



St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has Dedicated the Month of April to the Holy Ghost

Issue 52

April 2019

THE CROSS, THE CROSS

THE Cross! the Cross! Oh! bid it rise
'Mid clouds about it curled,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world;

A sign to myriads far and wide
On every holy fane,
Meet emblem of the Crucified,
For our transgressions slain.

The Cross! the Cross! With solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow
The hallowed seal impress;

A token that in coming years,
All else esteemed but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the Cross.

The Cross! the Cross! Upon the heart,
Oh! seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of hell;

A hope when other hopes shall cease.
And worth all hopes beside;
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

The Cross! the Cross! Ye heralds blest,
Who, in the saving Name,
Go forth to lands with sin oppressed
The Cross of Christ proclaim.

And so, 'mid idols lifted high,
In truth and love revealed,
It may be seen by every eye,
And stricken souls be healed.

The Cross! Dear Church, the world is dark,
And wrapped in shades of night,
Yet, lift but up within thy ark,
This source of living light

This emblem of our heavenly birth,
And claim to things Divine
So thou shalt go through all the earth
And conquer in this sign. Amen

FEASTS AND FASTS

April 7th -
Passion Sunday

April 12th -
Seven Sorrows of the
Blessed Virgin Mary

April 14th -
Palm Sunday

April 18th -
Maundy Thursday

April 19th -
Good Friday

April 21st -
Easter Sunday

WHAT'S INSIDE

QUIZ ON THE MASS	4
CROSSWORD PUZZLE	7
STORIES OF MARTYR PRIESTS	11
THE COLISEUM MAZE	14
THE WOLF AND THE LAMB	17
THE LAKE OF THE APOSTLES	19

THE STORY OF THE HOLY CROSS

THE Saints of God have ever loved to venerate the instrument on which the Lord of men and angels died to procure the salvation of the world, and the story of the invention or finding of the Cross may well close these sketches of their lives, for it is by that Cross they have obtained their crown in heaven.

A British lady named Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor was converted to Christianity about the year 311, and some fifteen years afterwards she so earnestly desired to visit those places rendered sacred by the life, death, and glorious resurrection of our Divine Lord, that she started to Jerusalem on pilgrimage.

But where once the Holy Sepulchre had been, a temple in honour of Venus was raised; one dedicated to Jupiter stood close by, and Christians were thus driven from the spot where they had loved to pray. The Cross of the Sinless One was hidden from the sight of men, for it was the custom to bury in the earth the cross on which criminals had met their death, as well as every other instrument of their suffering.

St. Helena longed to find the sacred wood, and though three hundred years had gone by since that death on Calvary, she set a number of work-people to dig deeply into the earth at the spot where it seemed most probable the treasure might be found. It was not in vain. After long and patient search they discovered the sepulchre, and next came upon three crosses, to one of which some writers affirm there was the title affixed, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The nails were also found which had pierced the sacred hands and feet of the Saviour of the world.



In order that there might be a full assurance as to which of these three was the Cross of Christ, Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, had them carried to one who at that time lay sick in Jerusalem, for he had a strong faith that by the infinite power of God the wood of the Redeemer's Cross would certainly restore health.

He was not mistaken, for at the touch of that Holy Cross, health and strength were restored to the sick person, and then St. Helena knew that she had indeed discovered the object of her desire.

A portion of it was sent to Constantine, some was entrusted to the care of the Bishop of Jerusalem, while the remainder was reverently conveyed by Helena herself to Rome, there to be deposited in the church which she caused to be erected in honour of the Holy Cross. One of

the nails is said to have been placed in a costly diadem which St. Helena gave to her son, the other three were also carefully preserved.

Constantine built a magnificent Basilica upon the spot where the Cross was discovered, and the day following its solemn consecration, the sacred wood was exposed for the veneration of a vast crowd there assembled.

In the year 614, Jerusalem was conquered by the Persians, and they carried away to their own country the Cross of Christ. Heraclius, the Christian Emperor, sued for peace in vain, he was tired of war and dispirited by reason of the many and great losses which had befallen his army, so he began to give himself to fasting and prayer, imploring the help of the Almighty against his adversaries. At length these supplications were answered, and the Persians were not only defeated, but forced to retreat into their own land. Peace was now made, one of its conditions being the restoration of the Holy Cross, after it had been lost to Jerusalem for full fourteen years. Great was the rejoicing of the Christians then, glad indeed were they to regain the symbol which tells ever of the love of Christ in suffering for us, Heraclius the Emperor desired to make his thanksgiving by bearing the Cross upon his own shoulders up the rough mountain road our Divine Lord had traversed some six hundred years before, bowed beneath its heavy burden. In his costly imperial garb glittering with gold and gems, Heraclius raised the Cross and strove to mount the steep ascent, but some strong though invisible power hindered him, so that he was unable to advance even one pace.

The Patriarch sees this, and he can tell the reason. "Oh Emperor!" he cries; "thou canst not indeed carry this sacred wood up this rough path clad in rich robes and costly ornaments. It was in poverty and in humiliation that Christ bore the Cross, and thou must imitate Him if thou wouldst indeed bear it also."

Upon this, Heraclius cast aside his glittering garments, he even removed his shoes, and bare-footed and meanly clad, he went along the Via Crucis and placed the Cross on Calvary's height. When, in the year 635, this pious Emperor saw that Jerusalem would shortly fall into the hands of enemies, he carried the Holy Cross to Constantinople for safety; but it is believed that some small portion was still preserved in the city, for when the Crusaders had gained possession, we hear of them bearing a part of the Cross, which from century to century had been carefully concealed from the Turks.

In the year 1239, a portion of the sacred wood was sent to St. Louis of France, who built a palace to keep so sacred a relic, and when it was being conveyed to him, he went out to meet it barefoot and with uncovered head. A large fragment of the Cross is also preserved at Rome.

We are told by tradition that once upon the eve of some great battle a luminous cross appeared to the Emperor Constantine. He was not a Christian then, but he had heard of

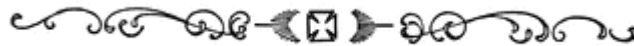
the God of Christians, and in his anxiety he called upon Him to aid his army in the coming struggle. About the hour of noon on the day before the encounter was to take place, Constantine beheld a bright Cross in the sky having inscribed upon it in Greek letters, "In this conquer." That night Our Lord Himself appeared in vision to him and bade him use the image of the Cross as his standard in the battle field. Constantino obeyed, and was victorious over his enemy.

"In this conquer." What a motto for us all as we strive to battle against the temptations of the world, our great enemy, and our own weak flesh. Only the Cross can be our safeguard as we pass through life, only the daily following in the way of the Cross can prepare us for, the crown hereafter.

"In this conquer." A mighty warfare rages against the Church of God in these days, even though it may often be a covert warfare. Which shall be the standard under which we fight? shall we be the soldiers of the Cross, or the enemies of the Crucified One?

The holy Apostle St. Paul gives our answer; let us pray that from our inmost hearts we may be enabled by Divine Grace to say with him, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." THE END

Source: Stories of the Saints for Children, 1878



QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. Where do we frequently hear the 42nd Psalm, beginning, "Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy"?
2. In the Mass, what is the Collect?
3. How many Masses may a priest say on Christmas?
4. How many days of the year is Mass said?
5. What is the burse?
6. What is the ceremony of the Asperges?
7. What is the Canon of the Mass?
8. What part of the Mass is called the Lavabo?
9. What are the altar cards?
10. Why is the Mass said in Latin?

Source: A Catholic Quiz Book, Imprimatur 1945

Answers can be found at the back of the Gazette

Can you explain Catholic Practices:

THE MASS

Non-Catholics are frequently attracted to our churches by the beauty of our ritual. The Mass especially impresses them, and they are naturally curious to know its meaning. If one not of our Faith were to ask you to explain the Sacrifice of the Mass, could you do so?

We know that Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist. The promise related in the Gospel of St. John (vi, 48 - 60) , that He would give us His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink, was fulfilled at the Last Supper. It was at the Last Supper He gave us the Eucharist, which is both a Sacrament and a Sacrifice. As a Sacrament, the Eucharist was instituted by Christ for the spiritual nourishment of our souls by His Body and Blood, really and truly present under the appearance of bread and wine.

The Eucharist is also a Sacrifice and, as a Sacrifice, it was prefigured in the Old Testament by the sacrifice of Melchisedech (Genesis xiv, 18). Our Saviour Himself instituted the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrifice to be II Moody continuation and representation of the bloody Sacrifice of Calvary. Its history starts at the Last Supper, and Christ's command, "Do this for a commemoration of Me" (St. Luke xxii, 19) is found fulfilled in every century down to the Sacrifice, or Holy Mass, in your parish church today.

The word Mass is probably derived from the Latin mittere, "to send." It is a form of missio, or "dismissal," for in the sacrifice of the altar of the early Church there were two dismissals: the first, of the catechumens who were not allowed to be present at the Consecration and Communion; the second, of the baptized Faithful who were sent away at the end of the complete service. This explanation of the origin of the word Mass, as used to denote the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrifice, we find was clear to that indefatigable compiler of existing knowledge, St. Isidore of Seville, born about the year 560.

St. Thomas Aquinas in his Summa Theologica (III, Q. 83, 9) suggests another explanation: "The Mass derives its name (Missa) because the priest sends (mittit) his prayers up to God through the Angel" (He refers here to Apocalypse viii, 4) "as the people do through the priest. Or else because Christ is the Victim sent (missa) to us: accordingly the deacon on festival days dismisses the people at the end of the Mass, by saying: 'Ite, missa est,' that is, the Victim has been sent (missa est) to God through the Angel, so that It may be accepted by God."

Every Catholic knows that the Mass is a real sacrifice, a renewal, in an unbloody manner, of the sacrificial death of



Christ on the Cross; that in the Mass, as on the Cross, Christ is the Priest and Victim; that the priest in the Mass utters the sublime words of the Consecration in the name and person of Christ. The Sacrifice of the Mass is essentially the same as that of the Cross. The first differs from the second only in the manner in which it is offered. On the Cross, Christ really shed His Blood and was slain. In the Mass the shedding of His Blood and His death is represented in the separate consecration of the bread and the wine.

In the early days of the Church the Bishop and the priests celebrated the same Mass together, the latter pronouncing the words of the sacrifice with the former. This custom now exists only in the Mass of Ordination, when the newly-ordained priests and the Bishop offer the one and identical sacrifice, uttering the solemn words of the Consecration in unison. In the earliest period of the Church there was but one Mass celebrated in a church, but as the number of converts became larger and larger, additional Masses were added. Sunday was the only day on which the Holy Sacrifice was offered. As the Church grew, Mass was celebrated more frequently, until daily Mass became a custom.

The specified hours within which Mass may be offered is a matter of Church discipline, and could be changed by the Holy Father if thought desirable. Thus at a recent celebration at Lourdes we find permission was given by him for a continuous succession of Masses during the day and the night. Likewise the law obliging the fast from midnight before receiving Holy Communion rests on a Church command, in order that due reverence may be shown to our Lord, who comes to us. Were Mass permitted in the evening, the hours of the fast could and undoubtedly would be changed.

Source: Can You Explain Catholic Practices, Imprimatur 1937



OFT IN DANGER, OFT IN WOE

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go !
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow aim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.
Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;

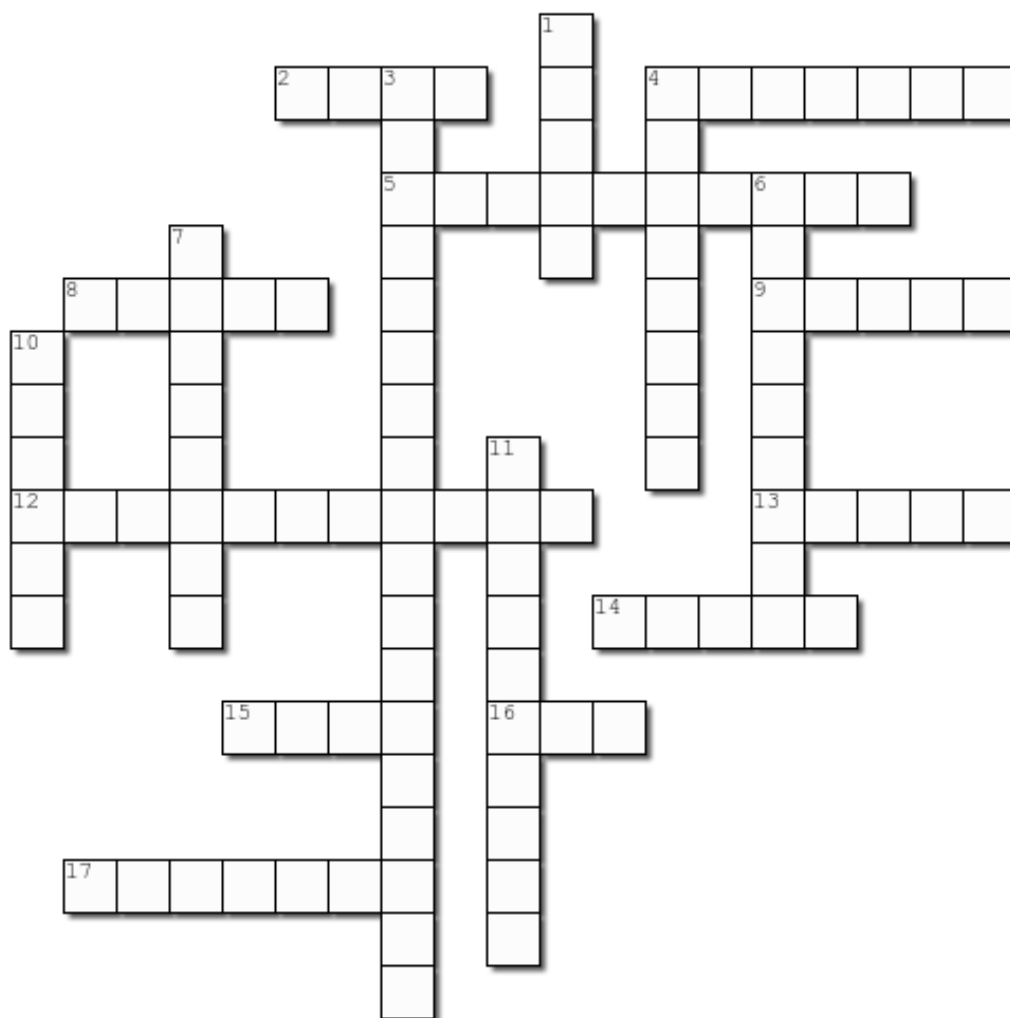
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall vict'ry wake your song.

Firm in faith, and strong by love
More than conquerors ye shall prove',
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

Lord of might and majesty,
Grant to us the victory;
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One !

THE MASS

Complete the puzzle below



Across

2. may be used as a substitute for white, red, or green
4. the cup used for holding the wine for consecration.
5. a kind of chest made of wood, marble, or metal, having a door with lock and key, and containing the Sacred Species
8. the color worn on the feasts of Our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, of the angels, and of the saints that were not martyrs.
9. a piece of fine linen oblong in shape that the priest wears on his shoulders.
12. a linen cloth used for wiping the chalice and the fingers and mouth of the priest after communion.
13. the color worn on Good Friday and in Masses for the Dead
14. the color worn on Sundays and ordinary days of the year.
15. the color worn on Gaudete Sunday and Laetare Sunday
16. the color worn on the feasts of Pentecost of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross
17. A strip of silken cloth worn on the left arm of the priest

Down

1. a small round and slightly concaved dish, which covers the mouth of the chalice.
3. name given to the vessels used in divine worship.
4. a cord of linen fastened about the waist to confine the alb.
6. the outer and chief vestment of the priest.
7. is a vessel in which the Hosts destined for Communion of the faithful are preserved
10. the color worn in Advent, Lent on Vigils and Ember Days.
11. the sacred vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the adoration of the faithful.

Answers at the back of the Gazette

SANCTUARY LAMP

"Command the children of Israel that they bring thee the purest oil of the olives . . . that a lamp may burn always, in the tabernacle of the testimony."

Exodus, 27: 20.

In one of the wild wastelands of Arizona some years ago there stood a tiny cabin. In it lived a man who was a friend of man. His well contained the only drinkable water for miles around. Every night this friendly fellow would light a lantern and hang it high on a post before this door, just in case someone needed water.

"Why such waste of time and oil and energy?" people wondered as they journeyed by.

One sizzling summer night, however, there was a feeble knock at the cabin door. The owner opened to find a traveler near exhaustion for want of water. From far away the man had caught sight of the lantern. With what strength remained he had struggled toward the light and to the life- giving liquid that let him live.

Nineteen hundred years ago at a certain Last Supper in a second-story room the greatest Friend man ever had lighted a lamp whose flame has been caught up and carried around the world. That lamp was to lead men to an exhaustless well of spiritual help and blessing—the Holy Eucharist.

Wandering through the wastelands of the world, men, seeing that light, the light of the sanctuary lamp, know that there they will find strength and refreshment for the journey. There the Giver and the Gift are one.

For almost twenty centuries that light has been burning. Mother Church did not always require a light before the altar where Christ was tabernacled, but always the symbolism and deep religious meaning of the light was evident — it stood for Christ. Where was Christ? In the tabernacle. What could be more significant of that Presence than the sanctuary lamp?

Here is a sacramental of the Church which has inspired glorious prose and uplifting poetry. Here is a sacramental that has led many a soul - thirsty wayfarer to the richest source of spiritual help. Here is a sacramental that has consoled the sad, spurred the discouraged, lifted the sinful, and encouraged the virtuous. Here is a sacramental that deserves particular attention because it stands sentinel beside the dwelling of the Divine Guest in our parish church. Here is a sacramental that should be especially attractive to one who loves his parish church, and loves the One who makes His home there. That sanctuary lamp represents Christ, the Light of the world, who has told us:

"I am the light of the world. He who follows me does not walk in the darkness, but will have the light of life." St. John, 8:12.

Mother Church demands that a lamp burn perpetually before the tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament is preserved. Never, neither day nor night, may that light remain



extinguished. It is kept there in imitation of the perpetual fire which God ordered to burn always upon the altar. (Lev.6:13). It is a perpetuation, with richer meaning, of the lamp which God commanded to be kept burning at all times. (Exod. 27:21). It is not only an ornament; it is a means of worship. It is a mark of honor, a reminder, living, loving and inspiring, of the presence of Christ. This sanctuary lamp is so important that Mother Church has very definite rules regarding it.

One rule is that, if the income of the church permits, more than one light should burn before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, but always in uneven numbers, like three, five, seven or more. In most churches there is only one.

Usually the lamp is suspended from the ceiling by a chain or rope, or it is hung from a bracket or placed in a bracket beside the altar. Any kind of durable material may be used for the lamp.

Because of its rich meaning olive oil is prescribed for this altar light. Olive oil is a symbol of purity, peace, and godliness. Where, more than in the presence of Christ, do we find the strength for purity, the breath of peace, the means to godliness? Conditions of climate in our country often make it impractical to use pure olive oil. Accordingly it is permitted to use a mixture containing between 60 and 65 per cent of pure oil. For good reasons the bishop may permit the use of some other vegetable oil or even petroleum. Gas and electric lights are not permitted as substitutes. It would be a grave sin for the priest or one responsible for keeping the light, to leave the lamp unlighted for any considerable time, say a day or several nights. Should you notice that the lamp is not burning, tell the pastor or the sisters, or those in charge. But first be positive that it is not burning.

Much more important is it that you keep the sanctuary lamp burning in your heart, that you feed and fan the flame that leads you to the altar, the flame that reminds you of the blessed Presence.

With St. Augustine we will see in the sanctuary lamp an image of the three Christian virtues:

1. The clearness of that light is the clearness of faith, which enlightens our minds, clears up our doubts, and answers all the questions of concern to man.
2. The dancing flame, reaching ever upward, is an image of Christian hope, stretching up toward God, aspiring toward heaven.
3. The warmth of that flame is an image of love, love for the God-man present on the altar, love toward our fellow human beings, for love of whom He died, for love of whom He arranged to stay in all the tabernacles of the world.

Next time you enter your church look long at the lamp in the sanctuary. Look back to the night when it was lighted. Look lovingly to the tabernacle whose beacon it is. Look at our Lord. It is the light in His house. Amen.

Source: Talks on the Sacramentals, Imprimatur 1956

CATHOLIC RUINS

Father Caswell is a convert from Anglicanism, and a priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. He is a poet, calm, subdued, free from all turbulence, peaceful and serene. His poetry is of a very high order.

– Dr. Browson

Where once our fathers offer'd praise and prayer,
And sacrifice sublime;
Where rose upon the incense-breathing air
The chant of olden tune;
Now, amid arches mouldering to the earth,
The boding night-owl raves;
And pleasure-parties dance in idle mirth
O'er the forgotten graves.
Or worse; the heretic of modern days
Has made those walls his prize;
And in the pile our Faith alone could raise.
That very Faith denies!
God of our fathers, look upon our woe!
How long wilt thou not hear ?
How long shall thy true vine be trodden low,
Nor help from Thee appear!
Oh, by our glory in the days gone by;
Oh, by thine ancient love;
Oh, by our thousand Saints, who ceaseless cry
Before thy throne above;
Thou, for this isle, compassionate though just
Cherish thy wrath no more;
But build again her temple from the dust,
And our lost hope restore!

Source: Metropolitan Fifth Reader, Imprimatur 1891



When you feel blue do not complain, but reflect that it is Mary's color,
becoming to the soul, and wear it lovingly.

FATHER HENRY GARNET, S.J.

THERE was a young man being educated in the College of William Wykeham, at Winchester, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was considered the most promising of the students at that period.

His name was Henry Garnet — the son of a Mr. Brian Garnet, a schoolmaster, some say in Nottingham and others say in Derbyshire. Henry was to pass from Winchester to Oxford, but he took a strong dislike to the Protestant religion and was converted to the Catholic Faith, after which he travelled abroad.

At Rome, he entered the Society of Jesus, in the year 1571, and after completing the term of his novitiate, he applied closely to study, yet not so closely, we are told, "as to neglect the better part." Having long desired to work in England, his hope was fulfilled in the year 1586, and he accompanied Father Robert Southwell to our land. Father Garnet had been here about two years when he was chosen to be the Superior of the English Jesuits in place of Father Weston, who had been arrested and imprisoned. So well did he acquit himself of every duty, that all who had any dealings with him loved and esteemed him greatly.

The time came, when cruelty and injustice drove a few men to attempt the sudden destruction of the King and Parliament. When James succeeded to the throne of England, every Catholic heart beat high with hope that he would put a stop to their sufferings and at least allow them the free exercise of religious liberty. He had made fair promises but instead of fulfilling them, new severities were enacted against those who held the Faith. When helpless women and children were being punished and imprisoned - when house and lands were wrested from their rightful owners for no other offence than that they worshipped God in His own appointed way - when priests were banished, tortured, and slain - can we wonder that out of the vast multitude of patient, prayerful Catholics there rose up some few, who, driven almost desperate by the sight of bloodshed and tyranny, forgot the commandment of God, forgot the example of Christ? That the Gunpowder Plot was a crime, no one can gainsay, nor can we deny that the conspirators were in name Catholics; but they had been sorely tried, and though they had the faith, they had not the love of God which would have kept them from their desperate attempt to free themselves from oppression. One of these laid open his design under the seal of confession to a Jesuit priest, Father Greenway, and upon the good Father striving to show him the wickedness of such an action he gave permission for his purpose to be revealed to Father Garnet, but only under the seal of confession.

It has been thought that this man Catesby only came to confession at the instigation of one who desired to bring trouble upon the Jesuit Fathers, but, whatever might be his intention, we know that his secret was told to the priest as the minister of God, and that it could not be divulged by him. Father Garnet was struck with horror at receiving the news of this project through the confession of Father Greenway, and laboured hard to get Catesby to relinquish it, which he partly did in words, although he was wickedly

pursuing his design in secret with his other companions. Through one of Catesby's servants it was rumoured that the Jesuits had been parties to the Gunpowder Plot, especially Father Garnet and Father Greenway. Upon this a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of these priests, as well as of Father Gerard, who was suspected. He, as well as Father Greenway, escaped from the country; but Father Garnet, who was then staying at a gentleman's house in Worcestershire, was arrested and carried to London, first committed to the Gatehouse and afterwards to the Tower. So anxious were his enemies to find him guilty of conspiracy, that the priest was examined no less than twenty-three times, and yet no witnesses could be found to appear against him, nor could any evidence of guilt be discovered.

Another Father of the Society, by name Father Oldcorne, had been imprisoned also, and at length the Earl of Salisbury managed to lodge the two holy men in adjoining chambers, where, through a chink, they might be able to converse together. Under pretense of doing him a kindness Father Garnet was informed by his keeper how he could speak with Father Oldcorne, and two men were placed so that they heard every word which passed. Little suspecting the stratagem, Father Garnet took this opportunity of making his confession, and being asked by Father Oldcorne whether he was still being examined upon the matter of the Gunpowder Plot, he replied that there was no proof that he had any knowledge of it, nor could any one give such proof except Father Greenway. The spies heard these words, and hastened to report them to the council, who speedily summoned Father Garnet to another examination, subjecting him to the torture of a fresh racking. He said that he had known of the plot, but only under the seal of confession, and that he had done his utmost to prevent it; but an indictment of high treason was drawn up against him, and upon the 28th of March he was brought to his trial in Guild-hall, the King and many of the nobility being present. Reports had been circulated that the prisoner had lost his reason after having been forced to watch for six days and nights, but the falsehood was obvious by his noble bearing and calm collected judgment. For some hours the Attorney-General continued his accusation, trying to prejudice the jury against the entire body of Jesuit Fathers, to whose influence he attributed every conspiracy which happened in Elizabeth's reign; but he specially dwelt upon Father Garnet's guilt in the matter of the Gunpowder Plot.

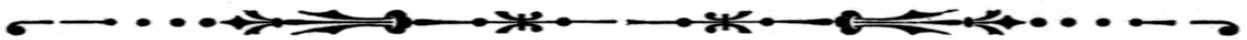


Many who had been most violently opposed to the good priest were convinced of his innocence that day, as they heard his defense of himself and the Society of Jesus, so ably and yet so modestly delivered. But the Protestant jury, who did not understand, or else had no regard for that strict secrecy which our holy Church enjoins upon all confessors as to what passes at the tribunal of penance, brought in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner received sentence of death. For about five weeks after his condemnation he remained a prisoner in the Tower, then — upon the 3rd of May, 1606 — he was brought out for execution. The scaffold and gibbet were erected in St. Paul's churchyard, and an unusually large concourse of people assembled to witness the martyr's end.

It was noticed that the mob ceased calling him the vile names they had used before he appeared, and seemed silenced by his glance, and innocent, dignified bearing. It was the day of the Invention, or Finding of the Cross, and Father Garnet spoke to his hearers about the cross which he was to bear that day. He also took occasion to declare his hatred of all secret conspiracies, and to entreat the Catholics present to be prayerful and patient. Kneeling down, he prayed in silence at the foot of the ladder, and then in a loud voice asked God's blessing on the royal family, the council, and those assembled to see him die. Then, making the sign of the Cross, he said, "Adoramus te, Christi, benedicimus tibi, quia per sanctum Crucem tuam redemisti mundi," and after a short prayer to the blessed Mother of God he gave up his soul to his Creator. Three times the executioner tried to cut him down before he was dead, but the people would not suffer it. "Hold, hold!" they cried, and so he was left to hang until he had expired; and when the executioner held up the severed head of the martyr, instead of the loud rejoicing shout usual on such occasions, the crowd dispersed in gloomy and remorseful silence.

Father Garnet was in the fifty-first year of his age at the time of his martyrdom, and for thirty years he had been one of the Society of Jesus— that glorious Society, which in time of peril and conflict is always in the foreground, which counts amongst its members so many martyrs for the cause of Christ. All London was drawn to witness a sight which filled even the hardest hearts with wonder, and drew tears from many who believed it a miraculous testimony to the innocence of the good Father Garnet. And this sight was none other than his head, fixed high on London Bridge, and yet for twenty days remaining totally unchanged — it is also said that an image of him was marvelously formed on a bit of straw upon which a drop of his blood had fallen. Surely these deaths, so precious in the sight of God, this blood shed for Christ's sake, must plead before the throne of the Almighty Father for Protestant England. Surely the prayers of our martyr priests must prevail against ignorance, prejudice, and unbelief, and convert the land they loved to the knowledge and love of the true Faith of Christ Jesus our Lord.

Source: Stories of Martyr Priests, 1876



I AM a little Catholic,
And Christian is my name,
And I believe the Holy Church
In every age the same.

I love her altars where I kneel
My Jesus to adore;
I love my Mother, Mary dear;
Oh! may I love them more.

I love the saints of olden time,
The places where they dwelt;
I love to pray where saints have prayed,
And kneel where they have knelt.

I love the Holy Sacraments,
They bring me near to God;
The Church points out the way to heaven
These help me on the road.

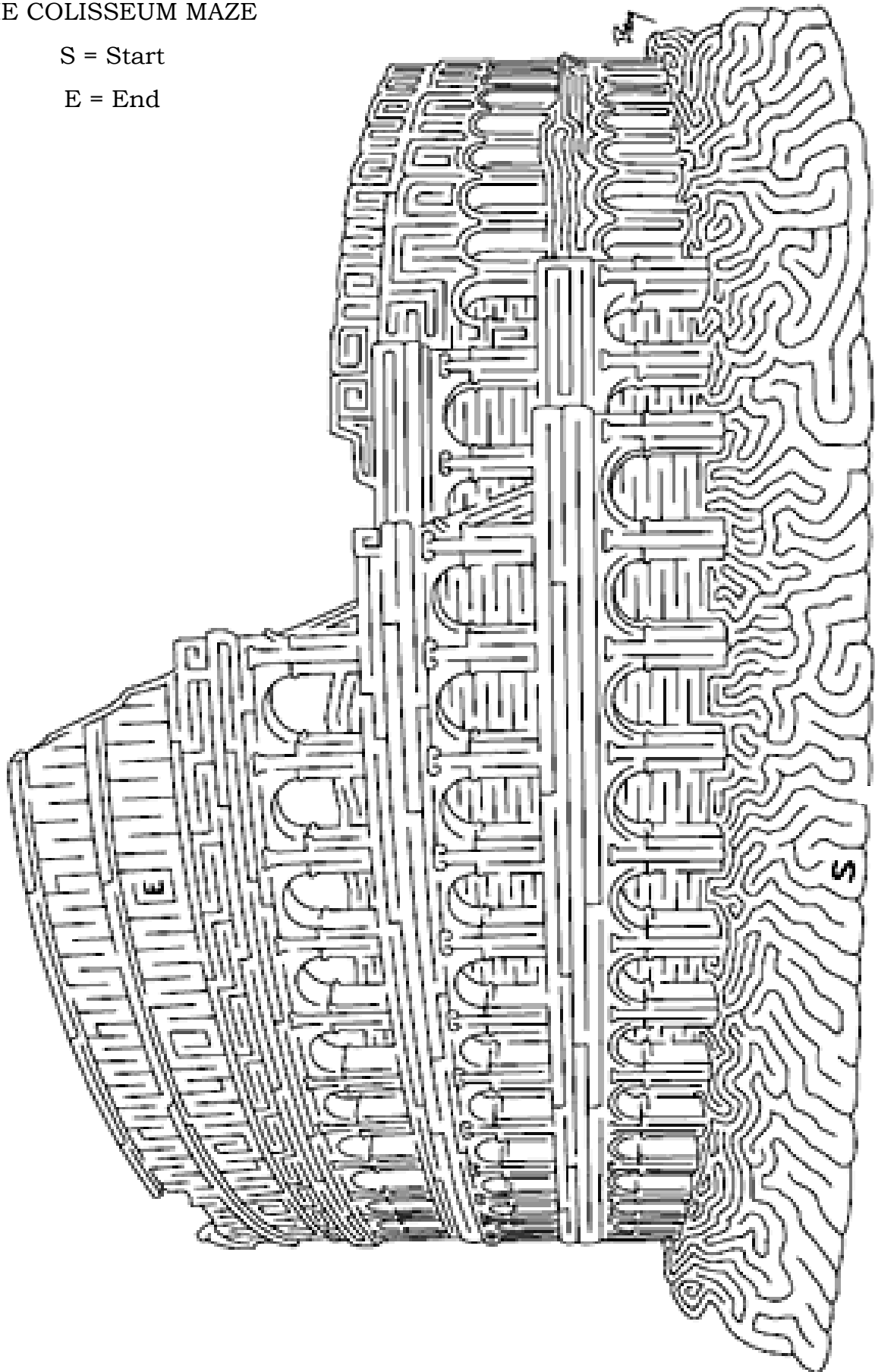
I love the priests, my pastors dear,
They have left all for me;
Next to my parents here on earth,
I love them tenderly.

I am a little Catholic,
I love my Holy Faith;
I will be true to Holy Church,
And steadfast until death.

THE COLISSEUM MAZE

S = Start

E = End



THE COLISEUM or the FLAVIAM AMPHITHEATRE

The Coliseum, known as the Flavian Amphitheatre, commenced A.D. 72 by Vespasian, the first of the Flavian emperors, dedicated by Titus A.D. 80. The great structure rises in four stories, each story exhibiting a different order of architecture; the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, the fourth composite. The material is the famous travertine. The site was originally a marshy hollow, bounded by the Caelian, the Oppian, the Velian and the Palatine Hills, which Nero had transformed into the fishpond of his Golden House. Its form is that of an ellipse 790 feet in circumference, its length 620, its width 525, and its height 157 feet. The arena, in which took place the gladiatorial combats (*ludi gladiatorii*) and with the wild beasts, for which the Coliseum was erected, was of wood, covered with sand. Surrounding the arena was a low wall, surmounted by a railing high enough to protect the audience from danger of invasion by the furious, non-human contestants. As an additional security against this peril, guards patrolled the passageway between this stall and the *podium*, or marble terrace.

The Coliseum, according to the "Chronographia" of 354, could contain 87,000 spectators. Professor Huelsen (quoted by Lanciani), however, has calculated that it will seat not more than 45,000 people. From the external cornice projected a circle of pine masts, from which awnings could readily be suspended over parts of the audience for the moment exposed to the sun's rays; the imperial gallery was covered with a special canopy. The arena was never shaded. Nothing is known of the architect of the Coliseum, although an inscription, afterwards shown to be a forgery, attributed its design to a Christian.

Source: The Catholic Encyclopedia, Imprimatur 1917

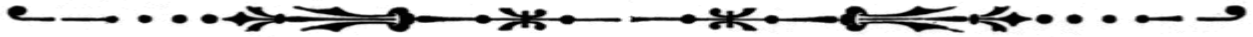
IN the year 590, when St. Gregory the Great was elected to the chair of St. Peter, ambassadors were sent from the Emperor Justinian in the East to congratulate his Holiness and tender the usual spiritual allegiance to the Vicar of Christ.

When they were leaving Rome, they requested the holy Father to give them some relic to take back to their own country. St. Gregory led them to the Coliseum. Taking up some of the clay of the arena, he folded it in a napkin, and handed it to the ambassadors. They seemed not to appreciate the gift, and respectfully remonstrated. The holy-Pope, raising his eyes and his heart towards heaven, with love and kindness beaming in his countenance, said to them, "You know not what you have; " and taking the napkin in his hand, unfolded it, and showed it to them, stained with blood — the blood of the martyrs who suffered in the Coliseum !

There is no ruin of the ancient world so interesting as the great amphitheatre at Rome. It stands in stupendous magnificence, in the midst of the seven hills of the old capital of the world, as a monument of everything that was great or terrible in the past. The immensity and majesty of its designs tell the perfection of art, and its reminiscences recall all the horrors of persecution and the triumphs of Christianity. It was the battlefield in which the Church fought for the conversion of the Pagan world; the blood of the martyred heroes who fell in the fight still mingles with the clay Of the sanctified arena; it was this blood

Gregory gave to the ambassadors who wished to have some relics from the city of the martyrs. The storms of seventeen centuries have rolled over the mighty amphitheatre, and left it as gigantic in its ruins as thrilling in its history. Tier rises on tier to the blue vault of heaven; the wandering eye cannot grasp its immensity; and although shaken by earthquakes and the lightnings of heaven, and rifled of its travertine by the spoilers of the Middle Ages, it still stands with imperishable grandeur in the midst of the seven hills, "a noble wreck of ruinous perfection."

Source: The Martyrs of the Coliseum, 1872



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

I AM not going to tell you exactly of the wolf and the lamb; the name is an allegory of a true history, as you will see.

It was the year 423; the Emperor Honorius had left Rome, and had set up his capital at Ravenna, in the north of Italy. Those were bad times. Roman vigour had gone; there was disunion and weakness in the empire. All round to the north and south, to the east and west young nations were gathering strength, and banding themselves together to sweep upon the fertile plains of the southern countries. The Vandals and Visigoths were laying Spain waste; Alaric with his band had crossed over and ravaged Italy. He had sailed away down the blue Mediterranean, a conqueror with spoils.

But there was worse to come. In the north east of Europe dwelt a tribe of savages, short of stature, stout of limb, debased in mind. They were called Huns. They lived in the saddle; ate their meat raw; neither planted nor sowed, nor built nor wove. Their ambition was to spread over the face of the earth, to conquer and devastate, to kill or make captive, as their fancy took them. Attila was their leader at this time, and he was a typical specimen of his race. He had a broad chest, an enormous head, small flashing eyes, a perfectly flat nose, little hair, and no beard. Such a commander attracted the admiration of such a people; he had their characteristic of beauty, and they followed him proudly.

St. Leo was Pope. He had not fled from the doomed city of Rome. When the report



reached him that 700,000 Huns were marching southward he held a council. And the question he asked was: "What means could be taken to preserve the city. An embassy to the Hunnish leader was the only possible hope left. But who would undertake it? Who would dare to ask for terms from that pitiless barbarian, who was bound by no law? Without a moment's hesitation Pope Leo stood forth. He would go and sue for grace, he said.

Attila heard of the audacious messenger, and prepared to receive him with mocking pomp. Leo was an old man; his hair was white, and his eye had lost the brightness of youth. But, as the Vicar of Christ, he spoke with such calm dignity, with such cool courage, that Attila was astonished. "I cannot imagine why that priest's words have touched me so much," he said. So touched was he, in truth, that he marshalled his barbarians, and carried them off out of Italy, leaving the Eternal City in peace.

Just think what that triumph meant! On one side there were 700,000 unconquered savages, lying before a rich city, in the midst of fertile lands, inhabited by a fascinating race; on the other there stood a meek priest, weak with age, clad in priestly garments, without defence. Yet the old man conquers, because God was on his side, and no mortal foe can resist God. "He always wins who sides with God, To him no chance is lost."

Think of thousands of barbarians thirsting for blood, waiting only for a sign from their leader to set forth and plunder and kill. Then an old man speaks, and the horde is withdrawn. "Who art thou?"; Leo had asked the Hun. "I am the scourge of God!" he had answered. "If thou art the scourge of God, thou art welcome, for all that comes from Him is good," the holy Pope had said. But the Scourge of God was turned away for that once by the might of a Saint's prayer. After three years again the Saint appealed to another barbarian, and once again he gained a reprieve. But the day of wrath was only postponed. The time came when the hordes were allowed full scope to vent their fury.

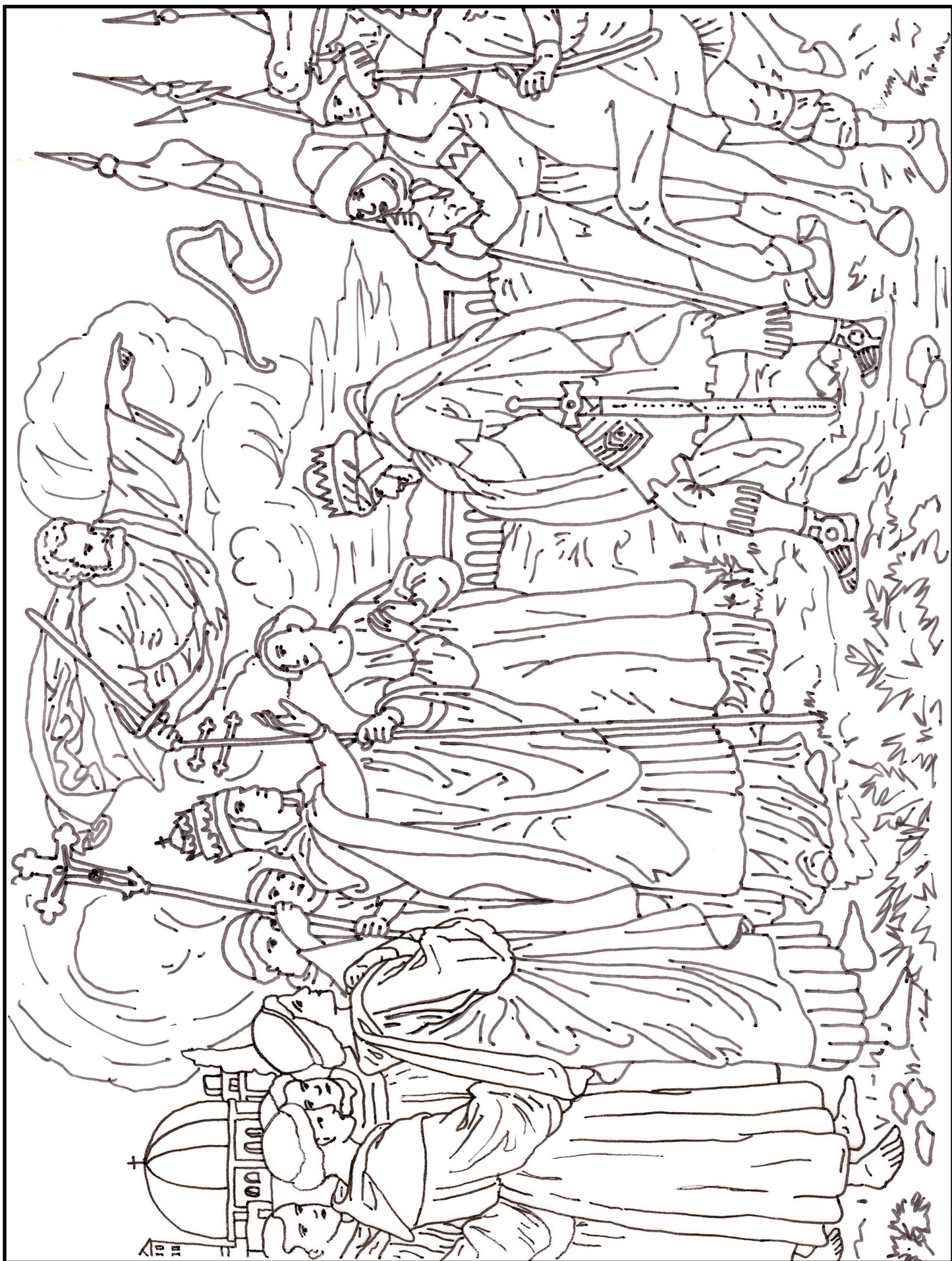
Think of St. Leo on April 11, because the Church keeps his feast that day. If we ask him, he will get us a splendid courage like his own.

Source: Saints and Festivals, Imprimatur 1913



GOOD FRIDAY

Empty was the tabernacle,
 Not a flame the altar kissed;
 Jesus in the holy temple
 By His people sad was missed.
 And the awful thought stole over me
 As I sat within the pew
 What are chalices tho' golden
 If, my Lord, they hold not You?





THE LAKE OF THE APOSTLES

The city of Mons, which owes its origin to the holy St. Vaudru more than to the old Roman camp of Cicero's brother, began to increase in importance in 874. Charlemagne, seventy years before, had raised it to the dignity of an earldom.

** Another story occurs in the Dominican annals, whose particulars are almost precisely similar to those narrated above; except that there was but one child to whom the vision of our Lord appeared, and that the scene of the story is laid in Majorca. There is, however, ample evidence that it is not a different version of the same event, as might be supposed, but that they are two distinct and well-authenticated facts. It has not, however, been thought necessary to insert the second in this place, from the strong similarity it bears to that given above. It occurred at the time of the great plague in 1348.*

The last Count of Mons, Albon II. had left his estates to his only daughter Albraide. She was the happy bride of Regnier, surnamed the Long-heeled, a knight celebrated for his bravery no less than for his manly beauty. "Never, never," say the old chronicles, "had there lived a more devoted pair than Albraide and Regnier." Beloved by all their subjects, they were occupied in enlarging and adorning their city, which in those days did not occupy a third of the ground covered by the present beautiful and flourishing town, when a sudden invasion of Normans came upon them.

Many times already since the death of Charlemagne the northern barbarians had appeared like a whirlwind on the coasts of France. Baldwin of the Iron-arm had driven them from Flanders; but now messenger after messenger announced that their sails appeared riding over the waves, and bearing death and misery to France.

Regnier was brave; like Baldwin of the Iron-arm, he was of noble blood; and like him, he called together his warriors, and armed himself for battle. Albraide, weeping and anxious, hastened to shut herself in a little chapel which she had raised in honour of the Twelve Apostles, and where she spent the remainder of the day in tearful prayers for her country and her knight.

Meanwhile Regnier had advanced to Tournai, which he hoped to defend. But he had only been able to collect a handful of men, and the Normans came in legions. The fleet was headed by Rollo, or Rolf, the fiercest and the most dreaded of all the warriors of the north. Weary of his dangerous and adventurous life, he had vowed to take up his permanent abode in the richest country which earth could offer him; and the conquest of Hainault was one to kindle all his ambition.

It was, therefore, with the fury of a baffled demon that Rolf advanced upon Regnier. He fought with desperate courage; he led forth a gigantic army; and the young count was driven back. But Albraide was praying. Battle upon battle did Regnier wage; still day by day repulsed, and day by day returning to the charge with renewed courage. Before long, however, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that it was impossible to be victorious in open warfare against Rolf. He retired to the neighbourhood of Conde, and there tried by ambushes and night attacks to harass the enemy. And Albraide still prayed on.

One day she knelt before the altar of the Apostles, when the sound of a footstep sent her blood to her heart. She turned. A messenger from her husband's camp stood before her. Glad indeed were the tidings which he brought. Regnier had captured Rollo's twelve principal generals. A holiday was proclaimed through all the castle; all hearts, from that of the countess to her lowest serf, beat high with joy. And after reciting together with all her household a fervent *Te Deum*, Albraide retired to rest and to hopeful dreams.

Alas! on the next morning a woeful change had fallen upon the castle; all sounds of joy and triumph had given way to tears and bitter lamentations. A messenger had arrived with early dawn, bringing the news that the young Count of Mons, the hero and the glory of his people, was taken captive. Long and most bitterly did his young bride weep. But when the first bitterness was past, she consoled herself with the idea, that it would be easy to ransom her husband by setting at liberty the twelve Norman generals. But, by and by, she heard to her dismay that Rollo would not consent to such an exchange; that, knowing well how dearly loved the young count was, he should only surrender such a prize if his country should be given up. And lastly, a messenger arrived with the news that Rollo threatened to cut off the head of his prisoner at once.

Then the young countess seemed to lose her presence of mind and her courage. In the restlessness of her agony she flew out of the palace and out of the town, only imploring to be left alone. No one attempted to follow her. There are moments in war when only selfish fears can make themselves heard; and the people of Mons already imagined the savage Northmen in their desecrated homes.

Despair in her heart, and madness in her brain, the wretched Albraide rushed into the open country, and in the direction of a deep lake which lay not far from the city. And now its cold quiet waters lay before her; and her good angel must have trembled for her. Bewildered, miserable, tempted almost beyond her strength, she was already on the brink, and one moment more would have hurried her into eternity. But suddenly, upon the borders of the lake rose up before her a venerable man in flowing antique robes, and leaning on a pilgrim's staff. She turned away to avoid him; another, like him in appearance, again stood before her. Further on, a third appeared, holding rays in his hand; a fourth, leaning on a Greek cross: twelve ancient men, marked by different emblems,—a scythe, a sword, a palm, and a chalice,—surrounded the lake, as if to guard it.

The countess hurried round it again and again, without remarking that the old men were slowly following her; till, at the point where she had first seen the pilgrim with his staff, they all surrounded her, and with one solemn voice addressed her:

"Albraide, God in His mercy saves you from a fearful sin: a thought is in your heart which you have never offered up to Him ; but we have not forgotten you, poor suffering child! Send back the twelve generals. Return to Mons: do all which the barbarian demands, and you will see your Regnier again."

A light streamed over the black waters as the vision disappeared: and in its radiance knelt Albraide,—weeping bitterly, indeed, but now with soft and healthful tears. She could not doubt but her preservers from sin and death were no others than the twelve apostles.

She quickly regained her palace, and summoned the twelve prisoners before her. "You are free," she said; "return to your leader; and may he deal by Regnier as I have dealt by you." The twelve generals looked one upon the other in surprise. Free from their chains, they returned to their camp, blessing and praising the generous countess.

The people of Mons, however, had already sent to negotiate with Rollo for the liberation of their prince. The barbarian had demanded as ransom, not only the liberty of his twelve generals, but also all the gold and silver in Hainault; and that Albraide should swear by her God, that neither jewels or costly ornaments of any kind remained in her castles nor in her churches. He also demanded a contribution in kind for the maintenance of his troops. Twenty-four hours were given to the people of Mons; and if by that time the ransom was not paid, they might expect, said Rollo, to receive the head of their count.

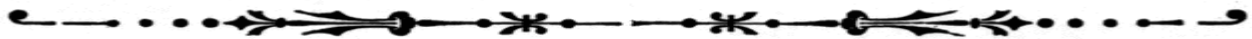
Rollo had not recovered from his surprise at the return of his generals, when the first wagon containing the gold and silver arrived. The spoils of every palace, church, or castle, followed from hour to hour; and last of all arrived the jewels of the young countess.

Surprised and touched through all his rugged nature, Rollo summoned Regnier to his presence, fell upon his neck, presented him with a horse, and insisted on himself accompanying him home to his wife, to whom he restored all her treasures.

"Duc Regnier," he said, "between you and me there must be perpetual peace and an eternal friendship." Pressing his hand, he swore to respect for his sake Hainault and Brabant, set sail for the open sea, and hastened off to conquer that part of France which has since been named Normandy.

In memory of the countess's vision, the lake where she had seen the twelve venerable men has ever since been named The Lake of the Apostles.

Source: Catholic Legends, 1855



VIRTUE RESTORATION PUZZLE

Two virtues are hidden in each row. Write them correctly on the lines below.

CHAKINDSTINESSTY

PARETIPENTANENCECE

CHAHOPRIETY

WISFORTIDOMTUDE

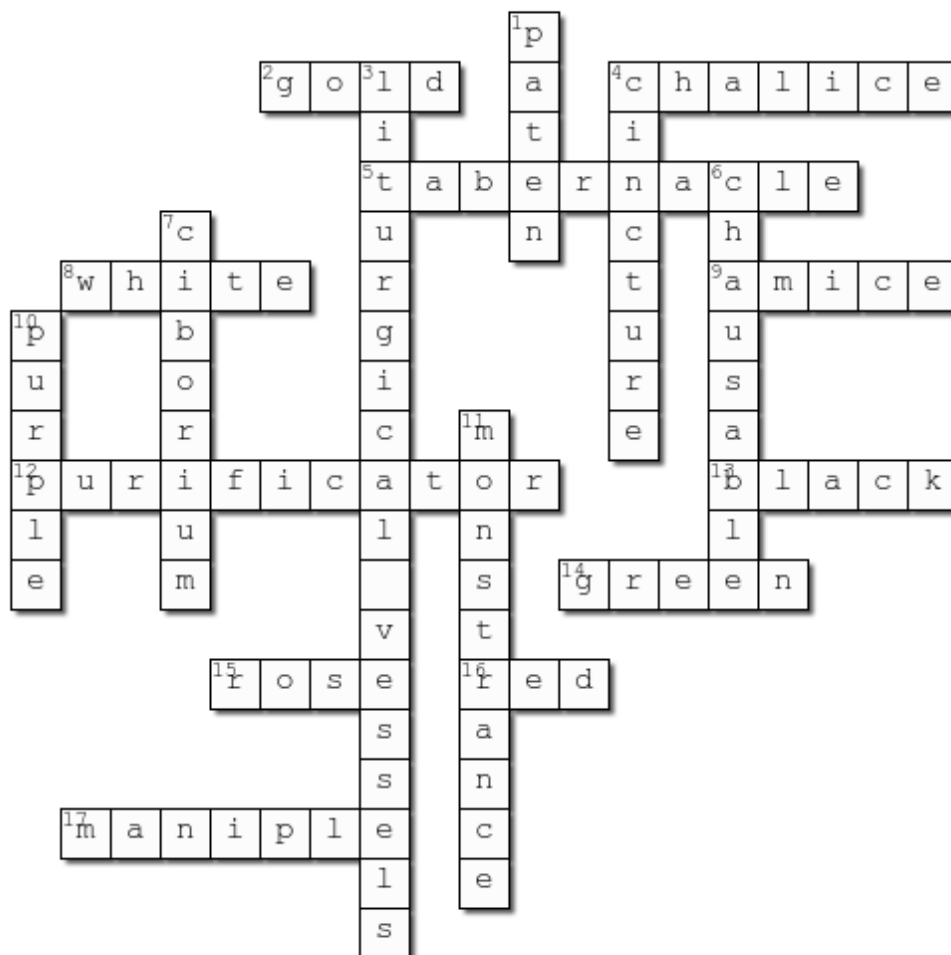
CHEPUERFULRITYNESS

Answers can be found at the back of Gazette

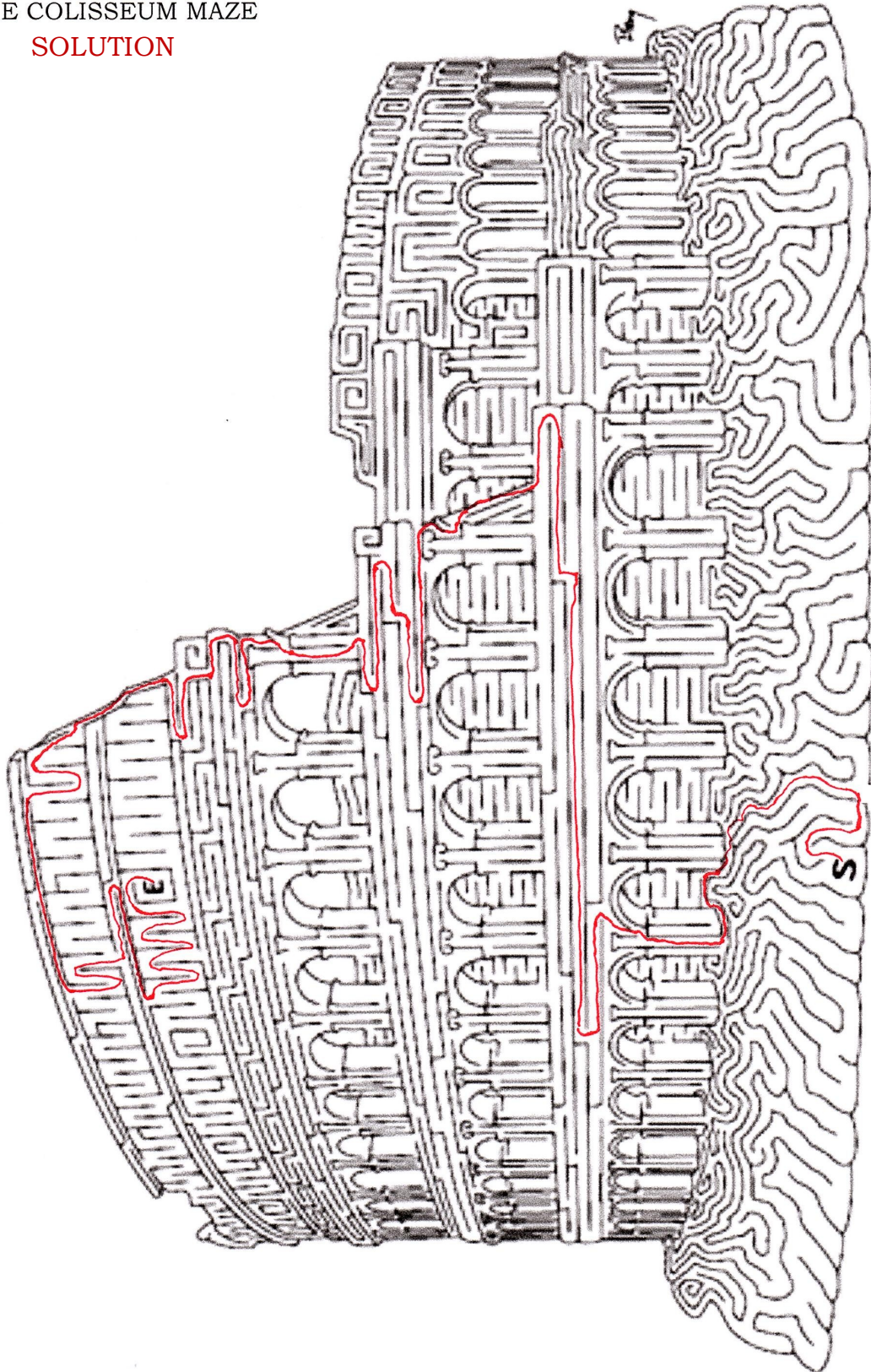
ANSWER TO QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. These verses are said by the priest at the foot of the altar, beginning Mass.
2. It is a short variable prayer, changeable with the feast or season, commonly recited before the Epistle.
3. Three, in honor of the threefold birth of our Saviour, His eternal birth in the bosom of His Father; His temporal birth in Bethlehem; His spiritual birth in the hearts of the just.
4. On every day except Good Friday. Since the celebration on Good Friday is performed with a previously consecrated Host, it is not really the Mass.
5. The burse is a square bag or container, resembling a flat pocketbook, designed to hold the corporal when it is carried to and from the altar.
6. It is the sprinkling of holy water over the people at a high Mass.
7. The point in the Mass where the priest washes his hands.
8. A Mass of remembrance for the dead, said thirty days after the death of the deceased.
9. Cards printed with certain invariable sections of the Mass and left standing on the altar for the convenience of the priest.
10. It is the official language of the Church and not being in popular use, is not subject to change the meaning. It is a dead language.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE



THE COLISSEUM MAZE
SOLUTION



ANSWERS TO VIRTUE RESTORATION

Chastity, kindness; patience, repentance; charity, hope; wisdom, fortitude; cheerfulness, purity

This is a series of *Catholic Gazettes* for children. We are trying to put a little information in each gazette for all ages. We pray that it will help all to know and love their Faith better. It is put together by the students of St. Catherine's Academy as part of their Language, Religion, Art and Typing Courses. A.M.D.G. We hope you enjoy it. If you have any suggestions, ideas or comments please let us know at : <momoftigersfans@gmail.com>

God Bless all of you!

Tim, the father of this clan, Sarah, Katie, Patrick, Elizabeth and the teacher, Julie. God is good!!

~ ALL ARTICLES ARE MEANT TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE SOUND TEACHINGS OF THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WHICH IS THE SAME CHURCH FOUNDED BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND WILL LAST UNTIL THE END OF TIME.~