

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

NO. 870.

Feast of the Sacred Heart.

FATHER RYAN.

Two lights on a lowly altar;
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;
Two vases of dying roses.

The morning comes from the east,
With a gleam on the folds of the vestments
And a grace for the face of the priest.

The sound of a low, sweet whisper
Floats over a little bread,
And trembles around a chalice,
And the priest bows down his head!
O'er a sign of white on the altar—
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.

As red as the red of roses,
As white as the white of snows!
But the red is a red of a surface,
Beneath which a God's blood flows;
And the white is the white of a sunlight
Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah! words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far-away!
Ye bring us the Friday's Victim
In His own love's olden way.
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted!
The silver-sound of a bell!
The gleam of a golden chalice,
He glad, sad heart!
He made, and He keeps love's promise,
With thee, all days to dwell.

From his hand to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path
Still doing the Father's will:
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a word-rous rage;
A silence falls on the altar—
An awe on each bended face—
For the Heart that bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing
Where brows are bowed in prayer:
In the tender clasp of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair,
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian
Meet there—and only there!

Oh! love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land!
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

THE SACRED HEART.

Blessings Granted to those Who Labor to Win its Love.

It would be impossible to tell the many blessings which are given to those who win the love of the Sacred Heart. If men and women, young and old, were only as solicitous for the love of the Heart of Jesus as they are for the hollow hearts of sinful mortals what a heaven on earth this world of ours would be! His Heart was never closed and will never be closed to the weakest of His children, for he has said, "Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

Your labors may not cease or your burdens may not be removed, but the love of the Sacred Heart will enable you to bear your cross so that when all that is earthly is passed away you may wear your crown forever and ever. His ways are not our ways—

"He is good when He gives,
Wise when He denies, and
Crosses from His hands are blessings in disguise."

Who can doubt the love of our Divine Lord for us? He the only begotten Son, co-eternal, co-equal with the Father, offered Himself as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the almighty. What had man become by the sin of our first parents? The enemy of God, the slave of the devil, condemned to an eternal death, and plunged into an abyss of blindness and corruption. In this so odious and contemptible state Jesus loved him, and formed the design of delivering him from his misery and bestowing on him infinite favors. And in what manner did Jesus show the greatness of His love? In a manner surpassing all human understanding and conception. He carried His love to an excess which seemed unworthy of the God-man, but only the God-man was capable of such excess of all consuming love. He did for sinful man what no man ever did for another, or a slave for his master, or a son for his father, or even the most ardent lover for the object of his love— "Greater love than this no man hath; that he lay down his life for his friend." He, the God-man, laid down His life for His enemies. By sin, men were the enemies of God and subject to the rigor of His justice.

What did our loving Saviour do to deliver them? We have seen that He offered Himself to His eternal Father as a sacrifice to redeem them, and to suffer the punishment due to their sins; and His offer being accepted by His Father, He executed what He had resolved to do in a manner which filled heaven and earth with profound astonishment: He sacrificed Himself for mankind with a generosity wholly divine; He came down from heaven in their behalf, and, investing Himself of all the pomp and splendor of His glory, was content to be born in the womb of an humble virgin in the crib at Bethlehem, with an ox and an ass as His companions. He led a life of poverty and suffering, and all this for the love of men. Every throbbing of His Sacred Heart was devoted to their eternal happiness. Jesus did not a single action, spoke not a single word, or shed not a single tear which was not in behalf of men. Let us call to mind the agony and torments of His passion His death on the Cross. Doing

so, can we fail to be amazed to see God Himself reduced to such a state for the love of men? Such was the love of the Sacred Heart for us—a love the most disinterested, the most tender and the most generous. It is to this love we owe all that we have and all that we expect from God. He loves us now as then. He is unchanged and unchangeable—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." His Sacred Heart is brimming over with blessings. "Ask and you shall receive."

"O Sweetest Jesus," exclaims St. Bernard, "what riches do You not enclose in Your Heart!" Another Father of the Church tells us to honor the Adorable Heart of Jesus by constant acts of fervent devotion. "Offer all your petitions to God through that Divine Heart; unite your intentions and actions to its merits, for it is the rich treasury of Heaven. In your troubles and perplexities seek refuge in the Sacred Heart, and be convinced that, though all the world should forget and forsake you, Jesus will ever be your faithful friend, and His Heart your secure asylum."

Determine, then, never to let a day pass without performing some pious exercise in honor of the Sacred Heart. Often, and especially when the arch-enemy of our salvation tempts you to estrange your heart from the Sacred Heart, say fervently: "Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more!" O Sweetest Jesus, make my heart meek, and humble, and pure, like Thine!

Let your life be one of continuous and intimate union with the Sacred Heart. This will be at once an indisputable proof of your love for our Divine Lord, and the source of numberless blessings for you and yours. To live in the perpetual love of the Sacred Heart, what a sweet and happy life! What a harvest of everlasting glory and boundless felicity shall it secure to you in the world to come! To lead such a life there is, no doubt, need of a great and generous love which will unite all the affections and all the powers of the human soul to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. But you shall be amply recompensed for these efforts and this love even in this life by the sweet consolation of being united to Him Who alone has a sovereign right to your heart, and by the happiness of knowing that you, being in the state of grace, each act of your life is being performed in union with your Divine Lord, and that every throbbing of your heart is in harmony with the throbbings of His.

Such a life gives assurance of a happy death, and of eternal glory after death, such as "the eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

POPE LEO'S ANXIETIES.

England's Return the Dominant Thought of Rome.

The proximate conversion is, so far as may be judged from outward expression, the great thought that occupies the ecclesiastical mind of Rome at the present time. In circles where the opinions prevailing within the Vatican are most closely reflected, that is now an absorbing topic of conversation. Indeed, the very air may be said to be filled with it, and every breeze that blows seems to resound with the words, "England" and "conversion." The subject enters into lectures and discourses, where, so far as appearances go, there is not the slightest connection between the themes discussed and the hoped-for conversion of England.

Perhaps one of the surest tests of the mind of higher ecclesiastics in Rome touching this now all-absorbing question was furnished yesterday afternoon by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's vicar in Rome. He presided at a meeting held in the Cancellaria palace, under the auspices of an association known as the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum, in honor of the centenary of the death of St. Philip Neri. This voluntary association is established here for several years past, and its object is to open the Catacombs to public worship on the anniversaries of the saints buried in them, and to frequent these cemeteries as was the custom twelve hundred and more years ago. This association paid its honor to the memory of St. Philip Neri, who was called the third apostle of Rome, by getting up a series of conferences or lectures delivered by some of the ablest men in Rome. Yesterday evening, after Prof. Orazio Marucchi had spoken eloquently on "The Tombs of the Martyrs in the Ancient Christian Cemeteries of Rome," and Rev. Giuseppe Bonavenia had discoursed upon "Dogma in the Ancient Christian Monuments," the Cardinal Vicar spoke a few words on the occasion.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.
Cardinal Parocchi, one of the most brilliant and thoughtful minds in the whole College of Cardinals, after complimenting the lecturers, began a discourse upon England and the recent letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English people, and the hopes he has that this effort on the part of the Pope may be fruitful. He described the English as a great people, full of sincerity and noble intelligence, grand in their

power and riches, and possessions scattered over all the world, and, still stranger, he spoke of them as a people who created a sympathy for themselves in the minds of others! But it was not for these reasons alone that he desired that they should listen to the words of the Pope, but rather that they should return to unity with the Church of Rome: that England, which had at one time been known as "the Island of Saints," and as "Saint Mary's Dowry," and as a patrimony of Peter, should again become united in faith, and, as one man, to the See of Rome. The words of the Cardinal were not only eloquent, but wondrously impressive. And many of the listeners, looking above and beyond these words, regarded them as a comparatively faithful reflex of the thoughts and hopes that occupy the mind of Leo XIII. on this same question.

BRITISH PRESS COMMENTS.
The Pope desires with a great longing that England shall be reunited to the Roman Church, and he again, as it was before the great separation in the sixteenth century, as he makes evident in his recent letter. The effect of that letter on the public mind of England has concerned him greatly. He has had the opinions of the press of that country translated into Italian and read to him. Favorable or unfavorable to his design and wish as they might be, they were all listened to alike with the deepest interest. On the whole, he is well satisfied with them. Whatever other differences there may have been between them, they are, in general, unanimous in respect and courtesy to him, and they all acknowledge the sincerity and elevation of motive which induced him to write this letter. This, which in Rome is looked upon as a new feature in popular opinion in England, has not only surprised but delighted the Vatican, and ecclesiastics are enthusiastic in their good wishes for the nation in which they now discover such excellent qualities.

While they are thus satisfied with the voice of the daily press, accepting it as the true representative of the opinions and feelings of the people, they look forward with curious anticipation to the more seriously pondered productions of the magazines, reviews and other more weighty periodicals. These latter, they hold, exhibit the conclusions of the higher and leading minds of the country. The articles appearing in them are frequently from the pens of the prominent ecclesiastics, scientists and statesmen of the time. Nevertheless, the feeling prevails that the expression of opinion in this department of periodical literature will not, in any important element, differ from that already almost unanimously expressed in the daily press, and this because the latter is the true voice of the people, and that which is to come cannot but ring in the same tones.

As to the Pope personally, he is still well, excellently well, in health. This morning I was present at the Mass he celebrated in the Ducal Hall of the Vatican. Dwellers in Rome, with scarcely less interest than those coming from other countries, desire from time to time to see the Pope, and to mark what ravages, if any, the passing years are making on that most interesting of personalities. It may be said of him, in this regard, that "time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of that interest and curiosity which centre in this most conspicuous figure in the actual history of Europe.

Several groups of pilgrims from different European States assisted at the Mass celebrated by Leo XIII., at 8 o'clock this morning. There were Prussians and Bavarians, Tyrolese and Belgians, and a group of heterogeneous character made up of travellers or tourists from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Denver, and other cities in America, while a few English Catholics completed the crowd which assembled in this Sala Ducale, or Ducal Hall of the Vatican. This hall opens off the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, which is itself a sort of vestibule to the Sistine Chapel on the one hand, and the Pauline Chapel on the other, both of which chapels are rich in works from the hand of the great master of art—Michael Angelo. The Ducal Hall, at one end of which is an altar erected for the occasion and overshadowed by a high red velvet canopy, is divided into two parts. A group of stucco cherubs, struggling to uphold a heavy stucco curtain, forms the artistic feature of the division between the two parts of the Ducal Hall. The vaulted ceiling is painted in arabesques in wild abundance and variety with beautiful little pictures set amidst labyrinths of exquisite forms and color, all the work of Sabatini and Da Reggio Sesari Piemontese, Matteo Bril and Giovanni Flammingo. The hall takes its name from the fact that at one time it was appropriated to the reception of dukes and sovereign princes. "Old times are changed, old manners gone." Now it is used as a chapel for pilgrims who want to see the Pope.

After the Pope had said Mass, amidst a silence only broken at lengthened intervals by the chanting of the papal choir of the Sistine Chapel, or by the solemn sound of the Pope's voice while reciting the prayers, he went to a gilt kneeling-desk, for *prie dieu*, on the

gospel side of the altar, where he knelt, and, leaning over it, remained bent and motionless during the whole time that his chaplain celebrated another Mass. This was rather an interesting sight. Everyone in the hall could easily see his tall, thin figure, clothed in white, with head bowed down and silver hair that formed a sort of halo round the head shining out in strong contrast against the purplish red curtains on the walls. There he remained prostrate for that half hour. Those in his immediate neighborhood could distinguish the sound of his voice in most fervent, though hushed, tones as he prayed, motionless and absorbed. You could not help wondering what were the petitions with which he besieged Heaven. The world is to him, perhaps, out of joint, and he feels the weight of the great task incumbent upon him to strive to set it right. He may have prayed for England that it might return to union with Rome; he may have petitioned for patience and guidance in his relations with France, whose government is trying his good nature to the uttermost. France has always been known as "the Eldest Daughter of the church," but now most people consider her, in this respect, a very wayward daughter indeed. He may have thought of Italy in his prayers, whose condition is anything but flourishing, and where peace between Church and State is not by any means satisfactory. All these and many more thoughts may have directed the current of his prayers during this half hour when he, with bowed head, lay prostrate on the kneeling-desk. But who can tell the thoughts and hopes and aspirations of a Pope?

RECEIVING PILGRIMS.
On the conclusion of the chaplain's Mass, a bright red cloak, with golden braid, was placed upon the shoulders of the Pope, and he went out of the hall. The Pilgrims proper, who were distinguished by yellow crosses of silk affixed to their breasts, were conducted from the Ducal Hall into the loggie or corridors of Raphael, where they were ranged in lines along the walls. Meanwhile the Pope returned to the Ducal Hall, and having taken a seat upon the altar, granted special audiences to a number.

AMERICA TO BE CATHOLIC.
A Famous Scholar Agrees With Father Elliot and Gives His Reasons Therefor.
Rev. William Barry, D. D., of England, the well-known scholar, contributes to the Liverpool *Catholic Times* an obituary sketch of Father Edward Barry, C. S. P., who died in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, on Holy Saturday. The article has a special interest for Americans, as in it Father Barry has much to say about the general state of religion in this country, which he has visited and studied. After speaking of the place which the Paulist Fathers have made for themselves in California, he continues, as follows:
They have come none too soon. Who can foretell the future of these new Babylons—this Chicago, this San Francisco—with their immense and mixed population, their exciting turmoil of traffic, their self-government rising to heroic heights or sinking into baseness and jobery, according as the people are sustained by a worthy ideal or lose sight of the commonwealth in private greeds and factions? Cardinal Gibbons was asked, the other day, if he judged that the republic of the United States would last a hundred years. He answered unhesitatingly, with the courage of a patriot, that it would. And what was its greatest danger? "The disregard of those Christian principles on which our laws and institutions are founded," was the reply. Now it seems hard to imagine that the principles of Christianity will long be held in reverence by men and women who are in no practical sense Christians. And figures on this head give a warning to Protestants as well as encouraging to Catholics. Let San Francisco be an instance. I read that, in this enormous and growing city, there may be reckoned 150,000 Protestants—counting by birth and descent—of whom not 18,000 belong to any church whatsoever! The Congregationalists are dying out with dying Puritanism. The Episcopalians, Presbyterians and even the Methodists lament their present condition and express themselves gloomily on their future prospects. The Church building does not keep pace with the population—rather, it is falling back, and while some edifices are closed for want of attendance, others show an increasing void as the pew-holders depart. There is some bigotry, a dropping fire of anti-Catholic propaganda; but, said one of the most eminent among Congregationalists, Dr. Herron, to their dismay, not long ago, "In spite of all our statistics, Protestantism is losing ground and Catholicism is gaining it in these United States. The Catholic Church is gaining the multitude." A significant admission!

Certainly, the Church has neither given up her old stations in the city of St. Francis, nor failed to add to them and multiply their resources in proportion as the faithful enlarge their

demands for the spiritual and Christian life. The list of our religious institutions and the good works upon which they are engaged is delightful reading for all who glance abroad over the communion of saints and see what are its fruits and promises on the far distant shores of the Pacific, what a glow of energy is perceptible in its onward march, and how little the powers of the world can do against it while Catholics are true to themselves. But the question of questions for America is whether its indifferent and almost heathen millions, who have broken with their Puritan traditions and knew no other can be made aware of the message that the Church has for them.

And here I find Cardinal Gibbons, Father Hecker and Father Brady in complete agreement. The Cardinal lays it down that "American laws and institutions are founded on Christian principles." Father Hecker was never weary of preaching that the Declaration of Independence gave a death-blow to Calvinism among Americans, and himself pointed out the essential harmony of its maxims with the doctrine published at the council of Trent concerning the rights and faculties of human nature. This view was upheld and expressed by Father Brady in detail, with a striking disregard for the timorous, hesitating, purblind methods which, on this side of the Atlantic, have brought about the serfdom wherein whole nations, Italy and France beyond all others, are lying bound at the feet of anti-Christian governments. The ruling power ought to be that of a Catholic majority, compared with whom non-believers are a handful. It is, and long has been, a mere syndicate of Atheists. How lay the axe to this pernicious root? Father Hecker was convinced that unless we cultivate and foster in our people a manly, self-respecting independence of character, an educated self-restraint, and the human virtues which spring out of this, we may not hope to persuade the English race of our mission from on high. We must commend the supernatural by qualities that all honest men can judge, and ascertain for themselves by temperance, sobriety, steadiness, by public service, by devotion to genuine science and culture, by good sense and charity in our dealings, by showing that the Catholic religion is the best religion in the world. On such principles Father Brady, like his fellows of the Congregation, shaped the sermons, lectures and instructions which he gave during the last twenty years. He was conservative of the articles of the creed, the essentials of sound discipline, the unity of faith. In all else, in the ten thousand lines and touches that make one nation unlike another, and the American most dissimilar to the European, he would praise and practise a true Christian freedom. He was quite willing, as Father Hecker was also, to see burnt up the hay, straw and stubble that men have built upon the one foundation. And I believe that on these principles, and on these only, will the America of the coming centuries find itself Catholic.

THE EIGHTH CENTENARY
Of the First Crusade.—Its Grand Close.
The celebrations in honor of the eighth centenary of the First Crusade— which have been proceeding since Friday last in Clermont, the capital of Auvergne—were brought to a close on Sunday by a grand historical cavalcade. It was at Clermont, as our readers remember, that Pope Urban II. preached the rescue of the Holy Land from the infidels, and that in answer to the enthusiastic shouts of the people, "Dieu le veut"—which became the device of Peter the Hermit and his fellow crusaders—the first crusade was decided upon. It would ill become the people of Clermont if, in an age of centenaries, they allowed the eighth hundredth anniversary of the great and epoch-making Council held in their town in 1095 to pass without fitting honors. They have not done so. The celebrations just concluded were a splendid success. The town was crowded with distinguished strangers, and at least forty members of the French Episcopacy took part in the ceremonies. Catholic France still shows forth in its old brilliancy and sincerity on occasions like these, when some of its deepest-seated feelings and most cherished and glorious memories are touched to fine issues. The history of the Crusades seems even more remote than it actually is to an age not readily kindled in any chivalrous or sacred cause. The "ages of faith" were made of finer stuff. From the eleventh century onwards veritable armies of pilgrims—save that their only weapon was the palmer's staff and their only armor his robe, turned their steps towards the Holy Land. In the year 1064 the Archbishop of Mayence conducted 10,000 men thither, but this body was attacked by Arabs and 3,000 of their number perished. It was such aggressions as this that led to armed pilgrimages. A spark sufficed to create an army, and this spark was brought by Peter the Hermit on his return from Jerusalem, and Pope Urban II., in his famous pronouncement, at the Council of Cler-

mont fanned it into a flame of unprecedented religious enthusiasm. The Crusades were thus first undertaken simply to vindicate the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre. On the conquest of Palestine, however, the object of the Crusades enlarged and the efforts of the subsequent Crusades were directed to the rescue of the Holy Land from the Saracens. It is needless to follow even in outline the fortunes of the Crusades. The story is too well known. We rather wish for a moment to dwell on the fact that the ideal on which the movement was based was certainly one of the very noblest and purest that ever stirred a great body of men into heroic action. The history of the Latin Kingdom of Palestine, from its foundation at the end of the First Crusade down to its final collapse on the capture of Acre by the Turks in 1291, is, indeed, a distinctly human history in the sense that it is dignified here and there by deeds and vices sadly at variance with the Kingdom of the Crusaders. But none the less it was in its purer form the worthy issue of a thrill of religious enthusiasm such as it would be hard to parallel. *Autres temps autres mœurs.* To-day, perhaps, we fight with different weapons. The Empire of the Sultan is no longer a menace save to diplomatists. The corrupting doctrines of the Koran have done what the might of arms failed to effect. The power of the Turks is a thing of the past. Yet it is not without a deep significance that the eyes of the venerable successor of the great French Pope who inaugurated the Crusades also turned to the East. Keenly alive to every breath of progress, Leo XII. was not behind hand in addressing a Brief to Mgr. Belmont, the Bishop of Clermont, in which the Holy Father blessed the design of celebrating the Crusades, and pointed the moral of the celebration with that force and lucidity which mark all the utterances of His Holiness. The conquest of the East, which is dear to the heart of Leo XIII., is a pacific contest. His weapons are not human ones, but those of prayer. The Pope has undertaken the immense work of the recall of the Eastern churches to the fold of Catholicity work—destined to be the crowning achievement of his glorious Pontificate against far larger odds, humanly speaking, than those Peter the Hermit and his companions in-arms had to contend with. But he does so with an enthusiasm and confidence assuredly not second to theirs. And who shall say that his success shall not be more immediate and more fruitful?

The Bishop of Clermont, in a striking pastoral address to his flock on the eve of the celebrations just concluded, very felicitously points another moral that may be drawn from the Crusade Centenary *fetes*. If from the East we turn our eyes to the West, and specially to France, what asks Mgr. Belmont, do we see? Unhappily, he replies, we have now need of a crusade at home. Our society "has gone back to barbarism in spite of the appearances of a greater material progress." To deliver people from the thrall of unbelief and to make assured the triumph of Christianity, such, according to the Bishop of Clermont, is the necessary crusade which must be undertaken to-day. "The peace and security assured to the Holy Land for a century would have been of longer duration, if not definitive, had the heads of Christian Europe remained as loyal and docile to the successors of Urban II. as were his contemporaries." So writes Mgr. Belmont, and he adds let us not make a cognate mistake. The successor of Urban II. calls us to a warfare in which the victory is more glorious because it involves the triumph of good over evil. Shall we be less enthusiastic in entering on the crusade?—Dublin Freeman.

Non-Catholic Tribute to Nuns.
Mrs. Regina Armstrong Hilliard, editor and publisher of the *Social Graphic* of Memphis, Tenn., deprecates all notice of the fallen priest, Slatery, and his miserable companion. She says: "To analyze him or his method, or purpose, would be to elevate a nasty blackguard, desecrator of all religion, self-confessed reprobate and blasphemer; a man who did not hesitate to impugn his own mother and who mocked decency and God."

Mrs. Hilliard is not a Catholic, but she deems it her duty to vindicate truth and justice.
"She was educated in a convent. She has enjoyed the privilege of seeing the inner life of many such institutions, and she knows whereof she speaks. She knows that self-sacrifice, charity and compassion are domiciled in them. She knows that the poor and distressed and sick find here their all-pitying comforters.
"She knows that purity and the beauty of holiness belong to this noble army of women, who, like Christ's apostles of old, go forth bringing balm and mercy and blessing into the lives which need their gentle ministrations, never shirking carnage nor epidemics, but bravely wearing His cross though crucifixion go with it, and ever wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

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"She was educated in a convent. She has enjoyed the privilege of seeing the inner life of many such institutions, and she knows whereof she speaks. She knows that self-sacrifice, charity and compassion are domiciled in them. She knows that the poor and distressed and sick find here their all-pitying comforters.
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