokio for the recovery of the Sovereign's health. All the newspapers in Tokio reported this in most eulogistic terms. Another instance: at Miyazu the priest had posted a notice on the church door a permission to everybody to enter and pray for the recovery of the Emperor. Among the first to come was the mayor of the place, and his example was followed by many others coming in groups to perform their devotions and prostrate themselves in the temple of "the true God."

All this points to one conclusion, namely, that the Catholic Church, thanks to the untiring devotedness of her missionaries, has a glorious future before her in Japan.

FOUNDING AFRICAN CITIES.

All over Africa the custom is springing up of developing mission farms, or plantations. A tract of ground is purchased, or donated by the State, and the Fathers introduce the cultivation of some staple product of the soil. In one place it is sugar, in another it is coffee, in still another it is cotton. The idea is to teach the natives some self-supporting occupation to wean them away from their warlike practices to the cultivation of the soil. Incidentally the mission becomes self-supporting and the people are able to contribute to the necessary improvements. It is the old story of the early Middle Ages over again, with the monastery the center of the rising cities.

Particularly is this the case in the Belgian Congo, where every encouragement is given by the government to these farm missions. The Fathers of the Heart of Mary and the Jesuits have most prosperous missions of this kind. The Jesuits have twenty-six Fathers and fourteen lay Brothers working in this corner of the vineyard of the Lord. Ki Santu is the residence of the Prefect Apostolic, Father de Vos, S. J., who has under his spiritual charge seven central stations, each with a number of farm chapels in the district round about it. At the present moment, we are informed, there are 20,000 Catholics in the prefecture, with an annual increase of 800 baptisms, exclusive of baptisms administered by the catechists to those in danger of death.

With the opening up of the new railroad in Uganda the Mill Hill Fathers laboring in that territory are adopting the same practice of establishing farms, while farther south, in the Kafir country, the system has been developed quite extensively. Who knows but the good Fathers may be laying the foundations of a Paris or a London somewhere in the heart of the Dark Continent?

(Continued from Page 5)

FANNY ROTAPPEL'S TRIP TO VENICE.

Gertrude was deeply impressed. Fanny told her about the Piazza and the Tower of St. Mark, of the thousands of doves fed daily on the Square, of the Bridge of Sighs, and many other places, pointing them out in the pictures as she explained.

Twilight was falling before Gertrude

threw herself away from the scenes depicted in "Venetian Days."

The following afternoon as soon as school was dismissed she reappeared, and the occupation of the preceding afternoon was renewed. The next day she presented herself with paper and pencil.

"Oh, Fanny!" she cried. "I have not only to read but to write the address of welcome. I can't do it, and papa says he can't, though the teacher said I might get help at home. It has to be about five hundred words in length. What shall I say? You will have to help me, Fanny."

"Gladly will I do it," said the little seamstress. "Have you any idea what you have to write?"

"First we are to welcome the Grand Duke and Duchess; then we must wish them a safe and happy journey."

"That ought not to be a hard thing to do," said Fanny. "But I don't see how you can get in five hundred words, unless you fill the paper full of flattery, which I cannot bear. Suppose we say something about the beautiful city they are to visit?"

"That will be a splendid idea," rejoined Gertrude. "And you know how to do it so well, Fanny."

After that there was silence in the attic room, while Fanny Rotapfel bent over the table, writing, and Gertrude played with the kitten.

The Town Hall having been declared too small for the crowds, it was decided to receive their Highnesses in the public square, which was opposite Fanny's window. From the broad, open seat, her back propped up with cushions, she could see all that went on below, for she had very good eyesight, this poor little seamstress.

First, the children, girls and boys, dressed in their best, with huge wreaths of flowers, as they assembled on the platform, in the centre of which stood two red plush armchairs. Then the carriages, as they arrived with their august burdens, while cheer after cheer rent the air, and the children broke forth into song. Finally, she saw Gertrude with two companions emerge from the midst of the group and make a graceful little curtsy before the Grand Duke and Duchess. The child did not seem at all embarrassed, though of course Fanny could not hear a word that was said. Gertrude had been very well coached by her teacher, and the great personages evidently enjoyed the little speech very much, for when it was finished, and the magnificent bouquet had been presented, the Grand Duchess stooped and kissed her. The townspeople must have been very proud of their representative; instead of being the daughter of a bookseller she might have been a little princess standing there in her pretty white dress, her beautiful curls falling over her shoulders.

Prolonged applause followed the conclusion of the address and the kiss, after which the Duke rose and said a few words. Presently the crowd began to disperse, the visitors reentered their carriage, and Fanny, leaving the window-seat, quietly resumed her neglected sewing.

It was late in the afternoon when, from my room opposite, I saw Gertrude mounting the stairs, calling as she came:

"Fanny, Fanny! Such good news! Such fine news!"

"I saw it all from the window," said Fanny. "You did splendidly, Gertrude, I'm sure."

"So splendidly," continued Gertrude, "that the Grand Duchess kissed me, and this afternoon sent papa two hundred crowns so that he and I may take a trip to that beautiful Venice which, wrote His Highness, his daughter so well described. That is what the note said, Fanny. And so, instead of going to Bernthal next week, to visit Uncle Franz and Aunt Selma as we had planned, we shall travel to Venice and see the palaces, and glide about in the beautiful black and gold gondolas, and hear the 'barcarolles,' and maybe feed the doves on the Piazza of St. Mark. Oh, won't it be grand, Fanny Rotapfel?"

"Indeed it will," replied Gertrude, clasping her thin hands together in an ecstasy of delight. "It is almost too good to be true. You will have so very many things to tell me when you return? And perhaps—some little souvenir; anything—anything—even a stone from La Venetia!"

"I must go now," cried Gertrude. "Aunt Sophie is down-stairs and they are talking about the journey, and it may even be that the Grand Duchess will still be there and we shall see her again." In a flash she was gone, and the next moment I heard Fanny softly close the door.

Two, three days passed and I had seen nothing of Gertrude, though it was possible she might have visited her friend during my frequent absences. But on the fourth morning my neighbor accosted me in the narrow corridor, as I was about to descend the five flights of stairs which led to the street.

"Dear Miss," she said, "would it be too much to ask you to inquire for Gertrude as you go out? I fear she is ill; she has not been to see me. I do not remember that she has been so long away since her little feet began to patter up and down the stairway. At that time I was not so lame and could go down myself at least once a day. I remember very well how she first put her tiny fingers in mine and came up all the way. Now, it is different; my legs grow very stiff, and I seldom go farther than this corridor. I am really anxious about Gertrude."

I promised to inquire, though I knew that Gertrude was not ill; I had seen her sitting in and out of the shop every day. Fate ordained that I should meet her on the sidewalk.

"Fanny Rotapfel has been asking for you, Gertrude," I said. "She feared you were ill."

"Why did she think that?" asked the child, tossing her curls back from her forehead.

"You have not been to see her for some time."

"But we are all so busy; Aunt Sophie and Barbara are getting me ready. We are going sooner than we thought—this very afternoon."

"I hope you will not leave without paying at least a flying visit to the

kind friend but for whom you would never have made this journey."

She looked at me inquiringly. "But for her you would have known nothing of Venice," I continued. "But for her you would never have prepared that address. Can't you see that it is so?"

"Yes, you are right—I never thought of it," Gertrude replied. "I hope, also, that you will let her know you appreciate what her kindness has obtained for you."

"Fanny would never bother about that; she wouldn't care. She loves to read and talk of foreign places. It is her life. It pleases her above all things to have me listen to her."

"Do not forget, at least, to say good-bye to her. She will appreciate it, I am sure."

"Oh, yes—I shall say good-bye, of course. I believe I will go up as soon as Aunt Sophie finishes packing my trunk. I might forget, you know. Everything is so exciting." With a whirl of her short skirts Gertrude disappeared into the shop.

Two hours later I met her on the stairs. "We are off," she said. "In twenty minutes the cab will be here. Fanny asked me to tell the man to stop on the opposite crossing so that she might see me get in. Good-bye." I went up to my room, set my simple luncheon on the table and for the first time thought I would invite my neighbor to share it with me. I found her on the window-seat, her head resting against the jamb, her eyes closed, her hands lightly folded.

"Are you asleep?" I inquired. "I came to ask you to take luncheon with me."

She opened her gentle, tired eyes, smiling sweetly as she looked up into my face.

"Thank you," she replied, "but excuse me, please. Another time, if you will be so kind. I have a slight headache, and will not eat anything until evening. I think it must be the excitement."

"What excitement?"

"Of Gertrude's going. The joy of it—the strangeness of it. To think that the child will see Venice, the idol of my heart; that all her life long she will have it to remember. The dear thing is full of it."

"And to think, above all, if it had not been for you it would never have happened!"

"How?" inquired the seamstress.

"Ah, neighbor Fanny, through my open door I learn my things," said I. She blushed and turned her eyes away.

"Dear Miss, you are mistaken," she said. "The child is so pretty, so attractive, it was that."

"Think so, if you like. But I wish you were in Gertrude's place."

"? Such a poor, lame creature could never get about, even in gondolas. They would have to lift me. I would only be a burden and a spoil-sport. I have my Venice always here beside me. I can visit it whenever I choose."

"Have you never longed for it?" "Never. That would be too foolish, too presumptuous. Thank God I have never wished for what He has not granted me."

"Not even for health?"

"No."

"I hope she will write—that harum-scarum Gertrude."

"I did not ask her to write; it might take something from her supreme enjoyment, and the time is very short. She may, but what can one expect of a child? When she returns—ah, Miss, that will be the climax of joy! We can talk of it forever."

I saw two tears chase each other down either pale and withered cheek. "Why are you crying?" I asked, trying to smile, as she put up her hand to wipe them away.

"From pure joy and happiness," said Fanny Rotapfel. "—"

—Marry E. Mannix, in the *Rosary Magazine*.

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