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ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN. IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly used for the support of the mission have been largely exhausted, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the competition of the pagan Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. For this reason, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who has the honor of the patronage of this work, has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner: 1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100. 2. Legacies by testament, payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface. 3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in Indian schools. 4. Promising to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$2 in case of a boy. 5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on the reserves. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e. g. for North-West Canada the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Sisters of Quebec, etc. 7. Donating either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. L., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahill, O. M. L., Indian Missionary.

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LAURENTIA; A Story of Japan in the Sixteenth Century.

By LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON. CHAPTER V.

"He has not been in Meaco for several months; when last I heard of him he was in the kingdom of Bungo. He generally visits us towards the time of the Feast of our Lady's Nativity. Laurentia may perhaps see him at Ozaca. It is his habit to frequent places where people assemble together on public occasions. His vocation is to be in a crowd. The desert and the forest have no attractions for him; he must be where he can work for men and souls in contact with them; his love of his profession is not less than his love of the Fathers relate that their great founder said that if God gave him his choice, to die at once and go to heaven, or to stay on earth, still uncertain as to his salvation, but gaining more souls to Christ, he would not hesitate to remain. Anselm's eyes beamed with joy, and he said with great simplicity—I would do like St. Ignatius. —My children," she continued, "have you heard that the Kumbo-Sama has resolved to put up a statue of himself in the gigantic temple which he is erecting near Ozaca, and that he intends to call it Laurentia? His predecessors have been contented to be adored AFTER death, but he intends to enjoy that privilege during his lifetime. He is determined that the Chinese Ambassadors shall witness that homage paid to him. They speak of an edict compelling all persons, under penalty of death, to have Laurentia's image in their homes. Then he will have put to death many thousands of his subjects," said the former. "The rivers of Japan will flow with blood," exclaimed the latter. "The gates of heaven will open wide to receive a noble band of martyrs," cried another.

"Ladies," said a plain, quiet little woman, who seldom opened her lips, but was a great deal in the church, and instructed poor converts, "I have a favor to ask you. Will you promise to grant it?" "I think we may safely do so, good Catherine," said Agatha with a smile. "But tell us—what is it?" "If, when the edict is published and the crosses are erected, you should see me turn pale and look frightened, will you please pay my mouth and drag me to the place of execution? And, whatever I may say or do at the time, be sure you do not let me go."

Having delivered herself of this speech, the little woman sank back into her previous silence, and though her friends laughed, they felt there was both wisdom and holiness in the poor little catechist's words. Meanwhile another assembly was being held at the palace of Geniofin, the Governor of the city. Justo Ucondono, Simon Condera, Austin the High Admiral, and many other persons of rank, both Christian and heathen, had met together to consult upon the preparations they had made, and were still making, in obedience to the Kumbo-Sama's orders, in order to second, by an extraordinary display of splendor, his wishes with regard to the reception of the Chinese Ambassadors. It especially behoved the Christian noblemen not to behind hand on these occasions, as they would easily have been accused of indifference to the national glory, for even when best pleased with their services, the Sovereigns always looked upon them with a jealous and suspicious eye. They felt that there was a point beyond which they could not command their submission; that they owed an allegiance to a Heavenly Master. The Emperor had been sharp-sighted enough to discern that if in the recent struggle with the rebel princes, whom, when once in possession of the stronghold of Tagaenqui, he had easily reduced to obedience, Justo's conscience had been enlisted on the opposite side, he might advance to the point of removing the moun- tains of Saxuma into the sea, as he had compelled him to submit.

The Christian lords foresaw that a conflict would arise between them and the Imperial spirit on the day when in the madness of his pride the Kumbo-Sama would call upon them to pay religious worship to his statue. Not one of these earnest and high-spirited men shrank from the trial; but they were determined not to give him an excuse for taxing them with indifference to the interest of their country; and though many of them were straitened in fortune from the losses they had endured during the last persecutions, and the sacrifices they had made in order to rebuild their ruined churches; though they were careless of display in worldly matters, and full of other thoughts and anxieties than the exhibition of military pomp, the vain festivities, the empty pageantry of theatrical representations, and the conceal the ranking evils of inward discord and heathen demoralization, they took part in these deliberations and sacrificed their own tastes to what, under the circumstance, appeared to them a duty. Geniofin, the Governor or Viceroy of Meaco, was most anxious to advantage on this occasion. He was not one himself, although he loved them well. He was one of those men who have a heart to feel the beauty of goodness, and a mind capable of discerning the truth, but the world was uppermost in his spirit, and his affections; it clung to him like Dejanira's robe, and he felt that that magic garment in which he had been clothed from his youth up, would have been a torture he dared not face; the shame of the Cross was more than he could endure. With something of the spirit of that lord who came to which was to dazzle the high was done, Harry Percy, "but for these vile obsequies," he would himself have been a CHRISTIAN. Moderate Christianity he would have readily embraced—Christianity which would have bent before each adverse blast, and gracefully bowed down to idols when Governments or Emperors enjoined it—Christianity without love, without faith, without ardor, above all, without a gleam of that enthusiasm which has always been the bugbear of men of this stamp; and no wonder! for in the long run it drives even their own Divinity, the world, before it.

Geniofin had two sons, Paul and Constantine, who were Christians; and not such in Japan. Under the sword of persecution there are, alas! for the weakness of man, there always will be, apostates, but there is no moderation in believing what God has revealed; no moderation in obeying His commandments; none of that miserable, nominal religion, which lays no hold on a man's soul. St. Francis Xavier did not cross the ocean, work miracles in the name of Christ, and do in ten years the work of a lifetime, for the sake of teaching his converts to love and to serve God with what the world calls moderation. The sons of Geniofin were reckoned amongst the most spirited and accomplished young men of the province of Ximo. From their childhood they had been accustomed to hear their father sneer at the idols and the native priest- hood of Japan, and speak with the highest praise of the Christian missionaries. They had often accompanied him to the College of the Fathers, and received from their instruction in various branches of learning. Both, when they grew up, became Christians, and, though the Govern- or Meaco persisted in ignoring the fact, it was supposed that he did not look upon it altogether with an unfavorable eye. He wished very much to bring about a marriage between Paul, his eldest son, and the daughter of Justo Ucondono; and negotiations on the subject were at that time going on between the two families.

There was to be, the next day, a sort of rehearsal at the palace of Fuximi, in the plain of Ozaca, of the ceremonies to be observed at the reception of the Ambassadors. All the principal personages of the Court and the officers of State were to accompany the Kumbo-Sama on that occasion, and when they separated on the eve of that eventful day most of them felt a little curiosity at the thoughts of witness- ing the effect of the colossal building, the forests of pillars, the widespread field of gold fringed cloth, and the luxuriant wagons loaded with furniture and provisions, and some of them with flowers, so as to look like ambulating gardens, were passing every moment through the gates of the city on their way to Fuximi. The sun set in cloudless majesty that evening, and not a breath of wind stirred the pine forests round the town. The bright stars shone with their steady, placid light on that restless, excited, shifting mass of human life that was thronging the streets and dispersing itself on the plain in anticipation of the glories and the pleasures of the morrow. In the Dai-ri's palace there was a repose of sensual apathy; of abstraction from human cares enforced and passively submitted to; whilst in the churches of the Jesuits' College and the Franciscan convent the Blessed Sacrament was at that moment exposed, and large numbers of Christians waiting for Benediction. There, too, there was silence—stillness, prayer, silent hopes, silent fears;—a holier than in the pine forests;—a holier than in the starry heavens. But as the Christians emerged from their churches that night, as the work- men prolonged their labors in the palaces and the shops, as the travellers were on their way from Meaco to Fuximi, and an extraordinary sight met their eyes as they raised their heads to the tranquil skies. A blazing meteor of most lurid aspect seemed to cover with its lurid rays the whole of the firmament. It pointed from west to north. There was something so awful in the appearance, that not one of those who beheld it would recall, without shuddering, its ghastly color and form; none had ever been seen resembling it. There it stretched across the dark blue expanse, obscuring the stars and threaten- ing the earth. The stoniest heart in Meaco quailed at the sight, and the Chin- ese alarm by raising a dismal cry in the streets of the city. "Vaza! Vaza!" they shouted in mys- terious tones; "an evil omen! an evil omen!"

CHAPTER V. THE EVE OF THE FESTIVAL.

Even as the sun had set in cloudless majesty on the preceding evening, so on the morning of the 30th of August it rose in matchless splendor, and never did its rays illuminate a grander or a brighter scene than Fuximi displayed that day. The Kumbo-Sama was to receive the troops he had assembled, and inspect the buildings he had raised around the wonder- ful fort, or palace (for the terms are synonymous in Japan), which formed his summer residence. He had built for the express purpose of immortalizing his name. In order to improve its situation he had levelled huge mountains to the ground, and elevated others at the price of incredible labor. The quaintness of Japanese taste had dealt, in this instance, as it was wont to do with the peculiarities of its diminutive gardens—and lately in every direction to the Eastern Versailles. One tower amongst many others the Emperor had built for his own use in the centre of the plain, a gigantic pyramid of eight stories high, with spacious galleries, and luxurious apartments richly furnished, and girt over with incredible magnificence. It was from the highest storey of this edifice that the Ambassadors were to contemplate the vast army encamped in the surrounding plain, and watch its evolu- tions. Even now, battalion after battalion of well-mounted troops descended before the gazers from those gilded mansions and lofty towers, till the valley seemed alive with armed men, glittering in the splendor of their gorgeous accoutrements. A wall of extraordinary thickness, designed at once for ornament and defence, surrounded Fuximi. No enemy that had ever set foot on the soil of Japan

could have dreamed of forcing that barrier. In the distance, on a hill, visible from every part of the plain, but not far from Meaco, rose the famous temple of Amida, the sanctuary of the mighty idol Daybut, its white walls glittering in the sunshine, its twelve hundred minor idols so proudly raised on a separate pedestal. Throughout the day, often and often, did Tayso-Sama's eyes turn towards that temple, but not to offer homage to the divinities it contained; no, at those moments he was saying in his heart, like the fool David speaks of, "There is no God." He scorned the gross idolatries of the bonzes; he hated and despised their hypocritical pretences; he worshipped strength, he worshipped intellect, he worshipped himself; and this was the moment when that inward worship, which had long been carried on in his secret heart, was to be inaugurated in the face of day. It was not to rank with the idols of the Christians to adhere to the Japanese super- stitions that he was about to set up a new image on their altars. No; he did what Voltaire would have wished to do, what every sceptic would fain accomplish—to drag down God to his own level by usurping His place; to enter the list with Him, and by defying His power to dis- prove His existence. And all proceeded according to his desire that day—each building he had raised was perfect in its kind—each battalion of his troops passed before him in glorious array. The whole of that brilliant scene was magical in its effect—the scarlet draperies and the swirl of the warlike instruments gave a triumphal character to the whole proceed- ings. A banquet was spread out on a field of golden cloth, and the nobles of the land waited on the Kumbo-Sama. His little son, the heir to all that more than regal splendor, stood by his side. The Empress and her attendants were seated in a gallery that overlooked the gorgeous scene. Everything was fair to the sight in that hour of luxurious enchantment. There was nothing to mar the beauty of that festive hall—no writhing on the wall to startle the serenity of pride, the deep wild joy of successful ambition. The rep- ast was terminated; and the Emperor com- placently on his obsequious courtiers, a huge chariot appeared in the distance, driven by twelve magnificently caparisoned white horses, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and heralded by a procession of bonzes. He affected to gaze with curiosity on the approach of the triumph, and the Emperor was seated on the edge of the balcony, and inquired of her attendants what was the meaning of that procession.

"It is the statue of the Kumbo-Sama on its way to the Temple of Amida," was the answer. "His gracious Majesty is to judge this day if it is worthy of the hon- or which he has conferred on us by the image of our divine Sovereign." Laurentia, who was standing amongst the attendants, became very pale. She likewise leant over the balcony, at the opposite side from the Empress, in an attitude which betokened intense anxiety. When the chariot stopped opposite to the place where the Emperor was standing, the bonzes entered a slow kind of chant; the purple covering was removed, and the statue displayed. The eyes of the Kumbo-Sama fixed themselves upon it. A smile, that almost resembled a sneer, passed over his countenance. It was not under the form of that statue, but in the person of him who had been wor- shipped, that he beheld what he felt within him, and which was about to con- strain millions of men to prostrate them- selves before his image.

There was no edict published yet. No formal order had been given, but his heathen courtiers fell with silent haste on the ground, and the bystanders followed their example, whilst exclamations rent the air, and a flourish of wind instru- ments resounded on every side. The Christians stood up silently, respect- fully, with their eyes bent on the ground. They stirred not a muscle. They breathed not a word. They held their peace. Dark grew the brow of the Kumbo- Sama, and rigid the expression of his mouth. He raised his arm and pointed to the Temple of Amida, "To-morrow," he cried, "at the shrine of the mighty Daybut we pay our homage; to-morrow we kneel at the feet of our twelve hun- dred predecessors; to-morrow we take our place amongst them." Loud acclama- tions arose. "To-morrow—" What checked the words on the lips of the great Emperor? What startled the prostrate heathens? What strange and horrible sound, like the howling of a cry, burst from the howling of the earth, pierced their ears? The sky has become suddenly overcast, a heavy shower of blood-red rain blinds the eyes of the monarch, and causes him to hide his face with the hand a moment ago so proudly uplifted.

"Like the statue to the Temple," he hastily cried, and withdrew into the tower, where the women stood in fear and trembling, listening to those dreadful sounds and watching that strange shower of blistering sand. The monarch had ascended to the high- est storey of his gilded tower. He has summoned his officers of state around him. He has given his orders for the morrow. He has sketched out the cere- monial to be observed in the inaugura- tion of his statue. He has read the edict which is to be published in all the towns of his dominions. He glares on the High Admiral and on Justo Ucondono. He is tired of tolerating the Christians. The Fathers have presumed on his patience. The emissaries of the Spaniards, the brown-robed priests, have defied him openly. Let that one true God they are always chanting about save them if He can. He would not trust to Him any more than to the divine Cross, or to the mighty Daybut, if he had not his fortress to rely upon. "Show me a God," he cried, "that can battle my will, and I will believe in Him." He went towards the gallery. The sky was once more clear; there was not a cloud to be seen; the sand had ceased to fall, but that strange unnatural sound was still going on. He dismissed his officers and counsellors. They withdrew to the lodgings assigned to them in the neigh- boring palaces. The Empress to the one she occupied opposite the Kumbo-Sama's own residence—that gilded overtowering Babel of matchless grandeur. The monarch lies down on his splendid couch. He cannot sleep at first, but gradually he falls into an uneasy slumber. He dreams that he has driven the God of the Christians from His home in the skies. He struggles to retain his hold of the golden throne he has won, but it falls under him; it escapes him; it rocks,

he falling with it. He hears a piercing cry, "O Father!" it is his son's voice. He is awake now. Why does everything reel round him? "O Father!" that cry again. He springs to his feet. The tower is a drunken man. The noise in his ears is horrible, it sounds like the cries of dying men. He rushes out of his room, he calls upon his attendants, and it seems to him that shouts of derisive laughter to whom he meets at the door. He descends the winding galleries amidst rattling stones and falling beams. Now, now the earth quakes again, and the last storey he has reached gives way. He falls on the ground, with a mass of ruins heaped over his head. There he lies, the mighty Emperor, the man who has defied God, alone with his child in his arms; alone during the long hours of darkness. When the dawn comes he struggles with the heavy load which weighs him down, and emerges at last from that living tomb which had well-nigh enclosed him for ever. Once more he stands upon his feet, with the sky above him, its pale stars disappearing one by one in the gray dawn of morning. What meets his eyes? One vast universal scene of devastation— yawning crevices, shapeless masses of stone, heaps of shattered columns; torn and soiled fragments of golden cloth and purple drapery hanging, as in mockery, on the disfigured and prostrate ruins; men with pale and haggard faces wan- dering about, carrying dead bodies, or searching for the corpses still buried beneath the remains of those costly buildings now levelled to the ground. It was a horrible sight, and ghastly were the faces both of the living and the dead.

The Emperor shuddered, and stood for a moment as if fascinated by that spec- tacle of utter desolation. Pride was making wild havoc in his brain. Never had that master passion received a more sud- den and violent overthrow. He had de- fied his Maker. He remembered it well, as he stood there on the same spot where the day before he had so daringly blas- phemed, and the challenge had been ac- cepted. He felt himself conquered; words similar to those of the Apostle Julian burst from his lips, and he fled from that place with wild and bitter cry. With his infant son in his arms, like a man pursued by assassins, he fled. Every moment dread- ful crises were opening in the solid earth, which seemed ended with life, so fearful were its throes, so loud its subter- ranean echoes. He rushed towards the hills, and passed in that frantic flight by the Temple of Amida. The wreck there was complete; there was scarcely one stone left on another of that far-famed glory of Japan. The idol Daybut, and twelve hundred images, and the statue of the reigning monarch, were all lying on the ground in broken, disfigured, and abject prostration. Several hundred of the bonzas had perished that night. Some few left alive were sending the air with cries; but the Imperial fugitive tarried not on his way. The sight of man was torture to him. He could not brook the glance of a human eye. The very beasts of the field as they looked upon him seemed to insult his misery. He fled from the ruined temple as he had fled from Fuximi. The groans of the dying desperate and hopeless flight. He thought he heard those words which had echoed in the streets of Meaco on the eve of his departure: "Vaza! vaza! an evil omen! an evil omen!" The howling seemed to shout them in his ears. Pant- ing, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, his strength failed him as he reached the highest ridge of Saxuma. He built him- self there a hut of rushes and reeds, and hid himself a long time from the sight of his fellow-men. His flight had been traced, and those of his officers who had escaped the horrible disasters of the earth- quake went in search of their sovereign. He was sitting in gloomy silence in the solitary hut—a moody melancholy pos- sessed him. None could summon courage to approach the monarch at bay; not vanquished by an enemy, but maddened by his own pride. "It is a fearful thing to see the King with the true God," Many a reckless man felt this in his heart as he thought of that strange night and that stranger morrow.

Geniofin and Justo Ucondono at last ventured into the presence of the Kumbo-Sama. He looked at them in a bewil- dered way, and then he said to the latter, "Your God had reason to be offended with me. I shall manage better another time." Geniofin thought from these words he might become a Christian—then he him- self would also have been one—but Justo saw nothing in the howling eye, the lowering brow, the suspicious glance of the Japanese Parash to awaken that hope. Day after day passed by. Weeks and months elapsed; and still the Emperor dwelt on that mountain top, and obstinately refused to return to his duties or his pleasures. It almost seemed as if the grace of conversion had been offered to him then. God had done His part. From the bowels of the earth, as once from the opening sky, a voice had said, "Why persecutest thou Me?" That voice smote the proud man to the ground, but he heeded it not. He lay there awhile in mute helplessness, and then, after a time, he rose up, not to say like St. Paul, "What will Thou have me to do?" but to lift up his arm once more against God and His Christ, and alas! for him, never in this world again to feel the chastening hand of that God.

The earthquake had done its work over the whole face of the Ximo. At Meaco, at Ozaca, at Sacca, as well as at Fuximi, the devastation had been fearful, the loss of life grievous, but marvellously had the Christians been spared. Not one of their churches was destroyed; and it was re- marked that the houses where the Holy Sacrifice had been usually offered, like those of the heathens in the land of Egypt, seemed to have been marked by the precious blood and saved from destruction. The house which the Empress inhabited at Fuximi on the night of the 30th of August, although it had been greatly shattered, and part of it levelled to the ground, had not been altogether annihilated, and but few lives were lost within its precincts.

Parents Must Have Rest. A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now: We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1899.

The Spread of the Apostleship of Prayer. Named by the Cardinal Protector and Blessed by the Pope for all Associates. Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Were one asked to point out what is the most disheartening and dangerous symptom among Catholics of the present day all over the world, one would not be far wrong in saying that it is the neglect of prayer. Indifferent Catholics do not pray at all, "good" Catholics pray as little and as carelessly as possible, pious Catholics shorten and ease up their devotions on the principle of following the line of least resistance. To be sure, there still are some really saintly people among us, and these are saintly just because they make much of prayer and meditation. But the fact remains that there is all over the world, even among God's chosen people, a lamentable neglect of honest, humble, fervent, persevering prayer.

To take only one every day instance, how many people are there who never fail to spend at least a quarter of an hour after each Communion in prayer or thanksgiving? How easily, on the slightest excuse, do monthly communi- cants leave the church immediately after the Mass at which they have received the Body of Christ, laugh and chat on the way home, and never pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament on that day of Eucharistic blessing. Formerly, half an hour's thanksgiving was considered the minimum for pious persons; now five minutes or less is considered sufficient. At the time of the great Oxford conversions, fifty years ago, many lay converts were so enamored with the Church's prayers that, men and women of the world though they were, having to mingle in the gaudies of high society, they recited the breviary every day, which means at least an hour of vocal prayer, besides hearing Mass and saying many other prayers. Such practices were common among Catholics of the last century and the beginning of this. Nowadays, if a Catholic layman makes a meditation of fifteen minutes each day or a short spiritual reading, ten to one, he is an ex-seminarian or a future priest or religious. We refer especially to English speak- ing Catholics, more particularly in this western hemisphere. In other coun- tries Catholics may have less militant faith, they may talk less loudly about it, but they keep it much more alive by solid practical piety.

The fact is the atmosphere around us is unfavorable to the spirit of humble dependence which prayer sup- poses. We hear so much of self-re- spect, self government, self reliance, self-repression, that we end by be- coming, even in matters supernatural, subjectively self-sufficient. Unfortu- nately it is only subjectively; we are self-sufficing only in imagination; ob- jectively, that is, in reality we are and ever shall be incapable, by our own unaided natural powers, of harboring even a thought that maketh for salva- tion. If we could transfer to the opera- tions of the soul the laws of matter, which we are unravelling more and more every day, our feeling of self- sufficiency would be perfectly reason- able. There is no doubt that science has traced to purely natural causes certain manifestations which were formerly considered, to say the least, pre-ternatural. The blunder we commit is the drawing of an illegitimate infer- ence. Because certain extraordinary phenomena on fuller knowledge turn out to be natural, it does not follow that there are no supernatural phenomena; what does follow is that we should be more careful before pro- nouncing a judgment in future. Be- cause, with the help of nature, we can do many more wonderful things than our grandfathers could, it does not follow that we have acquired a natural right to supernatural results. Between the natural and the supernatural there is still, as there always has been, and ever will be, a great gulf fixed. That gulf can be bridged by grace alone. "By grace you are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; for it is the gift of God." Even our thoughts can- not turn efficaciously heavenward with- out divine assistance: "Not that we are sufficient to think anything of our- selves as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God." As to speech let us say like St. Paul, "What will Thou have me to do?" but to lift up his arm once more against God and His Christ, and alas! for him, never in this world again to feel the chastening hand of that God.

Now, apart from the sacraments, the way to obtain this most necessary ac- tual grace is to pray for it. "If any of you want wisdom," i. e., supernat- ural discernment or grace, "let him ask of God." "All things whatsoever you shall ask in prayer, be- lieving, you shall receive. Strive and strain as we may in natural efforts, we can never by those efforts obtain supernatural grace. That comes only from above. We who are below cannot reach up to it and take it by force. Hence the absolute, the inevitable, the elementary necessity of prayer. St. Augustine and St. Jerome, argu- ing against Pelagianism, hold that prayer is as necessary for salvation as the Divine assistance; but it is un- doubted Catholic doctrine that this Divine assistance is necessary for sal- vation; therefore prayer is equally necessary. Suarez supports this teaching of the Holy Fathers and St.

Thomas Aquinas by the argument: "Whenever veniently be done, God's secondary cause, and, secondarily, wills that we should be in acts of virtue. Sin we can, at least by prayer, towards our salvation, has been prevented (i. e. he hand) by grace. He has acquired on this co-oper- ation to be, as it were, influence of the secondary order to such an effect.

The Scripture texts just familiar, but the pity is not realize them. Did their full significance, we would vie with the leading a life of habit, that fidelity to prayer is with, that even souls speak by God are wofully remem- bered, this is an impor- tant duty, this is an alarming signs of the time, and parcel of the listless difference with which century is cursed.

Against this listlessness of prayer there can be action than that which of Prayer provides. Against the soul killing indifference to the super- rounds us with an atmo- spheric, ubiquitous pray- us from our apathy it pos- sible stimulus of prayer. Indifferent as we may selves as long as the evens lives does not force us, an agony of dread, us; we perish," we to be moved by the multitudes all over the in anguish for the help- sion. Lonely and single may be because our immen- sity is prayerless, we look round on the serried Apostles of Prayer the world, that we are the missing line of a mig- ranking in a superfluous does seem to be a versal neglect of pray- the other hand, a silent but multitudinous in of praying souls.

No doubt there may be number of Catholics who dictated to prayer, altho- reason or other, connec- tional circumstances of tion, they do not belong League. But their ex- borne in upon us as arousing fact, such as statistics of the Apostles. In October, 1898, an authorized report of the aging Office at Toulou- 56,592 centres of the which were enrolled in million members, At Associates in each ce- Local Director, who is parish priest or the ch- munity. Above the is the diocesan directo- Theodocian directors' relation with the Gene- in Toulouas, France, w- Auguste Drive, S. J. Moderator-General, r- General Moderator, w- to the recently revised Association, the Gener- of Jesus.

To facilitate the wor- san Directors, the Gen- employs the various e- ferent editions of the Sacred Heart, who, be- with his approval this the Apostleship of a- hand diplomas of ag- they transmit to the D- or to the applicants These editors are chan- ing all the Local Di- various publications a- material promptly an- The thirty-one edit- senger, which all rec- General Intention, Sovereign Pontiff, fro- be thus classified: published at Scutar- one published at Inn- other at Cincinnati; at Wimbledon, Sur- York City, one in Mal- Bombay; one Bohem- Moravia; one Breto- the Breton language; France; one Catalon- Barcelona; one Chin- Zi Ka Wei, near Si- Croatian, published Spanish, one in Bili- Puebla, Mexico, one Bogota, New Grenad- Venezuela; one Fle- Oostacker, near Gh- published at Mestr- French, the great ar- ger du Cour de Je- Toulouse, and the M- du Sacre-Cour de- here in the same off- Messenger, this be- stance where two Me- ent languages app- city; one Hungari- Kaioca; two Italian- other in Naples; o- lished at Verapoly, published at Cracow- one in Lisbon, one Slavonic, published ern Hungary; one at Trichinopoly, So-

These Messengers spirit and appearin- ferent languages, million Associates month of all that I