

BY W. HORNSBY, S. J.

In those palmy days Song-kiang was the sister city of Soo-chow, which for its prosperity and elegance, as well as for the accomplishment and the beauty of its inhabitants, was ranked with Hang-chow as the terrestrial paradise. A graceful little rhyme, which has been happily translated, states that:

Zo-se, then, is about twenty-five miles southwest of Shanghai, and it is the largest of a little group of hills which rise out of the unbroken extent of rice fields, and which are known to foreign residents as simply the Hills. Our Lady of Zo-se is the title of the pilgrimage chapel on the summit of the hill, dedicated to Our Lady, Help of Christians. Pilgrimages are made to the chapel, twice a year, once in May, on the patronal feast of the chapel, and once in November, on a day chosen as the patronage of Our Lady of Zo-se.

The year 1870 is a sad one in the annals of Catholic missions in China. Agitations against foreigners had for more than a year been fomenting in various provinces of the empire, and no one knew where or when they would break out into open violence. The simple people, who are naturally of a no less gentle and friendly disposition to-day than they were when described by Pliny, were goaded on by their leaders, the mandarins and the men of letters. France was in trouble at home, and the Catholic missionaries, without their accustomed protection, could not but view the approaching storm with a sense of insecurity. During the year 1869, an English missionary was murdered within thirty-five miles of Tien-tsin, an important port of the North. In the South, a French Catholic missionary, and forty native Christians were massacred. Finally, in June 1870, the little foreign community of Tien-tsin was visited, and the Christian world was shocked by the frightful report from that city that twenty foreign residents, including ten Sisters of Charity, had been murdered there in a single riot. "You wish to kill us Europeans," said the heroic Superiores to the rioters; "then come, we are, ten; my companions await you in the chapel. But spare, we beseech you, spare the Chinese who are with us." The victims of that day's massacre included two members of the French Legation to Peking, with the wife of one of them, a French and a Russian merchant with their wives, the French Consul, a French missionary, a native priest, and more than thirty native Christians.

reck but little of the scowls and threats, the insults, and the blows which attended his steps. Not so, however, the Superiors to whom God had entrusted the harassed flock.

Early in the morning, July 4, 1870, Father Della Corte got into his boat and directed the boatman to Zo-se. A part of the hill had for several years been in the possession of the mission, and was used as a retreat for the missionaries when prostrated by fatigue or sickness. Seven or eight hours in the winding canals brought the Father to the foot of the hill. Regardless of the noon-day sun he began the rocky ascent, nor stopped till he had reached the little chapel on the summit, three hundred feet above the surrounding rice fields. There, kneeling down before Our Lady's statue, "My dear Mother," he prayed, "our mission is in danger. Save us, and I promise to build you here a beautiful church in place of this little chapel." The vow was made and Our Lady took the mission under her protection.

Towards the middle of July the excitement reached a climax. The night of the thirteenth, it was rumored, had been fixed upon for an uprising. The foreigners redoubled their vigilance, and a company of Frenchmen remained up all night in front of the Church. The night passed, however, without any sign of disturbance, and with the morning came the feeling of relief that the crisis was over. The excitement of the populace began to subside, and before two months had passed, Father Della Corte, who still lives to tell the story of Our Lady's singular protection, saw that his prayer had been heard, and that it remained but to build the votive chapel. In September he issued a circular to all of the priests and Christians of the mission, recalling the serious danger through which by a special favor they had all passed unharmed, and inviting their co-operation in building the chapel which he had vowed in commemoration of Our Lady's protection.

market, and was to sell it for a thousand copper coins. She could buy many nice things with a thousand copper coins, for though they only amount to a dollar, they go a long way from the fact that they are as many as thousand. However, she sacrificed her childish gratification to the love of Our Lady, and gave her thousand coppers to the missionary for the chapel of Ze-²⁰

The building was begun in the following year, 1870, and on the Feast of the Help of Christians, Bishop Langgallat, who had returned from Rome, laid the corner-stone. Two years later the church was completed and dedicated, and at the opening of May the first solemn pilgrimage was celebrated. The Christians flocked to the shrine from far and near, the neighboring canals were lined with their boats, and as many as twenty thousand assembled for the Feast. There were numerous confessions, and two thousand approached the Holy Table at the pilgrim's Mass. Bishop Langgallat, assisted by twenty-eight priests, conducted the ceremonies. The scene, we may well believe, was one of rare consolation for the zealous missionaries. The Bishop had himself confessed the faith in prison, and his companions had had their years of toil and danger, and now the sight of thousands of devout Christians gathered in the face of the pagan world to honor Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, could not but arouse within their breasts sentiments of joy and gratitude, mingled with a consoling sense of triumph over the powers of darkness, and the enemies of gospel. Thus one of them wrote of a scene at the solemn Mass: "When the preacher had ceased, another voice was heard; it was that of the Bishop. Standing on the spot where a temple of false gods had stood, and as it were to bid defiance to persecution, the confessor of the faith intoned the *Credo in unum Deum*, the *Credo* which begets martyrs and which traverses the centuries victoriously, in spite of the efforts of hell and in the teeth of tyrant's hate. It triumphed over ancient Rome in the arenas and amphitheatres, and the pretoriums of *Omnia* shall not prevail against it any more than did those of Nero and Diocletian. The arm of God is not shortened; and blood shall never cease to flow gloriously in His Church, for the heralds of Christ shall never cease to proclaim to their persecutors the words of Peter and John, adopted as their device: *Non possumus non loqui*. We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

A shrine of Our Lady on the summit of Zo-ze derives a special interest from the fact that the hill had for centuries been a favorite site for shrines of Buddha. A corrupted form of Buddhism, though repudiated by the lettered class and execrated by the professors of Confucianism, is still the prevailing religion of China's masses. In selecting sites for their pagodas and monasteries, the bonzen manifest no mean appreciation of natural beauties and the picturesque effect to be produced by their fantastic architecture. Zo-ze and the neighboring hills offered many an attractive site, and when Song-kiang was at the height of its prosperity, Zo-ze became the resort of Buddhist monks. The ruins of their extensive monasteries are still seen, and the annals of Song-kiang, kept according to custom, with astonishing exactness, inform us of the dates and the names of the different buildings.

The first one was recorded was built in 1049 and was known as the "Light of the Universe." It was burnt down towards the end of the fourteenth century, but its old tower still stands, presenting a desolate but picturesque sight, in a beautiful spot on the north-western skirt of the hill. When the evening sun creeps around the shoulder of the hill, throwing his mellow rays upon the aspen leaves of the bamboo grove, and casting the shadow of the solitary tower far out upon the rice fields below, one cannot but admire the taste of the old bonzes who fixed their home and built their temple in such a charming solitude.

under pretext of utilizing some of the material in constructing temporary quarters for the officers. The missionaries' residence stands near the site of the old mosque.

From the house to the church above there are two approaches; one direct, but steep and irregular, and the other a broad walk, ascending gently in regular zigzags. The latter so arranged that there are just fourteen turns in the zigzag, and at each turn there is a station of the Way of the Cross. The stations are represented in bronze relief, and placed in simple Tuscan niches about ten feet high.

To understand the special propriety of such an approach to a shrine at Our Lady, it must be remembered that Zo-se is in a missionary land, where the Way of the Cross must frequently take the place of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. Many a missionary station is left Sunday after Sunday without the Sacrifice of Calvary being renewed within its modest little chapel, and the Christians have been taught to make up as well as may be by at least commemorating the Sacrifice, and following their Savior in spirit through the scenes of His sacred passion and death. Thus the devotion of the Way of the Cross has for the scattered little flocks of China an importance which is unknown in lands blessed with a more numerous clergy. Moreover, the persecutions which arise, and the serious danger in which the Christians not unfrequently find themselves, naturally strengthen their devotion to Our Lord's suffering. They know not how soon they may be called upon to suffer and even to die for Him. When a foreign missionary meets with a violent death in China, all the Western world is startled and shocked; but hundreds of natives may lay down their lives for their faith, without exciting remarks across the seas.

The chapel, constructed in the shape of a Greek cross, is neither ambitious in style nor of imposing proportions. Solidify rather than elegance was sought in its construction. Yet its simple porticos and Doric columns, while imparting an air of strength, are not without architectural attractions. The northern arm of the cross is occupied by the main altar and the sanctuary, and in each of the three other faces there are three large doors, so that the whole chapel can be opened at once, permitting of large numbers passing in and out at a time. As the chapel stands on the very crest of a hill, there extends along the whole facade a high parapet, reached on either side by a broad granite stairway. The massive balustrade of the parapet is surmounted by eight granite lions, four of natural size and the others slightly smaller. Strange ornaments, it may seem, for a shrine of Our Lady; but the visitor ceases to wonder when he learns that the lions are the spoils of paganism. In former centuries they guarded the temples of idolatry which clustered around Zoë, and which have all disappeared and given place to the shrine of the Blessed Mother of God. The timeworn appearance of the lions and their familiar conventional type, bespeak their former history and, on viewing them, the pilgrim's heart is filled with joy at the triumph of Christ and His Blessed Mother over one of Satan's strongholds.

not without his trials, and neither has there wanting compensating consolation, as may appear from the story of Zouze. During the year just closed (1834), besides the missionary who was killed in the tributary state of Corea, recent letters state that a Father in the North has been severely beaten and perhaps killed. Two other missionaries were captured by brigands and only released on the payment of heavy ransom; a summed drain on the funds of a poor mission. In another province two missionaries were beaten and imprisoned. In the Jesuit Mission in which Zouze is situated, but farther in the interior, a Father was driven with stones and clubs from a town where he wished to establish a station. Such dangers as these, as well as the daily trials of the missionary life, the frequent privations, the repeated disappointments, and sometimes sickness and years of labor with separated success, are but too often the lot of the missionary in China. But when on the other hand one considers the results actually accomplished and the great field still inviting the apostolic laborer, when one reflects upon the millions and millions of benighted pagans awaiting the hour of grace and the approaching footsteps of the messengers of good tidings, the Christian's heart is stirred with noble prompting of zeal, and Christian generosity would offer itself to carry the light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The Protestants of the United States, though the results of their missions in China are not abundant, send out and sustain at a vast expense, numerous missionaries, many of whom, men and women alike, devote themselves with ardent to the conversion of the heathen. Yet it was to His Church, and to no other, that Our Lord, addressed the command: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." Though the Church in the United States has not thus far been in a position to take an active part in the evangelization of the pagan world, still the time will come, and that soon we may hope, when missionaries and missionary funds will begin to cross the Pacific, to co-operate with the zealous missionaries from Europe in the glorious work of bringing into the fold of Christ the swarming millions of Cathay.

Of all the evils that afflict mankind at the present day drunkenness is undoubtedly the greatest. Beside this, all other evils sink into insignificance. War, famine, pestilence, are only shadows in comparison. These have their times and seasons and like all things human ultimately decay and perish, but drunkenness abides with us for ever. It is the eternal companion of humanity, a demon-spirit which defies exorcism. No human tongue or pen can adequately describe its power and ravages. It is more like an exotic from hell than a natural growth of earth. In its universal destructiveness ranks next to the grim monster Death himself. With its mighty scythe, it mows down battalions of the human race, and sweeps them into the whirlpool of destruction. Not content with ravaging the body it penetrates the immortal regions of the soul, and lays there the seeds of corruption and decay. Reason itself, the finest faculty of man, surrenders its power at the approach of this dread monster. No exaltation ever rose from theathomless abyss of sin so thoroughly impregnated with the seeds of moral and material industry.—James Doyle.

BY MARY J. CRANER

O Heart of Heart! —
 Bleeding and broken —
 With love unquenched —
 Centuries long —
 Silent, broken —
 The old thirst unquenched —
 Around thee thirsting —
 Hailing, blaspheming —
 Alike little dreaming —
 Thou art so night-thrifty —
 Those who didst buy thee —
 With all Thy blood —
 Shed on the Road —
 Heart of all hearts!

O Heart of Christ!
Bleeding forever;
Vain Thy endeavor
Man's heart to win,
Centuries roll
Over his soul
Flinding still sin;
Vain was Thy breaking,
Foolish Thy seeking!
Man's heart is stone;
Let it alone
To sink to the earth,
Whence it had birth,
Fond Heart of Christ!

Heart of all love!
Ever o'erflowing
With graces glowing,
Ever and ever!
Love is Thy life;
Husband from wife
Sooner can sever
Than love from Thee;
Love hewed the Tree,
Nailed hand and foot,
Made the gall sweet
Oped the Sore side
Through the planned side,
O Heart of love!

O patient Heart!
Full of most bitter tears,
What matter must I ponder,
Thou must love on.
Loving Thy Father,
Kissing the traitors,
Refusing no one.
While our cause pleads,
Thou, Heart, art bleeding.
Alas! we sleep—
Weep, Heart, O weep!
See the ground red
With the tears it has shed;
O patient Heart!

Great Heart of God
From under the Tree
We gaze into Thee
Catch Thy last heart
Catch Thy last breath
See Life in death
Kiss the cold hand
Fall from the Road
Fall, saving Blood,
Go along heart,
Till the flesh awakes,
Till the frost goes,
Till the heart glows—
Great Heart of God

O Sacred Heart!
Too long forsaken,
At length we are enabled
To watch and pray;
For, lo! darkness, silence,
The low thunders hush'd,
Afar, of the fray,
We came unto Thee,
As of old on the Tree;
We list to Thy heavenly voice,
The old song repeating,
'Come unto Me'
All who are weary,
Laden and heavy;
Come unto me
Lean on this breast—

my mind the heart and conscience
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