

grace; secondly, they possess an intercessory power which may be used for ourselves and others; thirdly, they atone to God's justice for sin. Here is an apostolate that every one, even the laity, may engage in, and it should console us to know that we can become apostles on such easy terms.

The daily offering of our work and sufferings is the only essential duty of membership. By it we turn all the acts of each day into one continuous prayer which may be applied to the souls of sinners at home and pagans abroad. Millions of us have no special mission to preach, or teach, or suffer, but we are all called to do something for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This something we may do without leaving our firesides; we may become apostles at home by turning our day's work into vital prayer, or prayer of action.

The Church asks her laity to become apostles after this fashion. She needs the co-operation of all her children to help her clergy, her missionaries, her religious orders and communities in the work they are engaged in for the salvation of souls. Souls need prayer to live and thrive just as bodies need water, and there are millions who would moisten their parched souls if the fountain of grace were brought within their reach. Imagine, if you can, the plight of a population dying of thirst in a walled city, while a stream of clear, sparkling water is running uselessly outside the walls. Some would quench their thirst, but they do not know in what direction to go to find the water; others surmise the existence of a stream, but will not take the trouble to hunt for it; others, however, know where it may be found and are anxious to scale the walls, but they are too weak to do so.

Would it not be a great charity to dig a channel and bring the life-giving water into the thirsty city? The spiritual application is evident. Hundreds of millions of souls, more than half the human race, are living in spiritual thirst and destitution; they are deprived of God's grace and are perishing from the lack of it. Some are languid through years of sinfulness and have no longer the strength to reach the living fountain; others have grown cold and hardened and do not care whether they reach it or not; others again are unaware of its existence, for instance, those millions of poor pagans who have never heard of God or His Church or His sacraments. Would it not be a great act of charity to open up a channel and bring God's grace to those famishing millions? Members of the League may do this by the daily offering of their works and sufferings. United apostolic prayer is irresistible; it breaks through the dyke; it opens the sluice gate of God's mercy; it moves the compassionate Heart of Jesus and urges Him to apply to souls the vast stream of His grace. At our bidding, He excites to repentance the hearts of sinners at home; equally at our bidding He infuses His grace into the souls of the heathen in foreign lands and brings about their conversion.

Herein lies the wonderful efficacy of the League. The union of two or three in prayer will move the Heart of God; He Himself tells us so in the Gospel. Surely the united prayer of millions concentrated on one end will also accomplish its object! What then must be the effect on the souls of sinners of this stream of prayer offered daily in union with the Sacred Heart, especially when these prayers assume the form of the true apostleship, as our League does? The Church is continually asking her children to pray for their needs; parents are asking for the temporal success of their children; families are asking for peace and prosperity; friends are asking for the conversion of friends; the distressed and downhearted are asking for consolation and comfort; the poor are asking for the wherewithal to live; priests and pastors are asking for the spiritual welfare of their flocks; foreign missionaries are asking for the conversion of infidels; we are all asking for some favor or other. In the language of the League these are the intentions recommended to its members, and the League responds by offering in union with the Sacred Heart the prayers of millions, meanwhile begging God to listen to its supplications and to answer them.

Besides, the League accomplishes that spiritual solidarity which should exist among the members of the one true Church, among souls purchased by the Blood of our Blessed Redeemer. It is not the ideal of a Christian soul to be isolated, wrapped up in itself, satisfied with saving itself, without a thought of the souls of others. The very religion it professes, a universal religion, protests against any such pettiness. No Catholic worthy of the name should cease to work in the measure of his strength to spread the reign of Christ among men. Membership in the League makes the apostles and gives us a share in the work of saving souls. Do we need any other incentive to become earnest and devout members? Once we realize how efficacious our prayers may become and how easy it is to offer them, it is hard to explain how we can be careless or niggardly with them. We are not asked to give our lives that we may live physically, but we are asked to apply a supernatural and persevering vital force that others may live spiritually. There is no greater charity than the application of our vigorous and sustained effort of prayer to the spiritual needs of other. We are all in some way or other "our brother's keeper." Our

League is an immense family whose millions of members are united to the Sacred Heart by a community of sentiment which constitutes true friendship, and by a mutual zeal which urges us to work to hasten the reign of the Sacred Heart on earth.

The sad spectacle of millions of sinners awaiting the action of God's grace, and the need of prayer to urge God to bestow His grace, were the motives that were uppermost at the birth of the League seventy years ago. Small and unimportant at its beginning and slow to rise out of its obscurity, it did not begin to spread until 1861 when the first Messenger was published. In the half century which has since elapsed the League has grown by leaps and bounds. It has crossed oceans and deserts and is now active on every continent, directing the stream of prayer which flows every day from the hearts of 25,000,000 of members through the Heart of Jesus to the throne of God. The latest statistics available, those published at the beginning of the war, mention 68,500 affiliated Centers of the League; this number has grown since. Forty-three Messengers, printed in thirty different languages, and issuing monthly over a million copies, link together our millions of members in the various parts of the globe and keep them informed about the League and its interests.

Every month the Holy Father asks us to pray for his special intention which represents some great phase of the Church's welfare; this is known as the "General Intention." Every month also members are asked to pray for special intentions which reach the Messenger from all classes of society. Speaking of our own country, wherein we number about 600,000 members, one has only to consult our Correspondence Pages to see how strong is the faith of our Canadian Catholics in the efficacy of the prayers of the League; one would have only to read the pathetic letters that come to us every month to be convinced that the League is accomplishing a serious religious work here in Canada, and that confidence in the Sacred Heart is deep and strong in thousands of hearts. May this state of things continue! It is the wish of our Holy Father to see the action of the League extended to every parish and to every family. Our Local Directors and Promoters are asked to exercise their zeal so that every Catholic family in Canada may feel the effects of prayer in union with the Sacred Heart.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE PEASANT WOMEN OF FRANCE

The peasant women of France, on whom, for the last two years, has been laid a heavy weight of anxiety and labor, have, as a rule, proved themselves equal to the claims made upon their endurance.

On August 2, 1914, when the church-bells rang over the fields of France the call to arms, the women, stifling their sob, bravely faced the future. They too were to have their share of sorrow, but even the most pessimistic among them failed to realize the extent of the responsibilities that the war was to entail. Since then more men have been summoned to join the army, so that today all those who are over nineteen and under forty-eight years of age are militarized. In many cases both father and son are serving at the front, and in consequence the portion of the women is the heavier. In many homes there are empty places that will never again be filled, and to physical weariness is added anguish, bereavement and desolation. Two years of war have greatly increased the labors of those at home, yet the peasant women of France have not faltered, they are grappling bravely with the hardships of their lot. From Auvergne, Savoy, the Pyrenees, from the hilly districts of Central France and the plains of Flanders, we hear of them bringing in the hay and the harvest, assisted by feeble old men and small children. It is a pathetic sight to see how they fight against discouragement and fatigue, against disappointment, and against the secret grief that is eating out many a heart. France's women are as brave as her men.

The wounded peasants, who fill our hospitals, have proved themselves brave soldiers, steady under fire, uncomplaining and patient; but when they are lying, still and stricken, on their hospital beds, their whole souls go out to their native villages. The love of the French peasant for the particular portion of French soil that he calls his own, for the corner of land he himself has tilled, is extraordinarily deep and tender; few realized before the war its strength and its tenderness. Maimed by his wounds, he wonders how the fields are looking at home; his anxiety for the harvest becomes a fixed idea, a haunting fear. He knows how feeble are the hands that are striving to care for the interests that the war has obliged him to desert. But it is here that the women's courage and activity come in as a glad surprise. A farmer from the country near Bordeaux showed me a letter from his wife, in which, with honest pride, she told him how, assisted by her husband's aged father, she had got in the harvest and was then ploughing the fields: "It may be that the furrows are not quite so straight as when you were at home, but you must not mind this, for the work has been done, and I may say that nothing has been neglected." This letter is one of many.

In Poitou young girls have learned to use the plough, which in this particular district is drawn by six oxen. They were awkward at first but have learned by experience, and last year, in a village in Poitou was amazed to see two young girls of seventeen and eighteen managed their team of oxen as if they had never done anything else. In the hospital, where it has been my privilege to make closer acquaintance with our wounded fighting men, lay a farmer from Central France who had lost his leg. One day, lately, when I visited him, I was surprised to see, fastened to the head of his bed, some fine ears of corn. "I was very anxious about the harvest," he explained, "and kept asking my wife, who has to work our farm alone, how she managed. The other day she came to see me. 'There,' she said, 'is a specimen of the corn that I sowed in the field you know of. It is, I think, quite a credit to me, and you must not worry any more.' With that she pulled out the bunch of corn that you see. It comes from our own field and I like to look at it." The good man, for the time being, forgot his infirmity, between his pride in his wife and in his corn. The product of his own little field was a potent solace for pain. It was a message of sympathy from the land itself.

Sometimes the work is carried on not only under difficulties, but in the teeth of positive danger. Only yesterday, an English officer told me he was sent to buy a large crop of clover, standing uncut in a field not far from Arras and close to the firing line. The proprietress of the field was a young woman of twenty-five, a widow of the war. The officer and his interpreter concluded the bargain in the field itself. The clover was being mowed by a machine in charge of a very old man, and the young woman walked close by, carefully watching the ground. She explained that this particular field was close to a high road, where troops passed continually, and that the soldiers often threw bits of iron, empty tins and other rubbish into the clover. She herself picked out these bits of metal, which would have injured the mower. The officer and his companion watched her stooping at every turn and diligently picking up the dangerous refuse. Suddenly a shell, first one, then a second, then a third, swept across the sky above the group. The horses, mad with fear, reared and kicked; the Englishman and his interpreter threw themselves at their heads and with difficulty restrained them; a dog, trembling with fear, crouched low, almost under the machine; the young woman and her aged companion never turned a hair. When there came a pause, she quietly said: "We might go on now," and the feeble old man and she did go on, regularly, slowly, methodically. She continued to watch, to stoop, to pick up the objectionable bits of iron, as if no shrieking message of death had disturbed the peace of that summer afternoon. "I shall never forget that woman's pluck," said my informant. In certain parts of the front, the creep out at night to bring in the harvest, during the day they lie low, while the German shells spread terror and destruction. At night the danger is generally less, and these tenacious workers do their best to save the crops from loss and waste.

Instances of their steady courage might be multiplied indefinitely, to their honor and that of France. In a certain village near Chartres, a humble peasant woman does another kind of work. The curé of this particular village is engaged in military service and his parish is served, in consequence, by an old priest, who, being already in charge of another village, can say Mass for his new parishioners only on Sundays. This being the case, there was difficulty about reserving the Blessed Sacrament. The village, though situated in a district that is far from religious, has an excellent spirit and the people are constant in their attendance at services. A quiet old maid, a peasant by birth, who earns her bread by ironing at the "chateau" close by, came forward to assist their country in its hour of supreme necessity. The people present answered earnestly, and one felt that through the lips of these untutored peasants spoke the real soul of France, the devout, the simple, the believing soul, which the tragedy of war has brought nearer to God and to the old Faith, inherited from generations of believing ancestors. — B. De Courson in America.

GOOD FROM EVIL

The overwhelming ruin that covers Europe is bringing men to a sense of their religious duties. Churches heretofore unfrequented are now filled with men and women of every class. The scourge of disaster has fallen upon the nations, but if souls are purged of irreligion, and faith waxed stronger the present grief will not be without great recompense. Says America:

"Without question the great war is harshly teaching a luxurious age how very simple life can be made. For Europe is compelled to practice asceticism of the most rigorous kind and thereby is finding her soul. When peace returns at last, the permanent results of the mission God Himself is now preaching Europe may be the stronger faith, the purer morals and the simpler life that will be conspicuous in the nations engaged in this dreadful conflict. Thus will Divine Providence, as has so often happened in the world's history, bring lasting good out of passing evil."

In the opening days of the gigantic conflict the exhortations of the Holy Father were unheeded. A mighty conflagration ensued. The world is learning through sore experience that there is but one harbor of safety, and that is within the Church. —Intermountain Catholic.

A NON-CATHOLIC IS GLAD HIS DAUGHTER, CONVERT, IS NUN

Sister Lorine Brown, who recently made her first vows as a Sister of Loretto, in Nerinx, Ky., was born in Sterling, Colo., and is known in that community as Gladys Brown. In an interview with her father, A. F. Brown, who is registrar of the United States land office in Sterling, he expressed his joy that his daughter should choose a religious life.

"While I am not allied with any religious denomination, the Catholic Church has always seemed to me to have the firmest foundation," he said. "I have always held aloof from those organizations that have opposed the Church and it has not always been an easy road to travel, for many times they would have given me political prestige in the years that are gone. However, it was a matter of conscience with me and I willingly let pass any opportunities that would have been raised in such a manner. I have purchased Gladys, been father and mother both to her, and when I found she needed better training than I felt I could give, I sent her to a school in Fulton, Mo. It proved unsatisfactory and so I took her to the Sisters of Loretto in Denver. I soon perceived the change in her. Instead of wanting clothes and money as she had previously, her letters were full of careful consideration and tender affection and I felt that the best in life was coming to her from daily observation of the devout lives of the Sisters. A year before she graduated she wrote me asking my consent to become a Catholic, which I willingly gave. At the time of her graduation she expressed a desire to become a Sister, but I persuaded her to wait six months and go to Portland, Oregon, for a visit. At the expiration of the time I urged her to take a trip through California, but she came home to me still desiring to join the order."

"I could see that her heart was in it and I told her that if she felt this to be her vocation, I willingly consented. After all, it was not a matter for me to decide, for it lay between her and her God. And so she left me for the religious life. I am glad she is devoting her life to God's service and every night I go to sleep in peace, knowing the world holds no allurements for her."

"And do you not feel that you have lost your daughter?" I inquired. "No indeed, I do not feel as though I had lost her, but rather I have gained a precious jewel."

And as I looked into this father's face, I saw a great glow of pride and contentment that comes only to parents. I thought what a wonderful privilege it must be to have a child choose to follow in the footsteps of our Lord and ministering to erring humanity. —Denyer Register.

OLD IRISH CHURCH TERMS

It must often seem a real pity that so many of the old Irish phrases and words sanctified by the lips of saints and the use of centuries should have passed away. Old Celtic words and customs were slowly dropped from the time of the Norman invasion. The Normans of course were staunch Catholics, but they were perhaps a little over-strict in upholding the letter of the Roman rite. Hence much that was thoroughly Celtic and yet no menace whatever to Catholic unity was set aside by them. Typical is the story of the Norman Archbishop who put out the perpetual fire of St. Brigit because it had come down from pagan times.

How eagerly one searches the old books and manuscripts for hints and survivals! Gerald Cambrensis tells us that the statues of St. Kevin in the Ireland of his time always had a blackbird in one hand; a symbol, which modern church artists invariably forget. St. Columba too, is generally portrayed as a friar with a round tonsure, whereas "the family of Hy" (Iona) wore the Irish tonsure "from ear to ear" across the head. Only in the old books does one find the old phrases dotted here and there and they are worth noting. From a number of annals I have collected the makings of a Celtic calendar, some of which are still current in Gaelic Ireland though most have succumbed to modern expressions. For example Christmas was called *Nodlag*, (Noel); *Quingagesima*, *Domnach Qingisi*; *Pentecost*, *Domnach an Spiraid Naem* (Sunday of the Holy Spirit); *Sunday in Patrick's Week*, *Domnach Padraig*; *Palm Sunday*, *Domnach na Imrine* (Riding

Sunday); *Rogation Sunday*, *Domnach na rogaidi*; *Patrick's Day*, *Feil Padraig*; *Brendan's Day*, *Feil Breandain*; *St. John's Day*, *Feiltin Seagain*; *Holy Cross*, *Feil Cros*; *Vigil of Holy Cross*, *Iche Feile na Croiche*; *Lady Day*, *Feil Muire*; *Vigil of Lady Day*, *Iche Feil Muire*, and *Ascension*, *Domnach*. There is no need of pointing out that Irish is the only language in Christendom, which sets aside a special word for the Virgin Mary; *Moyra* is for earthly Marys but *Muire* for the Mother of God.

The word for vigil varied, *troscaid* (fasting) being often used, and *Holy Week* and *Lent* possessed an array of such terms. For instance: *Shrove Monday* was *Luan Inide*; *Shrove Tuesday*, *Mart Inide*; *Ash Wednesday*, *Cedaine in Tuathraid*; *Tuesday in Holy Week*, *Mart*; *Tuesday in Holy Week*, *Cedaine in Braith*; *Wednesday in Holy Week*, *Cedaine in Braith* (Wednesday of Betrayal); *Maudy Thursday*, *Dardaoin Aibinn* (Lovely Thursday); *Good Friday*, *Aoine an Ceda* (Friday of Passion); *Holy Saturday*, *Iche Casg* (Night of Easter). Needless to say the Irish were not content with one Easter but must needs have three, for besides Easter Sunday, *Casg*, there was "Little Easter," *Min Casg*, or *Low Sunday* and the sixth Sunday after Pentecost was called *Sanh Casg* or "Summer Easter."

All through the year were kept feasts peculiar to Celtic devotion. January 6 was the "Great Baptism of Mary's Son," *Baithis Mor Meic Muire*; February 2, the Purification, was called "Mary's Son's Reception in the Temple," *Airitiu Meic Muire i Tempul*; Mayday too had a peculiar name, being called the "Beautiful Preaching of Jesus," *Praicept Alainn Issu*. The feast of the Assumption was expressed by a typical compound, "Great Feast of Our Father's True Mother," *Mor Feil Ar-Mathair ar Nathair*; and August 16, was the "Birth of Mary's 'Gein Muire,' while it is interesting to find that St. Joseph was remembered on March 19 as "Jesus' beautiful Fosterer" *Aite aibinn Issu*. Not only was the Birth of the Baptist kept but on February 2, was celebrated the "Finding of John's head" *Airec cinn Iohannis*.

Very striking too, were the Celtic phrases for God, who was generally mentioned under metaphors. For example He was called *Ri Greine Gile*, "King of the White Sun"; *Coimide Seacht Nime*, "Lord of Seven Heavens"; *Ri us Nalab*, "King above Clouds"; *Ri Recht* "King of Laws"; *Coimide Nandoinne*, "Lord of Folk," and *An Ti Ta*, "He Who is."

The last expression is as simple as the common phrase used today in Ireland: "the Man Above."

For the Trinity there was the circumlocution, "the Unity that is nobler than every metaphor." A Church student was called "son of purity," "son of learning," or "son of the Church," *mac ceilsa*. What we call a holy death was known as a "free death" or "a death of oil and penitence." The devil was humorously known as "the Abbot of Hell" and indeed the peasantry have never ceased to make fun of him, which is a little unchivalrous to a worsted antagonist.

A great deal of piety was communicated in sermons but in trials, which could be easily memorized. For instance in Colman MacBoognac's "Alphabet of Piety" we find: "The three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil and impious teacher. The three things where the devil shows in man: face, gait, speech." From the *Lubhar Breac* "Speckled Book" we learn: "The three things the Son of the Living God is not grateful for: proud piety, harsh reproof, false witness." From a Celtic manuscript in Edinburgh we may learn: "The three things the King of the Sun is grateful for: union of brethren, upright talk, serving God's altar." The Celtic mind was also acutely interested in theology even unto riddles. Marvan for instance was asked by a poet: "What goodness did man find on the earth which God did not find?" "His sufficiency of a Lord, for He Himself is Lord of Lords," was the answer. But most unique and beautiful was this appeal to Christ, which is found in an old Litany: "O Thou who wert fatherless on earth, motherless in heaven." How much theology lies in that address! —Shane Leslie in America.

SENTIMENTS OF A DYING ABBE

The Abbe Duroy was one of the many priests who gave his life for his country, nothing reckoning of war, former treatment and her distinctively step-mother methods of dealing with men of his cloth: "I must leave you, dear old friend. The thought of you and of all those whom I love softens my sad hours. Nurse your wounded men with tenderness. To sow sweet charity in their hearts is to prepare a harvest of faith. We have never been such apostles, such teachers of the Gospel. And, going about as you are, or lying down as I am, living or dead, the priest in the war dominates the soldier, as religion dominates the country. But has not Providence given us some splendid hours? Don't believe in the sadness of which I spoke. I am joyful. . . I love my lot. I owe all that I know about the war—its perils and its pains—to it. It would be far finer to die of one's wounds than die in one's bed, carried off by fever or pneumonia. Adieu, my good friend. Write to me soon, if you can. I have serious reasons for wishing your answer to reach me quickly." —Catholic Transcript.

No man will ever reach heaven with his face the other way. Time is but a drop in the ocean of eternity.

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