

Thomas Aquinas by the following argument: "Whenever it can conveniently be done, God acts through secondary causes, and, with due proportion, wills that we should cooperate in acts of virtue. Since, therefore, we can, at least by prayer, cooperate towards our salvation, after we have been prevented (i. e. helped before-hand) by grace, He has a right to require of us this co-operation, and He wills it to be, as it were, the necessary influence of the secondary cause in order to such an effect."

The Scripture texts just quoted are familiar, but the pity is that we do not realize them. Did we but feel their full significance, we should all be men and women of prayer, the laity would vie with the clergy in leading a life of habitual prayer. That such is far from being the case, that the vast majority of the Catholic population are wofully remiss in this important duty, is the most alarming sign of the times. It is part and parcel of the listlessness and indifference with which our expiring century is cursed.

Against this listlessness on the score of prayer there can be no better reaction than that which the Apostleship of Prayer provides. To protect us against the soul killing atmosphere of indifference to the supernatural it surrounds us with an atmosphere of continual, ubiquitous prayer. To rouse us from our apathy it points to the un-fading stimulus of prayer for others. Indifferent as we may be about ourselves as long as the eventer of our lives does not force us to call out in an agony of dread, "Lord save us; we perish," we are sure to be moved by the distress of multitudes all over the world waiting in anguish for the help of our intercession. Lonely and singular though we may be because our immediate environment is prayerless, we feel, when we look round on the serried ranks of the Apostles of Prayer throughout the world, that we are the advanced skirmishing line of a mighty host. We begin to realize that our first view of mankind was a superficial one, that, if there does seem to be a well nigh universal neglect of prayer, there is on the other hand, a silent, unobtrusive, but multitudinous and irresistible army of praying souls.

No doubt there may be quite a large number of Catholics who are really addicted to prayer, although, for some reason or other, connected with their local circumstances of spiritual direction, they do not belong to our holy League. But their existence is not borne in upon us as a stimulating, rousing fact, such as we find in the statistics of the Apostleship of Prayer.

In October, 1898, according to the authorized report of the General Managing Office at Toulouse, there were 56,592 centres of the Apostleship, in which were enrolled more than twenty million members. At the head of the Associates in each centre is placed a Local Director, who is generally the parish priest or the chaplain of a community. Above the local directors is the diocesan director, appointed by the Bishop or Archbishop of each diocese. The diocesan directors are in immediate relation with the General Managing Office at Toulouse, France, where Rev. Father Auguste Drive, S. J., is the Deputy Moderator-General, representing the General Moderator, who is, according to the recently revised statutes of the Association, the General of the Society of Jesus.

To facilitate the work of the Diocesan Directors, the Moderator-General employs the various editors of the different editions of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, who, besides publishing with his approval this official organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, keep on hand diplomas of aggregation which they transmit to the Diocesan Directors or to the applicants for aggregation. These editors are charged with providing all the Local Directors with the various publications and other League material promptly and cheaply.

The thirty-one editions of the Messenger, which all receive the monthly General Intention, approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, from Toulouse, may be thus classified:— One Albanian, published at Scutari; two German, one published at Innsbruck, Tyrol, the other at Cincinnati; six English, one at Wimbledon, Surrey, one in New York City, one in Montreal, one in Dublin, one in Melbourne and one in Bombay; one Bohemian, published in Moravia; one Breton, published in the Breton language at Ploudalmezeau, France; one Catalonian, published in Barcelona; one Chinese, published at Zi Ka Wei, near Shang-hai; one Croatian, published in Bosnia; four Spanish, one in Bilbao, Spain, one in Puebla, Mexico, one in Santa Fe de Bogota, New Grenada, one in Caracas, Venezuela; one Flemish, published at Oostacker, near Ghent; one Dutch, published at Maestricht, Holland; two French, the great and original *Messenger du Cœur de Jesus*, published at Toulouse, and the *Messenger Canadien du Sacre-Cœur de Jesus*, published here in the same office as our Canadian Messenger, this being the only instance where two Messengers in different languages appear in the same city; one Hungarian, published in Kaiooca; two Italian, one in Rome, the other in Naples; one Malayalam, published at Verapoly, India; one Polish, published at Cracow; two Portuguese, one in Liebon, one in Itu, Brazil; one Slavonic, published at Tyrnan, Western Hungary; one Tamil, published at Trinichopoly, Southern India.

These Messengers, imbued with one spirit and appearing in nineteen different languages, keep the twenty million Associates informed every month of all that interests our worldwide League. We doubt if any other publication exercises over so vast and varied a multitude, "of one heart and one mind," so practical and salutary an influence. Is this not a carrying out into daily life of the wish St. Paul expressed in his first epistle to Timothy, "I desire first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men; for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth?" The connection in which these words occur is remarkably germane to our present purpose. In the preceding chapter St. Paul discourages a general tendency on the part of everybody to preach; he condemns some who, "going astray, are turned aside unto vain babbling, desiring to be teachers of the law, understanding neither the things they say nor whereof they affirm." It is clear that he distinctly does not wish all men to take upon themselves the responsible and difficult office of preaching. On the other hand in the second chapter he just as distinctly wills that all persons, men and women, "pray in every place." The reason of the difference is plain. Not everybody is called or fit to preach, whereas everybody can and ought to pray.

This applies even to preachers. They ought to pray even more than the sinner by speaking to him in the form of exhortation or reproof, we are really only irritating him, and we should succeed much better by praying for him. For, once more, the conversion of souls is a supernatural work, and supernatural tools must be the best for that work. The Saints wrought wonders by their simplest, plainest words, not because there was any special potency in the form or the accent of their speech, but because by prayer they were united to God and carried His resistless power into everything they said or did. And the reason why holiness thus breeds holiness is very aptly illustrated by St. Ignatius Loyola in a letter to the scholastics of the College of Coimbra: "Generally speaking, God acts in the economy of grace pretty much as He acts in the natural order. Just as, for communicating natural life, an immediate agent is needed which possesses that special kind of life that is to be transmitted, so, in the order of grace, God in His wisdom has willed that those whom He uses as instruments for transmitting to others humility, patience and charity, should first themselves be humble, patient and charitable." Now, whenever we pray, we approach the Source of all Holiness, and thus become more capable of spreading the kingdom of God.

If in the days of the great Apostle of the Gentiles the need of prayer for others was so pressing as to make him "desire first of all that intercessions be made for all men," how much more urgent is that same need in our own time! The field has grown with the ages. There is no longer merely the Roman Empire with some outlying countries to convert, a hundred million human beings at most; there is now the whole heathen world to save, that heathen world which the missionary, the explorer and the trader have opened up to the Gospel, a teeming motley multitude of at least a thousand million souls. Nor are there now only one or two million Catholics to encourage and hearten against the persecutions of the Roman proconsuls; we have to maintain in the straight and narrow path of truth two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, threatened on all sides by an insidious atmosphere of indifference and godlessness.

Timely, then, most timely is the Apostleship of Prayer. It sets before the Christians of this nineteenth century the same great ideal which St. Paul set before the Christians of the apostolic age. It marshals them into militant ranks of prayer for the salvation of all men, for the propagation of the faith in the heathen world, for the full and perfect advent of the reign of God through the intercession of the Heart of Jesus.

Let us bravely face the problem. Of the two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, who ought to be our first care, more than one-third are necessarily excluded by infancy, mental or physical weakness and decrepitude, from active participation in the Apostleship of Prayer. This leaves about one hundred and sixty millions that might be enrolled in our holy League. Thus, our first duty should be to multiply our members by eight. If each Associate could enroll seven new members, a great advance of Christ's kingdom would be ensured. Then, as Catholics form about one-sixth of the entire population of the globe, if they were all fervent, the conversion of the remaining five-sixths would be far from impossible. As it is at present, what most retards the conversion of non-Catholics is the bad example of Catholics. But, if all our Associates were to pray with redoubled fervour, that obstacle would, to a great extent, disappear.

To those matter of fact people who look upon this project as a wild dream we would say: Every time you say the Lord's Prayer and repeat those words

He Himself taught us, "Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven," you indulge in a dream as wild as was that of the faithful Hebrews of the Old Testament, when they prayed for the advent of the Redeemer. Never did that dream seem wilder than when Christ, Jesus hung between two thieves on Mount Calvary, and yet fifty years later the Gospel had penetrated to the ends of the earth. The signs of the times are much more hopeful now than then. True, there is much indifference, much practical atheism; but there is also much real earnestness, much dispelling of prejudice, much turning to God with deepest yearning. Pessimism never was right. "As sight goes for nothing in the world of faith, in nothing does it go for less than in the seeming evil of the world. Everywhere evil is undermined by good. It is only that good is under most; and this is one of the supernatural conditions of God's presence. As much evil as we see, so much good or more, we do know assuredly lies under it, which, if not equal to the evil in extent, is far greater in weight, and power, and worth, and substance. Evil makes more show, and thus has a look of victory; while good is daily outwitting evil by simulating defeat. We must never think of the Church without allowing largely for the extent of obscure piety, the sphere of hidden souls. We can form no intellectual judgment of the abundance of grace, of the number of the saved, or of the inward beauty of individual souls, which judgment even intellectually is worth anything, unless we form our estimate in the light of prayer. Charity is the truest truth, and the judgments of charity are large. . . . Faith has a sort of vision of its own; but there is no light in which it can distinguish objects, except the light of prayer."

Why should not Zachariah's prophetic vision begin to be realized now? "I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of prayer; and they shall look upon Me, Whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son, and they shall grieve for the death of the first born. . . . In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for the washing of the sinner."

This turning of the spiritual Jerusalem, i. e., the elect, to their crucified Redeemer, is fully in accord with St. Paul's continual references to the cross of Christ, the chief subject of his discourses, the only thing he gloried in. This was his way of arousing the dormant fervor of the faithful. This is also the chosen method of our Apostleship. It points to the wounded Heart of Jesus, whence flowed the Precious Blood that is the ransom of our souls. We must unite our humble prayers to the Godlike intercessions of that adorable Heart. Thus, after nineteen centuries the Apostleship of Prayer repeats the teaching of the great Apostle, and echoes the doctrine of Jesus Christ. The Apostleship, borrowing the ideas and almost the very words of St. Paul, exhorts the Associates to offer to God, in union with the Sacred Heart, for the salvation of all men, all their prayers, their actions, and their sufferings. It also advises them to have recourse to the Queen, the patroness, the pattern of the apostles, the Blessed Virgin Mary; and, finally, to make frequent Communions of reparation.

Let us, therefore, reflect, from all that has been here written, upon the great excellence of this work, how it is the noblest and grandest, and withal the easiest to perform. Then, let us practice it carefully, fervently; nothing enlightens the mind like the doing of a great deed. Finally, let it be our chief concern to spread the Apostleship more and more, especially by continual and trustful prayer. So—more truly than ever Tennyson dreamed—will "the whole round earth" be "bound by gold chains about the feet of God." Lewis Drummond, S. J.

DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH. Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation of my offences and for all the intentions for which Thou continually immolatest Thyself on the altar. I offer them, in particular, in order that the Apostleship of Prayer may contribute more and more to the glory of God, the love of the Sacred Heart and the salvation of souls.

Apostolic Resolution: To understand well, to practice faithfully, to propagate actively the Apostleship of Prayer. The only way to keep family life pure and sweet is to let the light of common sense and real religious usefulness into it; to encourage the children to have every one his or her own friends and plans, while bringing up all in such a sense of mutual affection and justice that the friends of one will be welcome to all, and the interests of one will appeal to the best help of all.—Katherine E. Conway.

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A KNIGHT OF OUR LADY—A SHORT STORY.

In an issue of the Rosary Magazine Ediza Allen Starr presents this sketch of the conversion of Judge Arrington illustrating the marvellous workings of divine grace:

"How absurd for a great jurist, like Judge Arrington, to write sentimental poems in honor, as he tells us, of the Blessed Virgin, when everybody knows he is not a Catholic?"

"But you must remember that his wife and children are Catholics."

"Oh, yes; we all remember the lively protest made by the Judge on their becoming Catholics. For the instant it seemed as if the Madame and her children were to have a separate establishment!"

"But this was only for the moment. Every one knew there was not a more devoted husband and father than Judge Arrington."

"Which proved, conclusively, the honesty and the violence of his opposition to the Catholic faith. He has never changed, apparently, except in a cessation of open opposition; when all at once we see him writing chivalrous verses lauding the Blessed Virgin, which might be very well for Spencer or even Chaucer, but certainly not extraordinary for a notable jurist of this century, who is known not to be a Catholic, and the paper containing the offending poem was tossed across the library table to the gentle faced lady opposite, by a member of the Chicago Bar."

"At the time of which we are writing, two great pleaders stood forth in our courts: both giants as to mental and physical force; both warming up into eloquence which always seemed to take a jury by surprise, because of an exceeding weight of gravity in the eye of both, until they became radiant under their own enthusiastic treatment of their own case. Both were men of chivalrous honor and generosity, with a certain poetical dash in their natural temperament which took away the prosaic dullness of legal details. Judge Arrington was from Virginia; Judge Beckwith from Vermont; but there was a blaze of light in the eyes of each under the excitement of a defence, involving character, which told of deep wells of genuine human sympathy in the hearts of each, rather than of narrow sections or any accident of birth. They were rivals, as the world calls such evenly-matched legal gladiators; but there was no venom in their rivalry. Perhaps there were never more brilliant scenes in our court room than when the two held a jury under the spell of their logic, their sympathy and their eloquence."

But in the midst of these legal triumphs, Judge Arrington, the older of the two, fell sick. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary ailment; but as weeks wore on it was evident that the strong man must yield. All this time, what of his wife? There was no putting forward of theological views, no disputes, no technical constructions to respect their father's convictions. When the falling strength took with it the desire for conversation, the Judge's apparently non-Catholic attitude was not commented upon even in the family; but nothing stopped the telling of beads, especially in the hands of his devoted wife. Night after night as she kept her untracing watch by his side, his brief slumbers were counted not so much by the hands of her watch as by the decades said. One night as she sat thus by his bedside, her right hand in his while he seemed to sleep, the fingers of her left held the beads as they were told with perfectly silent lips, while the tears rolled slowly down her thinned cheeks. How awful it seemed to her to watch thus the drifting of a noble soul to judgment without reasonable preparation! For she knew that he had often responded to grace even by those chivalrous poems addressed to the Blessed Virgin; and she also knew, that in the depth of his heart he believed the Catholic Church to be the true Church. To know all this, yet receive no sign from those lips, while the eyes, so eloquent even in their silence, were closed as if in a dreamless slumber—so like death seemed his sleep—was to rouse every solicitude of which a true woman's heart is capable; when, slowly, the eyes opened, and he said: "Say your Rosary prayers aloud, my dear, that I may join in them."

"For the moment her voice choked, but she controlled it, and without one word of comment recited decade after decade, one hand still in his. At last, as she paused, he said in perfectly quiet tones, as if she could not be surprised: "I wish you to send for Father Conway to baptize me."

"When shall I send for him?" she asked.

"Now!" was the prompt reply. For an hour the tears had dried on her cheeks, and now, as she stepped from the room to send a messenger to Father Conway, all her strength of mind and body, all her steadfast nerve had returned to her. The order was given to go to the parish house with all speed, and to bring Father Conway to Judge Arrington without delay.

It was near to 11 o'clock when the priest was called, but it was only a little past when he stood by the bedside of the great jurist, who told him, in straightforward words, what he wanted of him. A little after midnight the conditional baptism had been given, and before 1 o'clock, Extreme Unction, the Viaticum, the last Penance and the last Penance were given. Father Conway left his penitent with a soul as humble and gentle as a child's, while a calm to deep for words gave an exaltation to the lines which suffering had left on

his countenance. As the white dawn crept into his room, these little lines were more apparent, but the intellect was on the alert. "Now that I have made my peace with God, let me set this house of mine in order for you, my dear. There is yet time."

He gave the names of the legal friends he wished to have summoned, and received them when they came with his characteristic courtesy, which was always gravely sincere. There was no need of explanations, for the signs were not to be mistaken of a rapidly approaching end. When the last will and testament had been duly witnessed, signed and sealed, the judge said in his old, judicial way: "I hope, gentlemen, you have found me of sound mind and memory?"

"Sound and clear as a bell; never more so in your best days, Judge," said his special friend of the three, pressing the hand of the dying man, while his smile lighted the tears in his eyes.

"Then," said the Judge with solemnity, "I trust that the court of heaven will consider my declaration of faith as valid as you consider my last will and testament: for this morning I entered the Catholic Church."

Our barristers seldom allow their countenance to betray surprise, but these three, none of whom were Catholics, could hardly conceal theirs, making amends, however, by a reassurance of the pleasure they felt in seeing him thus in the full possession of himself, and even adding a congratulation which was forced from them in spite of prejudice, by the evident sincerity and even loftiness of his convictions. They knew it was no mere sentiment which had moved him to such a declaration.

Twenty-four hours from the time Father Conway left Judge Arrington, he had breathed his last sigh in the blessed hope of a true son of Mary, Virgin and Mother. As his faithful wife passed from the chamber of death it was not with sobs and anguish, but with a certain exultation which made her feel the walls of her house too small and throwing up the window sash she leaned out into the cold winter night to see the clear heavens set thick with their beautiful constellations, and realized that the soul of her beloved one had passed beyond the stars to the throne of Him whose judgments are, indeed, past finding out, but are still merciful. Then she remembered that this was the first morning of the New Year; and a great act of thanksgiving arose from her heart to the same throne, before which her dear one had even then stood in judgment. It was so wonderful, and she kissed the rosary on which her prayers had been said so effectually, with a fervor she had never thought of before.

The funeral was to be attended at St. James', their parish church; Father Conway to celebrate the Mass, Father Roles to give the sermon. Before going to the church, however, the members of the Bar, with whom Judge Arrington was such a favorite, passed voluntarily in slow procession before his body as it lay in its coffin within his own house. But there was one who did not keep step with the procession, but stood—not one moment, merely, but many minutes—looking down on the grand figure and magnificently-chiseled face which death had rendered even more noble in

the face of his devoted wife.

"To Do Ill Costs More Than to Do Well." This "wise saw" might properly read, "It costs more to BE ill than to BE well." The source of all health is rich, strong blood. It is to the body what the mighty streams are to the earth. If the blood is pure, the body thrives; if the blood is weak or impoverished, then every pulse-beat carries weakness instead of strength.

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its solemnity, with eyes full of the profoundest veneration, taking in with his penetrating glance the brown habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel, with the I. H. S. on the breast and the rosary twined around the marble fingers—all testifying to the open confession made by his friend in life, though so close to the hour of death, to a faith which he himself never, indeed, embraced, but of which he never spoke but in language of sincere respect; and this tribute of veneration was from Judge Corydon Beckwith, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with the great jurist who, in the height of his fame, proclaimed himself a true knight of Our Lady—Judge Alfred Arrington.

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