

hath loved me, and delivered Himself for me !'. . Each of us has a right to say the same : Jesus died for love of me individually and by name, with as direct and personal a love as if there were no other sinner but only my poor self to die for."

People find fault with the thoughtlessness, extravagance, love of pleasure, love of finery that seem to characterize our modern days. Would there not be less of all this if our men and women, our boys and girls remembered Jesus Christ, and lovingly followed His bleeding footsteps along the Way of the Cross, at least once a week during their vacation time? What a slight thing in itself to do, and how great the reward !

But there is a touching and beautiful reflection which we should join to these remarks. There are people who are making this Way of the Cross, often and steadily during the summer hours. Before Mass or after Mass, in the early morning ; or at night when the evening shadows close around the quiet church, there are those who follow Jesus on his Way of Sorrows, as He bears the sins of us all upon His shoulders up Calvary and on the Cross. He is not left entirely alone. The world is not wholly given over to amusements and frivolities. May these words lead even one heart to do likewise ; to turn aside once a week at least, and go prayerfully from station to station, remembering Jesus. It is so simple a devotion. At each station no long prayers are needed, only let them be loving prayers, for He loved us with a love beyond the power of any tongue to tell. He never forgets us ; not for one moment does He cease to watch over us. How shall we ever cease to love Him in return? The making of the Stations, or Way of the Cross is one method of keeping aflame in our hearts loyal and grateful love for Jesus Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

Deceased Members

Montreal : Mr. John Brown, Mrs. Mary Milloy, Mrs. Rebbecca Scanlan, Miss Mary Stapleton. — *Newport, Ont.* : Mr. Jordan.