

OUR ROMAN COLLEGE

WHERE AMERICAN YOUTHS ARE EDUCATED FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Institution is in a flourishing condition and is to be enlarged to accommodate students now turned away.

The American college in Rome of the Catholic church celebrated on the 8th of December last its forty-second anniversary with appropriate ceremonies, seen the Rome correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald.

The first rector was the Very Rev. William G. McCloskey, now bishop of Louisville, and the first class, which numbered thirteen, was composed of some of the most distinguished men in the church, including Archbishop Corrigan of New York and Archbishop Meloni of San Francisco. In addition to those I have mentioned, I see in the list of alumni the names of Bishops O'Connell of Boston, Farley of New York, Chatur of Indianapolis, Byrne of Nashville, McDonnell of Brooklyn, Northrop of Charleston, Horstmann of Cleveland, Richter of Grand Rapids, O'Connor of Newark, Kelley of Savannah, Hoban of Scranton, Burke of St. Joseph, Moeller of Columbus, O'Connell of Portland and others so numerous that I cannot undertake to mention them, for the living alumni number several hundred and by their works have demonstrated the wisdom of establishing this institution.

The present rector is Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, who is widely known for his eloquence and learning and until last spring had been for several years professor in the theological seminary at Overbrook, near Philadelphia. He has recently been appointed domestic prelate to the pope, an honor conferred upon favorites of the holy father. Dr. Kennedy is still a young man, only forty-three, and a graduate of the college in the class of '88. Associated with him is Dr. John P. Farrelly of Nashville, who has been the spiritual director of the institution for many years. He is one of the finest types of the American priest and is well known and beloved among the members of the American colony in Rome as well as among the graduates of the institution.

The students are carefully selected by the bishops of the different dioceses in America which have founded burses by the contribution of \$5,000 gold. There are now forty-four of these burses. Patrons who contribute \$1,000 to the endowment are entitled to select a student, but he must be recommended by the bishop of his diocese. Other students bringing letters of commendation from their bishops are admitted upon the payment of the tuition fees, \$300 a year in gold, which includes board, washing, medical attendance, class books, clothing and all that is requisite for a student. The full course comprises six years, two of philosophy and four of theology, and the examinations are very severe.

The prosperity of the American college is manifested by the recent purchase of the Tomba palace, fronting the Piazza Pilotta, in Rome. It was a part of the original convent of the Nuns of the Visitation, which also comprised the building now occupied by the students. For many years they have been crowded and have suffered considerable inconvenience, but the addition of the Tomba palace will give them all the room that will be necessary for many years of growth and allow the rector to accept candidates who have been turned away because of the lack of accommodations. It will also enable him to entertain American prelates and alumni of the college when they come to Rome instead of sending them to hotels. The new building cost \$45,000, and repairs costing \$5,000 or \$6,000 will be necessary to get it in order. The executive committee, which consists of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Ryan of Philadelphia and Williams of Boston, will appeal to the alumni to assist in raising funds, and there ought to be no difficulty in securing contributions for so useful an institution. Situated in the very heart of Rome, surrounded by churches and palaces that are associated with important events in the history of the world and within easy access of the great libraries, galleries and museums, the American college is an ideal retreat for the theological and classical scholar. Its patios and its chapel are among the most beautiful in Rome, and no student can ever lose his affection for them.

During the summer months the entire college emigrates to the Castle Gandolfo in the Alban hills, where the students spend their time in recreation and rest in the grand old Orsini villa, purchased by the rector, Bishop O'Connell of Portland, and occasionally make excursions to places associated with Roman and church history. During the scholastic year they engage in athletic exercises on the grounds of the Villa Borghese, and many home-sick Yankees go out there on Thursday afternoon to see a game of genuine American baseball.

Poverty.

All Christians should practice the counsel of poverty; yes, both rich and poor. The spirit of poverty is detachment from created things. One's heart must not be set on them. One must not hope riches for their own sake. One must feel obliged to share with the poor. One must not despise the poor, but must love them for Christ's sake. One must give a good deal for religious purposes. One must keep his baptismal vows to renounce the devil and all his pomp. One must, therefore, deny himself in many things that savor of the world. One must be as a Christian.

MEMORARE.

Remember, Blessed Mother, That never was it known Who sought thy intercession Was left to plead alone!

Confiding on thy goodness, I hasten unto thee, Let not thy gracious promise Find exception first in me.

Though most unworthy ever, Yet harken to my cry, And stretch a hand through darkness To lead me to the sky.

—Rev. J. B. Delany in Guidon.

DEATH OF AUBREY DE VERE

A Loss to the Catholic Church and the Literary World.

The Catholic church and the literary world have lost by the death of Mr. Aubrey de Vere a man of profound religious feeling and finely cultivated taste. Since the death of Tennyson he had been the "doyen" of the poets of the United Kingdom. After a period of falling health he passed away at Carragee Chase, Ireland, the home which he had continued to share with his elder brother, Sir Stephen de Vere, himself not undistinguished in literature, who survives him. Mr. de Vere was born in 1814, the younger son of that Sir Aubrey de Vere of whom Wordsworth used to speak with so much respect and whose fine drama, "Mary Tudor," the son gave to the world just after his father's death. The younger Aubrey de Vere was brought up a Protestant and was educated at Trinity college, Dublin. Not being under the necessity of earning his livelihood, he, from his early manhood, followed his natural bent for literature, while his charming social qualities made him at different times of his life the close friend of a number of the leading literary men of his time.

In 1861 there occurred a great change for which Aubrey de Vere had long been unconsciously preparing. He confessed that his youth had been "mainly devoted to theological studies," and he had eagerly adopted what the Tractarians called "church principles." Then came the Gorham judgment, and Aubrey de Vere was one of those who found it impossible to reconcile these church principles with allegiance to a state church whose courts could give such decisions. So he became a convert and for the rest of his life remained one of the most devout of Catholics, finding in the doctrine, tenets and discipline of the church an inexhaustible source of gentle, tender poetry.

The list of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poems is a long one. Not many years ago the chief poems were republished by himself in a collected form. It is to be regretted that in a crowded age, when book succeeds book with bewildering rapidity, they are comparatively little read. Perhaps, however, if that modest, high bred soul ever stooped to think of anything so mundane as his own personal reputation it may have been some consolation to Mr. de Vere to know that the same high opinion which was held of him long since by men like Tennyson, Landor and Sir Henry Taylor was entertained to the end by some literary judges of a younger generation.—London Catholic Opinion.

Decorated by His Holiness.

In recognition of his long and faithful service to the Roman Catholic church Erwin Steinback, head of the American branch of the European firm of Fred Pustet & Co., New York, has been made a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Steinback was born in Westphalia, Germany, and at an early age began the study of Catholic literature at Munster, where he remained for four years. He then entered the employ of Fred Pustet & Co. in Ratisbon, Germany, publishers for the holy apostolic see and the sacred congregation of rites. He came to America in 1867 and for seven years managed the Cincinnati branch of Pustet & Co. He was then transferred to New York city, where he has since remained.

Sts. Paul, John and James, S. J.

At Nagasaki, in Japan, Paul Miki, John de Goto and James Kysul of the Society of Jesus died for the faith in 1597. They were crucified and pierced through from side to side with spears. John, who was nineteen years of age, had his father standing beside him while he suffered and left him as a legacy. James was sixty-four years of age. They were canonized by Pope Pius IX. in 1862.

Serve God.

The true servant of God is not solicitous about the morrow. He performs faithfully what God requires of him today and will perform what God requires of him tomorrow and the same the next day and the next day without a word. Thus he unites his will to the means of serving God, but to the service and the good pleasure of God.

SHORT SERMONS.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

Take heed lest in an unwary moment you stray from the way of salvation, the entrance to which is narrow and straight.

Our devout beliefs are not built, as we suppose, upon the dry strand of reason, but rest upon the floods of our affection.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

If we are well with God, all is well with us, though the thickest darkness of adversity be round about. If we are not well with him, nothing is well with us, though the best and brightest be about our feet.

OUR CHURCH'S CREED

ITS BEARING ON THE AGITATION FOR CHRISTIAN REUNION.

The Catholic Church Can Neither Deny Nor Explain Away Truths She Has Once Taught—Plain Words to the Uneasy Anglicans.

Appropos of the growing agitation in Europe, and especially in England, for a reunion of all Christian churches The Catholic Times of London prints the following editorial:

The surest way to win a man to accept an argument is to enable him to understand it. If he is tricked into accepting his opponent's position, he will, as soon as he discovers his error, at once take steps to escape from it. In all matters of business as well as of conscience truth is best in the long run. Men may not like the truth, but at all events when they know what the truth is they cannot turn round and allege that they accepted it, with its consequences, under an ill founded or false notion that it meant something quite different. These principles are as important today as they ever were. There is much talk all round us of the reunion of the churches, a reunion which in its ultimate issue means a reunion with Rome, the center of authority and the source of truth. This fact is recognized by all thinking men. The desire which stirs the hopes and aspirations of deeply religious minds is not merely some real or fictitious reconstruction into one general society of the Anglican and non-Anglican churches, it is the renewal of those bonds which in happier times gave Europe the beautiful spectacle of an undivided Christendom. Today that unity is broken. Can it be renewed? And if it can, on what terms? A moment's glance will show that in the answer to the second question depends the answer to the first.

In a recent article The Church Times (Protestant) led its readers to fancy that some day under circumstances which it imagined as not impossible the Catholic church might so far widen out or whittle down the expressions are synonymous in this matter her dogmatic teaching on transubstantiation and papal infallibility. In the case of the dogmas relative to the blessed sacrament Anglican teaching was to be lifted up until it became "not utterly irreconcilable" with the dogmas of Catholicism. The claim to papal infallibility was to be so softened down that it would not be "altogether intolerable" to Anglicans. When a correspondent who evidently understands the meaning and value of dogma within the Catholic church, called the attention of the editor to the fact that Rome takes her stand on the unchangeableness of her doctrinal pronouncements, that she rejects all overtures for reunion unless accompanied by acceptance of her teaching and submission to her rule, that when she is asked to admit that her decisions on doctrine are open to any discussion, she invariably and logically answers, "non possumus," the editor could only remark that his correspondent's contention was based on the popular delusion that Rome was "semper eadem," that she never changed.

It is not our purpose to point out (Cardinal Newman has done so, and he who runs may read his book on "The Development of Doctrine") that change and logical growth are widely different conceptions. We confine ourselves to the simple issue: Will Rome, i. e., the Catholic church ever consent to receive overtures of reunion from the sectarian communities based on the assumption or a tacit understanding, tacit or expressed, that such reunion shall be purchased at the price of her withdrawal or her whittling away of doctrines or dogmas already defined or magisterially taught by her to the faithful? And we answer quite clearly: She will not. She cannot. She can neither deny nor explain away truths she has once taught. To do so would be to commit suicide. To expect her to do so is to ignore or to be ignorant of her claim to speak God's truth in God's name and with God's power.

As the whole English hierarchy, in a joint pastoral now famous, impressed on the clergy, care should be taken to make it quite clear to intending converts who are to be instructed that the doctrinal differences are unalterable and have no compromises such as these they are hers. To be indifferent on this point would be as foolish for Catholics as it would be unfair to the converts. We commend the authoritative words of the bishops to The Church Times. Just see what would happen were such a thing to be tried. Let us suppose that the Vatican definition on the subject of papal infallibility were submitted to this process of explaining away the contents of a form of words as clear as noonday. Catholics now believe that the holy father when he speaks ex cathedra on faith or morals to the whole church is protected from error in his pronouncements. Suddenly, some day or other, they are told that in order to oblige the requests of Anglicans and to terminate a deplorable schism in Christendom a part or several parts of this dogmatic definition have been withdrawn or that the sense has been so altered that now the doctrine means much less than it was held to mean before! Would any sensible man—nay, would even the masses of the people who know now from their catechism what the doctrine of infallibility is—ever for a moment trouble themselves about any doctrinal authority in future? Certainly not. They would let the whole teaching of the church go by default; they would never again take the trouble of listening to any claim to teach doctrine on the part of any one. Now they are sure the church cannot err; then they would be sure she had erred, and, once

they were convinced of that, the Christian religion would be at an end.

For, say what Anglicans will, they live because the Catholic church lives. But the whole supposition is an impossible one, and we give it merely to illustrate in a popular way the consequences should such a dream as that of The Church Times ever be realized. Let no Anglican deceive himself or others. The dogmas of the Catholic church are not changeable, nor will they be changed even to win the adhesion of every Anglican in these islands. The change must come from those whose first change was away from us. If they will come back, it must be by accepting what now they reject—by admitting what once their fathers denied.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

His Talent For Organization and For Solid Hard Work.

They say it is equally difficult to inherit the "shoes" of a saint or a villain. Cardinal Vaughan, when he succeeded Cardinal Manning in England, had certainly to do the former. If one may judge by the panegyrics one still hears when the name of Manning is mentioned to those who know him. Yet there is not a doubt that Cardinal Vaughan has far more talent for organization for solid hard work and patient business management than had his saintly predecessor, whose power lay infinitely more in his majestic personal charm and wonderful sympathy than in these more rugged characteristics.

Cardinal Vaughan does not, as Manning did, try to do all the detailed work of his immense diocese himself. He has a genius for collecting under his banner clever men who can do it under his direction. He works hard enough himself, rising every morning at 6 and going through two hours of devotion and study before even he touches his frugal breakfast. In the matter of diet he is most sparing, for though so stout and so finely built a man, of such splendid appearance, his health is very poor and he is constantly under the doctor's care. He has been called the handsomest man in London and fully deserves the title looking in his full red robes like some cardinal prince at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. London Free Lance.

The Blessed Sacrament.

It may be that Jesus Christ gives you the grace of an ardent attraction toward the blessed sacrament for other reasons besides that of your own personal devotion. It may be that he would make you a living center of devotion, as it were, to the sacred species in order that your fervor, your love and the knowledge of him which you have gained by your frequent contemplation of him should act through you upon others, so that by your zeal, by your example, you should bring souls to him and thus cause the graces which he has given you to bear tenfold fruit. What if you misuse these graces and divert them from their rightful ends by your selfishness, your cowardice, or your apathy? What if, wrapped in your own interests, you fail to note the soul by your side on whom you might bring so holy an influence to bear? What if, by your conduct, you thwart instead of forward the action of the blessed sacrament? Think of it.

Home Duties.

Did you ever stand at the foot of a great English cathedral? Through brilliant stained glass windows of light are poured out upon you but not one tiny little gleam of sunshine does that great lamp pour on the lot of such close around the base of its tower. Do not be like light-houses in this regard. Wherever else, far away or near you, pour the beams of your Christian life, be sure you brighten the space close about you in your own home. Let the light of gentleness, forbearance, kindness, unselfishness and thoughtful ministry fall on the life next to yours, on your weary mother, your burdened father, your tempted brother, upon the children in your family, on the guests who drop in, on servants who help in domestic duties. Carry Christ home and serve him there.

Save One Soul.

Let us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death and on the day of judgment to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overlay by an exceedingly great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life.

Instruments of Perfection.

Go through the world unnoticed if you can. Secret privations, secret sacrifices, of your own which will never be known until all things are revealed are surer instruments of perfection than chains and shirts of hair. The Holy Ghost in this way creates his saints.

SHORT SERMONS.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds. He does not count how much we do, but how good that loves much.

Goodness and truth are of more weight than brilliant talents, and good temper goes further than a great gift.

St. Gertrude once heard these words in a vision: "My child, there are many more saved than thou thinkest for. I condemn no one who does not willfully resist my grace."

Be thy longing desire to see God, thy fear to lose him, thy sorrow to be deprived of him for a time, thy joy that he can draw thee to himself. Then wilt thou live in profound peace.

The least things done for the love of our divine Master may be full in his sight of the richest and sweetest merit, and the greatest things we may do or suffer, if they are not done in charity, are, as the apostle says, worth nothing.

MARIA BENTIVOGLIO

THE DEATH OF A KINSWOMAN OF HIS HOLINESS IN OMAHA.

She Was Mother Superior of the Order of the Poor Clares and Had Not Left Her Quisler Home in the Last Twenty Years.

The Omaha memory of St. Claire is mourning the death of the mother superior, Maria Consuetudo Bentivoglio, a kinswoman of the pope, who for more than a score of years had never left the narrow confines of her prisonlike home. During all that long period the only human faces she had seen were those of the few devoted members of her own order who shared her seclusion, and she had never entered into the joys and sorrows of the strenuous life of the city in which she dwelt.

Her funeral was as unostentatious as her life, though by special dispensation from Bishop Scannell about a dozen men and women of Omaha who had been conspicuous for their benefactions to the order were permitted to be present and after the ceremony to view the body, resting in a plain pine coffin, through a four foot grating opening on the sanctuary.

This pious sister was born in 1837 in the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome. Her father, Dominico Bentivoglio, count of Bologna, was at that time governor of the Italian capital. While still comparatively a young woman she decided to give up the splendor of her father's court for simple service of God, and in 1871, with her sister Magdalene she crossed the ocean to establish a home for the order of the "Poor Clares," as the are known in some parts of the United States.

The Poor Clares are one of the contemplative orders which, though common in the middle ages, have obtained but small foothold in this country. The vows are of the strictest kind. A few members of each community are allowed to mingle with the outside world in order that the bodily needs may be administered to, but these are the only sisters of St. Claire who ever leave the home after having once entered it or are visible to persons who may visit the monastery.

In their solitude the sisters pass the time in praying for the world and in certain forms of fancy work which they sell as a means of providing funds for the order. They live in the simplest style. They wear a dress and cap of coarse brown serge, with few bands of soft white linen, and short veils of black. They eat the plainest of plain food, sleep on plank beds and may truly be said to know nothing of the luxury of living.

Be a Vincentian.

Every Catholic man, old or young, who is loyal to Jesus Christ, loyal to his church, loyal to his Christian duties and loyal to himself will do well to be a Vincentian. He will do well to live as a Vincentian. He will do well to still better to die as a Vincentian. Consoling will be, and necessarily must be, the death of a brother of the St. Vincent de Paul society. In that all supreme, awful hour the drop of water or the crumb of bread given to Jesus Christ in the person of his poor will swell into a river of cleansing water and into a granary of life giving nourishment. In particular every Catholic physician should not only be a Vincentian, but an active one. So, too, every Catholic lawyer, likewise every Catholic of worldly means, for the poor need their skill, their knowledge and their abilities. They have a claim on them. Theirs is a God given claim. Theirs is none other than the claim of him who said, "Whatever you do to the least of these you do to me."—Louisville Record.

Our Oldest Diocese.

The diocese of St. Augustine is one of the smallest in point of numbers in the United States, the Catholic population numbering only 7,000, although the parish of St. Augustine is the oldest in the land. The first colonists came from Spain in 1565, more than half a century before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The parish was fully organized at that period, and a full set of its records of baptisms and marriages from the year 1594 is in a perfect state of preservation. These records are now in the city of Havana, whither they were carried in 1762, at the first change of which made Florida pass under English rule. The diocese comprises the eastern, middle and southern portion of the state of Florida. A successor to the late Bishop Moore will soon be named. The only other see in the United States having a smaller population than St. Augustine is the vicariate apostolic of North Carolina, which numbers 4,100 Catholics.

The Work of Salvation.

Every one desires to be saved. Simply desiring will not accomplish this work. We must put our heart in the work and make use of all the means placed at our disposal. We should choose some devotion and stick to it. Fear of eternal damnation is good to meditate upon. Fasting and prayer are very effective, but the best of all is a devotion that will inspire the heart with love for his Creator and make all his actions accord with that love. To gain this love the best way is to cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart. Commence by being enrolled in the confraternity of the Sacred Heart and daily use the short, easy prayers of the confraternity.

Portrait of Mgr. Doane.

A large portrait of Mgr. Doane has been presented to the Newark Public Library by John F. Shanley and will shortly be hung in the trustees' room. It was painted by Karl Witkowski and is considered an excellent likeness.

PALM SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

The Striking Crosses That Are Woven by Indians.

During all of Lent there are almost continual services in the churches of Mexico, but none of them is especially picturesque or of interest to the sight-seer until that of Palm Sunday. On that day, from long before sunrise, the Indians have been gathering, each one of them loaded down with palm branches or with crosses most skillfully woven from bits of palm leaves. In the task of making these they have been engaged for weeks, and now their day of profit has come. The palm leaves, themselves great branches, many of them from six to ten feet long, are sold cheaply. But the crosses cost more. The Mexican Indian may have had no training in the making of fancy articles, but the old instinct which enabled his ancestors to design the wonderful feather work which modern skill can not duplicate has come down to him in a modified way, and men, women and children can weave most beautiful and artistic things out of the simplest materials.

So it is that the crosses which they have been making and with loads of which they now station themselves in front of the churches are really works of art. There are hundreds of designs and hundreds of sizes. Some of them are five to six feet long, and some of them are not more than two inches. Some of them are closely woven from what seems to be the finest fibers of the palm, and some are coarse and hastily made. But as the size, the design and the style of work vary, so does the price. Some of them are worth \$5, and others can be bought for 2 cents. With such a selection to choose from there is no reason why any one entering the church should be without a palm, and there is none that is. As in all Catholic churches, these palms are blessed by the priests and then carried home to be carefully put away within doors the opposite is the custom here. Instead of being kept in the house the palm branches here are at once bound to the balconies fronting on the street, and there they remain throughout the year, never being taken down until they are replaced by the new ones which come on the next Palm Sunday Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rocamadour: Its Sanctuaries.

A long, winding road gradually descends and brings us down from the level of the upper plateau to the village, which hugs the great rocks under the very foundation stones of the sanctuaries. This road ends under a huge grotto whose base is encircled by a broad stone seat and whose spreading branches shelter a mossy stone crucifix. Here in this little place, overlooking the valley, the French peasants gather in the cool of the afternoon when the frowning mountains cast their long shadow far down over the valley. Here, too, is the blacksmith, and here we may see the patient cross-shed. We enter the town through a fortified gate—one of the four which still span the road, nay, and once were its means of defense—and then find ourselves in the single village street, so narrow that two wagons could not pass, though such a necessity never arises in Rocamadour! A few little shops, a so called cafe, a couple of comfortable host-tries, contribute all the life there is in the little town.

Midway between the two outer gates rises a broad stone staircase, which leads to the sanctuaries above. Many penitents climb all these 200 steps on their knees, repeating an "Ave" at each gentleness. We saw a party of six, five women and a man, doing this pious duty, the women kneeling, but the man, too old and stiff to bend the knee, could but stand and join in the responses. Scribers.

Real Religion.

In a manner real religion has its origin in the heart rather than the head. Intellect is magnificent, but heart is godlike. It has never occurred to us to declare that Jesus had a great mind, for we always think of him as the lover of mankind. His thoughts were as wide as the firmament, indeed, a no secret were bidden from him, but somehow when we bend the knee to his divine excellence these thoughts all brush themselves aside, and we see only the glory of that earth embracing love which pours over the ages from the science of Calvary. Philosophy profound as creation was his, but above it surge the infinite sympathy and charity of his life as the waves of the ocean dash over the jutting rocks on the coast.

Mary and Joseph.

Let me here exclaim, O Joseph, how wonderful thy humility! O incomparable dignity, that the mother of God, the mistress of the world, should not disdain! O great St. Joseph, to call thee lord! Truly I know not, O orthodox fathers, which is most admirable here, the humility of Mary or the dignity of St. Joseph!—Gerson at Council of Constance.

SHORT SERMONS.

Who fears men will do nothing for God. A smile for every day makes sunshine all the year. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest. Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.

The life of the Christian ought to tend by continual efforts to add new virtues to those he has already acquired.

Are you not my Father, O my God? What more can I say? What more can I ask? Are you not my Father, O my God?—St. Augustine.