

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Catholic Review.
FREE religion, so called, is a humbug, a delusion and a snare. Its advocates may be very sincere and very smart, but their ablest defence of it is not sufficient to reduce it from the charge of being an absurdity and an impertinence. In truth, there is no such thing as free religion, unless, indeed, it be freedom from all religion, in which sense, we presume, its advocates generally understand the term. The very expression itself is a solemn contradiction in terms. Religion implies binding; and *liber* to bind back, to restrain. The fundamental idea of religion is dependence, restraint. It implies worship of an infinitely perfect Being, and conduct corresponding with the type which that Being prescribes. We are not free to think and to act as we please in religion any more than we are free to act as we please in regard to our social and civil relations. Every man is bound by the principle of reason and common sense, and they are sufficient to teach him the duty and necessity of obeying the laws prescribed to him by the State and by the society in which he lives. He is not less bound by the laws of reason and common sense in the spiritual order. Men talk of the tyranny of the Church because she prescribes certain principles to be believed and certain rules of conduct to be practised. Why should it be any more tyranny to believe and do what the Church prescribes than to conform to the laws of the State or to the customs of society in which we move? No man is independent of his fellow men. We are all governed by authority in the varying relations we sustain in life. Men turn to their lawyers to guide them in matters pertaining to their civil rights, and to their physicians, in matters affecting the health of their bodies. That man would be considered as simply insane, or at least a hopeless crank, who should attempt to be independent, and to guide himself in all the various relations of life, and still more insane if he should declare his determination not to believe anything he could not understand, or did not exactly square with his private notions of things. The farmer who refused to believe that the earth turned round on its own axis, every day, because, in that case, he knew perfectly well that his neighbor's mill-pond would be emptied of its contents, was an excellent specimen of the independent front thinker. He knows, too, that the sun goes round the earth instead of the earth going round the sun, as scientists pretend; because, does he not see it with his own eyes, and what evidence can be more convincing than the evidence of the senses? Why does he care for the deductions of science, the opinions of the learned, or the common consent of mankind? Why should he be bound by the universal traditions of the race, even when every man has the God given right to judge for himself in all subjects, human and divine? Free religion? You might as well talk of free bondage, or independent servitude, or impious piety, or blessed wickedness.

Baltimore Mirror.
The Rev. R. Heber Newton is one of the most eminent of the Protestant Episcopal clergy of New York, and is pastor of the Anthon Memorial All Souls' Church in that city. On a recent Sunday he preached to his congregation on "Wrong Uses of the Bible." He said that it is not right to set the Scriptures in their entirety before all classes and all ages; that it is not right to accept their utterances indiscriminately as the words of God, to quote any saying of any speaker in their pages or any deed of any actor in their histories as expressing to us the mind of God; that it is not right to accept everything recorded therein as true; that it is not right to consult them as a heathen oracle for the determining of our judgments and the decision of our actions; and that it is not right to go to them, as the pagans went to their oracles for divinations of the future. In the course of his argument against the indiscriminate reading of the word of God, Mr. Newton said: "The church of Rome as you know, discourages the use of the Bible by her laity, erring in the other extreme." The cool assurance of that "as you know" almost takes our breath away, for, as we know, the Catholic Church does not discourage the use of the Bible by her laity. A Pope is a more authoritative teacher of the doctrines and practices of our Church than Dr. Heber Newton is, and one of our Popes, Pius VI, wrote in April, 1778, to Archbishop Martini of Florence: "At a time that a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated among the unlearned to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from their purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times." What the Catholic Church condemns, therefore, is not the frequent study of the Bible by the laity, but it is private and erroneous interpretation of obscure passages—the wresting of certain things hard to be understood," as St. Peter wrote in his Second Epistle, "by the unlearned and the unstable to their own destruction."

Boston Pilot.
The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati not only proposes to pay the debt of Archbishop Purcell, but they have in their Irish that they ought to love England for her conquest and tyranny. It says it "was not an English Pope who said the hardest things, well-deserved of the Irish." That may be; but it was an English Pope

who did the hardest thing. It also says:—"If the Irish have been conquered by the English, it is worth while for an Irishman to bear in mind that Ireland was conquered by one of the noblest and bravest nations ever the sun shone on." Bosh! Ireland was conquered by a robber nation, numbering six or eight to one. And, ever since, she has been manacled, gagged, tortured, plundered, and derided. England is "brave" with small foes. She is a truckling shameless coward, as all ruffians are, when she has to face her match.

"What do we give up?" asks Bishop Ireland, "in abandoning liquor? The pleasure of a momentary excitement. What do we gain by the sacrifice? We dry the tears of wretchedness, we feed the hungry, we raise up our race, we save souls, we honor religion."

Buffalo Union.
PROTESTANT clergymen are often sorely puzzled over the fact that while Catholic churches are crowded three or four times every Sunday morning, winter and summer alike, their own places of worship are ordinarily but sparsely attended at the single, conveniently-timed Sunday morning service. They have long been trying to master "the art and science of making people come to church," but as a rule, with indifferent success. A minister in New Jersey, however, has tried a new experiment and with results thus far most gratifying. A short time since, a few pews contained his congregation; now it packs the whole auditorium. Like Ixion's cloud, there has grown to the sound of music. Short prayers and sermons, and a magnificent choir have done the work. Votaries of the art divine will go almost anywhere to hear good music. If it can be had at church, so much the better, and so much less are they out of pocket in gratifying their cultured predilection. Moreover, the Rev. gentleman above-mentioned, has educated the musical taste of his people, and famous oratorios are now regularly—may, even—by those who were erstwhile well content with popular hymn-tunes. But it is still asked—what crowds the Catholic churches?—Not all their choirs are good, not all their priests eloquent. And the earlier Sunday services, at which the churches are most densely thronged, are conducted entirely without the adjunct of music or imposing ceremonial. What, then, draws the people? Ah, no human eloquence, no music were it of the angel-choirs themselves, could attract as does the real presence of Him who said of old, "When I am lifted up, I shall draw all hearts unto myself." Faith draws us to the veritable renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary. The Church sends us thither, to the fulfillment of an act essential to the sanctification of the Lord's day. Formulas of prayers we may use according to inclination, sermons we may or may not attend. But about mass nothing is left vague or indeterminate. We must assist at it. "Yet it is love rather than fear that fills our churches on the Sunday from early dawn till noon-day. In the words of a pious ruler in the ages of faith, we, too, go to see our Divine Friend, rather than merely to hear about Him. The sense of our manifold needs, and the certainty that He can supply them, draw us to His feet, for we know that in the mass we are offering no poor, imperfect formula of prayerful words, but an actual sacrifice of adoration, thanksgiving, expiation and entreaty for ourselves and all that we hold dear—the only sacrifice all-perfect, all-satisfying, and worthy of the Divine Majesty."

Freeman's Journal.
MR. SALMI MORSE has "blat his hall" in vain. Infidels and scoffers are not to be delighted with the spectacle of a blasphemous theatrical spectacle. The Crucifixion and the instruments of Our Lord's Passion are not to be held up in public view for derision. Mayor Edson has promptly refused a license, and Mr. Salmi Morse has applied to the Supreme Court for a mandamus to compel the Mayor to issue a license to the premises 139, 141 and 143 West Twenty-third street, in New York City. Mr. Salmi Morse will probably be compelled to sell his "properties" to the first travelling showman who will buy them; and those conscienceless wretches who expected a saturnalia in Holy Week, when Mr. Morse promised to show the dance of Herodias and the Awful Sacrifice on the same stage, will be disappointed. Let us be thankful that in the city of New York there was enough Christian public opinion to render this outrage impossible. The vice young Baptist, said by Mr. Morse to be a "minister," though not "ordained," and the "some" young Jewess, will be obliged to return to private life; and Mr. Morse will lose the benefit of the advertising his vile project has had! That is the unkindest cut of all.

Freeman's Journal.
An occasional reading of the Catechism and less attention to the garbled news of the day would be a great benefit to many Catholics. The story of the Congressman who was asked for the "Our Father," but who began the Ten Commandments, is not without many parallels. Misconceptions of Catholic doctrines are not infrequent among Catholics who studied their catechism in their youth, but who sometimes indulge in controversy with good intentions and little knowledge. The Catechism is a profitable book. As it contains the essence of theology, it can not be too often read or too carefully considered.

Catholic Examiner.
THERE are no snakes that crawl on their bellies in Ireland; but they have in that country a reptilian product known as an "informer." This despicable thing crawls into the confidence of the harassed and down-trodden serf, who, driven to desperation, seeks revenge through the secret

society, where men are sworn to visit retribution on the heads of the most obnoxious of the oppressors. There is no doubt that the Government of England has as much contempt for this creature as have all honorable men elsewhere; but he serves the purposes of the laical officials, deputed to dispense "justice" in Ireland, and after that is pensioned at the "Castle," where he spends the balance of his days in comparative luxury, bought at the price of the blood of his neighbor. These gentry have come to the front very prominently in the past few months, and judging by the wholesale hanging at present going on in Ireland, are no doubt very proud of their records. If a successful revolution should ever occur in Dublin, these mendacious rascals would doubtless be the first "removed," and possibly their remains would be distributed on the four gates of the city, as that eminent humanitician Lord Norbury disposed of those of the young patriot whose epitaph has not yet been written. The long suffering Irish, according to English reports, are organizing secret societies to rid the country of "informers." While we cannot approve of this method of reaching them, we submit that desperate cases require desperate remedies, and that nothing but heroic treatment will relieve the unfortunate people of this hateful scourge, more to be dreaded than even the gaunt spectre of famine, which again stalks abroad in the hapless island.

Mr. Mountain Evangelist. Barnes has been pleased to pitch his tent in New York City, where he is at present engaged in exorcising the Prince of the Powers of Darkness, in his own original and free and easy way. He announces that he is prepared to wrestle with the devil in any style at all, and promises to gain at least a majority of the falls. He does not offer to "knock" his satanic Majesty out in four rounds, but we have not the slightest doubt of his willingness to attempt the same, nevertheless, should any one take the trouble to bring such a match about. We understand that Mr. Barnes' audiences are small but exceedingly select, of their kind.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Macarius.
PERSISTENCE IN WELL-DOING.—St. Macarius was born in Alexandria, in 306, of poor pagan parents, and only received the grace of baptism when he had reached his thirtieth year. Having retired shortly after into the deserts of the Thebaid, then peopled with a multitude of cenobites, he learned in their school how to practice the rigors of a penitent life, and lived in the practice thereof to the age of ninety-nine. God permitted the fiend of darkness to put the virtue of the saint to a multitude of trials. Discouragement, poverty, the loss of his soul; the pleasures of a world flashed before his eyes like alluring shadows; the vivacity of his disposition inclined him to frequent outbreaks of impatience; but he knew how to quell the temptation, or to chastise his body whenever it thought he had given way. What is related of his life almost surpasses belief. Having become a priest, he had the honor to suffer persecution for the Faith, and to become one of its fervent apostles. The Blessed Saviour appeared to him and conferred on him the gift of miracles.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Never let us be cast down or conquered by temptations; let us look upon them as trials which the Saviour has promised salvation to all who persevere. "He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."—(Matt. xxiv. 13).

Saint Genevieve.

IN RETURN FOR EVIL, DO GOOD.—Genevieve was born about 422, at a village in the environs of Paris, called Nanterre. St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre, passed near the spot while Genevieve was as yet a child, discerning her in the midst of the pressing crowd, asked her whether she desired to dedicate herself to God's service, and with his own hands invested her with the mantle of the religious life. The youthful virgin made such rapid progress in piety, that the inhabitants of the country grew accustomed to regard her as a saint. But later on, their homage was converted into scoffing, and they treated her most evident virtues as hypocrisy. St. Germain once more came to her aid, and publicly demonstrated the reality of her virtues. At a subsequent period, Genevieve herself afforded the highest proofs thereof by twice saving Paris; on the first occasion by her prayers, when Attila, king of the Huns, at the head of an armed host, was threatening its destruction, and again, by providing the citizens with food, when Merovee, king of the Franks, was besieging it. Genevieve died in 512, and is invoked by Paris as its patron saint.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Never to allow oneself to be discouraged by the ingratitude and injustice of men; persecution is the crucible wherein the gold of virtue is refined. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution."—(2 Tim. iii. 12).

Saint Titus.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—St. Titus, the disciple of St. Paul, and one of the first fruits of the great Apostle's victories, accompanied him through his evangelized wanderings, sharing with him his toils and perils. He was present with him at the first General Council, held in Jerusalem in the fifty-first year of the Christian era,

and followed his master to Ephesus, whence the Apostle sent him to Corinth, towards the end of the year 56, to appease the discord and the troubles which afflicted the bosom of the infant Church. From Corinth St. Titus went to join St. Paul at Troas, a town in Macedonia; he accompanied St. Paul to Rome, returning with him subsequently, to the East. Then it was, in the year 63, that the great Apostle placed him as bishop, in Crete. Titus did not, however, remain constantly there; for we find him, later on, at Nicopolis and in Dalmatia, ever intent upon spreading a knowledge of the Gospel. It is, however, believed that he returned to his diocese after the martyrdom of St. Paul, remained there for the rest of his days, and died at a very advanced age.

MORAL REFLECTION.—If it be not vouchsafed to us to fashion our lives on the apostolic model of St. Titus, let us at least endeavor to realize to practice the counsel given him by the great Apostle: "In all things show yourself an example of good works: in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity."—(Titus ii. 7).

THE POET PRIEST.

Atheism and Infidelity Tried at the Tribunal of Reason and Common Sense.

LECTURE BY REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN IN NEW ORLEANS.

A very large audience, says the New Orleans Morning Star, assembled in Washington Artillery hall. The occasion being a lecture by the Poet-Priest Rev. A. J. Ryan. The subject of the lecture was "Atheism and Infidelity Tried at the Tribunal of Reason and Common Sense." The audience listened to the gifted speaker attentively, interrupting him frequently with applause. The following report of the lecture is taken from the Times-Democrat of Wednesday: Father Ryan was introduced by Capt. A. J. Chaloron and spoke as follows: "There is something in the arm and the hand that would make an argument which would perhaps unconvince some men. And yet you meet men on the streets who say— 'IT IS MY OPINION THERE IS NO GOD. Who cares about your opinion? Where did you come from? It is the opinion of the race that there is no God.' Furthermore, the lecture is given for the benefit of the poor fund of confederate soldiers who died for what they thought was right. In the north, last year, Col. Ingersoll was invited to give a decoration address over the Union soldiers' grave—a man that does not believe in God; a man that does not believe in Christ; a man that believes in utter annihilation. The only argument that would provoke me that there was no God, is the existence of a consistent, conscientious atheist. That might assist me. This is a common cause for all churches. I salute any man in any church who fights for God—no matter what his denomination may be. It is a common cause. The only argument of our race is its creator; the second is its sin. Through all the churches and races there is running a golden thread. People laugh at the pagan because he adores sticks and stones, let him alone. The hunger for God, the thirst for light, was among all the nations. They looked for him in the heavens, on the earth and among nature. They were right in the principles, right in the search, but wrong in the result. I know very well that the atheists or infidels, if there be any such in this hall to-night, will say: 'DON'T YOU SEE THAT THE CHRISTIAN WORLD DISAGREES? That very disagreement is the strongest proof of the principle. Though the Persians, Druids and Romans had many gods, they all began with one. Can you imagine the unimaginable. I find the idea of God innate in the race! If an atheist were here, I would say to him, 'you cannot understand God, and therefore you do not believe in him.' But I would not believe in a God that I could understand because I would then be his equal. God must be incomprehensible. You cannot measure the unmeasurable. The stars which are shining over the whole world but reflect the eternal light that is back of them. Many proofs could be given in regard to God's existence, but it almost looks like insulting an audience in this enlightened century to do so. Picking up a reed-bud, he continued, why is this reed? Now scientists answer me that question! I know what you are going to say—because it absorbs all the colors of the sun and reflects only the red ray. But why is that? Tell me the story of that reed. You cannot do it. If in nature I meet with mysteries, in supernature I meet with even greater mysteries. There is an under-nature and an over-nature; the above explains the below, not the below explains the above. When I speak about God, I lean back on six centuries. In denying him, you belie the memory of the race, the traditions of the race, the ideas of the race. THE VERY WORD ATHEIST IMPLIES THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. You deny what is not. You deny what is. By the very denial of Christ you admit His existence. Some men are born blind, some lame and some with the burden of moral infirmities on their minds and hearts. These are the men that deny them. I say to Ingersoll, do you comprehend yourself? You do not. Neither do I. I deny you. You are a nonentity,

and therefore you can't vote. All nature as well as human nature proclaims the existence of a God. Do you love or hate what does not exist? I reckon not. And what has ever been loved as much as God? Every one wishes to be happy, but power and fame and wealth do not satisfy. It is the infinite every one is looking for. The finite is a negative term, the infinite positive. I do not arraign the moral nature of atheists at all. They can be just as good morally as Christians. I give them all the credit they ought to have. But sometimes are there not moments in your lives when strange hopes will glimmer along the horizon of your soul? What is the matter? It is God you want, no matter by what name you call Him. It seems that God is so infinite that you can't find names enough for Him. Furthermore, something exists now, therefore something has always existed. If there ever was a time when there was nothing, it could not reproduce itself. There must have been something back of nothing to make it into something. We are produced by the law of generation. WE TALK ABOUT SELF-MADE MEN. I wonder if there were ever self-born men. I imagine not. There must have been a father to the child; there must have been a father to all creation, and that Father's name is God. The women of the race are the best people in it. Because a woman was the mother of Christ is reason for it enough. You only meet gentlemen atheists—amateur atheists. The arms of a mother are arguments; the belief in God binds out of the purity of a mother's white bosom. Take Christ out of the world? Why, the shadow of his Galvary is the sunshine of human history. The higher the material civilization of any age, the lower the spiritual condition. The men seem to get along without God at all. Their wives and daughters represent them in church. The strong race is allowing the weakest race to be the strongest arguments in favor of Christ. Perhaps it is not so in New Orleans; I do not live here. Sunday morning comes, the wife gets up and goes to church, the husband stays at home and reads the Times-Democrat or Picayune. These are his prayers. His religion is a cigar and the newspaper, and today sometimes. It is a very comfortable religion. IF YOU ARE AN ATHEIST, BE IT, BUT DON'T STRIKE GOD IN THE BACK. Meet the Christian face to face. Of course, you are in the wrong, because you see your race. Everything stands in line against the atheist. I lean one arm on the altar of Abel, and I lean the other on a pillar in this hemisphere. From altar to altar let the atheist pass. And between these altars—what? Not words—words amount to nothing; but sacrifices, crucifixions, ambitions and charities. Now, what atheist will have you done for the world, where are your hospitals, your asylums? You are afraid of sacrifices; you love your comfort. The men of any religion that love God are willing to die for Him; they give their lives for Him. You try to destroy, but you can no more reach up to the dome of Heaven, than you can reach up to the shining star to-night and tear it from the skies. If a little girl were to come up here she would put her hands together and lift her eyes to Heaven. Those hands are the temple and God is in it, and that is the strongest argument that could be given against atheism.

LOURDES.
Liverpool Times, December 22.
But what would Lourdes be without its miracles? They are of incessant occurrence, and were it not for the terrible history of Judea, one could but wonder why Europe is not altogether Christian. The day I was at Lourdes a miracle was wrought. As my friend and I were standing by the grotto we suddenly heard hymns of praise being sung by many voices. Turning round we saw a man skipping along, and behind him two others bearing the crutches which had been, but too necessary to him a few minutes before, and behind these some two thousand people singing the *Magnificat*. All were going to the grotto to praise Our Lady for this new manifestation of her power in intercession. We were told that but two days before six miracles had taken place, including the cure of two blind men and one who was lame. A woman was pointed out to me in the crowd who had been the subject of a marvelous cure after having for nine years been lame. A French lady who lived in Lourdes told me of a miracle of which she was the eye-witness. A poor woman suffered from a terrible cancer on the mouth; she was taken to Lourdes, and my friend saw her taken into the bath still afflicted with this dreadful disease. She came out it was gone and only a red mark was visible to show where it had been. Indeed when one sees the faith and piety of the people the wonder would be if miracles were not worked. A visit to Lourdes makes a man cease to wonder at miracles. A sick person is taken into the bath, and whilst he is there all the others of his pilgrimage stand without and pray for him. The day I had the happiness to be at Lourdes it poured with rain and yet there were thousands praying for the cure of their sick friends. It would indeed be strange did such fervent prayers of the poor not find an answer. An Anglican minister, who was in Lourdes some three weeks ago, said that if he saw one miracle he would believe. He is now a happy member of Holy Church. How different those who go to Lourdes, see the miracles, and like the Jews of old, will not yet believe. One of these, an eminent physician, said there was some unknown property in the water. The ignorant peasants of

France know better than those great men what that property is!

Mothers in American Novels.

In reading the stories, long and short, which have appeared in The Century during the past year, I have been struck by one point of similarity in them all, and that is the colorless characters and subordinate positions assigned to the mothers. And upon reflection I think this has become a marked characteristic of American fiction. I recall numberless novels, the heroes of which are bright, intelligent girls, the common American type, on good terms with their fathers, whom they generally resemble. The fathers are of all sorts, but the mothers only vary in being garrulous or silent; they are all essentially commonplace, doing the housework, without influence in the family, dominated over by the daughters, and treated with good-natured contempt by their husbands. Is this a true picture of American life? If so, what becomes of all the vivacious, intelligent girls? If marriage deprives them of the graces of girlhood, and arrests the development of its nobler qualities of maturity, they would be wise to remain unmarried. But I do not think it a true picture. Certainly it is not true of the women of the Southwest. I know many noble, intelligent women, of middle age, mothers of grown daughters, on whom their influence is very apparent. They take no very active part in society, for they have time, being strongly disposed to keep the burden of household labor from their daughters. This is not surprising when one remembers that they must know from experience that in this servile land there is little relief from domestic drudgery after marriage. What American girls, with the liberty allowed them, might become without the wise, conservative influence of the mothers I dread to contemplate. Nor is the American girl as black as she is painted. Though she generally thinks she is as good a judge of "what is what" as any one, she has an unbounded love and reverence for her mother, and often yields, out of respect to her, to opinions which she considers old-fashioned or prudish. Though the position of the mother must be an inconspicuous one, her influence is the strongest in the world. American novelists should depict American mothers as most of them are: intelligent, devoted, self-sacrificing—From Home and Society, in the December Century.

German Catholics.

We wish that we could think that the spirit of the German Catholics was contagious, and that a little of their earnestness, of their energetic activity, and, above all, of their readiness to sink their differences, could be imparted to their co-religionists in France, where a pious sluggishness and bickering about princely pretensions have brought it to pass that in a Catholic land the whole government is openly hostile to Catholicity. The great Catholic Congress held at Frankfurt has passed off in a way which was worthy of the men who sent Prince Bismarck to Canossa. Filled with their recent victory at the polls, the Catholic leaders have strained every nerve to follow it up at the coming elections, and the well-known French Protestant Minister, M. de Pressensac, who seems to have been present at some of the meetings, has given his countrymen an enthusiastic account of the passionate earnestness he witnessed. He noticed especially that there, far more than in France, laymen take the lead, and declares that no one who had heard the speeches at Frankfurt, and has seen the way in which they were received, could doubt that German Catholicity had entered into and formed part of the national life. He was struck, too, by the fact that the land of Dollinger and the Old Catholics opposition to the Vatican decrees seems to have died away, and he attributes the unity he witnessed to the Kulturkampf. If this be true it is but another instance of the sweet uses of adversity.

Favors From the Sacred Heart.

During the year just ended we have recorded, as in preceding years, the graces monthly sent to us and asked for by the clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and have thanked in their name the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as well as the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. In publishing these graces we have left them substantially, such as they were sent to us by correspondents, and although we have abridged and classified them, not one have we omitted. To read the summary of these countless graces cannot fail to excite the confidence of devout clients of the Sacred Heart and to encourage those who have not yet been favored by the reception of graces asked for, whilst these latter may rest assured that if the graces sought after were not accorded it was either because it was better for them not to receive them or because others would prove more beneficial. The most Sacred Heart of Jesus is never asked in vain especially for all that concerns the interests of our souls, for this is its mission: "I came to give life to men." The total number of graces specified in the letters of acknowledgment during the past year, 1882, amounts to 5,415 to which probably a still larger number must be added of those acknowledged but not specified. Among these particularly mentioned were 37 conversions attended by happy deaths, or simply happy deaths, the conversion to the faith of 6 families and of 33 individuals; 106 reformations of life; 4,986 spiritual graces and other favors; 85 successful undertakings or resources obtained, and 142 recoveries of health. Thanks be ever more to the loving Heart of Jesus—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.