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RUSSIAN BRUTALITY.

Bitter Persecution of Professors in a Polish Seminary.

They Were Charged With Teaching the History of Poland, and With Encouraging the Devotion of the Sacred Heart.—The Seminary Pillaged.

The Ecclesiastical Seminary at Kielce, a town in Russian Poland, was some months ago several times set on fire, with the result of considerable damage to the building, when it was at last discovered that its author was one of the inmates, a student of the name of Gawronski, who had been previously expelled from the seminary, and only readmitted through the great indulgence of his superiors. He was arrested, but he made a denunciation against the seminary, in consequence of which in February of this year the local police made an investigation, the end of which was that three of the professors, among whom were the rector and vice-rector, were removed. They were given other posts in the diocese, and it seemed as if the whole affair had come to an end.

Meantime Gawronski, who was taken to Warsaw and there imprisoned, continued his denunciations, and the fruits of his accusation were not long in appearing. On March 13 arrived at Kielce the chief of the Gendarmery, General Brock, with a numerous body of gendarmes, the Procurator, and several members of the Censor's office from Warsaw. They also brought Gawronski, who pointed out whatever might be suspicious. The investigation lasted nearly a fortnight, and was carried out in a most brutal manner. Every map was stripped and his sepulchre was torn from him, all the floors were taken up, and even coffins in the tombs were opened. The local authorities were not allowed to take part, lest they might spoil the proceedings by their knowledge of the baselessness of the accusation. And what were these charges? In the first place there was a suspicion that the professors taught the history of Poland to the students in the seminary, whereas it is an official fact in Russian history that Poland never existed. Secondly, there was a charge that devotion to the Sacred Heart was encouraged, and this is strictly prohibited in Russia; and thirdly, prayers were supposed to be said for the persecuted church, whereas official Russia pretends that there is no persecution going on in the Empire.

The authorities, however, felt that such accusations would not justify their proceedings even in Petersburg and so to these political charges were added abominable accusations of immoral conduct against the worthy priests in the seminary. Did they seek for traces of this in the old tombs and under the floors? We mention this accusation to illustrate the malignant way in which Russian officials perform their acts of violence and injustice. They sought also for a sum of money, which was supposed to be in the seminary, to be sent across the frontier, and they searched for forbidden books and took away two cartloads of "suspicious" ones.

The end of it all was that the last four professors of the seminary were taken to Warsaw, probably to be imprisoned in the citadel. One of these had only been appointed professor after the investigation in February, so he had only actually been there two or three weeks, and yet he was already supposed to have become dangerous to the great Russian Empire. The imprisoned professors were not allowed to take leave of anybody before they were taken away, though one of them has his father living in the town, while another, ill of consumption, had to be taken out of his bed.

An investigation was also made in the former monastery of the Bernardines, but as there is only one monk left in it, there was nothing dangerous found there. Besides these four professors they imprisoned also a parish priest from near Kielce of the name of Czajkowski, who had been accused of performing devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart. These acts of violence made such a painful impression on the Bishop of Kielce, Dr. Kulinski, that he fell seriously ill.

The whole town and diocese are very much alarmed and exasperated by all these events. In one of the churches of the town a priest named Dobozanski was preaching during the investigation and the whole congregation began to weep loudly. The priest was immediately summoned to explain why the people wept. He handed in the manuscript of his sermon to the official and said:

"This is my sermon, but why the people cried, I do not know."

The seminary is now empty, all the professors were carried off, and the students were sent off to their homes.

The reason of all this vandalism may be that some time previously Hurko, the Governor-General of Poland, had tried to introduce a Government Inspector for the Seminary, and Bishop Kulinski had steadily refused to have one, appealing even to Rome; so the denunciation came as a welcome pretext to the Governor of Poland, of which he readily took advantage.

Influence of Character.

As the rays of light radiating from the sun are never lost, but travel through space for all eternity, so the influence of our personality on others travels always through the world. No man lives for himself alone, nor is any life independent of other lives. Our responsibility does not begin and end with ourselves. It is a common saying that such a man is "no one's enemy but his own." A man who is his own enemy is

also the enemy of the human race, whose progress he retards by his aimless, if not actually wicked life.

Daily Attendance at Holy Mass.

No one who can possibly do it should miss going to mass every day. Continued day after day through life it forms a strong habit of piety and a sure protection. It instills confidence, and we think of accidents and sudden death with less apprehension, for we know that we are the humble friends of Almighty God—we, like the Apostles, shall have "seen the Lord."

Rose Hearty.

You can never make the camellia what the rose is because the camellia, though perfectly symmetrical, is cold and odorless. Without perfume, or anything to recommend it but its symmetry, it lies before you, saying: "Did you ever see anything so perfect as I am?" The rose is as beautiful; but the whole room is filled with the fragrance of a tea rose. No man's heart should be a camellia heart. Men's hearts should be rose-hearts, that blossom in them, and sweeten like flowers the whole air.

To have nothing, to be able to do nothing, to know nothing! and God will cause to spring from this nothingness the work of His greatest glory.

God sends us afflictions for various reasons; 1st, to increase our merit; 2nd, to preserve in us the grace of God; 3rd, to punish us for our sins; 4th, to show forth His glory and His other attributes.—St. Anthony.

Hans Richter, the celebrated conductor of orchestral concerts, has resigned his position as director of the court orchestra in Vienna and has accepted the offer made to him to take charge of the orchestral performances at the Chicago world's fair.

BASUTOLAND.

Struggles of a Missionary in the Orange Free State.

A Savage Country, Where Not Many Years Ago Cannibalism Was Still Practiced—Exertions of Priests in the Face of Gigantic Obstacles.

Among the general accounts of the missions in Africa given in The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith is a very interesting letter concerning with the Apostolic Vicariate of the Orange Free State. It is written by Father Cenez, O. M. I., and some extracts from it cannot fail to interest readers.

There are three well-defined divisions in the diocese of Mgr. Gaughran: the Diamond Fields, where I stayed eight months; the Orange Free State, where I passed three weeks; and Basutoland, where I am at present. In the Diamond Fields, the capital of which is Kimberley, the ministry is precisely as in large towns in England. What pleased me most was to see the Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus there. What a comfort it is, on the first Friday in each month, to see gathered round the altar and at the holy table, hundreds of believers, whom at other times one would believe to have other object only, namely, the search after those precious little crystals called diamonds. Nothing is done for the Caffres at Kimberley; there is but a small congregation of Indians or Coolies, to whom one of the fathers gives instruction in the Catechism on Sundays. As they can all speak English they like to attend the service at the cathedral. Now and then one of the fathers makes an apostolic tour along the banks of the Orange river; scattered along its borders are a certain number of Catholics in quest of dia-

there is neither Kafir nor-Kafir ministry, or at any rate scarcely any. The Free State belongs to the whites, and Kaffirs are only allowed to settle there just in sufficient numbers to help the Boers cultivate their fields. Thus Father Kurten has about forty Catholic Basutos to help him, and as there is no resident priest who speaks their language, the Rev. Father Girard occasionally goes to remind them of their duty and to instruct them.

The transit from Kimberley to Bloemfontein is easy; the railway takes you there in 16 hours, always supposing it is not stopped by locusts; but to get from Bloemfontein to Basutoland the journey must be made in wagons or carts drawn by oxen. When I was going the Rev. Father Guiller happened to be at Bloemfontein, and it was in his carriage that I accomplished the two days' journey to St. Leo. What can I say about this journey through the immense plains of Southern Africa, by roads which were the first to attempt, over rivers without bridges, hemmed in by precipices on either side, with nothing to eat but the provisions we brought with us in the rumble of the carriage, and which we had to cook over fires made of cow-dung, the only fuel here and in Basutoland?

At last, after traveling two days, and passing a night at a farm without sleeping, because the tipsy master of it wrangled the whole night long with his wife on account of her having concealed the bottle with what was left in it, we reached the College of St. Leo, and a week after I made my triumphal entry into St. Monica, in Basutoland.

This was the land of our dreams; excepting the missionaries and traders, there are only negroes; no one else can settle there; we are, therefore, right in the midst of a savage country, and

"THE HOLY SHADOW."

Legend of the Saint Who Did Good Without Knowing It.

A long time ago there lived a saint so holy that the angels marvelled at his sanctity, and came from heaven to see how any one on earth could so closely resemble them.

They found nothing extraordinary in his life; he kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light and the flowers give perfume.

Two words summed up his day,—he gave and forgave; but these words were never on his lips; you only read them in his smile, in his amiability, in his kindness, in his untiring charity.

The angels said to God, "Lord, grant him the gift of miracles."

"Willingly," replied our Lord; "ask him what he wishes."

And the angels said to the saint; "Wouldst thou have the gift of healing, so that when thy hands touch an infirm body it shall be healed?"

"No," replied the saint, "I would rather God alone would do it."

"Wouldst thou have thy words win back guilty souls and erring hearts to God?"

"No; that is a mission most unworthy of a poor creature like me; I am satisfied to pray—I do not preach."

Finally the angels said, "What wouldst thou have?"

"Well," said the saint, "let me do a great deal of good without knowing it."

The angels consulted together for a while as to how this could be accomplished; then they asked our Lord to grant that every time the saint's shadow fell at either side or behind him, so that he could not see it, it

WORK OF THE MONKS.

Their Services to Humanity and Civilization Cannot be Overestimated.

In the museum—perhaps we should say the Chamber of Horrors—allotted by most Protestants of average intelligence to the monstrosities of Catholicity, the Inquisition occupies the place of honor, though, we believe, with many the confessional runs it very close.

We say "average intelligence" advisedly, because many Protestants whose reading and learning consist of the Bible and the doctrines of the Sunday school teacher, never get beyond the "scarlet woman" at the entrance or possibly the "Jesus" dark room.

Now, while the "Tu quoque" style of argument may do for politicians or small boys quarrelling on the street who use the "you're another" variation of the argument, still we think it is well for Catholics to carry around with them a little knowledge which may turn out very useful when the Inquisition is mentioned. We quote from the Rev. R. F. Clarke, of London:

"The Court of Star Chamber, when it was engaged on religious cases; the Court of King's Bench, when it was receiving delegations of Catholics or Protestant Non-conformists; the commissions which were sent into the provinces to search out Catholics, were as truly Inquisitions as any tribunal that ever sat at Seville or at Toulouse. On the accession of Elizabeth, and before the Catholics had made any sign of discontent, a law prohibited any religious service other than the Prayer Book, the penalty for the third offence being imprisonment for life, while another law imposed a fine on any one who abstained from the Anglican service. The Presbyterians, through a long succession of reigns, were imprisoned, branded, mutilated, scourged and exposed in the pillory. Many Catholics, under false pretences, were tortured and hung. Anabaptists and Arians were burnt alive. In Ireland, the religion of the people was banned and proscribed. In France, when the government of certain towns was conceded to the Protestants, they immediately employed their power to suppress absolutely the Catholic worship, to prohibit any Protestant from attending a marriage or a funeral celebrated by a priest. In Sweden all who dissented from any article of the confession of Augsburg were at once banished. In Protestant Switzerland numerous Anabaptists perished by drowning; the free-thinker Gentiles by the axe; Servetus and a convert to Judaism by the flames. And finally—in America—the colonists, who were driven from their own land by persecution, not only proscribed the Catholics, but also persecuted the Quakers—the most inoffensive of all sects—with atrocious severity.

Two wrongs don't make a right. But we doubt not that the above will be news to many of our Protestant friends. Perhaps it may make some of them think.—Catholic News.

Easy Tolerance of Evil.

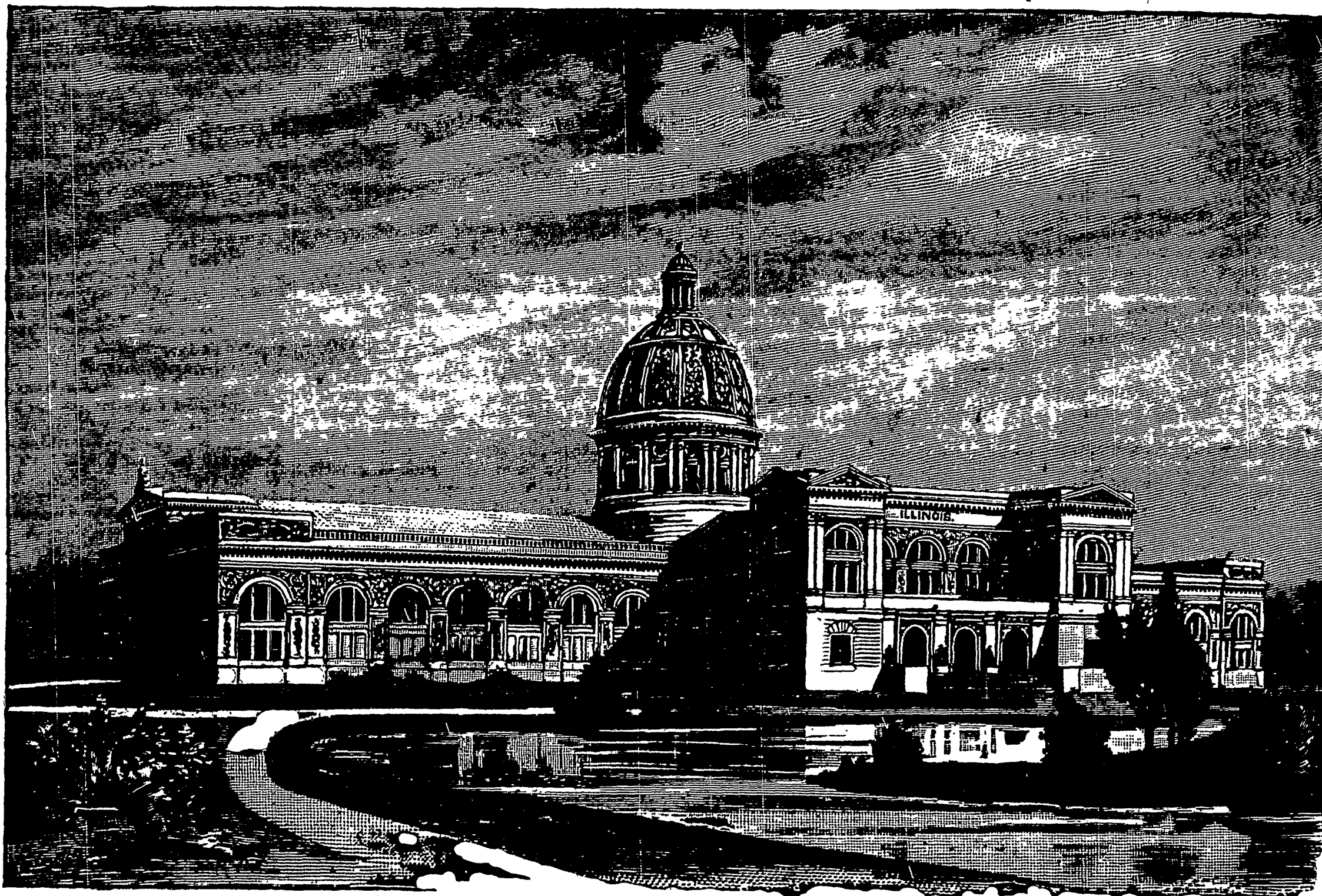
It has been remarked that the easy tolerance of moral evil is one of the most alarming features of our own day; it is one of those tendencies which sap the very springs of civilization, which eat out the vigor and the core of its life. We do not see its advance; it is in the air. It gilds the dangers around us with nothing less than a deceptive beauty. It makes us easy and tolerant when it would be the veriest mercy to condemn; it makes us in private life sensitive about being stiff and old-fashioned, and wanting in sympathy for new and striking ideas about moral matters. It makes us delight in moral paradoxes which startle religious persons of the generation which is passing away. It makes men talk of God as if He were all benevolence and in no real sense justice. It blinds men to the moral necessities which drew the Eternal Son down into our vale of tears to die as a propitiation for human sin; it makes men turn away almost with fierce indignation from God's own revelation respecting the eternal world, because those revelations imply that He is, in virtue of His necessity, His indestructible essence, irreconcilable with self-chosen evil. Thus it penetrates society and public morals, and thus it debases sometimes that Heaven-sent faith which alone can save them.

The Respectability of Property.

The respectability of to-day is the respectability of property. There is nothing so respectable as being well-off. The law confirms this; everything is on the side of the rich; justice is too expensive a thing for the poor man. Offences against the person hardly count for so much as those against property. You may beat your wife within an inch of her life and only get three months; but if you steal a rabbit you may be "sent" for years. So again, gambling for thousands on "Change is respectable enough, but pitch-and-toss for halfpence in the streets is low, and must be dealt with by the police; whilst it is a mere commonplace to say that the high-class swindler is "received" in society from which a more honest but patch-coated brother would infallibly be rejected.

Advice of St. Paul of the Cross.

Persist in the study of your nothingness and be faithful in the practice of virtue, above all the imitation of our sweet Saviour in His patience, for this is the cardinal point of pure love. Never neglect to offer yourself as a holocaust to the infinite goodness of God. In times of aridity arouse your spirit gently by acts of love, rest in the will of God.



THE WORLD'S FAIR COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION THE ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

DOMESTIC READING.

Men are generally the carpenters of their own crosses.

Sorrow may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning.

The more graces a soul receives from God, the more she owes Him.

We cannot have a more faithful friend at our side than our Lord Jesus Christ.

Glorify thy soul in meekness and give it honor according to the dignity thereof.

Education is wanted to give us not only the means of livelihood, but the means of life.

For man there is but one misfortune, to receive an idea that exerts no influence on his active life.

If you succeed in bringing a single soul to Heaven, what charity, what a gain, what glory to God!

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare.

There are pious persons whose domestic intimacies seem not to improve their domestic manners.—George Elliot.

People seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage till they have too little left to employ.—Bishop Spalding.

No happiness was ever built upon a broken vow. If duty brings pain it is an exquisite pain, not to be bartered for happiness.

Grief is a bad habit. If it were natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe; for death and disaster are universal.

Wear a necklace of pearls if you will, but when you have put it on remember that Jesus wore the rope, and a heavy chain about.

Love cannot be idle; he who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.

monds, as at Kimberley, but unlike the latter they only see a priest when one comes that way with his portable chapel to give them an opportunity for attending mass, receiving the sacraments and reviving their religious beliefs. It is a somewhat arduous ministry, but not without its consolations.

Thinking that now the time had come to do more for the Free State, Monsignor founded a school with the object of inducing the young Boers, who had hitherto received no education at all, or else been sent to distant parts of the colony, though a few had tutors or governesses more or less capable at home, to attend. At first the Protestants were loud in their opposition, and excommunicated from their church beforehand all those who should dare to send their children to the Papists; they held meetings to protest against the opening of this school, but they did not prevent the rapid filling of the college; at first, of course, mostly with the children of Catholics; the Boers were soon attracted too, chiefly by its cheapness. We may hope that this will be a beginning of a new era in the religious life of the Free State.

The fanatic Boers, brought into more immediate contact with the fathers and their pupils, will speedily drop their prejudices and, perhaps, be glad to become converts. This new establishment (College of St. Leo) is built upon a magnificent farm. The sisters look after the cooking, the dormitories, the linen, poultry-yard, etc. The country is beautiful, being the commencement of the range of Basuto Mountains, contrasting well with the flat plain of the Free State; a few gazelles are still occasionally to be met with in the mountains. The young Boers will be astonished indeed.

I have not spoken of the ministry among the Kaffirs of the Free State, and that for a good reason: because

barely fifty years ago there was feasting on human flesh in the caverns we were shown, some of our contemporaries had even been present. Yet, upon the whole, the Basutos are of gentle disposition; our Christians especially are very docile, they very quickly take to the Fathers, and the Fathers to them and to their beautiful country; it is another Switzerland without its lakes and forest, and is said to be a most salubrious climate for those suffering from consumption.

Whilst we are exerting ourselves on the one hand, the devil is not idle on the other, and he has more than one string to his bow. First there are the divers Protestant sects. Down at Lekhalong, opposite our chapel, we have a Protestant native minister.

Temperance.

Temperance alone enables us to endure privations; and it alone can make us acquainted with real pleasure. Temperance most conduces to man's elevation of mind, renders him most happy, and best befits him for discourse. Intemperance, which disqualifies us for patiently enduring hunger, thirst, watchings, privations, and self-denial, prevents us, by that very reason, from enjoying the actual pleasure that is felt in satisfying the wants imposed upon us by necessity.

Their Robes Deceived Her.

It was at an evening service where the music is rendered by a boy choir. A tiny girl watched the proceedings with great interest. It was a new experience for her, and as the last white-robed figure disappeared from sight and the final notes of the amen sounded the little voice rang out shrill and clear in the stillness as she asked, "Have they gone to bed, mamma?"—New York Press.

should have the power of curing the sick, consoling the afflicted, and comforting the sorrowful.

Our Lord assented, and wherever the saint's shadow fell thus the pathways bloomed, the parched earth was refreshed, the turbid streams became pure and limpid, the dying flowers revived, a fresh, healthy bloom came to the pale cheeks of the little children, and tears of joy to the eyes of sorrowing mothers.

But the saint kept simply on his way unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars shed light, as the flowers give perfume; and the people, respecting his modesty, silently followed him, never speaking to him of his miracles. They gradually forgot even his name, and spoke of him simply as "the holy shadow."

DOMESTIC READING.

He whom nothing pleases, pleases no one.

The meaning of all events is to mould character.

God makes furrows in hearts that He may sow His graces therein.

Only suffering draws the inner heart of song and can elicit the perfumes of the soul.

Blessed are they who have always before their eyes their own sins and the benefits of God.

Let the penitent be always sad; but let him always rejoice in his sadness.—St. Augustine.

Be faithful to correspond with the wonderful graces which you have received from our Lord; they are a preparation for greater graces and more sublime lights, which will cause you to love God more, to acquire more solid virtue and to practice it in a more heroic degree.