

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART:

How many men may differ about this, all who know Him are agreed that His love for the world is the greatest which ever existed...

Though every word of Christ is so plain that the rudest mind can understand it, and without a profound that unmade human genius cannot fathom its full depth of meaning, it is not His teaching which arrests our attention...

Since, therefore, it is chiefly by the devotion of His heart to our welfare that Christ wins our love, it is natural that we should show our devotion to Him by studying in a special manner the excellent qualities of His heart...

This word devotion was originally used in a religious sense only, but so well did it express its object that men have begun to apply it to every quality and pursuit they hold sacred...

Devotion to the Heart of Jesus is, therefore, not merely some concrete form of worship, by which we venerate His Sacred Heart, but it is also an other way as well as by worship, chiefly because of the devotion of His Heart to ourselves...

No man of intelligence can review the history of this great devotion without feeling that the impulse it has given to Christendom is a noble one...

Now, it is proper that we should venerate with special worship the Heart of Christ, which is commonly considered as the seat and symbol of His love...

Thy commandments: O, Holy Spirit, purify our hearts with the fire that we may serve Thee with clean heart.

There is a strong natural reason for this: the heart is the seat of the affections which sympathize with the emotions of the soul. It expands in joy and contracts in grief...

Under the attractive symbol of the Heart of Christ, this devotion states our vision from the plane of humanity to that of divine love. It makes us lift our eyes from a world which is ruled by the passions and passions...

Her mission seemed hopeless. The faithful were learning to give up the demands of the human and Holy Church: priests, and even some bishops, were preaching that it was heretic to die without the Viaticum...

The story of her apostleship has often been related in the pages of this magazine, and it would be impossible to treat it adequately here: nor is it necessary, any more than it is necessary to dwell on the history of this devotion...

As we are aware, a great impulse has been given to this devotion during the past year. That was the Holy Father decreed that the world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart as the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to render to God...

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STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The Weekly Bouquet publishes the following interesting article, by Anne-Marie Levesque, on the occasion of the centenary of the death of St. Anne de Beaulieu.

With the approach of the vacation season comes upmost the perplexing question as to where one's time might be most enjoyably and profitably spent. It may not, therefore, be out of order to call attention to one time-honored resort...

This place, the village of Ste. Anne de Beaulieu, situated on the St. Lawrence river, about twenty-one miles below the city of Quebec, and is the home of the world-famed shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne.

Ste. Anne is easily reached from Quebec. On weekdays and Sunday, trains on the line of the Quebec railway, Light and Power Co. run there from the ancient capital, the time consumed being a little over one hour.

On August 15, 1888, this railroad, with its locomotive, was inaugurated, and it was solemnly blessed by the late Cardinal Taschereau. Although it is estimated to carry, annually, to Ste. Anne, about 300,000 pilgrims, an accident is as yet unheard of occurrence.

To describe, with justice, the unparalleled loveliness of the country passed through in the short journey from Quebec to Ste. Anne is almost impossible. The eye gazes not at the hand trees in the monastery, but at the one word—beauty—wherever one looks, beauty, and ever-increasing beauty.

Leaving Quebec, the train, for a time, runs along the St. Charles river, whose waters long the St. Lawrence. From this point of union till the place of destination is reached, a magnificent panorama of nature is opened to the view.

Arriving at the early pilgrims station, the train slackens speed, and in a few moments, rests on the track directly opposite, and as close as is possible, to the Falls of Montmorency. These falls are formed by the descent, in unbroken line, of the St. Lawrence, in the name of a perpendicular rock two hundred and eighty feet high, into a shallow basin below.

Regarding the origin of Ste. Anne, the following is the most popularly accepted account: Early in the thirteenth century, some Breton sailors—in their own country no strangers to the name and fame of Ste. Anne, being in imminent danger of destruction by a storm, vowed a solemn promise to the beloved mother of our Blessed Virgin, to erect, on the spot whereon they might be permitted to land, a sanctuary in her honor.

1665, the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroys of the colony, gave to the church of Ste. Anne a painting, by Le Brun, representing Ste. Anne, the Blessed Virgin, and two pilgrims in prayer. This picture still adorns the wall behind the grand altar.

In 1687, Anne of Austria, Queen of France, mother of Louis XIV., presented to the church a beautiful embroidery on which was her own handiwork. To this day, it is used, on occasional great feasts, at Mass.

Two other paintings were the gift of another Levesque, O. S. F. A silver reliquary was donated by Monseigneur de Laval, and, in 1708, a solid silver crucifix was given by the viceroy of the colony.

Besides the Church proper, and containing the altar, are eighteen side chapels, dedicated to the patron saints of various parishes, whose members, at different periods, have come in pilgrimage to Ste. Anne. In recognition of favors received, they have presented to the church substantial and permanent testimonies of their gratitude.

The church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. Masses are celebrated hourly from five to ten o'clock. Later Masses are frequently said, for the convenience of pilgrim parties who fail to arrive in time for attendance at the regular services. Devotions are delivered in the tongue which best accords with the linguistic facilities of the audience. This, coupled with the variety of nationalities, French, English, German, Flemish, Italian and Spanish.

Scenes, most impressive and wonderful, are enacted within this grand edifice. At the close of the last, or pilgrim Mass, the congregation advances to the altar to kiss the relic which the priest holds for their veneration. For the same purpose, and to receive a special blessing, the sick and decrepit, are also led up at this time, while the choir sings the familiar strains of that hymn, always dear to the Canadian heart:

"To kneel at Thine altar, in faith we draw near,
Led onward by Mary, thy daughter so dear.
Of old when our fathers touch'd Canada's shore,
They named thee its Patron and Saint ever more.
O, Good Saint Anne! we call on thy name,
Thy praises loud, thy children proclaim."

Faith has here wrought many miracles. Such manifestations of human love, such a Christian abnegation as are often given one's own rest, that love for one's own kind, which long contact with an unfeeling world is apt to lessen, if not totally destroy, immediately within the principal entrance, on the right side, are two eleven-floored pyramids of benches, trusses, splints, etc., placed here because, through the goodness of God, and the intercession of Ste. Anne, they were no longer required. On the walls are hung crosses, and weapons of Indian warfare, left as trophies by the Huron tribe, now fast becoming extinct.

Set in the sides of the church, near the sanctuary, are innumerable marble engravings commemorating wonderful cures. These are votive offerings of persons who, once crippled and feeble, are now in the enjoyment of perfect health. A few miles' walk from the church opposite the residence of the Redemptorist Fathers, is the chapel containing the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs, a facsimile in wood of the twenty-eight white marble steps of the same name, which were brought from Jerusalem by Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, and placed under the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. These marble steps form a staircase leading to the Prætorium, and were, canonically, sanctified by the blessed footsteps of our Divine Saviour.

All too soon is returned made to Quebec, where the student of history will find much of interest. He will enter the Citadel, built by the French, Wellington, and any antiquarian will be pleased to point out to him the cannon "we captured from the Americans at Bunker Hill."

At the monastery of the Ursulines, he may see the skull of Montcalm, who, as Field Marshal of the French forces in Canada, successfully resisted the English, till his death at Quebec, in 1759.

On the Heights, the place of Montcalm's tragic end, is marked by a bronze tablet, signifying the event. The Plains of Abraham, where, in 1759, was fought the decisive battle which gave supremacy to British rule in Canada, is open and free to all.

Laval University, the French Cathedral, the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Parliament Building, the Hall, and Chateau Frontenac will satisfy the demands of the most critical connoisseur of architectural design. In contemplating the cities of the New World, Professor Roberts writes of Quebec: "It is the grandest for situation, the most romantic in associations, the most distinctive and picturesque in details." Who that has been a visitor at the "sentinel city" that keeps the gates of the St. Lawrence will not well agree with him?

Bidding adieu to its manifold excellences, let the traveller say, re-echoing the words of many who have preceded him: "Quebec! Quebec! May thy day of beauty have no evening. The midsummer sun is not warmer than the hearts of thy people—not more genial than their kindness."

"BOBS." There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bob?
Rides the tallest 'orso' o' Canada,
O'er Bobs.
If it buck or licks or rears,
'B can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's a Bobs Bahadur—Little Bobs,
Bobs, Bobs!
'E's a Wikkka Kanahader—Fighting Bobs,
Bobs, Bobs!
'E's the Dook of Aggy Choo,
Which is Bob? Don't yer tell,
An' 'e'll follow him to 'ell—
Won't yer, Bobs?

If a lumber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs.
If a marker's lost 'is place,
'Dress by Bobs.
For 'is eyes all 'is 'is place,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' 'e'll not play the goat
'Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs.
But it keeps us outer 'Chink—
Don't 'e, Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.
If you stoo'd 'im on 'is lead,
Father Bobs,
'E'd cough up a quart o' lead
'E's been at 'it thirty years,
An' amassin' souvenirs
In the way 'e's slas an' appears—
Aln't yer, Bobs?
What 'e does not know o' war,
General Bobs.
You can ast the shop next door—
Can't yer, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, an' 'is wids;
An' 'e does not advertise—
Der, Bobs?
Now they've made a bloom'n' Lord
'Under Bobs.
Which was 'it 'is fair toward—
Weren't 'e, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet,
Where 'e's water on 'is seat,
But we know yer won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

WAR SUMMARY. May 30th was the 23rd day of the war. It may be interesting on this day of the occupation of Johannesburg to recall some of the principal events of the campaign!

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And so my wayward life
And so my wayward life
When I put out to sea.

THE LITERARY GUILD.

Girl in hammock,
Reading book,
Man comes by and
Looks at her,
She is anxious
That the man
Thinks she's built on
The rocks of love,
He's from Boston,
And the girl
Man steps up: ad-
Mires her gown:
She looks at him,
Upside down.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMY.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to the famous Eucalyptus Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney trouble, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

The door that Death saw had this inscription over it: "Despair of hope, all ye who enter here. When man despairs of hope he enters the realm of despair."

There are certain forms of disease to which medical ignorance and popular superstition have given the title of "Hopeless." That very word is the death-knell of sufferers from such diseases by robbing them of the courage to try to regain health.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" positively cures weak lungs, bronchitis, coughing, spitting, bleeding of the lungs and other ailments which, if neglected, find a fatal ending in consumption. It contains no alcohol, whisky or opium.

No foot ever touches these steps. Descent is accomplished by means of iron stairways, which are also used to facilitate the ascent of those whose endeavor does not impel them to a measure of exercising their knees in the process of locomotion.

In the chapel at the head of the stairs is a group of statues, depicting scenes in the Life of our Divine Christ. Notably among these are "The Crucifixion," "The Dead Christ," and "The Betrayal of Judas," which, for perfection of workmanship and fidelity, are equalled only by the masterpieces of the foremost European artists.

At Ste. Anne, many hotels, rollable and finely appointed, cater to the wants of the visitors, be they on pilgrimage or on simply sight-seeing. Generally, those who are unable to remain to pray, Ladies, so desiring, may find ample accommodation and good treatment at the hands of the White Franciscan Sisters of the convent, situated on the crest of a hill, in about five minutes' walk from the church. In this peaceful retreat is rest for mind and body. The rooms are thoroughly convenient, small, neat and clean. The cuisine and table d'hôte, by the neighboring markets. In fact, everything hereabout is calculated to make one forget the outer world, and enter into the Eden-spirit of this sequestered spot.

Standing on the terrace fronting the convent, a vastness of superb and brilliant landscape appeals to the artistic eye. The broad breast of the St. Lawrence, shimmering in the sunlight, is a picture of the most beautiful nature—lanes its giant outline, and the backing of Laurentides and forest, make a picture to be indelibly stamped upon the mind.

Take Them Free. We give free beautiful and valuable presents with our famous any price Cakes, Coffees, Concoctions, Chocolates, Peppercorns, Mustard, Ginger, etc. Send \$2.00 or \$5.00 bill order, and let us select you a grand assortment of prizes. Stamp for prize catalogue. Agents wanted, salary and commission.

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October 11, 1899—The Boer ultimatum expired and war began.
October 12—Siege of Mafeking began.
October 16—Kimberley isolated.
November 2—Ladysmith isolated.
November 23—Battle of Belmont.
November 28—Battle of Modder River.
December 1—Canadians left Cape Town for the front.
December 10—Gatacre's surprise at Stormberg.
December 11—Battle of Magersfontein.
December 15—Buller's repulse at Colenso.
December 18—Lord Roberts appointed to the command.
January 10—Lord Roberts arrives at Cape Town.
January 23 and 24—The battle of Spion Kop.
February 15—Relief of Kimberley.
February 27—Cronje surrenders at Paardeberg.
February 28—Relief of Ladysmith.
March 15—Lord Roberts occupies Bloemfontein.
March 27—Death of General Joubert.
May 12—Lord Roberts occupies Kroonstad.
May 18—Relief of Mafeking.
May 28—Lord Roberts enters Johannesburg.