

lowered Jesus. He loved his fellow-men and gave his life for them. Although the greatest writer and one of the most famous men of his time, he sought seclusion among the brethren of his order. He longed for his vocation, and through giving up self and appealing to God was led into it. He became the Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Pilgrimages to Paray-Le-Monial. GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH 1900. Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII. American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Soon after the Holy Father had issued the Bull announcing the Jubilee we are celebrating this year, he addressed to the bishops, clergy and laity of the Church, a letter calling on them to consecrate the world to the Heart of Jesus Christ. He looked to this consecration for a renewal of the spirit of devotion which would help to make the Jubilee successful, not only by turning the eyes of all men to the vicar of Christ, but also, and especially by inspiring all of them to join in the solemn act of homage to Christ, by which he wishes this century to be distinguished from every other.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Christian Perfection. If you seek, O Christian soul, to attain to the highest pitch of evangelical perfection, and unite yourself so closely with God as to become one spirit with Him, it is requisite, in order to succeed in a design the most sublime that can be expressed or imagined, that you be first acquainted with the true nature and perfection of spirituality. Some, who only judge by appearances, make it consist in penitential works, in hair shirts, chastisements, watching, fasting, and such like corporal mortifications. Many, especially women, fancy themselves consummately virtuous, when habituated to long vocal prayers, hearing several Masses, assisting at the whole divine office, spending many hours in the church, and frequent Communion. Thus different people place perfection in different practices; but certain it is they all equally deceive themselves. For, as exterior works are no more than either dispositions for becoming truly pious, or the effects of real piety, it cannot be said that Christian perfection and true piety consist in them. Doubtless they are powerful means for becoming truly pious and truly devout, and when employed with discretion are of singular efficacy for supporting our nature, ever averse to good, and prone to evil; for repelling the attacks and escaping the snares of our common enemy; for obtaining from the Father of Mercies those graces so necessary for the righteous, especially beginners. They are, besides, in persons truly pious, excellent fruits of consummate virtue. But the case is far different with those who ignorantly place their devotion in exterior works, which frequently are the cause of their perdition, and of worse consequences than manifest crimes; not that they are in themselves pernicious, but only from a wrong application. Their attachment to such works is so great that they utterly neglect to watch the secret motions of their hearts; but giving full scope, leave them exposed to their own corruption and the wiles of the devil. Then it is that this seducer, seeing them go astray, not only encourages them to pursue their way, but fills their imagination with empty ideas, they already taste the joys of Paradise, the delights of Angels; they see God face to face!

Spiritual life does not consist in the several practices before enumerated, if considered only in the outward appearance. It properly consists in knowing the infinite greatness and goodness of God, joined to a true sense of our own wretchedness and proclivity to evil; in loving God and hating ourselves; in humbling ourselves not only before Him, but for His sake, before all men; in renouncing entirely our own will in order to follow His, and to crown the work, in doing all this for the sole glory of His holy name, with no other view than to please Him, or no other motive than that He ought to be loved and served by all His creatures. Such are the dictates of that law of love which the Holy Ghost has engraven on the hearts of the righteous. Thus it is we are to practice that self-denial so earnestly recommended by our Saviour in the Gospel; it is which renders His yoke so sweet, and His burden so light; in fine, herein consists that perfect obedience our divine Master has so much entreated both by word and example.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. Lead, kindly light, was the expression of the feelings of a great soul inspired by the Holy Ghost. That soul had been struggling in the dark and gloom for years, humbly and earnestly seeking for light and truth. It was a sincere appeal to God for help. It was a prayer. It was another Oar Father. How many such petitions had gone out from that soul before this one was written, and how many followed it before the light came dimly as through a glass, and before it was led into all truth! No one out of God knows of the struggles and wrestlings that preceded and followed it till that soul submitted humbly to the guidance of His Church. How many earnest men and women has it taught to say with moistened lids and upturned eyes on bended knees: Lead Thou me on!

AN IRISH BISHOP. The following bit from the Montreal correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times is too good not to be quoted: Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, second Archbishop of Montreal, and the first Bishop consecrated in the great cathedral, is only forty-two years of age. He is pale, slender, ascetic, dark-eyed, delicately featured, magnetic, with a voice indistinct and sweet. He speaks fluently in French, English and Italian. "The Archbishop is a native of

Canada; on the maternal side his ancestors, back to the days of the signatories, were French Canadian. His paternal grandfather was Italian, and the Italian pronunciation of his name is Brucasal, here Frenchified to "Bruchesi."

"There is a story of a deaf Irishman who, at the time of the consecration two years ago, asked an Italian fruiterer, to tell him the name of the new prelate. 'Brucasal,' replied the Italian. 'Hugh Casey, is it?' Well, then, the Lord be thanked, we have an Irish Bishop at last!"

As we have repeated so often these pages, and as the Apostolic devotion to the Sacred Heart recurred so often in her writings, our Saviour manifested Himself to her, appearing to her eyes in visible form, and showing His Heart as the symbol of His love, deploring the ingratitude of her cooperation in efforts to repair the evils of their specifying the practices which enable them to honor Him, and urge them to make known His message to the world. Sometimes in the garden of the monastery, sometimes in the garden, He appeared to her, often

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"So you go to-morrow, sir," said Conn at length. "Yes." "You have made a long stay this time. I hope you will come again, sir."

"Not so long as on some former occasions."

"Perhaps not, sir. But so many things have happened—"

"Ah, yes, Poor Mrs. Ennis! And then there was your wedding, and my own engagement."

"At which I laughed; but falling in with the conceit, held her breath like her sister, and looked and listened with rapt attention to the opening of the Station; other eyes might feast upon the freshness of the year, or watch the new development of the old inn's history; but I, unhappily, was to turn my back on everything that had been my life for many months past, and for time to have neither eyes, nor heart for anything."

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"October, 1850.—Quick! let me make a final recollection of this day. To-night this history must be locked away, to be re-opened—when? June, July, August, September—all through this time I have worked so hard, and with such regularity, that my father, who received me at first with sternness, gradually relaxed. Never in our lives have we got on so well as latterly. Before, we seemed to have no tastes in common, and never to have anything to say. But now we talk shop and it is wonderful how interesting our conversations are. I never had a visitor now, and they are all leaving, because they say they can't get any attention. Mrs. Broonan, the nurse, says she believes the cook, the maids, the waiters, the boatmen, the drivers, and the servants generally, do nothing all day but lie in ambush for her appearance with the baby, for she can't at any time leave the mother's room with it, that she is not immediately surrounded, and the wonder is that the child can breathe. It is the greatest mercy, Mrs. Broonan says, that the little fellow is blessed with the finest pair of lungs she ever met with. What a comfort that is! but how can she tell, Horace?"

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